

*Celebrating Our Roots,  
Spreading Our Wings.*



GOAN CONVENTION 2008

JULY 4-6, SAN JOSE, CA





# Convention Program

## July 4<sup>th</sup>

3:00 - 5:30 PM.	Registration
9:00 - 9:30 PM.	Opening Ceremonies
9:30 - 12:00 PM.	Entertainment Program 1
	Invited Group of Artists

## July 5<sup>th</sup>

6:30 - 7:30 AM	Yoga Session
9:00 - 9:30 AM	Startup Program
9:30 - 10:30 AM	Keynote by Manohar Parrikar
11:00 - 12:30 PM	Panel Discussion
2:30 - 5:00 PM	Entertainment Program 2
	Talent Performances
5:30 - 7:00 PM.	Bollywood Workshop
9:00 - 11:00 PM.	Entertainment Program 3
	Bhoole Bisre Geet
	Talent Performances
11:00 - 1:00 AM.	Dancing to DJ Music

## July 6<sup>th</sup>

6:30 - 7:30 AM.	Yoga Session
10:00 - 12:00 Noon	Closing Function





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# Convention Organizing Committee

**Surendra Naik**  
*President*

**Gauri and Shekhar Ambe**  
*Registration and Finance Directors*

**Dinker Bir**  
*Sponsorship Director*

**Paresh Kenkre**  
*Souvenir Editor*

**Surendra Naik and Ajit Desai**  
*Hotel and Food Directors*

**Ganapati Mauze**  
*Program Director*

**Ajit Kuikarni and Suresh Sansguiri**  
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**Priyada Shinkre**  
*Youth Program Director*

**Mayur and Sneha Naik**  
*Webmasters*

**Rahul Shinkre and Manoj Naik**  
*Media Directors*

**Chitra Jaliyai**  
*Decoration Director*

मुळा राखुया आनि पाखां फुलोवया  
सॅन होजेच्या संमेलनाक आमी वचुया

मोगा मायेन जीव खेळोंवक येक जावुया  
सॅन होजेच्या संमेलनाक आमी वचुया

गोंयच्यो पयल्यो यादी कादुंक  
पोन्यो नव्यो मैत्री जोडुंक

सॅन होजेच्या संमेलनाक आमी वचुया  
फुडल्या पिढीक धीर दीवूंक मुळां राखुया

ह्या जीवाचो रस घेवुंया पाखां फुलोवया  
सॅन होजेच्या संमेलनाक आमी वचुया

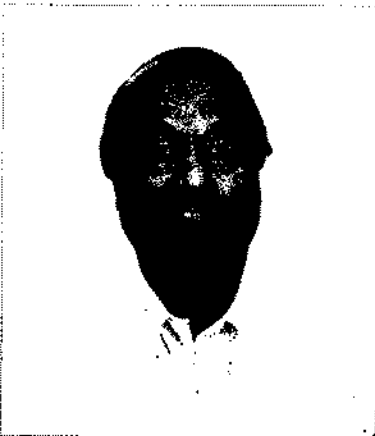
## संमेलन गीत



सौ. गौरी आंबे  
Gauri is married  
to Shekhar Ambe and  
is the mother of  
Dinker and Radha Ambe.  
She moved to the  
US from Goa after  
her marriage and  
has lived in San Jose  
for the past sixteen years.  
Gauri's hobbies include  
knitting, quilting, gardening  
and trying out new recipes!



# Welcome Address From the Convention Organizer



**Surendra Naik**  
President,  
Goan Convention 2008,  
Silicon Valley, California  
July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2008



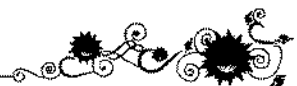
*Dear Goenkar Friends,*

It is my great privilege to welcome you all to the 2008 Goan Convention in Silicon Valley, California. And on behalf of all of you, I am extremely honored to welcome Shri Manohar Parrikar as a Keynote Speaker for this convention. Many of you have attended several past conventions. And for some of you, it is the first experience. I have no doubt that all of you are looking forward to reuniting with your old friends and making some new connections. My fervent hope is that whether you are a veteran or a first time attendee this three day gathering will provide you all with an unforgettable experience and lots of memories to take back home.

I was very fortunate that I was able to put together a very capable team in our very first meeting. While planning for the convention, we decided to do two things early on – one, to have a theme for the convention and two, to invite a keynote speaker to address the convention. We accomplished both these objectives in a democratic manner. First we invited our local Goan community to make suggestions, followed by a discussion of all entries prior to voting and making the final selection.

We selected the theme “Celebrating our roots, Spreading our wings” for this convention. Thanks to Sara Kenkre-Mitra for suggesting the core idea of this theme. We have tried to fashion this convention around this theme. When we set out to plan this convention, we decided to make a deliberate effort to attract the younger generation. With this theme, we thought we can reflect on our past as well as glimpse into the future. Our convention program focuses on our rich cultural heritage and also envisions the future for the next generation.

This being the 9<sup>th</sup> biennial convention, we in Silicon Valley have the distinct honor of hosting the convention that is now entering adulthood, eighteen years after its inception. The convention is now coming of age, and going forward will require increasing contribution from the younger generation. To that end we have strived to get more youth participation. I do not know what was the make up of the past convention attendees and how far we have succeeded in that mission, but nearly 25% of the attendees this time are under the age of 30. We have also endeavored to include programs that will appeal to youth.



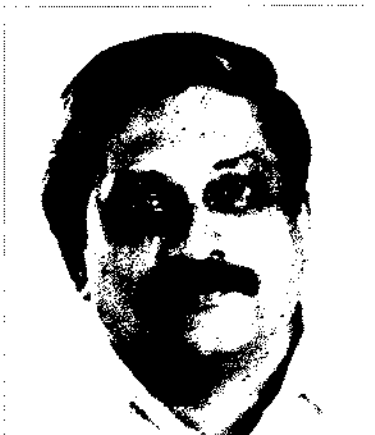
We have been fortunate enough to have Shri Manoharbab Parrikar as a Keynote speaker to address his thoughts on the theme. He can relate to the transformation of Goa from a liberated territory into its full statehood in the Indian Union. Being a very progressive and successful Chief Minister of Goa in the past and currently serving as a Leader of the Opposition he is in a unique position to provide his vision for the future of Goa and the generations ahead.

Before closing, I want to express my thanks to all the sponsors for this convention who have contributed generously, as the registration fees are not enough to meet the expenses. I want to thank Sanjay Wagle and his Chicago team for sending all of their savings of Twenty Thousand dollars to this convention, which allowed us to keep the registration fees low. I want to thank all of the participants who have come from near and far. And last but not the least; I want to thank my team - Gauri and Shekhar Ambe, Dinker Bir, Paresh Kenkre, Ajit Kulkarni, Suresh Sansguiri, Ajit Desai, Ganapati Mauze, Priyada and Rahul Shinkre, Sneha and Mayur Naik, Siddharth Naik, Chitra Jaliha and Manoj Naik. Without their enthusiastic support, hard work and sincere efforts organizing this convention would have been an uphill task. Beyond this team, there are many others including spouses of the organizing committee who have played a key role to make this convention a reality and I whole heartedly thank them all.

And now enjoy this wonderful three day event.

*Most sincerely,  
Surendra Naik*

## Keynote Speaker



Shri Manohar Parrikar



**We** are very honored that Shri Manohar Parrikar has accepted our invitation to be a Keynote Speaker for the convention. He is a well known personality in Goa, a former Chief Minister and currently serving in Goa Legislative Assembly as the Leader of the Opposition.

Born in Mapusa, Goa, Manohar Parrikar graduated from IIT-Bombay in 1978 in Metallurgical Engineering. After graduating from IIT he returned to Goa and entered into manufacturing business. In 1988 he joined BJP and entered Goan politics and was elected legislative member of Goa 1994-2000. He became chief Minister of Goa in 2000 for the next five years.

During his tenure as the Chief Minister, he had a vision going beyond daily problems. He is credited with single handedly bringing the IFFI (International Film Festival of India) to Goa, and creating more international quality infrastructure in Goa for the event in a short time than any other former government. IFFI now has become an annual fixture in Goan life, providing it the world attention. Beyond the glamorous aspect of this accomplishment, he introduced many programs that benefited senior citizens, single women, education of children, cyber age scheme that provided computers to students at home. He is also known to be a man of action, and principles. As a Chief Minister he had a vision to take Goa beyond its *sushegaad* image and introducing many programs that uplifted the life of many.

He has had a multi-faceted life, growing up in Goa during its turbulent post-liberation political time and making a successful transition as a well respected politician into new millennium. He can relate to the past and equally articulate the present and the future vision. He is an accomplished speaker and with a wealth of experience of making speeches in a wide variety of forums, addressing different audiences from all walks of life.

Elected as a Member of Legislative Assembly from Panaji Constituency (State Capital), Manohar Parrikar is currently the Leader of the Opposition in the Goa Legislative Assembly. He is also a Member of the National Executive Committee of BJP. He is an avid reader and his favorite pastime is watching cricket and movies.

He is the first IIT graduate to become a Chief Minister of any Indian State and is listed as one of the Famous Alumni of IIT-Bombay. He brings a unique perspective of a technologist turned politician as a Keynote Speaker for the 2008 Goan Convention.





## **Message From Manohar Parrikar**

**Dear Goenkar Friends,**

*It is always a pleasure to address one's fellow brethren. I greatly appreciate the Goan Convention 2008 for giving me this opportunity to address all of you. Thank you.*

*Friends, today Goa stands at a unique threshold in time. On one hand, we are poised to be India's charm, on the other hand, we see ourselves being shackled by umpteen hurdles. To me, it is very clear that the road ahead – is the one that we forge together. Each person – who is Goan at heart – has a role to play.*

*It saddens me to know that in recent times, Goa is in the limelight for all the wrong reasons – whether it is the land scam, SEZ imbroglio, the sex-drug-crime tourism news, the terrorism stories. In such times, I often wonder – how to remedy the situation? Timely remedy to any situation is the cure and this, unfortunately, is severely lacking in Goa today. During the tenure of my government, I am glad to note that no such incidents ever occurred. My government was committed to provide good governance, stability and growth. We are still committed to the same ideals. I am sure that together we can make Goa truly glorious, truly a great land.*

*I am happy to note that your convention has chosen the theme 'Celebrating Our Roots, Spreading Our Wings.' They say, every parent should give their children only two gifts – roots - to understand where they come from and wings so that they can fly and apply what they learnt. I believe Goa has given us both – it is up to us to make the most of it.*

*Thank you.*

**Manohar Parrikar**





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# Convention Sponsors



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Dilip Parulekar  
Gajanan and Sheela Laud  
Kiran Salkar  
Ranjan Sardesai  
Kamlesh Pai Panandikar





My Dear Radhika,

Today is our Goan Convention 2008. You must be amazed to see people in large numbers here. Some of them you may know, but many of whom you haven't met yet.

These people have come from different parts of the country. Some have come from as far as Atlanta and Illinois. Few have even come from Mumbai and Goa. You must be wondering what drives them to travel so far just to attend a day and half conference. As you grow older, you will realize that there is an element in us, just like DNA which bonds us together. I hope that you spend time with them in the next couple of days, get to know them well and I am sure you will make enduring friendships over the days and years to come.

We are people of Indian Origin, as referred in the US. Total Indian Asian population in US is around 1.7 million. In other words, it is half of one percentile. In a scheme of things, Goan population in US is almost next to nothing. I know you must be thinking why do we want to define our identity at such a miniscule level, why not get ourselves absorbed in much larger Maharashtrian group. They are very much like us in many respects; we all are the same.

Yes, we are same, but we are different. Conventions, gatherings like these are to recognize and celebrate these differences along with our heritage and pride. I am a Goan-Mumbaikar-Indian-American, but I find my solace in the Goan bogey of my identity train. I know that in my bogey when I open a tiffin box, nobody will make nauseated faces with dry fish smell. I know I can strike conversation with anybody. Our thinking is the same, our topics of interest are the same and our habits are the same. You are growing up in very different surroundings than me, so I don't expect you to share the same comfort levels, but I am sure one day you will experience the same and know what I mean.

In very simple terms, culture is all about values. Distinguishing right from wrong. Jatra, Ganapati, Narakasur, Tiyatra and many big or small events, though looked like pure entertainment or religious events, directly or indirectly defined me. Goa is the only state in India where many religions lived peacefully together for centuries. We enjoyed Christmas cake from our Christian neighbors as much as they enjoyed our Modaks during Ganapati. Religious equality


Editorial

## Letter To My Daughter



Paresh Kenkre





*was not a topic taught in school those days, we just learnt it observing our elders. We never heard any derogatory term on other religions.*

*In addition, nature's boundless gifts to Goa has made a Goan humble. So, being Goan is not just a religious or regional identity. It is a way of life.*

*I try to teach you those values instilled in me by my parents, Kaka Aajoba-Aaji, Atya Aji-Bhau and many others.*

*Like many parents in this convention, we would like your generation to carry on the torch of Goan Convention in future, but at the same time I recognize it may not happen.*

*I looked for better opportunities and chose my life away from Goa, you may find those opportunities somewhere else.*

*So wherever your life may lead you, spread joy and peace – the basic characteristics of your Goan identity.*

**Love You,**

**Baba**

**W**hat do I like about Goa?

*Exotic creatures live there like the boa*

*The weather is hot like kettle*

*The beaches are beautiful, it'll make your mind rattle*

*Visiting family is always nice*

*Except when things run on the floor such as mice*

*I love walking up and down Miramar beach*

*Because a thirst for aadsar is always within reach*

*When I am outside, mosquitoes think I am food*

*So I have to go inside because they ruin the mood*

*Any food families make is always a delectable dish*

*But I guarantee you, it has something to do with fish*

*The most famous fish dish is called HOOMANN*

*Its so good that everyone waits for a summon*

*Goa is the best place compared to wherever*

*These are the memories I will keep forever*

**G**od has created all men equally,

*Then why do we have people, who treat others differently?*

*Why does Man constantly wage wars?*

*And destroy lives and force his brothers to leave their homeland shores,*

*Even though Man is one of the most complex, and evolved creatures,*

*He sometimes displays animal's uncivilized features,*

*Man is prejudiced towards others because of color, size, and faiths,*

*All of this has caused disputes, and endless debates,*

*Just because we are all diverse,*

*Doesn't mean that some have to make their fellow beings' lives worse,*

*These actions have been going on for thousands of years, Because to the wrong knowledge to which Man adheres,*

*Science has shown that we all are fashioned in the same way, And this has been proven by our DNA,*

*So if Man does not acknowledge his true humanity,*

*Like the mighty dinosaurs, he will be just a footnote in history. □*

## Goa



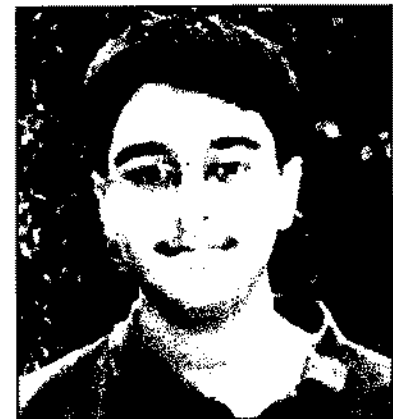
**Manish Kenkere**

Seventeen year old

Manish Kenkere is a junior in High School and lives in Michigan.

His favorite subjects are Biology and Chemistry. He plays in the school tennis team. He loves to travel and visit new places. His favorite sport is basketball and team Detroit Pistons.

## Acknowledge Your Humanity



**Dinker 'Aditya' Ambe**

Dinker known as Aditya among family and friends is an eighth grader at Carden Academy of Santa Clara. He has a Black Belt in Taekwondo and is currently on the Wavemakers Swim Team. Dinker is also learning to play the Sitar and taking lessons in Hindustani Vocal Music.

## Proud to be Goenkar



**Usha Naik**  
came to California,  
after her marriage,  
in early seventies and  
lives in Silicon Valley.  
She raised two children  
and has been working  
for major department stores  
as a sales associate.  
Her hobbies include  
cooking, cross-stitching,  
reading, Hindi movies/music  
and surfing on the  
web for Goa news.

**At** my workplace as a salesperson at a major department store, after the usual pleasantries, the customers often ask me "Where are you from?" And I am very pleased to respond "I am from Goa".

The beautiful temples and churches they saw and how nice the people were when they visited Goa. And they usually end up by saying to me "you are so lucky to be from Goa." All those complimentary comments about Goa make me grow an inch taller with pride.

The moment they hear the word Goa their eyes light up with excitement and they start their all lively comments about how beautiful the place is with its pristine beaches. How they relished the gourmet seafood in seaside restaurants, Many times I ponder their gracious comments and relish reminiscing about Goa that I am proud of.

Goa has become a world renowned tourist place during the last few years. But that was not the case when I first came to US many many years ago. My answer then that I am from Goa would make people wonder where on the earth this place is. But over the years things have changed. Goa has become a premier world famous resort now. Thanks to the phenomenal growth of tourism of industry in Goa which has made it a sought after vacation place among Indians and foreigners alike.

Since Goa is my birthplace there is a special bond between the two of us. I have made California my home sweet home with my family here, but I consider myself very lucky to have a Goa as my birthplace and now a second home. I still cherish beautiful memories in the form of a colorful palette from my childhood till I left to come to California.

Growing up in a pretty large family there was a lot of fun to begin with. With a houseful of people around there never was a dull moment. Everyday was a learning experience. The celebration of festivals like Diwali, Ganesh Chaturthi, Zattras at temples were the treats we kids anxiously looked forward to. We enjoyed the radio and listened to Radio Ceylon for film music. Now sometimes I wonder how we kids did survive without amenities like TV, CD player, mobile and the like that the kids now enjoy there or everywhere for that matter.

As we all know, Goenkars have a "susegaad" lifestyle. It is a mind-set that says relax and enjoy life as it comes. It is a way of life not getting stressed if things take longer than planned. It is about the appointments that are flexible, knowing fully well the person may or may not show up and not much be concerned about it. It is about having a passion to do "gazaali". It is about enjoying a siesta after a lunch of rice and "bangadyanche hoomann".

Goa's serene temples and churches provide a place to go, do prayers and obtain a peace of mind away from the stresses of life. The main concentration of temples in Goa is in the lush valleys and forests around Ponda dispersed among many small hills. I am not sure about the official count of temples in this area but no doubt it is big. Some like Manguesh temple are large and well known with a large number of devotees coming from outside of Goa. Others are small as the secluded but picturesque Lakshmi-Narsinh Mandir at Veling, which have their loyal and devout followers. Over the years many large temples have renovated their older structures and have built modern facilities for devotees to use during their visit. Now every year so called "Darshan" tours bring thousands of devotees from outside Goa who worship the ancient deities and hold them in high esteem.

Just like the temples, the churches are equally important part of the Goan life and landscape. They are dispersed all over Goa, large and small. The most spectacular churches are located in Old Goa. The cathedrals that are more than four hundred years old are beautiful pieces of architecture and the Old Goa site has earned the UNESCO's World Heritage status. It brings thousands of foreign tourists as well as those from all over India to admire the architecture of these ancient churches. But the main attraction is the casket containing the remains of St. Francis Xavier enshrined in the Basilica of Bom Jesus.

Goan coastline is scenic and filled with beautiful coconut trees. And in the interior the lush green, swaying rice fields add to the nature's beauty. Goa has rich variety of flowers and shrubs among the hills and the flatland is filled with rice paddies, "bhataan" bursting with coconut trees producing coconut that

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**Goan coastline is scenic and filled with beautiful coconut trees. And in the interior the lush green, swaying rice fields add to the nature's beauty.**

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is the main cooking ingredient that every household cannot do without, and the mango and the pineapple orchards. The mangos produced in Goa are the best variety in the world. The pineapple is more delicious in taste than what we get in US from Del Monte in Hawaii. And who can forget cashew trees on the hill side yielding rich fruit, nuts and feni. Western Ghats separate Goa from Kamataka with dense jungles and hilly terrain in between. In February 1999 issue the National Geographic magazine compared this part of Goa with the basins of Amazon and Congo for its rich tropical bio-diversity.

Coastal location of Goa along with rivers like Mandovi and Zuari provides us Goans with a plenty of fish of different variety. Goans love fish which is a staple diet for them. The first business of the day for the man of the house is to fetch fish during the mid-morning from "nustyacho bazaar" and deliver it to the lady of the house so she can prepare the lunch. There are many stories about Goan's passion for fish and how fish is the very breath of their life. One comes to my mind is how the well known laureate Bakibab Borkar in one of his poems addressing Yama, the God of Death, pleads :

"Please, sir, Mr. God of Death,  
Don't make it my turn today, not today  
There's fish curry for dinner."

We Goans always like to celebrate festivals and Goa could easily be called India's festival state which celebrates Hindu shigmo, Ramanavmi, Ganesh Chaturthi, Dasara, and Diwali with great fanfare as well as Christian events such as Carnival, Easter, Christmas and New Year with equal gusto. Those have been traditional festivities. But now when you visit Goa, there is something going on all the time. It could be a food fair, arts and crafts exhibition, or a book fair. And if you time it right, you could be attending IFFI (International Film Festival of India) in Goa. That is your chance to have a glimpse of your favorite film stars from Bollywood to Hollywood, or even have a chance to chat with them or take pictures.

Goa has now educational system that caters to all the local needs from Arts, Commerce, Science, Medicine and Engineering. Even Indian Institute of Technology, Mumbai, is planning to open its extension



unit at Goa for post graduate studies in Biotech and IT soon. That makes Goa self sufficient in education and one does not have to go to Mumbai or anywhere else to get the higher education. A remarkable feat for such small state like Goa.

But I also think about all the unpleasant things that happened to Goa. I have been visiting Goa over the years and it has changed like everything else. Walking to Miramar Beach from my parent's house in St. Inez was a great experience which I always looked forward to. Once it was such a pleasant walk anytime of the day. No more! Now I wouldn't venture out except may be very early before the sunrise. The streets in Panaji that used to be very safe to walk are now full of cars, trucks, taxis, and scooters speeding past you. Better remember that unlike in US they have the right of way and you as a pedestrian have to yield.

And it is no secret that Miramar Beach, that once used to be such a joy to visit, is now so polluted that you want to stay away lest you may get infected with the toxic stuff in its sea water. Its once silvery sand has now turned dark and is spattered with trash and the stench of the dumped garbage on the beach is unbearable. When our world tourists talk about Goa's pristine beaches, obviously their experience is based on the private beaches of their resort hotels such as Fort Aguada, Taj Exotica, Leela, Majorda Beach or some other five or seven star properties. They better not visit my once favorite Miramar Beach or that will change their whole perspective on beaches of Goa.

Goan landscape is changing dramatically over the last few years. Gone are the small houses or open spaces along Panaji's shore line along the river Mandovi, replaced with multistory high density structures ranging from the ordinary to luxury living. Now we have more people living in the same locale, but the roads in and out servicing them have not expanded causing the traffic jams and congestion. You have to be lucky in Panaji to go to its marketplace and be able to find parking for your car.

And when you talk about politics, it is no different here than the rest of India. Politicians come and go frequently and but the things change much slowly. They promise a lot and do very little. But then there are some who talk less and do more. One time during my visit I found Panaji suddenly became cleaner than anytime I have been visiting all these years. I noticed that a perpetual garbage dump close to our house that I always used to complain about was all gone. It was no big thing for locals there, but it was a big deal for me used to a clean living in California.

When I ponder about the good and bad things about Goa, I worry about the things getting worse making Goa not such a great place to visit. I am afraid the next time I tell somebody that I am from Goa and they are not so thrilled. Hope that day never comes.

We Goans are very hospitable people and that hasn't changed. So I always will be a proud Goenkar. Moreover, the Goan roots are so deeply instilled in me that Goa will forever be my pride.

Many learned people have written about Goa. But to quote once again Bakibab Borkar who speaks for them all when he declares: "If I am to be born again and allowed to choose my birthplace...I shall choose Goa...because its scenic beauty has a supernatural quality of refining the human mind and turning it inward into depths of creativity and spirituality."\*



\* Inside Goa by Manohar Maigonkar, 1982

A quick glance at the pan-Indian literary scenario and one will say there are very few Konkani writers who can be termed as giants who have contributed richly to Indian literature. The late poets Dr Manohar Rai Sardesai, R.V. Pandit and Bakibab Borkar have certainly taken Konkani writings to such heights that the rest of the country had to take cognisance of the happenings in Konkani. Yet, it is a fact that they did not get what they deserved. Even today, as we boast of our writers, they are hardly known nationally and not without reason. A lack of good translations into Hindi and English has been a major stumbling block as, without translation, Konkani literature cannot cross regional barriers. Secondly, we have few prolific writers whose contributions have made significant impact nationally. Many writers shy away, feeling that writing in Konkani is not a commercial proposition.

But we have an exceptional writer who, regardless of any consideration has been contributing to Konkani literature for the last several decades with a missionary zeal. His prolific writings and undeterred dedication have forced national leaders of the literary fraternity to stand up and take due note of his works. It is precisely because of this reason that the National Academy of Letters decided to confer its highest honour - Fellow of Sahitya Akademi, on the veteran writer Ravindra Kelekar.

Shri Ravindra Kelekar is the most widely read writer in Goa and other Konkani-speaking regions. He is an essayist with a difference. As many believe, he is thought personified. He has an analytical mind that rationalizes and provides explanations to everything that his pen deals with. In his essays, he debates on local and global problems with lucidity of expression that makes difficult topics eminently readable. His writings are aimed at both the common people and the intelligentsia. The revolutionary ideas discussed through his thought-provoking essays have brought accolades for him from readers and critics alike. Right from the beginning of his literary career, Ravindrabab has been a thought-provoking writer. His undying zeal for writing has kept him ever on his toes while his continuous outpouring of articles influenced many a youngster to take to the pen. A father figure on the Konkani literary scenario, Ravindra Kelekar is presently an institution in himself, who guides and inspires young writers with parental love and concern. I myself had the privilege of his guidance when I was a fledgling writer. And to the best of my knowledge, many of my contemporaries have benefited from his patronage. He may thus be called a writer of writers.

Kelekar is a voracious reader who has digested nationally and internationally known literary giants as is evident from the vast collection of exclusive and rare books in his home library. His insatiable appetite for learning and a burning curiosity about the basic nature of man has resulted in a proliferation of essays on

## ***Doyen of Konkani Literature : Ravindra Kelekar***



**Damodar Mauzo** is a short story writer and novelist from Goa who has published a number of Konkani short stories and novels. He has won a number of awards for his work including the Sahitya Academy award. He has served as President of Konkani Bhasha Mandal, Goa, the State's premier organisation, working for promotion of language, literature and culture. A number of his stories have appeared in translations in other languages.

varied topics. An ardent follower of Gandhian philosophy, Ravindrabab's writing is deeply influenced by the great philosopher of yesteryear, the late Acharya Kakasaheb Kalelkar. This long association with Kakasaheb is apparent from many of Kelekar's earlier books.

Kelekar has travelled widely within and outside the country, from east to west, and his experiences have found expression in his writings. His book 'Himalayan' is a travelogue full of descriptive passages of nature's beauty revealed with a philosophical touch. Sahitya Akademi awarded the 1977 prize for this book. Incidentally it was the first award given to a Konkani book after the Akademi accorded recognition to the language.

Shri Kelekar's life has been a *saadhana* in the service of literature. His set philosophy of life is evident from all his books. Readers consider him a repository and treasure house of knowledge. Yet, he still has zeal to learn more from nature, from the changing times and from the changing character of man. His writings, including the latest ones, reveal his strong desire to also understand the diverse cultures existing on this planet and to disseminate this knowledge.

'Mahabharat: Ek Anusarjan' (2 volumes), a transcreation of 'The Mahabharat', is itself an epic with a difference. In his version of the Mahabharat, he has successfully tried to rationalize the mythological characters and events. His interpretations and his style of writing make reading so interesting that one gets a feeling of reading the epic afresh. 'Tathaagat' is a voluminous exploration of the philosophy and life of Lord Buddha, told with a difference. 'Sangati' is a collection of stray thoughts, while 'Uzvadache Sur' is an expression given to his insights. From 'Vellevoilyo Ghulo' (musings from his diary) to 'Paanthasth' (autobiographical reflections) all his books make very interesting reading. His style is lucid and the surge of his thoughts flows easily. In 'Bhovbhashik Samazant Bhashechem Samazshastr' he discusses the sociology of languages while 'Samidha' is a bunch of revolutionary essays wherein he questions pseudo-secularism, argues against the new temples being constructed and also discusses the right to suicide. As a writer he establishes a rapport with readers who care about things that matter and as a result he makes the readers' lives different.

There is hardly any genre that Ravindra Kelekar has not explored. Besides essays, he has written fiction, biographies, translated plays and also produced children's literature. The topics of his writings range from religion to politics, from environment to economics, from theology to astronomy, from sociology to philosophy and from fiction to orthography. Even discussing free sex is not taboo for this octogenarian.

As a young man, Ravindra Kelekar was inspired by Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia's initiative for Goa's liberation from the clutches of its Portuguese rulers. He jumped into the freedom movement and was forced to leave Goa to avoid arrest. He then chanced upon an opportunity to spend his days in the Gandhian Ashram at Vardha. He followed the principles of 'simple living and high thinking' in toto. In order to carry Gandhiji's philosophy to the readers of India and of Konkani in particular, he wrote a number of books in Hindi and Konkani. He writes fluent Marathi, Hindi and Gujarati. He is also well versed in Portuguese and English. Kelekar's 1985 Hindi book, 'Mahatma Gandhi: Ek Jeevani' which reached hundreds of thousands of readers has been critically acclaimed. It has also been translated into several other languages. Kelekar enjoys a discerning readership in Gujarati into which some of his works have also been translated.

The supreme literary body of India, The Sahitya Akademi elected Shri Ravindra Kelekar for conferment of its Fellowship. Since the inception of Fellowship in 1968, this prestigious honour has been bestowed upon great stalwarts of modern India like Dr. Sarvapalli Radhakrishnan, Chakravarthi Rajgopalachari, Mahadevi Verma, Mulkraj Anand, R.K. Narayan and others. The special function held in Goa for the presentation of the award was indeed a historic event for us in Goa as this was the first time ever that a Goan and a Konkani writer has been conferred this great honour. It was all the more special as nearly eighty-five eminent writers of India comprising the General Council of the Akademi remained present to witness this great occasion.

□

**She** had finished watering Angela and Anthony. Now, Rosalina stood with a hosepipe before Abel. The young sapling was maturing into adulthood, ready to bear fruit. She could see tiny nuts clustered at the base of the crown. Her coconut trees.

The tinkle of a cycle bell outside the fence cut through her thoughts. She hurried to the gate, leaving the water running out at Abel's roots. "Rosalinmai, it's nearly noon and you have not finished watering the plants?" asked Vassu the postman, entering through the gate and leaving his cycle to rest on its side stand.

"I couldn't sleep last night and everything got delayed. I dozed off only at dawn and when I woke it was bright and sunny outside."

She knew it was her son Anthony's even before Vassu had handed over the letter. Thank god! She had so been looking forward to it.

Rosalina had been terribly upset ever since she had received the land acquisition notice.

"So thirsty," Vassu fanned himself with a bunch of letters. "Could you give me a glass of water?"

"Of course, come and sit in the verandah." Rosalina went in to fetch water. "No wonder you're thirsty. It's so hot and humid today."

I wonder what he's written, she thought as she filled the glass. Must have received my letter. Has he decided to come, or has he written to tell me that he can't make it? She was anxious to read his reply, but her eyesight was growing weak these days. And even if she did manage to read, she found it difficult to understand some of the English words. As long as Diniz had been around, she had not needed anybody's help. Two years ago, her husband had died of a sudden heart attack, and now she was forced to rely on others to read her letters. Why not ask the postman to read the letter, she thought as she came out with the glass of water. Joaquim, her neighbor, would return home only in the evening, by which time her anxiety would have become unbearable.

"Here baba, here's your water." Handing him the tumbler, Rosalina asked, "If you have the time, would you read the letter and tell me what it says, son?"

"Of course, no secrets, I hope!" he quipped, as he slit the letter open.

Of late, Anthony had started typing out his letters to make it easy for his mother to read them. But Diniz's death had broken her spirit and self-confidence. It took her a long time to read a letter and she still had to take it to Joaquim for confirmation.

"It's from Anthony," announced Vassu. "He writes that he's planning to come home with his wife and children at the end of the month. Abel's written to him that he's engaged to an Australian girl. Both Anthony and Angela will be going to Australia from Kuwait and

*Short Story by*

*Damodar Mauzo*

## *These are My Children*

This short story was  
previously published  
by Katha Publishing.

to Bahrain for the wedding in December. Anthony says he'll give you all the other details when he comes. Shall I read it all out?"

Rosalina struggled to bring her wandering mind to the present, taking in all the news. "It's okay. Thank you, my son. Gud bless you."

Vassu went his way.

Rosalina slumped onto the verandah seat.

So that's that. My last bird, too, is building his own nest. Abel had gone to Australia for a job, and now he's getting married. He'll settle down there. Perhaps he will visit Goa with his family, or perhaps not. No! He will return. Hadn't all three of them come home when Diniz died? Surely they'll come when their mother is gone too.

"Are you in, Rosalinmai?" she heard someone call from outside. "Your tap's still running water."

Shrugging off her thoughts, Rosalina rushed out and turned off the tap and rolled up the hose. Mechanically, she entered the house. Rice bubbled on the fire, but she wasn't hungry any more. Let the rice boil on; she would have a watery congee. That would save her the trouble of making curry as well. All she needed now was a piece of pickled mango to go with it. After Diniz's death, curry had receded into the culinary background. And since that accursed land acquisition notice arrived some days ago, her appetite had deserted her too.

**Shrugging off her thoughts, Rosalina rushed out and turned off the tap and rolled up the hose. Mechanically, she entered the house. Rice bubbled on the fire, but she wasn't hungry any more. Let the rice boil on; she would have a watery congee.**

When Diniz died, all the children had rushed home - Angela from Bahrain, Anthony from Kuwait, and Abel from Australia, though he couldn't make it in time for the funeral. Angela had stayed on till the month's Mind Mass, but the boys had to return to work. Nevertheless, they had stayed on for two whole weeks.

Before his return, Anthony had remarked, "Heard the news, Mai? A new railway line will be passing by our house. It'll be great then. Board the train here in the morning and you're in Bombay by the evening!"

Angela had found the idea of Abel or Anthony trading their flights for a train ride vastly amusing. She had teased them about it too. Nobody had even imagined then, that this demon of it railway line would intrude right into their own home.

When the clerk from the Land Acquisition Office came to serve the notice, Rosalina hesitated. As long as Diniz was around, she didn't have to take any decisions. At least one of her children should have been with her, she felt, when the notice came. The clerk had been quick to reassure her, "Lots of people have been sent these notices. Why are you so worried? Yours is only a small strip. Many others have had to give up large areas."

"But what will they do with this land?" Rosalina was confused.

"That's their system. Land is simply acquired on both sides of the proposed line. Why are you bothered? Just sign here."

Hesitantly, Rosalina had signed. She knew nothing then. The penny dropped when Joaquim casually mentioned to her, "It seems that part of your fence and some trees are going to be cut."

"Which part, baba? That man told me that land was just going to be acquired on both sides of the line, and now you're telling me that my fence and trees are to be cut!"

"Once the land is acquired, they're free to do anything with it," was Joaquim's casual remark. "Can you stop them?"

She was filled with apprehension. "Exactly which part of my fence and which of the trees are going to be cut?"

"The part adjoining our land. Twenty of our coconut trees, that mango tree, a banyan tree and our cowshed too. Your front fence, along with the gate, those coconut trees and all the bougainvillea and other bushes." Joaquim rattled off.

Rosalina's dazed mind was in no state to take in any more. It was a nightmare. She tossed and turned the whole night long.

The three saplings she had planted in the names of her children had grown into healthy coconut trees. She had lavished those young plants with all the maternal love that couldn't reach her children across the seas. They weren't just like her children. They *were* her very own, Angela, Anthony and Abel.

"Don't pour your heart out for them, dear," Diniz would chide. "After all, they're only trees. What if one of them falls in a storm, tomorrow?"

And she would be furious. "Why should the tree fall? If it must, then may it fall on me! If it's ruined, may I be ruined with it!"

Sixteen years ago, her eldest child Angela had returned from school excitedly, brandishing a coconut sapling. "Mai, our MLA was distributing coconut saplings. I got one too! Let's plant it in our yard."

Diniz was home on holiday from Kuwait. It was then that Rosalina had told her husband, "Let's plant this sapling. Angela isn't a child any more - soon she'll grow up, get married and leave for her husband's home. This sapling will remind us of her."

Diniz had planted it with his own hands. And as it turned out, Angela was married even before the tree bore fruit.

Diniz had sent a visa for Anthony while he was still in college, after arranging for a job for him in an American company. It was all too soon for Rosalina. Abel, who was still in school, would be with her, but she would miss Anthony a lot. Not just because he was her first son, or because he would support her in her old age. Anthony had taken after his father - he both resembled him, and was just as dependable.

Rosalina called him to her, just before he left. "Anthony my son, my life will feel a little empty, once you've gone. I shall miss you, but I won't stop you - I know your future is more important. But do one thing, won't you? Get me a coconut sapling. It will remind me of you."

Anthony made a special trip to the Benaulim nursery to honor her wish. Rosalina got the sapling planted before he left. Today, it had turned into a robust, yielding tree. Truly like Anthony!

The year that Diniz returned for good from Kuwait, Abel got a lucrative job in an Australian company and left to work on a farm near Sydney.

Rosalina was gripped by mixed feelings at the coincidence of Diniz's return and Abel's departure. As the day of his departure to distant Australia drew closer, Abel fetched a coconut sapling on his own, and planted it by the side of Anthony's. Rosalina hadn't known the depths of his concern for her, and was deeply moved by his gesture.

She was content with her husband's protective presence during their twilight years, but she yearned for her children. When Diniz went on his customary evening stroll, leaving her alone, she would be deluged with memories. Then, she would go to the well, draw a dozen pitchers of water and empty them at the feet of Angela, Anthony and Abel.

And now, are they to be cut? These trees that I nurtured like my own children? What do I live for then, she thought, bewildered and angry. After a sleepless night spent tossing and turning, she got out of bed early and went to Joaquim's house.

"Joaquim, are you sure that my coconut trees are to be cut?"

"That's what I hear. We've been asked to collect the compensation money. They're not taking it for free. The compensation is quite good, it seems."

She was filled with chaotic emotions.

"I don't want their money! How dare they put a price on my trees! Damn them! May they roast in hell!" Cursing them to perdition, she returned home.

Most people collected their compensation money while a few, holding out for a better rate, received it under protest. Even Joaquim's father collected his due. Not Rosalina! She wrote to Anthony to come home urgently. She wasn't sure he would. Of late, her children's eagerness to return to Goa had waned. Angela was involved with her own family, and Anthony was drifting away. Earlier, he would come home every two years, but ever since his marriage seven years ago, his visits had become less frequent. He had met his wife in Kuwait. Her family lived in Bombay, and the wedding had taken place there. Diniz couldn't get leave to come, but Anthony had taken his mother to Bombay for the wedding. His next visit home was three years later, with his wife and son. After that he had come for his father's funeral with the latest addition, a baby girl. His own family and work kept him busy.

Now that she had received his letter, Rosalina was sure that he would come home. She was filled with relief at the very thought. Anthony was like his father in many ways, and would take care of everything.

Despite such reassuring thoughts, she couldn't help feeling uneasy and restless. And during those times, she rose early, fixed the hose to the tap and treated Angela, Anthony and Abel with even greater affection.

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**"Remember, Angela, the  
lavish wedding reception  
your father gave for you,  
where drinks flowed just  
like this water! And  
Anthony, my dear, just  
because you're in a  
foreign country you  
mustn't forget your home.**

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Ever since Diniz had brought her the hose on the day they got the PWD water connection, the task of watering had become much lighter. The solitude that shrouded her after Diniz's death suffocated her. There was no one to talk to. No one to open her heart to. She would sit beside her children then, hose in hand, and talk to them.

"Remember, Angela, the lavish wedding reception your father gave for you, where drinks flowed just like this water! And Anthony, my dear, just because you're in a foreign country you mustn't forget your home. Remember your father built this house with the sweat of his brow for you, his children. Love your wife and children, but never forget your mother, my son!

"And Abel, my boy! Don't think that I love you less. As my youngest child, you should have been dearest to me. And you are. But you know that I tend to lean on Anthony, and you know why - he is so much like your father, that's all. But I love you just as much!"

Even after baring her heart thus, the hose invariably tended to sprinkle an extra dose of water on Anthony.

Abel's letter came a week after Anthony's. He gave details of his fiancée and enclosed her photograph. You must come for the wedding, he wrote.

Rosalina sighed deeply. Abel would visit Goa as a tourist with his family, some day. She could picture the scene -

Now, this is the Basilica of Born Jesus!

That is the famous Calangute Beach.

Here is the headland of Dona Paula.

And this is my mother.

He might then shoot some photographs and take them back with him for his album.

She sobbed at Abel's trunk that day, babbling for hours, pouring out all her apprehensions.

Almost a month had gone by since Anthony's letter. He was already in Bombay, she was told, and would be home next week.

Rosalina made some mackerel para. Anthony loved dried fish pickle. She arranged to get jackfruit

from his favorite tree. The fisherwoman was instructed to bring the best available catch.

That morning, as she was busy cleaning the house in preparation for her son's arrival, the neighboring children called out to her excitedly. "Mai, Mai, come and see, they've come to cut your trees!"

She stood rooted to the spot for a moment. It was as if somebody had aimed an axe at her head. The next moment, she rushed out. Four laborers were waiting at the fence, axes ready.

As she reached the gate, one of the officials peering into their files enquired, "Shrimati Rosalina Fernandes – is that you?"

She nodded.

"We have to remove the front side of your fence. Those bushes and these three coconut trees will also be cut. It seems you haven't yet collected..."

"No!" Rosalina was trembling with fury. "You can't cut these coconut trees. They're mine! You dare not touch them!"

"Ma'am, we are government servants. We have our orders. We have to follow them. It isn't just you. Several others have had their trees cleared today. Look over there, the work has already started. The embankment has to be built here and we have to complete the work today itself. Don't disrupt our work, please. Men, dismantle the fence from here."

Cowed down by his authoritative voice, Rosalina pleaded, "Dismantle the fence, take the land, I don't mind. But don't, for God's sake, please don't cut these trees - I beg of you!" She knelt before the official.

"Don't worry Bai, your trees are really A Class - you'll get the maximum price for them. You can even claim money to rebuild your fence."

She felt her temper rise again. "Mister, aren't you ashamed to put a price on my trees? Would you put a price tag on your children's heads? I'm warning you! Take your laborers and go back. My son will be here in a couple of days. He will deal with you!"

The official was furious. "Look here, we have to finish this work today. Ours is a time-bound program. You have no right to stop us."

Meanwhile, the laborers had dismantled the fence and were standing near the trees. They chose Anthony first. A feverish chill ran up her spine. The axe glistened. She shuddered.

Suddenly, she charged at the laborers with the force of an enraged bull. Caught unawares, they lost their balance and fell flat along with their axes.

The next moment, she was hugging Anthony tightly. "Come on, raise your axes!" she shouted at the top of her voice. "Cut me first, and then kill my children!"

The unexpected attack from the old woman took the laborers by surprise. At first, they were embarrassed, and then they grew angry. Rosalina clung to Anthony with all her might, and the two laborers simply couldn't prise her arms away from the tree.

A crowd had begun to gather. The official was nervous, but refused to give in. As he couldn't use force against an old woman, he adopted a conciliatory tone.

"Bai, you're obstructing government work - that's a grave offence. I request you once again. Please move away. Let the work proceed."

"No!" By now, Rosalina had found within herself a steely resolve. "I won't move! I don't want your money! Don't you dare touch my trees!" she screamed.

The official tried another track. "Come on men, leave that tree, and cut the other one."

A laborer moved towards the smaller tree. At once, Rosalina left Anthony and rushed to Abel's rescue. Before anybody could stop her, she had pinned the laborer down.

The official rushed to his aid, angry. "Hey! Hey! You have gone too far! We won't tolerate this any



more, I tell you!"

But before he could take another step, Rosalina had shoved him violently to the ground too. "You're out to kill my children. I'll see who has the guts to touch them. I curse your children! May they all die! May you be worm food when you're dead!"

Fortunately, Joaquim's father managed to pull her back in time or Rosalina's kick would have landed on the head of the official struggling to get up.

Enraged, the official scooped up his file and strewn papers, called his laborers and stomped off, muttering, "I'll teach her a lesson!" The crowd heard him swear as he passed them by. He sat in his jeep and drove away.

"Rosalinbai, you shouldn't have done that," Joaquim's father began. "He's a government official after all. You have a point, but ..."

She cut him short. "Does the government have a right to kill my children? Tell them that they can take my land, even my house, but not my trees. Ask them to spare these trees. These are my children! I need them! Save them - save them please!" she rambled deliriously.

Within half an hour, a police van arrived. The official, now accompanied by an inspector and two constables, strode up to her. Aware of the crowd which had swelled by now, the inspector addressed her in a conciliatory voice: "Look, you have committed an offence by obstructing and manhandling government servants on duty. But I shall persuade them to withdraw their complaint against you, considering your age and your state of mind." Sensing that the crowd found his words reasonable, he moved towards her, "But promise me that you will not obstruct them. Let them do their work."

She realized that she was cornered. This would be the last stand. Give in now, and everything was lost.

"No!" In a frenzy, she rushed at Anthony and embraced him tight. "I won't let you cut my trees! Cut me first, and then cut my children!"

Realizing that her outburst could lead to an ugly commotion, the inspector promptly signaled to the constables. Three policemen prised her away from the tree. Lifting her bodily, they carried her to the van.

Joaquim's father, along with some elders, tried to plead with the inspector, but the men carried Rosalina away.

That fateful day, Angela, Anthony and Abel in his first flush of inflorescence, were felled.

The District Collector's office was jammed by a crowd of fifty odd villagers along with the sarpanch, all seeking Rosalina's release. She was finally released around noon and taken home.

Despite her awareness of the fate of her trees, Rosalina blacked out at the stark sight of the fallen trunks.

Thanks to the efforts of her neighbors and the doctor, she regained consciousness the next day. Anthony's letter reached her on the same day.

*Dear Mai,*

*I have been stuck in Bombay for the last one week. I just couldn't make it — to Goa, though I wanted to come and see you. I am rushing back to Kuwait as I have received a telex from my office to return. I'll try to come next year. Meanwhile, don't fret over the land acquisition and those trees. I'll send you all the money you need. Please take care of yourself.*

*Your loving son,*

*Anthony.*

She shut her eyes, praying for them to remain closed forever.

□

I can never pick one single trip to Goa that can be considered "the most memorable". They were all so much fun and each more memorable than the one before. I am blessed to have lots of uncles, aunts and cousins in USA itself, but we do not get together as often as we would want. I have a huge family of uncles, aunts as well as grandparents in Goa too. My family, that is, my Dad, Mom, my sister Trisha and I, travels to India – then onto Goa pretty regularly. If possible every year after school ends we make a trip to India. My grand parents on my mom's and dad's side all live in Goa and we look forward to spending our summer break with them as well as other relatives.

Traveling to Goa is not always fun as it is a very long and tiring journey. However, of late, we have been having fun during the travel too. We have been meeting with one of my mom's cousin living in Chicago, along with her husband and two daughters, one of whom is my age and the other one is my sister's age and travelling to India together. Now, not only do each of us have company during the trip but also while in Goa.

Last year when we went together with my Chicago cousins, it was for another one of my mom's cousin's wedding. It was a blast. We did all kinds of fun stuff from shopping for new fancy Indian clothes and preparing for the wedding to following some of the traditions we see in Hindi movies like having a full day for putting mehendi (henna) on our hands and feet to hiding the grooms shoes during the wedding, making him pay to get them back followed by fireworks in the back of the temple. We usually go to Goa for about six weeks and have to go during our summer break right after school closes, which unfortunately is the monsoon season in Goa. If you are from Goa you know you cannot go out of the house in the heavy rainy weather. Not to mention that some of my cousins have school around that time but we do not feel lonely as my cousins from Chicago are there to hang out with. With my huge family of aunts, uncles and cousins – any get together is a big party all the time and we have a lot of fun dancing and partying till late at night. This is a big treat as we do not have any relatives that we can visit any time we want in America. And my sister and I are always sad when we have to start packing to come back home to a lonely house. I love Goa because of all the amazing beaches and scenery. My grandpa somehow manages to find non rainy days to take us to the beaches or other sight seeing places. We enjoy the fish and food that both my grandma's make and above all the attention we get from all the relatives.

This past year we had a big celebration for my grandpa's 75<sup>th</sup> birthday and what was fun about that was that my sister and I did a show of some of the dances we have learnt in USA, in front of all the people. It was a scary experience but all the people were really surprised that we were learning classical dance along with folk dance in USA instead of American dances.

Another year we went to India when it was Ganesh Chaturthy time and again we had tons of fun singing all the songs and playing with the fireworks etc. Even now if we have a choice of visiting India as opposed to any other place – my sister and I always prefer Goa. Maybe after a few years I might want to see other parts of India and see for myself if they are as beautiful as Goa. All my friends, even Indian friends are jealous that I get to go to Goa so many times. So you see how I might have a difficult time finding one memorable trip to Goa from all the different trips we have made. I repeat – each of the trips has been one more memorable than the one before.

## Most memorable trip to Goa

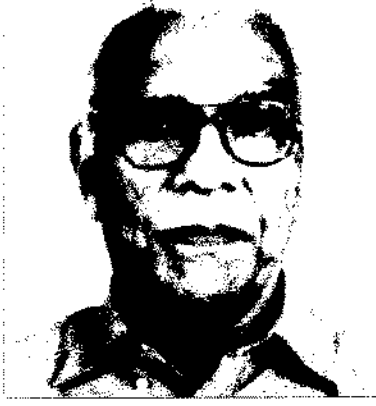
**Alisha Ambe**

*Alisha Ambe is 11 years old and is in the sixth grade. She lives in Pittsburgh PA. Along with learning Art – drawing and painting, she has also been taking Indian Classical Bharatanatyam and folk dance for over 4 years now.*

□

## तीन कविता

गोविंद नाईक



**Dr. Govind Naik,**  
a resident of Madgao - Goa is a  
well-known Cardiologist.  
Beyond his profession,  
his main passion  
has been gardening,  
writing poetry, lyrics and  
musical Composition.

## कोण जाणा

कित्याक सगळें घडटा अशें  
कोण जाणा देव जाणा  
बरेंवायट हें सदा घडतलें  
चुकचें ना तें कोणा ॥ कोणा जाणा देव जाणा

निसर्गाची रीत अनोखी  
कोण सुखी कोण दुःखी  
नशीब आमचें कोण बरोवपी  
खबर आसा कोणा ॥ कोण जाणा देव जाणा

वर्सानी वर्सा जगता कितले  
जग सोडून वता तितले  
कोण कित्याक सदांच उरना  
गिन्यान आसा कोणा ॥ कोण जाणा देव जाणा

फुलतात फुलां बावतात फुलां  
तऱ्हे तऱ्हेची येतात फळां  
पिकतात पानां बावतात पानां  
कोण शिंपता सगळीं रानां ॥ कोण जाणा देव जाणा

## मन

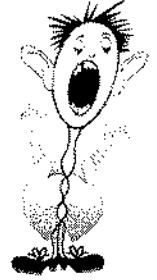
मन एक विचारांचे भांडार  
जशे काट्टा तशे जाता नवे तयार ॥

आयचे विचार, कालचे विचार, विचार फुडाराचे  
बरे विचार, वायट विचार, विचार तऱ्हेतऱ्हेचे ॥

गरजेनुसार करचे विचार, वायट विचार करचे न्हय  
विनाकारण करून विचार, मन अस्वस्थ दवरचे न्हय ॥

मन केन्नाय जाता उदास, जाता केन्नाय तें निराश  
चंचल जावून धांवता सगळ्याक, चिंतन केल्यार येता जाग्यार ॥

मन जितलें नाजूक आसा, आसा तितलें तें कठोर  
सुख दुःख भरलां तांतुक, समजकायेन तें तूं वापर ॥



## एक विचार

गोविंद नाईक

शांत मनान आयकून घे  
हें गुपित तुका कळचें ना  
घडचे कितें आसा जाल्यार  
घडचे बगर रावचें ना ॥

दिस वता रात येता  
सुकते फाटल्यान भरती  
वैर वैर चट्टल्याक  
मेळता खाला देंवती ॥

सुख-दुःख वांटून वता  
कोण हांसता कोण रडता  
सरळ जिवित मेळूं कठीण  
निराशेचो आडो नट्टा ।

एक एक क्षण वता  
कळत कोणा नास्तना  
युगान युगां येवून गेलीं  
दावरून तांची लक्षणां ॥

मनीस मात्र उल्ला तसो  
ताच्या मनात विचित्र कल्पना  
मोह काम मद मत्सर क्रोध  
लोभ ताजो सुटना ॥

घेवून कितें आयिल्लों तो  
येता आसतना  
घेवून कितें वतलो तो  
वेळ सरतना ॥

शांत मनान आयकून घे  
हें गुपित तुका कळचें ना  
घडचें कितें आसा जाल्यार  
घडचें बगर रावचें ना ।



□

# **Khuim Mevoth Mhojem burgue ponn?**

Sunny Vaz

**Kaim** dissanim kall haum kamank tan veguim ghara paulom sumar sanjechea 4:30 horar, nam tor sodanch maka ghara pauti mhunosor ratchim 8:30 horam zatalim, bhitor sortanch haum vochoon poilo thond udok nhalom, anik irli chau gheun amche gallerin boslom, amchea building-achea angnan (Veranda) khub bhurguim kheutalim tim kheuta tim haum poloit raulom, xekim tanim apa-lipa (Hide & seek) kelonk suru kelem, anik nimni ektean rodhi (Cheating) khalli, titlean suru zalem kestaum (fight), kon zante asle tannim tea bhurgeank sozmaun ap-apea ghara dadlim karan tea velar ratchim sumar 7:00 vhoram vazlelim anik matso kalok zait ailolo, tim bhurgim thum-chim ghara ghelea uprant haum mhojea room-an allom anik osoch mhoje khattir (bed) adh podlom, tedna.. maka mhojea bhurghea ponnailo ugdass ailo, anik chintlem thodeach utranim te khoxe-che diss boroun kadun...

