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SUNDAY POST

HERE . NOW



WORKPLACE HARASSMENT

Let's not play dirty

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COVER STORY



EMERGING NEW GENERATION COUTURIER PRITAM NAYAK, WHO HAS STARTED A CLOTHING LINE IN HIS NAME, LOVES TO GO ON A SOLO BIKE TRIP WHEN HE GETS A BREAK FROM WORK



With friends



Streamlining works

Sundays are fun days for many but it works very different for me. It is that day of the week, when I chalk out my schedule for my next course of actions and streamline my work to not get over-burdened.

Solo traveller

For fun, I mostly pick going out on solo bike rides to some of the less explored destinations. At times, some of my friends join in.

Avid hiker

I love adventure trips. Trekking and mountain hiking make me happy. I also love the thrills of exploring new places and interacting with new people.

Culinary experiment

I have always been a fan of cooking. I cook every day, love to experiment with new dishes both healthy and unhealthy; I do it for my family and friends. I am a lover of Indian and Italian cuisine.



SMRUTI REKHA BARIK, OP

Gym – My second home

To me, the gym is like a second home. It's a space where I release my stress. Pumping irons helps me overcome my worries. I also relax by reading books and binge-watching series on streaming platforms.

WhatsApp This Week

Only on Sunday POST!

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

THE BEST MEMES OF THIS ISSUE

- The best way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once!
- Trust me you will dance- Alcohol
- I want someone to give me a Loan and then leave me Alone.
- life is short...smile while you still have teeth.

MOVING TALES

Sir, I was moved by last week's cover story 'The Role Reversal' on National Parents' Day. The poignant tale of Aniket who wanted an elderly person to adopt for his child who badly misses the presence of grandpa at home made me numb. On the other hand, when elderly parents are often considered burdens and many couples can be seen sending their old fathers and mothers to old age homes, Alok Samartha's initiative to help out the elderly people and destitute is will inspire many to follow his foot step. He has certainly set an example for those who think landing a fat-salaried job is the ultimate success in life. It is true that parenting is not just about raising a child and being their support till they grow up, young people should also play the role of parents to the aging persons.

SOUMITRA PANIGRAHI, Sambalpur

LETTERS



A WORD FOR READERS

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



WORKPLACE HARASSMENT

Let's not play dirty

SMRUTI REKHA BARIK, OP

Workplace bullying not only damages an employee's health and well-being, but also has an effect on overall productivity and performance

Getting harassed at workplace always affects one's mental and physical health adversely. Some people slip into depression and suffer from conditions such as trauma, anxiety, hypertension and more. There is no dearth of instances when people even end their lives after being exposed to office bullying. More often than not, the victims fear reporting about their ordeal as they think the society would do nothing but judge them incorrectly and rub them the wrong way.

On the other hand, with a significant dip in jobs for the young people in post-Covid times, cases of getting persecuted at workplaces is on the rise. People find several ways to discriminate against their juniors and colleagues and sabotage their work to remain ahead in the race.

Sunday POST caught up with a few people who faced workplace bullying but had the best

of it without playing dirty.

"The best way to deal with the bullies is to continue working with all sincerity and wait for your turn," says **Sharmistha Sahoo**, a former programme executive of a Bhubaneswar-based TV news channel.

Recounting her nightmarish experience, she says, "After working for a few months in the Current Affair department, I could realise that a colleague of mine seemed to be pretty envious of my creative skills. Since I was good at direction, scripting and voice over works, the job assigned to me was just a cakewalk for me. But the man, who managed to get the job by resorting to fraudulent means, was afraid of losing his importance in the department. As he couldn't have dismissed my skills, he took a covert approach to bully me. He ganged up with a few more like minded colleagues and managed to bias the head of the channel against me."

