



इन्द्रिदुर्गापूजा  
atlanta, georgia, usa

"Pujari"

Durga Puja - 1988

# PROGRAM

Saturday October 15, 1988

Puja	:	9.30 a.m.	-	12.30 p.m.
Anjali	:	12.30 p.m.		
Prosad	:	1.00 p.m.		
Entertainments	:	5.45 p.m.	-	7.45 p.m.
Arati & Prosad	:	8.00 p.m.	-	9.30 p.m.

Sunday October 16, 1988

Vijaya Dashami				
Puja	:	9.30 a.m.	-	11.30 a.m.
Prosad	:	12 Noon.		



समानो मन्तस्त्वमितिसमानो ।  
 समानं मन्तस्व विद्यमेवाह ॥  
 समानी व आकृतिस्त्वाना इदानी वः ।  
 समानवस्तु वो मनो यथा वस्तुसद्वस्तुति ॥



Common be your prayer ;  
 Common be your end ;  
 Common be your purpose ;  
 Common be your deliberation.

Common be your desires ;  
 Unified be your hearts ;  
 United be your intentions ;  
 Perfect be the union amongst you.

Rig Veda, X, 191-3, 4.

ओ असतो मा सद्गमय ।  
 तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय ।  
 मृत्योर्मांस्तुत गमय ॥

ओ पूर्वमदः पूर्णमिदं पूर्णात्पूर्णमुदच्यते ।  
 पूर्वस्य पूर्णमादाय पूर्वमेवावशिष्यते ॥

ओ शान्तिः । शान्तिः । शान्तिः ॥

Om. From the unreal lead me to the Real.  
 From darkness lead me to Light.  
 From death lead me to Immortality.

Brihadaranyakopanisad, I, 3, 28.

Om. All that is invisible is verily the Infinite Brahman. All that is visible is also the Infinite Brahman. The whole universe has come out of the Infinite Brahman. Brahman is Infinite although the whole universe has come out of it.  
 Om Peace, Peace, Peace.

Brihadaranyakopanisad, V, 1, 1.

## BLOOD FIRE

Yasho Lahiri

The walls everywhere are streaked-green algae-  
There is life here in places  
Which elsewhere go unconsidered:  
Beneath steps, in paths of straying step,  
Beneath the litter of a  
Cardboard-and-corrugated-tin hell.  
The children grow up here,  
One with the dirt they will one day rejoin.  
I am of this place,  
And cannot forget,  
The blood and bone must still behold:  
In dreams, I am one of the nameless ones,  
Cursing the misfortunes of my birth.

The grass beside the lake, green,  
The green which exists only here, Calcutta,  
The green earned with despair and misery,  
With sacrifice, with nobility, with  
The kindness of unblessed strangers.  
Here there is too much divinity,  
The people over-largessed with patience.  
The poet's dreadful prescience fulfilled:  
A dream deferred rankles, festers,  
And a thousand daily tragedies accrue-  
Till, unleashed, a deadly fire  
Redeems this place from the  
Endless outrage,  
And myriad cruelties.  
Leader, your people await.





## REFLECTIONS ON DURGA PUJA

Rajashri Banerjee

For nineteen years of my life I have witnessed Durga Puja in Calcutta where I was born and brought up. For this special occasion, the dirty noisy city is transformed into a dreamland of flashing lights and gorgeously decorated pandals. The festival sweeps aside barriers of caste, sex, social standing or color and invites everyone in the happiness and festivity.

For all these years I have been a part of the transformation of Calcutta. I have added to the color and glamor by wearing my new clothes and jewelry. I have added to the happiness by my carefree laughter during the festival. I have spent all night touring Calcutta with my friends thus enjoying the beauty of the city by night. I have struggled with the crowd trying to catch a glimpse of the gorgeously decorated pandals and the idols. The enthusiasm and liveliness of the people of Calcutta never ceased to amaze me.

