



Sri Sri Durga Puja
Pujari
Atlanta, Georgia
1989





P R O G R A M

Saturday, September 30, 1989

Puja	:	9:30 am	-	12:30 pm
Anjali	:	12:30 pm		
Prosad	:	1:00 pm		
Entertainments	:	5:30 pm		
Arati & Prosad	:	8:00 pm		

Sunday, October 1, 1989

Vijaya Dashami				
Puja	:	9:30 am	-	11:30 am
Prosad	:	12:00 Noon		

ओ नमः कर्मेभिः भृशुवाय देवाः

नमः सन्नेमाहर्षिर्वजराः ।

भिराहोरात्रुवा-सतनूभिः ।

अनेन देवदितं वरातुः ॥

ओ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ॥

Om. O Gods, may we hear with our ears what is suspicious. O Ye adorable ones, may we see with our eyes what is suspicious. May we sing praises to ye and enjoy with strong limbs and body the life allotted to us by the Gods.

Om Peace, Peace, Peace.



ओ नमोः शान्तिस्तुतिं शान्तिः वृषिषी शान्ति
रसः शान्तिरोषधयः शान्तिः । कनकतपः शान्ति
विद्येदेवाः शान्तिर्वैद्य शान्तिः सर्व शान्तिः शान्ति
रेव शान्तिः ॥

Om. May there be peace in heaven. May there be peace in the sky. May there be peace on earth. May there be peace in the water. May there be peace in the plants. May there be peace in the trees. May there be peace in the Gods. May there be peace in Brahman. May there be peace in all. May that peace, real peace, be mine.

१ मधु वाता फलाफले । मधु शान्ति सिन्धवः ।
माप्तीनेः सन्नेपोषणीः । मधु नद्युतोपसि । मधु-
नद् पार्ष्णि रवः । मधु घोरस्तु नः पिता । मधुमासो
कनकशक्तिः । मधुमानस्तु सूर्यः । माप्तीगर्भो भवन्तु
नः ॥

May the winds bring us happiness. May the rivers carry happiness to us. May the herbs give us happiness. May night and day yield us happiness. May the dust of the earth bring us happiness. May the heavens give us happiness. May the trees give us happiness. May the sun pour down happiness. May the cowa yield us happiness.



सर्वे भवन्तु सुखिनः सर्वे सन्तु निरायवाः ।
सर्वे भवन्तु वश्यन्तु या कश्चिद् दुःखमाप्नुयन्ते ॥

May all be happy. May all be free from disease. May all realise what is good. May none be subject to misery.





এই মাসে গ্লোবাল ইকো সপ্তাহের সময় এই
মাসে এই মাসে।

କାରକ ପରିଚାଳନା ପୂର୍ବରୁ ଏହି ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟ ସଦସ୍ୟ ୨୫, ପ୍ରାୟତଃ
 ଅନାଥ, ବେଶର ଥିବା ଶିଶୁ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତିପୁର ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ ତା
 ସମ୍ପ୍ରଦାୟର ଅନ୍ୟ, ଯେ ୨୫ ପରିବାର ସହ ଓ ଶାନ୍ତିପୁର ଗାଁର ସମସ୍ତ
 ହେଲେ ଶାନ୍ତିପୁର ଗାଁରୁ, ଗୁରୁ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ସହ ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ପରିବାର ଯେ
 ସ୍ୱଳ୍ପ ସୁବିଧାରେ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ଆବାସରେ, ଶାନ୍ତିପୁରର ଅନାଥ ବେଶର
 ହେଲେ ଶାନ୍ତିପୁର ଗାଁର ସମସ୍ତର ଅନ୍ୟ ଅନାଥ ୨୫ ଏବଂ ସମସ୍ତ ଅନାଥ
 ଯୁ ଶିଶୁ ଓ ଯୁ ଶିଶୁ ହେଲେ ଶାନ୍ତିପୁର ଗାଁର, ତାହା ଶାନ୍ତିପୁରର ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ
 ସହ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ଆବାସରେ ସୁବିଧାରେ ଥିବା ପରିବାର, ତାହା ଗାଁର ଅନାଥ
 ଓ ସମସ୍ତର ଗାଁର କାରକ ଅନାଥ ସହ ଶିଶୁ, ଶିଶୁ ହେଲେ ମଧ୍ୟ
 ୨୫, ଶିଶୁ ହେଲେ ଅନାଥ ଗାଁର ସହ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ, କାରକ ସୁବିଧା ଓ
 ପରିବାର ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଅନାଥର ସୁବିଧା ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନ, ଶିଶୁ ସୁବିଧାରେ
 ପରିବାର ଓ ସ୍ୱଳ୍ପ, କାରକ ସହ କାରକର ଶିଶୁ, ଯେ କାରକର
 ପରିବାର ସହ ୨୫: ସହ ଶିଶୁ କାରକ ଓ ଅନୁଷ୍ଠାନର ଅନାଥ
 ପ୍ରାୟତଃ.

