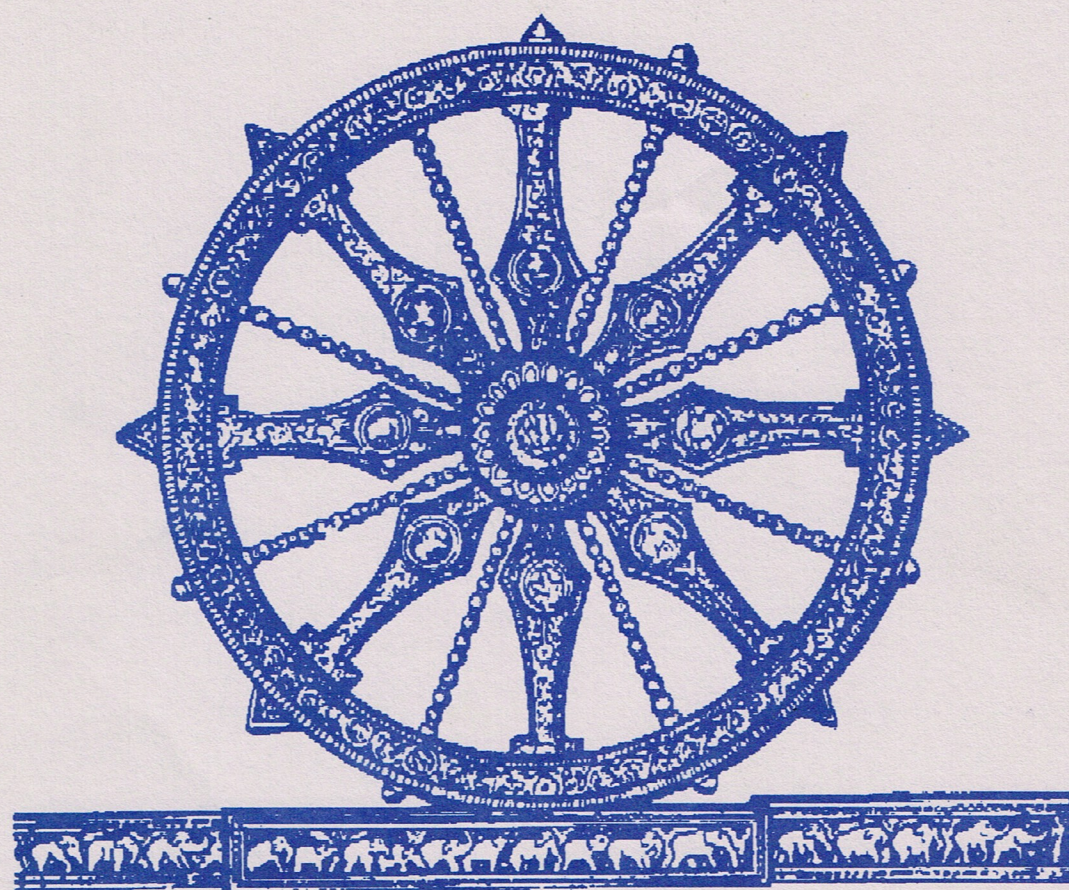


**JOURNAL
OF
THE ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICA**



FALL 1989

JOURNAL
OF THE ORISSA SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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ABOUT THE JOURNAL

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Editorial Page

DIGAMBAR MISHRA

Although unintended, the story of this page, as it were, is destined to be binary, like Dicken's "the best of times, the worst of times."

Measured by many of the customary criteria, the 20th Annual Convention of the Orissa Society of America in Nashville, July 1-3, 1989 was a success. The seemingly limitless amount of enthusiasm exhibited by the children and youth under the able guidance of their mentor, Bhagabat Sahu, drove home to the graying skeptics the promise and commitments of their soon-to-be organizational heirs. The Nashville experience was indeed a joy.

Tragically, the shocking news of Subrina's death soon followed, as if all happiness is followed by gloom and despair. Just three days ago, she was the most sought after dancer on the evening cultural program of the Convention. She did dance. Little did we know that it would be her last on this earth.

Why did Subrina leave us? While the grief-stricken "Paradeshi" Oriyas are battling with this question, we at the Journal honor the departed soul with a few pages in her memory. May her soul rest in peace.

Life goes on. Together we should again look for the "best of times." Rebuilding an efficient, principled, and credible OSA must rank high in our agenda.

The OSA was born in a most turbulent period in American history. It is just entering the beginning of its third decade. There have been differences of opinions over the role and scope of the OSA. These are, of course, not unusual for an ethnic organization in a pluralistic society. Conflict, indeed, is endemic to social progress. Individually, we may reflect a broad spectrum of social views, but we differ on many questions of policy choices. The differences, however, must fall within a manageable zone.

It is said that the only objective test of efficiency of an organization is survival. Other tests of efficiency, largely, if not wholly, are subjective. Applying this criterion, we can safely say that the OSA has had no major challenges to its survival since its birth in 1970. However, it needs to move to a higher plateau from where we can communicate in an intellectual style and vocabulary that are not alien to

our tradition and culture. We should make this Journal a milestone in that direction.

When I agreed to accept the editorship, I was not unaware of its enormity. Filling the shoes of my predecessors was a challenge. Furthermore, their ambitious claim in elevating a tiny Newsletter to a Journal unleashed quite some intellectual burden on us. Ironically, this burden is levied in a cultural setting which is perceived as nonintellectual and passive. But we can try our best to meet this challenge.

There also is one other major burden. This is the burden, or pressure, if you will, on our purse. Minority ethnic groups do not do well in terms of giving to their cultural organizations, supposedly because of lack of tangible material returns.

Be that as it may, we have a challenge before us, and it makes no sense to look back and debate. The OSA must rise to the occasion. We Oriyas are the proud possessors of a liberal humanistic tradition of "giving" and "sacrifice." I believe financing a quality journal to communicate, and thereby to establish our identity, would be a genuine step toward our goals. We urge each and everyone, especially the children and youth, to get involved in the Journal. In addition to ideas and suggestions, we need generous financial support to raise the quality of our communication. It is so vital, both for us, and for our youngsters who are looking up to us for direction and leadership.

Finally, let me end this page with a note of thanks to two persons for their assistance and ideas. Sura Prasad Rath, a long-time friend, was very nice not to turn down my request to work with me as a co-editor. He knew I wanted to add some literary flavor to the Journal. He also knew that this could not be done without the association with a literary scholar.

Lalu Mansinha has helped us in producing the camera ready copy of the Oriya writings for this issue. We probably will continue to depend on him until we have access to an Oriya font so ably developed by Sabita and Gagan Panigrahi, two bright graduate students in computer science.



SUBRINA BISWAL
1970 - 1989

Subrina Biswal

1970 - 1989

She was like a delicate snowflake that flutters down on a bright sunny wintry morning; beautiful, sparkling and yet evanescent. I grieve for her, because she was my daughter too; she was everyone's daughter. And she was her mother's best friend. We grieve for memories past and for the future that will never be.

My tears are also for Anu and Nilambar, and for Sandip and Subrat. I do not know how they survived that day, that night, that week. There is a torture of the soul that will never pass. And beyond all logic, all reason, there will be that mirage; a feeling that she is away for a short while and will be back soon.

But perhaps the most emotion was felt by the youth, of Subrina's age, my own daughters' age, Subrina's friends. Far more than we can ever know our children, they knew each other. They were confidants and friends, children of expatriate parents. They saw each other perhaps once a year. But the bonds, forged of their common background, were close. Subrina had touched their lives.

At moments like this our thoughts return to the most perplexing puzzle of all. Blessed by intellect, we humans perforce ponder about birth, life, death, the existence of God, and our role in the universe, and the purpose of it all. There is no answer. There will never be. Even though we realise the ultimate certainty of death, it is so final; and in this case so unfair, so unjust and so apparently pointless.

We mourn for Subrina not simply because she was our child, but because she has given so much of herself to all of us. She believed in our community, and our society. She was extraordinarily gifted in the art and craft of the Classical dances of India. She had that sense of belonging, that sense of fellow

feeling, that made her share the gift with all of us. She never accepted any remuneration, with the deeply held belief that her achievements belonged to everyone. Again and again we watched the young girl give performances on stage. We watched with wonder as this girl, an American girl, master the intricate movements and refine them. Each year she grew, in age as well as stature as a dancer. As her fame spread we beamed with pride, for, she was one of our children, born of us in America. With her accomplishments Subrina raised our own measure of ourselves as a community, infused into us a certain self-esteem, a certain confidence. For this we will always be indebted.

Subrina was born in Houston on October 21, 1970, a child of the seventies. At age two and half she showed interest in music and dance. By 1978, at the age of seven and a half, she was sufficiently versed in the art of Classical Indian Dance (*Bharata Natyam*) to give a two and half hour solo performance on the stage in Houston, as part of her *Ranga Pravesam*, or stage debut. She must be one of the youngest, if not the youngest, girls to achieve that distinction. It is a measure of Subrina, and of Anu and Nilambar, that she achieved the impossible, in becoming a youthful and skillful exponent of the three major styles of Indian classical dance, *Bharata Natyam*, *Kuchipudi* and *Odissi*, while living in America.

I treasure the image of the time when I first saw her on stage, in 1979. A tiny wisp of a girl, so lovingly dressed up by her mother, flawlessly and gracefully executing the movements of *Bharata Natyam*. Her father was hovering in front of the stage with a camera. And it was still the same at Nashville, just a few days before she passed away. I was in the projection booth of the auditorium,

controlling the light and the sound. From the back of the auditorium, and high above the audience, Nilambar and I watched Subrina dance. We talked about Subrina, her dance and her studies and her plans for the future. After a few minutes he left, to take some photographs. Little did we know that we had witnessed her last dance. Nilambar reached the front of the stage just in time to take the last photograph of Subrina, at the end of her dance, as she exited gracefully, facing the audience.

In a sense she is the true daughter of modern America. In front of our eyes the United States, the 'melting pot' of cultures, is now becoming truly international. And Subrina and others like her, being the youthful exponents of different cultures, have been visibly changing the character of the society. Thanks to Subrina, many in America have been exposed, for the first time, to the beauty of Indian dance and music. Subrina's love for the stage led her to sing and dance in 'West Side Story' and 'Bye-Bye Birdie' at Randallstown Senior High School. She was, after all, an American girl.

There were other accomplishments also. She was the badminton champion in her school, as well as in Baltimore county. This summer she worked as a research student at the University of Maryland Cancer Center. She was a Maryland Distinguished Scholar, in the Honor programme at the Baltimore Campus of the University of Maryland, aiming to be a doctor. In her freshman year she was elected a Senator to represent her class.

Living in the most advanced technological society, one is lulled into a false sense of security, of confidence in the ability of men to control life, and, death. An apparently minor distress at night, a call and a speedy arrival of the ambulance, a rush to the emergency, and a doctor breaks the unbelievable to Anu and Nilambar. A horrible and terrible rejoinder of the frailty of life.

For each of us that moment when we heard the terrible news will be frozen in our memory. The initial reaction to the news was one of total disbelief. So many of us had seen her on stage at Nashville only a few days before. But as the horror sunk in, individuals and families dropped everything and headed towards Randallstown. There was that instinctive and primordial feeling. We must be there. We must go and stand by their side.

One by one they arrived, throughout the day and the night, and for days afterwards. As they came in, each touched, held, embraced and shed tears. It is as if each wished to draw part of the suffering of the family into themselves and somehow, by shedding tears together, lessen, ever so slightly, their grief.

By Hindu tradition the funeral is held within a day or so. Scantly half a day had passed. A vibrant lively girl just the previous day now lay in eternal repose. With flowers all around, she was beautiful, in a deep sleep. Tearful classmates, teachers, friends, relatives streamed in. The priest chanted in Sanskrit and carried out the last rites. Many spontaneously started singing *bhajans*. A brief trip to the crematorium, and it was all over.

Without the omniscience of God, we mortals can see no virtue in the ending of a life half lived, of a girl so full of promise snuffed out even before her fullest blossom. If there is a purpose it must be in the principles she eschewed and the example she set in her ever so brief life. If each one of us emulated Subrina ever so slightly, even if not in full measure, ours would be a much better community, a much better world.

In the end we must accept the unacceptable, bear the unbearable, and console ourselves with the thought that Subrina has found eternal peace.