Aiz ami vadon dandghe zaleat zait, tantle thode zante zaleat zait, pun sogot ami eka kallan lhan bhurghe asle, zaum tum ghorib vho ghuirest pun tujean tujem bhurghe-ponn kednach visornk zaumchem-nam, kiteak te khoxe-che diss tuka porot kednach meuche-nam... Maka boro ugdass assa goem-chem liberation zaunchea adim ami bhurghe khoxe kheutale poi te, sogot bhurguim chede toxim chedvam koslich malis (prejudice) nastanam sangata kheutalim, pun ek-ek disak ek-ek khell aslo, paus ailo mhuntoch

ami ghoddeanim kheutalim, anik hea godeanim kheutanam zhokon harta taka ghuss kadchi podtali, kednaim hatacho kompor soltalo goddo ghussun, liberation zaun-chea adim ami barranim (tonko-bal) kheutale zanche jill (points) madache chutter meztale, anik te jill oxo meztale "paum, chetmet, burmutt, ghovu!" etc. liberation zalea uprant tho khell sapp natak zalo anik ailo ghilli danda. Tech porim pausan vho ghiman ami milanim kheutalim, vho khell amchea vadeancho ek tournament kosso aslo, uprant aitar ailo mhuntoch ami football kheutale, tednam amche laguim ball naslo, pun dukracho pochkoto (abdomen) tho futto sor ami kheutale akho diss bor, jeunachi passun amkam porva nasli, kiteak tho ek pautt puncture zalo mhuntoch taka porto varo bhorunk zai-naslo, hiera dissanim ami football kheutale tho tennis ball gheun, anik amchi game assa zalear mei-an (socks) kundo (rice shell) ghalun ami kheutale, zaite pautt amkam marui (beating) podtalo jednam ek mei maink dhuvunk melonaslo, tika khobor asli, melonam tea mei-acho football zalo mhunon. Tech porim ami zaite pautt apa-lipa kheutalim, anik liponk xen-ache gairin (Cow Dung Pitt), vho gobr-ache gairin (Ash Pitt) passun litalim, pun sampdonk toiar naslim, pun aiz hie sogle khell khonnuch kheulele dissonam, aichi sonsoth fokot Cricket anik Football kheulele dista.

Mhojea bhurghea ponnar, aitar ailo mhuntoch sanjechea 5:00 horar soglim bhurguim amchea khursaxim ektoutalim, kiteak amche Igorjecho Padre Curr amkam dhotorn (Catechism) xikounk etalo, anik etanam amkam pipirmitt-am hadtalo, ami tie dhotorn-ichea mogan vocho naslim pun tim pipirmitt-am khaunk meuta mhunon vetalim, dhotorn zalea uprant amkam Padre Curr Jesu-chi kani sangtalo, uprant ami ghara ailea uprant aimori korunk zai asli, aiz thi aimori soglean-chea ghara-nim keleli disonam, kiteak aimore-chea velar TV-cher serial asta, anik tho konnuch chukounk sodhinam, amchea bhurghea-ponnar ami khuim sorui vhocho, pun aimori vaz-chea adim ami gharan bitor soronk zai aslem, aichea kallan bhurguim aimore-chea velar gharan assonam, anik vincharlear bhurgeam lagum kitem nam kitem excuse toiar asta, vho sounsar sudhorla vho bhigodla? Uprant ami nauvon (bath) zalea uprant soglim ektaim ravon ters (Rosary) kori, aiz ters-ui kelolo dissonam, hachem karan zaun assa TV Serial.

Amchea bhurghea ponnar amkam khuim-sorui ek Padri mevot, zaum tho amche Igorje-cho vho bailo, zalear ami vochon tachea hatacho umo ghetalim, anik tho amchea mathear hath dhorun magnem kortalo anik amkam zon ekleak belsaum ditalo, pun aiz hem soglem bodollam, aichea bhurgheank Padri meulear, "Hi Father" mhunon pachartat, hanthun amchea Padri-nchoi guneaum assa, adim Padri Lobh ghatlea xivai bhair soro-nasle, pun aicho Padri sports T-shirt anim pant ghalun bhair sorta, tachea gholeak vho bolsar khur-sachi khuna assonam, ek-ek velar tho Padri mhunon volkonk melonam, pun volkotat tanim tori taka respedh dhiunk zai, pun hem oxem ghoddelem dissonam, aichea kallar Padri ek chalto kosso sozmotat.

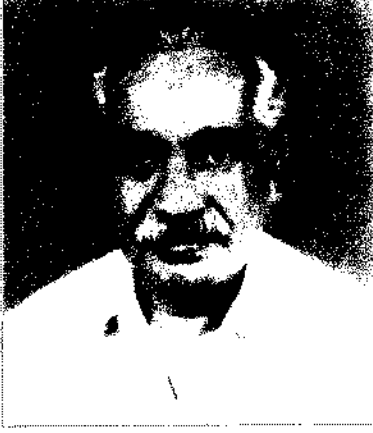
Tech porim ami soglim bhurguim ektaim zaun kednaim amcho ek tiatre kosso kortalim, amchea tiatr-ak parti-chi goroz nasli, tech porim pordhe naka asle, borem tem chador (bed sheet) main pordho aslo, anik fudlo curtain zaun aslem mai-chem kapod, konnacho bolkaum (house gallery) zaun asli amchi stage, kantar khuimcheai khellant-lem mhuntale, tea kallar achea vaddean zomni velle zaite khell zatale, tatlim soglim kantaram ami dusrea dissa dekor mhuntale, amchem band zaun aslem vholdim borlam (Drums) anik amcho tiatr polounk vadeantlo zaito lokh ektoutalo, anik amkam kiteim poixe ditale amchi umedh vadounk.

Adim poder (Baker) matear pantem (basket) anik hathan ek dandho (stick) zaka kilkile (Jingles) asle, avaz korit ghora ghora-nim vetalo, tachea dandhea-cho avaz aikon sogleank gomtale kim poder ailo mhunon, tech porim adim paum (bread) surr (toddy) ghalun baztale tancho suvadh (taste) vegloch aslo, pun aicho poder fummer (yeast) ghalun unde bazta, anik atanche unde dis-an diss lhan zait veta, liberation zalea uprant poder saikolin heunk laglo tho aizui tosoch eta, fudarak ghodiekh tho rickshaw gheun etolo.

Mai-acho mhoino ailo mhuntoch soglea Khursam-chim festam zatat, anik tea festank adim madhi mhunon zatali, thi madhi lagta tea dissa mharr band vazoun thi madhi vaztale tea khursa-chem fest zai sor, pun hea kallar poilea dissak madhi vaztat anik nimni festa-chea dissa, kitlo vho kall bodollo? Igorjem fest aslear sanjechi salv zatali, anik igroz bhor lok distalo, pun hea kallar Igorjen ordho lokh passun assonam, festachea missak passun adle porim lokh dissonam, missachem pursaum-ank passun lokh assonam, dusrea aitarak Padre Vigar aplea sermaum-an sangta "Festachea missak lokh naslo pun kemes-ak bhorpur faido zalo". Festa Diss sanjer tiatr asta "HOUSE FULL" uprant ratri Dance asta "HOUSE FULL" hie jivitache khell korunk amche laguim vell asta, pun amchea Rochnar-ak ek puri bhatt korunk amkam vell assonam. Fest mhutlear boro ugdass ailo, adim aitar-achea missak soglim bhurguim altara mukhar astalim, pun hea kallar lhan lhan porr malier distat, pun vho tancho ghuneaum nhuim, guneaum tanchea avoi bapai-cho, kiteak aplea bhurgeam sangata tanim missak hevunk zai, tednach kouta aplim bhurguim khuim assat tim, adim Igorz-anim bankh (bench) thode astale, zancher amche fidalge mhuntat tim bostalim, anik chod so lokh zomnir dimbi ghalun vho boson miss aikotalim, pun hea kallar soglea Igorz-anim bankh ghatlele distat, thodim missak etoch poilo bankh sodtat, zanteam-chem sozmoh eta, pun bhurgeam-chem kitem? Jednam Latin bhaxen miss zatalem, tednam Padri lokak fatt korun astalo, tednam lokh bhavartan miss aikotalo, atam Igorz-matten amkam amche Konkani bhaxen miss aikonk sondhi dilea, tech porim atam Padri amkam fuddo korun miss sangta, pun missar zabab dhiunk amchem thond ugdonam, tor oxem kiteak? Maka dista mhunxea-cho bhavarth dis-an diss unno zait veta. Adim bhikari (Beggar) bhikek etalim, kotten kitem podta tem gheun sogleank rozar kortalim, lhan bhurgeank belsaum dhitalim, pun aiz bhikari bhikek fokot poixe gheta, tandul (Rice grains) dhilear thim ghenam, tor kiteak, zaum eta ami tankam sonvoim kelea poixe dhiun, amchim gaunti (Local) bhikari etat tim tandul ghetat, pun bailim ghantiam poixeam xivai bhik gheunk toiar-nam. Tankam bhikechi goroz assonam, pun tankam vho ek dhondo kosso, oxem tuka dissonam?

Hem soglem poloun haum chintunk podlam "Khuim Mevoth Mhojem Bhurgueponn"? Kiteak te diss poroth kednach meuchenam, anik hie fuddle pillgek tose diss tanchea jivitan kednach heuchenam. Oxem anik zaitem assa borounk pun anik kednaim vell meulear jerul boroitolom, tea mhunosor math nial korun poi, kitli ontor assa thi adlea anik atanchea somazan. Somestank mhozo maie mogacho nomoskar. □

## चार कविता



शांताराम वर्दे वालावलीकर  
**Shantaram S. Warde Walawalikar**  
is a poet and writer.  
He has edited and  
compiled all the literature  
of Shennai Goembab  
in four volumes published by  
Goa Konkani Academy.  
He was a co-investigator  
of a TDIL (Technology Development  
for Indian Languages) project of  
Government of India  
entrusted to Asmitai Pratishthan,  
Goa which created a computerized  
corpora of over three million  
Konkani words with gramatical  
tagging.

## अमुरपिको मोग

आज म्हज्या काळजाचेर मोरापांख फिरता  
म्होंव्यो यादी आठयतांना दीस दीस सरता

आज म्हज्या काळजाभीतर अेक कळी फुलता  
मोगादवान थपथपून खोश्शेवाच्यार धोलता

आज म्हजे नदरेमुखार तुजीच नुरा दिसता  
तिरपी नदर अजून लेगीत लजत लजत हांसता

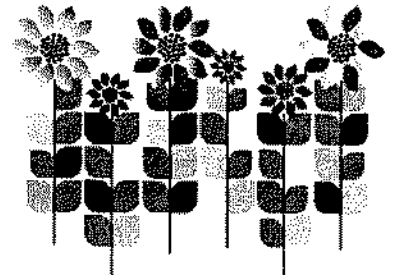
आज म्हज्या ओंठार अेक मोगागीत घोळटा  
आनी म्हज्या काळजाचेर मोरापांख भोंवता

## घडचें अशें

रुप्याझालर आसची अशी  
काळ्याकुपां भोंवतणी  
वाच्याल्हार येवचें गार  
अुबाळाच्या दिसांनी

रेंवेमळार खंयतरी  
उदकाची लागची झर  
तानेल्ल्या चातका तोंडांत  
पावसाची पडची सर

म्हजी मनोवेथा पियेवंक  
संगीताचे सूर येवचे  
दोळ्यांतली मोतयां पुंजावंक  
रस्माचे हात येवचे



## शिगमो

शिगम्याचो म्हयनो सोपून  
वर्स नवे जल्म घेता  
चैत्रांतूच अंदूं पुणून  
परत नवो शिगमो येता

राजकर्णी सज्जनांच्या  
जिबेक नवी धार येता  
हाजे ताजे उणें दुणें  
काडची आतां संद येता

गाली शींवर, दुडवां धुंवर  
आश्वासनांक चंवर येता  
पांच वर्सां उपरांत परत  
वेंचणुकांचो भोवर येता

तीच सवंगां तीच खुमणी  
भेस नवो घालून येतात  
तींच भाशणां, त्योच फटाशी  
परत्यो परत्यो कानार येतात

“गांवांतल्यान शारांत वचूंक  
डांबराची जातली वाट  
विजेच्या दिव्यांचो  
वाटेर जातलो झगमगाट  
गावांतले देवळेक आतां  
देवळाचो येतलो घाट  
कसतल्याचे शेत आनी  
मुंडकाराचें जातलें भाट”

असली भाशणां करून परत  
जिखल्यां उपरांत नाच्य जातात  
घराक घालून भांगरा नळे  
हुस्क्या मेकळो श्वास घेतात

येता येता वर्स नवे  
शिगमो नवो घेवन येता  
तीच येसाय, तेंच नाटक  
पड्डे नवे लावन येता

## चवक्यो

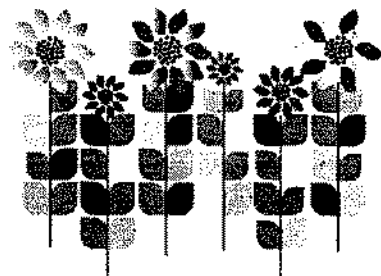
घोण उंच उडटा तरी  
नदर पिलांचेर दवरता  
आमी पैस आसले तरी  
गोंयचे यादीन चंवरता

मळबामेरेन वाजती  
आमच्या कर्तुपांचे धोल  
तरी आमचीं मुळां आमचे  
संस्कृतायेत खोल

विद्यापिठांत ज्योतीश आता  
पुस्तकां जाग्यार पोपट  
नापास जालो जाल्यार  
दुशण पत्रिकेचेर थापट

कोणाक धाडचो तळाक  
कोणाक ओडचो गळाक  
हें जाका कळटा  
तोच राजकर्णी फळाक

फायची पिळगी विचारचीना  
“कितलीं बांदलीं मंदिरां?”  
तांकां जाय जाप कितलीं  
“विज्ञानाची उक्ती दारां?”





# The Third Migration



**Rudraji Shenvi Kenkare** is a resident of Mumbai, born and brought up in Cumbarjua, Goa. Mr. Kenkare has spent a lifetime in the automobile industry. He has also traveled the world extensively for many years. He is retired and spends his time traveling between the USA and India. He has channeled his passion for literature and history into writing and has written English and Marathi articles. He is married with three children, two of whom are settled in the US and has 4 grandchildren.

**I**t is indeed a matter of satisfaction if not rejoicing that Goans are meeting in a convention to realize their identity, their aspirations or simply to fraternize. This was necessary because we have really come a long way from our ancestral roots. Sounds pretty perplexing but the facts indicate that we are really on a long journey.

It is now an accepted theory that the early Aryans came from the regions of the Arctic Ocean somewhere close to Ukraine. Some of the leading protagonists of this theory were Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Madame Blavatsky. While serving a sentence in Mandalay Jail, Tilak wrote the world famous research text "The Arctic Home Of The Aryans in Vedas", which was highly acknowledged by scholars and ideologists worldwide. During a recent visit of Indian university students to Ukraine, they were literally mobbed by students at the Ukraine university campus. So great was their admiration for the Indians that the Ukrainians could point out many similarities in Sanskrit and Ukrainian language, culture, tradition, religious beliefs and also provided guidance to indicate the exact path followed by the early Aryans on their trek to India. These Aryans eventually settled in the Indian subcontinent with the Indo-Gangetic plain on the one side and Indus-Saraswat civilization on the other side. Obviously they settled for the most fertile banks of the principal Indian rivers, the Saraswati and Ganga. There were several centuries before the birth of Christ that these settlers came to be known as Saraswats as they grew up, prospered and multiplied on the banks of river Saraswati.

By second millennium BC the banks of river Saraswati was the homeland of many renowned Rishis, kings and sages who had set up their ashrams in the area, who preserved, enriched and disseminated what is known as Vedic culture. River Saraswati was the lifeline of this culture. The Rigveda opens up with an invocation to river Saraswati. Saraswati was the habitat of this civilization, which flourished for 6000 years surviving several natural disasters and onslaught of invaders from the west, which included Greeks, Assyrians and others.

It is abundantly clear from various references in the Vedas, Mahabharata, Brahmins, Skanda Purana, Sahyadrikhand and others that Saraswats were descendants of these settlers who lived first on the banks of the river Saraswati or the regions watered by that river. Mahabharata also makes reference to Saraswata, considered as a son of River Saraswati who was responsible for the preservation of all knowledge relative to the Vedas. It was the 12-year draught in Kashmir, which resulted in fleeing away of Kashmiri pundits or rishis from the banks of Saraswati. They started wandering in panic and forgetting the Vedas. Even Saraswat, son of Saraswati was thinking of deserting the region when his mother

urged him not to leave, assuring him of food and best of fishes to eat. According to sage Kalhana, on the banks of this river there lived a class of Brahmans who were known as Saraswats, following the name of their teacher Saraswat, son of Saraswati who taught them the Vedas. On all accounts it appears from available records that the river Saraswati was in existence even in a truncated form until 7<sup>th</sup> century AD.

The first migration of the Saraswats from the banks of the dying river Saraswati was visualized, planned and initiated by none other than Parshurama. The migration started towards southwest using seaports on the coast of Gujarat to the western seaports of Konkan and Goa up to Cochin. Presumably the migration began around 800BC and continued till the 15<sup>th</sup> century AD. There are records of migrations in several puranas. Thus Parshurama was the originator of the plan to arrange the unparalleled migration from the banks of the river Saraswati to Konkan and Goa, which continued till the 15<sup>th</sup> century AD. A temple dedicated to Parshurama is built near Chiplun on the western Konkan where large number of migrants had arrived (By a strange coincidence another migration of the Zoroastrians- a branch of the Aryans was taking place from Iran to west coastal ports of Gujarat by sea. To be precise from Bunder Abbas in Iran to Sanjana port in Gujarat. These Aryans were later known as Parsis, or those coming from Persia, Iran. This migration took place between the 8<sup>th</sup> and the 12<sup>th</sup> centuries AD). Ninety six clans were brought by Parashuram to Konkan and Goa who came to be known as Shenvi's (those from the group of ninety six-("siaan-nao") also brought their deities who were then installed in the region at various suitable places. These deities were

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worshipped and eventually became the focal points of the Saraswat community living. Thus ended the first migrations of the Saraswats from the banks of the Saraswati river to Konkan and Goa.

The beginning of the 16<sup>th</sup> century, or precisely 1510 brought the Portuguese to Goa with Vasco Da Gama followed by Albuquerque. Goa was conquered in 1510 and this was followed by the arrival of hundreds of missionaries from Portugal to Goa. The Portuguese came with a sword in one hand and a cross in the other. There was so much oppression let loose and the missionaries surrounded the entire coastal settlements of Tiswadi, Bardez and Salsette, leaving behind a trail of destruction and killing unparalleled in history of any civilization. It is not the intention of the author to describe in detail the atrocities that occurred at the hands of the Portuguese in these times or to indicate the number of temples or places of worship that were destroyed in the process. Every time I happen to pass by the areas where 30,000 people were killed my blood pressure rises. This holocaust resulted in forced conversions, destruction of temples, forfeiture of lands belonging to those practicing idolatry. All this forced the Goan Saraswats to embark upon

what can be called the second migration from Goa further down south to Karnataka and Cochin. The migration started in the 16<sup>th</sup> century and continued to till the 18<sup>th</sup> century.

No doubt there were a few settlements of Goan Saraswats beyond Goa in Karnataka and Kerala. These saraswats were mostly engaged in trade and other smaller occupations. However the main exodus started after the Portuguese began religious persecution of Hindus and was at the peak of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. The settlements of Mangalore, Bhatkal, Bandikotta, Basrur, Barkur, Mulki, Kumta and others evidenced heavy arrival of Saraswats from Goa. This went on until the 18<sup>th</sup> century and today we find a fairly large number of Saraswats settled in this area for generations. Most of them visit Goa regularly to pray at their family temples whichever survived the Portuguese onslaught. Most of them were well received by the local populations, are well settled and find solace in the regular use of Konkani as their language and the worship of their deities in Goa. Most of the literature related to migration of Saraswats ends here. Everyone considers this to be the end of a long story of migration of a group of people over centuries surpassing even the exodus in the Genesis.

The author had an opportunity to visit many countries in Europe, USA, and Middle East etc during a forty-year stretch from 1970 to date in the course of his employment. In the course of these visits he had an opportunity to meet an endless number of Saraswats from the west coast of India and Goa settled in other countries. From the details accounted by them it appears that a third migration of Saraswats is on the way. During the 18<sup>th</sup> to the 20<sup>th</sup> century there were many Goans, mostly non-Saraswats who had migrated to African colonies of Portugal and to Brazil, the European continent or the Gulf. These included everyone from artisans, chefs, butlers, sailors, musicians but also a few doctors and engineers. Many of these people made it big and prospered overseas. However they cannot be called intelligentsia or considered an organized effort. The so-called third migration of Saraswats began around 1975 as the demand for educated and skilled workers started growing in the USA and Europe. By the end of the 20<sup>th</sup> century we find many Goan Saraswats and others settled in the west leading comfortable lives. On all accounts, this migration is bound to increase in numbers in the 21<sup>st</sup> century and beyond. This third migration, which started initially in Dubai and the gulf countries, then spread to Europe and USA and is still going on full force. Goans were well received in these western countries and fraternized by the local populations. The 21<sup>st</sup> century is going to be remarkable for Goans in the western world as well as in the East. Already a large number of students are migrating to countries like Russia, China, Australia, New Zealand etc for education or for employment opportunities in fields like medicine, software, technology etc as vast opportunities exist in these fields.

It is almost another exodus, which is likely to pick up as the demand for educated personnel grows up. USA, Western Europe, USSR, China to New Zealand or Fiji Islands is really a long list. As the scenario opens up it is abundantly clear that we are in the midst of a third migration, a silent one taking place in a world full of opportunities. Arctic circle to India, North India to Southwestern India and now India to the world destinations, we all have come a really long way.

□

## ***My Favorite Place to be***



**Radha Ambe**

*is a Kindergartner and considers herself to be an artist. She is into painting, drawing and sketching and likes to play pretend! She loves music and is learning to play the piano.*

*Bees are flying in the air,  
Where the sun shines over there,  
Here the garden blooms so high,  
And the birds do sing and fly,  
Where the flowers blossom so big,  
And the butterflies roam in a ring,  
Shovels and pails lying in the dirt,  
Here I like to sing and play  
This is my favorite place to be  
Won't you come and join with me.*



**F**or centuries, evoking the burden of redemption, a bruised stature of Christ appears to preside over the convent of Christ at Tomar, north of Lisbon, a home for the order of Christ. Portuguese successor to the Knight Templar, this wealthy European order helped finance a number of 15<sup>th</sup> century voyages of discovery under the guidance and planning of their grand master Prince Henri.

One such remarkable voyage by Vasco Da Gama was undertaken at the instance and inspiration of his master Prince Henri. This was the longest open ocean voyage through the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean in 1497 and resulted in Gama's expedition landing on the shores of India, heralding what is known to the west as the "Discovery of India". Pushing up Africa's east coast, Gama found an Arab pilot to guide him across 2000 miles of Indian ocean. He anchored near Calicut, richest in the chain of trading posts along the verdant Malabar coast of southern India on May 20, 1498. Volumes have been written about the historic discovery of India. Was the great Vasco Da Gama really the discoverer of India as is claimed by historians?

What Vasco da Gama had really discovered at the end of his long historic journey through oceans was only the sea-route to India. The real western discoverer of India, was PERO DE COVILHAO, a Jewish courtier at the court of Prince Henri in the beginning of the 15<sup>th</sup> century. For over five centuries of the second millennium the west was unknown to India and the east was not open to the west. Western European monarchs were fed with stories about the fabulous wealth, flora and fauna of India by Arab merchants who monopolized the trade in silks, spices, cotton, gold ornaments, gems etc from India to the West carried through the Persian Gulf and then to Venice in the Mediterranean. Dinar was the sole currency of their trade until 1510 AD. Thus Arabs had become masters of this trade in and over the Indian Ocean. For three centuries the European monarchs of the time were busy fighting and repulsing the Moors who had practically occupied Europe up to Portugal. Soon after European crusaders were able to throw out the Moors, peace returned to Europe by the end of 14th century. Relishing the stories of the riches of India circulated by traders, they were dreaming of the eventual conquest of this fabulously rich India when a curious incident occurred that raised their eyebrows.

One PRESTER JONES, claiming himself to be the Emperor of Ethiopia and India, 155<sup>th</sup> in the rank of descendancy to Queen Sheba wrote a letter to the then Pope Innocenti at Vatican and to the king of Constantinople then a Christian country, claiming that he was an Emperor not only of Ethiopia but also of a vast country known as India. He was praying for grant of certain special facilities at Rome during his visits to the Vatican that were commensurate to his status as the Emperor of India. The exact wording of his letter written sometime in 1182 was as under. It is difficult to say how

## *The Discovery of India and Goa*

*Rudraji Shenvi Kenkare*

Prester Jones claimed to be the Emperor of India. Ethiopia and India have never been connected over the land nor by sea and for this reason it is difficult to realize how Prestor Jones could write such a blatantly false letter to the pope. Probably it could be a subject of independent research which some historians have indeed done. Ethiopia has always been a Christian country and has remained so to this date; its last Emperor Halle Selassie having been one of the founder members of United Nations, probably 255<sup>th</sup> in the rank of dynasties of Ethiopian Emperors. What caused him to claim himself to be an emperor of India is a mystery not solved to this date, but reeling under the shock and surprise of the revelation, some of the monarchs of Europe started dreaming of the fabulous wealth of India, fully detailed by Prestor Jones in his letter.

It was King Joao II of Portugal who made incessant efforts to discover a sea route to India and in 1482 and again in 1485 sent one mariner Diego Cao (probably Khan- as the Portuguese referred to Khans as Caos- the Adil khan Palace at Panjim, Goa is referred to as the Palacio de Adelcao). Cao could go up to the Congo River in western Africa. After one or two unsuccessful attempts Cao died in a ship wreck off the coast of western Africa. He was followed by Bartholomeu Dias in 1487, Vasco Da Gama in 1497-98, Pedro Cabral in 1500, Alfonso de Albuquerque in 1503 and Francisco Serrao in 1512, the last four having made it to the Indies at last.

In the beginning of the 15<sup>th</sup> century, king Joao II, sent a top level spy, a certain PERO DE COVILHAO to try to reach India over the land to try to gather as much information as possible about this fabulous country- the Indies. Covilhao was clever in disguise and penetrated through Arabian lands disguised as an Arab merchant to reach the Arabian sea. His knowledge of Arabic came handy and he could board a sailing vessel at Socotra on the eastern tip of Arabia, to sail for India. Pero de Covilhao landed on the Indian Shores much before Vasco da Gama could do it, much before the Mughal empire was ushered in northern India. He traveled extensively along the west coast of India, visited Goa and then extensively along the subcontinent up to the River Ganges where he saw rich golden brocades being weaved and thus collected very valuable information, both political and military to be submitted to King Joao II his master. He returned to Goa and was again successful in boarding an Arab vessel which landed him in Ethiopia-the land of his destiny. Indeed it was Pero's intention to visit Ethiopia and find out as much as possible about this enigmatic country and its equally enigmatic monarch who claimed to be the master of India but alas-Pero was ignorant of the stringent laws which prohibited foreigners from entering Ethiopia and landed himself in Ethiopian jail. He made several mercy petitions to the Emperor but in vain. All he could do was to send a message to King Joao, his patron about his condition. This message finally reached the king.

A special diplomatic delegation was organized to make an approach to the Ethiopian emperor on a diplomatic level, which reached Ethiopia over land from Guinea in the western flank of Africa after a prolonged journey over land as the sea entry was banned to prevent Muslim infiltration. The delegation pleaded before the Emperor for mercy to Covilhao, assuring help to the Emperor in other emergencies which the Portuguese really did. Covilhao was no doubt released but restrained from leaving the country. Eventually he married an Ethiopian woman and raised children. It goes to the credit of Covilhao who eventually died in Ethiopia, that he wrote a voluminous report during his sojourn in Ethiopia about the fabulous country, India, its approaches, the sea map routes, details about the ruling monarchs, their military strength, the trade, gold, rubies and all such stuff a spy was required to uncover. This voluminous report is still available for inspection at the Portuguese archives. The report was handed over to the delegation sent by King Joao and eventually reached the hands of the king. It was really sad that Covilhao in the course of time passed away in Ethiopia leaving behind his wife and children. What an end to an historical spy?

It was based on the findings of Covilhao that King Joao could organize several expeditions via the sea route to India. The initial ones under Cao and Bartolomeu Dias ended in a fiasco, but the third one under Vasco da Gama did really succeed and Gama indeed landed on the western coast of India opening enormous opportunities of trade, intrigue and to establish an empire covering African coasts, Indian coasts, Indonesia, Sri Lanka, China and Japan. □

## सावजाची

शागोती हा गोंयकरांचा अत्यंत आवडता पदार्थ! सावज ह्या सदरात हरण, ससा, रानडुकर असे रानवट प्राणी येतात. त्यांतल्या त्यात रानडुकराची शागोतीही आमच्या घरात सर्वात प्रिय. पूर्वी आमचे मांसाहारी पूर्वज मासळी व शिकार एवढेच प्रकार खात असत. बोकड, कोंबड्या ही पाळीव जनावरं मारून खाणं म्हणजे त्यांचा विश्वासघात करणं असा बहुतेक त्यामागचा हेतू असल्यास नकळे.

आमच्या घराण्यात अंडीसुद्धा चालत नसत. वडिलांनी पणजीला बिन्हाड केल्यानंतर, पहिल्यांदा अंडी घरात आली. ती अशक्त मुलांना पौष्टिक आहार मिळावा म्हणून! बकऱ्याचं मांस बाजारात मिळतं हे चाळीतल्या लोकांचं ऐकून नंतर ते आणलं गेलं. पूर्वी गोव्यांतल्या हिंदूंना शागोतीखेरीज मांसाचा दुसरा प्रकार बनवता येत नव्हता व बकऱ्याची शागोती, रुचीला तेवढी चांगली लागत नाही म्हणून, हळूहळू मागे पडू लागली. तोपर्यंत घरातील पुरुष मंडळी बाहेर हॉटेलमध्ये जाऊन मुर्गीच्या शागोतीची लज्जत घरात ऐकवत व शेवटी, मागेपुढे होत का होईना माझ्या आईने आमच्या घरात पहिल्यांदा, जावईजेवणाला कुक्कुट मटणाचा बेत केला व अशा रीतीनं दर पंधरवड्याला घरात कोंबडीची शागोती शिजू लागली. पण रानडुकराची शागोती म्हणजे खरी शागोती! तिची सर कशालाच येत नाही हा आमचा सर्वांचा ठाम अभिप्राय!

माझ्या लहानपणी आजोळच्या खेड्यात कुणीतरी बहुतेक बंदूक असलेला मुंडकार शिकार करून रानडुकराच्या एक-दोन तंगड्या म्हणून आणायचा. मग घरातला आनंद तो काय वर्णावा? स्वैपाकघरात तर समस्त स्त्रीवर्गात आगळं चैतन्य शिरे. कांदा चिरून नारळाच्या सोयेबरोबर भाजणं काय, भाजलेल्या मसाल्याचा घमघमाट व त्यानंतर शिजवून पानात पडलेला तो श्रीविष्णूचा तिसरा अवतार! जेवून घुतलेल्या हाताचा शागोतीचा वाससुद्धा, नंतर पुष्कळ वेळपर्यंत जात नसे.

पणजीला माहेरी व म्हापशाला माझ्या घरी अधुनमधून आम्हाला शिकारीच्या शग्वारी मिळायच्या. गोव्यात पुष्कळदा डॉक्टरांच्या व्हिझिट फी पैशाऐवजी मासळी, फळभाज्या नाहीतर शिकार ह्यांमधून फेडल्या जात. त्यामुळे शिकारीची चणचण कधी भासली नाही.

पण अमेरिकेत आलो आणि पन्नास तऱ्हेच्या गोव्यांतल्या सुवादीक मासळीला तसेच सावजालाही मुकलो.

पहिली तीन वर्षं न्यू जर्सीला काढली. हायवेवर पुढचे दोन पाय वर काढलेल्या हरणांचे सूचनात्मक बोर्ड दिसत होते, पण प्रत्यक्षात हरण कधी दृष्टीला पडलं नाही. त्यानंतर मेन ह्या स्टेटमध्ये राहावयास गेलो. तिथं लोकवस्ती कमी व अरण्यं जास्त. लोक रानात जाऊन ससे मारायचे पण मांस घालायचे कुत्र्यांना! तिथं लोक जास्त शिकार करतात ती अस्वलांची व सांबरासारखे दिसणाऱ्या मूस ह्या प्राण्याची. अधुनमधून हरणंही सापडतात. मेनमध्ये ऑक्टोबर महिन्यात हिवाळा सुरू होतो. पाइन वृक्ष सोडून इतर झाडांची पानं फॉलमध्ये पिवळी-केशरी होत गळून पडतात. रानांतल्या जनावरांना हिवाळा ऑक्टोबरला विशेषतः हरणांना खावटीचा तुडवडा जाणवतो व ती रानाबाहेर पडतात. कसलेले शिकारी नोव्हेंबरमध्ये शिकारीचा पहिला दिवस भल्या सकाळी सरंजामाने नाश्ता घेऊन साजरा करतात व रानात घुसतात. कडाक्याच्या थंडीमुळे जाड बूट, कानटोपी, हातमोजे ह्याखेरीज पूर्वदक्षता म्हणून

## तंगड्या हव्यात का तंगड्या?



रजनी रजनिकान्त उस्गांवकर

Rajani Usgaonkar, a native of Panaji, Goa, was educated in Portuguese, graduated from Liceu and later from Portuguese Medical College. Married to Rajanikant, also a Medical Doctor, she came to US in 1974, has two sons and now lives in Eagle Pass, TX with her family.

केशरी रंगाचं जाकिट परिधान करावं लागतं. नाहीतर एक शिकारी चुकून शिकार समजून दुसऱ्या शिकार्यावर गोळी झाडण्याचा संभव असतो. पण मेनमध्ये म्हणावं तितकी शिकार होत नाही. खरी शिकार पाहावी ती टेक्सासमध्ये!

इथल्या रानात ससे, हरणे, रानडुकरे व लांडग्यांसारखे दिसणारे कायोटी विपूल प्रमाणात सापडतात. कायोटी हे फार खादाड असतात व ते आपल्या शरीराच्या वजनाच्या दुप्पट तिप्पट खातात. विशेषकरून जखमी हरणं वा त्यांच्या पिलांना. ह्यास्तव त्यांना बाराही महिने मारण्यास सरकार प्रोत्साहन देतं. इथं प्रत्येक प्रकारचं जनावर मारण्याचा सिझन सरकारने ठरवलेला असतो. हरणं, रानकोंबडे ह्यांचा सिझन नोव्हेंबर ते जानेवारी असा असतो. सिझन सुरू व्हायच्या आधी हेलिकॉप्टरवरून जनवरांची टेहळणी केली जाते व संख्या कमी-जास्त ह्या प्रमाणात प्रत्येक शिकार्याने जास्तीत जास्त किती जनावरं मारावीत ह्यावर बंधन असतं. हरणांपैकी नर-मादी किती मारल्यात हेही प्रमाण ठरवतात. टेक्सासमध्ये हौशी, पैसेवाल्या लोकांचं हटकून रानात रांच असतं. रांच म्हणजे कमीतकमी दहा एकर जागा. पुष्कळ वेळा काटेरी कुंपण घालून जागा राखली जाते. काही लोक तिथं गुरं ठेवतात. तर कित्येकांना घोडे ठेवण्याचा नाद असतो. मोठ्या शहरांत राहणारे पैसेवाले डॉक्टर हटकून इथं रेंच घेतात व सुडूत येऊन राहतात.

काही लोक हरणाच्या सिझनच्या एक-दोन महिने आधी रेंचमध्ये एका झाडाला मोठा रांजण बसवतात; त्यांत येऊन जाऊन मक्याचे दाणे भरून घालतात. रांजणाला खाली लहानसं भोक असतं. त्यातून एकेक दाणा खाली पडतो. खाण्याच्या तुटवड्यामुळे हरणं हे दाणे खाण्यासाठी येतात. मग जवळच्या दुसऱ्या एका झाडावर माचाण बसवून शिकारी त्यावर बसतो. तो हरण आल्यानंतर, अर्थातच नर-मादी पाहून गोळी झाडतो.

आमचा एका गोयंकर डॉक्टर शिकारीचा भोक्ता आहे. 'तुम्हाला किती हरणं हवीत? सांगा. मारून मांस ठेवतो. फक्त तुम्ही ते आमच्या घरी येऊन न्यायला हवं' हे त्याचं सांगणं. माझ्या यजमानांना हरण आवडत नाही म्हणून आम्ही रानडुकराच्या शागोतीची अपेक्षा करतो. पण नंतर कळलं, की रानडुकर मारणं तसं घातक असतं. ती नेहमी आठ-दहा जमून गटागटाने फिरतात. एखाद्या रानडुकराची शिकार साधून, माणूस जर मारलेलं ते जनावर आणायला गेला तर सभोवती लपून राहिलेली इतर रानडुकरं त्याच्यावर तुटून पडतात. एरवी ही जनावरं माणसांना भितात पण चाळवल्यास मुसंडी मारून आपल्या धारदार दातांच्या सुळ्यांनी शिकार्याला जखमी करतात. आमचे बरेचसे पेशंट रानडुकरांची व ससा-हरणांची शिकार करतात पण आम्ही हे पदार्थ खातो हे माहीत नसल्यानं त्यांनी आम्हाला भेट म्हणून मटण देण्याचा कधी प्रयत्न केला नाही.

रानडुकराशी आमची गाठ पडली ती तब्बल अडीच तपांनी व तीही एका विचित्र योगाने!

आमचं घर देशाच्या अगदी सीमेवर आहे. घरापासून दीड मैलांवर आरटीओ ग्रँड ही मॅक्सिको-अमेरिकेला विभाजित करणारी नदी वाहते. आम्ही घर विकत घेतलं तेव्हा नदीच्या काठावर गर्द झाडी होती, पण कुणीतरी तिथं सत्तर-ऐंशी घरं बांधायचा प्लॅन केला व झाडांची काटछाट सुरू झाली. अर्थात तिथं वास्तव्य करणाऱ्या एकूण एक जनावरांची त्रेधा उडाली असेल, कारण काही विचित्र दिसणारी जनावरं जवळच्या लोकांच्या बागेत शिरू लागली. आमच्या घराभोवतालचा परिसर हा अलिकडच्या दहा-पंधरा वर्षांत वसवलेला. इथली सगळी घरं नवीन. प्रत्येकाच्या घरासमोर हिरवं हिरवं लॉन व सुशोभित फुलझाड. भारतासारखं इथं भटक्या गार्ड, बोकड, डुकरं ह्यांचा उपद्रव नसल्याने बागेला सहसा कुणी कुंपण घालत नाही. घरासमोरची जागा उघडी असल्यानं बागेतील फुलझाड वाटसरूंना पाहता येतात. अशाच एके दिवशी शेजाऱ्यांच्या बागेत वसंत ऋतूत तरारून उमललेले तन्हतन्हेचे गुलाब न्याहाळण्यासाठी म्हणून मी सायंकाळचा वॉक घ्यायला निघाले. बघते तर डॉक्टर सोसेदी व डॉक्टर हेर्नान्दीस ह्यांचं लॉन उखडलेलं. कुणी केली ही नासाडी? गुरं म्हणावी तर झाडंझुडपं छान होती. माझ्या मागून कुत्री घेऊन फिरायला येणाऱ्या मॅलीला मी म्हटलं, 'बघ गं, बहुतेक मोल ह्या प्राण्याचं हे कर्म असावं. रिजीस फिब्लिन थोड्याच दिवसाआधी टी.व्ही.वर कॅनेटिकटमध्ये आपल्या घरासमोरचं लॉन 'मोल'ने उध्वस्त केल्याबद्दल बॉबलत होता. पण टेक्सासमध्ये ते असल्याचं कधी ऐकियात नव्हतं. मोल हा उंदरासारखा प्राणी बिळात राहतो. तो डोळ्यांनी अधू असतो व नेहमी उंदरासारखा खालून चालतो. त्यामुळे जमीन उखडली जाते व लॉनचं वर उगवलेलं गवत उस्कटतं. हे मोल अमेरिकेच्या पूर्व भागात म्हणजे मसाज्युसेट्स, कॅनेटिकट, न्यू यॉर्क वगैरे भागांत आढळतात. तेवढ्यात एलिझाबेथ येऊन आम्हाला भिडली. तिला मोलबद्दल विचारताच ती म्हणाली, 'मोल कुठले? रानडुकरांचं कर्म आहे ते!'

'काय रानडुकर? ते इथं कसं काय?' मी प्रश्नवले.

'बिचारी, कुठे जाणार? इथं पुढं बघा, झाडांची कशी कापाकापी चाललीय. आम्हाला निवांत जागा आवडते म्हणून सर्वाआधी



आम्ही इथं घर बांधलं. तर ह्या जिम फॉस्टटने नदीच्या किनाऱ्यावर घरं बांधायची मोहीम काढलीय. आम्हाला फारशी प्रायव्हसी राहिलेली नाही.' एलिझाबेथ उद्रेगात बोलत होती.

आम्हीही इथं पंचवीस वर्षांपूर्वी आलो. तेव्हा हे शहर कसं टुमदार होतं! आता नॉर्थ अमेरिका फ्री ट्रेड असोसिएशन ऊर्फ एनएफटीए झाल्यापासून मॅक्सिकोमधून ट्रकची ये-जा सुरू झाली. लोकसंख्या वाढल्यानं भोवतालची झाडं तोडून भराभर घरं बांधणं सुरू झालं. बिचारी रानात राहणारी जनावरं भांबावली आणि सैरावैरा फिरू लागली.

मला माझ्या बागेची चिंता वाटू लागली. मला पूर्वीपासून फुलझाडाचा नाद. पुष्कळ पैसे खर्चून व स्वतः खपून, मी माझ्या बागेची निगा राखते. घरातलं सामान एक वेळ अस्ताव्यस्त झालेलं मला चालेल पण बाग नीट हवी. हिवाळ्याचे कडक थंडीचे चार महिने सोडल्यास दर दिवशी एक तास तरी मी बागेत घालवते. कुठे वाळलेली पानं व फुलं काढ. स्प्रिंकलरचं पाणी पोचलेलं नसल्यास कोमेजलेल्या लॉनच्या गवताला रोज नेऊन पाणी घाला आणि होऽ संध्याकाळी मॅक्सिकोच्या टेकड्यांवर मावळणाऱ्या सुंदर केशरी-तांबड्या सूर्याला नमस्कार करणं हा कार्यक्रम मी सहसा चुकवत नाही. इथं जेव्हा तो मावळतो तेव्हा घड्याळाचा काटा ११ ॥ तास पुढे सरकावून भारताच्या पूर्वेला तो उगवतो ही श्रद्धा.

काही दिवस असेच गेले. तुरळक प्रमाणात का होईना पण सभोवती लॉन उखडल्याच्या बातम्या येऊ लागल्या. एक दिवस शेजारी राहणाऱ्या पाकिस्तानी डॉक्टरानं आम्हाला पार्टीचं आमंत्रण दिलं. पाहुणे मंडळीत डॉक्टर हेर्नान्दोसही होते. ते म्हणाले, 'अहो, तुम्हाला काय सांगू? मागच्या आठवड्यात मुलाला घेऊन येण्यासाठी मी सॅन ॲन्टोनीस च्या विमानतळावर गेलो होतो. घरी येईपर्यंत रात्रीचे तीन वाजले. गाडी पोर्चमध्ये घातली. बघतो तर काय? हे ५ हे ५ एवढे एवढे काळे कुळकुळीत चार-पाच

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**स्प्रिंकलरचं पाणी पोहोचलेलं नसल्यास कोमेजलेल्या लॉनच्या गवताला, रोज नेऊन पाणी घाला आणि होऽ संध्याकाळी मॅक्सिकोच्या टेकड्यांवर मावळणाऱ्या सुंदर केशरी-तांबड्या सूर्याला नमस्कार करणे हा कार्यक्रम सहसा मी चुकवीत नाही. इथं जेव्हा तो मावळतो तेव्हा घड्याळाचा काटा ११ ॥ तास पुढं सरकवून भारताच्या पूर्वेला तो उगवतो ही श्रद्धा.**

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विचित्र दिसणारे प्राणी माझ्या लॉनवर धुडगूस घालत होते. ते आम्हाला पाहताच धडाधड धावत नदीच्या दिशेनं झाडीत पळाले. हे ५ हे ५ म्हणून त्यांनी जे हात जमिनीवरून हवेत उंचावले त्यावरून ते प्राणी गाय-घोड्यांएवढे होते खास!

डॉक्टर हेर्नान्दोस पेशाने पेडियाट्रिशन तसेच मिनिस्टरही (प्रोटेस्टंट धर्मात पाद्रीला मिनिस्टर म्हणतात) आहेत. पण त्यांची एक खोड म्हणजे ते बेजबाबदारपणे गाडी हाकतात. मानेच्या दुखण्यामुळे आपल्याला डोकं मागे

वळवता येत नाही ही त्यांची सबब. त्यांच्या गाडी बेफाट चालवण्यामुळे वाड्यावरचे लोक त्यांच्यावर नाराज असत. धर्मोपदेशक असूनही कायदा न पाळणारा म्हणून आकाशातल्या बापाने त्याला ही शिक्षा केली असेल असं म्हणून मी आमच्या आतल्या गोटात हशा पिकवला.

तीन-चार दिवसांनी, एके रात्री, वादळ होऊन जोरदार पाऊस पडला. पावसानं काय हानी केली ते पाहावे म्हणून मी भल्या सकाळी पुढचा दरवाजा उघडला. तर काय? माझं बरंचसं पुढचं लॉन उध्वस्त झालेलं! अरे, माझ्या कर्मा!

मी माझ्या नेहमीच्या बागवानाला बोलावून घेतलं. मानुयेल म्हणाला, 'हे सगळं त्या माऱ्हानो देल मोंते 'चं काम! 'स्पॅनिश भाषेत वार्डलड पीग ला माऱ्हानो देल मोंते म्हणतात.

मी इंटरनेटकडे धाव घेतली. कप्युटरबाबानं माहिती दिली. पश्चिम अमेरिकेच्या भागात पूर्वीपासून हाव्हेलिना ह्या रानडुकरांची जात होती. (हाव्हेलिना हे आपल्या गोव्यातल्या रानडुकरांसारखे असतात) युरोपीयन लोक अमेरिकेत स्थायिक झाल्यावर त्यांनी घोडे-गार्डबरोबर युरोपीयन घरडुकरही आणले. केव्हा हे केव्हा हे घरडुकर पळून रानात जाऊन रहात. मग त्यांची गाठ हाव्हेलिनाशी पडे व त्यामधून संकर होऊन जी जात निपजे ती म्हणजे हे माऱ्हानो देल मोंते ऊर्फ वार्डलड पीग.

एकदा उवाळडे ह्या शहरात जाताना आम्ही जवळचा फार्म रोड घेतला. वाटेत पुढे गॅवेलिना माता व मागून पाच-सात पिल्ले रस्ता पार करत होती. मोटर जवळ आली तरी बुजून धावत नव्हती. आम्हालाच गाडी थांबवावी लागली. हाव्हेलिनांच्या पाठीवर असलेल्या घामाच्या ग्रंथीमुळे त्यांच्या मांसाला एक प्रकारचा उग्र दर्प येतो. ह्यास्तव शेतकरी-रांचरसारखे लोक सोडून इतरजण



सहसा त्यांचं मांस खात नाहीत. त्यांचं वजन चाळीस-पन्नास पौंड तर मान्हानो चांगले तीनशे पौंड वजनाचे व सरासरी चार-पाच फूट लांब असतात. त्यांचं मांस चवीला आमच्या गोव्यातल्या रानडुकरासारखे लागते. जास्त करून लोक त्यांच्या माद्या व लहान पिलांचे मांस खातात. मोठ्या नराच्या मांसाला तीव्र रानवट वास येतो असं त्या लोकांचं मत.

माझ्या लॉनची दुर्दशा मला बघवेना. मानुयेलकडून माती आणून घेऊन सगळीकडील खड्डे बुजवून घेतले व नंतर त्यावरील गवतही ठाकठीक केले. पुन्हा दोन-तीन दिवसांनी तोच प्रकार. आश्चर्य म्हणजे माझ्या पुढच्या अंगणातले व बाजूच्या शेजाऱ्यांचे लॉन जसेच्या तसे. नंतर मी ऐकलं, की जिथं जिथं लॉन उध्वस्त होत होतं त्याच त्याच ठिकाणी पुन्हा पुन्हा ती जनावरं जात होती. आमच्या डाव्या बाजूला राहणारा रोद्रीगीस पेशानं वकील. मी त्याला गमतीनं म्हटलं, 'तुमच्या बाजूला रानडुकरं फिरकत नाहीत. बहुतेक तुम्ही कोर्टात फिर्याद द्याल असं त्यांना वाटत असावं.'

तुमच्याकडे असलेली पाल्म माडाची मुळं त्यांना आवडत असावीत. शिवाय तुमचा स्प्रेकलर रात्री ३-४ वाजता चालतो ते मी बघितलंय. रानडुकरांना थंड पाण्याचा शिडकावा अंगावर घेण्यास आवडतं. रोद्रीगीसने आणखी माहिती पुरवली.

मी दर आठवड्याला खड्डे बुजवून बुजवून थकले. शेवटी फोन करून पोलिसांना बोलावले. एक सोडून दोघेजण आले. दोघांनीही लॉनची नासाडी बघून खेद व्यक्त केला. पण ते म्हणाले, 'मॅम, तुमचं घर शहराच्या हद्दीत असल्यानं जनावर दिसलं तरी आम्ही त्याच्यावर गोळी झाडू शकत नाही. इथं मोठे पिंजरे भाड्यान मिळतात. एक पिंजरा लावून पाहा. त्याच संध्याकाळी, दाराची बेल वाजली. बघावं तर बाहेर एक धडधाकट माणूस उभा. कोण पाहिजे म्हणून विचारताच तो म्हणाला, 'मी तुमच्या घराच्या मागे राहतो. तुमच्याप्रमाणेच मान्हानोनी माझ्याही लॉनची उस्कटवारी केली आहे. मी वाड्यावर सगळीकडे फिरून माहिती मिळवलीय. तुमच्या माझ्या सारखंच इथं वीस-पंचवीस जणांचं लॉन उध्वस्त झालंय. मी असं ऐकलंय, की ती एक महाकाय मान्हाना आहे. ती आपल्या तीन-चार पिल्लांची दौलत घेऊन रात्री येते व माणसांचा सुगावा लागल्यावर दडादड पळत जाते. सगळे लोक वैतागलेत. आपण सगळीजण सिटीहॉल मध्ये जाऊन मीटिंग घेऊन गाऱ्हाण मांडूया.'

मला, दुसरीच्या वर्गात असताना माझ्या वाचनाच्या पुस्तकातील 'मुरलीवाला' ह्या गोष्टीची आठवण झाली. गावात उंदीर झाले होते. ते लोकांना खाऊ देत नव्हते की पिऊ देत नव्हते. निजू देत नव्हते की उतू देत नव्हते. इथं जावं तर चूं चूं चूं, तिथं जावं तर चूं चूं चूं लोक रंजीस आले. तशात गावात एक मुरलीवाला आला. लांब लांब केसांचा, लांब लांब दाढीचा, लाल टोपी डोईवर, पिवळा झगा अंगावर. लोक बोलले, 'गावात उंदीर फार झालेत, बाबा. मारून टाकशील तर हजार रुपये देऊ. मुरलीवाला घाटावर बसून मुरली वाजवू लागला. गावातले सगळे उंदीर त्याच्याभोवती गोळा झाले. मुरली वाजवत तो हळूहळू नदीच्या पाण्यात शिरला. उंदीर त्याच्यामागून पाण्यात गेले व बुडून मेले. गावातल्या लोकांची चिंता संपली.