[illegible]

ଅମୃତ

ସିନ ଭାଲ୍ୟା ମିଳେ ହେଉ ଅମୃତ
ଅମୃତ ଭାବନାର ସୁଖ ମିଳେ
ଦେଖିଲୁ ଅମୃତ ବିଷୁବ ମିଳୁଣୀ,
ଭାଲ୍ୟା ତାର ମୁଣ୍ଡ ଦେଖି,
ମିଶ୍ରଣ —

ହାୟର ଚରମରୁ ସୁଖ ମିଳେ
ସାଥୀ ଭାବନାର ସୁଖରୁ ହେଉ ମିଳେ,
ବିଷୁବ ଦେଖି ଦେଖି ସୁଖ
ହେଉଛି ସୁଖରୁ
ହେଉଛି ହିଁ ସା ଅମୃତ।
ହାୟର ହେଉ ସାଥୀ ଅମୃତରୁ ସୁଖ ଲାଭ
ହେଉଛି ମିଳେ ତାହା ସାଥୀ
ହେଉଛି ଅମୃତରୁ ସା। -

- ଅମୃତରୁ ସା -



ସୁଖିଆଁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପ

ସୁଖିଆଁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପ ବାପା ଜାଣି
ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣି
ସୁଖିଆଁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପ, ଦିନେ ମା ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଶୁଣିବେ
ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ

ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣି ବାପା
ଜାଣିବେ ସୁଖିଆଁ ମା ବାପାଙ୍କୁ
ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପା
ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ

ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ
ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ
ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ
ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ

ସୁଖିଆଁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଜାଣି
ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ
ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ
ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ

ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ ଜାଣିବେ
ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ
ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ

— ସୁଖିଆଁ ଜାଣିବେ ବାପାଙ୍କୁ



“ଉତ୍ତମାୟା ହୃଦୟାଂ
ପରାଜିତା ଶୃଙ୍ଗ”

49-17-84

பொருள்: (அங்கு) 2.4 பக்கம்

[illegible]

ଆମ ଶୁଭାଶିଷ୍ଟି ଦ୍ଵାରା ଦେଖି ଓଡ଼ିଆ

୩୫- ନାମ ଉଲ୍ଲେଖ ଦେବାକୁ ମଧ୍ୟ ନାହିଁ ।

ଗୁଣ ଗୁଣିତ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ଯାହା ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଶାସ୍ତ୍ର ଧାର୍ଯ୍ୟ

[illegible]

કેવળા કેવળા મારું પગલું મારું નિઃ શય ।

১৭৪২ খ্রিঃ ২১-১২-২৩ খ্রিঃ-৩৫৩ খ্রিঃ

ॐ अस्मिन् कर्तुं श्रीगणेशाय नमः ।

ਅੰਤਰਿਕ ਸ਼ਕਤੀਆਂ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ

જાન્યુઆરી ૨૦૧૮ ના ૨૦
જાન્યુઆરી ૨૦૧૮ ના ૨૦

2. $\frac{1}{2} \log_2 \frac{1}{2} = -1$

[illegible]

2000 11/15 11/15 11/15

4. $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{8}$

અનુ. ૩ બજારોમાં અનાજના ભાવો (૫/-)

ନେତା ଡାକ୍ତର ଜାହାଜ ପରିଷଦ

५००३ दि: २०/०३- २००३ ३००३
 ५००३ दि: २०/०३- २००३ ३००३

ਪ੍ਰਸੰਗਿਕ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਗਿਕ ਪ੍ਰਸੰਗਿਕ

११-० १०-११ १०-१२ १०-१३ १०-१४ १०-१५

ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ. ಪುನಃ ಕುಟಿಲ- 213- (ಪುನಃ ಕುಟಿಲ) ಶಾಸ್ತ್ರ- 213

ਪ੍ਰਭਾਤ ਪੋਤ ਸ਼੍ਰੀਮਤੀ: ਗਗਨ - ਸਮੁੰਦਰ ੨।

$\frac{d}{dt} \left(\frac{1}{r^2} \right) = -\frac{2}{r^3} \frac{dr}{dt}$

ପ୍ରଥମ ଶ୍ରେଣୀର ଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟା ୧୫୦ ଥିବାରୁ ଏହାକୁ ୧୫୦ ଶିକ୍ଷକଙ୍କ ସଂଖ୍ୟାରେ ଭାଗ କରାଯିବ ।

৩৬. ক্রিয়াকর্মী পুরুষের ক্ষেত্রে

CHIRAL ADAS 24303X $\sqrt{6}$ 24303X

ଜାଣିବ ଗୋଟିଏ ଶୁଭକ୍ଷେତ୍ର, ଫୁଲ 21 ମାର୍ଚ୍ଚ -

ପ୍ରାୟତଃ ଚାଲିବା ପାଇଁ ଲୋକମାନେ ଘରୁ ବାହାରି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ।

ପ୍ରକୃତି (ମୃତ୍ୟୁ) ନିମ୍ନ : ମୃତ୍ୟୁ (କାଳୀ) ମୃତ୍ୟୁ

જિંદગી અને રામના માધ્યમથી પોતાની જાતને બચાવવાનો પ્રયત્ન કરવો.