Lalu Mansinha

ସୁବିନା ସ୍ମୃତିରେ

ରାଜଧାନୀ ର ଗ୍ରୀଷ୍ମ ତାପମାନ
 ଉଠେ ଯେବେ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ,
 ତୁରେ ଚାଲିଗଲା ତୁମେ ସୁବିନା
 ନ ଚାହିଁଲ ଫେରି ଥରେ (୧)

ନାଶହୀନ ର ରଙ୍ଗମଞ୍ଚ ପରେ
 ଓଡ଼ିଶୀ ନୃତ୍ୟର ତାଳେ,
 କୋଣାର୍କ କନ୍ୟାର ମୁହାଁ ଆଜିଲ
 ଦେବଦାସୀ କୌତୁହଳେ (୨)

ତୁମ ଅଙ୍ଗ ଭଙ୍ଗି, ତୁମର କଗାଣ,
 ତୁମ ମୃତୁ ମୃତୁ ହସ,
 ତୁମ ନୁହୁର ର ମଧୁ ଗୁଞ୍ଜନ
 ଦର୍ଶକେ କଲା ଭଲ୍ଲାସ (୩)

ମୃତ୍ୟୁର ଝଡ଼, ବୃନ୍ତବ୍ୟୁତ କଲା
 ତୁମର ଜୀବନ କଳା,
 ଅର୍ପଣ କରୁଛି ଆତ୍ମେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗଯାତ୍ରୀ
 ଅଶ୍ରୁର ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାଞ୍ଜଳି (୪)

ନିରୁପମା ମହାପାତ୍ର

Memories of a Silver Rose -

Subrina

SULEKHA DAS

Please do not stand by my grave and cry
For I am not there and I did not die...

I am in your hearts -
Where you hold me with such gentleness
and care

I am in your thoughts -
Where you hold all my memories and share

So please do not stand at my grave and weep
For I am not there and I do not sleep...

You will find me in the melodies of music
You will find me in the metaphors of lyrics
You will see me glistening in the
brightness of early morning Sun
You will hear me wake you up to the sounds of
raindrops that sing in unison

So please do not stand by my grave and cry
For I am not there and I did not die...

You will hear my footsteps in the
graceful movements of a dance
You will see me smiling away and
laughing with her laughter

You will know I am there
When you see a confident eagle in its
uplifting flight

You will know I am there
When you look at a bright star shining softly
at night

So please do not stand by my grave and cry
For I am not there and I did not die...

An Elegy

SUNITA DWIVÉDY

A tinkle, silver bells go off the stage,
And silence falls upon the crowd.
The sign of remembered pleasure escapes,
Applause is swift, the cries are loud.

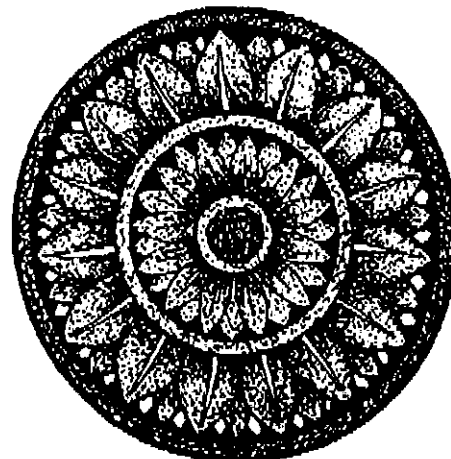
A final show, performing for her fans,
The light reflects a showman's smile.
The sculpting of a memory is done,
Mnemonic in a tragic style.

The choreography of this last scene,
I cannot understand at all.
The charmer's wit replaced by tears and
sobs?
Deaf ears strain for a silent call.

Perhaps she dances for a greater song,
The audience will love her grace.
More loving than her first they cannot be,
I only see an empty place.

Her costume may now be of diamond light,
A weave of moonlight and of dreams.
The stars may spin in time to her rhythms,
I will miss her warmth, it seems.

Note: For those who knew Subrina Biswal
much more than I, please excuse the liberty I
have taken with these words. I don't wish to
offend, only to express the loss I feel at even a
brief acquaintance.



ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ସମାପ୍ତି

"ଠିକ୍ ସମୟରେ ଶୋଇପଡ଼ ମା, ସକାଳୁ ସକାଳୁ ଚିତେ ଅଭାସ ନ କଲେ ସବୁ ବୁଲି ଯିବୁ ଯେ" । ଏହା ଥିଲା କଳାପ୍ରେମୀ ଅନୁଙ୍କର ନୂଆକରି ନାଚ ଶିଖୁଥିବା ପାଞ୍ଚ ଦୁଅବର୍ଷର ଝୋଟ ଝିଅ ସୁକ୍ରିନାକୁ ପରାମର୍ଶ । ମା କଥା ମାନି ସବୁ ବୁଝିଲା ଭଳି ସେ ହସିଦେଇ ଶୋଇବାକୁ ଚାଲିଗଲା ।

ପ୍ରାୟ ତେର ବର୍ଷତଳର ଏ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ । ନୀଳାମ୍ବର ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁ ସପରିବାର ଆମ ବର୍ମିଂହାମ ଘରକୁ ବୁଲି ଆସିଥାନ୍ତି । ଆନନ୍ଦରେ ମୋ ସ୍ତ୍ରୀ ରୁନୁ ଗୋଡ଼ ତଳେ ପଡ଼ୁ ନଥାଏ । ଅନୁ କହିଲେ, " ପିଲା ବୋଲି ସିନା ଭାରୁଡ଼, ଦେଖିବ କାଲି ସକାଳେ କେମିତି ସୁନ୍ଦର ନାଚିବ ସେ " ।

ସତକୁ ସତ ଖରାଦିନର ସେ ବହୁଟ ସକାଳ ସୁର୍ଯ୍ୟ ଚିରଣକୁ ତାଳ ଦେଇ ସେ ଶିଶୁ କଳାକାର ଆମ ସାମ୍ନାରେ ନାଚିଲା - " ତେରେ କେଟେ ଧା ତେରେ କେଟେ ଧା ... ତେରେ କେଟେ ଧା " । ଗୋଡ଼ର ତାଳ ସାଙ୍ଗେ ଶିଶୁ ଅଧରର ହସ ଓ କଟି ବାଳନା ଦେଖି ମନେ ହେଲା ସତେ ଯେମିତି ବଡ଼ ହେଲେ ସେ ସ୍ୱର୍ଗର ମେନକା ବା ଉର୍ବଶୀଙ୍କୁ ଚି ବଳିଯିବ ନାଚରେ । ଆଗରୁ ମୋର କଳାପ୍ରତି ଥିବା ଦୁର୍ବଳତା ଆନୁଭବିକିଗଲା । ମନରେ ପ୍ରଶ୍ନ ଉଠିଲା, " ଏତେ ଅଳ୍ପ ବୟସ୍କ ପିଲାକୁ ଏ ବାପା, ମା ଦିହେଁ ଏତେ କଳା ବୈଶାଳୀ କରି ପାରିଲେ ? " ଏ 'ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ କୁମାରୀ' ସୁକ୍ରିନାର କଳା ବୋଧ ହୁଏ ଇଶ୍ୱର ଦତ୍ତ ।

ଆମେରିକାରେ ମୋ ରହଣି ସେତେବେଳେକୁ ପ୍ରାୟ ୩୨ ବର୍ଷ । ଭାବି ନଥିଲି ବିଦେଶରେ ଏମିତି ନାଚ ଚି ପିଲାଙ୍କୁ ଶିଖାଇ ହବ । ସୁକ୍ରିନାର ନାଚ ଦେଖି ଆମ ଝିଅ ଭିକାର ଝୁଙ୍କ ହେଲା ନାଚ ଶିଖିବା ପାଇଁ । ମନେ ହୁଏ ସେ ସମୟର ସମ ବୟସ୍କ ଝିଅ ମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସୁକ୍ରିନା ଥିଲା ଏକ ପ୍ରେରଣାର ଉତ୍ସ । ଅନେକ ପରଦେଶୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପରିବାରରେ ଝିଅମାନଙ୍କୁ ନାଚ ଶିଖାଇବାର ଆଗ୍ରହ ରହିଲା । ଆମ ପରି କଳାପ୍ରେମୀ ମାନଙ୍କ ପାଇଁ ସୁକ୍ରିନା ଥିଲା ଏକ ବଡ଼ାଶୁଣ୍ଠା । ଆଜିକାଲି ଅନେକ ପିଲାଏ ଓଡ଼ିଶା ସମାଜର ବାର୍ଷିକ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀରେ ଗୀତଟିଏ ଗାଇବା ପାଇଁ ଲୋକ ମାନଙ୍କୁ ଟଣାପାଲଟି ଓ ଶେଷରେ "ରଘୁପତି ରାଘବ" ବା " ଆହେ ଦୟାମୟ " ପରି ଗୀତ ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଆମୋଦ ଦାୟକ ଗୀତ ରୂପେ ଗଣାଯାଇଛି । ସେ ଦିନ ଓ ଆଜିର ଦିନ । କେତେ ତପାତ ।

"ନିଲୁନି ଗାଏ, ସଲୁକ ବାଏ, ଅତି ଅଲୀକୃତ ନାଚକୁ ଯାଏ " । ଏଇ କଥା କହି ମୋ ରକ୍ଷଣଶୀଳ ଭାଇ ସବୁବେଳେ ପିଲାଦିନେ ବୋଉ ଆଗରେ ମୋ ଚିରୁଡ଼ରେ ଅଭିଯୋଗ କରିଆସୁଥିଲେ । ସେଇଥି ଯୋଗୁଁ ପାଠ ପଢ଼ୁନିଫେଲ୍ ହେବ ଇତ୍ୟାଦି । ଏତେ ପିଲାଦିନୁ ସେ କଥାଟା ମନରେ ପୁରାଇ ଦିଆ ଯାଇଛି ଯେ, ସେଇଦିନୁ ଯିଏ ଯାହା କରୁନା କାହିଁକି "ନୃତ୍ୟ ଗୀତ" ରେ ମାତିବା ପିଲାଏ ଭଲ ପଢ଼ିବେନି ଏ ଧାରଣାଟା ସତ ନଥେଲେନି ମୋ ମନରେ ସୁପ୍ତ ଅବସ୍ଥାରେ ରହିଥାଏ । କିନ୍ତୁ ନିଳାମ୍ବର ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁ ସେ ଧାରଣା ତାଙ୍କ ଅଜ୍ଞାତରେ ଦୂର କରିଦେଲେ । "ସୁକ୍ରିନା" ଯେ କେବଳ ଜଣେ କଳାକାର ଥିଲା ତା ନୁହଁ, ସେ ଜଣେ ମେଧାବୀ ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଭାବେ ସ୍ଥାନୀୟ ଉଚ୍ଚ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟକୁ ପୁରସ୍କୃତ ହୋଇ ମେରିଲାଣ୍ଡ ବିଶ୍ୱ ବିଦ୍ୟାଳୟରେ ଏକ ପ୍ରାଚ୍ ଚିକିତ୍ସାର ଛାତ୍ରୀ ଭାବେ ଯୋଗ ଦେଇଥିଲା ।

ସୁକ୍ରିନା ପାଶ୍ଚାତ୍ୟ ଜଗତରେ କବ୍ ହୋଇ ଓ ବର୍ତ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ କବ୍ ହୁଏ । ଭାରତର କଳା, ସଂସ୍କୃତି, ଆଚାର ଓ ବ୍ୟବହାର ସବୁ ନିଖୁଣ ଭାବେ ଗ୍ରହଣ କରିପାରିଥିଲା । ଶ୍ରମକ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ବାପା ମା ଜ ମନରେ ସାମାନ୍ୟ ଶାନ୍ତନା ଓ ଦରଦ ଆଣିଦେବାକୁ ବେଳେବେଳେ ସେ ରୋଷାଇ କରି ବସେ- ପରମ ବଂଧୁ ଭଳି ଦୁହିଁଙ୍କୁ ପରାମର୍ଶ ଦେଇଦିଏ - ଜୀବନର ଉଠାଣିରେ କ୍ଳାନ୍ତ ହୋଇଗଲେ ତାଙ୍କ ମନରେ ହସ ଫୁଟାଇ ଦିଏ ।

