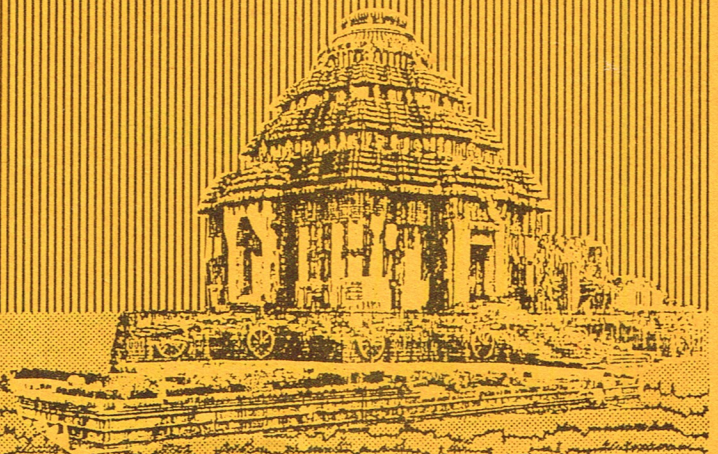
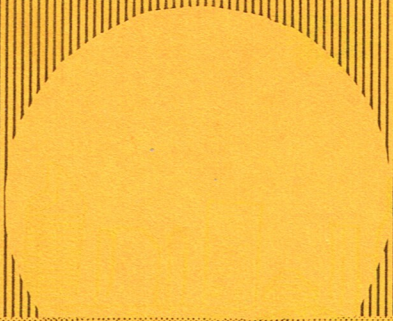


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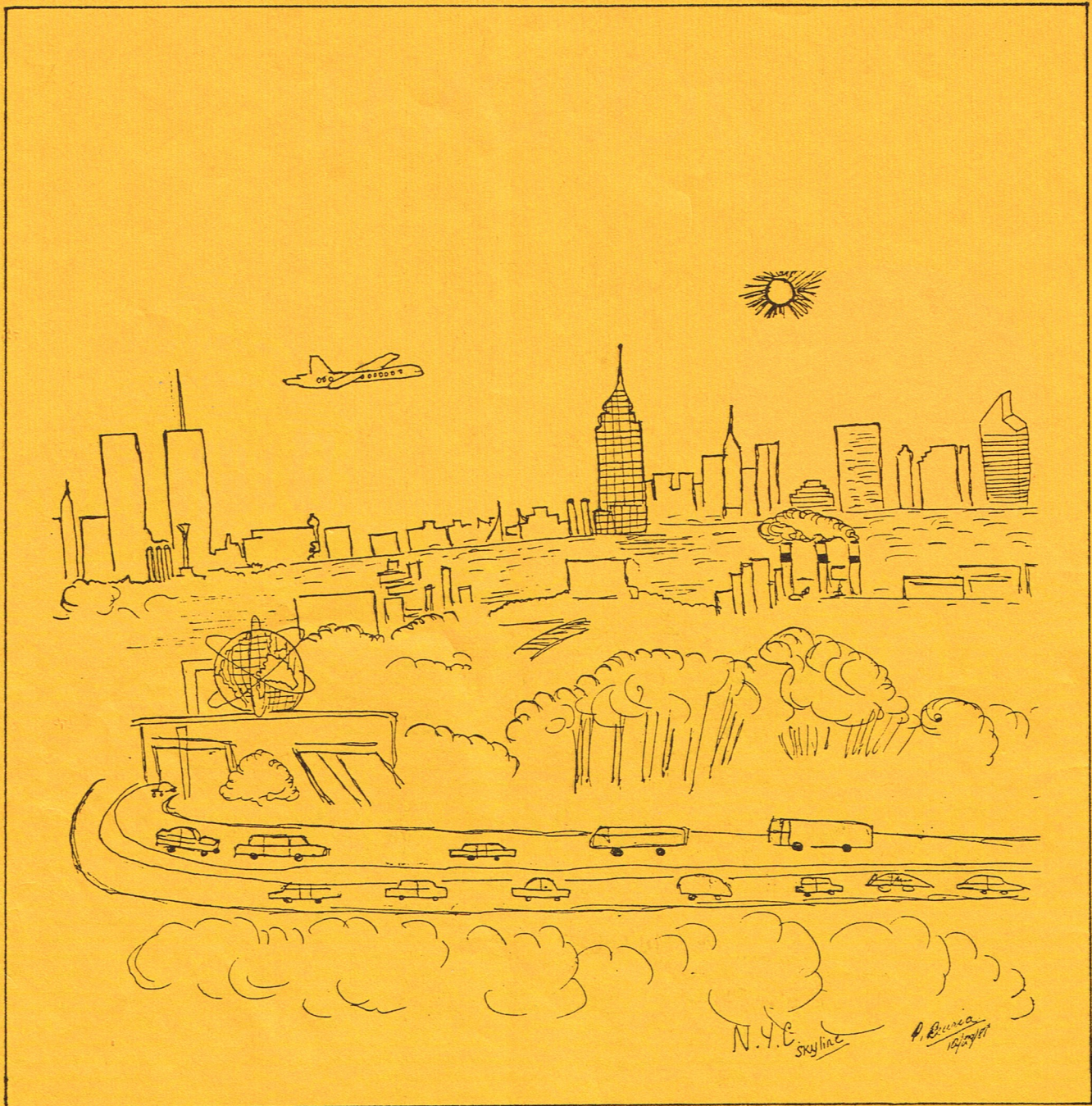
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ORISSA SOCIETY

of

AMERICA

Spring 1988



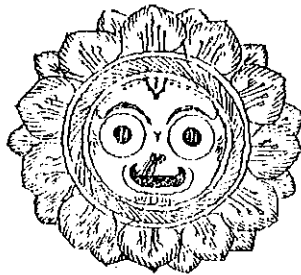
Manhattan Skyline

Sketch by Prarthana Beuria

The view is of Manhattan from Long Island. On the left the twin towers of the World Trade Center rise from the Wall Street area in the southern tip of Manhattan. The Empire State Building is visible in the center. Towards the right are the United Nations and the distinctive profile of the Pan-Am Building. The old site of the New York World Fair can be identified by the large globe. No picture of the New York area is complete without the busy freeways and of course a jet plane above. The plane appears to be headed towards La Guardia Airport.

Prarthana was born in Japan (hence the nickname Yuki) and lives in a highrise in Manhattan with parents Tripti and Abasar Beuria. She is ten years of age.

JOURNAL
of the
ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICA



ମହାମୋକ୍ଷମୁକ୍ତରେ ଜନଜରୁତିରେ ନୀଳଶିଖରେ
ବସନ୍ତପ୍ରାୟାତାନ୍ତେ ସଦୃଶ ବଳଭଦ୍ରେଣ ବଳିନା
ସୁଭଦ୍ରା ମଧ୍ୟସ୍ଥଃ ସକଳ ସୁରସେବାଚସରତୋ
ଜଗନ୍ନାଥଃ ସ୍ୱାମୀ ନୟନପଥଗାମୀ ଭବତୁ ମେ ॥

Oh Lord Jagannatha! Lord of the Universe!

Show me the true path!