ਅੰਗਰੇਜ਼ੀ ਅੱਖਰਾਂ ਦੀ ਵਰਤੋਂ ਕਰਕੇ ਸ਼ਬਦਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਲਿਖਣਾ ਸਹੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਹੈ।

[illegible]

๒๓/๑๒/๖๓
 ๒๓/๑๒/๖๓

(1) $\frac{1}{2} \log \frac{1}{2}$ (2) $\frac{1}{2} \log \frac{1}{2}$ (3) $\frac{1}{2} \log \frac{1}{2}$ (4) $\frac{1}{2} \log \frac{1}{2}$

Q2 કયું બાળક _____



Puja, pōja, n.worship; reverential observance; a festival.
[Sans. puja, worship]

The definition is from Chambers 20th Century dictionary. It is published in Edinburgh, Scotland and is very well regarded by it's users as a clear and precise work. And the definition given above is precise; the etymology clearly and correctly stated.

But think for a moment about what this means! Disassociate your mind, if you can, from all you know about the Pujas. Imagine yourself as a native of Scotland, and the definition above as your sole guide. "Worship". "Reverential observance". "A festival". What would it tell you?

To know this you have to know the people and the place. Scotland is a country which has been oppressed by its English neighbor as a matter of course, and become a little sour and cynical in the process. It's religion is protestantism, which is a sparse, bare rejection of the Catholicism. The glorious beauty of a fully clothed altar, the swell and breath of a Gregorian Chant, are altogether fine, too ostentatious, for a Protestant. Far rather use simple wooden benches in an uncluttered white-wash and leaded window chapel. Let there be no person, no luxurious (and therefore sinful) settings between a man and his maker. Except, of course, the Minister. The Minister is the office through which the Word of God is hammered into the faithful, hour after hour, at every Sunday sermon. And the message is always the same: Do not backslide or the wrath of God will be upon you! In this stark windswept place religion is a duty, a consistent nagging torment, and, especially, a burden. Never a pleasure, since pleasure is almost certain to be sinful.

Take this background (which I must say is a one-sided encapsulation of a harsher part of Scotland's church) and add the definition of "puja". Firstly "worship". That is something that happens in a church every Sunday, led by the Minister. "Reverential observance". This must be something like observing Easter Sunday or Christmas day. Finally, the real one, "a festival". What in the world does "festival" mean? Do with worship? These two are, from this point of view, absolute opposites. "Festival" conjures up images of dancing, singing, (drinking, lechery, debauchery, sin) and a Scot would as soon consider it alongside worship as he would plan a Bible reading in a whorehouse. (A gentler Scot might well plan such a Bible reading but that's another story).

It's easy to see that from this point of view - one separated by the essentials of life, space and experience - the definition of "puja" is at best, meaningless, and at worst, completely misleading. The mention of "festival" in the same breath as "worship" will conjure up all sorts of dark, wraith-like images of pagan celebrations, fertility rites, and savage blood-lettings; all totally alien to the clean scrubbed, quilt burdened Protestant soul.

But, on the other hand, here I am. I am Scottish and Protestant (at least by birth and upbringing). I lived there, soaking up the local mores and moral codes, until at least my twentieth birthday. But I love the Pujas. I love the light and the happiness, the celebration and the joy. Most of all the apparent fact that religion, love, happiness and family all seem to be trying to come together. Success is rarely complete but the potential and the effort are there. The chants of the devout interspersed with the shouts of children playing, are to me what religion, and it's observance, are all about. Not a harsh burden, but a part of life, family and loves.

In all this of course, I am still an outsider looking in. One in a privileged position, without a doubt, but still a newcomer, with the newcomer's awe and transparent innocence. I like what I see, but I can be almost certain that I don't see a puja as the celebrants do. On the other hand, my own wedding was a puja, and I was a participant. Then how I saw it is surely how it was. Or not? Such thoughts are probably over complex, but the simple fact remains: I immensely enjoy the celebration of a puja, the mixture of devotion and revelry, respect and banter. I am not a believer in the mortification of flesh as a way to save soul and the Pujas seem to me ecstatic proof that I am right.

Yet I have to admit to a small, shuttered compartment in my mind. Alone and self-sufficient, it makes dour pronouncements on the joy it sees all around. "All the merriment will come to a bad end", "Why aren't those children shut up and sat down?", "Does everybody REALLY have to talk so loudly?", "All the time?".

And so, sadly, upbringing, environment and background have their sour little victories, spreading a little of the old and cynical over what is thoughtful, new and unburdened. It's something that everyone will probably do well to remember. "Instinctive" reflexes are not instinctive. They are the product of upbringing and environment, and had best be wrung out before venturing into new places.