About one-and-a-half years ago my life changed dramatically. I came to the United States as an undergraduate Engineering student. My life became a constant struggle trying to meet the high demands of studies and trying to support myself financially. When Fall quarter arrived, Durga puja was far away from my mind. It was just another weekend in between my busy schedule.

Durga puja in Atlanta was however a big surprise. All the traditions and customs were observed without the confusion back in Calcutta. A tasteful cultural program was presented before a select audience. It was the first time that I met some Bengali students from Calcutta which brought me closer to home. During Bijoya celebrations I thought of my parents thousands of miles away and felt grateful for being able to remember them on this special day. If it were not for the few Bengalis who had strived to preserve their culture, my first Durga puja would be spent working on campus.

Durga puja in Calcutta has its own breathless excitement but it was Durga puja in Atlanta that made me realize how inseparably it is interlinked to my culture and my life. So once again I am looking forward to Durga puja with eager anticipation.



## THE STORY OF DURGA PUJA

Shyamoli Das

**DURGA** is the Goddess of Power and Strength. She also stands as the symbol of Motherhood. She represents all three tendencies (gunas) of mind and behavior, namely Sattwaguna, Rajoguna and Tanoguna. She also appears in many other forms of Power (sakti) in Hindu mythology.

**MOTHER** Durga is often invoked to help us annihilate all negative forces, all weakness and all pettiness. When Mahishasura the Devil became unbearable due to his cruel actions and ruthlessness, all gods went to Brahma and prayed for protection. With His blessing, the gods created Almighty Goddess Durga, the source of eternal power. She destroyed the Mahishasura. Her face was formed by the power of Lord Shiva, her hair by Yama the lord of Death. Her hands were created out of the strength of Lord Vishnu, her legs by the power of Varuna. Lord Indra's power formed her waistline. Her breasts were made out of the shine of the Moon, her hips by the power of Earth. Agni the God of Fire gave the strength to her eyes. Prajapati the God of Love formed her teeth and her ears were formed by the power of Pavana, the God of Wind. This story illustrating the strength of Goddess Durga is found in Markandeya Purana.

**DURGAPUJA** used to be held in Spring (now celebrated as Basantipuja). But Raja Ramchandra, the great Hindu king of India, worshipped Goddess Durga in autumn before going to war against his enemy Ravana. Since then Durga puja is celebrated primarily during the first ten days after new moon in the month of Ashwin (sixth month in the Hindu calendar).

**THE** Durga puja festival is traced back to 900 A.D. in Bengal. Durga puja is celebrated all over India. However in the states of Bengal, Bihar, Orissa, Uttar Pradesh and Madhya Pradesh, the celebration takes a grand shape and brings an excellent mood of festivity among the people.

**THE** images of Goddess Durga made of clay are installed in various places in decorated shrines. Generally these images are depicted in different styles of Goddess Durga sitting on a lion and attacking the devil Mahishasura. She is shown having ten hands, each holding a different weapon donated by different gods. Lord Ganesha, Kartikeya, Goddess Mahalakshmi and Saraswati, her four children are standing by her side to help her eliminate the devil.

**GENERALLY** the festivities start on the fifth day of the new moon in the month of Ashwin by performing the "Bodhana" ritual. On the sixth day, the "Adhivasa" ritual is performed. On the seventh eighth and ninth days Durga is worshipped in an elaborate puja ritual. On the tenth day the puja ends by submerging the clay image in a nearby river or lake. Later in the same evening people greet each other with sweets and wish happiness and peace to all.

AT WHAT COST ?

Yasho Lahiri

This costly peace-  
Two lives gone out from this place:  
No more circles of apple pieces  
Arrayed with geometric grace-  
Skinned-  
On marble plates.  
No more news broadcasts  
Over the old tabletop radio-  
First English, now claimed mine,  
And then the elegant Bengali  
For which your blood was shed.  
Your youth died for your country-  
The precarious claim of your children,  
And theirs.  
When happy, your eyes blazed,  
And your smile defined  
The limits of my universe.