मी त्या पाठीमागच्या शेजाऱ्याला म्हटलं, 'सकाळीच इथं पोलिस येऊन गेलेत. ते सांगत होते की आपण काही करू शकत नाही म्हणून. मग सिटी हॉलमध्ये शहराचा मेयर तरी काय उजेड लावील? पोलिसांनी सापळ्याबद्दल सुचवलं आहे. तो प्रयोग आपण करून पाहायचा.'

एक दिवस मानुयेल आपल्या एका मित्राला घेऊन आला. फुगऱ्या पोटाचा ज्यो म्हणाला, की आपल्याकडे बंदूक आहे. रात्री घराच्या पुढे थोड्या अंतरावर आपण ट्रक पार्क करणार व मान्हानो आल्यावर त्यांच्यावर गोळ्या झाडणार. मला माझ्या आजोळच्या रानडुकरांच्या तंगड्यांची व बरोबर शागोतीच्या घमघमाटाची आठवण झाली. मी म्हटलं, 'हे बघ ज्यो, जनावर मारलंस की आम्हाला उठवू नकोस. घरी नेऊन ते तू साफ कर आणि मुंडकं व इतर भाग तुला ठेवून मला फक्त दोन तंगड्या दे. ज्योने आनंदानं होकार दिला. ज्योसारखे रांचर लोक विकेंडला मित्रांना जमवून मारलेल्या जनावराचा बार्बेक्यू करून मजा लुटतात. सोबतीला अर्थातच बियरच्या बाटल्या फस्त होतात.

डम्म्!!! तिसऱ्या दिवशी ज्यो आला व म्हणाला, 'दोन दिवस आपण जागरण केलं. पण कुणीच तुमच्या लॉनवर फिरकलं नाही.' मी त्याच्याकडे सापळ्याबद्दल बोलले. एव्हाना, मागच्या शेजाऱ्याने सापळा आणून ठेवलेला. मला माझ्या मागील दारातून दिसत होता. तो ज्योला दाखवला. ज्योने त्याच्या मित्रातर्फे एक भलामोठा लाकडी सापळा पंधरा दिवसांच्या भाड्याने ठरवला. सापळ्याच्या आत हरणांना आकर्षित करण्यासाठी वापरतात तसल्या मक्याच्या मोठ्या दाण्यांची पिशवीही तो घेऊन आला. परत जाण्यासाठी जेव्हा तो निघाला, तेव्हा त्याला मी पुन्हा बजावलं, 'हे बघ, सगळं जनावर तुझं-मला फक्त दोन तंगड्या हव्यात.' 'आता येऊ दे ती सटवी. पोराना घेऊन; चांगली तिच्या तंगड्या मोडून खाते.' पुन्हा आजीच्या हातच्या शागोतीची चव जागी झाली.

दर सकाळी उठून मी पुढीलदारी बघायची. लॉन अधुनमधून उस्कलेलं असायचंच. पण सापळ्यात सन्नाटा. सापळ्यापर्यंत

रानडुकरांनी यावं म्हणून त्यांच्या येण्याच्या वाटेवर जे दाणे मी शिंपडले होते ते आता पाखरं येऊन खाऊ लागली. सापळ्यांतले दाणे मात्र जसेच्या तसे. पाच पौड वजनाचे मक्याचे दाणे असे फुकट गेले. एक दिवस समोरचा इश्टेबान मला म्हणाला, 'मक्याचे असे सुके दाणे उपयोगी नाहीत. रानडुकरांना, माऱ्हानोंना कलिंगडं फार आवडतात. एक कापून थोडं सापळ्यात ठेव. थोडं जनावराच्या वाटेवर विखरून ठेव.' त्याच्या घरासमोरील ठाकठीक असलेलं लॉन मला वाकुल्या दाखवत असल्याचा भास झाला. झालं, एक तांबडंलाल कलिंगड आणून फोडून पिंजऱ्यात व बाहेर ठेवलं. ह्या वेळपर्यंत सापळ्याच्या मुदतीचे दोन आठवडे संपले होते. आणखी एक आठवडा मुदत वाढवून मी पुन्हा रानडुकरांच्या तंगडीची वाट टोकरीत राहिले.

मुदत संपली. शेवटी, तो पिंजरा व भाडे घेऊन ज्यो गेला. माती व पिंजऱ्याचा खर्च मला चांगला दोनशे-अडीचशे डॉलर पडला होता. सगळे प्रयोग करून मी थकले. होऊ दे लॉनची नासाडी, झाडंझुडपं ठीक आहेत तेवढी पुरेसं असा स्थितप्रज्ञतेचा आव आणून मी गप्प राहिले.

एके सायंकाळी बागेत अशीच विहरत नव्हे, तर विव्हळ भटकताना आमच्या नंबर चार शेजाऱ्याने माझ्याजवळ गाडी थांबवली. खवळून तो म्हणाला, 'तुमच्यासारखंच त्या मस्तवाल डुकरिणींनं माझ लॉन खराब केलंय. तुम्ही इथं सापळे लावलेत त्याला काही अर्थ नाही. मी चांगला शिकारी लावतात तसला भलामोठा लोखंडी सापळा नदीच्या काठी लावीन. माझ्याकडे बंदूकही आहे. मारून टाकतो. त्या बघेला व तिच्या अवलादीला.'

'मलाही द्या की एक-दोन तंगड्या.' मी सुचवले.

'हो, हो, आणि तुम्ही त्या खाणार का?' अविश्वासाने पाहता, हसत तो म्हणाला व गाडी स्टार्ट करून निघून गेला.

'चला, एकदाची उंटावर शेवटची काडी पडली म्हणायची.' आणि खरंच त्या वराहिणीची व पिलांची शंभर वर्ष बरोबर भरली. सुरवातीला म्हणे तिन्ही पिल्लं मिस्टर बटरलने लावलेल्या सापळ्यात अडकली. मिस्टर बटरलने दोघांना मारून एक आत ठेवलं. त्याची आई त्याला शोधायला येईल हा त्याचा कायास. आणि तीही त्याची अटकळ बरोबर ठरली. पहाऱ्यात राहून नंतर त्यांनी त्या उपद्रव्यापी डुकरिणीला खलास केलं. वाड्यावरची इडापिडा टळली. मिस्टर बटरल एरवी मनानं शांत, पेशानं पेंटर. घोड्यांची वगैरे चित्रं काढून तो विकतो असं ऐकलं होतं. पण ह्यावेळी तो आमच्या वाड्यावरचा मुरलीवाला ठरला. हे सगळं होईतोवर ऑक्टोबर महिना उजाडला. नोव्हेंबरमध्ये हिवाळ्याची सुरुवात होते. झाडाची पानं पिवळी केशरी होऊन गळून पडतात. लॉनचं गवतही मलूल होऊन तपकिरी होतं. त्याची रया जाते.

पुढच्या वर्षाच्या फेब्रुवारीला पुन्हा बागेची डागडुजी करीन असं ठरवून मी आराम करायला सुरुवात केली. पण इथं वाइल्ड पीग मिळतात व ते गोव्यातल्या रानडुकरासारखे लागतात हे कळल्यानं घरी येणाऱ्या-जाणाऱ्या कामगारांना मी त्याबद्दल विचारू लागले. बहुतेक जण सांगत, 'हो, आमचा मामा, काका किंवा पुतण्या शिकार करतात. मिळालं तर आणू. दोन वर्ष अशीच गेली. मध्यंतरीच्या वर्षात शहाणे झालेले आमचे शेजारी डुकरांचा सुगावा लागताच नदीकाठच्या झाडीत सापळे ठेवून शिकार करू लागले. त्यामुळे वाड्यावरची चिंता कायमची मिटली. एक दिवस जेस्सीचा फोन आला. जेस्सी हॉस्पिटलमध्ये इलेक्ट्रिशियन म्हणून काम करतो. आमच्या घरी गरज भासल्यास आम्ही त्याला बोलावून घेतो. मी एकदा जेस्सीकडे रानडुकरांच्या तंगड्यांबद्दल बोलले होते. जेस्सी फोनवर म्हणाला, 'मिसेस उरसावकर, माझ्या मेहुण्याने व त्याच्या मित्रांनी मिळून बरीचशी कोवळी मेरूनो डेल मोटो मारली आहेत. तुम्हाला काय हवं ते सांगा.' मी म्हटलं, 'मला फक्त तंगड्या हव्यात.'

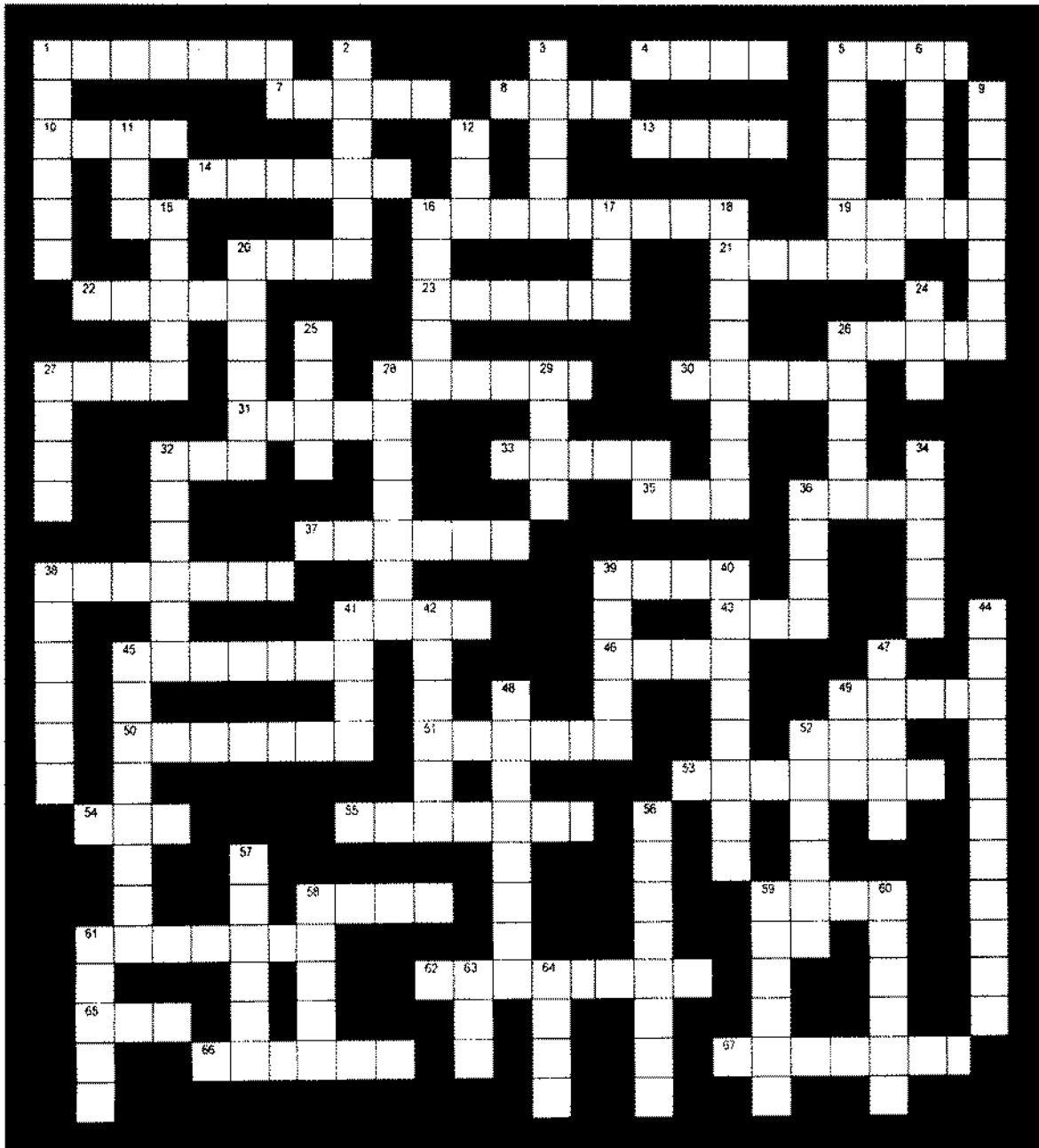
अर्ध्या तासाने जेस्सी आणि त्याचा सासरा साफ केलेल्या तंगड्या घेऊन आले. सगळ्या तंगड्यांचं वजन सेहेचाळीस पौंड भरलं. जेस्सी म्हणाला, 'म्याम, तुला पाहिजेत तेवढ्या तंगड्या ठेव. उरलेल्या आम्ही परत घेऊन जाऊ.'

मी सर्व ठेवून घेतल्या. वट्ट तीन डॉलर्सना एक पौंड मोजून वर बिदागी म्हणून आणखी बारा डॉलर्स जावई-सासऱ्याला दिले. पैसे घेऊन दोघेही जण उड्या मारत गेले. मी दुकानात धाव मारून मांस ठेवायचे स्पेशल कागद व अॅल्युमिनियम फॉइल आणून प्रत्येक तंगडी काळजीपूर्वक गुंडाळली. स्पेशल कागदामुळं हरण-डुकरांचं मांस सहा ते आठ महिने फ्रिजमध्ये चांगले राहते. दुसऱ्या दिवशी अर्थातच शागोतीचा दिवस. दोन दिवस सर्वांनी शागोती अगदी मजेनं खाल्ली. चव तशी गोव्यातल्या रानडुकरासारखी. पंधरा दिवसांनी पुन्हा केली. तेवढा रिस्पॉन्स मिळाला नाही. तिसऱ्यांदा तर कुणीच खाल्ली नाही. म्हटलं तरी आता इतक्या वर्षांनी आमच्या रुची बदलल्या होत्या. कुणाला रानटी वास सोसवत नव्हता तर कुणाला रक्ताचा तीव्र वास जाणवला. एकूण, ह्यापुढे रानडुकराची शागोती वर्ज्य. तंगड्या तशाच फ्रीजमध्ये पडून आहेत. म्हणून विचारते, 'तंगड्या हव्यात का कुणाला तंगड्या?'

□

# Crossword Puzzle

Gauri Shekhar Ambe and Dinker "Aditya" Ambe



Note: Answers to the Crossword Puzzle are commonly used Konkani words which have Portuguese origin

First Example : Clue - Your grandson Answer - Neto

Second Example : Fill in the blank in a phrase or title by substituting the corresponding English word into it's Konkani/Portuguese counterpart. Clue - "\_\_\_\_\_ is where the Heart is". Answer - Home = Casa

We had fun as a family designing this puzzle. I hope you have as much fun solving it.

# Crossword Puzzle Clues

## Across

- 1 Florida's climate is good for growing this fruit
- 4 Cold, solid, made of water
- 5 Take refuge under here during earthquakes
- 7 Goodbye
- 8 Audrey Hepburn is transformed in "My Fair \_"
- 10 Hearty meal with meat or vegetables in a stock
- 13 White Turnip, Kohlrabi
- 14 Paris Hilton spent some time here
- 16 The time each morning when daylight just begins
- 19 Boxers, rhymes with the sound a duck makes
- 20 A vow
- 21 Do you have any place in your trunk?
- 22 When the car turns around, it makes a
- 23 Dandy
- 26 Plant a \_\_\_\_\_ on either cheek when you are greeting
- 27 Mi Casa, Su \_\_\_\_\_
- 28 Household helper
- 30 Name of a girl also means lovely
- 31 Opposite of dirty
- 32 Short form of Wednesday
- 33 Add it to your thanks to magnify your gratitude
- 35 Mother
- 36 A place where you entertain your guests in the house
- 37 Children spend most of their day here
- 38 The flat roof of a house
- 39 Who says Quack, Quack?
- 41 In Goa, it is closed during Siesta time
- 43 Good
- 45 Your moms cooks your favorite meals here
- 46 Love
- 49 Fireworks
- 50 Dispute between two Goans
- 51 Lots of rest and sleep will cure this
- 52 Head of household
- 53 Roofed porch where people gather to relax
- 54 A tone of indignation
- 55 Abode for your attire
- 58 Famous fruit used to make Feni
- 59 Beautiful beach in north Goa
- 61 One who goes to war
- 62 The country that ruled Goa for more than 500 years
- 65 Opposite of yes

- 66 The doctor advises you to take the \_\_\_\_\_, instead of the elevator
- 67 Baker

## Down

- 1 Title of Lorna's famous song, also capital city
- 2 Treat this with an antiseptic
- 3 You go hunting for wild boar
- 5 Remo is famous for his \_\_\_\_\_
- 6 \_\_\_\_\_ is more important than wealth
- 9 Nobleman
- 11 Bread Roll
- 12 Father's sister
- 15 Your leisure time
- 16 Military rank starts with M
- 17 It is known as "Rome of the East"
- 18 He alters your clothes
- 24 Yes
- 25 Your sister
- 26 Fat that is hard to get rid of
- 27 Glass for drinking
- 28 Vital organ has four chambers
- 29 The Almighty
- 32 A room in the house
- 34 Fandango is a form of Portuguese Folk \_\_\_\_\_
- 36 Made of Jute and used to store grain
- 38 Theatre
- 39 Calangute is a \_\_\_\_\_
- 40 Thank You
- 41 Tie a ribbon in your hair
- 42 Outdoor place where you enjoy your plants
- 44 Portuguese explorer who discovered sea route to India
- 45 Coconut Tree, name of restaurant on Panajim-Mapusa Highway
- 47 Mad as in loony
- 48 Seaside, Konkani phrase for "throw it out"
- 52 Your Boss
- 56 Latin Festival just before Lent, where people parade on streets
- 57 Tropical fruit that has made Hawaii famous
- 58 Beach near Margao known for its white sands
- 59 Sit on this to chat with your neighbour
- 60 Village
- 61 Make an indication to someone
- 63 Salutation when you pick up the phone
- 64 Stem of the plant

## Two Poems



**Anisha Mauze**  
is a 17 year old  
in Sunnyvale.  
She is an avid reader  
and enjoys writing poetry  
and short stories.  
She loves to play  
and teach piano.

## Roots

*I am the daughter of  
brahmans, swamees, gurus,  
farmers, fishermen, dancers,  
mathematicians, engineers,  
doctors, lawyers, scientists,  
poets, writers,  
visionaries ....*

*I have seen my father's aspirations realized  
by the sweat of his family's brow,  
minding the shop  
while studying hard  
to be the first abroad,  
buying and selling  
scrimping and saving  
for a better life in a new world.*

*I have heard my mother's stories  
of people on the streets  
desperate and broken  
yet surviving,  
of people in palaces  
whitewashed and uncaring  
hardship and opulence  
violence and peace  
living together;  
a country of contrasts.*

*Mother was a teacher,  
a scientist, a daughter,  
excited to embrace the new world.  
And in the spring of her enthusiasm, I was bom.*

*Blood of India  
Flesh of America  
Seventeen-year-old  
daughter of two cultures;  
an amalgam*



# *Just Because I'm Indian*

*Anisha Mauze*

*Just because I'm Indian  
I don't have a 4.0  
I'm not going to be a doctor  
Or a lawyer or a computer scientist*

*Just because I'm Indian  
I don't have an accent  
I don't speak "Indian"  
And by the way, it's "Hindi"*

*Just because I'm Indian  
I'm not gonna work at 7-11  
My tongue is not immune to spice  
I'm not gonna have an arranged marriage*

*Just because I'm Indian  
I'm moving out before I turn 40  
I like beef and pork  
I was born here  
Just because I'm Indian*



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## *Best Wishes to* **Goan Organization in America**

For a successful  
9<sup>th</sup> Bi-annual Convention  
San Jose 2008

# **BERKELEY MAGNETICS**

# Truth Is God

**Dilip R Sanvordeker**

*Dilip R Sanvordeker After completing high school in Goa, Dilip earned B.Sc. from University of Bombay and thereafter B.Sc.(Tech). from the Bombay University Dept. of Chemical Technology. Dilip came to the U.S. in 1967 and earned an M.S. (1969) from University of the Pacific in Stockton, California and Ph.D. (1972) in pharmaceutical sciences from the University of Kentucky. Dilip and Meenal have raised three daughters – all are professionals. In partial retirement, Dilip continues to publish his literary work on the Internet and newspapers. He currently serves as an R & D consultant to one U.S. and one Indian pharmaceutical company.*

# Terrorism

and its effects on San-atana Dharma in the new millennium. The question that remains open to answers is: how can we preserve secularism with peace, civility, law, order and religious harmony in democratic nations like India as well as minimize terrorism on civilized societies throughout the world.

**Terror and Trail of Terrorism** - Terror is a diabolic instillation of fear and uncertainty in the minds and hearts of civilized people of different nations of the world. Terrorism, an act of terror, is executed in different forms by obsessed people who have one mission - death and destruction of people and property to achieve their objective in an uncivilized manner. A terror-minded person resorts to clandestine means of expressing his or her acts of terror and enjoy the expression of wrath through fear, mass destruction of innocent people and property in the most hideous and cleaver manner. The agenda of a terrorist leader and his group is to demonstrate his/her will and freedom in planning and execution of such barbaric acts in disguise. Anger, hatred, disguise and courage are the four companions of a terrorist leader and his/ her companions who resort to brutal acts of terror on others who are diametrically opposed to his or her way of living, faith in God and pursuit of happiness in life in a civilized society. Their obsession of terror is empowered by fanaticism and instigation by masterminds like Osama Bin Laden, who control their execution of terrorism through multiple means of communications and rewards or dishonor to their immediate families. In this analysis of terrorism we are experiencing all over the world, an attempt is made to review effects of terrorism on the future of essence of humanity's eternal wisdom known as Sanatana Dharma in India and in other nations where it has taken roots of growth in this new Millennium. Hopefully, this analysis will inspire many young and virtuous Sanataneees, if not all, to take appropriate actions for preservation and growth of Sanatana Dharma and its future in India.

**Terrorism in India – an Historical Perspective** - One is often reminded of a very well known quote cited by many and that is "history repeats itself". What we do not know is when and where it does so and for what reason certain memorable events recycle in civilizations all over the world. Terrorism has played a large role in shaping culture, civic development and inter-ethnic history of many nations of the world.

Terrorism is not new to India with a Sanatanee history that dates over 5000 years B.C. as per ancient Vedic records. Certain painfully researched historic records attest that as early as 715 A.D. terror began to show its ugly face in the Indian sub-continent with the first entry of Islamic Mujahid Mohammad bin Quassim in the province of Sindh. Later, Sultan Subbuktigin, Muhammad

Ghaznavi, Muhammad Ghuri, Kutub-bu-din, Allah-u-din Khilji, Timur and then Babur of the Mughal Dynasty—all of them resorted to massive plundering, massive executions and terrorization of Sanatanee people in northern monarchical regions to surrender to the faith of Islam. Thus Mughal dynasty took hold over north Indian provinces to place Islamic populace and culture into the Indian sub-continent.

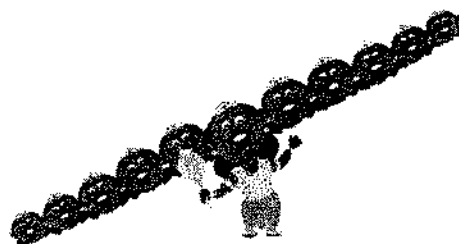
Fourteen centuries later, Islamic militancy and terrorism continue to befall upon our people in our northern state of Jammu and Kashmir. These well executed terrorist plunders of Mujahid cells of Islamic faith, like Al-Qaeda, Lashkar-e-Taiba, Jaish-e-Muhammed, alias "Army of Muhammed", Jamait-UI-Mujahideen and many others have established their bases in Pakistan to execute plunders and terrorism under the guise of Kashmir liberation. Through instillation of fear and horror in Hindu, Sikh and reform-minded Muslim communities of Jammu and Kashmir, an environment of ethnic cleansing began to take shape to build an Islamic community with voting majority in Kashmir - the fabled settlement land of ancient Vedic Brahmin sages and their community. These strategic ethnic cleansing policies and plans of Islamic political and military warlords' leadership of Pakistan and its governmental agencies like ISI continue to wreck havoc in the state of Jammu and Kashmir. The intent of Pakistan government is clear – divert public attention from a failing and impoverished economy to Kashmir - and execute terror sponsorship under the pretense of freedom for Kashmir to partition India again and annex Kashmir into Pakistan. To date the carnage of over 60,000 innocent citizens and military personnel of India continues unabated with little or no chance for a peace between India and Pakistan. The outcome of these ethnic cleansing atrocities by Pakistan sponsored guerillas is not well known nor presented effectively by our central government to let the world community know that hundreds of Hindu, Sikh, Christian and reformist Muslim families have been killed and fear-driven in hordes out of Jammu and Kashmir.

**Foundation of Terrorism & A Historic Review** - Since Terrorism is again on the rise all over the world, a deep inquiry into the question on the foundation of terrorism is pertinent at this point. It seems reasonable to agree with a hypothesis that there are at best three main causes that form the foundations of terrorism in the human mind. The first cause is religious indoctrination to attain fulfillment of a faith. The second cause is socio-economic breeding of terrorist behavior promoted by abuse of a creative child in early formative years. The third cause is geo-political rebellion of brave nationalistic leaders against autocratic rulers who control the destiny of impoverished people in many nations with monarchical or dynastic governments. Routine gun battles and explosions in major towns of Middle Eastern and sub-Saharan countries attest as examples of this type of terrorism in the world.

Let us begin with the first cause of terrorism. The world history of human civilizations covering thousands of years documents that Prophetism inspires command and control of minds of those who follow a faith blindly from those who preach it for a profit. This process often ends in repression, terror, violence and war-mongering acts taught by the preacher to the follower and thus begins an expansion of a new religious faith in a given community. In this manner, religious indoctrination under Christian Church crusades as well as Islamic jihad indoctrination during the early 500 A.D. – 1500 A.D. period culminated into spread and establishments of well funded and well organized Islamic and Christian communities throughout the world.

Some archival sources suggest that during Maurya Dynasty of 384 B.C. to 184 B.C., a significant segment of Hindus engaged in trade and cultural exchange made South East Asia, particularly the islands of Indonesia, their new homeland. Very little is known of terrorist acts imposed by Hindus on the local inhabitants of these parts of the world.

To conclude, indoctrination from religio-political leaders





financed by expansionist Monarchs of the Islamic and Christian Inquisition era in north Arabia, Europe and south east Asia began to take hold of impoverished nations of the world with little or no sense of freedom and direction in life or living. Empowered by Monarchies of Emirs, Sultans of the Middle East, Kings and Queens of various European nations, such religious crusades by the Islamic Mujahids and Christian Inquisition Missionaries changed religious faith of many generations in India and throughout the southeastern Asian and South American nations of the modern world.

The Mujahid Moors fought holy wars alias jihads in southern Spain and slaughtered millions of Christians all the way to the north only to be defeated and driven off later by a Christian military alliance of France, Italy and other European monarchies of the medieval era. These historic and decisive defeats during the 18th and 19th Centuries, at the hands of Christian Europe and persistent resistance from the Sanataneees in India prompted orthodox Islamic rulers and supreme religious proponents of Islam to seek vengeance, mass hatred and jihadic war on Christian West and Sanataneees of India.

Over a period of nearly fifty years of the last century, many Islamic Middle East nations yearning for an Utopia of world prominence of Islam funneled their petrodollar resources to promote militant indoctrination of young Mujahids in Islamic and European nations all over the world. These days we have recognized that a major program has been successfully completed in religious centers or "madrassas" of Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran and certain Islamic cells in European cities like London in England and Hamburg in Germany. The goal of Islamic militants is to develop a new generation of orthodox Islamic populace to adhere strictly to the laws of Islam. All those who do not follow these laws are unbelievers and subsequently subject to conversion to one true faith of Islam. To these fanatics of Islam, it becomes a mandate to plan and foment terror in the hearts and minds of all those affluent and secular nations whose citizens and permanent residents practice many religious faiths and belief in many forms of God other than Allah. For Pakistan, this strategy provided a timely financial and political opportunity for cross-order terrorism to promote its agenda for annexing Kashmir, now an absolute Muslim majority state, into Pakistan. Since President Zia -Ul -Huq's days, the military leadership of Pakistan in concert with these orthodox fanatics and "hired hands" from Afghanistan began to engage in terrorism in Kashmir for conversion or coercion of non-Islamic minority like the Sikhs, Hindus and Christians communities alike into Islamic communities. It is this foundation of terrorism that India and the world of the 21st Century are wrestling to control and contain in this new Millennium.

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**The insecure child with obsessive- compulsive mind-set turns into a terrorizing and angry adult filled with rage against others including his or her parents due to an unhappy, angry and violent rearing by the parents. Such a person in adult life lives a solitary life. Such a juvenile terrorist associates with those with similar ideas of disruption and expression of anger with acts of violence albeit terrorism in a community.**

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The second cause of terrorism is of the socio-economic kind and it is triggered circumstantially or possibly promoted genetically in an angry and insecure child during the formative years. The insecure child with obsessive- compulsive mind-set turns into a terrorizing and angry adult filled with rage against others including his or her parents due to an unhappy, angry and violent rearing by the parents. Such a person in adult life lives a solitary life. Such a juvenile terrorist associates with those with similar ideas of disruption and expression of anger with acts of violence albeit terrorism in a community. The gang or clan formation of these juvenile delinquents promotes new ideas and execution of terror in the community. These juvenile terrorists-in-the making are raised by unhappy and non-caring parents. Development of

such demented citizens has no national boundaries. These love-deprived personalities snap into behavior filled with anger and terror depending on the encouragement and company he or she gets to act and incite and express terror and harm to others. This type of terrorism is on the rise in industrialized and developed countries but at a much lower rate than that from the religious indoctrination. These home grown despots are generally associated with cults or clans of one or the other esoteric name. They get pleasure defying civility and respect for law and order of a community and they express their anger with acts of terrorism with destruction or damage of government or private property. Bombing of the federal building in Oklahoma City in the U.S. and gassing of commuters in subway train station in Tokyo, Japan, serve as examples of home grown terrorists with demented rearing during their childhood. Their obsession of terror has a socio-pathological origin not fully understood by most of us in the mainstream of living a normal life. A lot needs to be done to understand and reign in this type of terrorism threat to the affluent and developing communities.

The third cause of terrorism - the geo-political cause- is nationalistic both in form and nature. Those nations with autocratic rule in today's well-informed world have become targets of this type of terrorism. Over the years, Islamic and Christian fanatics who have been and are autocratic leaders have committed massive acts of terrors. To overthrow autocracy, repression and liberate politically active opponents of the ruling party, many nationalistic leaders committed to freedom of choice have fought through terrorism to de-stabilize the command and control autocracies of these nations. Furthermore, monarchical dynasties in Islamic nations have been in power for many years. Democratization and people empowerment in many Middle Eastern nations has been slow. Committed fundamentalist like Osama Bin Laden thirsty for Islamic power and supremacy in the world have resorted to acts of terror on nations who support these Monarchies of the Middle East. In the terror world of Osama Bin Laden, the barbaric mission of destruction of 9/11/2001 in USA was focused to put political and social pressure on United States, a leading western nation supporting monarchical kingdoms of the Middle East with quid-pro-quo defense support in exchange for oil trade. The objective of Islamic terror clubs like Al-Qaeda is to break geo-political alliance of these kingdoms with the western nations, particularly the United States, which benefits from oil supply and establish a Dar-ul-Islamic empire free of presence of non-Islamic people and their political or military presence in Middle Eastern countries.

The question that remains open to answers at this point is how can we preserve secularity with peace, civility, law, order and communal harmony in democratic nations like India as well as minimize terrorism on civilized societies throughout the world.

**Jihad & Secular Integrity of India** - The reasons for this sad state of terrorism affecting our nation are obvious to those who read history and who care to know the truth and do something to eliminate terrorism from Indian soil. It must not be forgotten that in the name of secularism, our "motherly" Congress Party leaders and their government postured to ignore the development of Kashmir catastrophe and kept public uninformed and at bay for a number of years. This wait and watch policy of tolerance with Pakistan and China combined with intellectual failure of the Congress leaders - Nehru, Menon and Indira Gandhi- and their government prompted a continuous wave of terror and violence in Jammu and Kashmir for over thirty five years. The events of September 11, 2001 terrorism in the United States, the attack on Indian Parliament, the suicidal bombing and killing of innocent people in Israel shows that militant Islamic terrorism in the form of jihad is again on the rise all over the world. What prompts these terrorist acts and what sources other than financial support from Islamic States contribute to this surge of Islamic militancy in the Indian sub-continent?

In a seminal work "The Quranic Concept of War" by Brigadier S.K. Malik of Pakistan states that Jihad is the most glorious word in the vocabulary of Islam. It is a continuous and never-ending struggle of

Islam on all fronts. In his writings "Terror struck into the hearts of the enemy is not only a means, it is the end in itself. Terror is not a means of imposing decision upon the enemy (of Islam), it is a decision we wish to impose upon him". Pakistan has thus put terror doctrine into practice in its proxy war in Kashmir.

That a non-Muslim is a Khafir, an Infidel, and every Muslim has the right to eliminate such Infidels is preached through many ways and means to the Pakistani military and their para-military followers. Since mediaeval days of Islam, recital of principles of Islamic expansionism has become a gospel of preaching thoughts, actions, habits and character of the Islamic fundamentalists of Pakistan. This information is not new for those who care to know and learn about all religious faiths in the world- including the Islam. The Writ Petition to the High Court of Calcutta filed on March 29, 1985 by Chandmal Chopra provides documentation of the Islamic tenets of command and control of Infidels. An illustrated account of its proceedings is well documented in a book entitled "The Calcutta Quran Petition" written and published by Sitaram Goel. This book is an eye-opener and it provides an interested reader all the necessary details.

The fundamentalist cleric and Imam indoctrination have encouraged hard core practitioners of Islam to promote militancy described in Islamic scriptures. Due to their orthodox fears of reforming of Islam by reformist Muslims and acceptance of these reformists by secularists of many other religious faiths, these obsessed militant Islamic terrorists financed with petro-dollars are now engaged in jihadic terror all over the world. It has brought to bear the poisonous fruits of terrorism in Kashmir, New York, Washington D.C., and the Indian Parliament in New Delhi, Israel and elsewhere in the world with one sole objective to gain religio-political supremacy of Islam and/or attention in the world.

Under the pretense of fighting for freedom, terrorism derived from Islamic fundamentalism patronized by Pakistan for annexing Kashmir has taken a strong hold in many northern towns of India. To date, terrorism continues to bleed the morale and hearts of our people, our defense forces. Based on the recent political response India has received from Pakistan, indications are that this scourge is not going to blow away unless the Indian leadership acts decisively to put a stop to it. .

How can we stop these barbaric bloodshed events? Why have we been so blind in our assessment of these events and take proper steps to neutralize the cause before the events occur? Why have we failed to act decisively as one secular nation united to defeat the insurgence of these Islamic fanatics? What is it that we do know and don't know that makes us what we are? What do we miss in our constitution, our character that we cannot make proper policy and political decisions to put these terrorist insurgencies to rest and defend Kashmir, our land of Vedic heritage? Can this sponsored terror spread to other states in India and cause a socio-economic damage to the fabric of democracy in India? What must our government do to preserve and protect Sanataneees and citizens of India with other religious faiths? Will history repeat an Islamic rule over perceptually "shy, fearful, cower and tolerant, spineless" Sanataneees again? Let us review some basics of Sanatana Dharma, its present condition and practice of Sanataneees in India and then decide what must be done.

**Our Vedic Heritage** - The answers to many of these questions posed above may lie in our introspection and in the annals of our history, a history rich in virtues and code of conduct with our belief and direct devotion of God in many forms as described in our Sanathana Dharma. In a simplistic definition,

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Sanatana Dharma provides Vedic wisdom and guidance to followers of its beliefs and faith to uphold firmly to eternal truths. It provides a pathway to live a moral life of virtue and follow a moral code of social and spiritual conduct that provides peace and happiness in life to the family and community at large. Since ancient times dating back to about 10, 000 B.C., the Sanatana Dharma has been enriched with spirituality and the wisdom of eternal truths earned through inquiry into the unknown by a social assembly of peace-loving civilized families of ethnic people who were wise Sages. Sanskrit was their language of communication and prayers offered to the Supreme envisioned in many Deity forms. These scholarly Sages called Rishis, placed emphasis on inquiry into the known and the unknown and then they conveyed their conclusions through teachings to the Vedic community in the form of Sanskrit recitals and face to face sessions of questions and answers. The Vedas and Upanishads were thus memorized and later written in Sanskrit to pass this wisdom of life to future generations. The enlightened Vedic Sages practiced a code of conduct in life that were expressed as profound knowledge in the Vedas and Upanishads. Idolatry- worship of God in different forms of stone or other carved idol form- was born in Vedic civilization.

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**The German Scholar Max Mueller, discovered that infinite wisdom and knowledge of our Vedic Sages, who peacefully engaged themselves in introspection, was attained by our Sages through concentration and control of thought for a spiritual awakening of human mind. These Vedic sages recognized and transcribed the Sanatanee vision of the concentration of thought on the Universe and its creation in one word AUM (OM).**

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Jai Hind, the two words inspire all of us because they reaffirm culture, practices and principles of Sanathana Dharma also known as Hinduism by people of all other religious faiths. In modern times, it was Baal Gangadhar Tilak who understood the Vedic principles of Hinduism and started Swaraj movement for liberation of the Hindu Nation from British colonial rule in the early 20th century. Great literary works by Tilak, Shree Aurobindo, Swami Vivekananda and many other Hindu scholars attest to us that the Vedas have been our founding constitution devoted to a moral path for Man's active life. In essence, Hindus or Sanatanees are provided sufficient guidance by the Vedas to practice truth, virtues, ethical and moral conduct with others in everyday life. Through Aum (Om), the Sanatanees practice a focal means to offer prayers to the Supreme in many shapes and forms of Deities, to meditate for peace and wellbeing of the Earth and its surroundings, the Universe, the Self, the people around us and receive blessing from the Supreme. Our founding Vedic age wise men and women - the Rishis - continue to guide us for peace and mental tranquility through their Vedic books. The eternal truths and code of conduct they conveyed serve us well in the best of historic time of Mauryas as well as the worst of barbaric times of Babar and his Mughal dynasty with Islamic code and conduct and hatred of inhabitants of India, the Infidels or the Kafirs.

It is no surprise that the Vedas, Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita, Puranas and our Sanatanee Samskrittee (code of ethical conduct, cultural rules and regulations) continue to influence us not just in our nation, but our NRIs and non-Sanathanees of all nations throughout the modern world of cyberspace. The German Scholar Max Mueller, discovered that infinite wisdom and knowledge of our Vedic Sages, who peacefully engaged themselves in introspection, was attained by our Sages through concentration and control of thought for a spiritual awakening of human mind. These Vedic sages recognized and transcribed the Sanatanee vision of the concentration of thought on the Universe and its creation in one word AUM (OM). Sanatanees settled all over the world recognize Aum (OM) as a symbol of concentration of our thought and mind with the Universe synonymous with God, a new beginning, a symbol of peace and tolerance, a symbol of our Vedic ancestry. The wisdom and spirituality of our sages and Rishis

continue to strengthen forbearance in our character through the Sanskrit Verses and Mantras we recite from the books of Vedas and Upanishads. These books rich in human inquiry and knowledge for conduct of life with wisdom from birth to death are open to anyone interested to educate oneself and others including the fundamentalists of Islam engaged in the practice of jihad or the "Holy War".

What Sanatanee people need to understand and practice in these times of world terrorism inspired and caused by radicals of Islamic faith is a true challenge in the 21st Century. Since Sanatanee faith is better defined as a way of conduct of life, it neither has any Prophets or their holy books to dictate religious rules and instructions for other humans to follow. Nor do Sanatanees have a compelling ambition to force their faith on others outside of the Indian sub-continent. The Rand History of Civilizations of the world shows that Sanatana or Hindu civilization has steadily endured in Indian subcontinent for thousands of years without wilting into oblivion. One conclusion may be drawn is that we have internalized our "way of life and devotion of God in many forms" with recitals of verses and Mantras from the Vedas and Upanishads in our minds. This "internalization" of the Supreme in many forms retains our bonding and keep us expanding our AUM (OM) Universe despite all the Islamic plunders and Christian crusades Sanatanees encountered over thousands of years of our history. Sanatanees have no compulsions of Prophetic commandments to adopt nor do they have an obligation or a crusading mandate from our faith to be a missionary to convert other people into Sanatanees. The golden era of Sanatanees during the Maurya Dynasty (ca. 384 B.C. to 184 B.C.) epitomizes the peak of Sanatana Dharma Hindu Nation. Over several centuries, because of inherent nature and being what they are, a majority of Sanatanees have shown the strength in their way of life and express their respect, friendship and tolerance up to an unbearable limit to fellow citizens of India who practice Islam, Christianity. In fact, under constitutional rights, India has passed several laws to assure safety and security of our people of all other religious faiths including legal allowance of polygamy by the Muslims of India.

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**Time is now to preserve and protect our Vedic values and Sanatana code of conduct under a potential rule by Islamic majority in India. Sanatanees must now focus attention to bolster their religious and cultural institutions that have given them Sanskrit, Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas**

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**Sanatana Dharma in the New Millennium** - As the new Millennium has begun, it is extremely important to accept the fact that the practice of Sanatana Dharma values and virtues is now in a state of free fall. Sanatanees in the nation have lost the Vedic fervor. Sanatanees have shown no desire or commitment to patronize and learn Sanskrit in our elementary or secondary schools. English and Hindi- closer to Urdu - has taken a lead in national life. Sanskrit – once used to recite Vedic scriptures by many on a daily basis has become nearly obsolete, a historic language for millions of Sanatanees residing in India and elsewhere in the world. Sanskrit and Vedic Learning centers in India have declined in large numbers due to the fact that they receive neither business sponsors' patronage nor substantial funding from our secular-minded central government and state governments of the nation. In its place, Sanatanees have promoted social rights of minorities.

**Where does this lead Sanatana Dharma in the 21 st Century?** - Have Sanatanees begun to practice some form of self- destruction jihad? Are Sanatanees in India following the ways and means of fundamental Islamic militancy we know of the Moghul days on Sanatanee culture and wage terror on ourselves? Do modern day "goonda"extorts of well off citizens in the nation and related covert Sanatahanee gang activities resemble those recorded in the history of India? Does the state governments have the will to rise to the cause of the good and wellbeing of Sanatanees in India in these troubling times of terrorism in New Delhi and Kashmir? Is the Center doing what it has because of what U.S. is doing in Pakistan and

Afghanistan after 9/11? The answer may lie in the following possibility on which hangs the fate of Sanataneees in India - not too distant foreseeable future.

**Islamic India & The Fate of Sanataneees- A Wake-up Call** - Those engaged in the readership of history of India shall recognize the fact that Islamic militant atrocities and terrorism of the past since the period of Muhammad bin Qasim in 715 A.D. to Babar empire of 1519 A.D. were strategically focused to promote growth of Islamic population in the Indian sub-continent. Their mission was based on the principles of jihad as described in the holy book of Islam. To reference this subject a bit more, a recent book published by Koenraad Elst, a Belgian scholar and an Historian who studied Indian history entitled "Negationism in India - Concealing The Record of Islam" clearly documents barbarism committed by the Islamic Mughal rulers and their homegrown Islamic community during the days of Mogul Dynasty.

In modern times after independence in 1947, our free fall from our Vedic values combined with concealment of numerous political blunders by the Congress Party continued over a period of thirty years or so with our Nehru-Gandhian Dynasty and politics. Our secular minded Sanatanee intellectuals home grown by the Congress party promoted sustenance of tolerance of crimes of terror and fears in us to avoid anarchy and terrorism all over India. This policy resulted in promoting secularism into non-chartered and inequitable policies to govern our nation.

In all of this, however, we have experienced a silver lining of a strong democracy over the past fifty years. We have demonstrated to the world at large that the people of India can embrace democracy and sustain it with our attempts to uplift the life of an average man in our villages, our metropolitan and suburban cities. Sanatanee, Jain, Buddhist, Islamic, Christian, Sikh and fellow citizens of many other religious faiths have embraced democracy and principles of "live and let live" for a sustained peace and progress in the nation- outside the state of Jammu and Kashmir. Since the development and execution of our Constitution by Dr. Ambedkar, we have pronounced India as a secular nation. The fact of the matter is that the Islamic faith constituents of India find themselves in a conflict with their Muslim Cannon Law. It defines that the Muslim world is divided into that which is Dar-UI-Islam, a land governed by those who are followers of Islam and Dar-UI-Harb, a land governed or ruled by those who are not followers of Islam. Much remains to be seen how this conflict will affect Sanataneees, Christians, and Sikhs when the march of time makes India a country with majority of Muslim population.

Assuming a growth rate of 3%, for the Islamic population and a 2% growth rate of Sanatanee population, statistical calculation theoretically shows that the Islamic population will be a majority of India by the end of this Century. In theory, India can have a majority of Muslims with voting and vested rights and protection of the Indian Constitution by the end of this Century.

Where does this leave Sanataneees in the geo-political governance and their future in India? Will history repeat itself to fulfil an Islamic dream of an India as a Dar-UI-Islam nation? Are Sanataneees waiting for re-incarnation of Shree Krishna to save them again from another Kashmir-style battle of ethnic cleansing in the land of Sanataneees? Can Sanatanee people of India reform their thinking and assert their cause for preservation of Sanatana Dharma in the Land of its Origin? Will ethnic cleansing that has occurred in Kashmir spread all over the country?

The time has come for all Sanataneees to pay attention to a terror-sponsored wake-up call they are getting in the new Millennium. The rhetoric of the Imams and Mullahs in India to join hands and defend Islam in these trying times is a deep national concern that needs vigilance and introspection by Sanataneees as well as all other citizens of India to avoid terror in the nation. Time is now to preserve and protect our Vedic values and Sanatana code of conduct under a potential rule by Islamic majority in India. Sanataneees must now focus attention to bolster their religious and cultural institutions that have given them Sanskrit, Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas.

Business, religious, local community as well as political leaders who practice Sanatana Dharma must join hands to implement a drastic change in Sanatanee thinking on parenting and nurturing our children to reform current practices that are self-fulfilling Sanatana destiny into oblivion. People in local and national leadership position regardless of their status in society and factional membership must join hands to preserve, protect, revive and bring a new sense of renaissance of Sanatana Dharma. This can and must be accomplished in a manner that is honest, decisive and generous for promotion of basic values of Sanatana Dharma and devotion of God in many Deity forms. These efforts can only be successful if and when the central government in New Delhi provides adequate patronage and scholarly support to benefit the cause of establishment of Sanatana Dharma Cultural Centers throughout India to promote values and virtue in our new generation of Sanatanees of India. These Centers of Excellence all over India can preserve modernity while uplifting the values and ethics of young people in primary, secondary schools and colleges. Basic courses, seminars and understanding of Vedic history and principles of our faith for an honest, moral and tolerant conduct in life must be taught and practiced for the well-being of Sanatanees and people of all religious faiths in the nation. In the West as well as in Japan, the Mormon Christian faith, a peaceful religious sect of Christianity, is financially and community wise prospering all over the world above and beyond anybody's expectations. Why is it so? The answer lies in basic reforms the Mormons executed for maintenance of the faith. The Church developed and executed a well-organized strategy to promote and reassure current faith followers of the validity and value of their teaching in the Mormon New Testament Bible. High school and College age volunteers under guidance from their Church seniors take turns to visit their community homes every week all over the U.S. and Japan. They provide information exchange from the Church teachings selected from the Bible that describes ways and means by which a true Christian can find peace, prosperity and happiness in family life. It is time to reinforce through similar means the eternal truths, code of conduct based on high moral principles and truth to our new generation now getting deluged and lost in a sea of change in values and conduct which Sanatana Dharma followers' demonstrate in day to day life.

**A Vision for the Future** - Every nation, particularly India, has to demonstrate a resolve to protect national boundaries and preserve democracy from religion based terrorism at any cost. Every secular nation must engage in education and improvise resources to modify religio-political mind-sets of the new generation of young and old people of all walks and religious faith. Those citizens impregnated with religious hatred and anger hidden deeply within the conclaves of their mind need to be identified by every citizen concerned about terror in their community and make arrangements to assure that terrorist actions are neutralized. Terrorism in such an environment will be minimized to insignificance, if not eliminated permanently. Democratic peace and prosperity in India suggests that the Islamic population south of Jammu and Kashmir has been adaptive and reform-minded with respect to their code of conduct and practice of Islam. Business focused Bollywood community harmony and camaraderie between Sanatanee and Muslim movie stars has certainly helped a lot to promote national peace and avoid "dunga" style terror in the nation. Recent carnage and violence instigated by Islamic militancy as evidenced in many cities in the state of Gujarat and Uttar Pradesh is a serious wake-up call for all Sanatanees to assess the need for reforms and determine their course of destiny in the new millennium.

Democratization of India has paid great dividends to promote prosperity of all Indian citizens regardless of their religious faith. The general trend is apparently going in the direction of modernity, peace and prosperity for all citizens regardless of their religious faith. As for the future, Turkey, another secular democratic country with a majority of Islamic population, may be considered a model of study by Sanatanees in India to understand reality, and build on peace and prosperity for all by the end of this Millennium.

Many non- Islamic nations throughout the world, particularly in Europe, North America and Australia have embraced the principles and practice of Sanatana Dharma with open arms. There are more than 3000 temples throughout North America - United States and Canada- and the number keeps on increasing every year. Sanatanees all over the world have established many Internet web sites promoting Sanatana Dharma alias Hinduism, Sanskrit, Vedas, Upanishads, Bhagvat Geeta, and our devotional Shlokas dedicated to all Deities of Sanathana Dharma. Many Sanskrit books including treatise of all Vedas are also available on many Internet sites for any reader interested in the Sanatana Dharma and its philosophy on life. It is a fact that the Sanatana Dharma tree has now established its roots in many other lands outside of India. The Sanatannes, well-educated and well-prepared with excellent basic and formal education in India, who immigrated to Asia, Europe, North and South America as well as Australia and New Zealand have become the founding fathers of the Sanatana Dharma in their new homeland. Sanatana Dharma will grow and prosper in North America, Europe, Australia and elsewhere outside the boundaries of Islamic State nations because it has promoted eternal truth, practical wisdom without Prophetism, ethical code of conduct, spirituality and yoga meditation into the unknown for internal peace and living in harmony with others. Today, given the state of conduct Sanatanees display in their everyday life in India, it is hard to predict if India shall remain a land of the Sanatanees or not.

The destiny of Sanathana Dharma in India is now in the hands of those leaders and the people of India who have read the history of India, origins of terror in India, Vedic genesis of tolerance, and a dire need for Dharma preservation in India. Simply building more temples does not serve the cause of preservation of Sanatana Dharma. Honest, not covert and practice of Sanatana Dharma without vengeance can and should do wonders. Dr. Annie Besant , a well-known Theosophist of the last millennium, noted that India alone can save Hinduism because Indian soil and Sanatana Dharma are inseparable.

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# On Virtues and Vices

Dilip R Sanvordeker

"Sow the seed of good thoughts,  
Ye shall have the fruit of good actions;  
Sow the seed of good actions,  
Ye shall have the fruit of good habits,  
Sow the seed of good habits,  
Ye shall have the fruit of a good character,  
Sow the seeds of a good character,  
Ye shall have the fruit of a good destiny"

-Anonymous

## PROLOGUE

Destiny is a peculiar word to some while to many others it is what we are born with to experience a journey of life filled with numerous surprising and fateful events. There are amongst us those who take it as a pre-determined course of events which one experiences in life while there are others who believe that one determines his or her destiny through hard work, commitment and ambition in life to be what one want to be. Regardless of how we measure or interpret our destiny, it seems reasonable that our intra- and interpersonal behavior contributes a great deal to the development and evolution of our destiny in life. The development of our behavior is an embodiment of our virtues and vices that are ingrained in our mind during the phase of childhood to adolescence development.

The purpose of this writing is two-fold. First, it presented me an opportunity to research, define, express my opinion and present an analysis of an interesting topic. Second, it is my attempt to share my impressions and conclusions on the subject with a large and energetic generation of our children born and raised in North America who will carve out their destiny in the 21<sup>st</sup> century and beyond.

## A HISTORIC INDIAN PERSPECTIVE

In the past forty plus years of my living, educating, and contributing to the American civilization through my professional work in the pharmaceutical sciences, I have come to a realization that although I left Goa at the age of seventeen and then Mumbai at the age of 25 for the U.S. to continue my post-graduate studies, my innate persona and inter-personal transactions as well as my routine habits generally have remained pretty much the same despite my being in a brave new world of the United States of America. This evidence of my experience is not new to psychiatrists and behavioral scientists for in their colloquial interpretation, mine, your or our personality is generally cast in an embodiment of our inter-personal as well as personal qualities known as Gunas. As described in ancient Hindu scriptures, such as the Bhagwad Gita, recited by Shri Krishna to his disciple Arjuna, there are three main groups of

Gunās – Rajas, Tamas and Satvik- which are embedded in every human being during the early development phase. These three types of Gunas or traits are primarily derived from genomic expressions we inherit from our ancestral source. Depending on the verbal, sensory and emotional inputs we provide to a child- may it be by his/her parents, joint family members- at-large, community people, teachers and friends we keep company with, the activation and evolution of these three types of Gunas, or traits, develop a certain type of personality – introvert, extrovert, super-extrovert and somewhere in between - in an adolescent person.