ସେ ଦିନ ଅଶୁଭ ଜାଳର ସକାଳ ୭ ଟା ବେଳେ ଟେଲିଫୋନ୍ ହୁଠାଚ୍ ବାଜି ଉଠିଲା । ରୁନୁ କହିଲା, " ବୁଢ଼ାଦା ଶ୍ୱାସ ରୁଜ ହୋଇ ସୁକ୍ରିନା ଚାଲିଗଲା " । ହୁଠାଚ୍ ଚିଟ୍ଟି ବୁଝିପାରିଲିନି । ମନେ ହେଲା ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଏକ ରୁଷା ଚାଲିରେ ସତେ ଯେମିତି ମୁଁ ପଶି ଯାଉଛି । ଭିକା ଓ ରୁନୁଙ୍କୁ ଡାକିଲି । ହୁଠାଚ୍ ଏ କଣ ହେଲା । ଭିକା କାହି ପାରୁନି, କିଛି କହି ପାରୁନି । ସବୁ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ମାନଙ୍କ ଘରେ ହୁଠାଚ୍ ଏକା ସଙ୍ଗେ ବୋଲାନୁକ । ଆମପରି ସାରା ଆମେରିକା ଓ କାନାଡାରୁ ଅନେକ ପରିବାର ଆସି ପହଞ୍ଚିଲେ ନୀଳାମ୍ବର ବାବୁ ଓ ଅନୁଙ୍କୁ ସାନ୍ତନା ଦେବା ପାଇଁ । ଦୁଇଦିନ ତଳେ ଶେଷ ହୋଇଥିବା ଓଡ଼ିଆ ସମ୍ମିଳନୀ ପରି ଭିତ ସେଠି । ମାତ୍ର ଉଶେଇଶ ବର୍ଷରେ ଚାଲିଗଲା ସୁକ୍ରିନା, କିନ୍ତୁ ରଖି ଦେଇଗଲା ଅନେକ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସ୍ମୃତି ତା କଳାର ଆମ ପରଦେଶୀ ଓଡ଼ିଆ ପ୍ରାଣରେ ।

ପ୍ରମୋଦ କୁମାର ପଟ୍ଟନାୟକ



STILL WITH US

SARITA MISRA

Still With Us
 She has not left us
 She still lies laughing deep within our hearts
 She is still living
 Fresh in the fields of our memories
 She is still giving
 The music of her soul
 She is still playing
 Within the air, we sense her
 She is still saying
 Sweet words we long to hear
 Still she keeps us guessing
 With that lovely, haunting face
 And now she is progressing
 To the heavens up above.

Subrina

ANOO SHAYA MISRA

I hesitate to say that I knew Subrina, but then again I expect that lot of us saw her only at OSA conventions and love and miss her just the same. It is so hard to believe I will not see her again. Impossible to think she will not be with our generation as we grow, mature, marry and are finally "Aunties" and Uncles" in our own right. I'm wrong of course, she will be with us, all of us. In our memories, our thoughts and prayers. A reminder to us of how precious our lives are. A warning to always live life fully, and not, to paraphrase Walt Whitman, realize when we come to die that we had not yet begun to live. I do not think that may be said of Subrina.

What are my memories of Subrina? Of an intelligent, attractive, talented woman who shared so much beauty not only through her dancing but also through her personality and exuberance. I remember talking to her backstage before her second night of performance. Although I had not really talked with her often we were soon discussing dancing, siblings, parents and arranged marriages. I remember that night also all of us running, laughing and straightening our sarees to pose for our "Air India Stewardess" picture.

But I suppose the memory that has struck me most often these past weeks since I first heard of our loss is one I associated with a song. We were all upstairs on the fourth floor. We had the radio on and the T.V. on with the sound turned down, MTV was on. The video, "Good Thing" by the Fine Young Cannibals came on and Subrina turned it up and soon everyone was dancing. Subrina made us all laugh as she mimicked perfectly the moves of the lead singer. Amazing! She was so graceful and confident. She laughed and pulled me off the bed to try and get me to dance. The song is popular now and I remember Subrina every time I here it. One line in particular - "Good thing, where have you gone?...I just turned by back and you were gone...you've been gone so long." But even after that song is off the air, that is how I will always remember her-happy and strong. I'll miss her.

Elegy

DEVAJANI MISHRA

Outside the glass of my window, the night is thick with the heat of midsummer. Inside the window, it is just a little cooler--the fans are gently at their task. Yet inside my heart, it is colder still. Swiftly, softly, without warning, something has changed.

Artists, true artists, are rare and special. Many people write; distinctly few are writers. Many play music, but only some can be called musicians. And at some time or another, almost all of us have danced. But she was a dancer.

At conventions and functions and gatherings, whenever possible, we have had "talent shows". Always, if the planners could help it, we, the "youth", have been more than fairly represented in these shows. I remember vividly the plays, and songs, and yes, the dances, like "Rail Gaadi", that one auntie or uncle would so eagerly organize for us. For what seemed like an eternity, we would practice and practice. Finally, at the moment of truth, our parents would smear make-up all over our faces and push us out onto the stage. We knew, of course, that in the excitement of a long-awaited reunion, most of the adult audience would be focusing its attention elsewhere. It was inevitable, and so we simply sighed and went out and "got it over with". And, for us, that was all.

But she wasn't ever pushed out under the lights. She wanted to be there and wanted us to know it, also; every least part of her movement served as proof, and fittingly, however excited and talkative the rest of us might be, we could never take our eyes off her when she performed.

Even on the flatness of a videotape, her presence was wholly riveting. The curtain would rise, the music would begin, and she would appear, ever smiling and graceful. As

she danced, and became more and more caught up in the music, we ourselves were drawn into her dream--except for the sounds made by the bells at her ankles, one might almost swear she was dancing on air. At times, perhaps, her magic threatened to remind us of our own feet of clay, but we could never be jealous; we were too filled with silent and respectful admiration.

And so for a few, all too brief moments, she would keep us under her wonderful spell. Then slowly, without losing the smallest fraction of her power over her captive audience, she would back away quietly and exit the stage, and the curtain would fall. The dance, that dance, was over.

Then, as now, we loved and applauded her skill, her seeming flawlessness. Unlike now, we could also look forward to the next time she would cast her special spell upon us. Tonight, we are left, each behind his or her window, with just our memories, our sadness, our regrets. I regret the fact that as much as I enjoyed her dancing, I never had the opportunity to really know her. I shall always wish that I had had that chance, because I know from others that besides being a great dancer, she was also an amazing person.

Yet on this side of the glass, I have this consolation. Tomorrow morning, the sun will rise, taking up with it the curtain of this night. And although the audience will be a different one, somewhere, surely, she will dance.



Memories of Subrina Apa

LABONI PATNAIK

Subrina was always so kind, always so happy,
Never once mean, or mad, or grumpy.
She was always so very sweet to me,
She was a great dancer, and was very pretty.

Subrina danced as graceful as a deer,
The audience clapped and stood up to cheer.
As I watched her, she filled me with
inspiration,
And I will always remember her with a great
sense of admiration.

When she laughed, her eyes sparkled and
shone,
And her voice was as sweet as a nightingale's
tone.
When I grow up, I would like to be,
What Subrina was to me.

Path to Eternity

MADHUMEETA PATEL

Life is a mystery,
Which cannot be justified.
It is a gift from God,
Beginning with happiness
and ending with sadness.

We are all God's soldiers,
Sent down to fulfill a purpose.
We are all part of the whole,
Yet we are not all same.

We all have to complete our work,
Some do it fast, some do it slow.
Some live long, some die early.
It is all his plan,
Which cannot be changed.

Death will conquer all of us,
If not today then tomorrow.
It will take us to heaven,
Where we can enjoy eternity forever.

Subrina Apa

NEEYATA KODOLIKAR

Subrina Apa was important to all of us. She
got along with everyone. She was pretty and
smart. She was always smiling and happy.
That's why so many people loved her.

I can still remember when she used to help
us with our skits by telling us what lines sounded
the best and getting us ready. I never once saw
her mad at anyone. She was always ready to
help someone.

When she passed away, I didn't really
believe it. It still doesn't seem true. So many
people care about her. I know that I want to
grow up the way Subrina Apa was heading.

Subrina Apa

MIMI NAYAK

Subrina Apa was the joy of everyone's lives. She was always smiling and happy. She was lively and she cheered everybody up.

When she performed on stage, her beautiful Indian classical dances, she did because she wanted to and not because she had to. That is why she did so well. She was so graceful and spectacular that whoever saw her would know how much effort and feeling she put into it.

The last thing I remember about her was when her mother, my mother and father, and a few other adults from this area were on stage during the OSA convention and she was sitting behind me cheering everybody on. I'm pretty sure that made all the performers feel really good.

Now that she is gone out of our lives we feel hurt and broken up but you can be sure that somewhere she is making people happy the way she used to make us happy.

She might be gone but the great memories will always be there no matter what happens. She was certainly the joy of our lives. She will never be forgotten.

Subrina Apa

NIVEDITA PATEL

Death is a verry sudden and sad event. We all know we are all going to die someday, but for Subrina that someday was too soon. She was a teenager who loved to dance and was very good at it too.

As I can imagine being a teenager myself, her life must have been filled with excitement and enthusiasm. That life suddenly came to a stop over the 4th of July weekend when she was celebrating with Oriyas from all over North America. It's God who puts everyone on this world with special duties to perform. She completed her duties and was taken away from us by God so that she can enjoy celestial bliss and comfort up there with him.

We are all proud of her and of course God is too. We all know how her parents and her friends must be feeling because we all have experienced the loss of a near and dear one at least once. I am very sorry to hear what happened and I know everyone else is too, but at least now we know she is safe and happy up there with God and we all will be joining her someday.



Subrina Apa

SAMATA KODOLIKAR

Subrina Apa was very nice. She helped everyone as much as she could. People always knew she was happy because wherever she went she smiled.

Subrina Apa was loving and caring. She was always kidding around. And I've never in my life seen her mad.

Subrina Apa

BALAJI NAJAK

Subrina Apa was very kind to me and other people. She was always happy. Whenever she laughed we laughed. She never got mad at anyone. Subrina Apa was loving and caring. She was also lively and funny. She always helped people. She was one of the nicest people I have ever known and one of the happiest. I love Subrina Apa very much.

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7-21-89

Dear Dr. & Mrs. Biswal,

On behalf of the Orissa Society of America, I extend my heart-felt sympathy and deep condolence for the sad and sudden death of Subrina. Subrina's death is an irreparable loss for all Oriyas. She was not only a scholar and artist but also was a very warm, lovable and dynamic individual. She touched our lives and made us so proud of her talents. She will be badly missed in Oriya gatherings and especially in all O.S.A. conventions, but she will live in our memories forever. May her soul rest in peace and may God give you the strength and courage to bear the sorrow.