Sharmistha continues: "He turned out to be a snag in my work and tried to degrade me along with my work in front of the boss. Ironically, with the passage of time, he was appointed as head of the department after the former department head switched to another channel even as he didn't deserve to be elevated to that post. But with power and responsibility, he tried his best to make work life tough for me. Like if I were supposed to go out for some shoot, then he made sure that I didn't get the offi-

cial vehicle. On several occasions, he biased my contacts not to work with me. After a few days he scrapped the programme that I was working in and forced me to start from scratch. I had little choice than to start afresh and I tried working under his supervision which was quite humiliating. I was not given appropriate time and slots to showcase my output. Most of my programmes were aired on non-prime slots to deprive them of good TRP."

But as they say truth and honesty can be suppressed at times but they definitely can't be hidden forever.

Sharmistha, as she said earlier, maintained her composure and her patience paid off.

Despite all conspiracies, leg pulling and backbiting, two of her programmes were adjudged winners by an impartial jury. However, she quit the channel holding her head high to avoid further face off and switched to another profession.

"But the programmes made by me are having a repeat run by the channel every now and then. The Managing Director of the channel is often heard giving my example to the juniors in the matter of sincerity. What else one could you ask for," concludes Sharmistha.

Sharmistha's was a case where a female worker suffered thanks to the insecurity of a male colleague.

But here is a case when a couple of women employees made life difficult for their co-worker who happened to be a woman.

Anita Mohanty joined the History department of a Berhampur-based government college as a guest lecturer. She was tasked with three classes a day. But at the moment, she is busy completing her PhD dissertation, no longer working with the college.

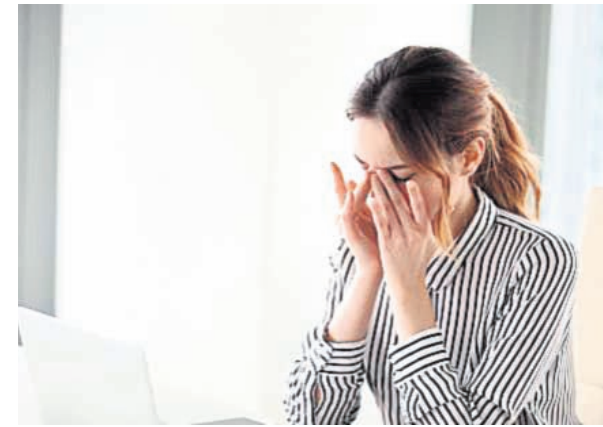




Sampat Patnaik of Rourkela is a case in point. His case is a classic example of how the tech-savvy working population has made discrimination based on the intellect about technologies with the population that worked on pen and paper.

Sampat works in a government office in Nagpur and in the near years of retirement he was relocated and given a transfer to a different location. Apart from that, it took six months for him to get approval to work at his new office. In the meantime, he realises that his new office works on computers whereas he had never worked using computers.

Sampat shares, "As I was not well conversant with computers, despite multiple requests, the HRD did not send in people for training, rather they were disregardful towards this approach and asked to figure it out on my own. For someone who has never touched a computer, it was burden-some and punishing."



But Sampat was made of different stuff. Instead of giving in, he enrolled himself in a computer training institute. In a matter of few days, he not only gained working knowledge on computers, but also proved to be one of the most dependable hands in the office.

Though Sampat's never-say-die attitude helped him enjoy the next phase of life post-retirement, the tribulation that he went through left a bad taste in his mouth.

"A new culture brimming in big corporate organizations where religions are evolving based on departments, be it the Human Resource team or the IT. Both government and the private organizations club together to fiddle with the innocent working population which is unfortunate to say the least", he shared.

Note - Victims' names have been changed to maintain confidentiality

Asked what made her quit the job, Anita narrates, "Have you ever heard students being made to put their signatures on a blank sheet by a lecturer to oust her colleague? Such things are seen in movies. But this happened to me. One of my colleagues conspired to make some students sign a blank paper and submitted it to the college principal filling the sheet with a series of allegations. Do I need to explain further what happened after that? How can people stoop to such level to score brownie points?"

Anita laments that the principal didn't bother to check with her to learn her side of the story.

Moreover, she insulted Anita in the presence of other staffers and asked her to remain present full time in the college.