- IAN WATT -



CALCUTTA - ITS ORIGINS

The tercentenary of Calcutta is being celebrated in 1989-90. The year long celebration has already started. In most minds, the history of Calcutta is the story of the British Raj in India. This is largely true as Calcutta one of the youngest of the major Indian cities owes its metropolitan existence to the British subjugation of India. We intend to examine briefly the earlier history of the villages that fused into today's megalopolis and look at how the British got their first permanent foothold in the Indian sub-continent - "the fairest jewel in the crown of the British Empire."

Like many other events in history, Calcutta's emergence as a city was an accident of geo-politics. By the seventeenth century the powers of Spain and Portugal were on the wane, and France, England and Holland were flexing their young muscles looking for worlds to conquer in the east.

In 1597, Elizabeth I was on the throne of England, the Spanish Armada had been crushed, and Akbar, the great Mughal, ruled over the vast stretches of northern India and part of the Deccan. Agra's imperial control over eastern India was relatively weak and the European trading companies had already started establishing businesses in the region. On new year's eve of 1600, Queen Elizabeth granted a charter to the English East India Company formed to establish trade relations with India.

By the third decade of the seventeenth century the English succeeded in establishing a mercantile base or 'factory' in Hooghly on the banks of the Ganges. In local political manoeuvres and in limited local conflicts, the Danes had already been superseded, and the Portuguese, in spite of their early trade route to India (Vasco da Gama arrived in Calicut on the southern part of the west coast in 1498), never did have an important mercantile presence in the eastern region.

The Danes early withdrew from the competition, the French concentrated their attention in the South and for almost half a century the Dutch and the British companies waged cut-throat competition for the trading rights in Bengal. In this struggle the Dutch ultimately lost out.

The powers of the British had been greatly helped by serendipity. Boughton, a surgeon in the employ of the Company saved the life of the Delhi Sultan's daughter, and also of the son of the Nabob of Bengal. He not only got great rewards for himself, but also gained concessions for the British merchants. At the same time, the mercantile success as also the arrogance of the British created distrust between the Nabob of Bengal (and his distant master - the Emperor in Delhi) and the heathen foreigners (generically termed Firinghi - from "Frank"s or frenchmen.) The beginning of the end of Muslim rule in India was on the horizon!

As the Company's trade and military presence grew in India, it first had to contain the rising influence of the French and also try to establish favorable status with the Muslim rulers. In 1686 the Company decided to combat the 'wrongs' perpetrated by the local authorities in Bengal. They entrusted an unusual and ruthless individual named Job Charnock with a small force of about 100 British, Indian, Portuguese and Rajput mercenaries with the task. The Nabob's forces drove the british back, and Charnock was captured and severely chastised but was released. Charnock, who would become a leading figure in this drama, retreated from Hooghly and entrenched himself in an unlikely village called Kalikata, adjacent to another small village named Sutanuti.

Charnock comes down as a mysterious figure to us, for little is known about his antecedents and the contemporary evaluation of him is quite contradictory. He has been described both as a timid person without much courage or military knowhow, and as a superior strategist well-liked by his people. From his subsequent career the latter seems to be more probable than the former.

In the tumultuous years that followed, Charnock would build a Fort in Sutanuti. The original site was close to the present Lalighi in front of the seat of the West Bengal Government - the Fort's successor still exists at some distance from the original site as Fort William.

Early in 1690, the British got permission from the Sultan to set up a permanent residence in the three villages for the purposes of commerce. The British now had a toe-hold on the subcontinent and would not look back again.

The Factory at Bombay and Fort St. George at Madras Presidency had preceded Kalikata as the seat of the burgeoning British power. However, Charnock established relatively undisturbed mercantile facilities in the Bengal Presidency and the economic and therefore the political importance of this area quickly increased.

Charnock died on January 10, 1692. Some interesting anecdotes are associated with this shadowy figure across the three centuries that separate him from us. There is a locality known as Chanak in Barrackpore, a town close to Calcutta. This is supposed to be a place where Charnock had a small bungalow - though the veracity is questionable.

Like quite a few other expatriate British of the time, Charnock had become considerably Indianized. He apparently used to rest every afternoon under a huge banyan tree - the area therefore was named Baithakkhana or "Living room." It is today that very congested area on the east side of Sealdah. The tree was in existence for over a hundred years after Charnock's death.

There also exists a story of Charnock rescuing a young and beautiful brahmin widow from being burnt on her husband's funeral pyre. He apparently saw this lady being forced to commit suttee while he was resting under 'his' tree one afternoon. He rescued her with the help of his sepoy and later married her. She apparently bore him two daughters, one of whom is buried with him in the yard of St. John's Church, supposedly the oldest brick building in Calcutta. The Church is still functional and Charnock's tomb can be seen today. The inscription on his tomb mentions his Indian wife and the daughter who was buried with him.