In essence, most of us are born with a blend of the three types of Gunas. Only saints or people born with Divine blessings have a large share of Satvik Gunas as compared to other two types mentioned above. The bifurcation of Gunas into Sadgunas – generally known as good traits and Durgunas- generally known as bad traits has been recognized since the development of Vedic civilization. The group of Rajas Gunas include, but not limited to, personality traits or qualities such as passion, lust, material desires, collection of wealth, false pride, arrogance, aggressiveness, greed and self-glorification. Tamas Gunas include, but not

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restricted to, such personality traits as anger, indignity, hatred, hypocrisy, megalomania, violent behavior and jealousy. Lastly, the Satvik Gunas include such personality traits as honesty, love, knowledge, wisdom, peace, happiness, purity of thought, compassion, innate recognition of the Supreme Force pervading all living and non-living matter, cleanliness, generosity, cheerfulness, control over sensuality and inter-personal behavior, trust, tolerance, patience and responsible conduct with others. The ancient Vedic sages recited and preserved names of each of these three Gunas as an adoration in a compilation of a thousand names (Sahasra-namavali) of our Divine Goddess Shri ShantaDurga.

In every personality there is a distribution of both Sadgunas and Durgunas. In addition to the celestial time of planetary positions in the solar system, place of birth and community in which a child grows, his/her personality is built with a composite of the three groups of Gunas - the distribution frequency of Sadgunas or Durgunas- is dependent upon the ancestral genetic traits of the family tree, external inputs or influence and capacity and /or personal inclination of the

child to embed them as a permanent set of action-reaction values to adhere to for the rest of his or her life. It has been also recognized that reduction of intensity and duration of Durgunas or vices can be attained by a mature adult through practice and repeated use of Sadgunas or virtues. Both Ramayana and Mahabharat, the two pragmatic epic scriptures which form the cornerstones of Hindu way of living, recite ample evidence in the form of a story of values of virtues and pitfalls of vices. Whereas Ram and his story in Ramayana builds a special understanding of the valor and virtues Ram developed and used to forge an ethical and righteous way of life, it exposes the vices of pride, arrogance and megalomania of Ravana, a learned king of Lanka, who lost his insight and realities of virtues that led to his downfall at the hands of Ram. By the same token, the epic story of Mahabharat cleverly promotes the virtues such as humility, compassion, wisdom, patience, grace and purity of thought in the minds of Pandavas who for a dreadful vice of gambling lose their kingdom and peaceful living in their kingdom to their kins, the Kauravas. Specifically, Duryodhan the young Kaurav prince, Dhritarashtra, his father the King who under the grip of vices or Durgunas such as jealousy, anger, hatred and cunningness fostered by his uncle

Shakuni, banish Pandavas to living in forest for a long period of time. The two family clans wage a war for the greed of ownership of the Hastinapur kingdom. Time and again it has been said in the Hindu teachings that one must strive to keep greed, anger, lust, pride and jealousy under control or suffer the consequences of poor inter-personal transactions and ill-fate in using them excessively at one's whim.

### ***Cultural Influences and Development of Virtues and Vices***

Life is a journey on this miracle planet. From the day we are born, the landscape of life is pretty much blank. The build-up of our genetic foundations, our senses, recognition, comprehension and storage of a multitude of new visual and auditory information occurs seamlessly as we grow and build our neural networks in the brain to store all sorts of database. At birth, there is no past and yet there is all the attention and present we are exposed to in our early period of infantile stage. We slowly but surely begin to build our senses and our brain begins to assimilate and store images, words and certain events. We begin to absorb a great deal of information at an unprecedented rate and build clusters of memories which form the foundations of our traits – virtues and vices alike- early childhood. As we grow, a massive library of good and bad thought, actions and memories grow as our past in the brain while we begin to enjoy our present moments and worry over our future landscape of our lives. In doing so, a majority of us compress the time we spend in present and expand our deliberation in thoughts and actions of the past and plans for the future. These oblivious actions we take minimizes the true joy of experiencing the present in our journey of life on this planet we call Earth.

It has been recognized by science and spirituality experts that the pursuit of happiness and enjoying the present everyday is within the reach of each and every person. In reality, however, the holistic make-up of our habits and therefore our behavior in our inter- and intra-personal transactions we do everyday results in a state of mind that is either at peace or in a battle of thoughts for pursuit of action. For a person with a large skewed distribution of Sadgunas and very limited distribution of Durgunas, the mind of that person is clear from daily clutter of life. Such a person is at peace and open to living life in present and in such a state happiness within grows and radiates outside the person. For the common man, the identity of such a person

— may it be a friend, a relation, a teacher or a stranger one meets at an event — is not difficult at all. Our sub-conscious mind has the ability to note the presence of such a person and yet we shy away often to understand the values of Sadgunas. The reason for this behavior is that our heavy load of Tamas and Rajas Gunas or traits that are virtues or vices keep us pulling away to keep us busy in the daily routines and self-indulgence.

For all practical intent of this topic, it seem to me that if we take time to think through seriously, we surely could ask why is it that some people we know seem to enjoy their life more than some other people we know? What is it that makes us feel comfortable and enjoy the company of some friends while we simply pass time and ignore some others in our interactions with them? What triggers our actions to pursue a certain path that lead some to self-inflicted addiction to incremental doses of psychotropic drugs, alcohol and smoking? Why do some people despite financial security they have seem to be curious, jealous and inquisitive of friends, acquaintances and others alike?

The answers to some, if not all, lie in the psychological make-up of a person bestowed or grown up with a certain blend of virtues and vices or traits of significantly good or bad consequences. The human brain and its mind within evolved through centuries of adjustments and recall of good and bad events. Good or bad events or experiences affect our balance of biogenic amines such as epinephrine, nor —

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**It has been recognized by science and spirituality experts that the pursuit of happiness and enjoying the present everyday is within the reach of each and every person.**

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epinephrine, adrenaline, noradrenaline, serotonin- dopamine and steroidal hormones. Our thinking process in the brain and consequently our behavior is predominantly guided by the spurts of balance and imbalance of these biogenic amines and steroidal hormones. Since stimulation or promotion of a good or a bad thought is controllable in early stages of human life through love, care and dedicated attention to actions and reactions of a child by his or her parents, specifically the mother of a child, the biogenic stimulus to promote certain proactive and reactive thoughts and thereby actions is provided by external visual and positive or negative vocal and body contact inputs of the mother or a caretaker of the child. Personality traits thus begin to develop slowly but surely depending on the love and care a child receives from the mother, father, brothers, sisters, family relatives and community folks who influence us in our early formative years. Thus, the cascade of thoughts, actions and habits form the foundation of developing a character with certain personality traits – virtues and vices in adolescent life. The frequency of good or bad actions taken by a person determine the character and thereby the destiny of that person.

Aside from the above descriptions of personality traits of virtues and vices (good or bad traits in a person) cited above in the Indian Hindu civilization, the western viewpoint on the topic was developed, rationalized and supported by the theological and Biblical views. The 10<sup>th</sup> edition of Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary defines virtue as a particular moral excellence or a commendable quality or trait. By the same token, a vice is defined as a moral depravity or a habitual/trivial defect or shortcoming in a person. Aristotle (Circa 384 BC – 322 BC), the great Greek philosopher and mentor of Alexander the Great in his treatise of Nichomachean Ethics has pointed out that to achieve good life one must live a balanced life and avoid excesses, and thus one can attain such a state through the frequent use of virtues and restraint on vices. Whereas Cassian, a 4<sup>th</sup> century writer describes the specific seven deadly sins or vices defined as per the early church fathers, it was Francis of Assisi in the 13<sup>th</sup> Century who described the powers of virtues in destroying vices. The western Christian and Judaic thinking on virtues and vices accounts for seven virtues and seven deadly vices.

***The seven virtues are :***

1. valor – pursuit of courage and knowledge,
2. generosity – pursuit of giving,
3. diligence- a zealous pursuit of decisive work ethic,
4. patience – forbearance and endurance through moderation,
5. kindness – expression of compassion, friendship and sympathy without prejudice or expectations,
6. humility – pursuit of modest behavior , and lastly
7. temperance – pursuit of self control, abstention and moderation.

The seven deadly vices are:

1. pride, 2. envy , 3. greed, 4. lust , 5. anger, 6. gluttony or over-indulgence, and 7. sloth or laziness.

Note that each of these virtues and vices illustrated above from the western civilization are so similar to Sadgunas and Durgunas cited in our Hindu scriptures. The retention and frequent practice of each vice is a natural consequence of how a person is brought up in a family and how much influence from friends, acquaintances, socialites or community people that person receives in early or adolescent period to practice anyone of them with the same intensity and duration of an effort to master it consciously or sub-consciously.

***Virtues and Vices in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century***

As an Indian immigrant from Goa, I find myself quite blessed to enjoy the fruits of my labor, of my family, my teachers, mentors and well-wishers, alike. Our Goan culture and family focus given to someone

like me growing in a joint family system influenced me and most of our generation of immigrants living in North America. Most of us enjoy a reasonably prosperous and good life. Clearly, our virtues of honesty, hard work and humility and self-discipline paid each of us significant dividends of respect, recognition and rewards in the North American society. What we brought with us incognito, our virtues and some of our vices as well, were picked up partly by our children, the Indian Americans born in North America with a resounding heritage of our community in Goa.

In this age of Internet and fast pace of life and living in the U.S., each one of us who immigrant parents of Goan heritage put in an extraordinary effort to build a better life for us and our children. There is no need to resort to statistics to recognize that most of us - both parents - worked hard to give our children the best what America has to offer - a good education, life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. In essence, some of us, perhaps most of us naturally developed materialistic pursuits - cars, big estate homes, vacations in other continents across the globe, etc. In the process of such eventful, perhaps stressful to some, we have fallen short on our transmission and activation and emphasis of the virtues we developed through our family members, our community support and our teachers in our developmental age. This is largely in part due to the spirit and nature of our fractured American society, the educational process and absence of a family cluster with grand-parents, cousins and neighborhood mentorship. Absence of influence of elders, low level of communications and quality time with parents and privacy of each family living in the neighborhood here in the U.S. - all have contributed to a shift in the balance of virtues and vices in the new generation of Indian Americans of Goan heritage.

On an average, most of the new generation Indian Americans have followed and developed a selective but recessive group of virtues e.g. honesty, respect for the elders, the total sum of which is far less than the sum of virtues indoctrinated in their parents who came to the shores of America as immigrants for education or practice of a profession with a comfortable life, living and pursuit of happiness. Absence of regular and much needed companionship of parents at critical adolescent times, absence of well-wishing elderly mentors in early age, bad students' company in secondary schools, low or lack of concern of teachers for student well-being in class, less alert neighbors and community at large in the Main Town U.S.A. has resulted in a significant reduction in the frequency and practice of certain critical virtues and an increase in modern day vices - frequent lying, drug abuse, binge drinking, gambling, arrogance and low level of courtesy to elders - in the Indian Americans born and raised in the U.S. Interestingly, a similar pattern of behavior is developing in the young generation in Goa as well as in the rest of India. The 'American way of life and living' has caught up extensively in the daily lives of the young generation in India. Efficient global communication via Internet, outsourcing of work and tourism in developing countries like china and India has brought in prosperity and affected young generation more with financial and personal freedom to live a free-wheeling life style. Moderation of material goods consumption and restraint in abusive conduct appears to be at the losing end for young generation in Goa. No one for sure knows what the future holds in these upcoming uncertain economic times. Never-the-less, maximization of good habits to turn them into virtues for the 21<sup>st</sup> century - hard work, ambition, honesty, passion, compassion, recognition of good versus evil, faith in the Supreme Cosmic Force pervading in all of us, self-discipline and goodwill towards all remains a constant efforts for all of us parenting our next generation of Indian Americans for a better life, living and pursuit of happiness in North America- The United States of America and Canada.

Clearly, there is ample evidence with most of us to illustrate a fact that prosperity discovers vices, and adversity discovers virtues.

□

**King** City is a small town in the middle of nowhere, right off Hwy 101 about 150 miles south of San Jose.

Normally it is marked by just a highway sign that goes unnoticed on the way to Santa Barbara, or LA if you happen to take the alternative route from the Silicon Valley. But since my first visit to that unremarkable town in 1986, it has become a spot on the map that brings back memories of Goa every time I pass that sign on the way to somewhere else along 101S.

Benaulim on the other hand is like any other idyllic Goan village along the coast. Growing up in another such village in Goa, there was no special attraction for me to visit it. But I have been there a few times, mostly to see one of those soccer matches that brought occasional excitement to the village life fueled by rivalries between the soccer fans.

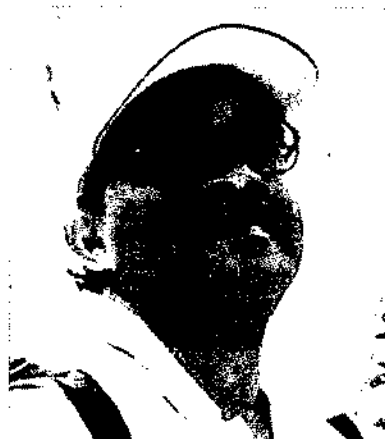
So that memorable visit to King City and an encounter with an intriguing person there became a pleasant foray back into the childhood days. Those were the carefree days of walking in the coconut groves, crisscrossed with trails created by foot traffic from the only paved street that was the main thoroughfare to the residential houses and long stretches of unspoiled sandy beaches.

I would walk miles along such trails from my home to the umpteen remarkable spots that were sources of the simple pleasures of boyhood life. I have fond memories of the faithful mango tree that I knew just when to visit for that just-ripe mango. The sumptuous feast of that king of fruits at the prime of its ripeness and the indescribable pleasure of the senses was worth every failed aim of the pebbles from my sling. There was the guava tree with its tough elastic branches, allowing me to reach that one ripe fruit at the tip of a thin branch before any squirrel or crow would. I recall the ubiquitous 'boram' trees that were a sure source of a pocket full of soft fleshy snack and a common source of pleasure for any ten year old or the 'jagam' tree, the custard apple tree, the 'chicoo' tree, all such dependable friends interspersed in the groves, inviting frequent diversions from the way home or to school, all connected by those lazy trails.

They also led me to those 'onwillam' trees that my sister relied on for her daily 'onwillam pode'. She would drag me to them every so often early in morning, before the dew dried off and wilted the fallen flowers. Along the trail were also the tall devilish cactus bushes with hundreds of thorny blades - yet blossoming with intensely aromatic golden fronds that my sister would have killed for. I would readily wrestle the bushes, suffering quite a few bruises in an attempt to fetch the golden fronds to satisfy her feminine need for adornment.

Then there were those walks to the beach for clam digging, accompanying the seasonal relatives that visited every summer to

## *From Silicon Valley to Benaulim Via King City*



**Ganapati Mauze**  
was born in Cansaulim, Goa.  
He moved to the U.S. in 1978.  
He currently resides  
in Sunnyvale,  
California with his wife  
Smita and his children  
Anisha and Akhil

partake of the fresh salty air, checking out that the huge fish that was rumored to have washed ashore or simply when there was a need to get away, at least temporarily, from the punishment awaiting at home for a typical boyhood transgression.

Those trails connected all such wonderful memories of boyhood, but they also connected a lot more that went unnoticed in those carefree days.

It was the fiftieth birthday of a friend. His father owned a ranch in King City and had arranged a huge birthday bash and I was invited. After a long drawn out old-west style dinner, we were chatting around the barbeque pits under the open desert sky. My friend's father was a quiet elderly gentleman who had lived all his life in this old west type of surrounding. He was not much interested in any conversation but his old fashioned wisdom came across in his occasional ornamented utterances. I was quite taken back when my friend introduced me to a elderly lady as 'my dad's girlfriend'. Over seven years of living in the US had not prepared me to meet a grandmotherly 'girlfriend' of a grandfatherly gentleman; but she was a remarkable woman. She immediately engaged everyone in conversations and when I mentioned that I was from India, she showed special interest in talking to me.

"Where in India are you from?"

"Well, I went to school in Bombay, but I grew up in a small place called Goa, which is bit south of Bombay."

"Wow! That is a beautiful place, isn't it?"

"Oh you know about Goa, how come?"

"I once spent a few months in Goa. I lived in this beautiful village called Benaulim."

"Well I grew up in Cansaulim, not too far from Benaulim"

"Oh yeah, I have been to Cansaulim. You see I rented a small cottage in Benaulim and I used to visit all the neighboring beaches and villages. It was one of the most interesting times of my life."

"I have to tell you something fascinating that happened to me one day in Benaulim," she continued. "I had been to Margao and on the way back, the bus arrived at my stop after dusk. I had to walk to my cottage in the dark. I was used to finding my cottage by walking along those trails, returning from my lazy walks on the beach. That night, as I was walking to my place from the bus stop, I heard someone whistling at a distance behind me. I was pleased to hear the sound until I realized that the person was following me. I wasn't quite sure what that meant, so I picked up the pace. My anxiety was heightened, when I noticed that the person following me also sped up. I could clearly see the glow of a 'beedi' in the dark and was alarmed that it was fast catching up with me. I hastened into my cottage without looking back, locked the front door and peeped out through a window. I noticed that the glow had fallen behind; in fact, it appeared to stand still at one of the intersections of the trails. I lit a lamp and was wondering what I should do, when I noticed that the glow in the dark walked away and disappeared in the labyrinth of the trails."

I was quite taken back by this stalking incident and wondered if I should pack up and leave. However, I had no other indication that I was at risk here and had come to know and trust many of the neighboring folks. So, I decided to talk to my neighbor about it. I wanted to know if the stalker was someone I should be worried about.

The neighbor laughed it off." Oh that was our 'rendeir' the local toddy-tapper. You see, he taps the toddy in the cool hours after the dusk. He is aware that you a foreigner, a woman living alone, and it looks

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**I was quite taken back by this stalking incident and wondered if I should pack up and leave. However, I had no other indication that I was at risk here and had come to know and trust many of the neighboring folks. So, I decided to talk to my neighbor about it. I wanted to know if the stalker was someone I should be worried about.**

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like when he noticed that you were walking alone in the dark, he decided to give you company. His whistling and the glow of the 'beedi' are traditional signals to let you know that he is giving you company while keeping a distance. Looks like he waited until you were home safe and had lit a lamp, and then he returned to his work."

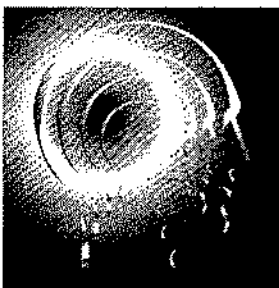
Today, I am sure many of those trails have been paved over to make way for the Marutis to reach the stone and concrete bungalows built right over the foundations of the old time rustic cottages. The fruit trees and the cactus bushes are likely cut down to free up the idyllic spot for a monster bungalow owned by a modern day celebrity like Sachin. Perhaps a 'rendeir' still continues to walk those trails, albeit, lonelier than before and the glow of his 'beedi', drowned by the pale yellow street lights with electric bulbs is all but a faint memory.

□

## Goan General Quiz

Compiled by  
**Sara Kenkare-Mitra**

1. When is Goa's liberation day (from the Portuguese)?
2. Name Goa's five main rivers?
3. Why is the Goan soil so red?
4. Which are the major ores mined in Goa?
5. Name some of the key rooms in a traditional Goan house?
6. Name the largest city in Goa
7. When did Goa become an Indian state?
8. Name an Indian cricketer of Goan origin?
9. Name an international tennis star of Goan origin?
10. Who was the first chief minister of post-Portuguese Goa?
11. What is the population of Goa?
12. Name five beaches in Goa?





# Mother Tongue Konkani as Cultural Identity



Mr. Datta Damodar Naik is CEO of KDN Group of Companies which has diverse interests from food to real estate. He has written two books in Marathi and three in Konkani. He was awarded the National Sahitya Akademi Award for 2006 for his book "Jai Kai Jui" in Konkani.

I will never forget one incident that happened in my life way back in the year 1983.

I landed on Delhi airport late in the evening with my wife and three year old daughter, few days after assassination of Mrs. Indira Gandhi and headed for a hotel at Connaught place which was already booked by my travel agent.

When I reached the hotel, the front desk staff at the reception told me that they retained my booking till 6:00 P.M. and later gave the room to some other customer presuming that I won't come.

I was very upset and told my wife to wait in the lobby till I came back after looking for some other hotel.

Delhi was tense and I did not want to move around with my family late in the evening.

As I was leaving, one of the front desk employees came to me and said.

**"Patrao, tum Goenkar mure! Tuka hanv room dita."** He was Savio, from Colva, of course unknown to me.

Savio gave me one room which was not released to customers since its AC had some problem.

Savio immediately ordered for repairs and by the time we finished our dinner, the room was ready with the AC repaired.

How did Savio, fellow Goan recognized me?

It was only because I spoke to my wife in Konkani. He would not have recognized me if I were to talk to my wife in English or in Marathi or in Hindi.

We, Goans don't wear turbans like Sikhs, nor do we wear lungis like tamilians and Keralites.

Our only identity is our language: Konkani.

It is just not our mother tongue; it is our distinct cultural identity which can differentiate us from rest of Indians.

I have witnessed a similar incident in Paris.

When I was conversing with my friends in Konkani in metro in Paris, another co-passenger, one Mr. Palekar from Margao came to me and said hello and asked me if I need any help from him in Paris.

Many of us are not appreciating the significance of our mother tongue Konkani in establishing our **Asmita**, our self respect as a society.

Konkani also acts as a bridge which joins all Goans irrespective of caste, class and religion.

If not for Konkani, Goa would have merged with Maharashtra in 60s and we would have been second class citizens in one of the many districts of Maharashtra.

I am disturbed when fellow Goans converse to another in English. I am disturbed when fellow Goans tell me that they can not read Devnagari Konkani.

I am not devaluating the importance of English as a library

Language of the world.

But I regret to note the fashion in which certain sections of Goan society converse in English in their day to day life.

If this trend continues, Konkani will be extinct like many small languages in the world today.

And with Konkani, will die the great cultural heritage of Goa.

Look how rich our language is.

There is a distinct word in Konkani for ache in different parts of the body unlike standard words with suffix 'ache' in English such as headache, body ache.

In Konkani "**Takli phodta**" "**Man kanta**" "**Pottant muddta**" "**hat muyeta**" "**nak chondta**" "**haddyant kiskista**" "**kamar dharata**"

Every smell has a different word - **hinvlan**, **khatsan**, **ghamsan** and so on...

Konkani distinguishes different relations with distinct names such as **Bapolbhayan**, **Maushebhav**, **Atebhayan** unlike in English where everybody is broadly categorized as Cousin.

Konkani can magnify the object with different word. '**Hatti** becomes **Gajhatti**, **Mai** becomes **mahamai**.

Konkani's skill to minimize is superb.

The examples are **kel** and **Kelmo**, **Panas** and **Pansui**, **Tat** and **Tatli**.

Konkani is rich with poetic words such as **Ratanaboli**, **Tinsanj**, **Makhar**, **Lalkhi**, **Vastragal**, **Divelagan**, **Phanto**, **Phantod**.

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**Small languages have great risk of such deaths.**

**The greater the risk for Konkani, the greater is the challenge before Goans to preserve Konkani.**

**Goa is not just her nature, her landscapes, her music, her fish, curry, rice and feni.**

**Goa is essentially land where Konkani is spoken.**

**Goa will cease to be Goa when Konkani dies.**

**Goa, then will be ungoan.**

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Konkani casts magic spell when she utters words with two meaning.

**Jai Kai Jui?** (Which incidentally is title of my book in Konkani), the question that brother of the bride poses to the bridegroom "do you want Jai or jui? Which of the flowers?" This is the innocent looking meaning but the real meaning is "do you want my sister? Do you want to marry her?"

And of course, the bridegroom says "Jai" ( Yes. I want your sister as my spouse )

In Konkani, if you pronounce few words differently, it means two different things.

'Per' when pronounced with soft 'p' means guava tree and when pronounced with harsh 'p' means guava fruit.

While pronouncing '**Kel**' (Plantain tree) you have to pronounce 'k' different than when you pronounce 'k' in '**kelem**' (banana)

'R' is to be pronounced differently in '**Rath**' (chariot) than '**rathar**' (on chariot)

I am amazed by some of the idioms in Konkani.  
One such idiom is

**Deva Pav**

**Ami dog Bhav**

**Mhajya bhavache**

**Bailechi Jav**

**Tika Pav**

**Mhaka Pav**

( we are two brothers living with our wives. Bless my brother's wife's sister in law and me.)

The unknown poet has so intelligently given poetic expression to self centeredness in the society. Look at another idiom.

**"Alesa, Tand re hodem hanv sayaba bhurgo mure.**

**Alesa, vad re mhaka, hanv sayaba manai mure"**

When Ales and his younger brother cross the river in a boat, Ales is told by his younger brother to row the boat since he is so young and therefore unable to row.

But when they reach home, the younger brother wants Ales to give him enough food since he is a full grown manual worker ( **Manai**)

In Konkani we don't say " **Aiee, hanv vata**" We say " **Aiee, hanv yeta**" We don't say that I go. We say that we go and we will come back.

In Konkani " **sakar une jayna . sakar chad jata**" We don't say that we are short of sugar .We say that sugar is excess.

Similarly in Konkani " **kankan futana.Kankan vadvata**" "**kukum fasana. Kukum vadavata**" Whether it is bangle or kumkum ,it is not broken or erased. It is excess.

This our cultural way of saying things. One has to know this subtle beauty of our language.

Every word in a language is condensed collective intelligence of the society.

It is a mirror in which one can trace cultural history of the society, its past glories and traumas, its moments of pride and shame.

I was very much disturbed the other day when I read in a magazine a story of a parrot found in Africa.

The parrot was caught on the borders of a jungle. He was uttering few words which no one could comprehend. They consulted linguists but for them too it was Greek and Latin.

Ultimately they found that the parrot was from a remote corner in a deep forest where just one old man was living.

The parrot was uttering the words from his language.

As the linguist reached there, they found that the old man was dead and one unknown language had died along with him.

Only the parrot knew a few words which it could not teach others.

Small languages have great risk of such deaths.

The greater the risk for Konkani, the greater is the challenge before Goans to preserve Konkani.

Goa is not just her nature, her landscapes, her music, her fish ,curry, rice and feni.

Goa is essentially land where Konkani is spoken.

Goa will cease to be Goa when Konkani dies.

Goa, then will be ungoan.

□

I love going to Goa and visit Goa every two years or so. For the last few times I have been to Goa during July when it rains a lot there and there is not much I can do outdoors. Of all the times I have been to Goa the most memorable one was in December 2003. I got to see many unique Goan festivals besides enjoying the natural beauty of Goa.

After a long and exhausting journey from Chicago we finally landed in Goa. It was a big difference from the cold and dull Chicago weather to see clear blue skies and green trees everywhere. I ran outside to meet my grandparents who had come to the airport to pick us up. They hugged me and as usual complained to my mother that I had not put on any weight and was too skinny, etc. On the way to my grandparents house in Panaji I remember passing by emerald green fields of rice and many houses decorated with huge stars hanging in the front. At my grandparents house, Smokey the cocker spaniel jumped all over me and licked my face while greeting me with her gentle barks. Of course I could not understand what she was saying but I knew she was telling me how excited she was to see all of us. The next few days were spent in visiting temples and meeting relatives. My favorite temple to visit is the Damodar temple in Zambaulim. It is quite far from Panaji but I always feel it is so nice to go there. After taking darshan of the Gods and Goddesses we went to the panto (a stream of water) where I played in the water and remember my feet being nibbled by the tiny fishes. I did not want to get out of the cool water. On most days my grandparents would take me to Miramar beach and I enjoyed playing in the fish tunnel and sliding down the rocket slides. I would play in the water and make sand castles and never wanted to come home. On one such day I remember my dad's new sneakers got stolen and he was so mad. After dinner my mother would like to walk around the Panaji waterfront and I would join her along with Smokey and my grandfather. I remember how beautiful Panaji looked, with the buildings brightly decorated with colorful lights and all trees shining with thousands of lights in shades of blueberry blue and lime green. It seemed like we were in Disney Land. I heard Christmas carols and Andrea (my grandparent's neighbor) took me along as her friends went singing carols from house to house. Most people would pamper me and ask affectionately: "You must be Swati's daughter, no?"


I had always wanted to visit a church because in America most of my friends go to church and I had never been to one. On the trip finally I got my chance. It was the feast of the Panaji church and I went with my parents and grandparents to see the street fair. The main road in front of the church was lined with stalls selling many things like toys, clothes and food. On my gentle persuasion my parents agreed to climb the stairs that led to the church. The

## ***My Most Memorable Trip to Goa***



**Sachi Bhobe**

*was born on March 12, 1996 and lives in Lisle, IL. She is in 6th grade at Lisle Junior High School where she is an enthusiastic participant in the glee club. Outside of school her interests include piano, kathak, reading and traveling with her family. She won the second prize at Illinois Music Academy piano competition.*



Panaji church is an alabaster white building perched on top of a hill overlooking the city. It is famous for its big silver bell and the view was spectacular from the top. My mother wanted to stay longer and kept talking of various historic buildings in the city. She met many friends there but I was getting impatient because I had shopping to do. I remember buying a toy bow and arrow and eating the yummiest Goan pretzel called "khaje". I really love khaje and the pink dolls called sakrichi bauli (sugar doll). It was on the same trip that I got to see the famous Madkai Jatra (festival). Both my grandmothers are from the village of Madkai so my parents were very happy that they would get to see it again after many years. All my cousins were there and my mother was remembering so much of her childhood with her cousins. We woke up early in the morning to go to the temple. It was really crowded there and I don't remember ever being in such a crowded place in my whole life. I was worried that I would get lost. The Goddess Navadurga, affectionately called Devata, was seated in a rath (decorated chariot) and was carried by people around the temple to the beats of drums which sounded like "ghamchekatar gum". After the rath the most pleasurable part of the whole trip came and that was shopping. I remember that for first time in my life I did not have to beg with my parents to buy me things because all my uncles, aunts and great uncles were more than happy to give me what I wanted. I got some dolls and toys but unfortunately most of them were broken by next day. Back home in the morning as people were trying to catch some sleep suddenly we heard loud noises on the roof. My mother's uncles were angrily chasing away a group of monkeys while I wanted them to hang around. The monkey group included some mother monkeys with babies hanging on to them and they were jumping from tree to tree eating every fruit they could find. They disappeared as quickly as they had come leaving behind banana peels and half eaten fruits while my relatives kept cursing them. I however thanked myself for getting a free show. In the afternoon I got to do something which I will probably never be able to do again. My mother's uncle, Dharme mama, helped me milk a she buffalo or Mhas as we call it in Konkani. She was huge but very gentle and calm. Besides I also got to see another Goan folk festival called Kalo where people perform plays dressed up as Gods and Goddesses and it was so entertaining.

One day we took the cruise on the Mandovi river. I saw so many migratory birds resting on the mangrove islands and even got to see a river otter eating a clam. There were some crocodiles sleeping lazily on the river banks and I did not even know that there were crocodiles in Goa. We went to a spice plantation. Goa is so beautiful and green. It was on the same trip that I got to visit Chief Minister Manohar Kaka's office. He let me sit in his chair and I remember feeling so important at that moment. I also visited a beach with him when we had gone to a relative's wedding at Cidade De Goa. Soon the vacation was almost over and it was time to come back to Chicago. We celebrated my Dad's birthday at Mandovi Riviera where I met many more relatives. That trip was the most memorable for me for several other reasons. That was the last time I would see Hira Kaka. He was my father's uncle and he gave me a lot of affection and love which will stay with me all my life. He died before my next visit to India in 2005. Also that was the last time I saw Smokey. She died the next year at the age of 14. She left a lot of memories with me and was always forgiving of the childish pranks I played on her.

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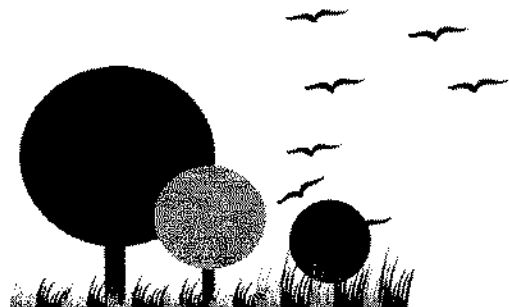
**Two Poems**  
**Sachi Bhobe**

## **Naturally Autumn**

**O**n a cool crisp morning in the autumn sun,  
The leaves went crunch.  
Squirrels came out to harvest nuts for their winter meals.  
While bears came out to gather berries for some food.  
The deer and the moose shed their antlers .  
The mountains are cooler.  
Then the wind blows and the leaves start to rustle .  
It gets darker much faster.  
Then the owls begin to say "Hoot! Hoot!"  
The mother raccoon came out to teach her children how to hunt.  
Then the bears start getting ready for winter nap.  
The bear's snores fill the air.  
The raccoons came out again-their feet make a  
scratching sound.  
The night is almost over and it is almost day .  
Then the sun comes up and the day  
is about to start all over again.

## **Life**

**W**hen I forget my traditions  
I start to feel weird  
I begin to feel shaky  
Then I get a terrible cough  
I ask God for forgiveness and He forgives me  
He asks me what I want I tell Him  
I don't know  
He says whenever you are ready to make the wish  
you can make it  
then He disappears  
finally I know what I am going to wish for  
then I say this God I wish my grandparents were here  
then God is pleased then He says I will grant this  
wish at once  
and He does  
If I ever forget my traditions  
I will get bad karma  
I finally ask God for a last wish and that is  
His blessing.  
I will always remember my traditions from now on.



# Goa Sudharop Community Development Inc.



**George Pinto**

CPA, is Co-founder of Goa Sudharop Community Development, Inc. He lives in the San Francisco Bay Area with his wife, Harriet, and two sons. Besides family and work, he spends his time as a volunteer for Goa Sudharop and teaches a Philosophy class every semester through the Philosophy Department at San Jose State University.

[www.goasudharop.org](http://www.goasudharop.org)

**Goa** Sudharop Community Development, Inc. is a USA based 501(c)3 non-profit organization founded in March 2000 to help in the development of Goa and Goans worldwide. "Sudharop" means development/betterment. The organization's mission is the development of Goa and the creation of various opportunities for Goans. It is not merely a charitable organization, but a sustainable developmental organization. To date we have raised approximately \$250,000 for Goan causes.

Our overall focus has always been sustainable development of Goa and Goans. In that sense our organization name is appropriate - GOA SUDHAROP COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT, INC. All work is done by unpaid volunteers, we now have Goans in various countries getting involved. Our administrative costs are less than 1%. 99%+ of donations go to Goan projects and assistance.

Goa Sudharop is a vehicle to allow expat Goans to give back to Goa in the form of money, time, and skills. See website at <http://www.goasudharop.org/> of how to get involved. Support to date has been provided by Goa Sudharop for educational, charitable, environmental, cultural, and social justice projects in Goa such as orphanages, computers in schools, environmental groups and activists, battered women's shelter and other non-profits/NGOs in Goa.

**Goals of the organization :** To promote the sustainable development of Goa and the advancement of Goans, especially in the rural and village communities.

To allow Goans to fully get involved in the development of their homeland.

To create a Goan network for economic, social and cultural development that would help Goans participate in community development projects and work with Goan NGO's to support humanitarian and social welfare projects which benefit Goans.

To promote investment for the creation of job and business opportunities for Goans, especially in the rural and village communities.

To help found a corps of volunteers to work and contribute their talents for the human and economic betterment of Goans.

To support anti-corruption and sound public policies in the fields of development, technology, education, health, transportation, and tourism in Goa.

To support Goans and others in their efforts to restore and preserve Goan villages, the countryside and coastal areas of Goa which are ecologically threatened.

To support groups with special needs such as Goan women, children, village and underprivileged groups of Goan society.

To work for the promotion and preservation of the socio-cultural,

historical, and architectural heritage of Goans.

***Projects to date :***

1. We assisted the Goan Computers School Project by sending free computers to schools in Goa from the USA. Computers were installed in over 100 Goan schools (approximately 475 computers). Various religious and non-religious schools, private and public schools were the beneficiaries.
2. The first non-profit (NGO) database online was set-up for Goa. It lists non-profits in Goa and their individual details for people to directly contact them and volunteer.
3. We have made annual fellowships (cash awards) to Goans and organizations who have contributed to the development of Goa and Goans. See <http://www.goasudharop.org>.
4. We supported a consumer advocacy, rights, and information project (e-Doc center) at Goa Desc (see <http://www.goadesc.org/>). It allows rural communities, villages access to Information Technology, computers and the internet and addresses the need for critical, alternative materials by acting as a catalyst to stimulate the process of pro-people reforms in Goa.
5. We sponsor the website [www.goaday.com](http://www.goaday.com) and initiated World Goa Day.
6. We have sponsored the wild-life and environmental group GREEN CROSS in their efforts to help conserve Goa's environment, and build a society that cares for the wildlife and its habitat.
7. We have sponsored the Goa Disability Rights website and raised awareness for the over 15,000+ persons in Goa who are disabled.
8. We have raised funds to buy a telescope for Friends of Astronomy as a way to support science education in Goa.

***In 2008, our theme is YEAR OF EDUCATION. We plan to accomplish the following :***

1. Partner with Goan schools for educational activities on the environment and ecology.
2. Donate tree saplings to Goan schools for planting in the yearly June tree planting festival in Goa.
3. Co-sponsor programs on Family Values to combat the rising HIV/AIDS rate in Goa, the increase in child sex tourism, and participation by Goan teenagers in rave parties. Goa Sudharop hopes to sponsor mobile education teams to reach Goan villages as well as towns.
4. Sponsor programs to raise awareness about the importance of children finishing their primary school education. The dropout rate in Goa from primary school has risen to the alarming figure of 40% as children are sent to work in the tourism and mining trades.
5. Support programs in chess education by the Taleigao Chess Academy.
6. Support programs for mainstreaming and job education for disabled and special education children.
7. Support programs with Goan heritage groups to promote academic excellence and Goan heritage awareness.

Please do get involved and do your bit to help us out. Donations to Goa Sudharop are tax-deductible for US residents. Online donations can be made by clicking on the PAYPAL icon at [www.goasudharop.org](http://www.goasudharop.org) or by mailing a check to Goa Sudharop, 67 Kingston Road, Kensington, California, 94707, USA.

Please email [filomenagiese@yahoo.com](mailto:filomenagiese@yahoo.com) or more information and how you can get involved. We need your help and financial support. Thank you.

The Management of Goa Sudharop Community Development, Inc.

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# गोव्याचे बदलते वैद्यकशास्त्र



डॉ. पी.एस. रामाणी

Dr Ramani is world renowned neurosurgeon. He has retired from the University of Mumbai as Prof and Head of the Dept. of Neurosurgery at L.T.M.G. Hospital-Sion (Sion Hospital). Currently he is Senior Consultant Neuro and Spinal Surgeon in Mumbai. He works at Lilavati Hospital and Research Centre. He has published many articles and a dozen books on the subject of neurospinal surgery. His autobiography, Tath Kana, became extremely popular and within a month, three editions were sold out. The Maharashtra Times declared it as the Best Book of 2005. Later on it was translated and published in many languages.

## सारे

जग बदलत आहे, मग गोवाच कसा मागे राहणार? जागतिक वैद्यकशास्त्र तर बदलूनच गेलेले आहे. त्यासे ठसे बदलत्या गोव्यावर उतरल्याशिवाय कसे राहणार?

मी गोव्याच्या एका छोट्याशा गावात राहत असे. ते गाव कसलं? एक छोटीशी वाडी आणि म्हणूनच की काय कुणास ठाऊक? त्याला नावसुद्धा 'वाडी' असं दिलं होतं. आजुबाजूला दुसरी गावं, डाव्या बाजूला जुवारी नदी व उजव्या बाजूला भरगच्च देवळांनी भरलेला परिसर-- शांतादुर्गा, नागेश, रामनाथ, गणपती, महालक्ष्मी वगैरे.

दुसरे महायुद्ध चालू होते तेव्हाच्या आठवणी. खरंतर त्यावेळी शहरात राहणारे लोक फारच कमी. बहुतेक लोकांची वस्ती गावात होती. त्यामुळे माझा जो अनुभव तोच अनुभव आपल्यापैकी बऱ्याच जणांचा असणार. गाव म्हटलं, की ना दुकान, ना बाजार, ना शाळा, मग डॉक्टर तरी कसा असणार? त्यावेळी इलेक्ट्रिसिटी तर नव्हतीच. शहराच्या आसपास काही मोजके डॉक्टर असायचे. डॉक्टर ही एक महत्त्वाची व्यक्ती मानली जायची. घरात कुणी आजारी पडलं की आम्ही पाच किलोमीटर अंतरावर असणाऱ्या दवाखान्यात जात असू. मी बऱ्याच वेळा आईचं औषध आणायला फोंड्याचे वैद्यराज धुपेश्वरकर बंधू ह्यांच्या घरी जात असे.

दवाखान्यात नेहमी गर्दी असे. डॉक्टरांच्या भेटीची वेळ आधी ठरवून घेण्याची पद्धत नव्हती. त्यामुळे डॉक्टरांनी तपासण्यासाठी आत बोलावीपर्यंत दवाखान्यात खूप वेळ ताटकळत बसावं लागे. पेशंटला तपासताना डॉक्टर खुशीत असत. तसाच आनंद पेशंटच्या नातेवाईकांच्या चेहऱ्यावरही दिसे. त्या लहान वयातसुद्धा माझ्या ध्यानात येत असे, की डॉक्टर प्रत्यक्ष पेशंटला तपासण्यापेक्षाही नातेवाईकांशी बोलण्यात अधिक वेळ घालवत असत. डॉक्टरांची फी आकारणारा त्यांचा कुणी सेक्रेटरी नसल्यानं फी म्हणून डॉक्टरांना खिशात किती पैसे टाकले जात हे कधीच समजलं नाही. तरीसुद्धा दुसऱ्या तपासणीसाठी जेव्हा आम्ही जात असू तेव्हासुद्धा डॉक्टर तशाच आपलेपणानं वागवत व घरातल्या माणसांची चौकशी करत. डॉक्टर साधेपणानं वागत. त्यांचं जीवनमानही साधं असायचं. त्यांचा दवाखाना म्हणजे एक लहानशी खोली. पेशंटना व नातेवाईकांना बसण्यासाठी लाकडी बाक, जवळच डुगडुगू हलणारं एक पार्टिशन. त्याच्या आत औषधाचं मिश्रण बनवणारा कंपाऊंडर आणि त्याच्याकडून पार्टिशनच्या खिडकीतून बाहेर येणारी लाल किंवा गुलाबी मिश्रणाची बाटली, त्यावर डोस दाखवणाऱ्या कागदाच्या पट्ट्या. बसू. इतकं साधं होतं डॉक्टरांचं विश्व.

डॉक्टर पेशंट तपासण्यासाठी वेळप्रसंगी घरी येत. पण फार क्वचित, कधी कुणाचा आजार बळावला तरच डॉक्टरांना तातडीनं घरी बोलावलं जाई. डॉक्टर नेहमी उशिरा येत. कधी कधी तर डॉक्टर निरोप मिळाल्यावर बारा तास उशिरा पोचत. मग ते मोटारसायकलच्या मागं बसून, मोठी हॅट घालून येणारे बांदोज्याचे डॉ. भास्कर देसाई असोत, फोंड्याहून आपल्या ऑस्टिन गाडीतून सिगारेट ओढत येणारे डॉ. बाळकृष्ण सुखटणकर असोत किंवा नुसतं इंजेक्शन घायला चालत किंवा सायकलवर तळवलीहून आलेले बाबा तळवलीकर असोत; सगळे रुग्णांना व नातेवाईकांना देवदूत वाटत. आजही मला आठवतं, की डॉक्टरांनी घरात पाय ठेवताच नातेवाईकांच्या चेहऱ्यावर समाधान पसरते. रुग्णाला पण सुख वाटे.

आताच्या प्रथेप्रमाणे, मी ऑपरेशन थिएटरमधील शस्त्रक्रिया संपल्यावर लगेच

बाहेर येऊन, उत्सुकतेने वाट बघत असलेल्या नातेवाईकांना सांगतो, 'शस्त्रक्रिया यशस्वी झालेली आहे.' त्यावेळी नातेवाईकांच्या चेहऱ्यावर मला एवढी प्रसन्नता दिसत नाही जेवढी मला बालपणी डॉक्टरला बघूनच गावातल्या नातेवाईकांच्या चेहऱ्यावर दिसायची. डॉक्टरांनी घरी येणं म्हणजेच रोग बरा होणं असं समीकरण पेशंटच्या, नातेवाईकांच्या मनात पक्कं रुजलेलं असे. त्यांची जणू अशी भावना बनून गेलेली असे, की डॉक्टर म्हणजे एक देवता आहेत आणि केवळ त्यांच्या अद्भुत आशीर्वादाच्या बळावर ते रोग बरा करू शकतात. मला असं खात्रीनं वाटलं, की त्यावेळच्या डॉक्टरांनी पेशाचं ज्ञान अतिशय मर्यादित किंवा रोगाच्या मूळ निदानासाठी तुटपुंजं असूनसुद्धा त्यांचे उपचार अधिक परिणामकारक ठरत. ह्याचं कारण त्यांच्यात असणारी ज्ञानाची कमतरता, ते रोग्यांच्या नातेवाईकांशी सहानुभूतीनं वागून सहजपणे भरून काढत.

घरी आले तरीसुद्धा डॉक्टर फीचं नाव चुकून काढत नसत. डॉक्टर चहा घेऊन जेव्हा जायला निघत तेव्हा नातेवाईक त्यांच्या खिशात पैसे ठेवत. डॉक्टर कधी फी सांगत नसत व पेशंटचे नातेवाईक कधी फी विचारत नसत. पेशंट व नातेवाईक खूप असत आणि डॉक्टरसुद्धा खूप असायचे.

डॉक्टरांचं दैनंदिन जीवन व्यवस्थित चालत असे. त्यावेळी माणसांच्या गरजा फार कमी होत्या. जगण्यासाठी लागणाऱ्या सुविधा स्वस्त होत्या. मुलांचं शिक्षण महागडं नव्हतं. कुटुंबातील सगळी मुलं जे उपलब्ध असेल ते शिक्षण घेऊन बघता बघता मोठी होत.

डॉक्टरांच्या घरच्या लग्नकार्याला सगळेजण अगत्यानं भेटवस्तू पाठवून देत. डॉक्टर खूप होत, पण त्यानंतर मात्र काही काळ पेशंट दवाखान्यात जावोत किंवा डॉक्टर पेशंटसाठी घरी येवोत त्यांना फी देणं नातेवाईक टाळत.

डॉक्टर हा समाजाचा भाग असे आणि वैद्यकीय रेषा ही एक संस्कृती मानली जाई. डॉक्टर समाजातल्या सर्व कार्यक्रमांना आवर्जून उपस्थित असत. त्या सर्व ठिकाणी डॉक्टरांना मानाचं स्थान असे. आपल्या फॅमिली डॉक्टरांच्या सल्ल्याखेरीज दुसऱ्या कुणा तज्ज्ञ डॉक्टरकडे जाण्याचा विचार चुकूनही कुणी करत नसत.

मी १९५७ मध्ये उच्च शिक्षणासाठी मुंबईला आलो. व्यवहारीपणाचा काही भाग वगळल्यास तेच संस्कार शहरातल्या माणसांमध्येही मला आढळले. डॉक्टरांबद्दल इतका विश्वास असे, की अनेकदा डॉक्टरांनाच फीचा हिशोब ठेवायला सांगितला जाई. वर्षातून एकदा किंवा दोनदा त्यांना फी दिली जाई. थोडी घासाघीस करत, पण असमाधान नव्हतं. जेव्हा तज्ज्ञ डॉक्टरांना घरी आणलं जाई तेव्हा फॅमिली डॉक्टरही त्यांच्या सोबत असत. तज्ज्ञ डॉक्टर जेव्हा फी सांगत तेव्हा फॅमिली डॉक्टर त्यांना फीचा आकडा कमी करण्याची विनंती करत आणि ती विनंती सहज मान्य होई.

गेल्या तीस वर्षांत मात्र हे चित्र पालटत गेलं. पूर्वीच्या आदर्श संस्कारात व्यवहारीपणा मिसळत गेला. वैद्यकीय ज्ञानात मोलाची भर पडत गेली. नवे, अद्यावत ज्ञान मिळवण्याची उर्मी डॉक्टरांच्या मनात वाढत गेली. त्याप्रमाणे पेशंटकडे बघण्याची डॉक्टरांची दृष्टीही बदलत गेली. प्रगतीच्या मार्गावरून जायचं तर तो मार्ग खर्चाचा आहे. या नव्या अनुभवातून वैद्यकीय व्यवसाय महागडा बनत गेला. मला आजही आठवतं, की पूर्वीच्या काळी सर्जनची सारी शस्त्र काचेच्या कपाटात ठेवलेली असत. ती उपकरणं ऑपरेशनपूर्वी थोडा वेळ आधी बाहेर काढली जात. नर्स ती उकळून ठेवत असे. ऑपरेशननंतर, ती पुन्हा त्याच जागेवर ठेवली जात. डॉक्टर वृद्ध होऊन, ऑपरेशन करणं थांबवीपर्यंत ही पद्धत वर्षानुवर्ष चालत राही.

पण काळ बदलला. शस्त्रांचे प्रकार आणि आकार बदलत राहिले. त्यामुळे जुन्या उपकरणांच्या साहाय्यानं ऑपरेशन करणं हा सर्जनसाठी अवघड प्रश्न ठरू लागला. प्रत्येक ऑपरेशनला एकदाच वापरून फेकून देण्याच्या अनेक गोष्टींचीही यात भर पडली. प्रत्येक ऑपरेशनसाठी सर्जनला स्वतःच्या खर्चानं बरीच सामग्री विकत घ्यावी लागते. डॉक्टरांना मिळणाऱ्या मोबदल्यातून तो खर्च त्यांना भागवावा लागतो.

गेल्या पंधरा वर्षांत माणसं, समाज, काळ व वातावरण यांमध्ये आमूलाग्र फरक झाल्याने पेशंट व डॉक्टर या दोघांमधले पूर्वीचे सारे संबंधही अपरिहार्यपणे बदलून गेले आहेत. आधुनिक वैद्यकशास्त्र प्रगत आहे. ते अगदी अचूक आणि सूक्ष्म निष्कर्ष सांगू शकतं. कॉम्प्यूटर एमआरआय, डिजिटल सबट्रॅक्शन ॲजिओग्राफी – डीएसए, थ्रीडी कलर डॉपलर आणि सॉफिस्टिकेटेड ब्लड व इलेक्ट्रो फिजिओजिकल तपासणी या सर्व नव्या संशोधनाच्या आधारे अत्यंत अवघड रोगाचे बारीकसारीक घागे हाती येऊ शकतात. आपल्या गोव्यातसुद्धा बांबोळीमला गोवा मेडिकल कॉलेज हॉस्पिटल, पणजीला व्हीन्टेज हॉस्पिटल, मडगांवला अपोलो हॉस्पिटल, म्हापशाला वृंदावन हॉस्पिटल वगैरे रुग्णालयांत अशा सुविधा उपलब्ध आहेत.

अचूक उपचार मिळाल्याने, पेशंटचा अनेक क्लेशकारक गोष्टींचा त्रास कमी झाला आहे. त्याच्यावर केली जाणारी उपचार

पद्धतही कमी त्रासाची होत चालली आहे. पेशंटच्या जीवाला अजिबात धोका न देता किंवा गंभीर शस्त्रक्रियाही न करता त्याच्या मेंदूत निर्माण झालेली रक्ताची गाठ आता एण्डोस्कोपी करून सुलभतेने काढता येते. पाठदुखीचं कारण ठरणारी प्रोलॅप्सड डिस्क किंवा सायटिका यांच्यावर शस्त्रक्रिया करून पेशंटला त्याच दिवशी घरी पाठवलं जातं. वैद्यकशास्त्र फक्त अचूक झालं आहे असं नाही तर ते अधिक सुखरूप व रोग्याच्या दृष्टीने कमी क्लेशकारक झालं आहे. किती विलक्षण प्रगती झाली! पूर्वी स्लिप डिस्कचं ऑपरेशन झालेल्या पेशंटला हॉस्पिटलमध्ये कमीत कमी पंधरा दिवस पडून रहावं लागत असे. त्यानंतर कुठे तो फोडाफार उभा राहू शकत असे. आता, तो त्याच दिवशी संध्याकाळी घरी जाऊ शकतो. पूर्वी जे ऑपरेशन अत्यंत अवघड मानलं जाई ते आज केवळ एक छोटीशी शस्त्रक्रिया बनलं आहे. शस्त्रक्रियेनंतर काही तास फक्त निरीक्षणासाठी हॉस्पिटलमध्ये ठेवून लगेच घरी पाठवलं जातं.