"It all began when the students started looking up to me not as a teacher but their mentor. They could trust me enough to share their personal problems and dilemmas and I was among those teachers who want their students to remember them as people who helped them in their growing up years. Expectedly, I was quite popular among the students and this was not acceptable to my colleague. So, she planted some stories and even went to spread rumors about me and one of my male colleagues," adds Anita.

She was not comfortable at all in such environment but at the same time she couldn't have quit without proving her detractors wrong.

Despite the humiliation she faced, Anita continued to take classes and was given some additional classes. She sincerely completed the academic session. As she knew that the complaints made against her were the handiwork of her colleague, her behavior towards the students remained unchanged.

It was only after the results were out that some outgoing students revealed that the other teacher made them sign a blank paper saying that it would be used to bring more books to the college library. Eventually, all came to know about the reality and Anita's colleague had nothing to defend. The principal not only said sorry to Anita for going by the 'fake' application of the students but also asked her to continue in the college. But by then, Anita had made up her mind.

"We can't eliminate professional rivalry at workplaces but let us not make others' life so difficult that he/she has to quit," says Anita.

Professional rivalry between young colleagues is understandable. But the office politics is such that the co-workers often don't spare people who are on the verge of retirement.

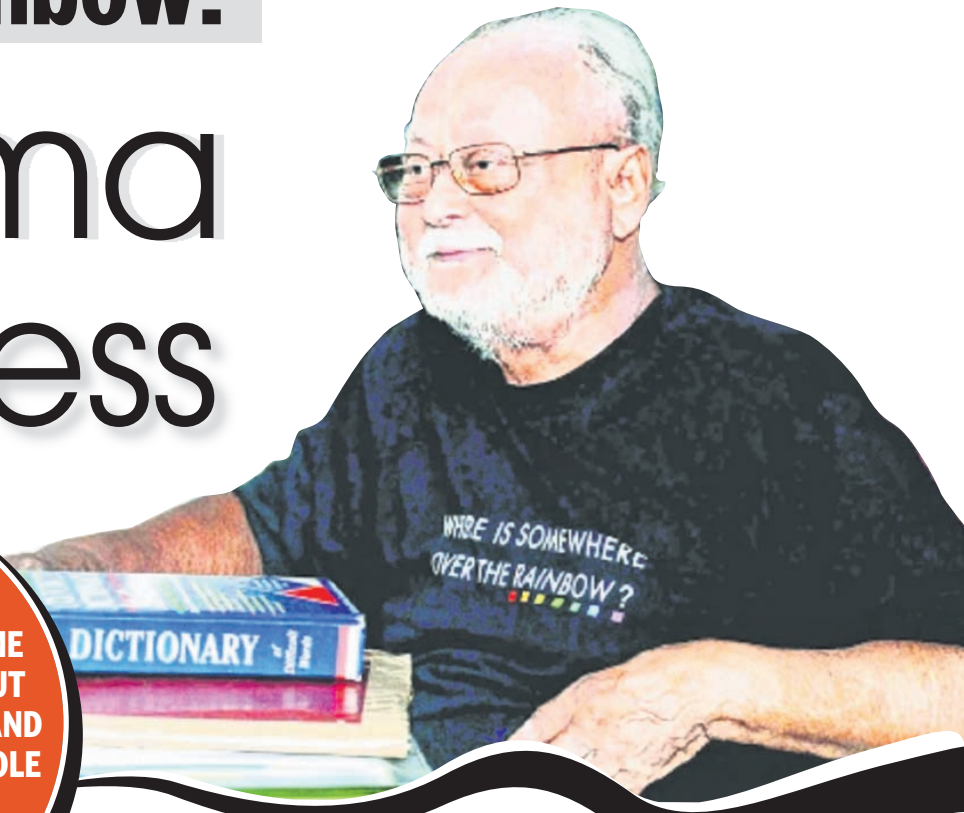


Skies without the rainbow:

The enigma of happiness

JAYANTA MAHAPATRA

I REALISE I LIVE WITH THE HOPE THAT MY HAND TOUCHES SOME SYMPATHETIC HEART. BUT WHERE IS THAT HEART? AND WHERE IS THAT BLACK HOLE OF LIFE, FROM WHICH HAPPINESS CAN'T EVER ESCAPE?