The history of the continuing and increasing struggle between the British and the local powers cannot be discussed here. However, Calcutta was already the recognized seat of British power in Bengal. The three villages of Kalikata, Govindapur and Sutanuti soon consolidated and were known under the name of the first.

There is considerable controversy about the origin of the name Calcutta. Probably the most anecdotal but common story is that during his retreat from Hooghly, Charnock (in another version an unknown englishman) was resting in the vicinity. Seeing a farmer pass with a load of cut grass, the traveller enquired about the name of the place. The farmer understandably misconstrued the question and stated "Kal Kata" - (the grass was) cut yesterday. This is another of those interesting stories sadly refuted by facts!

According to another British author, a Dutch traveller floating down the Ganges saw piles of human bones on the bank - the aftermath of an epidemic. He therefore named this area Golgotha - after the Biblical place of skeletons. Golgotha was transformed into Calcutta by the natives.

Documentary evidence of the existence of a village by the name of Kalikata (Koli-kata) is to be found in the book Ain-e-Akbari written by Akbar's courtier Abul Fazal. Written in 1596, the book mentions Kalkatta (Koi-katta) as a mahal in the Pargana of Satgaon or Saptagram which was a well-known port on the river Ganges at this time. Again the Bengali poet Mukundaran Chakrabarti in his Chandinangal (written between 1555 and 1585 - exact date is undetermined) mentions a traveller passing by the village of Kolikata as he sails down the river.

The village, therefore, existed for at least two hundred years before Charnock (and his encounter with the farmer!) The name is most probably derived from Kalighat - an ancient and famous holy place (Peetha-sthan) of the Hindus. This holy site was well-established as early as the reign of the Bengali king Ballal Sen (10th century) - by the 15th century it was a common site of pilgrimage.

As with Calcutta (or Kolikata), the origin of the names of the adjacent villages of Govindapur and Sutanuti are also the subject of considerable debate. The name of Govindapur has been ascribed to Baboo Govindaran Datta, the 'Black' Zamindar (landholder) of the area and the forebear of the rich and prestigious families of the Seths and Dattas that still exist. The name has also been related to the family deity of the Dattas - Govindaji.

More probably, the name comes from another Govinda - Govindasharan Datta who was an employee of Raja Todarmal, Akbar's courtier. Todarmal rewarded Govindasharan with the land on the bank of the Ganges and the village was named after this famous owner. Sutanuti - the third village - most probably was named because of the production of Suta or cotton thread here. The textiles of Bengal were famous at the time and were the original business of the Dattas and Seths.

Before we go on to the next phase in the early development of Calcutta, an interesting period in the areas' history has to be mentioned for the sake of completion. To the best of my knowledge, little investigation has been done of this period.

The Armenians were amongst the earliest non-Indian traders in India. A gentle, non-aggressive mercantile people, they have been largely ignored by history probably because they never fought wars. Armenians presumably early had a sizable commercial community in Calcutta. The Armenian Church of St. Nazareth is reputed to be the oldest church in the city. A tombstone in the graveyard of this church has been deciphered to contain the following inscription -

"This is the tomb of Rezabeebeh, the wife of the late charitable Sookas, who departed from this world to life eternal on the 21st day of Nakha in the year 15" which is the 11th of July of 1630. The Armenians thus antedated the British by at least half a century and Kalikata was already a center of trade and commerce by the time the British became important traders.

The years following Charnock's demise saw a rapid rise in the mercantile and military prowess of the Company. Only the French remained to challenge the British supremacy in India. The major seat of Anglo-French conflict was in the south near the Madras Presidency where the British had established Fort St. George. In 1751, Robert Clive decisively sealed the fate of the French in the south.

In 1756 Clive returned to Bengal where the Nabob of Bengal, Siraj-ud-Daulah had cornered the British and had devastated Calcutta. By military acumen and through the treachery of the Nabob's generals, Clive routed the Muslim ruler at the Battle of Plassey. The Nabob was tortured and killed, a puppet was put in his place and England was on its way to conquering India.

As the seat of power of the British, Calcutta now was the most important city in the vast land. It would become the Indian capital when the British Crown took over the burden of governing the country. Young, brash Calcutta, recently turned from a collection of three small villages was on its way to becoming the critical point of exchange of the cultures of India and of Britain.

But that is another story.

Rames C. Chakravorty
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Indian classical music: an introduction by Amitava Sen

Indian classical music has been a cultivated art for at least three thousand years. It descends from ancient schools, whose traditions have been handed down by hereditary musicians. It existed under cultivated patronage similar to the classical European tradition. It is the chamber music of an aristocratic society, or it is performed in temples, as a service to God.