Spring 1988

Journal of the Orissa Society of America

Editor: Saradindu Misra
Managing Editor: Lulu Mansinha
Associate Editor: Subita Panigrahi

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Journal of the Orissa Society of America

Spring 1988

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Cover design by *Lulu Mansinha*

The ruins of the temple at Konarka represents to most Oriyas a glory that was; a reminder of the past greatness of their forefathers just a few generations back. The front cover is a symbolic and modernistic depiction of the temple to the Sun built, as a daring feat of engineering, in the water, at the confluence of the river Chandrabhuga and the sea. The main temple does not survive; there is dispute as to whether it was actually completed, though legend has it that the capstone was put in place. It is fitting that on our cover the sea is represented by a computer generated plot of the motion of a floating ice-island in the Canadian arctic ocean. The small photograph of the temple was taken in the 1930s by an American.

Editorial

Lalu Mansinha
Saradindu Misra

THE CONVENTION

It is astonishing to discover, at any congregation of Oriyas, that we are not a random selection of individuals drawn from the population of Orissa. On a first encounter it is not uncommon to find a family tie, a mutual friend or acquaintance or a common school or college. We congregate, not simply because of the bonds of language and culture, but for reason of shared ties.

Many of us spent half a lifetime or more in North America, and we have built up a shared past of anecdotes and incidents about people, places and ourselves. Each time we meet, one more weave is added to the fabric of our memories; the invisible bond becomes a little more intense; the kinship is made a little stronger.

And it is not just the aging immigrants from Orissa who like to congregate. One of the aims of the OSA at its formation was to somehow pass on this bond, this kinship to our offsprings. In this we have succeeded. Many of our children know each other; some have become close friends. And year by year we watch them grow; even as they are about to join the adult world, to make their mark on society. They are our legacy to mankind, our only lasting gift to the world.

The news of cancellation of the New England convention was a blow. We do not even pretend to understand. Sufficient to say that we suffered shame, anger and frustration.

How easy it is to destroy a tradition that has taken so much effort to set up and continue! The OSA is young enough for us to remember the tentative efforts to organise, to work out a structure, to hold elections, and the pride with which local chapters hosted the conventions. Year by year the OSA has changed, for the better, in response to changing profiles of members.

In our own distress let us not forget that there are many in the New England Chapter who have devoted considerable time and energy into making the OSA Convention a memorable one. All that came to nought. We appreciate your efforts even if we will not have an opportunity to enjoy your hospitality.

There is also pride. We are proud of the way in which many responded to the crisis and the speed with which the Michigan Chapter has agreed to host the Nineteenth Annual Convention. To them our admiration and thanks.

Finally, lest we forget, we are all one. We are all related by language and culture and gene pool and all the invisible bonds that tie us. Come join us in Detroit. You have to come, if not for us or yourself, at least for the youth. A dissipated community devoid of unity is not a legacy to be proud of. There can be no winners in a small community, far away from its roots, divided within itself. We all will end up as losers.

From The Desk of The President

Asoka Kumar Das

May the New Year bring you and your family continued happiness and Prosperity!

OSA is looking forward for your co-operation and support to make 1988 an eventful year.

For the well being of the society, the following committees have been established to review and make recommendations on proposals.

1. Advisory Committee:

Madhab Dash, New York - Chairman
Haralal Choudhury, Ohio
Natabar Khuntia, Michigan
Radhakanta Misra, Tennessee
Sri Gopal Mohanty, Canada
Surendra Ray, Maryland

2. Business and Tech. Committee:

Sitikantha Dash, Minnesota - Chairman
Kirtan Behera, California
Surya Mishra, Illinois
Prafulla Padhi, California
Ramprasad Patnaik, Pennsylvania

3. Cultural Committee:

Promode Patnaik, Alabama - Chairman
Annapurna Biswal, Maryland
Joyasree Mahanti, Michigan
Chitralkha Patnaik, Canada

4. Editorial Committee:

The members will consolidate and forward materials for publication in the journal from their areas. The editor-in-chief is fully

responsible for the contents and publication of the OSA journal. The list of members are printed elsewhere in the the journal.

5. Parents Committee:

The members will try to develop some mechanism with the help of youth committee to organize the youth group of OSA.

Birendra Patnaik, Pennsylvania - Chairman
Saroj Behera, California
Rabindra Kanungo, Canada
Niatyananda Mishra, Mass.
Amiya Mohanty, Kentucky

Anil Pattanayak, Secy-Treas - Co - ordinator

6. Youth Committee:

Sanjeeb Behera, California
Ranjan Choudhury, Ohio
Raj Kumar Dash, Canada
Pragati Misro, California
Ellora Patnaik, Canada
Rica Patnaik, Alabama
Sujata Sathapathy, California

7. Members of OSA executive Committee:

President
Vice-president
Secretary-Treasurer
Editor-In-Chief
Local Chapter Representatives
Youth Member
Student member
Past Presidents(ex-officio members)

Orissa Drought Relief Fund:

OSA has set up a "Drought Relief Fund" to help the people affected by the drought in some part of Orissa. It is never too late when it comes to help the needy, so please send your generous contributions. Cheques should be payable to "Orissa Drought Relief Fund". Your donations would be greatly appreciated. The donors list will appear in the next issue.

Please mail your cheques to: Anil Pattanayak,
3870 Downer's Dr., Downers Grove, IL 60515.

or

Pratap Patnaik, 83 Greenbush Cr., Thornhill,
L4J 3J2 Ontario, Canada.

OSA Journal:

The fall issue of the Journal was appreciated by many readers. Certainly it gives encouragement. Thanks to the editorial committee and others who have offered their help voluntarily. We would like to see greater participation from women and youth group. More and more articles should come from them.

Youth Directory:

The response from youth for publication of a youth directory is not very encouraging. So please send the information sheet duly filled in as soon as possible. Until we receive from majority we will not be able to publish.

Convention:

The New England Chapter has decided not to host the 19th annual convention of OSA. Many individuals in the New England Chapter had devoted considerable time and effort into making the convention a resounding success. All their efforts is now in vain. To them my thanks and sympathies.

On behalf of the OSA I tender my apologies to those members who had made firm plans to visit the New England region.

I am happy and pleased to inform our members that the Michigan Chapter recognised our crisis and has extended a firm invitation to hold the OSA Convention on the July 4th Weekend in the Detroit area. On your behalf I have accepted their invitation. You will be receiving an information packet from the Michigan Chapter shortly. Our admiration and thanks.

An Invitation to Detroit

The Nineteenth Annual Convention of the Orissa Society of America

will take place in Detroit on the July 4th Weekend. Please mark this on your calendar and make it a point to visit the Motor City and the surrounding region in Canada and the United States. Information packets are being mailed to you shortly. For additional information please contact:

Natabara Khuntia 313/375-0611
Ladukesh Patnaik 313/855-9296
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3 Years	9.50%	10.72%	12.0%	14.20%
5 Years	—	—	13.0%	17.92%
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*Rates effective April 18, 1988. Subject to change without notice.

*All funds will be on deposit in India

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ANNOUNCEMENT

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Oriya Fonts™ are a system of fonts for the Apple Macintosh computers. The font families are compatible with **all** Macintosh software that can use different fonts. *Oriya Fonts™*, like all fonts on the Macintosh, can be readily styled to yield text that's **bold**, underlined, *italicized*, **outlined**, has **shadows**, or **combinations** of the above. The standard Macintosh styling features produce dramatic results even with *Oriya Fonts™*. Optional custom-styled versions of *Oriya Fonts™* for these style features produce stylistic variations truer than those obtained by simple electronic modifications of the base typeface and integrate seamlessly with standard Macintosh styling techniques, without requiring extra keystrokes.