I am here, speaking from a moment of loneliness, as I realise fully well that we live in a culture of words, of talk, and our own manner of constantly bringing out the world in the open in talk; and where the heart is always aware that the reason we are here is primarily to make a petition from one person to another. Simultaneously, we are weighed down by the thought that the future is upon us all the time. And we do not know how long is the road ahead or what waits in it, bitterness or sweetness, sorrow or happiness.

With nothing that I have to speak on this subject, maybe I could just utter or whisper the name "happiness" and then become speechless. For me perhaps, the word, the roots of the words itself carry the burden of solitude, which drowns me in its shallow waters.

My field of study was physics, and trying to comprehend it as I went about teaching my students was like a peepal that began to grow. On the way, the arms of the tree stretched upwards and sideways, as all trees do ushering in space, the space of philosophy and poetry, of air and water, the space of strength and weakness, and of darkness and light; and I realise that I was trying to hold this unknown space in my arms and fill its soft body. But I discovered that the air it contained was empty. A space that would be neither a negative one nor positive. Could this space open a door into the mysterious country of happiness?

And I opened my right palm and then closed my fingers tight. Was that some kind of wind I appeared to hold? I simply felt as though I had seized in my blood and it was slowly and silently making its way upto my heart.

Could I call it my happiness of the moment, call it a metaphor and content, or greet it as a sort of narcissistic siege

that would keep its performance going for years to come?

But let us not underestimate its imaginative intensity. Happiness could come from a mere flatness of living, a gentle blue sky, a soft-star-filled night, or come from the tiny pit of an ant-lion waiting for its prey. It could be a bashful, wispy spring skipping down a mountainside, or an incurable lunatics laughter in a sanatorium, a Nero in love with himself in the sanctum of his pride. Happiness could be in a Crusoe's survival on a island of his mind after he has forsaken the uncertainties of freedom in an affluent society. Or be in a place where no man even loves or cries. Or has anything to do with this embrace called life, becoming simply an ancient stone, keeping only to itself...

Maybe a part of happiness is context-sensitive and culture-dependent, I myself am not sure and perhaps only others can say.

Perhaps the distinguished French writer Jean-Marie G. Le Clezio had this metaphor in mind in his novel *Desert* when he wrote about the passage towards an endless arid horizon, a journey to secure their future and preserve their past.

Even when one picks up arbitrarily any intense poem by a great poet, the search towards the unknown is subtly and unmistakably engaged in its practical mission for this "happiness unknown". I would like to quote a short poem of Vicente Aleixandre:

*There are moments of loneliness
When the heart knows dumbly that it doesn't love.*

We have just sat up in bed, tired: the dark day.

Someone is still sleeping innocent on that bed.

But per-

*haps, we are asleep...ah, no ; we move.
And we are sad, hushed. Outside, the insistent rain.*

*Morning of the slow merciless mist. So alone!
We look through the windowpanes. Clothes fallen down,*

Stifling air; noisy water. And the room freezing in this hard winter which is somehow

*different outside.
And we keep quiet, your face in your hand.
Your elbow on the table. The chair silent.*

*And the only sound is someone's slow breathing,
that woman over there, serene, beautiful, sleeping*

And dreaming that you don't love her, and you are her dream.

Trs. Willis Barnstone & David Garrison.

My relationship with life has always been a complicated one. Mostly, exploitative, perhaps audacious at times, it would be embarrassing enough to swinge out of life anyone's life for that matter—something we call happiness I have never been able to understand in all my years. Like every single rail over which trains go by, and we never see them again, is this happiness.