## AN IMMIGRANT'S VIEWPOINT

Lali Derrick

I AM not a "hyphenated-American". I am an American. Proud of it too. I haven't always been an American. I chose to be one. That's why it is so special - things one works for are always more special. I have discussed this phenomenon in a mixed group of naturalized and born Americans. All of us felt very strongly that the very act of renouncing our birth citizenship and loyalties and embracing our chosen one was profound, emotional and of extreme significance in our lives. We were finally home for ever more - part of the American dream, part of the short but singularly significant history of our young nation. We did not arrive on slave ships. Nor did we get our start by selling fruit from carts in Northeastern cities. We were the new breed of immigrants - fluent in English, educated, sophisticated, able to take our place among the privileged almost on the day we arrived.

IT HAS become de rigeur to speak of Asian immigrants as a group, a model minority. Successful eggheads, technocrats, scientists, filling every place allowed in the most prestigious technical schools. I have been called worse things than a member of a model minority. This does not mean that I like this designation though. Fact is, I do not consider myself part of any MINORITY. To do so would be to condemn myself forever to be apart from the mainstream. To be truly successful I believe I should be judged as any other American is judged. By my success or failure, by the quality of my life, by my contributions to the American pie.

IT IS in this area that my ethnicity enters the picture. Here we are all ethnic - some of us have to do ancestral record searches to establish the particulars and some of us don't. The fact that Asians as a group usually do not need record searches is intrinsically nothing to feel a misguided sense of pride about. Yes, perhaps we do come from close knit families but equally truly we are almost without exception from very privileged sectors of our originating societies. Had we been illiterate rural tenant farmers from some village 15 miles from the nearest branch train station would we have been any more knowledgeable about our family trees, our "culture", our "history", than illiterate potato farmers from Ireland or illiterate coal miners from Wales? I think not. We do not deserve a congratulatory pat on the back for good fortune and the vagaries of circumstance.



WE ARE what we are and who we are because of our great past, not because of some intrinsic enhanced worth. We value education because, by and large, that is all we have. We cannot earn our livings from farming, or carpentry or digging ditches. We don't know how. Every person values the means by which he or she makes his living, be it his hands, his mind or the power of his muscles. By the standards of the average ditchdigger we are weaklings and therefore not particularly deserving of admiration.

OUR ethnicity is part of us and cannot and should not be denied. Let us however use it to add to the rich tapestry of American cultural life. Let us make our talents and our history available to as many people as possible. Let us make it a means to let us enter the mainstream and not set us apart from it. Our past is something to be proud of because it is in large part what makes us us, it is not any better or any worse or any more interesting than anyone elses past. Ours is a nation of assimilation, not separation. Let us keep that in mind and may be the day will soon be upon us when samosas will be as inveterate as pizza and as American as apple pie.







କାନ୍ତନି ସମ୍ବନ୍ଧ

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"५५५"

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SPORTS PERSON



"ଅମର ରଘୁସିଂହ  
 ମାଧବ ବିରାଜିତ ସିଂହ —"

କି କହା ଶାନ୍ତ ମର ମର ସିଂହ  
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मनुष्य ३ गुणों का है

[illegible][illegible]

ମନେ ଦେଖିବାକୁ ପଡ଼େ, ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ହୁଏ ।  
ହୁଏ ମନେ, ହୁଏ ମନେ, ମନେ ମନେ ମନେ ॥

1. (a)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (b)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (c)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (d)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (e)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (f)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (g)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (h)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (i)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (j)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (k)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (l)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (m)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (n)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (o)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (p)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (q)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (r)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (s)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (t)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (u)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (v)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (w)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (x)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (y)  $\frac{1}{2}$  (z)  $\frac{1}{2}$

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1.500 gms





### CULTURAL PROGRAM

Saturday October 15, 1988, 5.45 p.m.