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The "ଗଢ଼ଣିଶିଂ" font family consists of 9, 12, 14, 18, 24, and 28-point size typefaces. The "ଦୁର୍ଗା" family is comprised of 12 and 24-point typefaces useful for ornate typesetting work such as hymns in sanskrit. The "ସରସ୍ୱତୀ" fonts come in 32 and 64-point sizes for titles and display purposes. The smaller size typefaces are used for composition of body copy text, while the larger type sizes are more suitable for headline text and are also automatically used 50% scaled-down for high-resolution printing at 144 dots per inch on the Apple ImageWriter printers.

Oriya SoftFonts™ are laser printer fonts, in HP Softfont format for LaserJet and compatible printers, with corresponding screen fonts and width tables for Xerox Venture Publisher and Aldus PageMaker. Ventura and PageMaker are needed on the IBM PC and compatibles for direct text entry in Oriya and for onscreen viewing as PC word processing programs cannot display Oriya on the screen. Many popular dot matrix printers are supported for lower quality page preview.

For typography with digital fonts, *Oriya Laser Fonts™* are truly outstanding. *Oriya Laser Fonts™* are splines or mathematically defined Bezier cubics (Bernshtein polynomials of degree 3) for use on PostScript compatible output devices, such as the Apple LaserWriter and the Linotype Linotronic L100 and L300 laser imagesetters, having resolutions from 300 to 2540 dots per inch. *Oriya Laser Fonts™* can be used by any Macintosh or IBM PC application program that supports desktop publishing with downloadable PostScript typefaces.

For additional information contact ସତ୍ୟବ୍ରତ ମିଶ୍ର at (718) 979-3089.

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Registration of trademarks and typeface designs pending

A Message From The Secretary - Treasurer

Anil Pattanayak

We, as an organization, have passed adolescence and have reached adulthood, but the strength of our organization has not grown with age. One of the main reasons is lack of participation by our people. Of an estimated population of over 600 families in the United States and Canada, less than 160 families have become dues paying members of the OSA. I am appealing to each and every Oriya in the United States and Canada to pay their membership dues. Family life membership is only US\$100.00 and yearly membership is only US\$15.00.

Funds collected by dues are used to publish the Journal and the OSA directory, and to organize various social-cultural programs and youth activities. Because of the lack of funds, we have only been able to publish the Journal and the directory on a somewhat irregular basis. Please support your organization by sending your membership dues. Since July 1987, I am happy to report that we have added 30 life members and 6 yearly members.

In keeping with our pledge to help promote Oriya culture in the Americas, we have been trying to arrange a tour during August and September, 1988 by three well known artists. They are: Bhikari Bala, Bhubaneswari Misra, and Umesh Kar. Although the arrangements were initiated very early, unforeseen snags have developed. We will inform you as soon as the tour itinerary is finalised

Although we appealed for youth participation in the OSA activities, the response has not been overwhelming. The youth group must participate more actively in the affairs of the OSA. Without the participation of second generation, the organization cannot survive. To help promote Oriya culture amongst the youth, I am proposing that we organize social gathering in Orissa in December, 1988 and take them on a tour of Orissa and India. Please give some thought to this idea and let me know your opinions. If enough people show interest, we will organize the get-together.

Most of you probably know about the drought situation in our home state. The OSA is appealing to you to contribute to the Drought Relief Fund. Please make checks payable to OSA and note on the check that it is for the drought relief. We will consolidate all contributions and make one check payable to the Drought Relief Fund for you.

The November issue of 'India Today' reports of another problem facing Orissa--encroachment of Temple properties especially in Bhubaneswar. I feel that OSA, as an organization, should take a stand and help in protecting our cultural heritage. I am soliciting ideas from fellow Oriyas on how to help prevent further deterioration from occurring.

The American Experience: Through A Glass Darkly

Shrikant Dash

It is always difficult to convey meaning to a wide audience because personal experience is a closed world that is not susceptible to generalization. However, progress in civilization has often been adduced to increases in the sophistication of modes of communication. In other words, a social consensus emerges when information is not liable to a variety of interpretations and there is a relatively high degree of agreement on the content of social messages. In the light of this apparent paradox I would like to examine the question of personal identity in different human contexts and as a corollary, the notion of collective identity in "other" cultures. At a lower level of abstraction, one might talk of how the immigrant experience converges around a communication problem (the "generation gap" that second generation Oriyas talk about in this country being a special case) related to a socially perceived deviance from the norm. For instance, in a particularly black case of humor people used a movie-title analogy for an organization to "spook" out relatively prosperous Indians dotting the landscape. Sumarily stated, the problem is this: my personal universe of meanings (as an individual) constantly clashes with wider circles of meaning that I must communicate with, such as individual Oriyas (particularized "others"), the Oriya psyche, the Indian psyche, other individual Americans, the American psyche, the Western psyche. This already tangled problem is compounded since the Oriyas are not nearly as culturally compatible with the American societal mainstream as, say, the German, the Italian, or even the Delhite is (caveat: some Oriyas may hail from Delhi).

Why does the Oriya come to the United States? Surely because the perceived

benefits are higher than the costs. "Culture Shock", for instance, does not enter the calculus of the Ravenshaw College educated professional who already is transformed, through a western liberal education, to appreciate individualism and the "work ethic". The initial bridging of cultures and the changes in personality have thus begun before one leaves Indian soil. In psychological terms, then, a "crisis of identity" is a dynamic process of cultural transformation of the self as one begins to familiarize oneself with the social norms of the host culture. there is the gradual recognition that "things are different in the US" and this is made painless in proportion to concomitant understanding that "differences are due to...". In varying degrees, our "Americanization" is complete as we strive to redefine our identity in accordance with the new life- situation. We are never quite American in any set pattern of identification, but then no one ever is. That is the final realization in the immigrant experience. It is important to stress here that this process is a sequence of personal decisions for each separate individual. No two Oriyas feel exactly the same about being in the US, and in fact a distribution of divergent emotional types might reasonably be expected. However, they can collectively try and relate in terms of the residua of cultural roots that are strongest in all Oriyas. Therein lies the need for support organizations and ethnic groups like the OSA. Indeed, our communitarianism (the strong family structures and social concern that we left behind) has to be adequately compensated if we are to face up to the largely anonymous and indifferent industrial culture of the west in a sustained manner.

The Oriya who comes to the US as an adult is never quite fully assimilated into this

society, and he may never be entirely comfortable with his surroundings. There is always a reserve of caution and insecurity in him. This is also a positive fact since it acts as a buffer and "shelters" him from the adopted surroundings. Having been geared to perceive two separate realities, he is also defensive in his value judgements about the new culture. What is this immigrant Oriya's experience with his US-born children? This is a very interesting communication problem, as pointed out at the beginning of this essay, that can also be seen in the situation that Oriya parents face in the urban centers of a rapidly (if somewhat randomly) "modernizing" India.