पाश्चात्य विचारांच्या प्रभावाने आपल्या मनाची पकड घेतली आहे. माझा नातू (तीन ते चार वयोगटाचा) क्लिक्लॅंडमध्ये (यु.एस.ए.) ज्युनिअर के.जी.च्या वर्गात होता तेव्हाची गोष्ट. तिथं त्याला कोणतीही गोष्ट शिकवत अशी नाहीत. शिक्षकांना 'गुडमॉर्निंग' म्हणायची सक्ती नाही की वर्ग सुरू होण्याआधीच्या प्रार्थनाही नाहीत. सर्व वस्तू त्यांच्यासमोर मांडलेल्या असतात. त्याला जे आवडेल त्याची निवड तो स्वस्त करतो. या स्वातंत्र्यामुळे आपल्या आवडत्या गोष्टीकडे वळण्याची सवय त्याला नक्ळत लागते. मुख्य म्हणजे शिक्षकांचं भय तिथं नाही. यातून त्याचा आत्मविश्वास वाढत असतो. तो आपसूक स्वतंत्र विचारांचा बनत असतो. त्याची प्रत्येक गोष्ट स्वतः करण्याची धडपड असते. आपली शिक्षणपद्धत अजूनही तिकडे वळलेली नाही. आपण प्रार्थना कशी करावी, शिक्षकांना गुडमॉर्निंग कसं म्हणावं, वडिलाधान्यांचा आदर कसा राखावा, स्वतंत्र जगण्यापेक्षा एकत्रित कसं जगावं या गोष्टी मुलांना शिकवत आहोत आणि याच विचारसरणीतून वाढलेले आजचे पेशंट डॉक्टरांबद्दल अनेक अपेक्षा बाळगत असतात. आपले डॉक्टर साधे असावेत, त्यांचं वर्तन आदर्शवादी असावं, त्यांनी उत्तम रीतिरिवाज पाळतानाच पेशंटशी सहानुभूतीनं वागावं. समाजसेवेसाठी सदैव तत्पर राहावं. त्यांनी नेहमी फक्त पेशंटचा विचार करावा. शिवाय, त्यांनी फी अतिशय माफक घ्यावी. अशा अपेक्षा करणारे लोक आजसुद्धा गोव्यात बरेच आढळतात. चूक त्यांची नाही. ज्या संस्कृतीत त्यांचं बालपण गेलं त्याचा हा एक सिद्धांत आहे.

ह्या उलट पणजी, मडगाव, वास्को, म्हापसा अशा शहरांत राहणाऱ्या आजच्या पेशंटच्या वेगळ्या अपेक्षा असतात. आपले डॉक्टर उच्च पदवीधर, प्रसिद्ध, चांगल्या व्यक्तिमत्त्वाचे असावेत. त्यांनी पेशंटला फलदायी उपचार करावेत. मोठमोठ्या मान्यवरांना उपचार करणारे डॉक्टर अशी त्यांची प्रतिमा असावी. पेशंटच्या आजारीपणाच्या सान्या समस्या त्यांनी हसतमुखाने ऐकाव्या. त्यांची पाहताक्षणी इतरांवर छाप पडावी. शिवाय, त्यांच्यापाशी कार, ड्रायव्हर आदी सुविधा असाव्यात.

बहुतेक पेशंटना आधुनिक वैद्यकशास्त्राची ट्रिटमेंट खूप महाग वाटते. काही धनिकांचा आश्रय, नंबर दोनची समांतर अर्थव्यवस्था, मेडिकल इन्श्युरन्स किंवा खाजगी ट्रिटमेंटसाठी मिळणारी राज्यशासनाची मदत यांच्यामुळे कॉर्पोरेट हॉस्पिटलचं काम सुरळीत चालण्यास मदत होते. गोवा राज्यशासन तर आपल्या रुग्णांना चांगली ट्रिटमेंट मिळावी म्हणून प्रयत्नशील असतं.

वैद्यकशास्त्राचं अद्यावत शिक्षण घेणे ही एक अवघड प्रक्रिया बनली आहे. एम्.बी.बी.एस्. नंतर एम्.डी.ची डिग्री आणि त्यानंतर स्पेशालिटीची डिग्री. पण इतकंच पुरेसं होत नाही. नंतरची काही वर्षं नवी टेक्निक शिकण्यात खर्च होतात. व्यवसायात नीट स्थिर होण्यात त्यानंतरची बरीच वर्षं जातात. त्यामुळे आपल्या व्यवसायात रुजेपर्यंत त्याची पस्तीशी उलटलेली असते. या उलट, एखादा सॉफ्टवेअर तज्ज्ञ वयाच्या अवघ्या चौवीसाव्या वर्षी एम्.डी. किंवा सीईओ होऊन आपल्या धंद्यात अधिक चांगला जम बसवू शकतो. आपल्या भरणेच मिळकतीच्या जोरावर तो ताठ मानेनं, गर्वात समाजासमोर वावरत असतो.

आजचा डॉक्टर कामात अतिशय मग्न असतो. सर्वात आधी त्याचा स्वतःचा लहानसा का असेना पण दवाखाना असणं महत्त्वाची गरज असते. ही गरज खर्चिक असते. त्यानंतर तो दवाखाना आधुनिक पद्धतीनं सजवावा लागतो. मदतनीस म्हणून माणसं नेमावी लागतात. एक ड्रायव्हर नेमावा लागतो. दवाखान्यात येणाऱ्या पेशंटची देखभाल करण्यासाठी मदतनीस असणं महत्त्वाचं ठरतं. शस्त्रक्रियेचा अतिशय महत्त्वाचा भाग असणारे मायक्रोस्कोप, नॅव्हिगेशन सिस्टिम, कूजा, स्टिरिओटेटिक सिस्टिम वगैरे कुशलतेनं हाताळणारे तज्ज्ञ यांची काळजीपूर्वक नेमणूक करावी लागते. मी आता उल्लेख केलेल्या सर्व गोष्टी म्हणजे चैन किंवा देखावा नव्हे. आजच्या डॉक्टरांनी पेशाची ती मुलभूत गरज आहे. शहरातल्या दवाखान्यात वापरल्या जाणाऱ्या ह्या सर्व गोष्टी महाग असतात. त्यासाठी कुठूनतरी पैसा येणं आवश्यक असतं. तो मिळवण्यात व स्थिरावण्यात डॉक्टरांच्या ऐन उमेदीची, उत्साही, तरुण वर्षं खर्ची पडतात. त्याला आपलं ज्ञान, अधिकार व अनुभव या सर्वांना साजेशी फी आकारणं भाग पडतं.

आधुनिक वैद्यकशास्त्राचं रोज नव्यानं जन्माला येणारं संशोधन, तिथं होणारे नवे बदल हे सर्व समजावून घेण्यासाठी

डॉक्टरला सदैव जागरूक राहावं लागतं. ऑपरेशनमध्ये ज्या नित्य नव्या पद्धती निर्माण होत असतात त्या आत्मसात करून घ्याव्या लागतात. वैद्यकशास्त्राचं नवं ज्ञान मिळवण्यासाठी डॉक्टरांना आत वेळप्रसंगी परदेशीही जावं लागतं. त्यांच्याकडे येणाऱ्या सर्व स्तरांतल्या बुद्धिमान व उच्चशिक्षित पेशंटसाठी त्याला स्वतःला चौफेर ज्ञान असणं आवश्यक असतं. त्यांच्याशी संवाद साधण्यासाठी संभाषणचातुर्य, वक्तृत्व या गोष्टी त्याच्या व्यक्तिमत्त्वाचा महत्त्वाचा घटक बनल्या आहेत.

जगातल्या इतर सर्व क्षेत्रांप्रमाणे डॉक्टरी पेशातही भारतातल्या मोठ्या शहरांतून दिसून येणारी आजची भयावह स्पर्धा गोव्यातसुद्धा सुरू झाली आहे. एखाद्या छोट्या आजाराचा औषधोपचार करण्यासाठी सुद्धा अनेक डॉक्टर उपलब्ध झाले आहेत. आपला पेशंट दुसरीकडे जाऊ नये यासाठी प्रत्येक डॉक्टर आटोकाट प्रयत्न करत असतो. यातून द्वेष, मत्सर, निंदांनलस्ती यांचं कलुषित प्रदर्शन पेशंटसमोर होत असतं. भ्रष्टाचार ही तर रीतच बनली आहे.

नुकत्याच प्रसिद्ध झालेल्या एका अहवालानुसार अमेरिकेत स्थायिक झालेल्या प्रत्येक दहा भारतीयांमागे एक तरी भारतीय कोट्यधीश असतो. परदेशात स्थायिक झालेले अनेक डॉक्टर त्या वर्गात येतात. अर्थातच यात गोव्याच्या डॉक्टरांचा समावेश असतो. जेव्हा आपण यु.एस.ए.तील डॉक्टरांचं अत्याधुनिक घर बघून चक्रावून जातो, त्या घराचा मालकही त्या घराच्या सुंदरतेचं वर्णन चवीनं करत असतो. त्याच्या अलिशान मर्सिडिजमधून प्रवास करताना तिथं जाणाऱ्या गोव्याच्या डॉक्टरांच्या मनात न्यूनगंड निर्माण होतो. तसंच श्रीमंत होण्याची ईर्ष्या त्याच्या मनात जागी झाली तर नवल. त्याला विश्वास वाटत असतो, की शिक्षण, ज्ञान यांच्या तुलनेत त्या अमेरिकास्थित डॉक्टरांपेक्षा तो कुठे कमी नाही. मग गोव्याला परत येऊन त्याचं विचारचक्र चालू होतं. तो बँकेकडून कर्जाऊ पैसे घेऊन आधुनिक दवाखाना सुरू करतो. गरजेपेक्षाही एक-दोन जास्तच माणसं नेमतो. यानंतर आपला दवाखाना पेशंटनी गजबजून जाईल या त्याच्या कल्पनेला धक्का बसतो. कर्जावर व्याजाचा बोजा वाढत जातो. हा प्रश्न पेशंटची फी वाढवून सुटत नाही. त्यासाठी खास माणूस नेमून इतरांशी संपर्क वाढवावा लागतो. अशा रीतीने एक दुष्टचक्र सुरू होतं.

आजच्या पेशंटच्या अपेक्षा अनेक तऱ्हेच्या असतात. आपला डॉक्टर प्रसिद्ध आणि मोठमोठ्या मान्यवर व्यक्तींवर औषधोपचार करणारा असावा. आपल्याशी त्यानं केवळ पेशंट म्हणून न वागता प्रेमानं व सहानुभूतीनं वागावं. त्याच्या हॉस्पिटलमधील वेटिंगरूम आधुनिक रीतीने सजवलेली असावी. शिवाय, जगातील उत्कृष्ट औषधं त्यानं आपल्याला द्यावीत, पण त्याची फी मात्र माफक असावी.

पेशंट पूर्वीसारखा भावनाप्रधान राहिलेला नाही. तो सुद्धा व्यवहारी बनला आहे. तो डॉक्टरांच्या फीवरून सतत नाखूष असतो. म्हणूनच त्या फीची परतफेड योग्य रीतीने होते की नाही याचं गणित तो मनातून मांडत असतो. फीसाठी अनेकदा त्यानं उधार-उसनवरी केलेली असते. म्हणून थोडं मनाविरुद्ध झालं तरी त्याची डॉक्टरांकडून काही ऐकून घेण्याची तयारी नसते. तो निराशेच्या भरात कोर्टाची मदत घेऊन डॉक्टरबद्दलचा आकस व्यक्त करतो.

आजचा डॉक्टर स्वतः एक तणावपूर्ण जीवन जगत असतो. त्याच्यावर कामाचं प्रचंड ओझं पूर्ण दिवसभर असतं. त्याला सकाळी फार लवकर उठावं लागतं. त्याला जगातलं अद्यावत वैद्यकीय ज्ञान आत्मसात करावं लागतं. त्याच्या ट्रिटमेंटमध्ये सर्व अत्याधुनिक ज्ञानाचा त्याला वापरही करावा लागतो. पण यदाकदाचित त्याची ट्रिटमेंट समाधानकारक ठरली नाही तर नागरी हक्क संरक्षणाच्या कायद्याखाली आपला पेशंट आपल्याला कोर्टांमध्येही खेचू शकतो. या रीतीची टांगती तलवार त्याच्या डोक्यावर असते. आपला प्रत्येक पेशंट म्हणजे आपल्याला कोर्टासमोर उभी करणारी एक संभाव्य केस ठरू शकते याची त्याला जाणीव असते. त्याच्या सहकारी डॉक्टरांशी नकळत त्याची स्पर्धा सुरू असते. शत्रुत्व, ईर्ष्या, द्वेष टाळत त्याला वावरायचं असतं. पेशंटही खूष राहणं महत्त्वाचं असतं. त्या सर्व कसरती पार पाडल्यानंतर बँकेचं कर्ज फेडण्याचा तो विचार करू शकतो. सतत कामात व्यग्र असणाऱ्या सर्जनला सुद्धा अनेक शारीरिक ताणांना सामोरं जावं लागतं. ऑपरेशन करण्यासाठी अनेक तास उभ्या असणाऱ्या डॉक्टरला पाण्याचा एक ग्लासही पिण्याइतकी सवड नसते. दिवसा किंवा रात्रीच्या जेवणाच्या वेळा अनियमित व अवेळी असतात. त्यामधून ॲसिडिटी, अपचन, डायबेटिस किंवा किडनी स्टोन या उपाधींना तो निमंत्रण देत असतो. शरीराला व्यायाम नसणं आणि सतत मानसिक ताणामध्ये वावरणं याचा परिणाम म्हणजे तो स्वतः हृदयरोगाची शिकार ठरू शकतो.

जो डॉक्टर इतरांना निरोगी ठेवण्याची धडपड करत असतो त्याला स्वतःला नियमित व्यायाम करणं, स्वतःची शारीरिक तपासणी करून घेणं, रक्त तपासून ब्लड शुगर-कोलॅस्ट्रॉल समजून घेणं यासाठी वेळ नसतो. मनावरचा ताण कमी करून मन शांत ठेवावं हे अनेकदा त्याचं त्यालाच समजत नसतं. तो कुणी मशीन नसून एक माणूस असतो. तो आपल्या हॉस्पिटलमधल्या सर्व मशिनरीची काळजी घेत असतो पण त्याला स्वतःच्या शरीरयंत्राची काळजी घेण्याकडे वेळ नसतो.

शेवटी, त्याच्यापुढे अनेक दुर्दैवी परिणामांना सामोरं जाण्याखेरीज पर्याय उरत नसतो. तो स्वतःही लहान वयात हार्टचा रोगी बनतो. आपण कधी या रोगांना बळी पडू शकतो अशी शंकाही त्याच्या मनात नसते. अशावेळी त्याच्यावर रोगांचा हल्ला होतो. वैद्यकशास्त्र कितीही प्रगत झालं असलं तरी त्याचं गतीनं हार्ट अटॅक येण्याचं प्रमाणही वाढत आहे. कॅन्सर हा रोग आजसुद्धा एक कोड आहे. सर्व आधुनिक व महाग उपचार यांना कॅन्सर आजही आव्हान देत आहे.

ऑपरेशन थिएटरमध्ये डॉक्टरांना त्याच्या सान्या भावना बाजूला ठेवाव्या लागतात. तो सकाळी घरातून निघताना अनेकदा वाईट मनस्थितीत बाहेर पडलेला असतो, पण हे सर्व इथं येताच त्याला विसरायचं असतं. सर्व वैयक्तिक भावना बाजूला ठेवून शांत मनानं त्याला समोरच्या ऑपरेशनवर मन एकाग्र करावं लागतं. समाजाची आजची घडण अशी बनली आहे, डॉक्टर जेवढा मोठा तेवढ्या जास्त प्रमाणात या सर्व अडथळ्यांना त्याला तोंड द्यावं लागतं. डॉक्टरांना काम करणं तेवढं सुलभ राहिलेलं नाही. त्याला स्वतःला विप्रांती तर नसतेच पण आपल्या कुटुंबीयांना देण्याइतपत वेळही त्याच्याजवळ नसतो. कुठे काही अपयश आलं तर पहिला ठपका डॉक्टरांवर येणार असतो.

जगातल्या इतर देशांप्रमाणे भारतातील डॉक्टरांमध्ये दारुचं व्यसन वाढलं आहे. ते खूप प्रमाणात मद्य घेतातच पण वेळेअभावी अतिशय घाईघाईनं घेतात. अद्यापिपणे दारू दोसून, भांडणं उकरून काढणं, मारामान्या करणं किंवा कॉन्फरन्सच्या वेळी जेवण देणाऱ्या माणसाशी हमरीतुमरीवर येणं असे काही प्रकारही डॉक्टरांच्या हातून घडलेले आहेत. डॉक्टरांनं मद्यप्राशन करणं योग्य आहे की अयोग्य हे मी कसं सांगणार? पण प्रत्येक गोष्ट प्रमाणात असणं योग्य असं मला वाटतं. सतत काम करणाऱ्या डॉक्टरांना मनावरचा ताण कमी करण्याची काही साधनं आवश्यक असतात. पण ती साधनं कोणती हे ज्यानं त्यानं ठरवायचं आहे. आम्हा सुशिक्षित माणसांना इतकं नक्की समजतं, की कष्टाखेरीज फळ मिळत नाही. शिवाय, ते मिळवताना विचारपूर्वक व संयमानं आपण आपल्या बुद्धीचा व ज्ञानाचा वापर करायचा असतो. त्यानंतरच यशाचा पाया मजबूत बनतो आणि अनेक वर्षं तो तसाच उरतो.

डॉक्टरांचं भवितव्य आशादायक आहे की नाही?

डॉक्टरांचं भवितव्य अंधारमय निश्चितच नाही. उलट, मी म्हणेन, की डॉक्टरांचा भविष्यकाळ उज्ज्वल आहे. तरुण डॉक्टर नवीन शिकण्यास व प्रसिद्धी मिळवण्यासाठी अलोनात घाई करतात. त्यांची स्वतःची महत्त्वाकांक्षा पूर्ण करण्यासाठी कष्ट घेण्याची तयारी असते आणि कष्टानं मिळवलेलं यश सहजासहजी हातून निसटत नाही. स्थिरता येण्यास थोडा विलंब लागतो हे खरं पण एकदा अशी स्थिरता लाभली की मग अपयशाची भीती नसते. याच्या उलट, आपण अनेकदा पाहतो, की सॉफ्टवेअर किंवा तत्सम उद्योगधंद्यात एका रात्रीत बदल होतात. उद्योगधंद्यात नेहमी चढउतार असतातच, पण एकदा स्थिरता आलेल्या डॉक्टरांी व्यवसायात मात्र तसं घडत नाही. तो सतत उत्कर्षाकडे जात असतो. वैद्यकीय व्यवसायाइतकी स्थिरता इतर कुठे आढळणार नाही. पण दुःखाची गोष्ट ही आहे, की आजच्या बहुतेक तरुणांना कष्ट करण्याची आवड नाही. मनाची तयारीही नाही. त्यांना आपल्या प्रयत्नांचं फळ त्वरित हवंसं वाटतं. पण हा वैद्यकीय व्यवसाय कठोर परिश्रम, समर्पणवृत्ती या गुणांच्या आधारेच उत्तम आकारास येत असतो.

या सर्व अवघड वळणावरून चालत असताना अनेक डॉक्टर श्रीमंत बनले आहेत. ते आनंदानं आपल्या यशाचे सारे मानसन्मान उपभोगतात. त्यांनी आपला वैद्यकीय दर्जा उच्च राखला आहे. पण दुःखाची गोष्ट ही आहे, की एकूण समाजात आदर्श तत्त्वांचाच न्हास होताना आढळत आहे. यानंतरच्या काही वर्षांत तर भोगवादी प्रवृत्ती आणि आदर्श तत्त्वप्रणाली यांच्यामध्ये एक अटळ संघर्ष निर्माण होणार आहे असं वाटतं. काही काळ तर अशी परिस्थिती निर्माण होईल, की व्यवहारी वृत्तीनेच वैद्यकीय पेशावर विजय मिळवलेला असणार आहे आणि आदर्श विचारप्रवाह, तत्त्वं कुठे दिसणारही नाही. पण कालांतरानं, पुन्हा सर्व आदर्श प्रवाहांचा उगम होईल. दुष्ट व्यवहारीपणावर आदर्श तत्त्वप्रणालीची माणसं मात करतील. त्यातूनच डॉक्टर व पेशंट यांचे नाजूक भावबंध पुन्हा एकदा दृढ होतील.

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**As** I ready myself for bed, my grandma warms up a cup of milk over the stove just as she does every night. She adds two or three pinches of sugar because she says sweet milk is good for the heart. I start to drink the milk; I cannot sleep without the warmth that keeps me company every night. It takes me about fifteen minutes to drink because my grandma says that it is one of the worst sins to drink such a treat without appreciating it. "Not everyone can have a glass of warm sweet milk before bed you know; it is privilege and you must treat it as such," she says in Gujarati (roughly translated). As I drink, I look out the window. I have made a habit of gazing out at the Indian farmland that is laid out for as far as I can see. There is only a single road that leads to town. The farm is a perfect sanctuary, I am untouchable. After having finished my drink, I head upstairs to the roof. Since it is summertime my grandpa and I decide to sleep on the roof, just as we do every night during the summer, but my grandma sleeps in the bedroom because "all the bugs always bite me; it's because I taste like cake." I can't say if she really does taste like cake, but I can account for the numerous bites that adorn her arms on the mornings after the nights in which she decides to join us because she needs some fresh air. When I am sleeping on the roof, I make it a point to try and keep my eyes open for as long as I can.

The stars are always beautiful. The sky here is natural, devoid of anything even remotely resembling pollution. My grandpa always talks to me before I go to sleep. Today I had given much thought to the whereabouts of my parents. I know they are in America and I know they are alive because they called me today, but they are only as real to me as stories about the great opportunities of the land of America. It has been almost eight years since I was born and since they went to America to build a better future for me. Sometimes I think about how the other children have real parents and I have a phone. I ask my grandpa if I will become a normal adult because I think I might be "broken" because I don't have parents that live with me. He tells me about life.

"You will be more than normal. You don't have your parents here but you have everyone else in the family. You have your uncle, your aunt, your grandma, and you have me. All the other children are the product of two parents, but you, you are a quilt of brilliant colors, woven by the ideas and opinions of many, gently patched here and there with your own discoveries. They are normal, but you are more. And remember you can always look up, when you are feeling down. Those stars will always guide you to happiness. The key to living a happy life is in remembering a few simple truths. The only way anyone can judge you is if they know you as a person. Your clothes do not define you, your body doesn't necessarily reflect

## *Remembering My Grandparents*



**Aquib Virani**

*is a Senior at High School in Edison, NJ. He cares deeply for his heritage and loves to be a part of the same Indian culture his parents were surrounded by. Living in the United States has allowed Aquib to explore many different cultures and he hopes to learn about all of them.*



you as a person, and your grades don't define your capability. The only way you will be happy is if you live your life to make others happy. You will find more happiness in helping someone up than simply helping yourself up. Remember, be all that you can be, but above all be all that a good person should be." I fall asleep.

As I think about all this, nine years from occurrence, I revisit my old habit of looking out of windows for perspective. I see a group of racially diverse children playing basketball on the street. As reassuring as the sight is, I cannot help but think that somewhere on the other side of the world is a single child out on an unpaved street starving, and still on another side there is a child wandering the streets looking to make a penny for her family, and still on the other side there is a group of children wielding guns training to kill all those who are different, with hate as their guide. My grandfather

had said to be all that a good person should be. I have fallen into thinking more of the "underprivileged" people of the world, because I have been given an opportunity that most people do not have the luxury of having — I have the power to change. My grandfather had said that helping someone up was the best thing you could possibly do. I do not know if my hate of numbers as representations of myself has limited my opportunities. It was not until recently that I realized that if I wanted the power to change I would have to "play the game" so to speak, that I would have to conform to the system in order to be more suited to incur the change I wish to see. I do not know if it is now too late to still build enough of an educational basis to be an effective lawyer to the man or woman who is being treated unfairly, which is what I wish to do for the rest of my life. I do not know, I must admit, much of anything. But I do know that my grandfather had told me to look up at the stars and keep on moving on, just as I intend to do. I do know that my grandfather had told me to live my life to make others happy, just as I intend to do. Most of all, I do know that my grandfather had told me to be the best person I could be, and I have no intention of doing anything less.

□



**When** I recall my memorable trips to Goa, one vacation stands out in my mind. It was in the year 2005, in the summer before 6<sup>th</sup> grade. What made this trip so memorable was my 'Munj', but many unusual and enjoyable events occurred during this vacation.

First of all, on our trip to India from the U.S., my family and I got caught in a typhoon. This was in Taiwan. Luckily, we were provided with a hotel room there for the next twelve hours, until the typhoon subsided. Finally it was time to go to Mumbai. When we arrived there, we were welcomed by my uncle. We stayed in Mumbai for about 10 days, but I couldn't do much there because of the ever lasting rain and floods; at least they seemed to last forever. These floods were the worst that had ever occurred in Mumbai.

Just the day before we were scheduled to fly to Goa, we found out that all the flights that day were cancelled because of the floods. We decided to change our flight to two days later because we figured that fewer people would change their flight to that day. This worked out perfectly since I came down with a cold and fever the next days but I recovered before the flight.

However, on the day of the flight, the airport was very crowded and our flight was delayed for 8 hours. The humidity and heat was overwhelming. We found out that one of the planes was stuck in the muck that had collected on the runway blocking other planes from landing or taking off. Luckily we still got to Goa (better late than never), and met our relatives there. We stayed at many large houses which were home to many of our relatives. I did so many things there including playing cricket, playing with dogs, learning some magic tricks and just having a good time with my family.

One other major event that happened in Goa besides my 'Munj' was my uncle's wedding. The bride had flown to Goa just a few days before her wedding and was almost too late. She had also been delayed by the same floods that had troubled us.

Despite all the drama, my 'Munj' was still the highlight of my vacation. On the first day was my *devkanya*. We arrived at the temple that day, early in the morning, before everybody else. The temple was special because it was my grandpa's and my dad's favorite temple. It was in the middle of a quiet rural area near a rainforest. The temple was home to many idols of deities and was decorated so elegantly by my aunt, especially for my 'Munj'. The backdrop for my 'Munj' was a colorful scene of a guru and a student, along with a deer. It also had pictures of trees in the background and a hut.

After the guests had arrived, we performed a series of rituals including *Hoam*. Our family did a lot of sitting in a circle and repeating Sanskrit chants after the priest. Then, during a break, we went to worship the gods. After the break was over we returned to the

## *My Most Memorable Trip to Goa*



**Akhil Mauze**  
is a thirteen year old  
8th grader and lives  
in Sunnyvale,  
CA. He loves  
playing soccer  
and tennis.  
He also  
enjoys chess  
and board games.



ceremony. Later I received presents from everyone. I got so many presents that day and I thought everyone was too generous. I hadn't realized that a 'Munj' was such a big deal until then. After that the first day was over. I must admit some of it was really boring. I must have yawned about a hundred times, but who am I to be complaining. I really felt bad for everyone watching.

The second day was better. I did more than just sit around. My dad and I recited the *gayatri mantra*.



***Aum bhoorbhuwah swaha,***

***Tat savitur varenyam***

***Bhargo devasaya dheemahi***

***Ohiyo yo naha prachodayat***

***It means,***

***Oh God! Thou art the Giver of Life,***

***Remover of pain and sorrow,***

***The Bestower of happiness,***

***Oh! Creator of the Universe,***

***May we receive thy supreme sin-destroying light,***

***May Thou guide our intellect in the right direction.***

There was one embarrassing moment during this ceremony. I had to take a shower in nothing but my underwear! Brrr.... I also went around and begged for money from all my relatives attending the ceremony. The priest got it all in the end. I did so many things that normally would seem pointless, but I enjoyed that day. It was like a strange birthday party.

Overall, I had a good time during my vacation. I met many relatives, played games and sports and spent time with my family.

But I also learned a lot about my tradition and culture. I know that this was by far my most memorable vacation ever.

□



Mahatma Agastya (Dipavali 1970)

Dinanath Dalal

### Art of Dinanath Dalal

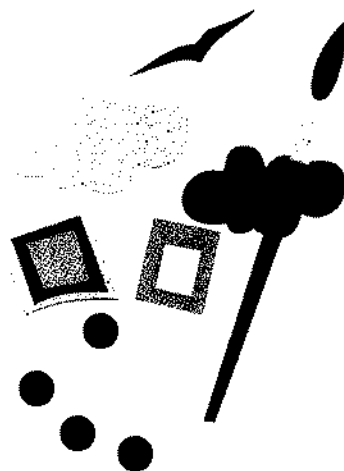
By : Amita and Prakash Rajadhyaksha

Late Shree Dinanath Damodar Dalal was born in Madgav on May 30, 1916. As he was interested in pursuing a career in art, he went to Mumbai at the age of 21. He completed his art education from Ketkar Art Classes, which were affiliated with the reputed main center of art education, JJ School of Art.

A classical painter by nature, Dalal made his mark on the publishing world as well. He established Dipavali, a premier Marathi magazine, copies of which are still cherished by many, due in large part to the Dalal's colorful art.

Even though he resided in Mumbai, Gomantak was always very close to Dalal's heart. He cherished inviting his fellow Goans over to his studio and home to spend evenings exchanging stories and jokes. He also encouraged upcoming artists and entrepreneurs from Goa and gave them practical advice.

Unfortunately, he left us prematurely at the age of 54, leaving behind a large legacy of art in various forms. It is hard to find a person who was educated in vernacular medium that has not enjoyed Dalal's figures and pictures in their textbooks, covers of magazines or covers of books. His art is classic and truly stands the test of time. Some of his paintings from the Dalal family private collection are presented here.





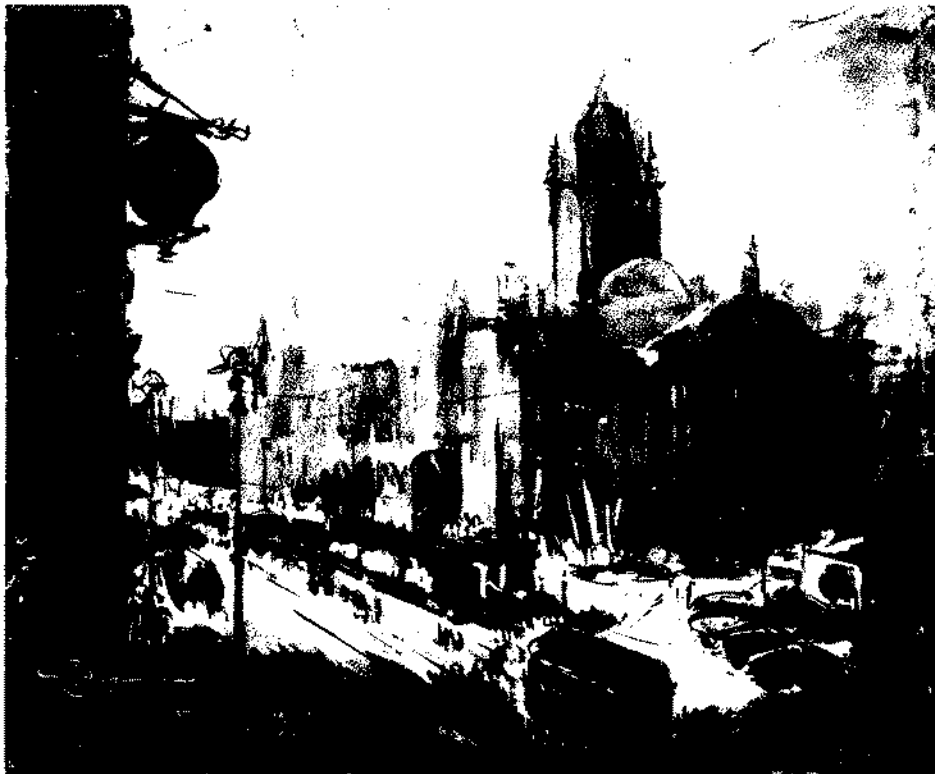
Gandhiji : (90 X 90 cm) - Water Colour

Dinanath Dalal



Gayika : (Dinath 1965)

Dinanath Dalal



V.T. Station : (95 X 120 cm) - Water Colour

Dinanath Dalal



Kom: (Dipavali 1964)

Dinonath Dalol



Fisher women (80 X 95 cm) - Water Colour

Dinonath Dalol



Lovers - Shabir Hameed / 1999

Dinanath Dalal



Her Flute: (63 X 68 cm) - Water Colour

Dinanath Dalal

*Why do people scream in their dreams?*

*Their reasons are way incredible to be unseen,*

*Some people scream to relieve their stress,*

*But others believe they do it because they are getting the mess,*

*Some people get scared because they can't handle the intensity,*

*But others scream with a lot of ferocity,*

*When they get scared, they try to keep calm*

*But some can't help it and scream for their moms,*

*Why do people scream in their dreams?*

*Scientists believe that the trait is passed down by genes,*

*Its bad when crazy fans scream wildly during a game,*

*But it's even worse with parents, who see their kid get into the  
Hall of Fame,*

*Kids scream differently others,*

*But the best time to hear it is when they are chasing their  
brothers,*

*Students feel the need to scream just before a test,*

*But the teachers always tell you, "Just do your very best!",*

*Screaming is just a part of life,*

*But the types can be very trite,*

*Some scream loud so the devil can hear,*

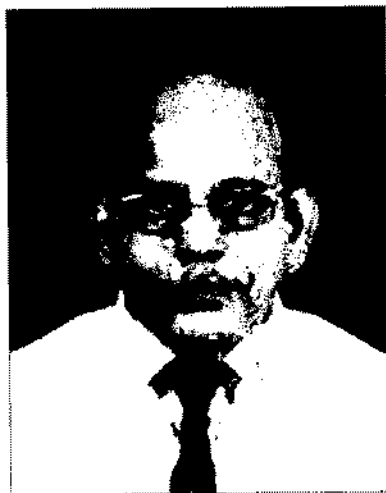
*So they need to give it a rest because it's a pain in the ear.*

## **Screaming**

**Manish Kenkre**



# Goa Economy : Its Transition From Despair to Growth



**Anand Raghuvir Naik**  
is a management consultant engaged in conducting in-house training and development sessions for corporate enterprises in finance and marketing. Currently he serves as the secretary of the Goa Management Association. He has a M.com (1963 Bombay University), PGDM (Indian Institute of Management Calcutta, 1969) and was formerly the Director of the Goa Institute of Management Studies, Panaji Goa.

**Goa** with an area of 3702 sq kms, the smallest state after Delhi, has attained benchmarks of human development viz education, health, governance and infrastructure, which certainly puts the economy among the best performing in the country. From over 3000 years ago, when migrant communities, mainly Aryan from the northern part of India, descended the Western Ghats and create a new homeland by reclaiming land from the Arabian sea and from tidal rivers which are saline up to a distance over 30 kilometers.

The saline flood plains were reclaimed and protected by an intricate system of *bunds* (dykes) and sluice gates. They constitute Goa's most productive paddy fields, and combined with innovative pisciculture and the growing of coconut palms, these settlers created their new homeland by reclaiming land from the Arabian sea and from tidal rivers which are saline up to a distance over 30 kilometers.

## ***From feudatories of Kadambas to Portuguese***

The era of prosperity before the Portuguese occupation was that of the Kadambas, the dynasty that ruled in Mysore and extended their suzerainty over Goa from 1000 to 1300 AD, and as feudatories of the Vijayanagar Empire from 1360 to 1470 AD. During the Kadamba period Goa was a famous entrepot, trading in gold, silver, cotton cloth, paddy, black pepper, perfumes, betelnut and leaf, yam, and jewellery.

The Portuguese rule in 1510 was associated with the atrocities by the invaders and it left bitterness among the majority Hindu community with respect to religious intolerance. Christianity came to India, especially Kerala, much before it came to Portugal. Today, Kerala's Christian population of over six million is much larger than Goa's Catholic population of 3.6 lakh. The thread that holds the great Indian civilization is its tremendous respect for 'diversity' of every kind, including of religion. Goa was part of the great Indian civilizational cosmos. Population in the rest of the country was exploding all throughout the country, but Goa was having a very low population at 6 lacs, not only until 1961 (the year of its liberation) but all throughout the earlier centuries – signifying emigration to other states – entirely due to poverty and need to meet needs of livelihood. By 1954, in its economic decline, Goa survived only by its connections with British India. The mainstay of the economy continued to be agriculture, the livelihood of two-thirds of the population of 600,000. Mineral resources were not developed. Per capita income was low. About 30% of the population migrated, mainly to Bombay and nearby cities and towns in search of employment. Their remittances helped in sustaining families and met to a great extent the deficit in the balance of trade.

## ***Economic blockade in 1955***

The situation changed dramatically in 1955 when the Indian Union imposed an economic blockade to force the Portuguese out of Goa. The adverse effects were more than compensated by the spurt in world demand for iron ore; the mining industry in Goa received

a boost, exporting by 1961 (when Goa was liberated), a record 6.6 million tons of ore equivalent in value to Rs 19 crore.

The economic blockade cordoned off entry of migrant labour and resulted in almost full employment in Goa at record wage levels. The imposition of a simple self-assessment tax on trade turnover in which there was a significant volume of consumer and luxury goods that were smuggled to India, resulted in unprecedented revenue which was kept in a separate fund. Goans believed that their territory could be a viable and autonomous unit, fuelling aspirations that were fulfilled when liberated Goa was given the status of a Union Territory within the federal framework of the Union of India.

#### ***Goa's quick adaptation to services and manufacturing***

The process of liberation with the Indian Union, post liberation in December 1961 marks a pivotal change to higher standards of health, education, industrialization, etc. The process of integration with the Indian Union Goa stood high on the index of human development with the highest per capita income in India at \$ 1425 as against India's \$ 188, negligible maternal mortality, low rates of birth (17.85), death (7.16) and infant mortality (12) and a high literacy rate (82%), surprisingly

showing high levels between Males and Females standing at 89% for Males and 76% for Females. The Gross State Domestic Product (GSDP) registered an annual compound growth rate of 10% at 1993-2000, the major contributors being industry and services comprising

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***It stood at \$ 3 billion in 2004 at current prices, scaling Goa as the richest state with its per capita at 2.5 times that of the country. Goa's economy was rapidly restructured within three decades from being predominantly agricultural to one led by tourism.***

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trade, banking, restaurants, transportation and real estate benefiting from tourism. It stood at \$ 3 billion in 2004 at current prices, scaling Goa as the richest state with its per capita at 2.5 times that of the country. Goa's economy was rapidly restructured within three decades from being predominantly agricultural to one led by tourism. Between 1945 and 1961, Goa witnessed a basic shift in its preoccupation from agriculture to mining. It continued to grow, most noticeably without much government support, a tribute to a small number of mineowners, who put at stake all they had – true to the spirit of entrepreneurship. But the most impressive growth was in Tourism, which as of now has assumed importance of primary industry. It provides 12% of foreign tourists arrivals in India. Within a span of three years from three years from 2002 to 2004 the tourists visiting Goa almost doubled from 1.12 million to 2.08 million. Out of this foreign tourists arrivals in 2006 were 0.38 million, which reflects as about 19% of total tourists arrivals in Goa.

#### ***Racomposition of demographic pattern***

The 2001 Census, segmented for Goa and the country shows important changes in the demographic pattern. In a total population of 13.4 lakh, the Christians who were in a majority of 64% in 1951 are now in a minority of 26.7%. The Hindus are in a majority of 65.8%.

Goa's most impressive performance has been in the demographic transition. From a birth rate of about 34 per thousand in 1961, it is now 14.5 per thousand – the lowest in the country. Behind this also is the dramatic decline in Infant Mortality Rate (IMR) from about 70 in 1961 to as low as 11 per thousand in 2004 – again the lowest in the country.

Heavy immigration immediately after liberation is evident in the decadal growth rates and in the doubling of the population during the period 1961-1991. Net immigration has stabilized to about 14% which still is of considerable significance in the population projected at 15.6 lakh in 2011.

#### ***Post sixties parameters of growth***

"Why did Goa succeed in reducing its dependence on agriculture and moved fast on secondary and tertiary sectors? Perhaps, Goa was lucky to be spared the Nehruvian 'socialistic pattern' and the stifling fetters of the public sector on the national economy. Goa did not have much of a public sector and its



large public spending on social sector was wisely routed through the private sector. Education was a prime example. The bulk of Goan children go to government aided primary and secondary schools rather than government schools where the quality of education is extremely poor." These are very interesting observations from Dr Vishwanath Pai Panandikar.

In other words, lack of ideological preoccupations in economic matters in Goa's political class made public policies more pragmatic and prepared Goa for the transition to the market economy. Also, it made Goa relatively more efficient because there was less 'rent' available for the political class compared to most other states. Economic pragmatism was, in a way, a gift of democracy coming late to Goa!

Although Goa became a state only in 1987, unlike many of the other smaller states like Nagaland and Mizoram, it does not have the restrictive provisions of Article 371 of the Constitution regarding ownership of land and other special provisions. Even though this had earlier caused some concern about the possible loss of identity of Goa, it can, in hindsight, well be argued that Goa was the actual beneficiary of both the federal structure and of not being covered by restrictions, especially of ownership of property under Article 371. Goa integrated fast both with the national economy and the global economy.

The Indian federal system has made it possible for Goa to adapt and adjust some of the national policies to suit its own needs. Goa has been unwilling to have polluting industries after an unpleasant encounter with Zuari Agro-chemical project.

#### ***Goa's escape from public sector model***

The federal structure offers Goa in the 21st century enormous opportunities in the new hi-tech areas. Goa has so much to offer to attract global investments. From the Nehruvian era of ushering public sector as a catalyst for economic growth for India, Goa escaped most depressing influence on the management of enterprises through red tape and babu mentality. Goan political leadership is seeking to encourage public private partnership. Basically, Goa is also affected by the 'no change' syndrome. This will not work. And as elsewhere, Goans will go where they want to and do what they want to within the framework of the law. Federalism and globalization will offer Goans new vistas and new opportunities as never before.

#### ***Education as great means to progress***

The single most important factor which opened up Goans to the rest of the world after 1961 was bringing **education** in the form of primary and secondary schools to begin with and all sorts of colleges – arts, science, commerce, engineering, pharma, hotel management, business management etc. This has afforded many Goans to go abroad, especially to the United States, for higher and advanced technological education. Goa today is profoundly influenced by the United States of America with which it had no 'colonial' or any other significant relationship. English, or more correctly American English, dominates Goan schools as in many other parts of the country. The registration of children even in the primary schools is increasingly in English, not in Konkani or Marathi. All the early political slogans very clearly misplaced with reference to economic opportunities present now, Goans have understood what pays. The limitations of the political and bureaucratic institutions in Goa which hold back every facet of life including education and health, do not stop the Goans. They just bypass the government and go wherever they wish and do what they want to. This applies to education, health or employment.

The innate sense of Goans to look at life within the perspective of self-management is indeed laudatory. They have had both the pluses and minuses. The pluses are accelerating the spirit of adventure in seeking avenues of employment from low skilled jobs of Aayas and drivers in the Middle East in preference to taking refuge in destiny. The minuses are the backlash of adoption of western mannerisms of excessive drinking. It is saga of deterioration of health among many returnees from the ship life, as sailors, butlers, cooks etc. Poor imitation of social drinking and their consequent downfall both in health and esteem from the near and dear ones stand stark in the eyes of the intellectuals: "what good is the money or wealth, if the gains do not sustain good health and growth".. Goans have gained immensely from political freedom, economic growth, and social change. It is indeed a great transformation. □

**A**s suicidal as it is to admit it, and while I'm probably setting myself up for years of ostracism from the majority of Indian youth, Bollywood films are, in the nicest way possible, just plain annoying. What's so interesting about watching the same High-School-Musical-meets-India movies over and over again? Would it kill to slip something even remotely entertaining into the movies, like action sequences or SNL-worthy satire? On top of all of that, almost every Bollywood picture ever created manages to take the plot of a perfectly decent Hollywood movie, like *Memoirs of a Geisha* for instance, and turn it into a disastrous, depressing waste of three hours, also known as *Umrao Jaan*.

What's more, Bollywood never bothers to create a new story line; it's always the stale "hero falls in love with heroine" plot that so many *original* films seem to harbor. At least America has an excuse; there's no writer's strike in India to blame for their... less than creative scripts. Moreover, there's always too much masala, not enough meat. Realistically though, how many times will a group of "random" people happen to burst into the exact same song and dance steps with perfectly coordinating outfits? There's definitely something wrong when you rent a movie for the sole purpose of watching the actually halfway decent songs and dances, especially if the plot, or lack thereof, of the said movie is that no one wanted to sing or dance in the first place! Aren't there other movies genres to emulate, like suspense, romance, or sci-fi, that don't involve dancing?

Speaking of dancing, it's always annoyed me how Bollywood dance outfits on actresses progressively get skimpier while dance outfits on actors seem to grow tighter. What happened to the super-conservativeness that Indians radiate in their every breath? While even a single kiss sparks controversy, Bollywood can regrettably overlook the disturbingly scant swatches of cloth called costumes without a single complaint. I especially cannot fathom the infatuation my Indian friends have for Bollywood actors and actresses, even after my friends have coerced me into watching YouTube music videos of Abhishek Bachchan, or Hrithak Roshan, or whoever else is famous these days, lip-synching and break dancing in their too slick leather pants. I mean, I can understand people oohing and aahing over Orlando Bloom or Patrick Dempsey, but Sharuk Khan? Not so much. Admittedly, they are some of India's best actors, but I wouldn't say they've got much competition, as their only rivals are the stars of Indian soaps. Enough said.

Honestly, the most annoying thing about Bollywood movies isn't that they are trying-too-hard-and-failing-miserably imitations of Hollywood films, even though it's true, but that almost every movie has the exact same unrealistic plot with almost exactly the same dramatic screenwriting, and very nearly the same awkward actors. That's what makes Bollywood different, though, in its own strange way, and in spite of everything annoying about it, I can't stop watching. Where else can you find spontaneous breakouts of song and dance mixed with fake fights and dramatic "plot twists", sprinkled with extravagantly embroidered clothes that no one in their right mind would wear, and tied together with the unforgettable scene of lovers frolicking through a grassy meadow? I think everyone will agree: Only in Bollywood.

## Only in Bollywood

Shivani Gaitonde





Compiled by  
*Paresh Kenkre*

1. Who was the co-starrer with Dev Anand in the film 'Jewel Thief'?  
A) Asha Parekh                      B) Nutan  
C) Vijayantimala                      D) Hema Malini
2. The melodious music of 'Guide' was composed by?  
A) Naushad                      B) S D Burman  
C) Shankar Jaikishen                      D) R D Burman
3. Which of the following film was not directed by V Shantaram?  
A) Milan                      B) Do Aankhen Barah Haath  
C) Amar Bhoopali                      D) Jhanak Jhanak Payal Baaje
4. Which film had a record number of 71 songs ?  
A) Kanoon                      B) Ganga  
C) Indrasabha                      D) Post Box 999
5. Who played the Hero in the film Jhanak Jhanak Payaal Baaje?  
A) V Shantaram                      B) Jagirdar  
C) Gopi Krishna                      D) Jahnu Barua
6. Which Indian musician first conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra ?  
A) Ravi Shankar                      B) Naushad  
C) Jaidev                      D) S D Burman
7. "Odhli chunariya tere naam ki" was picturised on –  
A) Raveena and Salman                      B) Twinkle and Salman  
C) Kajol and Salman                      D) Rani and Salman
8. Who said "I have spent my whole career dancing between a pair of scissors?"  
A) Helen                      B) Saroj Khan  
C) Rajshree                      D) Hema Malini

9. What is the name of Salman Khan's debut film?

- A) Sanam Bewafaa                      B) Biwi Ho To Aisi  
C) Maine Pyar Kiya                      D) Suryavanshi

10. Who composed music for 'Hum Dil De Chuke Sanam'?

- A) Ismail Darbar                      B) Anu Malik  
C) Jatin Lalit                      D) Vishal Bharadwaj

11. Who composed music for 'Bandit Queen'?

- A) Shiv-Hari                      B) A R Rahman  
C) Nusrat Fathe Ali Khan                      D) Anand-Milind

12. Name the only hindi movie directed by Satyajit Ray?

- A) Apur Sansar                      B) Shatranj Ke Khilari  
C) Aparajito                      D) Ankush

Let's see how much you remember about Sholay.

13. What is Sanjeev Kumar's name in the film?

14. What is Jalal Agha's name in the film?

15. What is Gabbar Singh's father's name?

16. What is the name of A K Hangal's brother-in-law in Jabalpur?

17. What are the two villages to which Basanti ferries passengers and what are the fares?

18. What is Jaya Bhaduri's Name in the movie?

19. Who accompanied Kishore Kumar in song 'Yeh Dosti Hum Nahin.....' ?

Character Name Questions

20. Manoj Bajpai's ... name in Satya?

21. Sridevi's ... name in Mr.India?

22. Jagdeep's name ... in Sholay?

23. Arshad Warsi ...name in Munnabhai MBBS?

24. Mohanlal ...name as Inspector ... in Company?

25. Aamir Khan's name in Dil Chahta hain?

□

# What I Like About Bollywood Movies

**Trisha Ambe**

*is 15 years old and is in the tenth grade. She lives in Pittsburgh PA. She is extremely good in Art – drawing & painting and learns Bharatanatyam along with folk and Navarritya or contemporary Indian dance forms.*



**Bollywood** has its own style that no other film industry can manage to pull off so successfully. The Indian film industry has such talented and beautiful movie stars, such romantic and predictable storylines, and fun and entertaining movies. Indian cinema has always had some spicy behind-the-scenes gossip, glossy filmy magazines (Stardust, Filmfare, etc.) and glamorous award ceremonies. Undoubtedly, Bollywood is one of the great gems that only India can possess!

Hindi movies have been blessed with some of the most beautiful stars on the planet. There are so many Indian actors and actresses that are known all over the world like Amitabh Bachchan, Shah Rukh Khan, Aishwariya Rai... and Shilpa Shetty. The big movie stars make the movies so much more entertaining even if the stories are mediocre. It's the drama, the comedy with the typical Indian humor, and their uniquely choreographed dancing that make these blockbusters.

Bollywood is well known for its romantic love stories... well actually, that's the majority of them. Who can resist a great love story with a happy ending? Hindi movies can be very predictable but that makes it all the more fun. It is charming to know the character's next line even before it comes, and it is a common practice among most avid Indian film fans to guess the lines before they are said. The storylines of most movies are very similar, but are made unique by the new songs and the cast.

How many Bollywood movies have we seen where a girl and a boy are in love, the girl's parents forbid it and arrange another marriage for her? In the end the boy comes to win back his love, and they live happily ever after. The variation is in the venue, the songs and lyrics, the dialog and the star cast, not to mention the twists and predictable turns sprinkled throughout.

Many times during a Hindi movie, you will get a déjà vu feeling and think to yourself, "Haven't I seen this before in an English movie?" And the answer is most likely – Yes! Hindi movies do copy parts from English movies or even whole stories sometimes... but what can be better than watching a story from an old English movie in a new Hindi version with Indian actors and songs!

Also, Bollywood movies are packed with entertainment. They always contain song and dance sequences that can pop up at any time. Romance, comedy, action sequences, thrills, chills- what can be better than that? You know you will always have something that you will enjoy during the movie I have watched Hindi movies ever since I was a kid with my family and friends. Many people have unfavorable comments about Hindi movies, but I enjoy them very much. Movies are supposed to be entertaining and fun for all. I think Bollywood movies do just that and I hope they never change!

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**There** is a certain angst among Goans these days about whether the natural beauty of Goa, its diverse flora and fauna, its Indo-Portuguese culture and ambience, local language and cultural forms are going to survive the tourist invasion and the pressure of population influx from greater India. Most of us have been reading the Goanet postings of defenders of Goa's ecology and identity like Rajan Parrikar and Soter D'Souza and the "Save Goa" stalwarts. In our heart of hearts, we have a sinking feeling that much of Goa's unique heritage, and even moral fibre, will disappear - unless we Goans rise up to combat some of the negative trends. On my recent trip to Goa this February, I had an opportunity to connect again with my Goan heritage and see the best and worst of Goa as it is today. Here is my report together with some ideas for action by the overseas Goan community.

**Sex, Drugs, and Tourism** - The beaches of Goa like Colva, Calangute, and Benaulim are not as pristine as they once were. They are still beautiful with large expanses of silvery sand. But there is little infrastructure and no adequate waste management to deal with an expanding beach population and more and more hotels. Plastic and other waste is lying around the beaches. If the government and hotel operators want to attract international visitors, they will have to control the effluence of waste from hotels into the waters and maintain the cleanliness of the beaches.

The drug and sex tourist invasion of Goa is getting worse. Which Goan hasn't heard about the rave parties aided and abetted by our own locals, the Russian and Israeli drug mafia who have taken over north Goa beaches, and the recent assault and murder of a 15 year old British girl? Gambling and illegal arms sales are also part of the new reality in Goa. HIV/AIDS is on the rise. Dr. Kakodkar, a young associate professor of medicine at Goa Medical College, told me that the official percentage of HIV/AIDS in Goa is now 1% of the population and that it is the same among girls as among boys. He supports and collaborates with the Diocesan Family Service Center which runs HIV/AIDS and sex and marriage education programs all around Goa. This dynamic Center is also combating the almost 40% dropout rate of primary school Goan children who nowadays are pressured into tourism and mining jobs. Add to these alarming statistics the recent study on education, released in March 2008, that shows that Goa's children have tested significantly below the national standard.