Indian music differs greatly from European music: European musicians developed a tempered scale of 12 notes, harmony, tonal coloring in orchestral compositions, and lineal progression of rhythm; Indian musicians, using a scale of 22 natural tones, practised a pure melodic art, mainly in solos or small groups, with improvisations on the structures of raga and the cyclic rhythm of tala. Like the old Greek modes, the raga is a selection of five, six, or seven notes of the scale, but each raga also has certain characteristic progressions and a chief note to which the singer constantly returns; since one selection of notes can be developed into different ragas, the possible number of ragas is very large. Ragas are associated with different moods, times of day, or seasons, the word raga meaning coloring or passion.

There are many schools of Indian music, each with its own particular style of singing or playing, but there are two distinct streams: Hindustani, or North Indian music, and Karnatic, or South Indian music. In the South the theme is almost always devotional; performed in temples, composed by great saint-musicians, most of the orthodox traditions have been maintained to the present day. In the North, music has been patronized by the aristocracy. It absorbed Persian, Arabic, and Moghul influences to become more secular, with entertainment of the audience and display of the performer's virtuosity rising to prime importance. Thus in Hindustani vocal music the words of the song are irrelevant - it is the rendition that matters.

A recital begins with a slow alap to expose the scale and develop the mood and structure of the raga. Then follows improvisation on a specific framework, set to a tala. These cyclic rhythms may be very elaborate, sometimes with an odd number of beats to a bar: Rupak Tala, for example, is a cycle of 7 beats counted as 3 + 2 + 2. Cross-rhythms and variations often complicate the form, but the musician always returns to the sam or beginning of the cycle after each period of improvisation. The tabla, which is a pair of drums played with one's fingers, keeps the cyclic rhythm while the vocalist or instrumentalist improvises, and then the tabla player improvises on rhythmic patterns, weaving an intricate fabric of accents and sounds. There is often an exchange of rhythmic passages in a "question and answer" session towards the end of an instrumental piece between the instrumentalist and the tabla player. The tempo increases to a fast finale.

Two distinct developments in the modern music scene in India today have increased the appreciation of Indian classical music. In the Indian subcontinent, the blending of improvisations into the light-classical forms of ghazals and bhajans have enriched the styles of light-classical vocalists. In the West, the sixties saw the arrival of the sitar, along with transcendental meditation and yoga, all of which have been established firmly in the "New-age" culture. There have been experiments to blend Indian and Western music by both North and South Indian musicians. Experiments in blending with Western classical music, or orchestral music, has been less successful, however: the spirit of Indian classical music is in its improvisations - that restricted freedom in which the performer can express almost all emotions - and that finds a close kinship with other forms of improvisatory music in the West, such as contemporary jazz.



LETTER FROM ANTWERP

Dear Friends,

At times this place gives one the most incredible sense of *deja-vu*. It is glimpses from a time long past, partly forgotten, textures and hints rather than conscious images.

"My brother Yasho felt it too and for him the places evoked were surely mostly instinct. He was four when we left Calcutta and has been back four times in the seventeen years since. On those visits he saw a much different world from that of my childhood - mostly squalid, always dirty, perpetually cacophonous...But, perhaps, the warmth of family and friends left him with a sense of what used to be. A young man now, something in the air of this northern European city reminded him of "home".

The disorganized angles, lines, cement, brick, damp moss and blackness of the roof lines perhaps, the flowering plants in big pots along the jumble of buildings, not particularly old, but, then again, not particularly modern either, perhaps. Maybe it was something in the angle of the balconies - always small, practical, giving the maximum possible access to fresh air to the maximum number of people with little regard to architectural form, to pleasing the eye.

I see all those things and more besides. Antwerp has a FEEL - a feel I dimly remember from childhood. A feel of things busy yet not harried, of things unchanging, of family coming before business, of evening strolls by the lake in the park, of wide avenues lined with tall trees, miraculously uncrowded, of solidity. It felt unchanging then. That was largely an illusion of course. That more elegant Calcutta is dead - the garbage and the homeless on the streets to stay, the overcrowding will not ease. The middle class is under pressure and on the run.

In so many little ways Antwerp today is like Calcutta a quarter century ago. Its a time before power shortages, strikes and political purgatory. The average income is greater than Calcutta has ever seen and the average temperature is certainly many degrees lower. Smoky pavement cafes take the place of the smoky tea shops. But, on those summer evenings when the temperature hovered perilously close to the 90 degree mark and the mosquitoes were out in force, it was unmistakable.

The neighborhood kids crying (or crying out!), radios muffled by distance, peoples washing hanging, stiff and dry, on the balconies, waiting to be taken in, the groups of young men on street corners, talking, cooling off. The smell of car fumes, the sound of traffic rushing in through open windows, the tram lines curving away down the street, glimpsed between the trees, the smell of neighbors dinner being cooked....

I know these little windows into my past will fade with coming of the fall, but, for now, my steps fall with a strangely familiar sound, in this, a city of strangers.