Socialized in dichotomous sets of values that are baffling at best, children in this country nevertheless learn less from their parents than from their peers at school and elsewhere. The onus is on the parents to make sure that the information they give their children is not so biased by their priorities and

prejudices as to be incongruent with the social reality outside their home. There are two aspects to this learning process. On the one level, these children are tackling the communication problem from the American end ("American kids don't show respect by falling at their parents' feet!"), and on another level they are brought up in a separate national myth (the Gettysburg address, Thoreau and Ford's entrepreneurial spirit are more "meaningful" than Jalianwallah, Civil Disobedience or Madhu Babu's burning of shoes) although there are parallels in the parents' home culture. The communication problem is solved when both parents and children pragmatically accept "common explanations" for these cultural variations and respect each other as separate identities and worlds of meaning. The least an immigrant could have learnt is that "mere tolerance is not enough; positive appreciation is necessary for peaceful coexistence" [M.K.Gandhi].

Shrikant Dash is a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Political Science, University of Rochester, Rochester, NY 14627. Criticism and comments welcome.

ପଦେ ଅଧ୍ୟେ

ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀକାକର ସୁପକାରଙ୍କର ଆମେରିକା ଅନୁଭୂତି ପ୍ରକାଶ ପାଇଛି । ଗ୍ରନ୍ଥମନ୍ଦିର କଟକ ଏହି ବହିକୁ ୧୯୭୭ ରେ ପ୍ରକାଶ କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଶ୍ରୀକାକର ସୁପକାର କାଳାହାରେ ହୋଇଥିବା ୧୯୮୭ ଓ.ଏସ୍.ଏ. ବାଷିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀକୁ ଆସିଥିଲେ । ସେଠାରୁ ସେ ଡିକାଗୋରେ ଥିବା ତାଙ୍କ ପୁତ୍ର ରାଜେନ୍ଦ୍ର ସୁପକାରଙ୍କ ନିକଟକୁ ଫେରି ଆମେରିକାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ ସ୍ଥାନ ଭ୍ରମଣ କରି ତାଙ୍କ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଏହି ବହିରେ ଲେଖିଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି ବହିରେ ସୁପକାର ମହାଶୟ ଏଠାର ଓଡ଼ିଆଙ୍କର ଆତିଥେୟତାକୁ ବାରମ୍ବାର ପ୍ରଶଂସା କରିଛନ୍ତି ।

ଆମେରିକାରେ

ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ
ଭଉଣୀଙ୍କ ବଦାନ୍ୟତା

କଟକ, ଡା. ୩ । ୧୨-
ଆମେରିକାରେ ବାସ କରୁଥିବା
ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାରମାନଙ୍କ ମଧ୍ୟରେ,
ବାକର ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ସୁଧା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପ୍ରସାନ୍ନ ରାୟଚୌଧୁରୀ,
ବାକର ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ବାସ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ବସନ୍ତକୁମାରୀ ବାସ,

ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ସଂଯୁକ୍ତା ବାସ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ବେନୁସନା ବାସ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ନବନୀତା ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ,
ଡାଃ(ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ) ମିନତି ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ପରବୋ ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ,
ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ଶୁକା ମିଶ୍ର ଓ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ
ବନଲତା ମିଶ୍ର ସମୂହ ଭଉଣୀମାନେ
ସର୍ବମୋଟ ୪୧୦,୦୦୦ ଦେଶ
ହିନ୍ଦର ଟଙ୍କା) ହିନ୍ଦ ସେବକ ସଂଘ
ପରିଷଦର ଚୋଦାର ଶିଶୁ ସଦନର

ଅବେଦନାଦ୍ୱାରା ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ପାଇଁ ପ୍ରବୀଣ
କରିଛନ୍ତି । ଏହି ସାହାଯ୍ୟ ଶ୍ରୀ ଶରଦେବୁ
ମିଶ୍ରଙ୍କ ସହଧର୍ମିଣୀ ଶ୍ରୀମତୀ ବନ-
ଲତା ମିଶ୍ର ହିନ୍ଦ ସେବକ ସଂଘର
ଦୟା ଶ୍ରୀ ଦାମୋଦର ସାହୁଙ୍କୁ
ଦେଇଛନ୍ତି । ଆମେରିକାରେ ବସ-
ବାସ କରୁଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ଭଉଣୀ-
ମାନଙ୍କର ବଦାନ୍ୟତା ପାଇଁ ଶ୍ରୀ ସାହୁ
ହିନ୍ଦ ସେବକ ସଂଘ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ଶାଖା
ତରଫରୁ କୃତଜ୍ଞତା ଜଣାଇଛନ୍ତି ।

A Christmas Gift

Chandra Misra

It was Christmas Eve, and the hospital was quiet. I had made the rounds and wished everybody "Merry Christmas". I checked in at the nurses' station. All the nurses were busy reading their Christmas cards or opening gifts that they had bought for each other. Some of the nurses were talking about the gifts they had bought for their family and friends. Trying to divert my mind, I looked at the heart beats on the EKG monitors, but I could not avoid thinking about the presents I had under the tree. I tried to concentrate more on the monitor. I thought it would be nice if we could interpret human emotions through these monitors. It certainly would be different if we knew what patients thought on Christmas Eve. "But then", I thought, "I would be invading the privacy of the people."

When I was deep in thought about this interesting idea, I heard somebody call my name, "Chandra! What are you doing there all alone! Come and join us."

In the background I heard Ann, a friend, say "Oh don't you know? Chandra does not celebrate Christmas. She is Hindu. There is no celebration for Christmas among the Hindus."

I wanted to tell them that I do celebrate Christmas. Like you, I am also thinking and wondering about what my children and husband have for me under our Christmas tree. Suddenly, I was interrupted by Karen's voice "Here is a Christmas card for you Chandra. Who is it from? The return address was neatly written, -- Maria Garcia, New Jersey Community College, Nursing Division.

I was trying to remember the name while opening the card. "Maria Garcia?" I mumbled. Suddenly recalling the name, I shouted "Oh! the 32 year old Hispanic lady

who lost her husband last July." It was the first time I had a patient with a sudden cardiac arrest. Unfortunately, after working for two hours, we lost the patient. However, that is not the reason why I remembered Maria. I remembered her because we had something in common. One night, when I was giving Maria's husband an injection, she helped to calm her husband, who became scared at the sight of a needle. When he tried to back away from the needle, she firmly held his hand in place so that I could give him the injection. Surprisingly, she was not intimidated by the needle, unlike many other spouses. Out of curiosity, I asked her if she had ever worked in a hospital. Right way she replied "No but I always want to work in a hospital." That phrase sounded familiar to me. I immediately remembered having the same feeling when I was a young girl. Every time I passed Puri General Hospital, I wished that I could work there. I wanted to help those bandaged surgical patients and women delivering their babies.

"Are you thinking of something, Chandra?" asked Maria.

I replied, "Yes, like you, I always wanted to work in a hospital. Hospitals always fascinated me like big companies, colleges, or schools did to other people."

"Did you become a nurse in your country Chandra? How long you have to study to become a nurse in India? Did you become a nurse in India? Did you take the Test here again?" Maria kept asking question after question without giving me a chance to answer. I did not mind. I understood her enthusiasm.

Maria continued, "I was one of 11 children of my family. I never got the chance to go to

college. I was lucky to marry Anthony and come here from Mexico. Now, I have a good life here. I work in a factory, but truthfully I would rather work with people than machines."

I patted Maria and said, "Sure, you can go to school even now and become a nurse if you really want to. If you take the first step by enrolling yourself in college, all of the other steps will fall into place. It is not be easy, but it will not be hard if you want to do so."