Traffic is horrendous and safety rules on the road are either nonexistent or ignored. There are no side walks for pedestrians in cities like Margao. Builders leave piles of rubble and stone. Signs, even in tourist destinations like Old Goa, are faded and ugly, and simply not maintained. There are too many huge advertising

## Let's Work Toward A New Vision For Goa



**Filomena Saraswati Giese** was born and spent the first six years of her life in Margao, Goa. She then lived in Singapore and Australia, where she graduated from the University of Melbourne. Her Goan family name is Bonamis. She married, John Giese, and has been living in Berkeley since 1968. She has a Master's in comparative religion from the Graduate Theological Union, Berkeley, and an Ed.D. in Multicultural Education from the University of San Francisco. By helping to found the nonprofit Goa Sudharop Community Development in 2005, Filomena has been contributing to the preservation of Goa's environment and helping various social, educational, safety, and heritage projects in Goa through Goa Sudharop.

billboards that mar the lovely natural landscape. Slums are appearing in various places. Can tourism of the decent, regular kind survive under these increasingly negative trends?

**Goa's "Sustainable Villages" Lost Forever?** - Nature and greenery are still, thankfully, a big part of the landscape of Goa. The agricultural base of Goa has been in its rice fields, the cashew crop, and the spice plantations. In many parts of Goa this base is shrinking as fields lie fallow and are subsequently turned into real estate developments. Fortunately, the cashew and spice plantations in the interior of Goa are still there. A day trip to one of these plantations by boat from Panaji along the Mandovi River with a stop for a delicious vegetarian lunch made with fresh spices is unforgettable. There are dolphin and crocodile habitats along the rivers and old fashioned fishing boats and crews that the traveler can still savor. An early morning boat trip to the island of Chorao for bird watching is a must for the bird lover. But I saw for myself how perfectly sustainable villages are being turned into mining pits as the demand for manganese iron ore from China, Japan, and Korea rises.

Goa's Hindu roots are everywhere to be seen. The lovely temples of Ponda are on every tourist's route. The traditional tulsi pot and plant in the front courtyard of Hindu homes, of sacred banyan trees decorated with colored flags and the accompanying shrine of Vishnu, Lakshmi, or Siva along country roads and in towns are living touches of Hindu culture and ritual in Goa. But Ponda and Keri are also centers for the mining industry. Green villages are fast disappearing only to be replaced by bare rock and red earth. Not many Goans are aware that the foreign exchange and most of the tax rupees earned through mining goes to the central, not the Goa state government. So who but the large corporations and the politicians benefit from this destruction? Can local activists who are trying to save Goan villages put the brakes on the powerful mining companies and their central government sponsors?

Activists like Claude and Norma Alvares of the Goa Foundation and Kumar Kalanand Mani of the Peaceful Society, a voluntary Gandhian organization, are in the forefront to save what was once the sustainable and green way of life in Goa. Mani showed me their sustainable farm and Gandhian center in Kundai. Is there hope for village Goa now that activists like Dr. Oscar Rebello and others have succeeded in reversing the SEZ (Special Economic Zones) land grants to industrialists and defeated the 2011 Regional Plan?

**Goa's Vanishing Indo-Portuguese Architecture** - The Latin flavor of Goa is to be seen in the baroque churches, in the wayside crosses, in the celebration of Catholic feasts, and in the architecture of old homes, as well as in the still-to-be-heard Portuguese conversations, the sound of guitars, and the enthusiastic love for western dance from tango to hip-hop. The Goan houses with high ceilings, big "salas" or halls, long corridors, Mangalorean tile roofs, and ceramic tile floors are an unique part of the Goan landscape. However, the Goan community still has to come together to save these heritage gems. Many are in disrepair. Many are being bought up by British and other non-Goan tourists. Much has been done to restore the Fontainhas district in Panaji but Margao seems to have lost its architectural character to ugly new construction. The few heritage organizations that do exist in Goa do not seem to be action oriented enough. Can anything be done to establish a "National Trust" organization to save Goan architectural gems and other art works?

**Still Celebrating Life!** - Some things, thank God, are still the same in Goa like the infectious love of food, music, and festivals and celebrations. Goa's cuisine is famous and rightly so. Large, fresh pomfrets and other fish, crab, mussels, and oysters still abound. Prices have risen for the locals but along the beaches and everywhere in Goa, the traveler eats well and cheaply. It was so colorful to see village women selling their baskets of chouricos at a fair outside a feast in Old Goa, just like old times. Goans of all religions have a sense of fun and joy that is expressed in feasts and festivals.

Goa is the only place in India and Asia that has the tradition of Carnival. As in other parts of the

world, Carnival is a time of costumes, floats and processions, song and dance that precedes the beginning of Lent. Coincidentally, the Hindu Goans celebrate the festival of "Shigmo" around the same time. There are several traditional rituals conducted during Shigmo in various villages all over Goa. The Shigmo float parades in the different towns are a showcase of true creativity and what is even more astounding is that most of these beautiful floats are crafted in the villages. I also saw the leftovers of huge effigies of the rakshas or embodiments of evil that are burned on the eve of Diwali to mark the triumph of good over evil. The most spectacular burning of the Narkasur effigies and fireworks takes place outside the big Church of the Immaculate Conception in Panaji. These are the heritage bonds that keep the Goan coming back to his or her homeland!

**Will Konkani Survive?**- No account of Goan heritage would be complete without a few words about the Goan love of Konkani language, song, dance, and theater. The village folk have the ditties that we call dulpods and the traditional dekhni and kunbi dances, accompanied by the special clay drum called the "gumott." In the pre-Portuguese days, there was a wedding song that some say was sung in the village courtyard or "mandd." Did the 19<sup>th</sup> century song and dance we know as "Mando" derive from this? The Mando is sung in Konkani, accompanied by European instruments violin and piano, sometimes string bass, with the traditional gumott. Today, the Mando and Mando festivals are part and parcel of Goan life and culture. More Goans than ever before, from all walks of life and social and economic strata, are composing poetry and song in this traditional form. Another modern Goan artistic form that is still a mainstay of Goan life is the Konkani "Tiatr." Kala Academy celebrates a Tiatr Day. Tiatr is still vibrant and popular. It is one part of Goan heritage that has spread to Konkani speaking people in Mangalore and other parts outside Goa. But the place of Konkani as Goa's mother tongue is not secure. There are divisions about which script to use, Devanagiri or Roman, that need to be resolved if Konkani is to be saved.

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**The village folk have the ditties that we call dulpods and the traditional dekhni and kunbi dances, accompanied by the special clay drum called the "gumott."**

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**Corruption and Speculation** - Politicians and government officials are openly corrupt. So many people I talked to said that it is just like Rajiv Gandhi once said – no more than 20 paise out of a rupee that is sent to the states by the central government actually goes to development, education, health care and other needs of the people. Was I expected to believe that as much as 20% of a public works contract might go to the minister and more on top of that to other officials? Or that Goans have to compete with non-Goans as to how much kickback they have to pay to get a government job? Or that politicians throw 500 rupee notes to their supporters after an election victory? Or that slums in Goa are on the increase, thanks to the fact that they have become "vote banks" for the politicians?

Of real concern is that real estate developers are selling land off for prices that are "cheap" and affordable to non-Goans but are totally out of reach for the ordinary Goan in Goa. Bollywood stars, land speculators from the north, foreign tourists, the Russian and Israeli drug mafia and others are displacing Goans through these land sales.

Another complaint I often heard was that the jobs created by companies moving to Goa in tax subsidized "industrial estates" more often than not go to non-Goans. Quiet, peaceable local folk, like Edwin and Diana Pinto, were driven into becoming protestors and activists when the Meta Strips industrial project was proposed practically in their own back yard. They have seen companies come and profit from special economic breaks and pollute the land and water, using mostly migrant, not Goan, labor. Now that the 15-year period of Goa government subsidies has ended, these companies have left for new



economic zones and new tax breaks in states like Himachal, leaving a trail of ugly environmental destruction for the already burdened Goan taxpayer to clean up.

Put, on top of that, the sale of more and more permits for casinos to be built, and one gets the picture that the "development" of Goa goes counter to the culture and traditions of the Goans themselves and, too often, doesn't serve their needs.

**No "Vision" for Goa** - Too many ordinary citizens and activists like Patricia Pinto lamented the lack of a vision for Goa among politicians and planners. Is Goa going to be a tourist state? Is it going to be an industrial zone? Or, should it be made into an education or medical hub? Without some clear vision of what Goa should be, Goa is probably going to go the way of the formerly green city of Bangalore, now filled with high rise apartment blocs for the influx of IT workers and north Indian investors, and practically stripped of the greenery it was once famous for. Goa is definitely undergoing the "slumification" and unplanned development so characteristic of Indian towns and cities. In the wake of citizen protests over the SEZs, the government has appointed a "citizens' task force" to advise about development. But I was told that the very mining interests who are digging up and polluting Goa have a strong say on this task force.

**What could NRG's do?** - We overseas Goans have taken all this beautiful heritage for granted until we were hit by the "Save Goa" movement in the last couple of years. It is not too late. NRGs could still raise our voice and be heard through our associations, through the public forums provided by the GOA and Toronto Goan Conventions, and through nonprofits like Goa Sudharop. The various political parties and the Goa government appear to seek NRG collaboration. It is critical that overseas Goans not just sit and talk on the sidelines, but get really involved in the future development of Goa by providing our expertise, advice and funds to do the following:

1. Formulate a vision for the future of Goa that would emphasize sustainable development, create jobs that are suitable for a Goan population perhaps in a Goa that is an educational or medical hub, and less of an industrial center
2. Pressure politicians to spend more money on building infrastructure, provide better waste management, better transportation and safety, and better public works instead of padding out their already bursting Swiss bank accounts
3. Improve sanitation and waste management, as well as road safety
4. Help in keeping Goa green by sponsoring tree planting, supporting environmental controls, and even buying agricultural land and open spaces as is being done here in the San Francisco-Bay area by trusts for conservation, or worldwide by Nature Conservancy. Why is Goa not enforcing environmental studies before new development is permitted? If the very tiny city state of Singapore requires that 13% of land around new buildings be open, green space, and strictly enforces public cleanliness, why not Goa?
5. Support programs and activists who are fighting the drug and sex tourism trade and ask the government to provide better and more police
6. Work for the preservation of Goa's monuments and Indo-Portuguese architectural heritage and culture
7. Raise our collective voice to tell educators that Goan children must finish at least primary school and not be pushed into low paying, dead end jobs in tourism, mining, or even worse, be pushed into the sex and drug tourism trade
8. Get measures passed and enforced to limit and control slums, land speculation, and loss of agricultural land.

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I was just seven when the planes crashed into the Twin Towers in New York on September 11, 2001. I did not know what was happening at that time, but five years later, in 2006, there was a Discovery Channel special which my family and I watched. We heard stories from the survivors, and then I found out that there were multiple plane crashes besides the two that crashed in New York. One was near the Pentagon, and one in an open field in Pennsylvania. A lot of people died that day. Many men and women risked their lives to save others. Numerous firefighters were called to rescue people inside. In 2006, I had to write a poem for a Poetry Competition, and this was one of the first things that came to my mind. This poem has been published in "Celebrate, Young Poets Speak Out" (California Fall-2006 edition). I would like to share this with you.

## September 11, 2001

*Dinker 'Aditya' Ambe*

### **September 11, 2001**

Two towers floating very high,  
Two planes dropping from the sky,  
One hit left, one hit right,  
It sure wasn't a pretty sight,  
That day there was no delight.

Two other planes came crashing down,  
One hit Pentagon, in the middle of town.  
The other plane was used to finish the fight,  
But the passengers rebelled with all their might.

This was hard for many, who lost loved ones,  
There were many others, who still had faith,  
They risked their lives to save people before it was too late.

All this happened in a blink of an eye,  
There was no chance to even say goodbye,  
But now we know that they are up, high in the sky.

There are many lessons from this to be learned,  
Of loyalty and of sacrifice and  
Of courage saving others while still getting burned.  
We should not let this set us back,  
In future be well prepared for another attack.

This poem is dedicated to those who lost their lives,  
In love and in remembrance,  
And in unity with their relatives for whom there is no severing of ties.





## A Taste Of Goa



### **Sarita Mittal**

daughter of Usha and Surendra Naik, was born and raised in Santa Clara County, California. She loves to eat fish and is an avid Bollywood movie fan. After college, she progressively moved eastward for her graduate studies, and now lives in the Philadelphia suburbs with her husband Sachin and their daughter Srishti.

**Whenever** I tell someone of my Goan heritage, they either ask "where is Goa?" (if they are non-Indian), or they compliment the coastal oasis laden with palm trees, sandy beaches, and beautiful churches. Yes, Goa is indeed a lovely place! To foreigners and domestic tourists, Goa is among the top destination holiday spots, whether it be for a family vacation; a "rocking" New Year's party at one of the major resorts that line the coast; or for a romantic honeymoon getaway. However, to me, Goa will always hold a special place in my heart. It is the place where I used to eat masala corn and play with my cousins on the sands of Miramar and Colva beaches; the place where I learned how to make roses out of hair ribbons; the place where we would sit on the floor and eat off of banana leaves after religious functions; the place where I learned to play the card games "Challenge" and "Donkey"; the place where alongside with tea, we would have Marie biscuits and "café centralanche patties"; the place where I acquired the most mosquito bites, which were later soothed each night by my grandmother; the place where I have eaten the best fish in my life.

To fully appreciate Goa, one has to live and breathe the Goan lifestyle, which involves a "susegaad" (relaxing) mindset and fish at almost every meal. What I remember and treasure most about my summers in Goa were the afternoon hours (lunchtime, to be exact). Everyday, as a child, I would wake up early and wave good-bye to my cousins from the verandah as they went off to school at 7:30am. Standing on the verandah and watching the passers-by below as well as fellow verandah gazers was a favorite pastime. After bidding farewell to my cousins, I arched my neck to look at the balcony upstairs always to find my maushis getting ready for their day, beckoning me upstairs to have a second breakfast with them. I had already eaten my chapattis with either "ambeche halwa" or "lasnooche chutney" however I always enjoyed a cup of tea with them. The hours between 9am and 1pm were difficult to endure because all the kids were at school and both my mom and grandma (Aai) were busy with preparations for lunch. Finally around 12:30 pm, I would become very restless as the smells from the kitchen became too enticing and I had to wait for my cousins to come back from school at 1pm so we could have lunch. Meanwhile, Aai would be frying the prime fish my grandfather carefully selected from the bazaar that morning. I hovered around her like a cat, stealing some of the scrap pieces



she had fried. When lunchtime finally arrived, all the kids were seated at the table first with my grandfather, and my cousins and I were served the best pieces of fish, since we were the biggest fish lovers of the household. Alongside the fried fish (ie. *moodashi*, *visswan*, *bangde*, *mori*, *sungta*, *paaplet*—although *paaplets* are much better in Mumbai...) was hot piping rice, bhaji, spicy papads drizzled with coconut oil, kadhi, and freshly made "dhai" and "thak" (buttermilk) for me.

As I grew older, I continued to relish the lunch hour at Aai's place with every visit. And as visits become shorter due to responsibilities (school, job) beckoning me back home, I always look forward to lunch prepared by Aai. Rather than spending time dining at Goa's newest hotels, or sight seeing along the coast, I would rather be in Aai's kitchen experiencing the familiar smells and tastes. On a recent visit, I decided that I needed to bring Aai's kitchen to my home in some form, especially if I wanted to propagate the essence of Goan cooking in my future household. So, I asked her how to make the epitome of Goan dishes: "*alsandache tondak*," a dish I always assumed to be difficult to prepare. "Alsande" are beans that are seasonal and only available in Goa. My mom stockpiles this precious commodity (as do I, now), and keeps them in the freezer for use until the next supply arrives from Goa. I have always had a problem when making "*hooman*" (fish curry) because I can never grind the coconut and masalas fine enough due to impatience and inexperience. Similarly, tondak masalas need to be ground finely in order to make the curry homogeneous. (Prior to Sumeet or Cuisinart mixers, all the masalas and chutnies were made using a large stone "mortar and pestle." I remember Aai mixing the coconut and masala and grinding with water using this method. Now, she uses a food processor, of course). Aai explained all the steps to me one by one, showing me the measurements and all the masalas individually. I quickly jotted all the steps down as she went along. When we got to the mixing part, she let me feel the masalas, which had the semblance of "fine grains of sand that almost melt in your hand." This was the important "hands-on" instruction I was missing in all my failed attempts of Goan curries.

Feeling confident, I decided to try making tondak for the first time shortly after my marriage. Not surprisingly, after Aai's first hand instruction, I was able to bring the flavors of her kitchen into my home! Of course, no matter how many compliments I receive on the taste, it will never taste as good as Aai's.

Therefore, in order to experience the "taste of Goa" and get an authentic flavor for "Aai's kitchen," I am sharing Aai's recipe for "*Alsandache Tondak*." Alongside other recipes in this souvenir, hopefully they will become part of the household meals for future Goan generations to come—especially the current generation growing up outside of Goa, so they can continue the traditions of this special place we all come from and for which we carry affection.

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# श्रीविष्णूचा

## सातवा अवतार

रजनी रजनीकान्त उसगावकर



**अवतार** म्हणजे सर्व प्राणिमात्रांच्या संरक्षणार्थ देवाने पृथ्वीवर घेतलेला जन्म— अवताराची लहानपणी घोकलेली ही व्याख्या मला अजून आठवते.

आमच्या तेहतीस कोटी देवांपैकी श्रीविष्णूखेरीज आणखी कुणी अवतार घेतल्याचं तसं पुराणात कुठे उपलब्ध नाही. इतर देव म्हणजे शिवशंकर, वरुण भाविकांना तेवढ्यापुरते दर्शन देऊन त्यांनी मागितलेली वस्तू वा वर देऊन अंतर्धान पावत. पण विष्णू हा देव जरा चिवट. पृथ्वीवर येऊन वर्षानुवर्ष तळ देऊन बसायचा.

श्रीविष्णूचे एकंदरीत नऊ अवतार झाले. कृतायुगात जगबुडीचे संकट आले तेव्हा त्याने पहिल्या अवतारात मत्स्य बनून मनूची नाव समुद्रातून हाकून सुखरूपपणे उंच हिमाचल डोंगरावर बांधून ठेवली. (ह्यावेळी वासुकी नागाने दोर बनून नाव डोंगराला बांधण्यास मनूला मदत केली.) नंतर, अशाच प्रलयप्रसंगी, त्याने कूर्म, वराह होऊन अवनीचं रक्षण केलं. त्रेतायुगात, पृथ्वी तशी शांत होती पण राक्षसी वृत्तीच्या मानवांनी धुमाकूळ घालून प्रजाजनांना त्रस्त केलं होतं; त्यापासून सर्वांची मुक्तता करावी ह्या हेतूने श्रीविष्णूला वैकुंठ सोडून नृसिंह, वामन, परशुराम अशांसारखी रूपं घेऊन मृत्युलोकी गमन करावं लागलं. पण त्याने रामाचा अवतार कुठल्या कारणासाठी घेतला याचं कोडं मला अजून सुटलेलं नाही.

तसं, द्वापारयुगात सगळीकडे शांतवन होतं, उत्तरेला अयोध्या नगरीमध्ये इक्ष्वाकू वंशाचा दशरथराजा आपल्या तीन राण्यांसह राज्यकारभार चालवत होता. तर दक्षिणेच्या टोकाला असलेल्या श्रीलंका ह्या बेटावर अनार्याचा रावण राज्य हाकत होता. त्यानं आपल्या प्रजेला गांजल्या-छळल्याचं उत्तरेकडील लोकांच्या कधी ऐकिवात नव्हतं; किंवा त्याच्याकडे 'वेपन्स ऑफ मारस डिस्ट्रक्शन' सारखी आयुधं असून तो पुढेमागे अयोध्येवर स्वारी करील ह्याचीही भीती नव्हती. राहता राहिले ह्या दोन्ही राज्यांमधले दंडकारण्य! त्याच्यावर कुणाची मालकी नव्हती. त्या घनघोर अरण्यात पशुपक्षी, हिंस्त्र श्वपदे, भिल्ल व इतर आदिवासी राहात. त्यांतल्या काही मानवांच्या जाती धिप्पाड व कुरूप असल्याने नाकेले, गौरवर्णीय नीलनेत्री आर्य त्यांना राक्षस किंवा दैत्य ह्या नावाने संबोधत. आर्यांना खाली दक्षिणेला येऊन राज्यविस्तार करण्याची खाज. त्यामुळे ते दैविक कृत्याचे निमित्त करून ऋषिमुनींना यज्ञ करायला पाठवायचे. अनार्यांना ही घुसखोरी खपत नसे व ते तो यज्ञ उधळून टाकत. (ह्या अनार्यांची देख घेऊन भारतवासीयांनी जर सुरुवातीपासूनच युरोपियनांना अटकाव केला असता तर एका हाती क्रुस व दुसऱ्या हाती तलवार घेऊन त्यांना भारत पादाक्रांत करण्याची संधी मिळाली नसती.)

तात्पर्य, सगळीकडे शांतता असूनही श्रीविष्णू रामाचा अवतार घेऊन दशरथाच्या पोटी निपजला. दशरथ राजा म्हातारा झाल्यावर, त्याने जेष्ठ मुलगा म्हणून रामाला राज्याभिषेक करण्याचं ठरवलं. त्याच्या तिसऱ्या राणीने त्याला मोडता घातला व आधी दिलेल्या दोन वरांची राजाला आठवण करून दिली. पहिल्या वराने तिच्या मुलाला—भरताला राज्याभिषेक व दुसऱ्या वराने रामाला चौदा वर्षांचा वनवास!

वचनाप्रमाणे, रामाला चौदा वर्षे वनवास भोगण्याखेरीज गत्यंतर नव्हतं. सोबतीला, साध्वी सीता व बंधुभक्त लक्ष्मण रामाबरोबर रानात गेले. तिघांनीही राजवस्त्रं टाकून वल्कलं परिधान केली व पंचवटीला चांगलीशी जागा बघून झोपडी बांधली. रोज रानात जाऊन दोघं भाऊ कंद, मुळं, फळं आणायचे, लाकडं फोडायचे व सीतामाई चुलीवर स्वैपाक व इतर घरगुती कामं करायची. चौदा वर्षे अशी संपून

राम-लक्ष्मण-सीता पुन्हा अयोध्येला यायला मोकळी होती. पण तसं घडलं नाही. का? तर रामाला रावणाबरोबर युद्ध करावं लागलं. कसल्या कारणासाठी? अर्थातच रावणाने रामाच्या धर्मपत्नीला पळवून नेलं म्हणून. पण रावणाने हे निंद्य कर्म का केलं? तो का सीतेच्या सौंदर्याला भुलला होता? मुळीच नाही. तो आपली सतितुल्य राणी मंदोदरी व बंधुपुत्रांसह लंकेत शांतपणे दिवस घालवत होता. त्याला आर्य स्त्रीची मुळीच अभिलाषा नव्हती. सगळं पुढचं रामायण घडलं ते एका गोष्टीमुळे- रामाच्या दुष्ट पोरकटपणामुळे!

त्याचं असं झालं- एक दिवस शुर्पणखा नावाची राक्षसीण रानात फिरत असताना राम तिच्या दृष्टीस पडला. ती सौंदर्याचा पुतळा असलेल्या त्या आर्यपुरुषावर भाळली व तिने त्याला आपल्याशी लग्न करशील का अशी पृच्छा केली. कुठल्याही सरळमार्गी माणसाप्रमाणे, आपलं लग्न झालं असल्यानं पुन्हा लग्न करणे शक्य नाही एवढं बोलून तिला वाटेला लावणं रामाला अशक्य नव्हतं. ती बिचारी निमूटपणे निघून गेली असती. शुर्पणखाने कुठल्याही प्रकारची रामावर सक्ती केली नव्हती. पण ह्या धीरगंभीर पुरुषोत्तमाला तिची क्रूर थड्या करायची दुर्बुद्धी सुचली. (ह्यावेळी त्याचं आवतारिक देवपण कुठं नष्ट झालं होतं ते एक तो विष्णूच जाणे.) राम बोलला, "माझं लग्न झालेलं आहे पण तोड तिकडे लाकडं फोडत असलेला माझा भाऊ अविवाहित आहे. त्याला मी तुझ्याशी लग्न कर म्हणून सांगितल्याचा निरोप दे." (खरं तर, ही शुद्ध थाप होती. लक्ष्मणाची बायको उर्मिला अयोध्येच्या राजवाड्यात नवऱ्याच्या चिंतेनं होरपळत होती.)

शुर्पणखा रानवट असली तरी अगदीच मूर्ख नव्हती. तिने शंका काढली, 'मी तुझा निरोप तुझ्या भावाला तोंडी सांगितला तर तो माझं म्हणणं मानेल हे कशावरून? त्यापेक्षा तू हे सर्व मला लिहून दे.' म्हणजे त्यावेळीदेखील दंडकारण्यासारख्या मागासलेल्या प्रदेशात लिहिण्या-वाचण्याची प्रथा होती. रामाला त्या रानात ताडपत्र-बोरु कुठचा मिळायला? पण बाई चलारख! तिने उतावीळपणे आपल्या उघड्या पाठीवर रामाला संदेश लिहिण्यास सांगितलं व ह्या निर्दयानं त्या निष्पाप स्त्रीचं नाक-कान कापण्याचा खलिता लिहून दिला. त्यामागचा हेतू काय? रामाला ती स्त्री म्हणजे लंकेच्या बलाढ्य राजाची बहीण हेही माहीत नव्हतं; नाहीतर तो हात दाखवून अवलक्षण करून घेण्याच्या भानगडीत न पडता. आपण सौंदर्याविपुल आर्य राजपुत्र- आपल्याला लग्नाची गळ घालण्याचं ह्या वेड्यावेड्या क्रूर राक्षसिणीचं केवढं हे धास्त्र्य? हिला चांगला धडा शिकवावा ह्या हेतूखेरीज रामाचा दुसरा इरादा तो काय असणार?

बाई लक्ष्मणाजवळ गेली, तिने त्याला पाठ दाखवली. लक्ष्मणाने आर्यनीतीला धरून, बंधूची आज्ञा शिरसावंद्य मानून मागचापुढचा विचार न करता त्या निर्व्याज स्त्रीचे नाक-कान कापले. रक्तस्त्राव व प्राणांकित वेदना घेऊन भेकत-हेलकांडत शुर्पणखा रावणाकडे गेली. बोला, कुठचा भाऊ बहिणीची ही करुणास्पद अवस्था सहन करील?

त्यानंतर सीताहरण -

शुर्पणखा निघून गेल्यानंतर, राम-लक्ष्मणाला रानातल्या आदिवासींकडून ती रावणाची बहीण असल्याचं कळलं असावं व हा बलाढ्य भाऊ पुढेमागे आपल्यावर सूड उगवल्याशिवाय राहणार नाही हेही त्या बंधूद्वयाला पुरेसं कळून चुकलं असेल. केलेलं कृत्य अत्यंत लाजिरवाणं, त्यामुळे सीतेलाही त्यांनी ह्याबाबत काही कळू दिलं नसेल. पण एक गोष्ट शक्य होती. दंडकारण्यात आल्यानंतर रामाचा पदस्पर्श होऊन, शीळा होऊन पडलेली अहिल्या पूर्ववत झाली. एवढं देवपण अंगी असलेल्या रामाला शुर्पणखेचे नाक, कान चमत्काराने पुन्हा लावून देणं शक्य नव्हतं का? किंवा कुठल्यातरी दैवी गरुड वा माकडाकडून रावणाला दिलगिरीचा संदेश पाठवून पुन्हा बहिणीचं नाक-कान सरळ करतो म्हणून आश्वासन दिल्यास एवढ्या मोठ्या युद्धातील हानी व सीतेची परवड नसती का टळली?

'सीते धाव, लक्ष्मणा धाव' म्हणून हरणाचं कातडं पांघरलेला रावणाचा सखा मरीच जेव्हा ओरडला तेव्हा रामाच्या मदतीला जाण्यापूर्वी सावधगिरी म्हणून लक्ष्मणाने भावजयीला लक्ष्मणरेषा घालून दिली. ह्या रेषेमुळे बऱ्याचशा गोष्टी सिद्ध होतात. रानात राहणारे लोकही त्याकाळी रीतिरिवाज पाळणारे होते. कुणाच्याही घरात शिरून वस्तू वा माणूस पळवणं हे त्यांच्या न्यायनीतीला धरून नसावं हे लक्ष्मणाला ठाऊक असल्यानं त्याने सीतेला रेषेचं बंधन घातलं. नपेक्षा, झोपडीत एकट्या असलेल्या सीतेला जबरदस्तीनं आत शिरून पळवणं रावणाला सहज शक्य होतं. ती रेषेच्या बाहेर गेली म्हणजे स्वतःच्या मालकीच्या वास्तूबाहेर पडली.

रावणाने सीतेला नेल्यानंतर राम विव्हाळ झाला; झाडापेडांना मिठ्या मारून 'माझी सीता कुठे' म्हणून रडू लागला. रामायण वाचणारे व टी.व्ही.- मुव्ही पाहणारे सर्वजण तसे हळहळतात. मला मात्र, त्यावेळेला, शुर्पणखा दिसते. नाकाकानावाटे पूं वाहून त्यावर घोंघावणाऱ्या माशा दोन्ही हातांनी हाकलत अंथरुणात तापानं फणफणत पडलेली! सुंदर, प्रतिष्ठित माणसांच्या वेदना

सगळ्यांना समजतात, भावतात. गरिबी, कुरुपतेला आत्मा नसतो!

पळवून आणली, तरीपण रावणाने सीतेची मुळीच हयगय केली नाही. तिचा बिचारीचा काहीच दोष नसल्यानं योग्य अन्न-वस्त्रं पुरवून राक्षसिणीच्या पहाऱ्यात तिला उघड्या अशोकवनात ठेवली; जगाला दाखवून दिलं, की आपण तिच्या पावित्र्याची बूज राखली. चार भिंतींच्या आत ठेवलं असतं तर लोकांनी रावणाच्या पुरुषत्वाचा संशय घेतला असता.

राम-रावणाचं युद्ध झालं. बरीचशी वानरं, मानव, श्रीलंकावासीयांचा संहार व लंकादहन होऊन सीता हाताशी आली. अग्निप्रवेश करून, तिने आपली पवित्रता दंडकारण्यात सर्वांपुढे प्रदर्शित केली.

राम-लक्ष्मण-सीता मारुतीसह अयोध्येला परतले. चौदा वर्षं भक्तिभावाने ठेवलेली सिंहासनावरील रामाची पादत्राणां काढून, जागा साफसूफ करून भरताने मोठ्या भावाला गादीवर बसण्याची विनंती केली. राम अयोध्येचा राजा झाला. सुखी राज्य म्हणजेच रामराज्य ही व्याख्या आजतागायत आपल्यामध्ये प्रचलित आहे. म्हणजेच रामाने चांगले कायदे करून प्रजेला संतुष्ट ठेवलं असेल, पण प्रजा खरोखरी सुखी होती का? नाव नको! सर्वांना एक मोठं शल्य- राणी बरीच वर्षं राक्षसाच्या ताब्यात होती. ती पवित्र असेल हे कशावरून? पण तिने म्हणे दंडकारण्यात अग्निप्रवेश करून पावित्र्याची सिद्धता दिली! कुणी पाहिलं, कुणी ऐकलं? डोळे व कान ह्यांच्यामध्ये चार बोटांचं अंतर! रामाचा धोबी तर आपल्या राजाच्या तोंडावर बोलून अजरामर झाला. झालं! उंटाच्या पाठीवर शेवटची काडी पडली. आता काय करायचं? सीतेला राजवाड्यातून कायमची हाकलून लावायची, म्हणजे अयोध्येचा हा नवा राजा किती प्रजासत्ताक आहे हे आम जनतेला कळेल.

मी म्हणते, 'अरे अकलेच्या कांढा, बायकोचं पावित्र्य तुझ्या प्रजाजनाना पटवून द्यायचं असेल तर चांगला मोठ्ठा दरबार भरव. सर्वांच्या देखत सीतेला पुन्हा अग्निप्रवेश करण्यास सांग. आगीत पहिल्यांदा नाही होरपळली ती काय दुसऱ्यांदा होरपळेल?

पण नाही- रामाने सीतेला काही न सांगता-न सवरता रथात बसवून रानात सोडायचा आदेश आपल्या तोकळ्या भावाला दिला. चांगलं केलं- म्हणजे एक तर रानातल्या हिंस्र श्वापदांनी तिला फाडून खाल्लं असेल किंवा एखाद्या भिल्लाने किंवा दैत्याने घरी नेऊन तिला आपली बटीक बनवलं असेल. काही का असेना, रामाला आपलं राजेपण सोवळं ठेवायचं होतं. त्यांतल्या त्यात मनु भावाने थोडं शहाणपण राखून, भावजयीला उघड्या रानात टाकून न देता, वाल्मिकी ऋषींच्या आश्रमाबाहेर ठेवून तो अयोध्येला परतला.

बऱ्याच वर्षांनी, रामाला अश्वमेध करण्याची हुक्की आली. अश्वच्या मागे राम आपल्या लवाजम्यासह जात असताना दोन तेजस्वी जुळ्या मुलांनी घोड्याला घट्ट धरून ठेवल्याचं बघितलं. पोरानं सौंदर्य व पराक्रम पाहून तो अचंबित झाला. तेवढ्यात सीता आश्रमातून बाहेर आली. ओळख पटली व तिने 'ते दोघं पुत्र तुझेच' म्हणून सांगताच रामाने, एका क्षणाचाही विलंब न लावता त्यांना आपले आहेत असं मानलं? बंदिवासात असलेल्या सीतेचं पावित्र्य जर प्रजेला संशयारूपद तर मग रानात सोडलेल्या पत्नीची मुलं ती ह्या राजाचीच हे अयोध्येची प्रजा कसं काय मानील ह्याचा रामाने त्या वेळेला विचार केला होता काय? की त्या दोन पराक्रमी तेजस्वी जुळ्यांनी रामाला भुरळ घातली? आता, रामाला पुन्हा प्रश्न पडला. पुत्रांना घरी न्यायचं पण मग त्यांच्या आईला मागे कसं ठेवायचं? सीतेचा हा बुळा नवरा तोंड वेंगाडून तिला विचारतो, 'पुन्हा एकदा अग्निप्रवेश करून तू ह्या लोकांना तुझं पावित्र्य पटवून देशील का?'

सीता नवऱ्याच्या दांभिकतेला पुरेपूर विटली. रामाला तिने चोख उत्तर दिलं व ती कायमची धरित्रीत लुप्त झाली. राम तोंडावर थप्पड पडल्यासारखा अधोमुख होऊन, पुत्रांना घेऊन राजधानीत परतला, पण त्यानंतर त्यांना काही दिव्य केल्याचं कुठे उपलब्ध नाही. उलट, औदासीन्य आल्यानं राम व त्याच्यामागून लक्ष्मण यांनी शरयू नदीत प्राणार्पण करून आपल्या जीवितांची सांगता केली असं रामायण सांगतं.

सांगायचं म्हणजे, विष्णूने रामाचा अवतार घेऊन काय साधलं? राम जर न जन्मता तर कैकयीच्या आग्रहाप्रमाणे भरत अयोध्येचा राजा झाला असता. सीतेचा कुणाबरोबर तरी विवाह होऊन ती सुखी राहिली असती, युद्धातली हानी टळली असती, लंकेचं इराक झालं नसतं व हो - कलियुगात बाबरी मशिदीमुळे जे असंख्य जण प्राणास मुकले ते वाचले असले. खरं तर, श्रीविष्णूने सातवा अवतार घेण्याऐवजी वैकुंठात निवांतपणे शेषासनावर पडणुन, नाभीतलं कमळ वाकवून त्याचा मंद मंद वास घेत, त्याचेच पाय चुरत असलेल्या लक्ष्मीला वाल्मिकीनं लिहिलेलं रामायण नावाचं महाकाव्य कथन करायला हवं होतं.

आता म्हणे ह्या कलियुगाच्या अखेरीला कलकी होऊन दहावा अवतार साजरा करायला विष्णू पुन्हा मृत्युलोकी अवतरणार आहे. काय उजेड घालतो ते बघुया!

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आमी

फाटल्या आठवड्यात न्यू ऑर्लेग च्यान हॉस्टन वतना येरपोटार म्हाका कोणे म्हणले तूमी खंयची? हांवे ताका सांगले आमी हांगाचीच तो म्हाका पळतय

रावलो. हांवे ताका विचाल्ले, हांव हांगा २८ वर्सा रावता म्हाणटकच हांगाचेच अशे किद्याक म्हणू नये. तो हांसलो ताणे म्हणले तूजे खरे पूण आपल्यालो एक इंडियन मित्र आसा. तो इंडियेच्यो खूब खबरो सांगता म्हणून तुका आपणे विचचाल्ले. तितल्यारुच हांव फुडें सल्ले. होस्टन आमी स्वामी नारायणाचे देवळांत गेली. थंय म्हाका मॅनेजरान विचाल्ले तुम्ही खंयची? हांवे मोठ्या अभिमानान म्हणले आमी गोयची. ताजे तोण सामके भल्लें. कोणय इंडियनाक आमी गोयची अशे सांगले कि ते रोखडेंच अशे पळेतात जणू काय हे लोक सर्गांतल्यात देवल्यात आनी आमकां गोयकारांक ताजे बदल आनीक चड बरें दिसता. पूण ताजे पुडले शब्द माका मातशे नाकसूरे गेले. ताणे म्हणलें 'वा तुमी गोवानीज तर ! ताणें म्हाका गोवानीज म्हणलें तशे हांवे परत सांगले आम्ही 'गोंयकार.'

गोवानीज आमी गोंयकार हांतून किदे फरक आसा. म्हाका असो पयलेच खेपो प्रश्न पडलो. म्हाका उत्तर खबर नाशिल्ले. पोर्तुगीज गोयांत आशिल्ल्यान कदाचित पोर्तुगीज आनी गोवानीज अशे जालां जावये. मागीर म्हाका कोणे सांगले. खरे फट हांव नकळो किं किरीस्तांव लोक गोवानीज हो शब्द बरोच वापरतात, तर हिंदू सदांच स्वताक गोवन किंवा गोंयकार म्हण्टात.

देवळांत बशिल्ले कडेन हांवे म्हणले घरा वतकच फोलीक पेन लावत पळोंवया किं गोंयकार आमी कोणाक म्हणूया?

फुडलें वाचून ज्याका मुमुरखें हांसूक येतलें तो म्हजो खरो गोंयकार!

सुको बांगडो म्हणीना बरोबर किसमुरेची याद जावन ज्याचे तोणाक उदक सुट्टा तो म्हजो खरो गोंयकार!

दोणातली आमली आनी पेजेची याद काड्टा तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

आठवड्यातले सगळे दिस सोमार ते आयतार सगले जगाक सारके तरी आज म्हजो 'सोमार' आं किंवा आज म्हजो 'शेनवार' आं जो म्हणता तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

चवथी दिसा नेवऱ्याची याद काड्टा आनी देड दिसाचे गणपती पायना कारोबार नूस्ते हाडून आमट तिखट कशे करुन खातालो ती याद काड्टा म्हजो गोंयकार!

दिवाळे दिसा फोव खाता आनी ल्हान पणान आवडनाशिल्ली तरी पायानं कोडू काड्टां फोडून खातालो ती याद काड्टा तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

दसऱ्या दिसा आपट्याचे पान हाडून 'भांगर हाडला' भांगर हाडला' म्हण्टा तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

खबरी करताना 'सुशेगाद' हो शब्द अपूरबायेन एकदां तरी वापरता तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

पंच पक्वानाचे जेवण जेवलो तरी शेवटी इल्लीशी शित कडी जेवून धादोस जाता तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

आती पोटभर जेवतकच मात्सो 'आड पड्टा' तो म्हजो गोंयकार!

आतां म्हाका दिस्तां किं फुडले ओंवळांत आमी गोंयकार कोण हाजे बदल एक माळ गुथुया.

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## “म्हजो गोंयकार”

प्रभा धुमे





# Doorway Into a New World

Dinker 'Aditya' Ambe

**My** name is Neil, and I am a thirteen years old. This is what happened to me one September day. I remember clearly that I woke up in the morning by the flashing and beeping of my ceiling. I tapped the screen near my bed to turn off the loud noise. A bright display of the time, date and that day's news appeared on the screen nearest to me. As I got out of the bed, a large headline saying, "Mysterious Thefts of Classified Inventions!" caught my eye.

I started to read the article, but a small, metallic green robot announced "Neil, you are behind schedule, you might want to hurry it up".

This was my new Robo-Pet. My Dad was one of the people who had designed and created it. This Robo-Pet was a gecko (my favorite animal). He was about 9 inches long including his tail, 3 inches wide, and 2 inches high. Dad had one custom made specially for me. He had added spectacular features, such as a faster processor, special legs which could allow it to climb walls, lasers, drills, and other add-ons. I had named him *Guardian*.

Both my parents were brilliant engineers, and worked for a company called BN-Tech. BN-Tech was a conglomerate of companies which developed cutting edge technology and products in the fields of Biotechnology, and Nanotechnology. I believe my parents were always working on classified inventions, as they would not discuss about work at any time.

*Guardian* started to lecture me on the importance of time management, so I rushed to the bathroom, and on the mirror, a hologram told me if I was brushing correctly or not. As I stepped into the shower, I chose a comfortable water temperature on the touch screen, and a strong spray, so it would fully wake me up. This screen controlled water flow, temperature, and would time off in exactly five minutes, so I had to be sure I was fully rinsed off!

Feeling refreshed now, I pressed a button within the stall; a drawer opened out with sanitized towels and my clothes for the day. I put on my clothes and walked to my bedroom wall, where a message popped up displaying my health information. Inside the clothes I wore, were microchips which monitored my health. This information was constantly updated and sent to our local hospital. In case of emergencies, a signal would be sent to the paramedics, and help would be on its way in a matter of seconds.

I went downstairs to the fridge, and tapped the screen, which was in standby mode. Immediately it displayed a list of foods and ingredients we had inside.

A human-like robot walked into the room and said, "Good Morning Neil, how did you sleep last night." "Fine, thank you," I replied.

The robot, ZOOMBA, whom we fondly called *Cheri*, made me an omelet for breakfast. *Cheri* took care of all the chores around

the house. Robots of the day were highly intelligent, and could solve problems based on trial and error. They learned from their mistakes, and the next time round, they performed the task correctly. Robots were good companions to have around the house, as they would listen to your problems, entertain you, and help you whenever needed.

*Cheri* had already packed my lunch. *Cheri* was very fond of me and knew me well as she had been with us even before I was born. I smiled to myself when I noticed *Guardian* had crawled into my backpack along with my laptop.

Grabbing my belongings, I ran down the stairs into our underground garage. I chose not to take the elevator, because running was good exercise! I hopped into my personal HoverCar, and it started driving itself to school. If you were thirteen years of age, you could sit in a self driving HoverCar. The HoverCars ran on hydrogen fuel cells, and as their name suggests, hovered effortlessly in the air.

As I looked around, I noticed it was a chilly, but bright day. A lush, green blanket of plants and trees covered the ground, except in the places near buildings, and walkways. Suddenly a news flash appeared on the screen in front of me. It read "Information and Prototypes Stolen from vSpace's Most Secure Laboratory". I was very curious, and wanted to read more, but I arrived at school, and had to leave the HoverCar.

The school campus was very large and surrounded by vegetation. I walked into the hallway and saw my friends. I went to my locker and pressed my thumb against a small, rectangular scanner. The door slid open, and I put my lunchbox in the bottom shelf, and took a case, which contained a USB flash drive which stored reading material for my classes.

I sat at my desk, and took my laptop out of the bag, and opened it. Immediately, a solar panel slid out, and started charging the laptop. This special solar panel was very small, but absorbed so much energy that it could power the laptop all on its own.

Our science teacher, Professor Zee was explaining some physics concepts on a giant screen in the front of the room. He was ranked as the top ten teachers in the U.S., and used to work as an engineer at vSpace, a privately held aerospace company. When he was in his early twenties, he had made incredible discoveries, and built ground-breaking inventions. He had won great acclaim for his ideas, and creativity. To his credit were numerous patents and awards.

Later, when he delved into the subject of traveling through different dimensions and teleportation, his colleagues thought he had lost his mind. He was forced to resign, so he took up teaching at our school – Star Academy and the school allowed him to continue his research on the side. We were indeed lucky to be taught by a man of his caliber.

Today we were learning about the force of gravity and air resistance. On the screen, Professor Zee drew a ball, and an arrow in the direction he wanted it to go, and the amount of force applied to the ball. Then he drew another arrow downward representing gravity. The computer automatically played the simulation. This was a new method of teaching which was widely adopted as it led to easy grasping of difficult concepts.

During break, I took my backpack from my locker, and started to walk down the hallway. I had to ask Professor Zee about a science report on Future Technology he had assigned a few days before. After a few seconds, I saw Professor Zee rush past me. It looked like he was holding something unusual. I called out his name, and he looked at me, and started to walk faster. I followed him, but I was blocked

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**During break, I took my backpack from my locker, and started to walk down the hallway. I had to ask Professor Zee about a science report on Future Technology he had assigned a few days before. After a few seconds, I saw Professor Zee rush past me.**

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by a group of students. I pushed them aside and heard them shouting behind me. "Sorry, I'm in a hurry," I yelled.

I had momentarily lost sight of Professor Zee, and I sprinted to the end of the hallway, and turned left towards the Science Lab.

I quickly pulled Guardian out of my backpack, and told him to record anything he saw, and to wirelessly connect to my handheld iScreen, so I could see what was happening. I put him on my shoulder, pulled out the iScreen from my pocket, and started running. I saw Professor Zee get into an elevator around the corner. Guardian ran down my body, and maneuvered into the closing elevator. It looked like Professor Zee hadn't noticed Guardian. I ran down the stairs, while watching where Professor Zee was heading on my iScreen.

Guardian happened to be on the ceiling of the elevator. Professor Zee was carrying a white device which was the length of his arm. I had never seen anything like it before.

When he reached his destination, which was three levels below the ground, the elevator doors opened, and Professor Zee hurried out. Guardian followed.

I was three levels below but Professor Zee and Guardian were nowhere to be seen. I checked the iScreen, and saw Professor Zee walking into a red door. On the top of the door was the number Twelve, which was the Terminal number.

On this floor, was a rail line used for transportation within the same facility. I walked up to the center, and pressed a button. Seconds later, a self-passenger car raced down the rail, and abruptly stopped. A door opened vertically, and I got in. After the door closed automatically I typed the Terminal number Twelve, and the car sped off. After a few minutes, the car came to a halt, and I got down. I walked toward the red doors Professor Zee had walked into earlier. I checked the iScreen to see what was going on.

Guardian was still spying on Professor Zee, who was in a room, full of papers and other devices. When I entered, Professor Zee looked at me and smiled. He walked to an arch, and turned it on. From the center of the arch, there were bright colors spiraling into a dense black circle. He jumped inside and disappeared!

"Aha!" I thought to myself, "This must be the secret project Professor Zee is working outside of class".

Guardian crawled back onto my shoulder, and without hesitation, I jumped in too. I saw a bright light all around me, and on the other side, was a ball of darkness which was pulling both of us and all the light into it.

Suddenly, I flew into the air, and landed on my back, with Guardian on my stomach. I got up to my feet quickly and saw Professor Zee putting some objects and papers on a desk.

"Neil how did you like your journey here?" Professor Zee inquired.

"It was mind boggling," I replied, still dazed from the voyage. "So can you tell me where we are?" I asked.

"vSpace", replied Professor Zee with a wide grin.

Professor Zee then explained to me all about his research pertaining to teleportation. His invention, the ZeeArch, made it possible to travel from one place to another. He said he had taken the classified material from vSpace to prove a point, and was now putting it back.

"I have already made my discovery known to all the major TV channels and they must be airing it at this very moment," said Professor Zee, checking the time on his watch.

I quickly turned on the TV on my iScreen, and there on Universal Broadcasting Corporation (UBC) was the famous science anchor, Ray Clarke asking Professor Zee questions regarding his latest invention.

□

**I**n the context of Konkani language the 20th century can be justifiably called a century of roots and wings. It is in that century that the Konkani-speaking community in our country rediscovered its roots and established its identity in the composite culture of India and it is in that century that Konkani-speaking people acquired wings through language, literature and culture to fly higher and higher.

The importance of the events that led to the rediscovery of roots and the acquisition of wings can be best appreciated in the light of the plight of the language till the end of the 19th century. Therefore, let me begin at the beginning.

**Origin** - Most scholars concede that Konkani language evolved around the 10th century. According to Dr. Jose Pereira, during the 8th century, Aryans set foot on the Konkani soil. Their dialect was influenced by Prakrit languages and that led to the birth of Konkani language in the 10th century.

Sripad Raghunath Desai opines that during the 9th or 10th century, Konkani, Marathi, Gujarati, Rajasthani, Bengali and other modern Indian languages were born from Apabrahmsh Prakrit.

Similarities between Konkani and Mundari suggest that proto austroloids who inhabited Goa thousands of years ago brought this language to the West Coast and as time passed this language absorbed Aryan, Dravidian and also foreign influences.

For about 500 years after its birth, Konkani must have remained only a spoken language continuing the oral tradition. No evidence is available to prove its written tradition of that time. However, the 12th century Gomateshwara idol at sravana Belagola carries an inscription under its feet in the words '**Chawuudrayem Karaviyalem**'. Dr. Jose Pereira contends that it is the first sample of written Konkani. The former Head of the Dept. of Marathi at Nagpur University Dr. S. B. Kulkarni agrees.

Saint Namdev in one of his verses of Gawlan type has written one of the stanzas in Konkani:

पाव गा दातारा  
पाव गा दातारा  
तूं नंदाचो झिलो  
म्हाका फडको दी  
जीव हिंवान मेलो  
घे म्हाजो कोयतो

This may be a piece of written Konkani from the 13th or 14th century.

Portuguese scholar Dr. Joaquim Eliodoro de Cunha Rivara has recorded that during conversions and the Inquisition most of the manuscripts that existed then, were burnt or otherwise destroyed. They included some Konkani manuscripts too. But no evidence has yet been found to prove that written Konkani was in vogue during the period preceding the arrival of the Portuguese in 1510 although circumstances suggest that locals were writing in Konkani.

## History of Konkani Language



**Uday Bhembre**

Lawyer by profession has been a writer, editor and lyricist in Konkani. He was a member of Goa Legislative Assembly from 1985 to 1989 and has headed institutions like Konkani Bhasha Mandal, Goa Konkani Academy, and All India Konkani Parishad. At present he is the president of Asmitai Pratishthan, a public charitable trust.

**The First Prose** - Stories of various episodes from the epics Ramayana and Mahabharat written by Krishnadas Shama are found. Nevertheless, no proper research throwing light on the aspect whether the stories were written in the 15th century or whether they were recited to missionaries or were written for some other reason has yet been done. But that being the first prose in any modern Indian language, Konkani can certainly be proud of the achievement.

In 1510, Portuguese conquered Goa and within the next few years, 3 Talukas viz; Salcete, Tiswadi and Bardez were brought under their rule. Around 1540, the process of conversions began. For that reason, foreign missionaries came to Goa. Foreign language did not prove effective to impart religious education to the masses. "I **had gone to hear the sermon with great hope, but the sermon was delivered in a foreign language**", this Konkani proverb must have emerged from those experiences. Obviously, the missionaries were compelled to make provisions to study and to teach the language to others. Therefore, they compiled Konkani grammars and dictionaries and also produced religious literature.

Printing press came to Goa in 1556. Konkani books were printed and published in this press and thus the propagation of Konkani books was rendered easier. Fr. Thomas Stephens published his book **Doutrina Cristam** in 1622 and his book 'Arte **de Lingua** Canarim' the first Konkani grammar of its kind, was published in 1640. Two factors are important in this connection: the first book in an Indian language was published in Konkani and second, the first published grammar of any modern Indian language was of Konkani.

**Fundamental Work** - The work continued for around 100 years. Fr. Thomas Stephens, Fr. Diogo Ribeiro, Fr. Antonio Saldanha, Fr. Etiyam de la Croa, Fr. Gaspar de San Miguel, Fr. Jose de Pedroz, Fr. Ignacio Arcamone and others contributed a lot to literature. Some other writers too, contributed according to their might. Perhaps this can be considered the fundamental and pioneering work in creating various resources for the study of Konkani language and to start a new era of written tradition of the language.

Unfortunately, after a century, this work suddenly came to a standstill. Two factors were responsible for it: - one the establishment of Inquisition in Goa and the other - some of the missionaries who -could influence the King of Portugal grew tired of Konkani and wanted to impose Portuguese language and culture **on** the people of this **land**. **Inquisition** came to Goa in 1560. Rules framed by this institution put restrictions on the use of Konkani language. Those who changed their religion, obviously were sought to be cut off not only from Konkani culture but Indian culture as well. The importance of Konkani from the viewpoint of others eventually declined.

**Attempt at destruction** - Bardez taluka was allotted to the Franciscan priests for the propagation of religion. Gradually, they got addicted to the worldly life. The compulsion of learning Konkani was a hardship and a burden for them. They immediately apprised the then Viceroy of Goa: "We have come here to civilise the local masses: therefore, instead of learning their language, they must be taught our language." The Viceroy Conde de Alvor questioned: "How many years will the people require to learn the Portuguese language?" The priests answered: "Three years". The Viceroy accepted the proposal and recommended it to the King. The King issued a Decree in 1684, banning the use of Konkani. Study of Konkani abruptly came to a halt by this Decree. Obviously, except for oral communication, use of it for other purposes stopped.