- LALI WATT -



THE BENGAL OF MY MIND

The Bengal of my mind,
A view from a train window:
Green-drenched fields of women,
Transplanting rice,
Children bathing in a village pond,
Rank with water lilies.

Red clay paths ,
Leading timelessly out
From clumps of thatch-roofed huts.

This villager left also,
Left shores known
For those yet undressed:
Of loss, of family,
Of even language relinquished.

We agree with frowns and canted heads
To speak of
Only when rice and fish eaten
From banana leaves, on floors,
With legs furled
Like flags.

Yasho Lahiri



Waiting for a new life to begin -
the ship coming into a harbor
of men in hats, and mud
and everywhere a fishy smell,
here I wait in still,
the light too true for life -
dying, shedding off former skins.
Now I wait
the silence pressing in on me
and the clock ticking off
each endless, fatal moment.

Waiting, like the willing
of trains into stations
into journeys, tracks
like silver, slender rivers.
Call, and call again.
It comes in with a shudder,
creaking to a stop,
ending night, nightmare,
I board.

YASHO LAHIRI

Piney woods call to me
In whip-poor-will-tongued speak
tilling to thrill
the white-hot soul,
left to fester
on city streets
past brambles rankle,
barb, bard and make haste
call to me the late summer
sun beating down in race
of time, bound to lose.
The season of meat,
searing on spit
beside immaculate ponds
of never age.
While, mean, I seek succor
in initiation grilled beef
at an upper west side
take out.
Old beer lingers cold on tongue,
left now to seethe water.

- YASHO LAHIRI -

When You're Lost, There's Nothing as Welcome as a Train

By Charlie Weeks

During 1986, I was fortunate to receive a Fulbright Summer Study Abroad grant for travel throughout India. It was my second visit -- I had been to India once before, in 1982, during an extended journey through Asia. Now, for six weeks, I was to tour this vast and diverse nation in order to include India in my World History syllabus at Southern College of Technology. In the end, it was a wonderful adventure, but one point rapidly became clear: the only effective method of really experiencing such a world within itself was to travel by rail, not the tourist trains but the mad inter-city expresses.

The first overwhelming problem facing a potential rider is how to procure a ticket. There is perhaps no better introduction to the Indian bureaucracy than the Indian Rail Service. To begin with, purchasing a ticket requires the better part of a day, and after standing in line for several hours, it is quite possible that, as your turn comes, the agent will hang up the "Closed for Lunch -- Back in an Hour" sign in your face. Complaints and tantrums do no good; they have heard it all before. But if you persevere long enough, you will eventually get a ticket and then face the formidable task of determining where to get on the train.

During my first visit to India in 1982, I rode the express train from Muzaffarpur to Calcutta. After the ordeal of purchasing a ticket, I naively thought that my troubles were over. Unfortunately, it was not that easy -- the train was 14 hours late. The station itself was a microcosm of India where some families experienced all of life's travails from birth to the grave, owning only their small cots. As I sat on the floor, I could see women dressed in saris herding their families into crowded trains, Sikh soldiers in camouflage turbans, thin porters with enormous trunks balanced on their heads, and wandering urchins in search of rupees. Suddenly I realized that, beneath the apparent chaos, there was an intangible order.

Once aboard the train, I discovered that there were eight people sitting in my seat. Not knowing what to do, I spun around to look for the conductor but only succeeded in knocking down a small woman with my duffle bag. As she got up, with a look of supreme contempt in her eyes, I tried to apologize profusely, but she did not understand English, and I could not speak Bengali. At this point, I noticed that the temperature in the coach must be somewhere near 100 degrees (F), and all

the fans were inoperative. Just then, the car lurched violently several times, and we were on our way.

As the train moved slowly out of Muzaffarpur, I felt panic set in. I had no seat, I didn't understand Bengali, I was sweating so profusely that I looked like I had been standing under a shower, and I wasn't sure I was on the right train. Just as depression was setting in, I heard a reassuring voice.

"Look, sit down and relax," said the young Muslim seated next to his sister. With that friendly gesture, all the pressure seemed to lift from my shoulders, and I felt better almost at once.

During the journey to Calcutta, we became great friends. Mohammed was a recent college graduate from Calcutta who was returning from the betrothal festivities for his 15 year old sister. He had big plans and hoped to make a fortune now that he had his degree in business. His favorite author was P. G. Wodehouse, and he appeared almost hurt that I knew little about his British author. Mohammed was quite proud of India and several times pointed out that it was, after all, "the world's largest democracy." When we passed steel mills just outside Calcutta, he quickly informed me that India produced its own steel and automobiles. His enthusiasm was quite contagious and made me forget the crowded railway car. As we began entering the outskirts of Calcutta, Mohammed informed me that he would like to ask one question about the United States.

"Is it really true that in America, a man can actually choose his own wife?"

"Sure."

"Even without the parent's permission?"

"Its better with it, but its not mandatory."

"Well -- perhaps that's why you have so many divorces."

"Don't you have divorces in India?"