At times, I feel I am left with some choices, choices I can live in:

*I could be unhappy and be a hero or a poet
I could be happy and be another village idiot
I could be myself and not live in hope
and begin my journey inside*

For in that country there are no maps to read

*No landmarks to guide you
No mile posts*

*No stations on the way
Yes, maybe in that country*

*All our histories remain unwritten
All our books are blank*

Frankly, whatever I have tried to make about happiness when I look definitely across others' lives and mine, holds no precise meaning. One remembers nostalgically Oscar

Wilde's fragile little tale titled *The Happy Prince* in which a statue of the happy prince stood high on top of a tall column above the city. And when a little boy who is crying for the moon asks his mother, she turns to him sensibly: why can't you be like the happy prince? And adds: the *Happy Prince* never dreams of crying for anything. I might say that this is one of the simplest autopsies of happiness I have come across. Was it Jean Paul Sartre who said: You name a thing and the thing is dead.

A sudden thought crosses my mind is it possible to lure happiness? Does it patronize? I don't know. It is not for me to answer or go into such thing.

Perhaps it's only this. The more one goes on to discuss it, the more incomprehensible and the more layered it becomes. If I speak of poetry, which I've attempted to write all my waking years, I'd affirm that is not as much an answer to the world as it is a question which the world receives and hears from the lips of one who makes it. This answer doesn't belong to the poet but rather to one who hears his words if they reach the place they were meant to reach. When I was young I had this inner urge to look, to investigate, to see and hear; that is, to know. To be acquainted with something is not the same as to know it. I realise I live, I repeat I live, to stretch out my hand, not just a hand that holds a sheet of paper with some words written on it; but because, strongly, intensely, with the hope that my hand touches some sympathetic heart.

But where is that heart?
And where is that black hole of life, from which happiness can't ever escape?

The author is first Indian English poet to win a Sahitya Akademi honour





Once Madhavan was attracted to Bipasha Basu

Did you know R Madhavan once confessed to being attracted to Bipasha Basu?

Madhavan, who starred with Bipasha Basu in *Jodi Breakers*, had once opened up about being attracted to the actress.

In a 2012 interview, R Madhavan said, "Whenever you have chemistry on-screen, then you have to be very attracted to the person. And I am definitely attracted to Bipasha as a person. She is phenomenal and if you don't have that chemistry, then it is difficult to portray the romance

on screen. She is exotically beautiful, charming. I did not know how our relationship would be on the sets. She never made me realise how big a star she is."

The *RHTDM* star recently celebrated his 23rd marriage anniversary with his wife Sarita Birje. Sharing some lovely photos with his soulmate, the actor wrote, "How is it that I am more in love with you now than ever before and I am just getting started... Happy anniversary wifey."

Samantha buys ex-hubby's house

Samantha Ruth Prabhu has been a real standout of the year who won the audience over with her sensuous dance moves in *Oo Antava* song in *Pushpa* and other successful films. This phenomenon of a woman has become one of the most loved not just due to her craft, but also her independent and bold personality.

The owner of the building where Samantha lived with her ex-husband Naga Chaitanya revealed in a recent interview that the house was sold after the couple's separation, but the actress then spoke to the owners and bought it all by herself. She currently resides there along with her mother.

The actress has achieved great heights after having come from humble beginnings. As also revealed in Karan Johar's chat show *Koffee With Karan*, acting was never part of Samantha's career plan but something that happened due to lack of money at home for her to pursue her studies beyond a certain point. And to look back at that from where she is today, buying a house for herself seems to be a beautiful story of a self made and independent woman.

Samantha has super busy days ahead with projects like *Shaakuntalam*, *Kushi* and *Yashoda* in the pipeline along with some more unannounced projects.



Rashmika's live interaction with fan wins hearts

guy's it's a wrap for me for *Goodbye!* It's been 2 years since we began this journey amidst covid waves and everything (it was literally like the vows- through sickness and in health) but nothing could stop us from partying our way through it all and now I can't wait for you guys to see what *Goodbye!* is really all about.. this is going to be funnnnnnn! Get ready to do some serious laughing."

Apart from *GoodBye*, Rashmika will also be seen essaying the lead in *Animal* co-starring Ranbir Kapoor.

Rashmika Mandanna was recently in Delhi for her professional commitments and was spotted interacting with a fan there. A viral video captures Rashmika signing her name across an artwork presented by a fan. The actress was draped in a cream shawl and sported a no make-up look.