The last time I saw Maria, she was crying hard on Anthony's dead body. I did not understand what she was saying in Spanish, but I could feel the pain she was going through. I remained speechless in spite of my desire to console her. While handing Maria her husband's belongings, I told her "Think about your dream. You can go to nursing school which you always wanted to do." Now,

after six months, Maria has written to me from the New Jersey Community College that she had enrolled in the nursing program. The first semester was over, and she had made it through. I read the letter a few time.

Suddenly I shouted, "Oh! she did it! she did it!"

The other nurses looked at me and asked, "What did she do now?" They thought I was telling them about Mrs. Smith's EKG. She had been having some arrhythmia for the last few days.

I slowed down and told myself, "Chandra you got your Christmas present. If you can touch one person and help her to on her dream it is enough. Now don't think about the presents you have under the tree for you.

Chandra Misra is a practicing nurse in the Philadelphia area. She is the mother of Seema and Bobby and lives in Lansdale PA with husband Sudhansu Misra

Special Issues of the Journal

The popular Souvenir/ Directory Issue will be published for the Annual Convention in July.

A special issue on 'The Culture of Orissa in North America' is scheduled for December 1988. We would like articles from teachers and students of Odissi dance and university or museum studies on history and culture of Orissa. You are invited to contribute an article. We will be happy if you can bring this to the notice of others who may be willing to contribute articles or insert advertisements.

Deadlines: All text material should reach us no later than June 1, 1988 for the Souvenir/Directory. For planning the layout of the Special Issue on Culture of Orissa we should be advised as early as possible. Deadline is November 15, 1988.

As usual, all members of the OSA will receive a copy. Press runs are limited. If you need additional copies please let us know. There is a modest charge. Addresses are on the inside back cover.

Design of a Digital Font for Oriya

Gagan Panigrahi, Sabita Panigrahi and Lalu Mansinha

A single technical innovation, perhaps about ten centuries ago, in the art of recording text changed forever the appearance of Oriya script and set it apart from other sister north Indian languages. Oriya letters are rounded at the top, while all other sister languages have a horizontal line. Oriya text was recorded by scribing with a sharp iron pin onto cut and dried palm leaves. Since palm leaves split easily when scribed with longitudinal lines, the Oriya letters were rounded. The books made of palm leaf sheets were called *Pothi*.

Other technologies have left imprints on the appearance of the script. One was a dramatic increase in the speed of writing made possible by pen and ink on paper. Paper arrived in India in the thirteenth century, but widespread usage paralleled the growth of bureaucracy. Record keeping in the courts made speed a necessity and resulted in a fast, cursive shorthand script called *Kurani*.

The British conquest of Orissa in 1803, led to the introduction of printed texts. The *Pothi* letters were chosen as the model for the first Oriya typeface or 'font' and this has endured. The novelty of the print technology was sufficient to make readable fonts of any design acceptable to the reading public.

Digital computers, or rather cheap digital computers within the reach of the technically literate, will perhaps cast the next major influence on the script. In 1987 one of us, together with Bibhu Mohanty and Sumitra Padhi, developed *Lipika*, a text processing and typesetting software package that showed Oriya text on the video monitor and then printed the text on a dot-matrix printer. Almost simultaneously Satyabrata Misra announced *Oriya Fonts*. Whereas *Lipika* is designed to run on IBM PC/XT/AT and clones, *Oriya Fonts* were developed originally on the Macintosh computer.

In effect all personal computer are like a typewriting software package. They differ only in the superior print quality produced. There is a price of course. The superior print

quality slows down the printer considerably.

The simultaneous development of two font designs by individuals with no previous association with print technology illustrates the fact that the technological means of designing new fonts is now within the reach of many. Perhaps the most predictable outcome will be attempts at font design by many with computer literacy but with no artistic competence. Many different fonts will be produced. But as in any mass media, among them there will be gems that will endure for centuries.

Our initial attempts were clumsy. We arrived at the design details circuitously, after much trial and considerable error, and finally produced an utility font primarily for typesetting Oriya articles for this Journal. Of necessity that font conforms to our mental image of a 'standard' Oriya font. But with increasing experience and confidence we are now designing fonts that are elegant and esthetically satisfying.

The character set: The ordinary PC keyboard has 92 printable characters. This includes the English alphabet, numerals and special symbols. The Oriya vowels, consonants, compound letters, numerals, diphthongs and consonant symbols make about 150 printable characters. There is uncertainty about the actual number because (1) some rarely used letters and symbols have fallen into disuse and (2) many compound letters made up of combinations of vowels and consonants appear to us to have been invented by the original printshops to save labour. Our character set is complete in the sense that any currently used Oriya text can be typeset with elegance.

Each of the 92 printable keyboard characters is assigned an ASCII code, a number from 33 to 126. However there is room in the ASCII code for 256 characters. Thus the most frequently used Oriya characters are assigned keys on the keyboard. Many of the less frequently used characters are assigned ASCII codes beyond

126 and can be accessed easily through the 'control' key. Our current character set occupies only 150 of the available 256 code locations. Thus there is plenty of room for any useful characters that we might have missed.

Assignment of keys: Wherever possible the Oriya character has been assigned to a keyboard character that has some visual or vocal or even functional similarity. But this is not always possible, and we have made a number of assignments in which there is no discernible relation.

Font Design: Written and the old printed letters are made up of lines or strokes. But digital letters are made up of a large number of closely spaced dots. The letters on a computer screen are made this way. Each dot is called a 'pixel'. These days a typical screen consists of about 600 pixels horizontally and 400 pixels vertically. The screen letters are formed by turning on a set of pixels. Similarly on a 'dot-matrix printer' a letter is formed by printing a set of dark dots on light background. The design of a digital character is simply a decision as to which dots to print.

The Oriya letters and symbols may be grouped by shape. The font design effort was reduced considerably by designing a leader letter first and generating the rest of the group by repeated minor modifications.

An examination of the printed Oriya text in this journal will show that many Oriya consonants have more than one subscripts representing the modifying consonants and vowels. In handwritten or manually typeset text the multiple subscripts are often placed side by side. Our solution was to place the second subscript at a lower level. Seemingly duplicate characters in our character set are actually on different levels.

Currently available fonts are:

ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ	OdisI	<i>Odissi</i>
ସେବତୀ	6SbT1	<i>Sevati</i>
ମୂଳୀ	mL\194I	<i>Mulli</i>
ଅପରାଜିତା	apr jiT	<i>Aparajita</i>

The first column shows the names of the fonts and gives an idea of their appearance. The second column is in what we have termed *Symbolic Oriya* and is the text that appears on the screen. An use of ASCII code to print the subscript can be seen for *Mulli*.

Symbolic Oriya: In the earlier version of Lipika the screen showed Oriya characters. Screen fonts have to be designed separately, in addition to printer fonts; they are never identical. All of us are used to linear typing, as in English, where each character follows the previous one. Oriya typing on the other hand involves lot of additional keystrokes for placement of sub- and superscripts. The typing and editing of this process can be quite complex. While pondering and experimenting on improving the speed of typing in Oriya text and editing we found to our surprise that with our key assignments we can read the screen symbolically, with very little training. The screen symbolic text is good enough for locating and correcting errors. With this method the typing is always linear. Thus the touch typing for English may be used for typing in Oriya symbolically. With repeated use we are convinced this is the most efficient method for typing Oriya. In any case, one always runs off a paper copy for proof reading.