"Of course, but not as many."

From Calcutta I went to Madras, then Bangalore and Mysore. While waiting for a train near Mysore, I noticed a young man staring at me from a distance. After a while, another youth standing nearby walked up and said, "My friend would like permission to speak to you." Before long, I was engaged in a stimulating conversation with this young literature student who cogently discussed English, American, German, and Russian authors. I thought that I was making remarkable progress in sounding intelligent until he sought my opinions of the works of India's

Nobel Prize winning author, Rabindranath Tagore. My only recourse was to plead ignorance, but I promised to investigate the matter when I returned home.

Back on the train, the sad-eyed conductor was becoming worried (needlessly) that I might become bored during the trip. After vanishing to the rear of the car for a few moments, he returned with his prized possession, a tattered copy of *Othello*.

"Here, read this," he said, "it will make the journey go faster."

As I thumbed through the yellowed pages, I noticed that many of the words had been painstakingly underlined and the margins filled with the proper Tamil translations. It was obvious that reading *Othello* had been a long and dedicated project for my conductor friend. At his point, I decided that I could devote a little time to reading the works of Tagore, if I could find them, when I returned to Georgia.

Later, my train trips through India flashed through my mind when we visited a private secondary school in Delhi where the students, dressed in starched uniforms, stood patiently in the blazing sun to greet us. After the assembly, we proceeded to the classrooms where the pupils proudly demonstrated their considerable academic abilities. In a twelfth grade social studies class, the instructor told the students to ask us questions about the United States. Everything was progressing nicely until an eager young girl asked, "What do the American students think about us?" Although someone eventually made a polite reply, we did not say what we were all thinking: most Americans do not really think much about India at all. I could not conceive of a better argument for placing a greater emphasis on world history and geography in American schools than the look of profound disappointment that would have appeared on that young lady's face had we told her the truth.

No country is more perplexing to me than India. It is a land of timelessness that is ever-changing; one of religious mysticism that produces nuclear weapons. In any large Indian city, you can observe millionaires, paupers, holy men, politicians, grandparents, children, vendors, touts, saint, sinners, mad dogs, and Englishmen, all within one city block. There is beauty in the snow-peaked Himalayas in the Spring and the Taj Mahal by the pale light of the moon, and there is resigned desperation in the eyes of the eyes of the poor who employ the greatest ingenuity of which humans are capable just to make it through another day. When Indians tolerate their diverse neighbors, the "world's largest democracy" progresses, when they do not, the terrible fury of communal violence erupts. India has produced a magnificent culture that could enrich American society if only we had the patience to listen, and someone were willing to teach us.

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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

1988 DURGA PUJA & LAKSHMI PUJA

RECEIPTS

Balance from 1988	
Saraswati Puja	\$233.54
Donations	\$2,339.00
Interest Earned	\$8.15
	\$2,580.69
Less Expenses	(\$1,900.61)
	\$680.08

EXPENSES

IACA Hall Rental	\$75.00
Cleaning Expenses	\$35.00
Decorations	\$50.00
Brochure	\$65.00
Prasad & Food	\$1,585.61
Miscellaneous	\$90.00
	\$1,900.61

1989 SARASWATI PUJA & DRAMAFEST

Balance from 1988	\$680.08
Donations	\$347.50
Interest earned	\$9.27
	\$1,036.85
Less Expenses	(\$473.30)
	\$563.55

IACA Hall Rental	\$100.00
Decorations	\$25.00
Prasad & Food	\$195.79
Miscellaneous	\$89.51
Dramafest	\$83.00
	\$473.30

Program:

1. Invocation Song (Chorus)
2. "ARATI" : Collection of dances
Participants : Atasi Das, Ayesha Bairo,
Anita Banerjee, Sonya Banerjee
Priyanka Mahalanobish
Direction : Kalpana Das
3. Solo Dance : Jayita Kundu
4. Instrumental Music :
Violin - Amilava Sen Sitar - M. H. Akmal
Tabla - A. Rafi Tanpura - Mamata Basu
5. Solo Dance - Kakoli Pal (Augusta)
6. "GHOST CATCHER" - Skit
Participants : Aniruddha Basu, Anirban Basu
Anirban Das, Sandipen Mitra, Rupak Das
DIRECTION : Suzanne B. Sen
7. MUSIC FROM AFGHANISTAN : Directed by A. Rafi
8. "JAI DIN SRABANA DIN JAI" : Musical Sketch
Vocal: Mita Kundu, Jayanti Lahiri, Mamata Basu, Asok Basu
Instrumental: Amilava Sen, M.H. Akmal, A. Rafi
Narrations: Pranab Lahiri
Dance: Sutapa Das, Shyamali Das, Kakoli Pal and
Rajashree Banerjee
9. VOCAL MUSIC BY - Milanjana Banerjee
Tabla : Asok Basu

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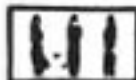
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