**Darkness for Two Centuries** - The Decree of 1684 was followed by darkness for almost 200 years on the developmental front of Konkani. The written tradition having been discontinued, the language prevailed only on the tongues of the people; the gap between the various styles of Konkani widened. Two developments took place during this period. In 1812, the European Archbishop of Cioa, by his command, banned the use of Konkani even in speech in schools.

The same order was implemented in seminaries too. The language which had already suffered a setback received yet another blow, Konkani was banished from the educational field.

There was also a bright candle lit in that darkness. Dr. Joaquim Eliodoro da Cunha Rivara was appointed Chief Secretary of Goa in 1855. He was a scholar, researcher and a keen lover of books. In 1856, he wrote a thesis, entitled 'Historical Essay on the Konkani Language' in Portuguese. It was published in 1858. He exhorted the youth through his thesis to revive the spirit of Konkani. he insisted

on the development of Konkani and emphasized that the education be imparted in that language. But his wise counsel fell on deaf ears of a totally subjugated and servile society.

During this period, Barao de Cumbarjua, Tomaz Mourao and a Luso Indian writer Fernando leal proposed the policy of imparting education in Konkani. but these efforts too failed to produce the required results. Konkani still lagged behind.

In 1858, Dr. Sebastiao Rudolfo Dalgado, the lexicographer of distinction was born. After 30 years he compiled Konkani-Portuguese and Portuguese-Konkani dictionaries. He must have been inspired by the thesis of Dr. Cunha Rivara.

**Scattered Community** - The history of Konkani people is also by and large responsible for the underdeveloped state of Konkani language. Till the 15th century, Goa was ruled by kings from other regions. All of these rulers used their own language in the administration. Thus, Konkani never got any patronage of any ruler or regime at all. In addition to this Konkani community was scattered and the plight of Konkani became pitiabe.

In 1294, Allah-ud-din Khilji invaded Goa and a few families from Goa fled to Kochi. The King of Kochi offered them shelter. Due to conversion and Inquisition more families migrated to Kamataka and Maharashtra. A few Goans fled their territory owing to famines and persecution from the Marathas. These families studied the languages of other regions and with the help of scripts from those languages, tried to preserve Konkani. But they spent quite some time settling and stabilizing themselves. No work could be done on the language front. Gradually, fences of scripts developed and communication was hampered. Due to this course of events, Konkani survived but it lagged behind its sister languages.

The study of Konkani began in the 16th century and religious literature was created. Nevertheless, the inspiration behind this achievement was neither lingual nor cultural but was exclusively religious. As an important instrument of cultural renaissance, the work of development of Konkani accelerated at the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

**Era of Achievement** - In 1877, Shenoi Goembab - Vaman Raghunath Varde Valaulikar - was born. He embarked on the task of awakening the people about Konkani at the intellectual level. His endeavor later on took the form of a social movement and eventually it spread to all sections of Konkani speaking community. Shenoi Goembab is aptly regarded as the pioneer of this movement.

In 1889, Eduardo Bruno de Souza published the first Konkani newspaper '**Udentechem Sallok**' and that paved the way for Konkani journalism.

In 1892, Luciano Ribeiro gave to Konkani '**Tiatr**' the theatre and provided a platform for the rich folklore of the soil. Obviously, it attracted more and more people.

Shenoi Goembab published his books in the first half of the 20th century. Not only did he write linguistics, grammar and history but he also created potent creative literature in Konkani. The ideas projected in his writing awakened the people. The future generations girded up their loins **having received inspiration from his works.**

At the same time, the development of Konkani was progressing in Mangalore. A foreign missionary named Agnel F. X. Maffei compiled a Konkani dictionary and grammar of Konkani. St. Aloysius College was established and Fr. Silvester Menezes held high the flag of Konkani. In 1920, Louis Mascarenhas started a periodical. '**Konkani Dirvem**' and creative literature thus blossomed along with journalism.

**Awakening of the Masses** - Year 1939 saw an important event in the public life of Konkani-speaking community. Late Madhav Manjunath Shanbhag organized the First Konkani Parishad in Karwar. For the first time, the representatives of Konkani community from all parts had assembled there. A new era of awakening had begun. Till this day the Parishad has held 24 sessions covering the four states and it can legitimately claim credit for awakening the Konkani-speaking people who were almost submerged in other cultures and giving them a platform to plan the future.

Broadcast of programmes in Konkani from All India Radio, Bombay began in 1956. Writers and artistes got a platform to exhibit their talents. This led to increased awareness about the strengths and requirements of the language.

During this period Konkani Mandals were started in most colleges in Mumbai and Konkani-speaking students from Goa and Mumbai actively **participated in the activities of the mandals. The Mandals**

**lit the torch of** cultural identity in their hearts. Not only did the Mandals serve literature and culture, but they also created an army of energetic volunteers needed then, to keep the Konkani movement going.

**Open Forum** - Goa was liberated in 1961 from the colonial yoke. In 1963, Goa Government accepted Konkani as a medium of instruction. A few primary schools in Konkani medium were started. The dream of Dr. Cunha Rivara, Mourao, Fernando Leal, Sheno Goembab and others was on the verge of being a reality.

In 1966 Konkani Bhasha Prachar Sabha was formed in Kochi city of Kerala. The Konkani lovers there, united together with the bond of love for the language and its culture. A new generation of writers came to the fore.

In 1967 Opinion Poll was held in Goa. Before that, while opposing the merger of Goa with Maharashtra, a few points were focused upon. Konkani language, culture and identity were prominent among them. The debates eliminated many a doubt and misunderstanding about the language. The youth was awakened and enlightened to light with greater vigour. Writers from all stratas of society began to enrich Konkani literature.

**Recognition** - There was a demand from Goa and Kerala for the recognition of the language of Sahitya Akademi. The then President of Sahitya Akademi, Dr. Sunit Kumar Chatterji bestowed affectionate blessings upon Konkani. However, the Sahitya Akademi appointed a committee of five linguists and sought their recommendations. The committee was unanimous in recommending that Konkani is an independent literary language. This was a consequence of the unreasonable demand by Maharashtrians that Konkani is a dialect of Marathi. In spite of the defeat in the Opinion Poll they aspired to merge Goa with Maharashtra and hence insisted upon calling Konkani a dialect of Marathi.

**Official Language** - In 1986 the obstinate and stubborn attitude of the Government of Goa, provoked an agitation. It was launched under the banner of Konkani Projecho Avaz basically with three demands - I) To enact legislation to make Konkani the official language of Goa. II) Goa should be given the status of full-fledged state, and III) To include Konkani in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution.

The agitation was successful and on 4th February 1987, the Legislative Assembly of the then Goa, Daman and Diu Union Territory passed a legislation making Konkani the official language of Goa. The bill was assented to by the Governor on 14th April, 1987. The problem of official language having been solved, the Central Government conferred statehood on Goa on 30<sup>th</sup> May 1987.

**National Blessing** - In 1992 the Central Government considered the demand to include Konkani in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution. In all eight languages were demanding such recognition. Leaders of various political parties recommended the criterion: a language which is recognized by Sahitya Akademi and which is official language of any State be included in the Eight Schedule. Only three languages could satisfy these conditions: Konkani, Manipuri and Nepali. The Government accepted the criterion and on 20th August, 1992 a bill seeking amendment to the Constitution was introduced. Both the Houses unanimously passed the bill on the same day and Konkani was finally included in the Eighth Schedule.

In the recent history the movement launched by Konkani Projecho Avaz had great significance. The very movement resulted into making Konkani the official language, attainment of statehood for Goa and inclusion of Konkani in the Eighth Schedule of the Constitution.

In a way, this history is full of obstacles. The development of Konkani is attained only after crossing all sorts of hurdles. These obstacles serving as blessings in disguise, guide the language into multifarious paths of progress. Of course, Konkani ought to feel proud of its achievements in various spheres. It can now legitimately dream of a bright future with a sense of confidence. It is for this reason that I would call the 20th Century a century of roots and wings for all those whose mother tongue is Konkani.

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□



**Goa** is changing and changing very fast. It is no more the land, which was pride of ours and envy of others. History and geography did shape the special feature of this territory. While the harsh wounds of cruelty perpetuated by the alien rulers have been healed to some extent externally, they continue to irritate on slightest provocation. Thank God, the irritation does not last long due to inherent strength of the society.

It has preserved peace and tranquility and maintained social harmony by observing the code of conduct. This attitude has shaped the Goan identity, which we zealously retained till the dawn of freedom in 1961. What happened subsequently was a gradual degradation and decay of the Goan society due to violation of laws and code of morality.

Moreover the complacency on the part of Goans was mainly responsible for the misfortune that landed on the shores of Goa. Yet the Goan society continues to be callously indifferent to the probable danger that these changes are bound to bring about. Slowly and steadily the menace of immigrants who are attracted to Goa, to fill the void created by our own shortsighted policies is bound to be boomeranged. Their number has grown out of proportion and today they are posing a threat to a very fabric of Goan society and our social morality, cultural identity and political stability is being threatened.

There is hardly any sector, which has remained uncaptured by the so-called immigrants. Goans who were traditionally engaged in basic vocations have been systematically elbowed out. Goa is heading for serious degradation and total decay if no remedial steps are taken by the Goan community and the Government of the state, who are engaged in unwarranted game of killing the goose that lays golden eggs in their anxiety to become affluent overnight. The demographic changes that have taken place in the course of last four decades, have diluted the Goan identity and corrupted its ethos and moral values. One wonders how to reverse the trend, especially in view of the fact that more than one lakh non-resident Goans, are legally and constitutionally citizens of India, who have gone abroad in search of gainful employment are destined to return in the course of next five to ten years. Will Goa be able to absorb them?

We have already sold all our prime lands to non-Goans who have expanded their industrial activities. The process of land conversion has been so fast that hardly any cultivable land is left. The available land, even if put to optimum use will, at the most, produce vegetables and cereals sufficient to satisfy the local needs hardly for a month. Free Goa today totally depends for the supply of essential commodities on non-Goan vendors who import these commodities from other states, especially from Karnataka. When

## Goa : Today and Tomorrow



**Mr. Chandrakant Keni** is a noted journalist, author and historian of Goan culture. He has been an activist for Goan identity as well as the growth of Konkani and Marathi languages in Goa. Based in Margao, Goa, he was the Editor of the marathi daily 'Rashtramrat'. He has been honored with the 'Indian Sahitya Academy' Award for literature and has authored books in konkani, marathi and english on a variety of topics. He was also the Founder and Chairman of the NRI Felicitation Centre set up by the Manohar Parrikar Government, a post which he held until his retirement in 2005.



there is some agitation or strike by the lorry transporters, not only the prices of the essential commodities soar but also the market remains deserted for days together.

Goans today appear to be contented and delighted when national and international surveys call Goa a number one state in India, without realizing that such false surveys misguide them to the extent of being complacent about the dire consequences that we will have to face within a decade or two.

Man is always inclined to take maximum risk and is willing to make maximum sacrifices to save a thing, which he considers to be the most precious one. This attitude of a human being is visible in the event of a calamity. We have seen how people risk their lives in order to save a child or a treasure from the burning house. I believe election is an opportunity to save what is the most precious thing for the people of Goa.

Saints and seers tell us that we bring nothing while landing on earth through mother's womb, nor do we take anything with us when we depart. Yet, we do not give up our efforts to possess as many precious things as we can.

What is the most precious thing in the world is a relative question. What is precious for one need not necessarily be precious for others. But undoubtedly, the land is the most precious thing in this world for all people at all times. Goans are no exception.

The land of Goa has been holding and nurturing its sons and daughters for centuries together. In good old days, rulers in Portugal used to say "Goa ninguem levará, por si acabará!" (nobody will take away Goa, it will finish by itself). Perhaps they were motivated by the political consideration while attributing these utterances to a saint. But he could not help them to hold on this colonial vestige in India. However, this prophecy underlines an inherent truth that Goa will ever remain where it is. May be more prosperous, more congested, more cosmopolitan. But will it be the same Goa? The inhabitants of the land will still be called Goans, but will they belong to the same tribe whom we call Goans today? If we look at the trend set in motion by our people after liberation, the future of Goa appears to be very grim. The small land of 5.5 lakh population in 1901, recorded the growth of about a lakh of individuals by 1961. Today the population of Goa ranges between 13 to 14 lakhs.

This figure will indicate that while the natural growth of Goan population is one lakh in 60 years, the actual growth has come to 7 lakhs in 40 years. How many of them are original Goans? Larger number has come from other states and has settled in Goa and their tribe is increasing.

This unparalleled and unplanned growth during the span of couple of decades has upset the social balance of Goa, collapsing our existing fragile structure of civic amenities. It has polluted socio-cultural environments threatening our age-old linguistic and cultural identity, the way they are encroaching upon our traditional professions and vocations and expanding their areas of control in economic and political spheres. Goans have become helpless spectators to this new phenomenon which, they cannot stop legally and are incapable to close the floodgates, opened by our Legislators and rulers through agitational means.

Goans have lost jobs and have been displaced by outsiders in every sphere of life. Still they have hopes to revert the process through planned economic and socio-cultural steps, provided Goans are able to retain the ownership of their lands. Those who have come and settled for good need not be driven out, if they are willing to identify themselves with the hopes and aspirations of the people of Goa and offer their unstinted loyalty to the soil of Goa. Wealth that has been lost can be acquired with hard work. But once lost the ownership of our land can never be restored. Goan identity will remain deep-rooted in the soil so long as it belongs to them. In fact, the main aim of ancestors to evolve the institution of comunidades was to prohibit any transfer of land to individuals or associations. Land for them is God's gift like sun, moon, sky and water, which could not be a private property.

Comunidades have succeeded in retaining its old structure even after systematic effort by successive alien and popularly elected Governments to devoid it of its authority and land. Least that Goans can do is to preserve the land and refuse to sell it to outsiders, whatever the temptation. They can wait for the day when we will have an enlightened. □

**I**t is not easy to identify a Goan in a group of people. You can't use nasal pronunciation as criteria. You may pick up Himesh Reshmiya. Being one of them, I have studied this species for a long time. Here are few decisive factors which will isolate Goans from the rest.

**1. Hospitality :** Goans are overly hospitable to the extent they will make you feel uncomfortable. Our Maharastrian and Mangalorean neighbors will invite you for tea and greet by asking, "You must have already had tea, right?"

Contrary to this, Goan will not ask you when will you be visiting them, but when will you be coming to have meal with them and they won't let it go till they get the commitment.

During my annual visit to Goa, I end up visiting 3-4 relatives a day. In excitement of meeting them and savoring delicious snacks, I move from house to house. By the time I am on my last visit, I can barely walk and feel like a stuffed bear. At that point, a plate full of sweet home made *laddoos* arrive. I strongly deny and all my excuses fall apart by a simple question, "Why? You don't have diabetes. Have you?", mostly from lady of the house. "No, no, no, no", I deny and to prove it, I pick up a *ladoo* from the plate. In her simple mind, it was perfectly acceptable to eat sweets till diabetes is detected. Most Goans are in denial that our exorbitant food habits are root cause of such diseases.

**2. Love of fish :** Goans spend a good part of their adulthood either talking, thinking or consuming it. My uncle would get excited about his visit to fish market, which was four or five times a week and tell us about it in details. Market was crowded when he arrived first, so he finished his other work and visited again in an hour or so. Crowd had subsided by then. He went to his regular fisherwoman. She had fresh *bangdas*, but she wouldn't come down to price he was asking for. So he went to another one. He bargained *visavan* at a steal and asked her to cut it. She was cutting her work short by making thick slices, but he showed her to cut exactly the way he

## Goans For Dummies



**Paresh Kenkre**

was raised in Goa and Mumbai. After completing his Masters in Computer Applications from University of Mumbai, he moved to the U.S. in 1989. He currently resides in Foster City, California with his wife Geeta and daughter, Radhika.



wanted. On his way out of fish market, his regular fisherwoman came running to him and not to disappoint her regular customer, agreed on the price and thus *bangdas* also came home. Type of fish, price, name of fisherwoman were changing parameters, but storyline would remain the same and it would be narrated with the same excitement. Punjabis may make good Tandoor or Italians are famous for pastas, but they don't talk about how they acquired chicken or grain.

**3. Content Lifestyle :** Other Goans from far cities like Mumbai may also call it lazy, inertia or status quo lifestyle. Goans take pride and fondly call it *sushegad*. Typical Goan shopkeeper would keep shop open from morning ten to noon, then shutters come down and owner goes home via fish market. He goes back to his shop around four in the evening after a nice siesta.

One such family friend of ours lashed out with anger and agitation about how outsiders are invading Goa, buying properties, businesses and how they are making it difficult for Goan businesses to survive, while pulling down window blinds to darken the room for an hour long nap after mouth watering *hooman*-fried fish lunch we had. I was on holidays, but it was his daily routine. I kept thinking to myself if it comes to giving up business or nap, what would he choose.

**4 Family Tree :** This characteristic is found in middle aged female. Men are usually not good at it. Recently CNN flashed news all over about Hillary Clinton related to Madonna. I am glad and proud that some Goan woman has started working at CNN. Nobody else would give so much importance to such irrelevant information. If you are introduced to a middle aged Goan woman, she will climb up and down family trees, jump from branches to branches till she finds connection between you and somebody else she knows.

**5. Utmost hatred for political party in power :** Nobody can make Goans happy. They always have a strong opinion on whatever the government does. Simply rubbish, *hulshik*!! It could be as simple as the decision to change police uniforms, making lanes in Panjim one way or as grand as making Goa home for IFFI. Every common man in Goa knows what the government should have done instead.

If you see all these qualities in a household, you need to build up your appetite, so start jogging or go on a long walk. The chances of you getting invited to dinner are pretty high as Vainibai just found out you were her cousin's neighbor's sister's sister-in-law's niece's maternal uncle's best friend's child.

At the dinner table, my advice would be to go easy on *visavanache dhabdhabit*, *rice and prawn hooman* as you won't be able to refuse six masala stuffed *bangdas* that will come on your way. Afterall you haven't got bypass surgery done yet, have you ?

□

**I**n a Mombasa cemetery overgrown with weeds and tall grass, we looked for a grave that held the remains of my grand mother. My uncles, aunts, and cousins tried to make sense of the graveyard's organization while its caretakers followed closely, their voices low as they informed us that they looked after this site and that perhaps they could assist us. We had, of course, been warned that any African who offered us assistance must want money for services they would be hard pushed to render in the first place. So, we ignored them until it became clearer after a while that we were getting nowhere in our attempts to find our matriarch's resting place.

In December 2006/January 2007, over forty of us had come to Kenya to celebrate a family reunion. We had arrived from different points on the globe, some of us in Kenya after many years (for my mother this had been the first trip in forty years) and many of us here for the first time ever. As we drew up our family tree, three generations of sons and daughters, grandchildren, and great grandchildren marveled at how from two had come one hundred, my deceased grandparents the point of origination of this journey. We celebrated our happiness at having finally come together, yet mourned the loss of those we had known and loved. But the greatest loss of all grieved by this large family of Goans was that of Kenya itself. Particularly for those of us who had never been here before, the constant refrain heard was of how Kenya was no longer the place it once was; how once the Africans had regained their independence they had run the country into the ground; how Nairobi was no longer safe and overtaken by "too many Blacks" (a relative I pointed out the obvious to was not amused). Therein, though, lies the unseen pain of nostalgia – beguiling in memory but embittering in its post-dated influence. For the Goans of East Africa, particularly those of my mother's generation and before, their edenic memories marked with the sweetness of childhood, young courtships, and sepia tinted photos, this millennium's Africa is another place – one that changed forever when they left. While that is indisputable, the firm belief that it was their presence and the colonial era which made Kenya, and their departure with the end of colonization that led to its decay, bears scrutiny.

The provenance of Goans from East Africa throws up several questions about their postcolonial identities, not least of all to Asian East Africans themselves. In Kenya, this community would have held passports that nominally made them British citizens of Kenya. Because Kenya was considered a colonial protectorate, it meant that British passports held by Goans, others of Indian subcontinental origins, and Black Africans as well, rendered their ability to travel to England impossible. One need not dwell too long on the reasons why such an artifice was employed to come to the

## ***In More Than One Place : Goan Kenyans And The Crisis Of Identity***

***R. Benedito Ferrao***

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conclusion that it was simply to restrict the flow of labour within a specific, and secure, gamut. Many Goans either directly made their way to British East Africa or by way of British India, to which they travelled because of the few educational and economic opportunities in *Estado da India Portuguesa*. When Goans left Goa to provide service and to live in colonial Africa, they were indeed Portuguese citizens, but not in a majority of cases were they of mixed-race origins, which is a commonly held, but erroneous, view of the extraction of Goans. Unlike in Brazil, the colonizer and the colonized seldom mixed, both sides looking down upon the practice. This, of course, does not mean that there were not some intermarriages, rapes, affairs, and elopements. In early colonial times, interracial marriages were the product of strategic alliances between upper-caste Indians and their aristocratic Portuguese equivalents, meant to cement business and power relations. Evidently, the reason for such partnerships being to limit the exercise of power, their own numbers were limited and the practice did not filter down into the socio-religious ranks. While it might be true that there was little inter-raciality, there is no doubt that Goan culture in the process of 450 years of colonization had been Lusitanized, in much the same way that the

cultures of the Philippines and parts of Latin America had been Hispanicized.

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**Indian history books recall Goa's liberation not as a struggle by Goans themselves, but as an Indian-orchestrated event? Undeniably, Goa had a lot to offer India, because of its tactical coastal location. For the same reasons that the Portuguese had made Goa the capital of their Asian empire, newly independent India saw the geopolitical necessity of removing the natural harbour from the hands of a foreign power.**

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Fast-forward to the present era. In 1961, Goa received its independence from the Portuguese and was absorbed into the Indian union. It was a tumultuous time for Goans as identity politics took over and the little enclave faced losing autonomy with its potential assimilation into the adjoining state of Maharashtra. The event was marked with the use of religio-cultural and elitist caste politics to sway opinion towards the merger. Despite this, an ensuing referendum in 1967 made clear the view that Goans, of Hindu and Catholic faiths, wished to be Goans and that Goa should be its own political entity within the union of India. It thus became a Union Territory and then, later, a fully fledged state. Previous calls for Goa to be an independent country had by this time fizzled out and Goans themselves were not immediately given the option when the Indian government wrested it from its European colonizer. The loss of that prospect is interesting less for its nationalism, but more for providing yet another example of how hegemonic Indian politics function to reduce minority voices. How else would one account for the fact that Indian history books recall Goa's liberation not as a struggle by Goans themselves, but as an Indian-orchestrated event? Undeniably, Goa had a lot to offer India,

because of its tactical coastal location. For the same reasons that the Portuguese had made Goa the capital of their Asian empire, newly independent India saw the geopolitical necessity of removing the natural harbour from the hands of a foreign power. And so was rid the last European colonial power within the contiguous Indian land mass, only to have the Indian navy set up shop there instead.

Meanwhile, Goans in East Africa and other parts of the diaspora were in an interesting moment of historical suspension: While their homeland had during the two short days of the Goan liberation struggle gone from being Portuguese to Indian, they were in a kind of ethno-national limbo. They were "British" by supposed virtue of their colonial status, but were restricted in travelling to Britain; they were African because they resided on that continent, but were indigenously not so; but were they then Indian, or were they still Portuguese? This quandary was made possible by the fact that this community had left Goa while it was still Portuguese and their birth certificates would have laid testament to this fact even if their

native land had now become part of India. Their relatives in the homeland might not have had a choice when India took over, but for Goans in East Africa, their divergent history still left their choices open. In time to come, this dilemma would prove very useful. To make things even more complicated, in 1963 Kenya threw off its own British colonial shackles.

It might be argued that colonization brought together various communities and that in the struggle for independence these heretofore disconnected groups bonded to oust their common oppressor. The problem with that analysis is that it belies the history of trade and cultural exchange that characterized the Indian subcontinent even before colonial times. More to the point, while ousting the British may have led to the creation of the modern nation states in South Asia, what was left behind was the legacy of divide and conquer commonly used by the departing Raj as a means of control. Just as this is the case in the sub-continent, so too has Africa continued to struggle with the cartographies of violence that have overlaid older tribal histories. Within this, the major Indian diasporic communities of Punjabis, Gujaratis, and Goans, displaced and generally little known to each other, given the circumstances of geographic distance and lack of cultural commonality in the Indian context, had little reason to commingle in East Africa. Over time, while community and religious ties may have kept individuals close to their respective groups, the employment of particularly the middle classes in colonial administration would have put them in a position to rub shoulders with each other and, to a limited extent, with their European employers. Social interactions between Asians and Blacks in the East African racialized political economy would have been restricted, as a result of deliberate and sometimes unconscious segregation. It is no surprise that Indians already educated in colonial ways in British India could avail themselves of various opportunities not afforded to Blacks in European Africa once imported there, leading to superiority complexes that further separated them from Blacks. They often conveniently fell into the hierarchical, racialized system of colonial subjugation of native Africans – a much more subtle yet refined form of divide and rule. With the departure of the British in East Africa, the Indian communities were left behind to live in countries soon to be led by their own indigenous sons and daughters. What was seen as collaboration with the former colonizer led, in some cases, to a high price to be paid by the immigrant communities, as in Uganda.

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**The dramatic suggestion hovering here is that, postcolonially, Goans may feel they have no political future in Kenya because their agency was created and made manifest through the colonial structure and ended in its demise.**

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Where they could, several Goans and members of other Indian communities departed for Western shores. Some found that after years of service to Britain they were not seen as equals there and were barred entry. Several went to India, and in the case of Asian Ugandans were forced there and elsewhere as refugees. Yet, many others stayed back in East Africa, which was the only home they had known. As immigration laws changed in countries like England, the United States, and Australia, Asian East Africans made their way there, creating a doubly displaced diaspora. Portugal became a very attractive option for Goans both in Goa and the diaspora with the genesis of the European Union, causing a scramble to reclaim Portuguese identity *vis a vis* their colonial birthright (and certification) as explained earlier. Many successfully migrated using the historical anomaly to their advantage; others found that in their attempts to rehistoricize themselves, they were instead taken for a ride by shysters who promised them a Portuguese passport only to disappear, once paid, into thin air.

Clearly, these post-independence migrations from East Africa indicate the destabilization felt by diasporic Goan communities, but what was the source of these insecurities? More obviously, there was

Idi Amin, the political and economic instability of these newly formed countries, and a general anxiety of having to deal with change. But within all of this was also the sense of fear that these communities felt at having lost what they saw as a colonial protector with the departure of the managing classes of Europeans who provided the divisions between Blacks and Asians. Class, colonial legacies, and history continue to impinge upon inter-raciality in Kenya. This is not to suggest that interracial relationships would necessarily be indicative of communal harmony, but their dearth is also suggestive in its own way. Given all this, what future do Goans and other South Asians in Kenya envision in what is largely viewed as a Black run country?

The dramatic suggestion hovering here is that, postcolonially, Goans may feel they have no political future in Kenya because their agency was created and made manifest through the colonial structure and ended in its demise. This is simply not true. There is, if anything, an impressive legacy of the involvement of Goans in the nationalist anti-colonial movement. Take Fitz R. de Souza, a lawyer instrumental in defending Kenyans accused of Mau Mau activities and a parliamentarian in free Kenya, or Plo Gama Pinto, a freedom fighter who was assassinated post-independence in 1965, and not to forget Joseph Zuzarte Murumbi, Kenya's second Vice President (1965-66), who was half Goan and half Maasai. Sadly, there is little to suggest that the legacy exemplified by these figures continues. Goans in Kenya recently celebrated the hundredth anniversary of a popular social club, but what marks their political history in that country seems to have stopped in the build-up to and then just after independence.

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**Yet, if Goan and other Asian East Africans really feel that the countries they call or called home are in crisis, then the onus is upon them to interrogate the causative forces, their collusion, and what they can do to affect change.**

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My younger cousins are proud to call themselves Goans and so I asked them what this meant to them. Often, their response was that this was a statement of their difference from "other Indians," because they were "part Portuguese." I pushed the question further to get at whether this was a product of wilful confusion, communally upheld in the desire to hang on to colonial legacies of difference and thus superiority, or unwitting ignorance. The answer I came closest to was that it was a combination of those and other factors.

Goan Catholics form 1/3 of the state's population and while as a whole Goan identity crosses religious difference, it is also coloured by it. The Goan diaspora in Kenya is largely Catholic and in addition to the nostalgia for the Kenya that once was, there is also the prevalent idea that Goans are becoming a minority in their own state. While this might be an overstatement, Goans, regardless of religious affiliation, are a cultural minority, but are not recognized as such by the Indian nation. Goan Kenyans continue to have ties with their families in Goa and their identitarian feelings are perhaps an extension of the minoritization Goans of Catholic backgrounds feel in a state and a country that, while it is important to point out is secular, is predominantly Hindu in its population. This transposition is indicative of a cultural dialogue between homeland and diaspora which at once attempts to disrupt dominant and monolithic ideas of what it means to be Indian in both locations and also intensifies the existing feelings of displacement and identity crisis in diaspora communities. Goans in the diaspora thus seem to feel the loss of more than one "home" land.

Simultaneously, in the African context, feelings of minoritization take on an air of victimization at the hands of a state that is seen as having failed its constituents. While there might be corruption in Kenya, its victims are not just Goans and other immigrant communities, but also indigenous groups, and class privilege still affords advantages despite racial background. A year after my visit, Kenya experienced post-election violence in December 2007 and January 2008, which resulted in the deaths of many Kikuyu



and Luo – the tribes most affected by the events due to political allegiances. The Western media summarily reported on these events as the outbreak of inter-ethnic violence, conflating tribalism with barbarism, rather than examining such causes as area-specific poverty, joblessness, and other endemic issues. A cousin emailed me from Nairobi in fear of her life following riots in the city. I met her husband and children who were vacationing in Goa at the time, and shared their concern for the family and over what was to become of the places we had not so long ago all enjoyed together. Soon to leave Goa, they expected to petition the British Embassy in Bombay to allow them refuge in England where they would meet the rest of their family from Kenya. They confirmed that several other Goan Kenyans sought to leave, even as reports in the Indian media made it clear that South Asians had largely been left unharmed. Some Indian shops, though, had not fared as well, falling victim to the looting that had ensued. My younger cousins, the same ones who think of themselves as part Portuguese, commented that the recent events could only occur in a place like Kenya. Their father countered this, reminding them that despite other issues, the country had not seen political disruptions of this nature in a long time. Kenya's recent violence parallels several global events where the politically and economically dispossessed have felt pushed beyond their limits. I was reminded of the so-called race riots in Los Angeles, following the 1992 acquittal of the white policemen involved in the beating of black motorist Rodney King, or the 2005 civil unrest in Paris sparked by the electrocution deaths of two teenagers from a working class commune who were chased into a power station by policemen. All this notwithstanding, my cousins' views remind me that Goans in Kenya continue to see their lives as unfolding against a political backdrop that impacts them but does not involve them, for at any moment the choice to leave exists and political instability provides not only the opportunity but also the mechanism.

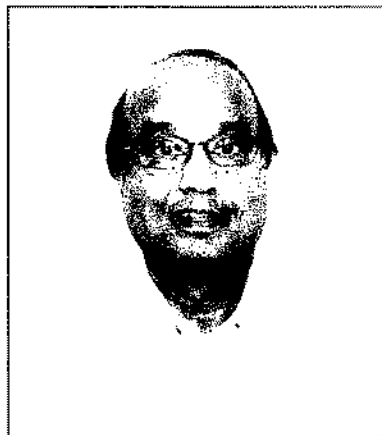
In writing this piece, I must point out some biases. Knowing that my own thoughts are underpinned by Western education, as well as Asian American and Asian British ideas of diversity, my limited knowledge of Asian African multiculturalism leaves me with the hope that, despite what was visible, there exist positive interactions. It is not my intention to undermine the historical difficulties faced by Asian East Africans, particularly victims of political displacement. Yet, if Goan and other Asian East Africans really feel that the countries they call or called home are in crisis, then the onus is upon them to interrogate the causative forces, their collusion, and what they can do to affect change.

The African caretakers of the cemetery in Mombasa cleared patches of grass as we walked through the graveyard. They indicated where Goans were usually buried and politely asked us when my grandmother died. Without the help of these caretakers, we would never have found her last resting place. She had left Goa as a young woman, courted by my grandfather who brought her to Kenya. It was here that she died prematurely after bearing her children. I never knew her. To be able to pay my respects at her grave was to also do so to our history in the land that adopted my family.

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# Maximum State : Goa Rediscovered



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**Historical Backdrop :** In the year 1498, when Vasco da Gama first landed on the shores of Goa, little did he know that he was laying the foundation for the land that later would be a State in the Republic of India. Perhaps it was the most significant pivotal point in Goan history. For the next four and a half centuries Portuguese occupied this fertile territory. An occupation by foreign people is never a good thing. Goan people endured the Portuguese rule for generations, underwent immense hardship, brutal persecution and religious conversions and above all lost their freedom. They managed to survive both as Hindus and Christians to preserve the culture of their native land. In the process, they developed a rich heritage that we Goans today can all be proud of.

Has anybody ever wondered whether we could call ourselves Goans today if not for the Portuguese? In a way they isolated us from our two giant neighbors – Maharashtra in the north and Karnataka in the south and the east. So we Goans have to virtually thank Portuguese for our identity as Goans. Without their presence, we Goans today would either be known as Marathis' or Kannadas', depending on where you lived and how the two giant states would have divided up the Goan landscape many centuries ago. Not in the slightest do I wish to put down those two great cultures. Both are perhaps far advanced in many ways than our Goan culture and have a very rich heritage of their own. As the history goes, Chatrapati Shivaji Maharaja in 1668 took over five towns in north Goa but was not able to drive Portuguese away from Goa. In 1685 Chatrapati Sambhaji with his Maratha army infiltrated the Central and North Goa peacefully and occupied the capital city of Panaji. He could not retain control though as he had to move out to Deccan plateau to fight the attacks of the Moguls. If he had succeeded in his mission and occupied North Goa, then Panaji would have been known as Sambhajnagar. So thank you Vasco da Gama!

**Portuguese Rule :** I do not mean to convey in any way that I condone the Portuguese capture and the colonization of Goa. But that is history now, and we already know how it affected people who lived through it, and I myself had some taste of it. It was a tough environment when the freedom fighter movement gained momentum after India became independent. There were arrests and curfews were imposed. People feared to go out as shoot on sight orders were issued for violators. Later, travelling from free India to Goa became a nightmare as the Portuguese closed the borders and allowed travel only by strictly issuing permits. Only one border point remotely located and rarely used at the southern tip of Goa was open. The journey to Mumbai from Margao or Panaji that used to take less than a day, sometimes took several days. But just as with the British occupation of India, Portuguese rule in

Goa had some side-effects that were positive. One of them is the unique identity it gave to us who call ourselves Goans.

Talking about our neighbors, Maharashtra has had profound influence of their Marathi culture on Goans. Karnataka on the east and south which has much larger border with Goa does not have that significant impact. Goans have always embraced Marathi as their language for writing, communication and literature. And this remains true even today. Konkani is the official language of Goa, but is rarely used in a big way. Goans also accepted Marathi as a medium in music and drama. When it comes to cuisine, which is my favorite hobby, Goans have been content with fish, rice and kadhi. And in my opinion there is nothing to beat that menu day in and day out. So Goans did not care to pick much from the very advanced cuisine of their Marathi neighbors. As a result Goan cuisine has remained by comparison rather basic and homely type when it comes to a vegetarian fare. However, the non-vegetarian cuisine greatly benefited from the Portuguese cookery such as ever delectable Chicken Cafreal.

Vasco da Gama discovered Goa for Portugal. In return Portugal honored him by naming a Goan city near the port of Mormugao after him to commemorate his discovery. If not for that action, Vasco da Gama's name would have been forgotten except in the deep annals of the history books. Today the city is known more as Vasco in its shortened form.

Under Portuguese rule our ancestors were protected from incursions from neighboring states, but they also paid an immeasurable price in freedom. Civil liberties were the biggest casualty with no freedom of speech and no freedom of press. Nevertheless they managed to educate themselves, did farming, expanded businesses, preserved their religion, went abroad to England, Africa, and Middle-east, and went to Mumbai, Belgaum, and Pune and so on for higher education or to seek a new life. It is a fact that today non-resident Goans or NRG's are the biggest number as measured by per capita of local Goans.

**Personal Landscape :** Born in Panaji, I spent my early childhood in Goa but did a lot of shuttling between Goa under Portuguese rule and Mumbai under British Raj until its independence. I was in a way an NRG as my father came to Mumbai from Margao for his college education and later decided to live in Mumbai to take care of the family business started by my grandfather.

I have memories of freedom fighters being arrested by the Portuguese. Some were held at Fort Aguada and others considered more threat to their local power and control were shipped to prisons in Portugal. I was fortunate enough to meet a couple of them, Dr. Rama Hegde and Shri Purshottam Kakodkar, after the liberation of Goa and their subsequent release, as they were frequent visitors to our place in Mumbai. It was a fascinating experience to listen to their stories about their fight against the Portuguese regime and how they managed to survive in the Portuguese prison. These and many other freedom fighters, Goans can never forget, as we enjoy the fruits of their sacrifice today.

I was schooled in Marathi medium in Goa for the first three years of my Primary education. This is good evidence to the fact that Hindu Goans preferred Marathi medium although many later chose not to be an integral part of Maharashtra. Then I moved to Mumbai, a large metropolis, and was immediately thrown into Marathi populace of Dadar. From then on I was a visitor to Goa every year during the summer holidays without fail. I lived in urban Mumbai environment for ten months of the year, but always looked

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forward to other two months to spend in Goa. Similar routine followed during my college years. Then I came to the US and the visits to Goa were every two to three years in the early years and more often in the last few years. But of course those visits were of much shorter in duration rather than two months. I lived all these years away from Goa, yet managed to be close to it. I came to the US, but went back to Goa to get married to a citizen of Panaji. That relationship further strengthened my ties to Goa. So my perception on Goa may be from the outside, but it has an insider's mindset.

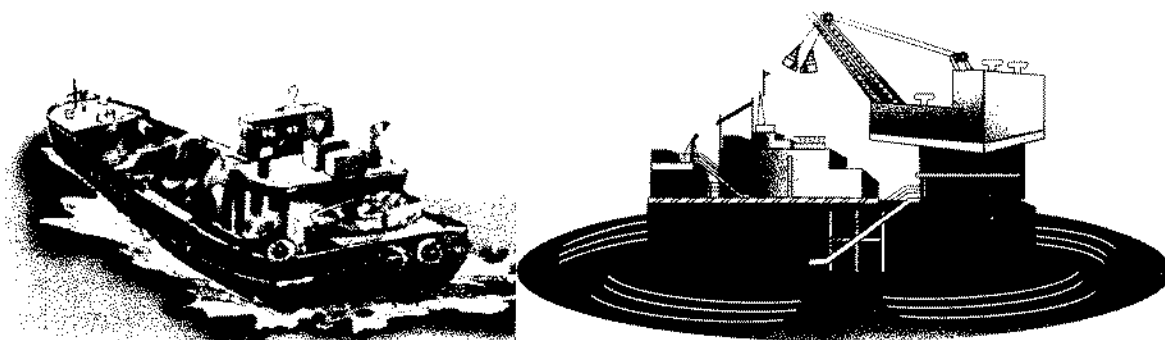
**Goa Reborn :** In the year 1947 India became independent but the Portuguese rule still continued in Goa. That was the time the mining business was emerging and it became a huge source of wealth. Goa soon became the big exporter of Iron and Manganese ore to Japan. Goa continued to prosper with this new trade and the citizens of Goa richly benefited from it. In 1961 Indian army captured Goa and it again became a part of India. The timing of that news is firmly captured in my mind as my fellow students and I heard it during the afternoon practical session at IIT in Mumbai on a cool December day.


On my every visit to Goa I would notice the changes or what was new. Very little changed during Portuguese rule and the life was *susegaad*. The changes picked up pace after the liberation of Goa. The Goan lifestyle of starting a work day at 9am, breaking up for lunch at 1pm with a siesta time till 4pm and then the end of the work day at 8pm was consistent with being *susegaad*. And that was the norm during the Portuguese time. But that changed dramatically over the years as Goa became part of India. The business or market areas of Panaji or Margao that used to be all but deserted during the lunch and siesta time are now quite bursting with activity.

Goa became a Union Territory to start with. But there was a lot of internal political turmoil going on at that time. A large group of populace wanted Goa to join and become part of Maharashtra. They formed the Maharashtravadi Gomantak party because they perceived that Goan culture was more closely aligned to Marathi culture. They thought that this was a prudent thing to do. But an equally large group of people wanted to remain independent and formed the United Goans party. At the same time Karnataka was wooing Goa to merge with it by the lure of providing electrical power, and helping it set up basic industries such as dairy. Goa had suddenly transformed itself into a rich property being coveted by its neighboring states.

This is when the real progress started. Mining business continued to prosper. Goa slowly became famous as a beach resort and the tourist activity mushroomed year by year. Its sleepy beaches, for which local Goans had little appreciation, were now frequented by foreign tourists. It soon became a tourist Mecca of the world known for its pristine beaches. Beaches with smooth silvery sands and the deep cobalt blue and emerald green ocean water.

**Entering a New Era :** Fast forward over a quarter century after Goa was liberated. As a Union Territory, Goa had made tremendous progress in many important economic and social metrics and its political system had become mature enough to qualify itself to be an independent state. In the year





1987, Goa was granted statehood by Indian Parliament and it became the 25<sup>th</sup> state of the Republic of India. Goa is one of the smallest states in the Indian Republic, in size and population, but it has one of the highest education levels now. Goa had no college for a higher education during the Portuguese regime and the only option was to go to nearby colleges in India, or go abroad to Portugal or Europe as many did. Goa lacked its own higher educational system when it got its freedom the Portuguese rule. Now four and a half decades later it has a top notch system for the higher learning of all the major faculties. The literacy rate in Goa of above 82% is only dwarfed by the states of Kerala and Mizoram. This is an exceptional achievement for a small state with a population of merely five lakhs at the time of liberation.

Even today the population is probably well under twenty lakhs (14 lakhs per 2001 census), a very tiny number compared to other major states in India, yet its progress in many areas is huge by any standards. It boasts of a world-class port and a home to Indian Navy Air Base. It excels in many statistics such as literacy rate and per capita income. Its real estate commands prices in many locations that exceed choice locations in Mumbai and Bangalore. It has luxury hotels and resorts of five and even seven stars quality. Goa has become a sought after place by Indian and Foreign business entities to hold conventions and meetings. And now it is a permanent venue for the annual IFFI (International Film Festival of India) show. It has become the place for the Bollywood, Hollywood and other International movie producing places to show their latest celluloid.

Goa has not been lagging in developing its Industrial base. Leaving aside the current political and social controversy about SEZs (Special Economic Zones), Goa has several business parks that have a wide variety of manufacturing, technology, and consumer product enterprises. They provide a large employment, produce substantial business revenue, generate sizable tax revenue and contribute to the general well-being of the local community. I would not be surprised if Goa has the lowest unemployment rate.

All these facts persuade me to call Goa the Maximum State in the Republic of India. And coming back to Vasco da Gama, little did he know that one day this land he discovered in the fifteenth century would be rediscovered as the Maximum State of the twenty first century.

□



Compiled by  
**Milind Parab**

1. Who was the Indian Opening Batsman who was hit by Charlie Griffith on the head?

- A) Pankaj Roy      B) Nari contractor  
C) A. A. Baig      D) None of the above

2. Who is known as The Desert Fox

- A) Imran Khan      B) Saeed Anwar  
C) Amir Sohail      D) None of the above

3. In which year did Kapil Dev make his debut

- A) 1978      B) 1979  
C) 1980      D) None of the above

4. Who was known as Smoking Joe

- A) Clive Lloyd      B) Wes Hall  
C) Viv Richards      D) None of the above

5. Who was known as 'Tiger'

- A) Colin Bland      B) Jeff Thomson      C) Mansur Ali Khan      D) None of the above

6. What is the length of a cricket pitch in yards

- A) 25      B) 22      C) 23      D) None of the above

7. What does the Ashes 'Urn' contain

- A) The ashes of bat      B) A man      C) A bail      D) None of the above

8. Colin Croft, the West Indian fast bowler was a qualified

- A) Pilot      B) Doctor      C) Accountant      D) None of the above

9. Who was known as 'Tiny'

- A) Ramakant Desai      B) G.R. Visvanath      C) S. M. Gavaskar      D) None of the above

10. Malcolm Nash was hit by whom for six 6s in one over

- A) Ravi Shastri      B) Gary Sobers      C) Viv Richards      D) None of the above

11. Who is known as the Sultan of swing

- A) Kapil Dev      B) Richard Hadlee      C) Ian Botham      D) None of the above

12. S. Venkataraghvan is by profession

- A) A geologist      B) An engineer      C) A chartered accountant      D) None of the above

Answer to Quiz page no. 149



13. The first official international cricket match was held in 1844. Which were the participating countries?  
A) Afghanistan and India  
B) Australia and England  
C) Canada and the United States  
D) Ireland and Scotland

14. In 1997, the first in a series of two cricket games between India and Sri Lanka included the highest total ever reached by one side in one innings of a test match. How many runs did the top-scoring Sri Lankans accumulate?  
A) 352  
B) 552  
C) 752  
D) 952

15. What is meant by the cricketing term "sticky wicket"?  
A) A cricket pitch on which the ball bounces unpredictably  
B) A field where long grass makes run-scoring difficult  
C) A game in which conditions favor the batsmen over the bowlers  
D) A severe breach of normal cricket etiquette

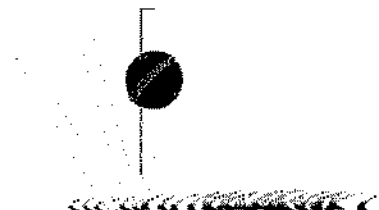
16. In cricket, what is meant by the phrase "bowling a maiden over"?  
A) Bowling six successive balls without the batsman scoring any runs  
B) Colliding with another fielder when trying to catch the ball  
C) Taking five wickets and scoring 100 runs in the same match  
D) Toasting victory by quickly drinking three glasses of

17. Cricket has a richer store of peculiar jargon than perhaps any other sport, and the names given to the fielding positions provide some notable examples. Which of the following is not the name of a standard cricket fielding position?  
A) Backward square leg  
B) Deep extra cover  
C) Forward third man  
D) Silly mid on

18. What do the initials "LBW" mean to a cricketer?  
A) Last-Ball Winner — the game's last ball decides the result  
B) Leg Before Wicket — the batsman is out for blocking with his leg  
C) "Little-Boy" White — a diminutive English fast bowler of the 1800s  
D) Loss By Weather — untimely rain results in loss for the batting side

19. In Jan 1975, on Wankhede Stadium, replying to West Indies score of 604 for 6 declared, Gavaskar made 86, Eknath Solkar 102, Vishwanath 95. A Young woman broke security and ran to the field and in front of 50,000 spectators and millions of TV viewers kissed Brijesh Patel. How many runs did he score ?  
A) 151  
B) 5  
C) 61  
D) 48

20. The very first cricket test match between England and Australia was held in Melbourne in 1877. Australia won the contest by 45 runs. In the centenary match of 1977 between the same nations, what was the result?  
A) Australia won, again by 45 runs  
B) England got their revenge, by the same 45-run margin  
C) The game could not be completed owing to bad weather  
D) The score was tied



# Diversity

Aquib Virani



**Through** out history, differences have been exposed instead of celebrated. We live in a world where uniformity is scarce, yet this seems to be the driving force in the world's problems. Since the Crusades of the Middle Ages between Muslims and Christians, to the American Civil War between the North and the South, to the conflict in Israel between Israelis and Palestinians, differences and divides have been sources of fighting, war, and many times, death. People look towards those are different than them with contempt, and these people may go to great lengths to further homogenize the world. Figures such as Hitler, whose belligerent actions led to the death of millions, or the Janjaweed, the militant group of Sudan committing genocide in Darfur, attempt to erase a value that has an intrinsic importance to not only the global population, but my life: diversity.

Diversity is a phenomenon that gives meaning to certain environment. Without diversity, one cannot become complete, for one needs a range of experiences and interests to truly appreciate life. My high school, John P. Stevens, exemplifies diversity perfectly. The town of Edison itself represents a myriad of different races and ethnicities, as proven by the election of a Korean mayor for the first time in the town's history. Immigration has been important to Edison, and thus the town is a hub for people from all over the world, which leads to a diverse high school. John P. Stevens High School has a mix of countries, continents, races, and ethnicities, which leads to a mix of personalities, likes, dislikes, interests, and perspectives. While historically this sort of divide may have caused conflict, the diversity in J.P. Stevens not only is peaceful, but it's what helps the school function. The hallways are filled with groups of different cliques, yet they coexist in harmony and the differences in the school are respected instead of enhanced.

In the wake of September 11th, I feared that the diversity in J.P. Stevens would become a volatile melting pot. Since I myself practice Islam, I feared that the actions of a few would cause my life to become the subject of racism and prejudice. However, the diversity prevailed, and the school itself came together in a time of conflict. I have never heard a racist remark from anyone in my school, and this only goes to show how important diversity is not only to my life, but my school.

This experience in high school has made me appreciate diversity, and my need for it in college has only been enhanced. I wish to go to a University where I can experience the same sort of comfort, that same sort of uniqueness. Rutgers University has always represented a great mix of education interests, personal perspectives, and life experiences and such an environment will only augment my love for diversity. It's a place where I can go and meet people with different backgrounds, and be introduced to a host of different personalities that will mold my character. I want to go to the college that will not only help me secure my future, but guide me to becoming that person that I will be in that future. I can only hope that the diversity I have enjoyed during high school not only follows me through college, but through the rest of my life as well. □

I have been living in California for the last twenty-four years and have visited seventeen countries, including Canada, Switzerland and places like Kashmir and the Bahamas. Each country and place has its own unique beauty but the one place that re-energizes me is Goa. The swaying palm trees, the beautiful beaches, the boats, the green paddy fields, the cows that move slowly in the evening dusk, the red mud, the hills and rivers are the things that could move a painter or a poet to go into ecstasy.

The smell of the Goa cashews, the fragrance of mogras and jasmines, the tantalizing aroma of Goa's fish curry are the things that bring back childhood memories of my beautiful or "sobit Goa".

More than the beauty of the land, the people on the whole are warm, kind hearted and generous. They will go out of their way to help you and make you comfortable. The hospitality of the people is more than anywhere I have seen in the world. I believe that is one of the reasons that tourist industry is such a big hit in Goa. People always greet you and make you feel welcomed. In the village of my childhood, people around me were like an extended family. I remember when one of the village women was pregnant; the whole village people were concerned to see that the only taxi driver and his taxi were in good shape so that he could take her to the Mapusa hospital in case she went in labor in the night. Also, how can I forget the simple fisher folks of Calangute who came to my aid when my son Anil was severely scalded? In minutes there was a taxi at the door, some women even concocted some herbal mixture to soothe his burning skin. Our lives in America are somewhat different; we do not know who our neighbors are. The adage here is each one for himself and it is the "me, me, me" usage instead of "us, our and we".

Though I understand globalization, I wish the developers and the tourist industry would keep in mind the global warming and do not destroy the beauty of our land by cutting down trees. Also, I fervently hope that the new influx of people who have made Goa their new home, will keep in mind our cultural heritage and the harmony of communities that have co-existed for many centuries and keep it free from strife and violence.

And though Goans have made their homes in different countries of the globe, they always remember Goa and love to gather in her name as we are doing today. Goans like to find each other in any part of the world. I would like to end this piece of mine with these lines of Goa's poet laureate Bakibab Borkar "if I am to be born again and I am allowed to choose my future birth place, I shall undoubtedly opt for Goa because its great beauty has a supernatural quality of refining the human mind and turning it inward into the depths of creativity and spirituality..."