- |                    |   |   |
|--------------------|---|---|
| 1. Opening Song    | : | Manata Basu, Asok Basu<br>Tabla : Amitava Sen   |
| 2. 'Mayanriga'     | : | Atasi Das, Rupak Das,<br>Anirban Basu, Rajarshi<br>Gupta, Anirban Das.<br>Direction : Kalpana Das                                   |
| 3. Dance Recital   | : | Rajashri Banerjee   |
| 4. 'Abhishar'      | : | Ritika Bhattacharyya,<br>Swati Sharma.<br>Direction : Dr. Sheila<br>Bhattacharyya and<br>Indrani Gangopadhyay.<br>(Auburn, Alabama) |
| 5. Rabindrasangeet | : | Sukanta Roy<br>(London, England)  |
| 6. Violin          | : | Amitava Sen<br>Tabla : Asok Basu.   |
| 7. Folk Dance      | : | Sutapa Das.   |

### I N T E R M I S S I O N

PLAY : BHARATEY CHAI (NARAYAN GANGOPADHYAY)

সংলাপ : ভারতীয় চাই - নারায়ণ গঙ্গোপাধ্যায়

## BHARATEY CHAI

(THE PLAY TO BE PRESENTED AS A PART OF THE CULTURAL PROGRAM ON SATURDAY EVENING)

The Bengali play BHARATEY CHAI (by Narayn Gangopadhyay) which literally translated means "Tenant Wanted", is a humorous play with many characters. The principal characters of the play are Bhupen the landlord and his nephew Gablu. They have advertised for renting a room and are visited by a series of prospective tenants. First comes Ramram who wants free use of the room for a neighborhood card playing club. Ramram is followed by Mr. Gupta who is accompanied by his valet Kanai. They want the room to keep their eight dogs. They are followed successively by a theatrical group, a lunatic who thinks he is Emperor Shah Jehan, and a married couple Krishnadas and Bisakha who become engaged in a furious domestic quarrel. Gablu wants his uncle to give the room for free to a neighborhood public library but Bhupen insists on being paid rent. Then follow the other prospective tenants namely three women who want to start a dance school, a Swami and his disciples who want to establish an ashram (of course rentfree). Then Ramram, who having been turned down is mad at Bhupen, invites a large group of people to hold a meeting in Bhupen's room. In the end however, Gablu plays a master trick and Bhupen has no choice but to agree to let the neighborhood library use the room rentfree.



STATEMENTS OF ACCOUNTS

RECEIPTS

EXPENSES

1987 SARASWATI PUJA

Balance from 1986	
Durga Puja .....	\$200.58
Donations .....	\$489.75
	-----
	\$690.33
(-) .....	\$374.31
	-----

Balance .....\$316.02

IACA Hall Rental .....	\$50.00
Decoration .....	\$19.66
Freight for Saraswati	
Pratims .....	\$27.80
Prasad & Food .....	\$84.58
Miscellaneous	
(Plexiglas box for	
pratims & dress for	
children's	
Performance) .....	\$192.27
	-----
Total .....	\$374.31

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1987 DURGA PUJA & LAKSHMI PUJA

Balance from Saraswati	
Puja .....	\$316.02
Donations .....	\$1903.50
	-----
	\$2219.52
(-) .....	\$2111.95
	-----

Balance .....\$107.57

IACA Hall Rental ....	\$100.00
Decoration .....	\$50.00
Prasad & Food .....	\$1731.50
Miscellaneous .....	\$230.35
	-----
	\$2111.95

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1988 SARASWATI PUJA

Balance from	
Durga Puja .....	\$107.57
Donations .....	\$371.00
	-----
	\$478.57
(-) .....	\$245.03
	-----

Balance .....\$233.54

IACA Hall Rental .....	\$50.00
Decoration .....	\$9.51
Prasad & Food .....	\$185.52
	-----
	\$245.03