Sincerely yours,
Amiya K. Mohanty
President

ମୁଁ ବିଚ୍ଛିନ୍ନ ଚଳେ ସୁରୋପରୁ
 ଫେରି ଘରେ ଗୋତ ନ ଦେଉଣୁ ମୋ ସାନ ଝିଅ ଲିଳି ଯେଉଁ ମର୍ମାହତ
 ଖବର ଦେଲା ତା' ଶୁଣି ମୁଁ ଦଣ୍ଡେ ବାଳ ଥକା ହୋଇ ବସି ରହିଲି ।
 ହୃଦାୟ ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଭିତରତା ଶୁନ୍ୟ ହୋଇଗଲା । ଦୁଇ ଦିନ ଧରି ଖସି
 ଯାଇଥାଏ ମୋ ବାରି ପାଖର ବାସ୍ତବତା । ଅତ୍ୟନ୍ତ ଲଜ୍ଜା ହେଉଥାଏ
 ଫୋନ୍ କରିବାକୁ - କିନ୍ତୁ ତାହୁଁଟି ? ପରସ୍ପର ପରସ୍ପରକୁ ବିପରି ଏକ
 ନିର୍ଦ୍ଦୋଷ ବାହାଣୀରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଥାଉଁ । ବସ୍ତ୍ର ବଳିଥିଲେ
 ମଧ୍ୟ ବାସ୍ତବ ଦୁନିଆରେ ବିଭିନ୍ନ ଅବସ୍ଥାର ସମ୍ମୁଖୀନ ହୋଇଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ,
 ଅଭିଜ୍ଞତା ଓ ଅନୁଭୂତି ଗୁଡ଼ିଏ ମାତି ପଡ଼ିଥିଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ସମୟ ସମୟରେ
 ମଣିଷ ବୁଦ୍ଧିମାନ ହୋଇପଡ଼େ - ବିଚଳ ଅନ୍ତର ନୀରବତାରେ ରହି
 ବେଦନ ଭଙ୍ଗି ମାରେ ଭଗବାନଙ୍କ ଭବେଶ୍ୟରେ ।

ଯଦି ମୁଁ ଭାବୁଛି ଦୁଇପଦ
 ରେଖା ଆପଣଙ୍କର ସେ ସନ୍ତପ୍ତ ମନକୁ ହାଲୁକା କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟା କରୁଛି
 ବୋଲି, ତେବେ ମୋ ଧାରଣା ବୁଝା - ଯଦି ମୋର ବର୍ତ୍ତମାନ ସମାପ୍ତି
 କରୁଛି ବୋଲି, ତାହେଲେ ମୋର ବୋଧଜ୍ଞାନ ଦୁର୍ବଳ । କେଉଁ ଦୂର
 ଦେଶରୁ କେତୋଟି ଅପରିଚିତ ପରିବାର ଆମେରିକାର ବିଭିନ୍ନ କୋଣରେ
 ବସବାସ କରି ଗୋଟିଏ ପରିବର୍ତ୍ତିତ ପରିବାର ସୃଷ୍ଟି କରିବାକୁ ଚେଷ୍ଟିତ ।
 ତା'ରି ଭିତରେ ଆମ ବାରି ପାଖରେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପାଇଥିବୁ ଆପଣ
 ମାନଙ୍କୁ । ଦୃଶ୍ୟ ସୁଖ ଆଦାନ ପ୍ରଦାନ ଦ୍ଵାରା ସ୍ନେହ ଓ ଶ୍ରଦ୍ଧାର ଏକ
 ନୁଆ ବନ୍ଧନରେ ଧୀରେ ଧୀରେ ଆମେ ସମସ୍ତେ କଠି ହୋଇ ଆସିବୁଁ ।
 ସାଧାରଣ ମଣିଷ ସ୍ଵଭାବଗତ ଦୁର୍ବଳତାର ବନ୍ଧ ହୋଇ ସୁନ୍ଦର ସୃଷ୍ଟି
 ଗୁଡ଼ିକୁ ଆବୋଧି ବସେ । ଆମେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତୋଳି ଧରିଥିବୁ ସୁକ୍ରିମାର
 କେତେଗୁଡ଼ିଏ କୁଟିଳ ସୃଷ୍ଟିକୁ । ଆଜି ତାହୁଁଁ ସନ୍ତକ କରି ତା'ର ଆତ୍ମାର
 ସଦଗତି ଭବେଶ୍ୟରେ ଅତି ନିରୀହଭାବରେ ମହତପୁଣ୍ୟ ଉତ୍ସବ
 ପାଖରେ ପ୍ରାର୍ଥନା କରୁଛୁଁ ।

ଶ୍ରୀ ଗୋପାଳ ମହାନ୍ତି ।

Mark Huang
5 Regent Circle
Jamaica Plain, MA 02130

July 20, 1989

Dear Dr. Biswal:

I was deeply saddened by the news of your loss of Subrina. I have repeated hundreds of times. It simply cannot be true. How can it be possible for Subrina? I am sure you have asked the same question over and over again. It's just not fair.

I remember the last time I bid farewell to her in your lab at the VA hospital. I said I hoped to see her someday somewhere when she becomes a child psychiatrist. That's what she wanted to be and I believe she could have become a very good one. I remember talking to her in your backyard after dinner in the evening of my defense. We talked about her personal relationships. She was amazed I could remember what she had told me. Indeed I remember quite a lot of her even though I had only known her for two summers and saw her occasionally. She was a child of the rare kind. Pretty, intelligent, cheerful, and caring. Those two summers she worked in the lab with me, she and I had acquainted each other quite well. She always wanted to buy something in the cafeteria for me even though I always refused. She only wanted to show her fondness. She was the caring type. I believe you, the father, certainly knows the best. She often joked and changed my name to MacHuang because I wore a green T-shirt (symbol of Irish) sometimes. She was the cheerful kind. Things like these I can never wipe out of my mind. And I don't know how to console you any better besides sharing these personal remembrances with you so that you know she exists not just in your memory but in the memory of many many.

Please extend my deepest condolences to your wife, Sundip, and Subra. I hope to see Sundip here at Harvard after he graduates. I have high hopes of him and I think by achieving a high goal it is the best remembrance of Subrie. Please again take very good care of yourself. We all have to bear the pain but we have to keep going on.

Very truly yours,
Mark Huang

Note: Dr. Huang was a graduate student and knew Subrina while working in the laboratories of University of Maryland Cancer Center. He is currently a Post Doctoral Fellow at Harvard.

I can't remember when I met Subrina. We were both very young; the memories are vague. It does not matter. Subrina and I were very close, even though she was four years younger than me. Young girls generally make friends within their own age group, or in the same grade. Subrina was never restrained by that sort of peer grouping; her friends were everyone, of all ages. At the convention this summer in Nashville Subrina, Lolly, Rica, Sahana, Rosie and myself were together all the time. In fact we all got into trouble one night for making too much noise. Subrina had a wonderful sense of humour; we were all laughing at something she had said when we were told to be quiet. That was the convention for us, laughing and catching up on the gossip since the last time we had seen each other.

One night Anu Mausy helped us put on our sarees for the *mehefil* that evening. The new thing for us girls is to wear sarees, even though all of us need help putting them on. Anu Mausy laughed and chattered along with us; she could have been one of our friends. She and Subrina were best friends, even though they were mother and daughter. Last summer, at Saginaw, before Subrina went to college, Anu Mausy pulled me aside to talk about how she would miss Subrina not living at home, and not being able to see each other all the time, and the general worries about a child leaving home. It struck me then, as it

does now, as to how close they were. When Rica phoned and gave the terrible news, two things crossed my mind: Why Subrina?, and how will Anu Mausy survive without her daughter and best friend? For me the shock took weeks to wear off, through crying and talking to friends, who felt as I did. Right now I think of Subrina, without crying, as a friend, with laughter at her humour and pride in her dancing.

Her last dance performance in Nashville was beautiful. We the youth are notorious for not paying any attention to the cultural programs or talking through the performances; but never while Subrina was on the stage. Her dancing made your heart pound as you watched, because even if you knew nothing about the dance, you knew that she was a wonderful dancer. Lolly, the official convention photographer for the girls, went to the stage and took pictures of Subrina that I will cherish for ever.

I want to thank all the parents who over the years spent considerable time and effort to organize the national conventions and regional gatherings of the OSA. You have provided the opportunity for your children to meet and to become very close friends. Without your efforts I never would have met Subrina, and my life would not have been graced by her friendship

Leena Mansinha

On Becoming a Brahmin

SIDDHARTHA 'CHANA' RATH

On June 25, around 4:30, I returned from the temple in Balugaon amidst a company of family members, a band party, and curious passersby. It was finally over, almost. In a few minutes, a flower assembly (phool sabha) would be held, and I would become a Brahmin. My thread ceremony --scheduled for ten parts over a period of some seven grueling hours--had begun the previous evening, about 9 P.M. The burly priest Pandit Bhima Tripathy, my grandmother, mother and father, and myself had fasted through the day and sat through the puja from 9:00 to 2:00 in the morning. During these Parts, my father played the more important part while I just sat there. The priest was speaking in Sanskrit; the incantations sounded weighty, their music lingering like a wedding gown after a bride, but I understood nothing.

At 2:00, he announced that the first six parts had been completed and the remaining four would take place the following day. The next day, we started the puja in the morning and continued up to noon. Two parts were completed. The Priest told me to stay seated on the altar (bedi), which had been decorated with flowers by my uncles and cousins, while everyone else took a short break. I was to stay there until we were ready to start again. The Priest went off somewhere, saying he would be right back. Thirty minutes passed; forty-five, and then an hour. Then someone discovered the Priest sound asleep, woke him up, and the puja continued, the remaining two parts. During these two parts I was told a set of rules to memorize. I have forgotten most of these rules, but the two I remember are: not to climb trees and not to swim.

At 3:00, we finished the two parts and started the procession to the temple. At 4:30 we returned and the sacred thread was placed on my shoulder. And by 5:30, I had become a Brahmin. That night there was a feast for the people of the village celebrating the emergence of the new brahmin. The meaning of the thread is very simple. It means that a boy, usually 9-12, has passed from youth into early manhood. The maternal uncle takes the major responsibility for the ceremony--and I had five of my owlook-

ing after the details. My grandparents were proudly receiving guests, as though a major historical event was taking place. Along with the thread go certain privileges: one is treated somewhat like an adult, accepted as a trainee (brahmachari), and, for someone in a priest family, the thread entitles one to carry on the family trade. In the patriarchal culture of India, this occasion distinguishes the man from the woman.

The following gods are worshipped: Earth (Bhu), Water (Baruna), Fire (Agni), Light (Surya), Thunder (Indra), and the traditional Orissan Deities Balabhadra, Subhadra, and Jagannath. There is also a sacred fire in the middle of the bedi. For this fire, a small pyre of wood is set aflame and the flame is maintained with the occasional pouring of ghee. Many preparatory customs are followed for the thread ceremony. The date for the ceremony is decided according to the zodiac of the boy's horoscope. Also, the boy's head is often completely shaved, his ear pierced, and he wears a loin cloth --all of these to symbolize the brahmachari's renunciation of the world. I did not fully go through the first two, but the barber did trim my hair a little and instead of piercing my ears, they just brushed my ear with a needle. As a symbol of this ritual of renunciation, the brahmachari goes begging for alms, a disguise for collection of gifts from family and friends.

The thread ceremony is similar to the Christian Baptism, which is done during infancy. It is also similar to the Buddhist ritual performed when a boy decides to become a monk. Also many tribes around the world have such ceremonies that a boy must go through as a celebration of initiation into adult life.

How does someone growing up here in America accept this? Well, I have been accepting it without any complaints so far. There was no loss for me caused by the ceremony, although it was tiring. Rather, I received a lot of money from my relatives. Altogether, the ceremony wasn't too bad but I wouldn't want to experience it again.

SUPERCONDUCTIVITY AT ROOM TEMPERATURE ?

S. D. MAHANTI,
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS, MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

In normal metals (copper wire) which carry currents, there is a nonzero electrical resistivity even at absolute zero temperature (-273 C) unless of course the sample is absolutely pure. In many metals and alloys however, this resistivity drops to zero when the specimen is cooled to a sufficiently low but nonzero temperature.

This phenomena, called superconductivity, was first discovered by a Dutch physicist named Kammerling Onnes in 1911. This zero resistance state is indeed a new phase in which electrical currents can flow without any energy loss (via heat) for ever.

Imagine, all our communication lines made of superconductors that function without any energy loss. The only problem is that we have to cool the whole transmission line to temperatures below -270 to -260 C. Since 1911, there have been many attempts to discover new materials which can superconduct at room temperature (27 C).

Until 1986, the highest known temperature at which a metal could superconduct was only 22 K (-253 C). This material is an alloy of niobium and germanium. Scientists all over the world were looking for ways to increase this temperature.

Finally, after years of hard work, in a laboratory in Zurich, two Swiss Physicists, K. Alex Mueller and J. Georg Bednorz discovered a completely different class of systems, oxide ceramics, that could superconduct at a much higher temperature than known before.

The first oxide ceramic sample Mueller and Bednorz made had a transition temperature of

35 K (April 1986) and in February 1987, a group of American scientists in Houston discovered a similar oxide but with different constituents that had a transition temperature of 90 K. Thus, within a short span of seven months the temperature went from 22 to 90 whereas from 1911 to 1986 the increase was from 3 to 22. A race for making systems with transition temperature at 300 K (normal room temperature) had begun. Even if we do not have a room temperature superconductor in the near future the revolutionary discovery of Bednorz and Mueller and others may bring us to a new era of technology and open whole new applications of superconductivity such as high speed superconducting computers and large scale magnetic storage.