**Viva Goa.**

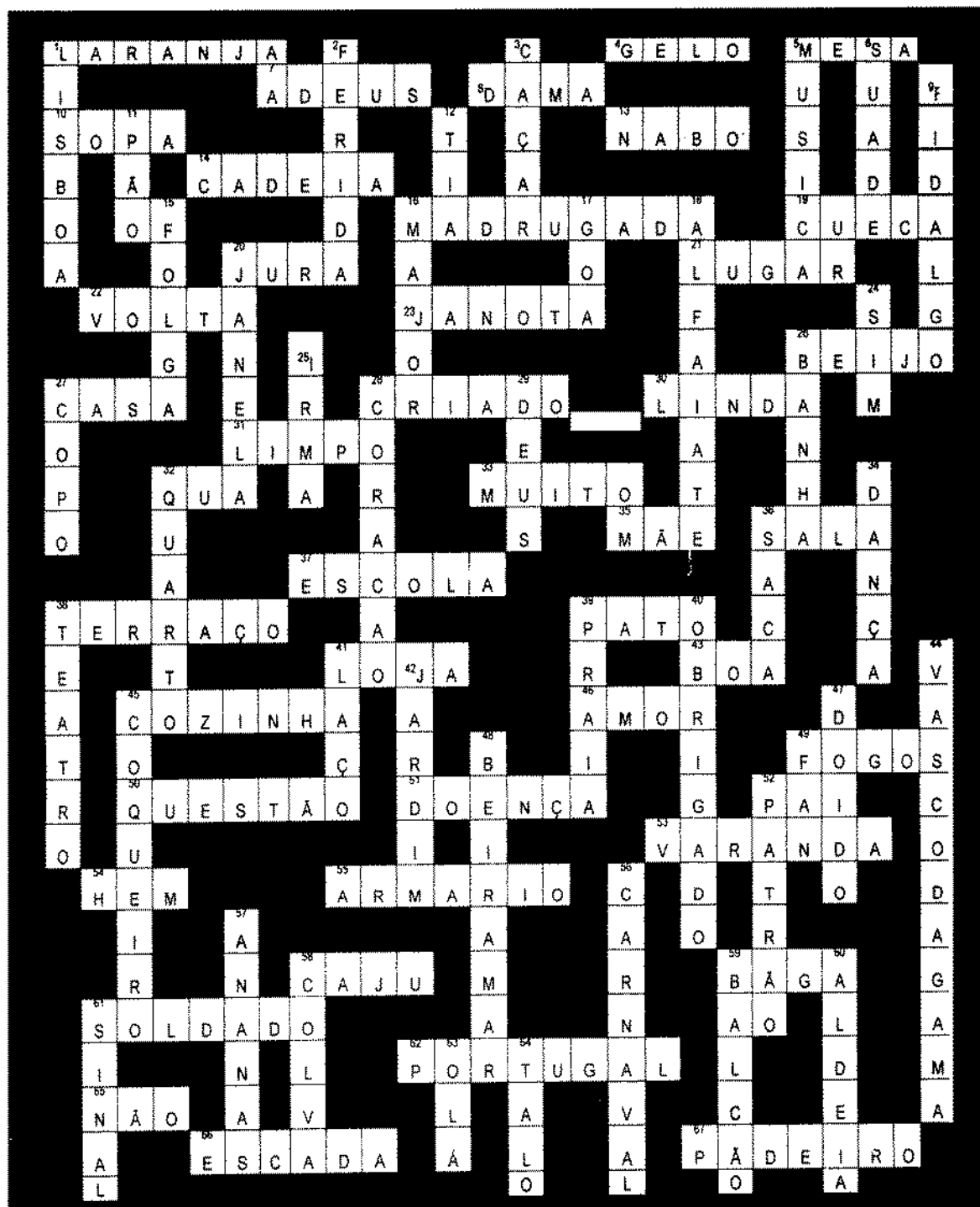
## **Sobit Amchem Goa**



**Bella Comelo,**  
M.A. (Mysore Uni),  
B.Ed (Bom)  
is originally from Aldona,  
Goa and has settled  
with her family in  
San Leandro,  
California for the  
past 25 years.  
She has recently  
retired from the  
Oakland Public Schools  
and is an author  
of a children's book  
named "Raju and the  
Snake Charmer",  
available on amazon.com.



Resolved !



# Family's Favorite Goan Recipes And More.....

Compiled By :  
Gauri Shekhar Ambe

*Shivrak* 129 to 132 • *Fish and Sea Food* 133 to 141  
*Chicken* 142 to 144 • *Goat Meat* 145 • *Godshe* 146 to 149

## Contributors Are

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• Dinker Bir • Priyada Shinkre • Ameeta Ambe • Gauri Ambe  
• Smita Mauze • Radha Ambe • Usha Naik • Ulka Pai Dungat  
• Surendra Naik • Ameeta Ambe • Reshma Virani  
• Lata Varde*

### Shivrak

#### शेखर आंबे

आज आमी शिवराक हे ऊतर ऐकितिकीर म्हज्या कपाळाक आठयो आयल्यो. आजचो दिस कसो पसार जातलो हो विचार करून म्हजे मन अस्वस्त जालें.

ह्या दिसा नुसत्याच्या बाजाराकसुद्धा वचपाचे पडचेना.

आज शिवराका दिसा तुमी कितें खातले? घरकान्णिलो हो प्रश्न ऐकितिकीर

हांव विचारातल्यान जागो जालो. म्हजे मन जरा आनंदित जालें.

डोळ्यामुखार आयली चमचमीत बटाट्याची भाजी, मुगाच्यो गाठी, अळसाण्याचे तोणाक, मिरसांगेची भजी, घोटांचे सासवं, खतखतें, पुर्यो, तळिल्लो पापड आणि वडयांची किसमूर.

भीतभीत हांवे म्हज्या मनातली लिस्ट घडघडीत सांगली. इतके सगळे पदार्थ ऐकितिकीर घरकान्णि म्हणले, ही रानचीकूड तुका तात्याची खाणावळ दिसल्या काय कितें? सगळे नग मेळपाचे नात.

मागीर मझें रुसलेले तोण पळवन ती म्हज्या काकुटेक आयली आणि मोगान म्हनू लागली आज तुका अळसाण्याचे तोणाक, पुरी-भाजी आणि मिरसांगेची भजी करून नक्की खावयतां.

मझे मन प्रसन्न जालें आणि हांव हातान पोती घेवन भज्यांच्यो मिरसांगो हाडपाक बाजारांक चलू लागलो.

## ***Kathkhathem Vegetable Medly in Coconut Sauce***



**By Shekhar Ambe**

This is one of the all time favorite Shivrak recipes in the Ambe household. This recipe was given to me by my mother, Urmilla Ambe, who always prepares it for me when I visit Cuncolim, Goa.

### **INGREDIENTS :**

3 Yellow Corn Cobs (Cut into 3 pieces each)  
 ½ Cup chopped Carrot  
 ½ Cup chopped Radish  
 ½ Cup chopped Okra  
 ½ Cup chunks of Raw Jackfruit  
 1 potato chopped  
 1 small cucumber peeled and chopped  
 1 cup pumpkin chunks  
 ½ cup boiled white peas (Vatane)  
 12 Teflam (schezwan pepper)  
 2 tsp tamarind  
 8 dry red Chillies (or Chilli powder)  
 ¼ tsp Haldi (turmeric)  
 2 Cups freshly grated coconut or frozen thawed  
 1 tbsp Gawd (jaggery)  
 Salt to taste

**METHOD :** Since this is medley of vegetables you can add any other root vegetables or fruit that you like. Examples are yams, raw papaya, bamboo shoot, turnip etc.  
 All the vegetables should be chopped into large chunks. Peas should be pressure cooked separately. In a large stock pot layer all the vegetables and add enough water to boil them well. Do not overcook. Add the cooked peas.

Grind the coconut with the haldi, red chillies, tamarind and water to make a thick paste.

Pound the teflam and add to the Vegetables and add the ground coconut paste along with the salt and jaggery. Boil well and serve with rotis.

## ***Batatachi (potato) Bhaji***



**By Hema Naik**

### **INGREDIENTS :**

2 lbs potato (cooked and cubed)  
 1 tsp mustard seed  
 2 pinches black asafetida (Hing)  
 1 tsp jeera seed (Cumin)  
 1/2 tsp haldi (Turmeric)  
 2 green peppers  
 1 tbsp oil  
 salt to taste  
 pinch of sugar  
 1/2 cup water

**METHOD :** In a pan put the oil, asafetida, jeera seed and mustard seed. Once they have popped add the green chopped pepper. Add potatoes, salt, haldi and pinch of sugar. Add half cup water and stir, let boil for 3-4 minutes.

**NOTE :** you can substitute cauliflower and peas. But for peas must add a tsp of garam masala.

**INGREDIENTS :**

500 gms rajma  
150 gms onions, sliced into rings  
150 gms tomatoes, chopped coarsely  
Salt to taste  
1 tsp red chilly powder

**METHOD :**

Don't soak the rajma overnight. Simply put it to boil for 30 or 40 minutes, until it is tender. If you use a pressure cooker, that's six or seven whistles. Now in two tablespoons of oil or ghee, fry the onions golden brown. Throw in the tomatoes, stir a bit, and then add red chillies and salt. Stir some more. Now grind this to a fine paste. Pour this over the rajma, add hot water till you have medium thin gravy and simmer, covered, for another half hour or so. (Or allow six to seven whistles more on the pressure cooker).

That's it. Do not mash. Do not garnish with coriander. Do not garnish with anything. Do not add garam masala.

**Rajma**

*By Priyada Shinkre*

**INGREDIENTS :**

Moong-1/2 pounds (sprouted & cleaned)  
grated coconut-3/4 cup  
green chillies -2  
coriander seeds-2tspns  
peppercoms-6-7  
red chillies-2  
haldi powder-1/2 tspn  
tamarind-1/2 inch ball  
salt-to taste

**FOR TADKA :**

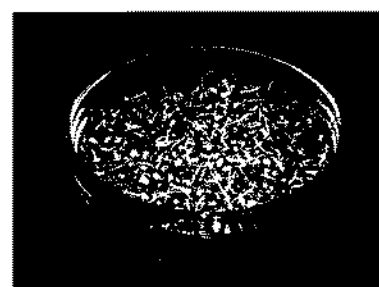
mustard seeds-2 tspns  
curry leaves.-15  
asafetida - hing-1/2 tspns  
oil-2tbspns

**PREPARATION :**

**METHOO FOR SPROUTING & CLEANING THE MOONG :** Soak the moong in water overnight. Next morning, drain the water & put it in a colander to dry & cover tightly. By night, the moong will sprout. Put the sprouted moong in water overnight in order to remove the green peels. Next day wash it 5-6 times, till all the green peels are removed. Use this sprouted & cleaned moong for making moogagathi.

**METHOO:**

Boil the sprouted moong in water with green chillies & salt. Roast the coriander seeds, pepper corns, cloves & red chillies. Grind the roasted masala along with coconut and tamarind. Add this mixture to the boiled moong. In a separate vessel, heat oil, add mustard seeds. When they splutter, add curry leaves, hing & haldi powder. Pour this tadka in the moong mixture & boil till done.

**Moogachi  
Gathi**

*By Uma Dalvi*

## Aais Alsandache Tondak



By **Sarita Mittal and  
Smt. Sitabai Ghanekar**

### INGREDIENTS :

Alsande (or black eyed beans),  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup, soaked overnight  
Red onions, 2 small  
Garlic clove, 2-3, chopped  
Grated coconut,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
Potato, 1, chopped (optional)  
Masala:  
Coriander seeds 1 tsp  
Black pepper 4 kemels  
Cinnamon stick 1 inch  
Fennel seeds  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp  
Turmeric  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp  
Cloves 4 pieces  
Dried red chillies 2 (1, if you want less spice)

**METHOD :** 1. Pressure cook soaked alsande for 30-40 minutes. 2. Roast masalas on low heat in a pan until turmeric darkens, and a rich fragrance is released. Keep aside. 3. Fry  $\frac{1}{2}$  small onion and 2-3 cloves of chopped garlic. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated coconut and fry well until browned. 4. Soak 1 inch of tamarind in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of warm water for 30 minutes to soften the pulp and release extract. 5. Blend masala mixture with coconut mixture and tamarind pulp/water mixture. Add water as needed, sparingly. Grind to a fine paste (sand-like texture). 6. Chop 1 small onion and boil in just enough water to cover onions. Add chopped potatoes (if desired). When onions are soft, add cooked alsande beans. 7. Add 1-2 tsp salt to taste. 8. Add masala paste and stir. Add chopped tomatoes, and simmer for 15 minutes (longer, if required) Garnish with chopped cilantro and enjoy!

## Palak Rice

By **Vaishali Naik**

My husband, Manoj, and I have always enjoyed this preparation for a long time, and to our pleasant surprise, our daughter, who was 13 months old, relished it when she ate it for the first time. Now this is one of her favorite meals. When I prepared it for our relatives in Goa on our last visit, it was an instant hit with everybody. It is healthy, tasty and simple to make. I hope all of you like it too! Enjoy!

**Preparation Time : 40min**

### INGREDIENTS :

Basmati rice 1 cup  
Palak (Spinach)  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
Vegetables (Green beans, carrot, peas, cauliflower) 1 cup  
Green chillies 4  
Coriander leaves  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup  
Lemon juice 2 tbsp  
Coconut 2 tbsp  
Onion 1 big  
Ginger 1? piece  
Garlic 4-5  
Sugar 1 tsp  
Garam masala  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp  
Bay leaves 2  
Cloves 3  
Cinnamon 1" stick  
Cardamom 2  
Ghee/oil 1 tbsp  
Salt

### METHOD :

Grind together palak, coriander leaves, green chillies, ginger, garlic, lemon juice, coconut, and sugar and garam masala. Don't use water if possible.

Heat ghee, add bay leaves, cloves, cinnamon, cardamom, garlic (2). Fry for a minute. Add onion and fry till light brown.

Add vegetables and the ground paste, and fry for another 5 mins. Add uncooked rice and fry for some more time. Add 2 cups of water, sprinkle salt, and close the lid. Check after 10 mins. Add more water if required and cook till completely done. Serve hot with raita.

**Nustyache  
Padarth  
Fish and  
Sea Food**

**By Gauri Ambe**

**KEKLE AAKA**

"Kekle Aaka, Kekle Aaka,  
Rati-Biti Bhovuk Naka  
Tuka Dekhlyar Maka Khata"

This rhyme was taught to us by the girl who took care of me and my brother Nilesch, when we were small. She would narrate the story of the "Aamado" from Amado the tree cautioning the Shrimp "Kekle Aaka" not to prance about in the waters on a full moon night. The Amado warns the Shrimp that if it is caught, surely it is his turn next as he would be used to make Goa's famous Sungta Human (Prawn Curry) with Amado.

Today whenever I make Sungta Human I always like to say this rhyme to my children. Although we do not get the famous Amado here Sungta Human can also be cooked with amli (green mango), sango (drumsticks), mulho (radish), bimbla, or bhende (okra).

It goes without saying that Sungta Human is one of the most beloved of all Goan fish curries.

In our collection here, you will find many recipes with Sungta, by far the most popular of Goan seafood!



**Sungta  
Hummon  
(shrimp curry) with  
Sango  
(Drum Sticks)**

**By Hema Naik**

**INGREDIENTS :**

1 lb shelled shrimp (medium sized)  
5 red chile peppers  
1 lb sango (drumsticks)—cut into 2 inch pieces  
1 1/2 coconut  
1 1/2 tsp turmeric powder  
1 golf ball sized piece of tamarind  
salt to taste  
2 pinches of asafetida  
1 medium onion finely chopped  
7 black pepper corns

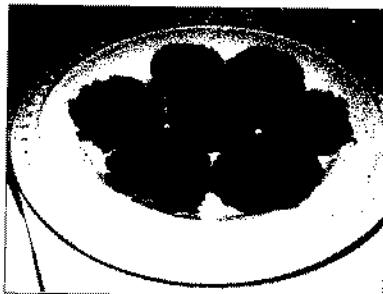
**METHOD :**

Grind half coconut and TAKE THE JUICE ONLY and set aside. Then take the remaining 1 coconut and grind with the coconut juice, the tamarind, hot peppers and black pepper.

In the pot, cook the onions, turmeric powder, drumsticks and asafetida add salt to taste and let it cook till the drumsticks are tender. Add the shrimp and cook till they turn pink. Then add the ground mixture of the coconut and let curry simmer until it boils, cover and let simmer for 5-10 minutes.

Serve with hot white rice.

## **Shrimp Prawn Cutlets**



**By Aditi Naik**

### **INGREDIENTS :**

1/2 cup shrimp (shelled and preferably small sized shrimp)  
1 tsp. roasted coriander powder  
1/2 tsp. haldi ( turmeric ) powder  
1 medium sized onion finely chopped  
2 tsp. rice flour  
Oil for shallow frying  
1 tsp chilly powder  
1 small cup coriander leaves.  
Add Salt to taste.

### **METHOD :**

Mix together the following ingredients: The finely chopped onion, spices, shrimp, 1tsp flour, coriander leaves, salt as per taste in a bowl.

Make 6-7 medium sized rolls from the mixture and flatten them into small cutlets.

Roll the cutlets in the rest of the flour covering both sides. Then heat a pan and add oil just enough to shallow fry the cutlets. Shallow fry in oil till cutlets become medium brown on both the sides.

Serve hot with Garlic bread & Tomato Ketchup as the sides!

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## **Bharlili Paplet (stuffed Pomfret)**

**By Ashwini Talaulker**

### **INGREDIENTS:**

#### **FOR GREEN CHUTNEY :**

1/2 cup grated coconut (fresh) , 10 Sprigs Cilantro ,1/2 to 1 green chili (as per taste)  
1/2 tsp of ginger garlic paste  
1/2 teaspoon of tamarind paste/penny size ball of tamarind  
Salt to taste

#### **OTHER INGREDIENTS :**

3/4 cup finely chopped onion  
1 pomfret slit along the length for stuffing  
1/2 tsp of chilli powder  
1/4 tsp turmeric powder  
1/2 penny size tamarind soaked in water and mashed to make paste  
Rice flour/ Rava , and Oil for pan frying

### **METHOD :**

1. Grind all the chutney ingredients to a paste with a little water.
2. Add the finely chopped onion to the chutney and mix well with a spoon.
3. To the cleaned and slit Pomfret add salt, tamarind paste , chilli powder and turmeric powder , both on the outside as well as on the inside of the fish.
4. Stuff the chutney with onion- Do not overstuff
5. Coat the outside of the fish in rice flour/ rava and pat of excess flour
6. Pan fry the whole fish

## INGREDIENTS :

Good quality large frozen shrimps (20-24), peeled and vein removed  
Fresh grated half coconut (Philipino store)  
Fresh ginger about half inch finely chopped  
Turmeric powder half tea-spoon  
Red Chilly powder about half to one tea-spoon  
Black pepper about 10-15 seeds  
Whole coriander seeds about two tea-spoons  
Fine rice flower half tea-spoon  
Fresh cocum (solam) about 8-10 soak in hot water for 15 minutes  
Salt  
Green mango, very firm (Chinese store)  
Vegetable/coconut oil two tea-spoons  
Onions (yellow) 1 large or 2 small  
1-2 green chilies

## METHOD :

1. Peel Shrimp and remove vein: wash thoroughly apply salt and turmeric and keep it about one hour or you may keep in refrigerator for longer period
2. Grind the following ingredients (fresh grated coconut, ginger, turmeric, red chilly powder, and black pepper and coriander seeds). Caution: Use small quantity of warm water little at a time and grind till it is a very fine paste or sauce. Add half tea-spoon of rice flower and grind for few more minutes. This is the most important step; you may over grind rather than under grind.
3. Cut the onions finely. Cut the green mango to about one inch cube or as you desire.
3. Heat the sauce pan (low heat) and add vegetable or coconut oil, when hot sauté the onion to brown. Caution: do not burn.
4. Add little water and mango pieces, cook till mango is slightly soft, and do not overcook.
5. Now add the ground mixture. Keep on a low heat. Add salt, cocum (solam) water, along with the water. Let it boil slowly. Do not cover because it will separate. Make sure mango is cooked but firm.
6. Wash the shrimps in cold water and then add to the slowly boiling curry. Cook on slow heat for about two minute and switch the heat off.
7. Let the curry mature for about 2-3 hours before eating. When ready to eat slowly heat the curry on low heat. Preferably eat with hot white rice.

Enjoy the authentic Goan delicacy. Share with your close friends with good quality white wine (Fume Blanc, Riesling, Chardonnay or others)

## Goan Shrimp Curry with Green Mango

By Dinker Bir





**Goan  
Mackerel  
Curry with  
Tirful / Teflam**

**By Dinker Bir**

**INGREDIENTS :**

Fresh Mackerel 6-8, small to medium size (get from good Chinese market)

- Fresh grated half coconut (Philipino store)
- Fresh ginger about half inch finely chopped
- Turmeric powder half tea-spoon
- Red Chilly powder about half to one tea-spoon
- Black pepper about 10-15 seeds
- Whole coriander seeds about two tea-spoons
- Fine rice flower half tea-spoon
- Fresh cocum (solam) about 10-13 soak in hot water for 15 minutes
- Tirfurs/tefla (schezwan pepper) 10-15 soak in hot water for 20 minutes
- Salt
- Vegetable/coconut oil two tea-spoons
- Green chillies 2-3 or to taste

**METHOD :**

1. Clean Mackerels: cut to about 1-2 inches, wash thoroughly apply salt and turmeric and keep it about two hours or you may keep in refrigerator for longer period
  2. Grind the following ingredients (fresh grated coconut, ginger, turmeric, red chilly powder, and black pepper and coriander seeds). Caution: Use small quantity of warm water little at a time and grind till it is a very fine sauce. Add half tea-spoon of rice flower and grind for few more minutes. This is the most important step; you may over grind rather than under grind.
  3. Heat the sauce pan (low heat) and add vegetable or coconut oil, when hot add the above mix. Keep on a low heat. Add salt, cocum (solam) water, tirfurs/tefla (crushed) along with the water and two/green chillies. Let it boil slowly. Do not cover because it will separate.
  4. Wash the mackerel in cold water and now add the mackerels to the slowly boiling curry. Cook on slow heat for about two minute and switch the heat off.
  5. Let the curry mature for about 2-3 hours before eating. When ready to eat slowly heat the curry on low heat. Preferably eat with hot white rice.
- Enjoy this authentic Goan delicacy.

## INGREDIENTS:

1. Three Dungeness large crabs (live crabs from a good Chinese market). 2. Freshly grated coconut half to three quarters. 3. Large to medium onions 3-4 count. 4. Whole coriander seeds about 2-3 tea spoons. 5. Black pepper about 1 spoon. 6. Cinnamon sticks about 4 inches. 7. Cardamom powder about 1/8 to 1/4 spoons. 8. Red chillies about 6 (or to your taste). 9. Cloves about 10-12 count. 10. Khuskhus seeds (poppy seeds) 1 spoon. 11. Star Annis 12. about 4 pieces (buy in Indian or Chinese store). 13. Freshly grounded nutmeg 1/12 spoon. 14. Fresh ginger (optional) about half inch finely chopped. 15. Fresh garlic (optional) 2-3 cloves. 16. Salt to taste. 17. Vegetable/coconut oil 3-4 table spoons total. Turmeric powder ¼ to ½ tea spoons. 18. Tamarind one small ball soak in hot water. 19. Half a can of coconut milk

## METHOD :

1. Cut the onions lengthwise and sauté in one table spoon of vegetable or coconut oil till it is brown (do not make it dark brown) and keep it aside.
2. Sauté the fresh coconut in one table spoon of oil (vegetable/coconut) till it is brown and keep it aside.
3. In one table spoon of oil (vegetable/coconut), sauté the following spices till brown. (caution: do not burn): coriander, black pepper, cinnamon sticks (crushed), red chillies, cloves, khuskhus seeds and star Annis and keep it aside.
4. Now mix all the above sautéed mixture in a larger bowl and grind the mixture to very fine paste. Caution: use small quantity of warm water little at a time while grinding. You may need to grind the mixture in 2-3 separate portions, as per the size of your grinder.
5. Use a large cooking pan, heat pan on medium to low heat and add one table spoon of oil, when hot, then add the whole ground mixture. Cook it on a medium to low heat.
6. Now add the remaining spices: nutmeg powder, cardamom powder, turmeric, salt, and garlic and ginger paste and tamarind water.
7. Then add half a can of coconut milk.
8. Continue the process on low heat. Occasionally keep stirring so that mixture does not stick to the pan.
9. Now cut the live crabs (preferably Dungeness) to reasonable sizes, clean them thoroughly and crack the pieces so that it is easy to eat. Put crabs in slowly boiling curry and slow boil for two minutes and remove the pan from heat and close with lid.
10. Keep the crab curry for about 4-6 hours, so that the mixture gets marinated and mature.
11. Now the crab curry is ready to eat. Recommend to eat with sourdough bread.  
Recommend chilled white wine (Riesling, Fume/sauvignon/ pinot Blanc, or chardonnay).

## Goan Crab Curry Curlance Tondak

By Dinker Bir

## **Masala Prawn**

**By Priyada Shinkre**

### **INGREDIENTS :**

Prawns – 1 lb.  
Onions – 1 medium, finely chopped  
Cashewnuts – 6-7  
Tomatoes – ½ lb., finely chopped  
Cooking Oil – 5 tbsp for cooking + 2 tbsp to roast the masala  
Ghee/Butter – 1 tbsp (optional)  
Ginger – 1" piece  
Garlic – 3 large flakes  
Turmeric (haldi) – 1 tsp.

### **MASALA INGREDIENTS :**

Desiccated coconut – ½ cup  
Onion – ½ medium, finely sliced  
Coriander seeds – 1 tbsp.  
Black Pepper – 7-8  
Cloves – 4-5  
Cinnamon – 4-5, 1" pieces  
Garlic – 2 flakes  
Chili powder – 1 tbsp.  
Tamarind – 1 tsp. (can be substituted by lime juice)

### **METHOD :**

Apply a little haldi to the prawns and keep for ½ hour

Grind ginger – garlic to a paste

In a frying pan, add 1 tsp oil, add sliced onions, fry till reddish brown, remove from oil

In the same oil, fry desiccated coconut till reddish brown, add coriander seeds and stir. Remove and keep aside.

Add 1 tbsp oil to the pan and fry the cloves, cinnamon, pepper and garlic till garlic becomes reddish and aromatic. Remove and keep aside.

In the same pan, roast chili powder for a minute.

Grind all the roasted spices, onion and coconut together with cashew nuts and tamarind

Heat oil in a vessel, fry chopped onions till soft and a little brownish in color

Add ginger garlic paste, fry for a few minutes, then add the ground masala and fry well. Add a little hot water for the curry.

Add the prawns and finely chopped tomatoes.

Cover and let cook on slow fire.

When tomatoes are soft and the prawns are cooked, add the ghee/butter, and some chopped coriander leaves and remove from fire. Serve with chappati or rice.



## INGREDIENTS :

Shrimps- 1 lb cleaned and deveined (Can be replaced by 4 Tilapia fillets)

Onions – 3 large – very finely chopped

Tomatoes- 3 medium or 4 roma – chopped into cubes

## MASALA :

Cloves - 10

Peppercorn – 10

Cinnamon – 1 inch stick

Red chillies – 8 whole or 1 and ½ tsp powder

Cumin – 2 tsp

Garlic- 8 flakes

Ginger- 1 inch piece

Vinegar – 2 tsp to grind.

Ketch-up – 1 cup

Water 1 cup

Salt to taste

Cilantro – ½ a bunch chopped

## METHOD :

Grind all the masala ingredients together with 2 tsps of vinegar. Can be double up and saved in the refrigerator for a month or freezer for way longer. Or dry ingredients can be ground separately and saved and garlic/ginger grated fresh.

Apply a little chili powder, turmeric and salt to shrimps (Can be replaced by fish) and fry in a frying pan with very little oil.

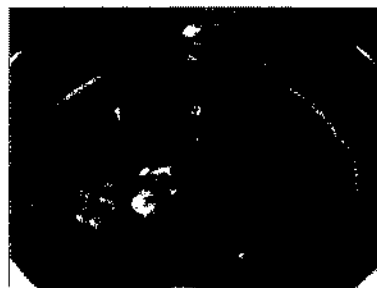
Heat another pan, add oil and chopped onions. Sauté onions till they turn slightly brown. **If the onions burn, the gravy will taste bitter.** Add the tomatoes and continue to stir till tomatoes and onions blend.

Add a table spoon of masala – or according to desired spiciness. It can be added later to gravy as well. When you get thick gravy with aroma of spices in the air add ½ the chopped cilantro leaves, ketch-up and water (a little at a time to adjust the thickness).

Adjust the salt and finally add the fried shrimps and continue to cook for 5 additional minutes so the shrimps and gravy mix pick each others flavor. Sprinkle with remaining cilantro.

This dish goes great with Pillsbury Crusty French buns or baguettes.

## *Shrimp Balchao*



*By Ameeta Ambe*

**Tesryachem**  
(clam)  
**Sukem**



**By Gauri Ambe**

**This is great recipe for seafood lovers and a delicious accompaniment to rotis / chapattis.**

**INGREDIENTS :**

2 ½ to 3 lbs hard shell clams  
2- 3 green chillies  
1 large or 2 medium onions finely chopped  
½ tsp haldi (turmeric powder)  
½ tsp red chilli powder  
1/12 tsp Goan Sambar powder  
¾ cup freshly grated coconut or frozen thawed  
8-10 solam (Kokum shell)  
1- 1/12 cups of water  
Salt to taste  
coriander leaves for garnish

**METHOD :**

To shell the clams, wash them and put them in a medium stock pot. Add about 1 to 1 ½ cups of water. Cook on medium heat for about 10 mins. Turn the clams around as the heat will open them up. Drain the clams and reserve the juice. Discard one side of the shell and keep the one with the flesh.

In a large flat bottomed pan add the finely chopped onion, clams, grated coconut, chillies, haldi, chilli and sambar powders and reserved clam juice and salt to taste.

Once the clams have cooked, add the solam and cook some more to dry out the clam juice. Garnish with coriander leaves.

**Spicy Fish**  
**Pakoda**

**By Priyada Shinkre**

**INGREDIENTS :**

Fish fillets (Salmon, snapper or tuna) – ½ lb., cooked  
Garlic – 1 tbsp finely cut  
Dry Red Chillies – 3  
Black Peppercorns – 14 -18 (for medium to spicy, as required)  
Coriander leaves – handful  
Soya Sauce – 1 tbsp  
Maida – 1 tbsp.  
Salt and Sugar – to taste

**METHOD :**

Grind all these ingredients together along with the fish fillets in a blender/ processor

Make small rounds and deep fry in hot oil

Serve with any dipping sauce

Today, Paella is a sumptuous feast of poultry, shellfish and saffron rice- but this celebrated classic started out as a poor man's supper in the Spanish province of Valencia. It gets its name from 'paellera', the shallow iron pan in which it is traditionally cooked.

**INGREDIENTS :**

1 dozen mussels, scrubbed, beards removed; or 1 dozen small hard-shell clams, scrubbed (or a combination)  
½ cup water  
6 chicken legs  
Salt and pepper  
2 tablespoons olive oil  
¾ pound sausage (any kind), casings removed, cut into ½ inch thick slices (optional)  
1 large onion chopped  
1 red or green bell pepper, seeded and chopped  
2 large cloves garlic, minced  
2 cups long grain white rice  
1/8 teaspoon ground saffron  
½ teaspoons each, dry basil and oregano leaves  
1 package (10oz.) frozen artichoke hearts, thawed  
About 3 ½ regular-strength chicken broth  
1 dozen large raw shrimp, shelled (tails can be left attached) and deveined  
¼ cup frozen peas, thawed

**METHOD :**

Place mussels (or clams) and water in a 2-quart pan. Bring to a boil, then cover, reduce heat to low, and cook until shells open (5 to 8 minutes). Remove from heat and let cool.

Sprinkle chicken with salt and pepper. Heat the oil in a wide frying pan over medium-high heat. Add chicken and cook, turning as needed until well browned on all sides. Remove from pan and set aside. Add sausage and cook until browned, remove and set aside.

Discard all but 3 tablespoons of pan drippings. Add onion, bell pepper and garlic to drippings; cook stirring occasionally, until onion is soft. Add rice, saffron, basil and oregano; stir to coat with drippings.

Transfer rice mixture to a wide, shallow 4-quart casserole. Arrange chicken, sausage and artichoke hearts over rice.

Measure mussel liquid; add enough broth to make 4 cups. (Alternatively a mixture of store bought clam juice and chicken broth may be used). Pour into a pan, bring to a boil over high heat and then pour over the rice mixture.

Tightly cover casserole with foil. Bake in a 350°F oven for 30 minutes. Uncover and stir lightly to mix ingredients. Push shrimp into top of rice. Cover and bake for 10 minutes more until shrimp turn pink. Uncover, push mussels (and/or clams) into rice and scatter peas on the top. Cover and bake for about 5 more minutes or until mussels are heated through and all liquid is absorbed.

(From: 'Sunset - Easy Basics of International Cooking')

Accompany with a Mediterranean Salad (baby spinach, feta cheese, olives, cherry tomatoes, red onions, cucumbers and vinaigrette) for a complete meal

**Paella  
(clam)  
Sukem**



**By Smita Mauze**

**Comodo  
(Chicken)**

**By Radha Ambe**

Kai borelo Combdō maka main muchya Deeelo,  
Konere baba tajo doko modeelo,  
Combya ba ba ba  
Re Combya shu shu shu,  
Ba, ba, ba, ba re Combya Shu, shu shu!



Combdya baba no, Saj re ghala,  
Amger ek babu jala,  
Babu jala, Bau jala!

**INGREDIENTS :**

3 lb whole chicken cut into small pieces

**FOR MARINADE :**

2 lemons large

6 large garlic cloves

1 ½ inch ginger chopped

2Tbs cider vinegar

1 small onion chopped

3 hot green chillies (or per taste)

1 inch cinnamon stick

8 cloves

1/2 tsp black peppercorns

1 1/4 cup cilantro trimmed

2 tsp salt (or to taste)

4 Tbsp oil

1 cup hot water

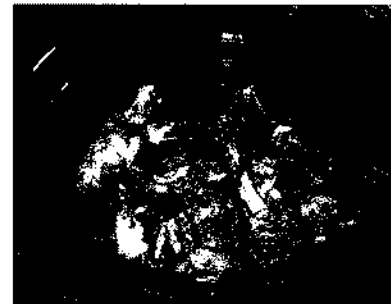
**METHOD :**

1. Cut chicken into small pieces
2. For marinade squeeze 2 lemons to juice and add with all other ingredients in a blender except salt, oil and water and blend to a fine paste,
3. In a large glass bowl combine chicken pieces and marinade and refrigerate for 5-6 hours or overnight,
4. In a large non-stick heavy bottomed utensil heat oil over medium high heat, when hot add marinated chicken pieces and sauté till all pink color of the meat is gone
5. Add remaining marinade to the chicken, salt and water, stir and bring to a boil,
6. Lower the heat and simmer covered for 30 minutes or till cooked. Add more hot water if needed
7. Cook till most water is gone. The finished dish should be moist semi dry but not thin curry form.
8. Serve hot and enjoy with bread and rice

**Nutritional Information :** Good in protein and low cholesterol

**Chef's Comments :** Chicken Cafrial is a Portuguese dish very popular in Panaji, where I grew up. It was my father's favorite dish and my mother cooked it for us. She passed it on to me.

**Chicken  
Cafrial**



**By Usha Naik**

**INGREDIENTS :**

8 Chicken Thighs and Drumsticks  
 ¼ Cup Canola Oil  
 1 Onion Chopped  
 1 ½ tbsp Paprika  
 1 tbsps Caraway (shahjeera) seeds  
 2 Tomatoes chopped  
 2 Green Bell Pepper seeded and chopped  
 1 ½ cups of Water  
 8 oz. sour cream  
 2 tbsp Flour (All purpose), Salt to taste

**METHOO :** In a heavy bottomed pot, heat the oil and sauté the onions till soft, about 5 to 6 minutes. Stir in paprika and caraway seeds, about 2 minutes. Add chicken and run to coat and brown. Add tomatoes and green peppers. Stir and mix the contents of the pot. Add water and salt. Stir to mix. Simmer on low heat till chicken is fork tender about 40 minutes.

Remove the chicken and set aside. In a small bowl, mix sour cream and flour with a little liquid till smooth. Add this mixture to the pot and heat on medium heat for 3 minutes or until it thickens. Return chicken and all the juices from the chicken to the pot, and reheat for 5 minutes.

Serve with steamed rice. Add chili flakes with paprika if you like it spicy hot.

**Chicken Paprika**

*By Ulka Pai Dungat*

This Chicken recipe was taught to me by my mother. It gets its rich red color from the Maggi Tomato Ketchup.

**INGREDIENTS :**

2 ½ lbs chicken (Preferably thinly sliced Breast fillets, cubed)

**FOR SEASONING :**

3 Bay leaves  
 2 tsp Jeera (Cumin)  
 1 large onion finely chopped  
 1 Bell Pepper cubed  
 Handful of Curry leaves ( Kadi Pata )

**FOR MARINADE :**

1 tsp ginger,  
 1 tsp garlic,  
 2 small green chillies,  
 1/2 onion roughly chopped,  
 1/2 tsp haldi powder,  
 1/2 tsp red chilli powder (more for added spiceness) and  
 2 tsp garam masala powder,  
 1/2 or less packet of Shaan Tandoori Chicken Masala,  
 12 cashews  
 1 cup curds

Blend above ingredients and marinate with the chicken for at least 2 hrs.

**FOR GARNISH :** 1/2 Cup Maggi Tomato Ketchup  
 1/2 Cup finely chopped coriander leaves

**Red Chicken**

*By Gauri Ambe*

**METHOO :**

Heat oil and add the seasoning, Bay leaves, cumin (jeera), finely chopped onion, cubed dabu mirchi and the handful of Kadi Patta leaves.

Sauté till onions are browned and add the marinated chicken and desired amount of water and cook with lid half open. When Chicken is almost cooked, add the coriander leaves and Ketchup and cook on low flame for 5 to 10 minutes.

Eat with Roti or White Rice.



## **Butter Chicken**

**By Aditi Naik**

### **INGREDEINTS :**

Boneless Chicken Breasts  
4 Cashews  
3 Almonds  
2-3 spoons Butter  
3 Tomatoes  
1 -2 Onions,  
3-4 spoons Vegetable Oil  
3/4 pack of Parampara Butter Chicken Mix  
1 tbsp Whipping Cream  
1-2 tsp Garam Masala,  
1 tsp Chilly Powder  
Fresh Coriander  
1-2 tsp Ginger Garlic Paste

**METHOD :** Cut the chicken into small pieces and marinate them with ginger garlic paste, salt, tandoori masala. Then after 30 mins or so shallow fry the chicken pieces and put them aside.

Heat one spoon butter and 2 spoons of oil and add onions to it.

Fry onions till golden brown and add tomatoes and fry them along with the onions till the whole mixture turns golden brown in color. Then add the whole mix to a blender and grind to a fine paste.

Heat the same pan and add another spoon of butter to it. Add the paste of tomatoes and onions. Blend the Almonds and Cashews to a fine paste using milk. Add these to the whole mixture in the melted butter along with the parampara masala, 1-2 spoons Garam masala, 1 spoon chilly and a little spoon of whipping cream.

Once the curry is ready as per ones taste add the fried chicken pieces. Let the whole dish come to a boil. Garnish with coriander and serve Hot with garlic naan or tandoori roti!!

**Nutritional Information :** Well, this recipe can be made with less oil and no butter but I would recommend this dish as a treat to yourself once in a while.

**Chef's Comments :** This recipe is available online at many websites but the one I present is special to me as my Mom has transferred it to me. (-. Its awesome try it)

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## **White Chicken**

**By Reshma Virani**

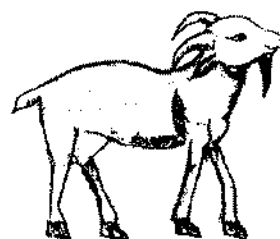
### **INGREDEINTS :**

2 lbs chicken  
2 onions  
25 green chillies  
2 tbsp ginger paste  
2 tbsp garlic paste  
1 cup yogurt  
50 grams cashews  
15 cloves  
2 tsp peppercorns  
1 tsp jeera (Cumin)  
1 tsp shahjeera (Caraway seeds)  
2 sticks cinnamon  
3 bay leaves  
Salt to taste  
Finely chopped coriander leaves

**METHOD :** Heat a generous amount of oil in a kadai. Add the whole garam masala, bay leaves, cinnamon, cloves, peppercorns, jeera and shahjeera. Then add the finely chopped onions and sauté till golden brown. Later add the ginger, garlic and green chili paste and fry on medium heat. Add the cashew paste and stir continuously for 2 mins. on low heat. Put in the yogurt and chicken and salt to taste and desired amount of water. Cook on medium flame until chicken is done. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves. Serve with bread or rice.

## **Bokdo (Goat Meat - Mutton)**

**By Dinker Ambe**



### **METHOD :**

Grind ginger, coriander leaves, garlic and green chillies to a fine paste. Marinate the mutton in this paste along with juice of one lemon for about one hour.

Cut 2 onions lengthwise. Heat 1 tbsp. oil in the skillet/wok/karai, add coriander seeds and stir-fry till light brown. Add red chillies and stir-fry for 2 minutes or until the coriander turns brown. Remove this mixture and keep aside.

Heat 1 tbsp. oil in another skillet/wok/karai and stir-fry all garam masala ie. cloves, cinnamon, star anise, bud mace, nutmeg, peppercorn, besides shaha jeera (caraway seeds) until a strong aroma wafts from the pan. This blend is known as *garam masala*. Then add poppy seeds and continue to stir-fry for 1 minute. Remove this mixture from the pan and add 1 tbsp. oil to the oil already in the skillet/wok/karai.

Stir-fry onion cut lengthwise till they brown. Add grated coconut and continue to stir-fry until they turn light brown. Remove this mixture from the pan and grind roasted coriander and chillies to a fine paste. Then grind the second mixture with tamarind separately.

From 1 cup of grated coconut, extract thick coconut milk or use 1/2 cup ready-made coconut milk.

Cut the rest of onions fine, Heat the rest of the oil in a large pot and stir-fry 1/2 an onion until it turns soft and light brown. Add this stir-fried onion to the marinade of the mutton. Fry the mutton until the aroma of the spices wafts from the pan and the mutton is soft. Cover the pan and simmer for one hour.

Then add the remaining onions (chopped coarsely). When the mutton is cooked add *garam masala* paste and salt. Cook for 5 minutes. Then add the paste containing the ground grated coconut, and the coconut milk. Cook for another 3 minutes,

**Note no 1:** It is advisable to cook *garam masala* first and ground coconut and coconut milk later.

**Note no 2:** If you use a pressure cooker, then cook for 20 minutes and use one cup of water.

### **Mutton Shagoti**

**By Reshma Virani**

### **INGREDEINTS :**

1 kg. Mutton  
2 1/2 cups grated coconut  
2 tsp. turmeric powder  
15 cloves  
1/2 nutmeg  
1 star anise  
1 tsp. fennel  
1 tbsp. poppy seeds  
12 garlic cloves  
Ginger piece of 5 cm (2 inch)  
1 cup coriander leaves  
1 large marble-size ball of tamarind (10 gm)  
12 medium-size onions  
25 red chillies  
3 tbsp. coriander seeds  
15 to 20 black peppercorns  
1 bud mace  
Cinnamon stick of 7 1/2 cm (3 inch)  
1/2 tsp. caraway seeds (*shahi jeera*)  
5 green chillies  
1 cup oil  
1 lemon  
Salt to taste

This is our favorite mutton recipe from the book *Traditional Taste of Goa* by Mrs. Kumudini Usgaokar and Mrs Shama Sardesai

When I was a little boy, I would hear my mom saying to herself during Ganesh Chaturthi; "I have to get God." I always wondered what she meant by this, but now I know that my mom was talking about "Gaud" as in jaggery, not Almighty God. "Gaud" is one of the ingredients in preparation of Moduks, and Neuvros during this festival.

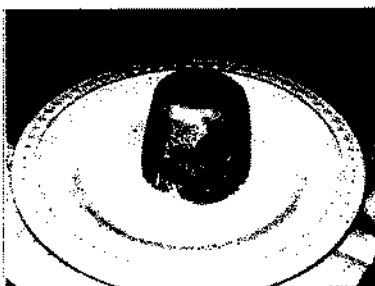
Jaggery, a traditional, wholesome, unrefined sugar is used through out South East Asia. Jaggery is a product of sugarcane and palm tree sap. It is made by boiling the sap from sugarcane and palm trees at over 200° C in a shallow, circular vessel. It is then shaped into small blocks.

Jaggery is very good for health, and is better than sugar because it is processed without the use of chemicals. It contains vitally important vitamins and minerals, such as mineral salts, calcium, potassium, magnesium, and phosphorous.

In South East Asia, jaggery is used in cooking, cakes, and other sweets. It is also used to balance out the spiciness, saltiness, or sourness by adding its natural sweetness in those foods.

### **Godshe (Dessert)**

#### **Gaud Jaggery**



**By Dinkar Ambe**

This is the oldest Goan recipe I remember my Grandmother in Panaji making it from Unde (she probably skipped Vanilla), as well as my mother making it later when I was growing up. And I have been cooking it here in US on a Saturday or Sunday morning when I discover I have an old French loaf.

#### **INGREDIENTS :**

Half loaf of old French Bread cut to make 4 cups of cubes,  
4 tbs Butter or toop,  
4 tbs sugar,  
1/2 cup of milk,  
1 tsp vanilla

#### **METHOD :**

1. Cut French loaf into 3/4 inch slices, cut slices to make 3/4 inch cubes, make 4 cups.
2. Melt butter or toop (ghee) in a wok type of skillet, add the bread cubes and stir on medium heat until little brown.
3. Sprinkle half the sugar a little at a time stirring the bread cubes while sugar caramelizes to form a good crust.
4. Add vanilla to milk and add milk to bread cube mixture a little at a time while constantly stirring.
5. As the mixture dries up sprinkle the remaining 2 tbs of sugar while stirring.
6. When all sugar is absorbed and forms a golden crust turn off the heat.
7. Serve while hot, sprinkle each serving with powdered sugar or a dab of Maple syrup and enjoy at your breakfast or as an afternoon snack.

#### **Pavaacho Goadso Sanjo**



**By Surendra Naik**

## **Apple Rabadi**

**By Priyada Shinkre**

### **INGREDIENTS :**

Whole Milk – 1 litre  
Apples (Fuji or other sweet) – 2  
Condensed milk – ½ can  
Cardamom powder – ½ tsp  
Almonds – 1 tbsp, blanched and sliced

### **METHOD :**

Put the milk in a broad vessel and boil  
Cook on slow flame, stirring continuously, until mixture reduces to half ( It is important to keep stirring the milk from time to time, so that it will not stick to the bottom of the pan)  
In the meanwhile, peel the apples and grate them  
Add condensed milk to the reduced milk mixture and let cook for another 5 minutes  
Add the grated apples, let them cook with the milk for 2 minutes and remove from the stove  
Sprinkle almonds and cardamom powder and refrigerate the mixture  
Serve chilled.

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## **Nan Katai**

**By Usha Naik**

### **INGREDIENTS :**

¾ cup Crisco or similar,  
1 cup sugar,  
1 ½ cup Maida,  
Pinch of Baking Powder,  
½ tsp Crushed cardamom powder,  
3-4 drops yellow coloring

### **METHOD :**

1. Melt Crisco on low heat,
2. Remove from heat and pour in a glass bowl,
3. Add sugar and yellow color and mix well until sugar well dissolved,
4. Sift Maida and add Baking powder and cardamom powder mix well,
5. Add it to sugar-crisco mixture slowly while mixing to make dough,
6. Keep the dough covered for 3 hrs,
7. Knead the dough well,
8. Make small 1 inch balls and flatten to make round shape,
9. Place them on lightly greased cookie sheet,
10. Bake in 325F preheated oven for 20 minutes or until lightly golden
11. Out of oven let them rest for 1 to 2 hrs at room temperature, removing before that they may break,
12. Enjoy with afternoon tea or anytime

**Nutritional Information :** Carbs, Fat for energy boost

**INGREDIENTS :**

Non-fat milk powder – Carnation Brand - 1 Cup (tea cup)

Butter - 2 tablespoons (check marking on butter stick)

All-Purpose Flour – ¼ cup

Baking Powder – ¼ tea spoon

Whipping cream – 1 Pint size carton

**FOR SYRUP :**

Sugar - 2 cups

Water – 1 cup

Oil for Frying

**METHOD :**

Using 1 cup water to 2 cups sugar proportion get the sugar syrup to boiling. Turn the gas to low flame and shut off as soon as you start frying the jamuns. Do not let syrup get thick. In the mean time take milk powder, flour, baking powder, and butter and mix all the ingredients together with hand. Pour whipping cream a little at a time and mix till soft dough consistency. Approximately a little more than half the carton will be used up. Do not over knead. Make small chunks and roll to smooth balls with both palms and set aside. 1 cup makes approximately 20- 22 balls.

Fry Jamuns and directly immerse in syrup. Balls should double in size which is a good indication that center will not be hard.

Serve warm or room temperature.

## ***Gulab Jamuns***

***By Ameeta Ambe***

**INGREDIENTS :**

30 large strawberries

1 c semi-sweet chocolate morsels

2 tbsp whipping cream

2 tbsp I can't believe it's not butter spread

**METHOD :**

Rinse strawberries, leaving stems on. Pat them dry with paper towel and place on rack. Place morsels, whipping cream and butter spread in a bowl and place in microwave on high power for 10-20 seconds. Remove and stir. Microwave the mixture at additional 10-20 seconds, stirring until smooth.

Do not overcook. Dip each strawberry into the hot chocolate mixture, covering about 2/3 of the strawberry.

Place each strawberry on a rack on wax paper and refrigerate 2-3 hours until set.

(From: 'Sunset - Easy Basics of International Cooking')

## ***Chocolate Dipped Strawberries***



***By Smita Mauze***

## Sweet Potato Nevreos

By Lata Varde

### INGREDIENTS :

4 medium size sweet potatoes or (yams)  
1 1/2 cup grated fresh coconut or (frozen grated, thawed at room temp)  
3/4 cup jaggery (brown sugar may be substituted)  
1/4 cup cashew bits (sliced almonds may be substituted)  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
1/4 teaspoon cardamom powder  
A pinch of powdered nutmeg (optional)  
1-2 tablespoon of all-purpose flour  
1 tablespoon toasted poppy seeds  
Clarified butter (ghee) to fry nevreos (shallow fry)  
Wax paper

### METHOD :

Boil sweet potatoes until they are soft. Drain water and allow the potatoes to cool at room temperature.

### STUFFING :

Mix grated coconut, cashew bits, jaggery, cardamom powder, nutmeg powder and cook over medium low heat until all the ingredients are mixed thoroughly. Keep aside to cool.

### OUTSIDE COVERING FOR NEVREOS :

After peeling, mash the potatoes; add salt and form into a smooth, non-sticky (dough) ball by adding all-purpose flour, as needed. Divide the dough ball into small golf size balls. On a wax paper, flatten each ball into a circle about 4 inches in diameter. Use about 1 tablespoon of the stuffing in the center of the circle and fold it into a crescent shape. Press the edges of the crescent. Repeat the process with rest of the dough.

Heat a non-stick frying pan and coat it evenly with ghee. Then, shallow fry the crescent-shaped nevreos until they are light golden brown on both the sides. This makes about 12 nevreos.

## Answers to Quiz

### Goa Quiz

1. December 19, 1961 2. Mandovi, Zuari, Terakhol, Chapora and Betul 3. Made of Laterites, rich in ferric, Aluminium oxides which are red in colour 4. Iron, Manganeses, Bauxite, Clays, Limestone, Silica 5. Agran, Rajangan, Deva kood, Saal, Ranchikood, Kothar 6. Vasco Da Gama 7. May 30, 1987 8. Dilip Sardesai 9. Leander Paes 10. Dayanand Bhandarkar 11. 1,350,000 12. Dona Paula, Miramar, Anjuna, Calangute, Vagator.

### Bollywood Quiz

1. C 2. B 3. A 4. C 5. C 6. B 7. A 8. A 9. B 10. A 11. C 12. B 13. Thakur Baldev Singh 14. Heera 15. Hari Singh 16. Mikamlikh 17. Ramgadh (Rs 15) & Belapur (Rs. 2) 18. Radha 19. Manna Dey 20. Bhiku Mahave 21. Seema 22. Soomea Bhopali 23. Circuit 24. Shrinivasan 25. Akash

### Cricket Quiz

1. B 2. B 3. A 4. C 5. C 6. B 7. C 8. A 9. A 10. B 11. B 12. B 13. C 14. D 15. A 16. A 17. C 18. B 19. B - Boundary by Brjesh Patel saved India 20. A

# Thank You Note



I was blessed to have energetic team members like Gauri, Sara, Milind and Ratnakar on Souvenir Committee.

**Gauri Shekhar Ambe** – Gauri's contribution to the souvenir is unparalleled. If it was not for this convention, we wouldn't have known artistic side of her. She is a poet, a writer, a painter..... I think it will be just easy if I mention what she can not do. Gauri can't sing.

She single handedly compiled recipe section. If I had not stopped her in time, this would have turned into a *Suvadik* Souvenir.

**Sara Kenkare-Mitra** – Articles just read better when touched by her editorial magic wand. Not a single semi colon or dot missed her sharp sight. She took responsibility of Youth Essay Competition and had a good response. The idea of a perfect theme, Celebrating Our Roots, Spreading Our Wings, was Sara's gift to the convention.

**Milind Parab** – Milind's love for cricket emerged here as Cricket Quiz. I am sure it will make us nostalgic.

**Ratnakar Pai Dhungat** – Ratnakar's expert advise and guidance helped us shape this souvenir.

I am thankful to everybody who contributed to the souvenir, specially from youth group. Quality of poems and articles submitted by them is astonishing. I see fifteen Jhumpa Lahiris in making here.

Mohan Khaire of Jay Malhar Printing Press has done a wonderful job of putting this all together. Girish Kulkarni produced very appropriate front cover page in a short time. Senior artist Ranjan Joshi helped us in layout and other such matters.

Merely saying thanks to my idol and good friend, **Shri Dinkar Gangal** of Granthali, will be just a formality. He took a deep and personal interest in this project and made the entire experience of editing and printing a walk in the park. Printing a Goan souvenir is always a challenge with three languages in two scripts. He found editors for each of the sections and also got us in touch with artists for front page cover and layout. Entire correspondence was done via email. I do not even want to think about how difficult it would have been without him.

Paresh Kenkre