The clip won hearts of millions of followers.

All set to mark her entry in Hindi, Rashmika recently wrapped the shoot of *GoodBye*, co-starring Amitabh Bachchan and Neena Gupta. The film is slated to release October 7, 2022 and will clash with Rajkumar Rao and Janhvi Kapoor starrer *Mr and Mrs Mahi*. Both the films are banking on the post Dussehra festive weekend.

Announcing the film's wrap, Rashmika had shared last month, "Goodbye. Hate to say goodbye to my baby 'Goodbye'...but



'Parents have been my pillar of strength'

She is one of those actresses who feel lucky to be staying in the company of her parents. While many actors in Mumbai come home to an empty apartment, Mrunal Thakur is glad that she gets to live with her mother and father.

She says, "I feel happy when I go back home. I am my father's daughter and I am not (actor) Mrunal Thakur with him. Parents have been my strong pillar. I like coming home and talk to them. They would ask me how was the shoot, how was the day etc. The kind of inputs I get from them I do imply in my work. All films I have been a part of, my parents are very proud of them. My dad still cuts news articles of mine and keeps it in a folder."

With a strong family support like that Mrunal says that she feels very strong herself, however there are certain things that do affect her. She shares, "I don't get affected by trolls at all. However, I do think that the people around me do get affected. And that kind of affects me when my loved ones get affected. Otherwise, I can just ignore my trolls."





Stay sassy this monsoon

MONSOON, ACCORDING TO DIE-HARD FASHIONISTAS, THROWS THEIR STYLING PLANS FOR A LOOP. PUDDLES OF WATER CAN GET ALL OVER THE CLOTHES, AND AN UNEXPECTED STORM CAN STRIKE WHEN ONE LEAST EXPECTS IT!

Monsoon, the season of love, the festival of clouds, the time when a hot cup of coffee and even hotter fritters are required! But it's not all roses when the rain-gods shower us with their blessing. Monsoon, according to die-hard fashionistas, throws their styling plans for a loop. Puddles of water can get all over our clothes, and an unexpected storm can strike when you least expect it! How does one escape the fashion emergency that rains bring with them! Well, if there is a will, there's always a stylish way. Here's five quick fix solutions tailor made to make this monsoon a fashion fiesta:



perfectly match with all your outfits isn't a bad idea either, you could step out with sublime panache, one umbrella at a time!

Where the wind (cheater) takes you!
If you are a no frills adventurer, the windcheater is usually your most trusted companion. May it be a monsoon hike or a cycling trip to the lake, the windcheater is a light and nifty sidekick that protects us against the soggy weather. But, while buying these jackets, we often tend to go for utility over style.

Wouldn't one rather choose suave colours and stunning designs that mesh with our personal philosophy? Let's step up our game when it comes to windcheater shopping!

Shoe them who's boss!
If it's the rainy season, one must be on their toes. People often wear monsoon shoes that are uncharacteristically bland on the eyes. Black is often the 'go to' colour and flips flops or sandals are often the 'go to' footwear. As it begins to pitter-patter all around, it's time our shoe selections see a refreshing change. Cool and comfy clogs, ravishing all season shoes or bold and bright boots might just be the new lease of fashion your legs needed.

Bag to basics
Our school life is rich with memories of waterproof bags that stored our books as well as some magically innocent moments. Childhood may have passed but those bags can still stay! Chic and suave rain friendly bags are now the in thing for both work and pleasure. May it be transparent backpacks or cute little sling bags, there is not dearth to style with these snazzy wonders.

Find your 'better scarf'
Scarves are the most underrated styling accessories for monsoon season. They not only act as protective headgear during light showers, but also stand out as a great fashion statement. From vibrant and vivacious shades to subtle and simmering hues, there's an ocean worth of options to choose from that perfectly suit your taste. The only thing to make sure of during a monsoon scarf fest is that they are thin and lightweight. AGENCIES



Anurag



ODISHA FASHION VILLA