Finally a word as to the atmosphere. The three of us brought different expertise into the task. This was a fortuitous combination of abilities. Among us one had a good knowledge of available software on PCs; a second had experience of computing languages but is also a fast touch typist; the third had no contact with computers before but had an artistic ability and in fact had previously made portraits by filling in squares in graph paper -- basically constructing intricate pictures with pixels. Our heart was in the project and time passed without notice as we worked, all the while laughing, joking and having fun. On one particular Sunday afternoon we had a sense of achievement, of exhilaration, as the last pixel was finalised on the last character on our first complete font. Each of us experienced a 'high' that comes but rarely in one's lifetime. It has been an enjoyable experience.

What Is A Good Poem

Sitakanta Mahapatra

Perhaps one intuitively knows or feels what is a good poem but can one define it in cold words, with cold reasoning? Can one, for example, define love, pleasure or pain without being banal or verbose? And yet not being able to say what one really wanted to say?

A poem is composed of words. And words have social heritage as much as roots in memories and dreams of individual psyche. They extend from cries and whimpers to loud rhetorics, from the bargain-counters in houses of prostitution to international diplomacy. In a good poem, each word *speaks*, each word is inevitable, irreplaceable. Each word is charmed, charged with myriad nuances of associations. In a good poem, they speak quietly, simply, almost afraid to dare break the silence. They become steps towards meeting the *other*, the others and not denying such meeting. They possess what Lorca called *duende*, the dark energy that moves them and moves us, that mysterious quality which is comprehended only through intuition.

A good poem, like any good piece of art, meditates on existence and does not teach. It is not an addition to our storehouse of ideas. It is only a moving shape which through its

texture of words conveys some of the mysteriousness of all things that exist. In it are merged our flesh, our soul, our dreams, our deaths. It is full of evocations - from the dream of distant stars to the taste of food in the mouth. At its core is the joy of bringing into being something that did not exist before.

A good poem is full of a certain humility and a quiet feeling of piety towards words. Almost the same which a potter has towards earth, the simple carpenter towards his timber.

And from all the history of human grief a good poem takes on no bitterness but only compassion and an unsentimental determination to hope. Yes, it is obsessed with the harvest and is indifferent to history. It would knock at all the closed doors of the gods to demand an answer when an ant is trampled underfoot. It would pray, let two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Let every reader, every man, become a poet.

A good poem remains ever anguished that what it has said has been said before, and what it wanted to say is perhaps unsayable. And yet it lives with the fond hope that someday, somewhere, some one will compose a really good poem.

Sitakanta Mahapatra is a well known poet in Orissa. His book of poems, 'Sabdara Akash', received the Akademi Award in 1974. Currently he is a Visiting Fellow at the Center for International Affairs, Harvard University

The Poet In Silence

Sitakanta Mahapatra

2

*Words whisper to words
extend hands, kiss
caress, embrace.*

*With that the moon rises,
a slow breeze awakens
the trees flower
milk swells in the grain
the rivers rush to the sea
stars sparkle in a darkened sky
and the blind regain sight -*

*In the word
all the colours of the earth,
all its troubled voices.*

*In the word all the touch of this earth
all the smell
of endless lives,
of causeless sorrows.
With his head bent in prayer
the poet only listens
as in silence words become poems.*

*When the Mahul flower
outwits the stalk
and falls to its bed of dust
don't weep, dear poet.*

*There are no dreams
no lutes any longer.
The pale orphan morning
will again stand at each step
of the falling flower
at each knock of anguish.*

*When the howling rains
rend the sky of the heart
dam up the floods of anguish
in the veins, dear poet,
be silent.*

*When the flowers wither and fall
when the orphan child
cries in his dream in a long night
dark and many-lives long
when the injured wind wails
below your window
and the tired sparrow gets lost in the sky
once again, dear poet,
be silent.*

*In the endless pathways of the sun
in its unfathomed abyss of darkness
where, dear poet, is the word
for the ultimate anguish
the pain without a name?*

*The Mahul flower
falls and says
not even a word.*

A Poem

Seema Misra

*A spontaneous thought
Cleverly conveyed
Either free verse or rhyme
Derived by the thesaurus' aid.
Now one mustn't forget
A metaphor or two
For plain folks' speech
Just won't do.
Symbolism is needed
For a work of great art
Since reality and clarity
Show little of that creative spark.
And the crowning glory--
An universal theme
Of love and broken hearts or
How we all fit into the Maker's scheme.
It's really quite simple
If you don't forget
That staleness and dullness
Are enemies a poet must never have met.*

*Now some may suggest
This poem lacks meter
My response to you
It's written within modern parameters.*

Seema is busy choosing an university to attend next September. Recently she led the Pennsylvania team to the national Academic Decathlon in Texas. Seema lives in Lansdale PA with brother Bobby and parents Chandra and Sudhansu.

Individuality

Amitav Dash

*To some, individuality and singularity are the basis of life.
Others need conformity to survive.
I see singularity as beauty.
A single rose that has grown in the last days of winter,
And stands alone against the cold harsh wind,
Is haunting.
Yet it is beautiful, maybe more so than a garden of flowers,
For its singularity shows the resilience, strength and beauty
Of human life.
The individuality, the strength and beauty,
That lives within all of us.
The haunting loneliness that we all feel at times,
Because of our individuality,
Is essential to our well being,
For through this, we see and experience our true self.
Our individuality.*

Amitav is an undergraduate at the University of Guelph in Ontario. He is part of the crowd and yet he is not.

I ' m in pain (for you)

Sudesna Dash

*I see you in the hospital crying your eyes out.
"What's a matter?" I say. "Nothing" you reply. I'm
in pain - for you - .Am I wrong or right - I'm
in pain - for you - .I love you much as, I love you
much as I - .*

*You' ll be al - right - I know, I know you will - .
'Cuz ev - ry night, I pray to God - . He tells me
you'r alright - . I'm in pain - for you - . Pain for
you. I'm in pain - for you - . 'Cuz you were - here for
me - . Now I'm here - just for you - .*

*I'm in pain - for you - . I can't let you go right now - .
I 'll keep pray'en until al - right - . Cuz I love you -
more than I - . I'm - in - pain - for - you -*

This poem was written by Sudesna (age 10) when her grandmother was ill and in the hospital. Grandma is now back at home. Sudesna lives on Long Island with her parents Trupti and Madhab Dash and sister Sangita. In addition to writing poetry, she plays the piano and the flute.