Mueller and Bednorz shared the physics Nobel prize in 1988 for their pioneering work. The transition temperature is presently stuck at 125 K and a new breakthrough is needed to push it further. What about the theoretical understanding? The older (pre-1986) systems were well understood by the theory proposed by Bardeen, Cooper and Schrieffer. They shared the physics Nobel Prize for this work in 1957. It appears, however, that these new high transition temperature oxide superconductors need a completely new theoretical explanation; many theorists including P. W. Anderson, a Nobel laureate professor at Princeton, believe so.

For the time being, we have to wait and see. Literally thousands of scientists (physicists and chemists) all over the world are working feverishly to discover room temperature superconductors and to explain the underlying physics. Many exciting things are yet to come.

A SUMMER WEDDING IN PENNSYLVANIA

JNANA RANJAN DASH

Lina Pattanayak, daughter of Mana Ranjan and Minati Pattanayak of Yardley, Pennsylvania, got into wedlock last June with Raj Sinha, son of Mr. & Mrs. Ravi Sinha of Pittsburg. It was a dazzling event attended by 700 guests from all over the U.S. and Canada.

Lina is in her 3rd year of medical studies at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia and Raj just graduated from there as a medical doctor this year. They were a delight to watch - the new generation Indo-Americans, intelligent, hardworking, and respectful for the traditions of their parents' homeland.

Mana Ranjan Babu had started the preparation since the beginning of the year. Friends were invited months ahead. Nine family members arrived from India around April/May. The Pattanayak household was in full gear in preparation of the big event.

A huge tent was erected behind the Pattanayak household. Guest started arriving around noon. Lina was bedecked with fine jewellery and got into the rituals of "Mangana". Guests were treated with a sumptuous lunch under the tent. Eating was a continuous process with guests arriving at all hours till the evening.

Around 7 PM, the groom's party (Barajatri) came in several cars and a bus from Pittsburg. Their stay was arranged at the Princeton Ramada Inn. After being treated to an Indian dinner, the guests had their late night mehfil of songs and dances, a traditional custom of the groom's parental state Bihar.

A huge community center at Cedar Gardens, Princeton was rented for the ceremony. A raised pedestal (mandap) was constructed, so that guests could view the proceedings from anywhere in the hall. With the melliflous Sehnai sounds and the flower decorations, the environment became a perfect simulation of a Hindu wedding back home. Over 700 guests made it crowded, chaotic, and very exciting!

Lalu Mansinha was the overall conductor-cum-organizer-cum-emcee. He did a masterful job of creating a booklet on the Hindu wedding,

its significance, and the main vows the bride and the groom take (translated in English). Adding a touch of class was a piece from the poet Kalidasa's Abhigyan Sakuntalam - words of a father to his daughter as she prepares to undertake life's journey as a newly-married wife.

Uma Ballava Mishra, the medical doctor from Newburgh, was the purohit (priest) from the bride's side and he did a wonderful job of reciting the mantras. The process of marriage was a hybrid - Oriya, Bihari mixed with english translations and vows for the understanding of our young generation. It could not have been more appropriate. Everyone intently observed the process with cameras clicking at high frequency.

Snacks were served followed by a toast. Several friends from both sides gave short speeches about the bride and groom. As dinner was underway, both Lina and Raj walked to every table to show their respect to the attending guests. Lina was exquisitely pretty with all ornaments and a red sari. Raj, the tall handsome young doctor was all smiles.

As the guests started to make the return trip home, Lina and Raj escaped in a stretched limousine toward some unknown destination.

There was coast-to-coast discussions about the wedding for days. Everyone who attended felt as if one of their own family members was getting married; it was a unifying force for our community.

Ladies brought their best and the brightest clothes and jewellery to wear. Young girls put on the traditional sari and ornaments; many of them suddenly discovering that such a wedding can be so charming an experience in life!

As Lina returned home the following day for her final moment of departure, a strange thing happened! Everyone knew she would be only 30 miles away in Philadelphia to continue her studies, but a sense of melancholy and sadness gripped everyone as she said goodbye to start her newly married life.

Meeting Swami Suddhananda

SURA P. RATH

9:30 P.M. Thursday, 21 September. I had fallen asleep for a moment watching a cable re-run of Benson. The phone rang. "May I speak to Sura Rath, please?" the deep sonorous voice from the other end queried. "Speaking," I swiftly said, hoping to cut short some late night sales pitch that had already ruined my evening sleep. "You will remember me as a friend from Ravenshaw College. We were together in English Honors. My name is.... well, can you guess?" he challenged. No voice from 1970 matched this one, and I was in no mood to play the game. "No," I said, "give me a hint." "Well, you went to Vani Vihar, and I went to Bombay the year after we graduated. My name is..."

It was easy this time. "Felu," I said. "Your voice has changed. Where are you calling from? New York? Madras?" During my last trip to Orissa I had gathered that Felu, or Rebati Kant Mohanty, the friend with whom I had biked around the city streets of Cuttack in 1969-70, the friend who had suddenly renounced the world and gone to Bombay and Rishikesh in 1971, was already an internationally distinguished scholar of the Vedanta and the Upanishads and was building a huge ashram on the beach near Madras.

He laughed. "No, no. I'm in San Diego, lecturing at the university for the last six weeks. I had written to Ranju in Berhampur for your address and got it yesterday." "It's nineteen years, you know, and no news about you until last December at the Ravenshaw-70 meeting in Bhubaneswar someone mentioned your name," I muttered, "I can't believe my ears." "Yes," he said quietly. "A lot has changed. I am now Swami Suddhanand, headquartered in Madras. I travel abroad for three to four months every year--usually in England, West Indies, and the United States to lecture in philosophy and psychology. I

knew you were somewhere in this country, but never had your address to contact you." "We must arrange to get together this time," I said. "Tell me about your plans next week," I said.

He was leaving San Diego Friday the following week to go to Birmingham, where he had to speak to an Indian group at the University of Alabama; on Sunday he was to proceed to the Patterson School of Diplomacy in Lexington at the invitation of the Vice President of the University of Kentucky, the former U.S. Consul in Madras; then to New York, Trinidad, England, and finally to India sometime in November.

"Digambar Mishra lives in Birmingham," I said. "Do you know him? A friend of Soubhagya Mishra and Jitu Patnaik. It would be nice if you call on him. He'd love to meet you. If you wish, I will tell him now and let him know of your program there." "Well, I wanted to meet with you," he said "I understand Sujit is here somewhere, too." "In New York," I said. "Jugal is in New York, too; and Pratap is in the Washington area, and Brajendra in New Jersey."

"All my programs are pre-arranged by the groups that have arranged my travel," he said. "I wish I could meet them all. Now, back to you. Tell me more about your family. How do you look now? Are you bald? and fat? Have you changed a lot?" "A lot. No one at the Ravenshaw-70 meeting recognised me," I said haltingly. "I've two boys, fourteen and ten. I teach at the Louisiana State University, Associate Professor or Reader as we call it in India, and also act as the assistant to the vice chancellor for academic affairs-- but all that is nothing compared to what I hear you have done."

"You've done great," he paused. "I wish we could meet somehow. I'll call you from Birmingham. I will be staying there with one Dr.Rao,

MEETING SWAMI SUDDHANANDA Cont.

who has recently moved from Trinidad. We'll see." He hung up.

I had forgotten to get his number. Next thing to do was to call Digambar Babu to let him know about Swamiji's visit, and to check my own schedule if I could squeeze a drive to Birmingham that weekend. Perhaps he could get the number in San Diego from Dr. Rao. Digambar Babu did. In less than ten minutes he had collected the information about Dr. Rao and the meeting in Birmingham. And: Yes, I could drive there on Friday and return to Shreveport Sunday afternoon.

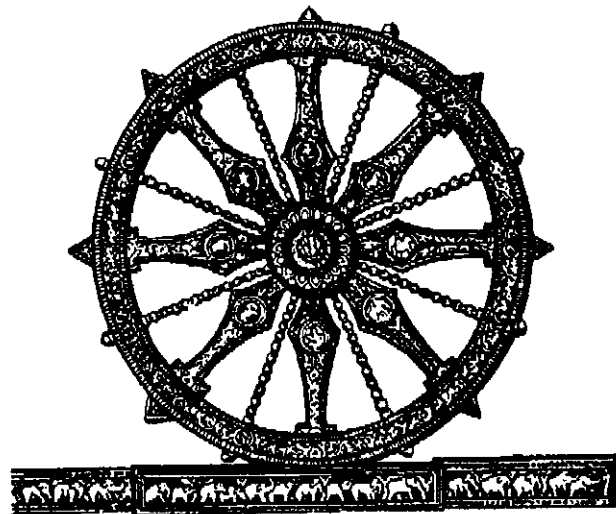
I called Swamiji back. "I'm coming to Birmingham, but will stay in the crowd," I said. "Let me test if you can identify me in the audience." "That'll be easy," he said. "I will point to you the first thing after arriving at the meeting." 29 September. We reached Birmingham about 10:30 after some eight hours driving through torrential rain. Swamiji had arrived an hour earlier and was staying with the Raos. The meeting was scheduled the following afternoon. We talked over the phone. I would see him at the meeting and bring him over to Digambar Babu's house for dinner and an evening of talk. Sunday-well, we'll decide later on.

On Saturday, we went to the meeting hall thirty minutes early, so we could find an inconspicuous spot in the auditorium. Some people lined up outside the hall to escort Swamiji into the hall; and I joined them, retreating to a second row position. Digambar Babu was beside me. Swamiji arrived in the company of four or five people. Walking toward the hall, he greeted the crowd outside. And then he quietly walked toward us. "Sura, aren't you the one?" He extended his hand. "Yes," I said, shaking hands. "and this is Digambar Babu."

He looked older in his saffron robe. A long beard complemented the peripheral hair on his bald head. The talk lasted nearly two hours. On our way home for dinner, we talked of friends and teachers, of literature and the sciences, of

the history and politics of Orissa, and of mind and matter. Two divergent Paths, as it were, had crossed again half a world away after nearly two decades. "Happiness is all," he said as we stepped out of the car in the driveway. And it's inside you." Asit and Runu joined us for dinner; so did Lalit. Jyotsna's authentic oriya dishes were exquisite. Dinner over, we sat together till almost eleven.

He explained the joy and pain of living and dying, the need for knowing the meanings of things, and the validity of personal experience. He wanted so retire. We'd meet the following morning for lunch. There was so much more to talk about! God, the devils, and the rest. I tried to locate the rupture between the old Felu and the new Swami Suddhananda in vain. The old self had reached a new calm, blissful and bubbling with the passionate joy of bringing the old message to the new age. Skeptical of babas in general, I pondered how to accept Felu. The honor is all mine, for the old friend is now the new teacher.



Losses*

Chandra Mishra

Today I saw a man who slashed his wrists
because
he lost his hat.

He was old, and of course, they say he was
crazy.
I think not.

I think he'd just had all the losses he could
take.
He said as much.

His last words were, "O God, now I've lost my
hat, too"
I think I know how he felt.

Every time you turn around, time-with a little
help from
your friends-grab off something else. Some-
thing precious.
At least to you.

Hearing. Sight. Beauty. Job. House. Spouse.
Even the
corner grocery turns into a shopping center
and is lost.

Finally, you lose the thing you can't do
without-hope
(that it can get better)

Dear God, I prayed when he gets to heaven,
let that man
find his hat on the gatepost.

*This poem was written when I worked in a
nursing home which was a very new experience
for me. Seeing old people living together and
waiting to die is not seen in our culture. I was very
much touched with the old man's sorrow when
he lost his hat.

Rita Tripathy receives Presidential Medallion

Rita Tripathy, 18, of Norman, Oklahoma, was recently honored as a Presidential Scholar. There were a total of 141 students from across the United States of America who were presented with this prestigious award. They included one young woman and one young man from each state, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and American students living abroad.

Tripathy, along with the other scholars, visited Washington D.C. June 17--21, for National Recognition Week, when she received the Presidential Scholar medallion from President Bush at a White House ceremony. Scholars were chosen based on either their Scholastic Aptitude Test or the ACT Assessment scores, grade point average, contributions to school and the community, eight essays, self-assessments, recommendations, and transcripts.