Snow When I Fall Down

Pragya Mishra

*When I fall down,
I turn everything snowy white.
There is Thanksgiving, Christmas and Hanuka.
People drive, walk, skip, hop, jump and run on me.
I turn in to ice, slush and melt in to water.
Every one bundles up !
Every thing looks bright.
Sometimes I might go up to twenty feet high.
People report I'm coming down
People turn me in to compact snow
and make things out of me.
Children have snowball fight.
Flowers die, leaves will fall off trees.
When I fall down.*

Pragya (age 7) lives in Pittsburgh with her parents Shanti and Prasanna Mishra

A Poem

Devjani Mishra

*Good night, little one
sleep well this night
You are stranger to
Evil and trouble and fear
these things are not
 Within your years
You know not the clocks
with hands so straight
that take our eternity
And make us slaves
You know not the computers
Your faceless "friends"
there to protect us
or may be destroy us
You know not the people
with hatred not blood
running through their veins
Ruling their lives
You know not these
Evils or troubles or fears.
For these things all lie far beyond
 Your years
Sleep well this night, little one
 Good night.*

*A week, a month
a thousand years
for me time holds
a million tears
a million memories
Cause to cry
but I have learned
to not ask why*

*The answer is not mine
 to know
I have learned that much
at least, and so
I sit in darkness
 hide my eyes
and pray that time
will pass me by.*

*Nowhere to run to
No one to turn to
No place to hide
 My blame.*

*What do I shelter
Deep in my soul
What is this
Terrible shame ?*

*I wish I could label
This sin I've committed
I could give it
 A name.*

*Though it's not really bad
this guilt I must bear
for it keeps me from being
 The same.*

*No one can see
the pain in me
No one can hear
My silent cry*

*for I am isolated by
A wall of my own making.*

*The tears that flow
are for long long ago
When my fragile hopes
Were shattered
though so one thinks it matters
That my heart is slowly breaking.*

*Your bags are packed
the day draws near
The day when you'll be going*

*Thousands of miles
Far, far away
I may never see you again
Our friendship survived
Through thick and thin
This is just another obstacle
to overcome
and make us stronger
So even if we
are far apart
I will always remember you
Because you are
My friend.*

Devjani (Titli to her friends) is in high school in Newburgh, NY. She is the daughter of Shanti and Uma Mishra.

The Moon

Sonia Hota

*Pale against the velvet dark
Bathing us with light
Is a form with silver rays
Shining in the night.*

*Underneath the heavens great
Amongst the stars of bright it lies
With its face of mist, it is
A ghostly bubble of the skies.*

Sonia Hota (age 12) lives in Brossard, Quebec with sisters Shiela and Sushi and parents Charu and Nalini Hota.

Netaji Returns to Utkal

Varish Panigrahi

Oh mother Utkal !

*I have come back to your door,
I need your love
And ask for your simple blessings.
You have perhaps forgotten,
But I have not,
My dreams at the sands of Mahanadi¹
Are pulling me to you.*

*Oh mother! You had given me blood
And taught me how to dream,
You had sent me away
As a gift to Bharat.
And the dreams took me
Far, very far,
Far away to Germany, Japan, Singapore
And finally to Manipur.*

*The dream is unfulfilled,
My soul is still waiting,
For the day India will be free
Not from the foreigners,
But from vice and superstition
From poverty and corruption,
That day I will be free,
And I will merge with infinity.*

*I am surely not God
I am only an earthly soul,
Here my blood boils today
When I see the state of Utkal
Where is the art of Dharama²?
Where is the bravery of Odra?
Where are your ships
And is Taapoi³ waiting for them?*

ନେତାଜୀଙ୍କ ଉତ୍କଳ ପ୍ରତ୍ୟାବର୍ତ୍ତନ

ବରୀଶ ପାଣିଗ୍ରାହୀ

ହେ ମୋର ଜନନୀ !
ଫେରିଛି ତୁମର ଦୁଆର ଆଗେ
ମାଗୁଛି ତୁମର ସ୍ନେହର
ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାର ସରଳ ନିର୍ମଳ ଦ୍ଵାସ ।
ତୁମେ ହୁଏତ ଭୁଲି ଯାଇଛ
ମୁଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଭୁଲି ପାରିନି
ମହାନଦୀ ବାଲିର ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ମୋତେ
ଆଜି ଜାକିଛି ତୁମର ପାଶେ ।

ହେ ଜନନୀ ! ତୁମେ ରକ୍ତ ଦେଇଥିଲ
ତୁମେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଦେଇଥିଲ
ତୁମେ ମୋତେ ଭାରତ ଜନନୀଙ୍କୁ
ଅର୍ପିତ କରିଥିଲ ।
ସେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ମୋତେ ନେଇଥିଲା
ଦୂରେ ଦୂରେ କହୁଦୂରେ
ଜର୍ମାନୀ ଜାପାନ ସିଙ୍ଗାପୁର
ପୁଣି ମଣିପୁର ଶେଷରେ ।

ସେ ସ୍ଵପ୍ନ ଅଭଙ୍ଗୀ ରହିଛି
ସେ ଆତ୍ମ ଆଶାକରି ରସିଛି
କେବେ ଯେ ଭାରତ ସ୍ଵାଧୀନ ହେବ ,
ଫିରଙ୍ଗୀଠାରୁ ନୁହେଁ
ଅଧର୍ମ ଓ ଅନ୍ଧବିଶ୍ଵାସରୁ ,
ଦରିଦ୍ରତା ଓ ଲାଞ୍ଚମିଚ୍ଛରୁ
ସେ ଦିନ ମୁଁ ମୁକ୍ତ ହେବି ,
ସଚ୍ଚିଦାନନ୍ଦେ ମିଶିବି ।

ମୁଁ ଦେବତା ନୁହେଁ ସତ
ହେଉଛି ମୁଁ ମାଟିର ମଣିଷ
ରକ୍ତ ମୋର ଡାଳି ଅଛି ଆଜି
ଦେଖି ସବୁ ଉତ୍କଳର ଦଶା ।
କାହିଁ ଧରମାର କଳା
କାହିଁ ଓଡ୍ରଦେଶର ବୀରତ୍ଵ
କାହିଁ ସେ ଦୂର ବାଣିଜ୍ୟ
କାହିଁ ସେ ତଅପୋଇ ଓଷା ।

*I have come today as the revolutionary
 Bringing revolution to your door
 Oh Utkal, Kalinga and Koshal,
 You may forget your far history
 But take up the sword today,
 And cut out your chains
 Throw away your veil,
 Cut away your golden bangles.*

ମୁଁ ଆସିଛି ଆଜି ବିପ୍ଳବୀ
 ଆଣିଛି ବିପ୍ଳବ ବଡ଼ଦାଣ୍ଡେ
 ହେ ଉତ୍କଳ କଳିଙ୍ଗ କୋଶଳ
 ଭୁଲିଯାଉ ତୁମେ ଦୂର ଭବିଷ୍ୟତ ,
 ଆଜି କିନ୍ତୁ ଶତ୍ରୁ ଧର
 ହୁଣ୍ଡାଲ ଦିଅ ତୁମର ଶିଙ୍ଘଳି
 ଫିଙ୍ଗିଦିଅ ତୁମର ଓକଣୀ
 କାଟିଦିଅ ତୁମ ସୁନାର ବଳା ।

*Oh Revolutionary mother,
 Do not delay any more
 There is that cloud in the east
 Make it rain and storm.
 Destroy this world of evil
 And cut away this cobweb of illusion,
 Clear the veil from the eyes,
 Clean up the poison of corruption.*

ହେ ବିପ୍ଳବୀ ଜନନୀ ।
 ବାଲି ଆଉ ତେରୀ କର ନାହିଁ
 ପୂର୍ବରେ ଯେ ମେଘ ଆସିଅଛି
 କର ଆଜି ଝଡ଼ ଓ ତୋଫାନ ।
 ଧ୍ୱଂସ କର ଅନୀତିର ରାଜ୍ୟ
 ଦୁର୍ଣ୍ଣକର ମିତ୍ର ମାୟା କାଲ
 ଖୋଲିଦିଅ ଆଖିର ପରଳ
 ଧୋଇଦିଅ ଲାଞ୍ଜର ଗରଳ ।