Among Tripathy's other honors as a graduating high school senior are Oklahoma Academic All-Stater, National Merit Finalist/Scholar, R. Boyd Gunning Scholar, Outstanding Social Studies Student of the Year, first place in American Penwomen's writing contest, Lions Club Student of the Month, and Rotary Club Student of the Month. She has also had various creative writing pieces published in a literary magazine and had a play produced at her high school. She has maintained a 4.0 grade point average throughout her school career, and she has taken many advanced courses in chemistry, mathematics, and English.

Rita, daughter of Dr. Narayan and Sarala Tripathy, is the grand daughter of Ram Chandra Tripathy, retired professor at Ravenshaw College in Cuttack. She plans to attend the University of Oklahoma and major in microbiology and later pursue a career in medicine.

PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

AMIYA KUMAR MOHANTY

At the outset, let me extend hearty greetings to all my fellow Oriyas of Canada and the United States. It is indeed an honor to be able to serve our great organization, the Orissa Society of America. I must thank our former office bearers, President Ashok Das, Vice president, Pratap Patnaik, Secy/Treasurer, Anil Patnaik, O.S.A. Journal editors, Sardindu Mishra and Lalu Mansinha, and all former members of the O.S.A. Executive Committee for their sustained devotion and sincere efforts.

In the life cycle of this organization, we are entering into a phase of maturity with the hopes and promises of congeniality, cooperation, and determined action. We had a great convention in Nashville in past July. It was an atmosphere of immense joy and cordiality. Thanks are due to the organizers and members of the Southern Chapter for their efforts, enthusiasm and dedication. Unfortunately, three days after the convention, our community went through a deep shock and sorrow at the sad and sudden death of Subrina, daughter of Nilambar and Anu Biswal of Maryland. There was outpouring of emotions and collective sentiment which reaffirmed our unity and cohesion.

Now I want to briefly mention some of the plans and projects that the O.S.A. proposes to undertake this year. I believe in open communications and do invite constructive suggestions. The O.S.A. Executive Committee met on Sept. 2, 1989 in Blacksburg, VA and acted on the following:

1. **CONSTITUTION:** A new Constitution for the OSA was approved by the general body on July 2, 1989 and was effective immediately. It was decided to send a copy of the Constitution to each O.S.A. member.

2. **LOGO:** As decided by the Logo sub-committee, the logo will be selected by a competi-

tion. The top three entries selected by a panel of three judges will be sent out to the O.S.A. members along with the 1983 logo for a final selection by majority vote before the end of 1989.

3. **PAYMENTS TO ARTISTS:** The general body has approved the balance payment to artists Pranab Patnaik and the group. The amount is yet to be determined. The Secretary/Treasurer was asked to investigate the details regarding the contract and the amount received by the artists in order to decide the final payment.

4. **SUBRINA MEMORIAL FUND:** It was decided to establish a scholarship fund in memory of Subrina. The funds will be kept in a separate account for annual award. The Youth Forum will decide the mechanism and details of the award. Dr. Bijoy Das was appointed coordinator for the fund raising. **I REQUEST YOU TO CONTRIBUTE GENEROUSLY TO THIS FUND.**

5. **JOURNAL PUBLICATION:** Publication of our journal is most expensive affair. It was decided that the expenses for the three issues of the journal should be limited to \$2000.00 since the interest income would not be more than \$2000.00 a year.

6. **MEMBERSHIP DRIVE:** Dr. Haralal Choudhury and Mr. Gyanaranjan Patnaik were put in charge of launching a massive membership drive. Membership dues are our only source of revenue. Thus I request our members to pay their dues on time and help recruit more life members and patrons.

7. **ACCOUNTS AND AUDITS:** It was decided that the accounts will be audited at least once a year by a two-member audit team appointed by the Executive Committee.

PRESIDENTIAL COLUMN Cont.

8. 1990 O.S.A. CONVENTION: The 1990 Convention will be hosted by the Washington D.C. Chapter.

9. O.S.A.-PUSPALAKSHMI SAHU TRUST FUND: Bhagabat and Puspalexmi Sahu expressed their interest to donate a substantial amount of money for creating a trust fund, the interest from which would be used for youth activities. Our Secy/Treas Dr. Keshab Dwivedy is working on the details regarding establishing the trust. We thank Dr. and Mrs. Bhagabat Sahu for their generosity.

10. ODISSI SUMMER INSTITUTE: A committee consisting of Mrs. Anu Biswal, Mrs. Puspalexmi Sahu, myself and the President of the Youth Forum, Miss Anu Mishra was formed to explore the possibilities of having a Summer Odissi Dance Camp in the 1990 summer.

11. YOUTH ACTIVITIES: The Executive Committee wants to expand the youth activities. Dr. Bhagabat Sahu, Chairman, Youth Forum and Mrs. Biju Mishra, Vice President, would supervise youth activities.

12. LOCAL CHAPTER ACTIVITIES: It was felt that the local chapters should be more active and responsive to national chapter. In fact, the strength of the O.S.A. depends on the active support and cooperation of local chapters. A few chapters need to be formalized. The Secretary/Treasurer is working on this.

Finally, I solicit active support and cooperation of our members as well as those who are interested in our cause. I wish you all a very very happy holiday season ahead.

From the Desk of the Secretary-Treasurer

Dear Friends:

Having taken over the responsibilities of my position in July 1989, I have received OSA's accounts from Mr. Anil Patnaik. I plan to maintain the accounts and with the help of our membership, accomplish the many goals we have set for ourselves. Fully auditable accounts will be presented at appropriate times. The task of maintaining the current addresses of all members is a formidable one. I ask for your help in reporting any changes as soon as possible. Your aid will help maintain a line of communication.

The cost of conducting the routine activities of OSA has increased significantly due to normal inflation. The income of OSA, in terms of membership dues, has reduced. The revenue generated from the reserve fund of life membership dues is barely \$8.00 per life-member family. We have enjoyed OSA's many activities over the years. Along with continuing these programs, we all have many new ideas to implement. The funds cannot meet these expectations without severely depleting our already low reserves.

I, therefore, urge you to send a small donation to OSA in order to help support our activities. Any amount you send will be highly appreciated. If you have not mailed your membership dues, please do so at this time. Your input in developing OSA activities is very important; please feel free to provide any suggestions you may have to run our society better.

Keshab K. Dwivedy

MESSAGE TO THE YOUTH

It is said, "A beginning is a job half done." Indeed the Youth Forum, which was born only about two months ago, has made exemplary strides with the election of its office bearers, the preparation of a blue print of its goals and objectives, and the setting down of its rules and by-laws and future plans. The youth, with their never ending stamina and with good wishes and guidance from the senior members of the OSA have embarked on the sincere duty of carrying on our heritage and culture through the OSA. The youth have been asked to shoulder more responsibility in the forthcoming OSA conventions and other organizational activities. They are going to (1) co-chair sports and cultural activities in the next OSA convention; (2) participate actively in Subrina Memorial Fund and Award; and (3) lead a drive for membership to OSA.

My message to the youth would be: "Have your values, set your goals, and work hard to get it done. With the roots of your heritage, and the wings of American education, you can fly high. A little black boy from Harlem, the son of immigrants from West Indies, has risen to the second most powerful position of the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff with hard work and perseverance."

You have inherited the age old values and morals of ancient India from your parents and superiors, from your sages and seers, and if you apply them in life, you will come out winners. All of us cannot be great people like Mahatma Gandhi and Mother Teresa, but we certainly can do little things in a great way. Man lives by thought and action and not by time. Our dearest Subrina, during her brief sojourn in this world, did achieve a lot and her memory is going to live with us by her actions, not by time.

We can do wonders if we work as a team. Keep up the good work. We have miles to go, miles to go. "Arise, awake and stop not, till the goals are reached."

My best wishes,

Bhagabat Sahu
Chairman, Youth Forum

September 24, 1989
Athens, Alabama

OSA YOUTH FORUM MEETING MINUTES

September 2, 1989

The meeting of the OSA Youth Forum was held at 11:00 a.m. on September 2, 1989 at the residence of Dr. & Mrs. Hara Prasad Mishra, Blacksburg, Virginia. Anoo Misra, the president of the Youth Forum presided.

The following members were present: Ranjan Choudhury, Sucheta Mohanty, Amiya Ranjan Mohanty, Babha Misra, Goutam Patnaik, and Rasmi Choudhury. Dr. Bhagabat Sahu, Chairman of the Forum, helped set the goals of the Forum. It was decided that this organization shall be a base for the youth of the OSA for their cultural activities. The Forum shall include members in the age group of 9 -29. The Youth Executive Committee shall consist of the following: 1. President; 2. Vice President; Secretary/Treasurer; a student representative to be nominated by the president of the OSA; and two representatives at-large. Of these two representatives, one will be from the age group 9-14, and one from 15-29. The first three office bearers shall be at least 18 years of age. The term of office for all shall be two years.

Membership dues will be as follows: Age 9-17 \$ 3.00; Age 18-29 \$5.00 per year (July-June). These dues will help defray the cost of a Youth Directory, a Youth Newsletter, and Summer Youth Camp.

Activities suggested for the 1990 OSA Convention are: 1) Essay and Speech contest both in Oriya and English; 2) General Body Meeting; 3) Get-together and Dance.

The structure of the Subrina Biswal Memorial Fund was also discussed. The suggestion was that the OSA should consider awarding one Subrina Biswal Memorial Scholarship to a graduating senior on the basis of GPA, SAT or

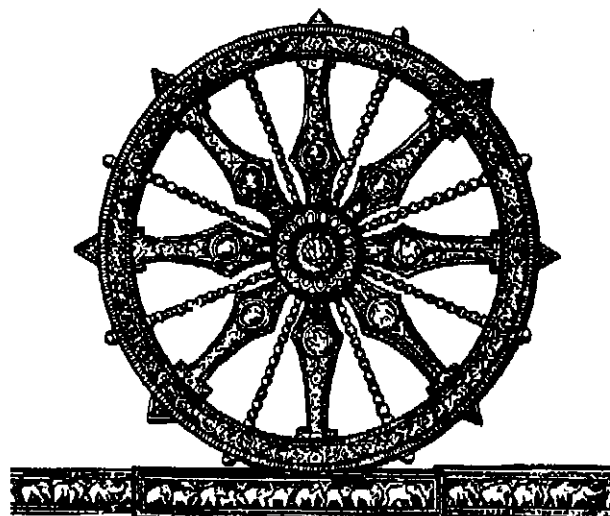
ACT scores, extracurricular activities, leadership qualities, and an essay.

It was decided to have a Youth Camp during the 1990 Labor Day weekend. The details will be communicated to all concerned later.

If you have any questions or ideas for the youth, please feel free to write to the Chairman, President, or Secretary. Also, please send your membership dues soon along with the following information to:

Anoo Shaya Misra
3136 N. U. F., Virginia Tech.
Blacksburg, Virginia 24060

Sucheta (Meena) Mohanty
2910 Scioto St. #913
Cincinnati, Ohio 45219



Dear Friends,

We are forming a Youth Forum within OSA. The membership dues were decided to be \$ 3.00 for youths aged 9 to 17, and \$ 5.00 for ages 18 to 29. I would like to encourage you to join.

This is our first year of existence, and we have many fun and exciting things planned for the next two years. We have a wonderful chairman and sponsor Dr. Bhagabat Sahoo. I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all his time and enthusiasm.

Please send your membership dues to the address given below. If you would like to be listed in the youth directory, please fill out the form below and send it as soon as possible. Thank you.

Sincerely

Sucheta Mohanty

YOUTH MEMBERSHIP FORM

Name _____

Parent's Names _____

Age _____

School or University _____

Major (if applicable) _____

Address _____

Phone # _____

Please send to:

Sucheta Mohanty
110 Foresthill Dr.
Richmond, KY 40475

or

Dr. Bhagabat Sahoo
502 Brook Wood Dr.
Athens, AL 35611

THE 20th OSA CONVENTION: A REPORT

The 20th OSA Convention (Saturday July 1 - Monday July 3), hosted by the Southern Chapter, was held in Nashville, Tennessee. Shri Sarat Misra, a Senior Diplomat and currently in the United States as the Minister of the Consular Wing of the Indian Embassy, graced the occasion as the chief guest. It was a matter of personal pride for many of us who have known Sarat Babu since our good old days at Ravenshaw College. We are grateful to both Sharat Babu and his wife, Shrimati Prativa Misra, for their amiable presence.

The gathering was replete with all the splendour and cordiality we have grown accustomed to in the OSA conventions. The hotel accommodation was certainly comfortable and convenient (and we believe at a bargain price!) although the environment did impose certain necessary but unwelcome restrictions. According to our registration records, a total of 335 persons, including 118 children and young adults, attended the Convention. As expected, the bulk of the participants came from the southern, southeastern, and eastern states; particularly noticeable was the absence of many familiar faces from the western states and Canada. We are thankful to all of you for making the Convention such a success (and helping us to pay the bills!). We hope you enjoyed it as much as we did.

We were especially proud to note the large number of children and young adults, both boys and girls, in the crowd and their enthusiastic participation in the proceedings. We could not have been rewarded any better for our deliberate efforts to cater to this important group. Special programs for this group, besides the conventional sports and cultural events, included an informal get-together on Saturday evening, an essay competition for Junior and High School students, separate speech competitions for the youth and the children, and a "disco" session for the young adults on Sunday night.

The topics for the essay and speech competitions were as follows:

- Speech Competition:
 - Children - "What I Would Like to be When I Grow up."
 - Youth - "My Peers and I"
 - Essay Competition
The Significance of an Important Indian Religious Festival"

We are grateful to Dr. Bhagabat Sahu (Athens, AL) who took the initiative for arranging all the cash and book prizes for the essay and speech competitions and the distribution of 100 copies of Bhagbat Gita (flown from India for this purpose). We hope we have aroused the curiosity of some of our youngsters about the Bhagbat Gita by this humble gesture.

This year the seminar for the adults was conducted with a somewhat different format. The seminar entitled "WE AND OUR FUTURE" was led by a panel of 6 invited speakers, each focusing on a specific topic for presentation and subsequent floor discussion. The specific topics discussed were as follows:

1. Professional and Cultural Pressures on the Immigrants in this Society (**Amiya Mohanty**);
2. The Significance of OSA Conventions (**Sarat Praharaj**);
3. Our Image in North America (**Kula Misra**);
4. The values the Immigrant Parents Try to Impart to their Children and Their Acceptance of Them (**Subhas Mohapatra**);
5. Our Participation and Impact on the Cultural, Social, and Political Processes in This Society (**Digambar Mishra**); and
6. Frustrations and Adaptations of our Immigrants in the North American Society (**Gita Mishra**).

As expected, the discussions opened up more questions than provide solutions, but it was an informative exercise.

OSA CONVENTION CONT.

For the first time, the OSA Convention had a session scheduled on the third day (Monday) morning, a joint adult-youth seminar to synthesize some of the issues that had already been discussed in their respective seminars on Sunday. We discussed some real controversial issues that periodically crop up in most families: **Should our children be allowed, or even encouraged, to "date"? Do the parents treat their sons with more permissiveness than their daughters? What role should the parents play in the selection of careers for their children?** Personally, I was very impressed by the candor and maturity with which the young adults approached these issues. The session turned out to be a very interesting one.

The General Body Meeting, an integral part of every OSA annual convention, was conducted by Mr. Ashok Das, President. A part of the meeting was devoted to the announcement of the results of the recently held OSA elections and introduction of the new office-bearers:

President: Mr. Amiya K. Mohanty

Vice-President: Ms. Bijaya Mishra

Secretary: Mr. Keshab Dwivedy

Much of the discussions at the General Body Meeting focused on the new OSA Constitution and the concert tour of the artists from Orissa (Mr. Pranab Patnaik and party). The General Body approved the offer to hold the 1990 OSA Convention at Washington (Contact person: **Mr. Pratap Das**).

As usual, the highlight of the Convention was the entertainment programs on the Saturday and Sunday evenings. We are grateful to all the artists for their delightful performances and to the people behind the scenes who took care of the mundane details such as the endless hours of rehearsal and the on-stage coordination of activities. The Saturday late-night "Mehfil", now a tradition at the OSA conventions, was livened by the accomplished orchestra group from Birmingham. The fact that the Mehfil continued well into the early morning hours of Sunday bears testimony to the success of this experiment. Our apologies to those artists (and their parents) whose programs had been curtailed or

excluded due to time limitations. Apparently, we had more talent than time!

The accounts of the Convention are being finalized and will be reported in this Journal as soon as possible. We would like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to the many benefactors who helped us to stay solvent through generous donations and advertisements in the OSA Souvenir issue.

As you all are aware, a great tragedy struck our community a few days after the Convention. It turns out that we had the dubious distinction of having hosted the "last" dance performance of Subrina Biswal, the talented and adored daughter of Nilambar and Anu Biswal, and recording it on video-tape. I still remember the parting conversation I had with her while bidding good-bye to the family on Monday morning. I apologized for missing her excellent performance the evening before due to some unexpected crisis. "No big deal, uncle, I will be there next year" she had responded with her charming smile. Unfortunately, nothing we can do will bring her back next year. Like the rest of us, I will always cherish her vibrant smile, miss her at every OSA convention.

Kula C. Misra

Secretary, Convention Steering Committee

Note: The proceeds (after deducting expenses) from the sale of the video-tape containing Subrina's dance performance at the OSA convention will be deposited in a special account which will be maintained and managed by the Southern Chapter. Copies of the video-tape can be ordered by mailing a check for \$ 20.00 to:

Mrs. Puspalakshmi Sahu

President, OSA Southern Chapter

502 Brook Wood Drive

Athens, Alabama 35611

Please make the check payable to "OSA Southern Chapter".

20TH CONVENTION IN RETROSPECT

SUBHAS C. MOHAPATRA

In our tradition, a big event is followed by an in-depth self-evaluation of what was good and bad and all the "could have beens", "should have beens" and "might have beens". Therefore a retrospect on the recently completed 20th OSA convention is in order. Being a member of the host chapter and one who was assigned tasks from time to time, it is natural for me to have a bias in our favor. But this does not concern me because my bias can be easily balanced by one or more objective analysts who might have seen the convention in a different light than I did. After all, democratic procedures evolve from the balance of opposing views and actions as long as they are directed toward the common good and not any particular person or group.

ORGANIZATION AND ARRANGEMENT: The time and effort devoted by the organizers toward planning and managing the convention was obvious from the unusual smoothness with which various events took place. A person without background knowledge would never suspect that those who had originally opposed the idea of hosting the Convention in Nashville actually did the most to make it as successful. This not only shows their love for Oryias and OSA, which we so often demand of others and take for granted, but also their personal and philosophical flexibility. The less experienced Oriya youths should note that this is what is called rising to the occasion, i.e., being able to put aside personal reservations and differences for the common good of the community.

REGISTRATION: The quiet leadership of Drs. Smriti Bardhan and Panchanan Satapathy and active participation of a number of volunteers made a complex operation almost smooth. Yes, almost, but not quite, and that is because of my own indiscretions on one event. Aside this particular event, which could have been handled in a more dignified manner, two other items need mentioning:

1. I believe it was a mistake not to have charged the late registration fee to those who choose to register at the convention. This is not fair to those who took the trouble of parting with

their money months earlier. This is also not good for and fair to the society. The host chapter needs to have as close a head-count as possible so it can arrange sleeping, seating and eating space, not to mention food for so many people. This is usually accomplished through pre-registration. If people are encouraged to register in the last minute, no matter how desirable this might be from attendance point of view, the organizers are inviting trouble for themselves in all fronts and creating potential problems for those who had registered before the deadline. One incentive for early registration is the reduced fee. If late registrants pay the same registration fee as those who preregister by the deadline, what incentive would one have for early registration? Bad experiences can often be avoided through wise decisions, and I hope the host organizers in the future will pay close attention to this issue.

2. Several youth participants who claimed to be students themselves felt that the registration fee should have been free or just a token amount (e.g. \$5.00 to quote one of them) for students. This issue has been discussed emotionally for years without an objective solution and has often become a divisive factor. One possible solution is sponsorship of students by relatively well to do members. I will be happy to sponsor one youth at each convention by paying the registration fee on his/her behalf, provided that the youths who wish to be exempted from the registration fee make an early application to the host chapter and the chapter organizers recommend one applicant to me along with the original application. I would further stipulate that the host-chapter refund the money to the sponsor if the applicant for some reason failed to attend the convention. I know my proposal will not be welcome by every one, but I hope some members of the OSA will give this proposal serious consideration to attract the youths to the convention. It may appear to some as bribe, but I consider this an investment in our own future through the future of the OSA

INAUGURATION: More on this will be commented later. It will however suffice to say

CONVENTION IN RETROSPECT Cont.

that this event went very smoothly with every one staying within the allotted time. Our chief guest Mr. Misra set an excellent example in this regard and was a refreshing change over some of the past chief guests whom I have observed. The farewell speech of the outgoing president and the inaugural speech of the incoming president were fitting for the occasion. It would have been even more fitting if one or both of them could have expressed public appreciations to Dr. Mansinha and Mrs. Patnaik for having sacrificed their time and resources for the good of the society even though they lost the election.

GENERAL BODY MEETING: This turned out to be confusion. Although most of us have been successful in our own careers through professionalism, we seem to think that our fellow Oriyas do not deserve the same courtesy. The atmosphere at the meeting was not only tense, it was obvious that many personal insults were directed toward the president. Ashok Babu handled admirably well under these circumstances. He could have helped the situation better with a little more knowledge about and respect for parliamentary procedures. This is a common challenge that our presidents are going to face continually. Good people with good intentions and having competence in their own field will be needed to provide leadership to our society. Is it really necessary for them to be master parliamentarians? Can't we the members help them out by being a little more respectful and patient? I am not concerned about disagreement, but does this have to be disrespectful at the same time?

THE SYMPOSIUM/COMPETITION: Drs. Praharaj and Sahu presented two very exciting programs. Next to the cultural programs, this was considered by all who have talked to me the next best highlight of the convention. They have started something healthy for the society and I hope future hosts will continue these efforts.

SPORTS EVENTS: This was the sorriest episode during the Convention, and not due to the fault of the committee-in-charge, who rather salvaged whatever they could. The steering committee's apathy towards sports was obvious in this regard. Scheduling a children's event of any kind early in the morning, and in conflict with the breakfast hour on one hand and following the night long amusements on the other, was unimaginative. I am

confident that our considerate chief guest would have gladly consented to swapping the inauguration function timing with that of the sports had he known that this would otherwise put an undesirable burden on small children and their parents. **THIS IS ONE AREA WHICH NEEDS MORE CAREFUL PLANNING IN THE FUTURE.**

CULTURAL EVENTS: As expected, this was the highlight of the Convention. One can not go on without recognizing the contributions SUBRINA made to the success of this event and the void that has been created by her unexpected departure. SUBRINA, Dear, your memories will always be with us and your contributions will come to life every OSA convention in one form or another.

It was obvious that much planning and practice went to this event. Sitting there and watching our children do miracles through the guidance of volunteers and parents made the long trip worth while. The program was, however, so long each evening that it almost became unbearable toward the end. This is unfortunate and not fair to the artists. The explanation that a long program was needed to accommodate too many participants is tenuous, because if this was true, why so many persons appeared more than once? This situation can be remedied to a large extent by making sure that no one person appears more than once unless it is related to a group event or instrumental accompaniment.

FOOD: This was nothing short of outstanding. The committee in charge simply outdid itself on the second day while the first day alone was remarkable. Catering appears to be the way to go. This beats all the sweat and frustrations while at the same time providing gourmet food.

Finally, and in retrospect, we can pat our own back for having successfully hosted the 20th OSA convention. At the same time, we must recognize that it was the membership who came from far and wide and made this all possible through their patience, cooperation and sacrifice of their time and money. This is what makes the OSA roll year after year amidst various apprehensions and major and minor dissensions and disagreements. OSA is assured to have a long future with this enthusiasm of the members at large and willingness of the local chapters to host the annual convention.

CHAPTER NEWS

North-Central

S. K. DASH

The Minnesota unit of the Chapter in conjunction with the local India Music Society, held an evening of music and dance on July 28 at Minneapolis- St. Paul. Mrs. Sushree Sangita Kar-Mohapatra performed ODISSI dance. Her Oriya and Hindi songs were great attractions for the audience.

Dr. Suresh Acharya, formerly at Nashville, Tennessee, joined the University of Minnesota Medical School for further studies.