*In the great towns of Utkal
 There will be a new morning,
 With new blood but with courage of past
 Men and women will gather.
 They will build Konark again
 And the sun will rise in the east,
 Those rays of sun will make me free,
 For long time, forever!*

ଉତ୍କଳର ବଡ଼ଦାଣ୍ଡେ
 ଆଜି ହେବ ନୂତନ ସକାଳ
 ଭସାହର ରକ୍ତନେଇ ଐତିହ୍ୟକୁ ପିଣ୍ଡ ଦେଇ
 ରୁଣ୍ଡ ହେବେ ନରନାରୀଗଣ
 ଗଢ଼ିଯିବେ ପୁଣିଥରେ କୋଣାର୍କର ମୁଣ୍ଡି
 ସୂର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଯିବେ ପୂର୍ବ ଦିଗେ ଫେରି
 ସେ ଉଜ୍ଜ୍ୱଳ ମୁକ୍ତ ହୋଇ ହେବି ଚିରନ୍ତନ
 ବହୁ ଦିନ ପାଇଁ, ସବୁ ଦିନ ପାଇଁ ।

Author's notes:

- 1.Mahanadi: Netaji was born in Cuttack,the city on the banks of river Mahanadi.
- 2.Dharama: The fourteen year old boy who put the capstone on top of Konark temple.
- 3.Taapoi: Legend has it that the Odras had far flung trade with Java, Sumatra, Bali and other islands. Taapoi is the youngest sister of seven sea-faring brothers and is praying and fasting for the safe return of her brothers

Tamarind Egg Curry

Original Recipe by Epili Savitri
Reported by Sabita Panigrahi

Editors note: *With justified immodesty we can state that the cuisine of Orissa is superbly unique, even though the rest of the world has not had the opportunity to sample the unique tastes and flavours. We thought that we are knowledgeable in the various preparations in Orissa. Therefore it has come as an unpleasant shock to our ego, but a pleasurable surprise to our palate, that there exists a method of preparation of egg, fish and meat curry that we had not partaken of before. It is from Berhampur, in the south of Orissa. In fact we are so enamoured of the method of making egg curry, we feel that the mechanics of cooking the egg (but not necessarily limited to the sweet and sour sauce) should be adopted for all egg curries. Lacking all culinary skills, but with a discriminating palate, we declare to our readers that we are forever ready to savour any and all preparations and report on them if and when properly and ceremoniously so invited.*

The usual first step in making egg curry in Orissa consists of hard-boiling the egg. Sometimes the hardboiled egg is shelled and deep fried. Then the usual procedure for making the egg curry is followed. During this part of the cooking the already boiled egg does not absorb any flavour from the surrounding fluid.

In the present method the curry sauce is first prepared, then brought to a simmer such that there is no violent movement of the fluid. The shell of the raw egg is broken and the egg is gently plopped onto the hot fluid. The egg hardens quickly and neatly into a sort of a thick wavy disc. As the egg cooks, it absorbs the flavour from the sauce. Hence the advantage of this method.

The recipe:	Tamarind paste 15g	Cayenne powder 1 teaspoon
	Sugar or molasses 15g	Onion, chopped 1
	Mustard oil 1 tablespoon	Garlic, crushed, 2 cloves
	Phutana 1/2 tablespoon	Green pepper, hot, 1
	Turmeric 1 teaspoon	Curry leaves 6
	Cumin powder 1 tablespoon	Bay leaves 1
	Coriander powder 1 tablespoon	Eggs 5

Make a pulp of the tamarind with 2 1/2 cups of water. In a saucepan heat the oil and fry the *phutana*, onion, garlic, bay and curry leaves. Add the tamarind water and sugar; add salt to taste. Gently boil for ten minutes, then switch to simmer and wait for the movement in the fluid to cease. Crack an egg and gently plop to one side. Do the same with the remaining eggs. After three minutes or so, gently roll over the eggs. Now you can increase the temperature to cook the eggs to whatever doneness you like. As with all Orissa curries, this goes well with freshly cooked rice.

Tamarind Fish Curry: For the five eggs substitute five pieces of medium fish filets, about 30g each.

Epili Savitri lives in London, Canada with son Ramakantha and husband Duryodhana.

ABOUT THE JOURNAL

The Journal of the Orissa Society of America serves the community of those who have some link, however tenuous, with Orissa. Most of us older ones were born in Orissa. The younger members have been born in United States or Canada of parents who hail from Orissa. Yet others may have had the good fortune to reside in Orissa for some length of time. You are welcome even if you have only a reading knowledge or just a passing interest in the people, life and culture of Orissa. However your bond with Orissa formed, you are welcome to form a bond with us.

We have a special soft corner for children and youth of all ages. Much of the writing that we do is aimed at those of us who grew up in America and know Orissa from the anecdotal descriptions from the elders. Our philosophy is that we will publish all contributions, such as articles, poems, sketches etc., from our youthful readers. We particularly welcome critical views of us adults through the eyes of our children. The ultimate aim is to pass on the torch, within a decade or so, to a generation that knows Orissa only as a place to visit every so many years.

We are only marginally more selective for contributions from our older readers. In general we are interested in just about everything that interests you. We do not particularly wish for learned, pedantic articles on any subject. All we request of you, our contributor, is to remember that it should be interesting reading. There are of course limitations of space in JOSA, and of good taste.

We hope to serve also as a vehicle for commercial messages. For members the advertising rates are modest: Full page \$50.; Half page \$25.; rates for non-members are slightly higher. Cover and long term ad rates on request. An alternative to advertisement is a donation or sponsorship; the name of the sponsor will appear over half or full page, together with a message of greetings, without any commercial.

Finally, a request. If you are not already a member, please join. The dues are modest: Individual \$10; Family \$15; Life \$100; Patron \$200. In addition, the Society will gratefully accept donations of any amount. For tax purposes appropriate receipts will be issued.

Please take a few minutes to drop us a line when you move, or if you do not wish to be on our mailing list. The Society loses considerable amounts in producing and mailing material that is not delivered or is undeliverable. If moving, send us both your old and new addresses.

Communication: Correspondence on general interest may be sent to Saradindu Misra, 80 Old Brook Road, Dix Hills NY 11746, Phone 516/243-2869; or to Lalu Mansinha, Department of Geophysics, University of Western Ontario, London Canada N6A 5B7, Home Phone 519/667-3034. However, all official matters are the domain of the Editor. Membership dues, change of address etc. should be sent to Anil Pattanayak, 3870 Downer's Drive, Downer's Grove IL 60515, Phone 312/971-8699. The President of the Society, Asoka Das, may be reached at 4020 Dundas Street W. #77, Toronto Ont M6S 4W6 Canada, phone 416/766-8769.

COLOPHON

This journal has been typeset and composed for the most part on an IBM XT clone and printed out on a dot matrix printer. The English text is set in *Zapf Calligraphic*, a digital version of the well known Palatino font. Most of the Oriya language typesetting is in *Odissi*; the verse on the title page is set in *Sebati*; both are fonts designed by Gagan Panigrahi. The poem on page 28 has been typeset by Satyabrata Misra with *Oriya Font*, a system of fonts of his own design.

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