Rashmi Rekha Panda joined her husband, Jogesh Panda, a doctoral student at the University of Minnesota. Rashmi is the daughter of Bishnu and Prava Joshi of Nashville, Tennessee.

The Annual get-together of the Chapter was held in Greenlake, Wisconsin during the Labor Day weekend.

Mr. Nihar Nanda has joined the University of Minnesota as a graduate student in Engineering.

Mr. Himansu Baral has moved to San Francisco on a new job.

Southern

PUSPALAXMI SAHU

Shri Sukadev Patri, a well known classical singer of Orissa, visited his daughter Arati Joshi in Nashville, Tennessee. Both Arati and her husband Akhaya, arranged several trips for Shri Patri in and out of Nashville. During his brief stay, Shri Patri sang at the 20th Annual Meeting of the OSA. A big gathering of all Chapter members was also held in Huntsville at the residence of Debi Prasad Misra where singer Patri presented a music program. We thank Misras for the grand reception and dinner.

Dr. Gopal Parija and family have moved to Nashville, Tennessee. Dr. Parija has joined on the faculty at the Mehari Medical College.

Dr. Lalit Patnaik joined Miles College Math faculty in Birmingham, Alabama. Both Lalit Patnaik and his wife Ashima recently completed their Ph.D.s at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee.

Chiku(son of Sarojini and Devi Misra) and Anoop(son of Jyotsna and Digambar Mishra), friends since third grade, graduated from Huntsville High and Homewood High, respectively. Anoop is attending Duke University, and Chiku, Birmingham Southern.

Mrs. Premlata Mishra, Puri, visited her children, Minati Praharaj, Promod and Probodh Mishra in Huntsville, Alabama. A singer and harmonium player, she helped substantially in the cultural program at the 20th OSA Convention in Nashville.

Mr. Bhakta Behari Mishra and his wife Pratima visited their two sons- Babloo and Sanoo- at Peoria, Illinois. They also attended the OSA Convention and spent two weeks in Huntsville with their nephew, Debi Misra. Bhakta Babu is a leading advocate in Puri where Pratima Devi does social work.

Dr. Promod Kumar Patnaik of Huntsville, Alabama was recently elected the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the local India Association.

NEW YORK CHAPTER

SARADINDU MISRA

OSANY PICNIC

The 1989 season of OSANY was kicked off with the annual picnic, held on June 3rd at the Veterans Park in Hamilton Township, NJ. 25 families attended with friends and relatives visiting from India. The weather was sunny and that offered the children and the young adults a chance to get involved with a lot of activities. The charcoal grills in the park were working at their peak, spreading the aroma of barbecued chicken.

On this occasion, the members of OSANY bid "Bon Voyage" to Madhab and Trupti Dash, a family who left for India for good in the last week of June. Madhab Babu and Trupti were familiar faces in New York for the past 18 years and were actively involved in the workings of OSANY.

OSANY ANNUAL CAMP

The annual camp was held in the Belleplain State Forest, New Jersey in the weekend of August 11-13. This familiar campground has

been used by OSANY for the past 13 years. Despite rainy weather, a large crowd showed up. Food was in plentiful and the cooking was done in the premises by the ladies under the leadership of Ms. Prabasini Sahoo.

The highlight of the camp was the entertainment program held in the evening of August 12. Veteran singer Sujit Mohanty captivated the audience with a number of melodies. The surprise item was the newly arrived singer from Bhubaneswar, Jasbinder Singh. This young singer marvellously rendered Oriya Ghazals, a refreshing departure from regular Oriya melodies. He also sang famous numbers of Ghulam Ali, Pankaj Udhas and Jagajit Singh. Bidhu Patnaik and Rama Mishra also sang. The program continued until 1 AM in the morning.

CALIFORNIA PRASANNA SAMANTRAY

1. Sanju Satpathy, daughter of Chabi and Dilip Satpathy, received her B.S. in Mechanical Engineering from U.T. - Austin this past summer. She is working for 3-Com Company at Austin, Texas.

2. "Ganesh Puja" was celebrated at Jnana Dash's residence on September 3. About forty people from San Francisco and San Jose areas gathered for this occasion.

3. The annual picnic for the Chapter was held during the Memorial Day weekend at Yosemite National Park. We had three days of solid fun with about 80 people including Rudra and Jayshree from Phoenix, Arizona.

Visitors from India

Pradip Samantray and family visited his brother Prasanna Samantray at San Jose during this past summer.

Dr. Surya Patnaik's parents are vacationing at San Jose.

Mr. Narendra Mohapatra, Director of Manoja Manjari Sishu Bhavan at Keonjhar Garh, visited California during spring.

Mr. Bhagbati Mishra, Regional Manager, Hindustan Dorr Oliver limited was in California on a business trip.

New Members of our Community

1. Prativa joined her husband Arvinda Tripathy.

2. Amlan and Chitra Debnath have moved to Mountain View. Amlan is a graduate of R.E.C., Rourkela.

3. Trisanpati and Mallika Mitra have moved to Santa Clara.

PEOPLE & PLACES

Dr. Surya Mishra, Reader in Political Science, Utkal University, Vani Vihar is currently in the United States to participate in a conference on Third World Politics organized by the Political Science Department of the University of Nebraska. Dr. Mishra is author of a forthcoming book on Orissa politics.

Dr. Pravat Patnaik, an eminent economist and Professor of Economics at Jawaharlal Nehru University, New Delhi, is currently at the University of California-Riverside as a visiting professor. His wife, Dr. Utsa Patnaik also will join the Riverside Economics Department as a visiting fellow. Both are graduates of Oxford University where Pravat Babu held the prestigious Rhodes scholarship.

Dr. & Mrs. Basant Kumar Behuria, are visiting their daughter Sukanya (Lekha) and son-in-law Kiron at Tampa, Florida. Dr. Behuria is former head of the Zoology Department at Utkal University.

Mr. Vibek Pattanayak, a senior member of the Indian Administrative Service, is now India's representative at the INTERNATIONAL CIVIL AVIATION BOARD headquartered in Montreal, Canada. Vibek and his wife, Manju, along with their two sons (Nilesh and Ripes) have moved to Montreal recently.

Dr. Manindra K. Mohapatra, Professor of Public Affairs, Kentucky State University, Frankfort, Kentucky visited the NATO headquarters at BRUSSELS for two weeks. He was one of the twenty two political scientists selected nation-wide to study the overall health of the organization and make recommendations to the State Department.

WEDDINGS

Lalu Mansinha, a former editor of the Journal of the Orissa Society of America, and Charu Hota were married in a gala ceremony at the Ved Mandir, New Jersey on September 23. After a quiet ritual attended by families and close friends from both sides, the couple attended a grand reception at the residence of Man Ranjan and Minati Pattanayak where nearly two hundred friends and relatives greeted the couple. We wish Lulu Babu and Charu many many years of happy married life together.

Smriti Rekha, second daughter of Bishnu and Prabha Joshi of Nashville, Tennessee, was married to Jogesh Chandra Panda, a doctoral candidate at the University of Minnesota. The wedding was celebrated at the Cuttack residence of the Joshis. A grand dinner was held later at their Nashville house where many friends and neighbors blessed the couple.

Lina, daughter of Minati and Mana Ranjan Pattanayak, Yardley, Pennsylvania, got into wedlock last June with Raj, son of Ravi and Nirmala Sinha of Pittsburg. It was a dazzling event attended by about seven hundred guests from the United States and Canada. Lina is a third year medical student at the University of Pennsylvania where Raj graduated with an MD degree last year.

APPEALS

Dr. Kabi Prasad Mishra, President of the Utkal Association of Madras, has sent us an appeal for donations toward the construction of a Jagannath Cultural Complex on the sea shore about 20 km from Madras. The Complex will include Sri Jagannath Temple, Jaydeva Auditorium, a School of Dance and Music, a Museum of Art, a Public Library on art and culture, a Yoga Meditation Therapy Center, and a Vedic Research Institute.

Please send your donations to the Utkal Association of Madras, 1 Canal Bank Road, Gandhi Nagar, Adyar, Madras 600020 directly, or through Dr. Purna Patnaik, 2225 9th Street, Olivenhain, Ca. 92024.

Guru Gangadhar Pradhan, Principal, Orissa Dance Akademi, who visited the United States and Canada last year, seeks donations for the Akademi. Dr. Srigopal Mohanty of Canada, during his recent trip to Europe and India, visited the Akademi and talked to Mr. Pradhan at length about the future of "Odissi." Dr. Mohanty was moved by the dedication of Guru Pradhan and some others for the cause of the Orissan culture.

The Orissa Dance Akademi is devoted to the teaching, research, and advancement of Odissi dance and the performing arts of Orissa. Donations may be sent to Orissa Dance Akademi, 78 Kharavela Nagar, Unit 3, Bhubaneswar, Orissa 751001.

LOGO CONTEST

The Executive Committee of the Orissa Society of America invites entries for a LOGO. The size of the entry must be limited to 8 1/2 X 11 in one color and should represent the Orissan culture and heritage. All entries must be sent to Dr. Keshab Dwivedy, Secretary/Treasurer, OSA, 11807 Crown Prince Circle, Richmond, Virginia 23333 by certified mail on or before November 30, 1989 (Post-marked).

All the entries will be judged by a panel of three judges appointed by the OSA Executive Committee. The top three voted by this panel along with the previous (1983) Logo will be referred to the members of the OSA. The final choice will be made by a majority vote.

**WE WELCOME
THE FOLLOWING
LIFE MEMBERS**

NEW PATRONS

Mary Ann & Anil Pattanayak
Puspalakshmi & Bhagabat Sahu

LIFE MEMBERS

Nirmala & Prabhat Misra
D.R. Pattanaik
Leena Mansinha
Lina & Raj Sinha
Bharati & Sarat Das
Kalpana & Asok Swain
Tripti & Purushotlam Jena
Arati & Akshya Joshi
Bandita & Binod Nayak
Sanju & Satyaranjan Hotha
Sobhana & Ajit Das
Rabi K. Prusti
Minati & Sarat Praharaj
Jhunu & Ramnarayan Mohapatra
Kalpana & Anup Das
Rita & Sudhakar Misra
Renuka & Brundaban Panigrahi
Susmita & Sudip Patnaik
Kabita & Mohendra Misra
Ira & Udai Das
Smriti Bardhan
Nandita & Surendra Dash
Bidulata & Munmaya Mishra

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

Lalu Mansinha is professor at the Western Ontario University in Canada.

Nirupama Mohapatra is research scientist at the University of North Carolina -Chapel Hill.

Sulekha Das is a well-known poet and lyricist. She works in a library in New Jersey.

Promode Patnaik is professor at the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical University in Huntsville, Alabama.

Sarita (Pinki) Misra, daughter of Sarojini and Debi Misra, is a junior at the Huntsville High School.

Sunita Dwivedy, daughter of Bidyutlata and Keshab Dwivedy, is a student at Stanford University.

Anoo Shaya Mishra, daughter of Biju and Hara Prasad Mishra, is doing her undergraduate studies at Virginia Polytech. She also is the OSA Youth Forum president.

Devajani Mishra, daughter of Shanti and Uma Ballav Mishra, New York, is a high school senior. She also is a distinguished debator at her school.

Laboni Patnaik (10) is the daughter of Gopa and Purna Patnaik. She and her sister Shibani presented very good dance programs at the 20th OSA Convention in Nashville.

Madhumeeta and Nivedita, daughters of Dr. and Mrs. Akhileswar Patel, are in high school in Hovoken, New Jersey.

Mimi Nayak (13) and **Balaji Nayak (10)** are two promising artists. Their parents are Bandita and Binod Nayak.

Neeyata (13) and **Samata (11)** go to the same school in Baltimore, Maryland. Their parents are: Neeva and Suresh Kodalikar.

Mark Huang is a post doctoral fellow at Harvard University.

Siddhartha (Chana) Rath, son of Manju and Sura Prasad Rath, is a high school sophomore at Shreveport, Louisiana.

Chandra Mishra writes poems and short stories and is a regular contributor to the OSA magazine.

S. D. Mohanty is Professor of Physics at the Michigan State University.

Sura Prasad Rath is Associate Professor of English and an Assistant to the Academic Vice-Chancellor at the Louisiana State University -Shreveport.

Subhas Chandra Mohapatra is on the faculty (Research) at the North Carolina State University