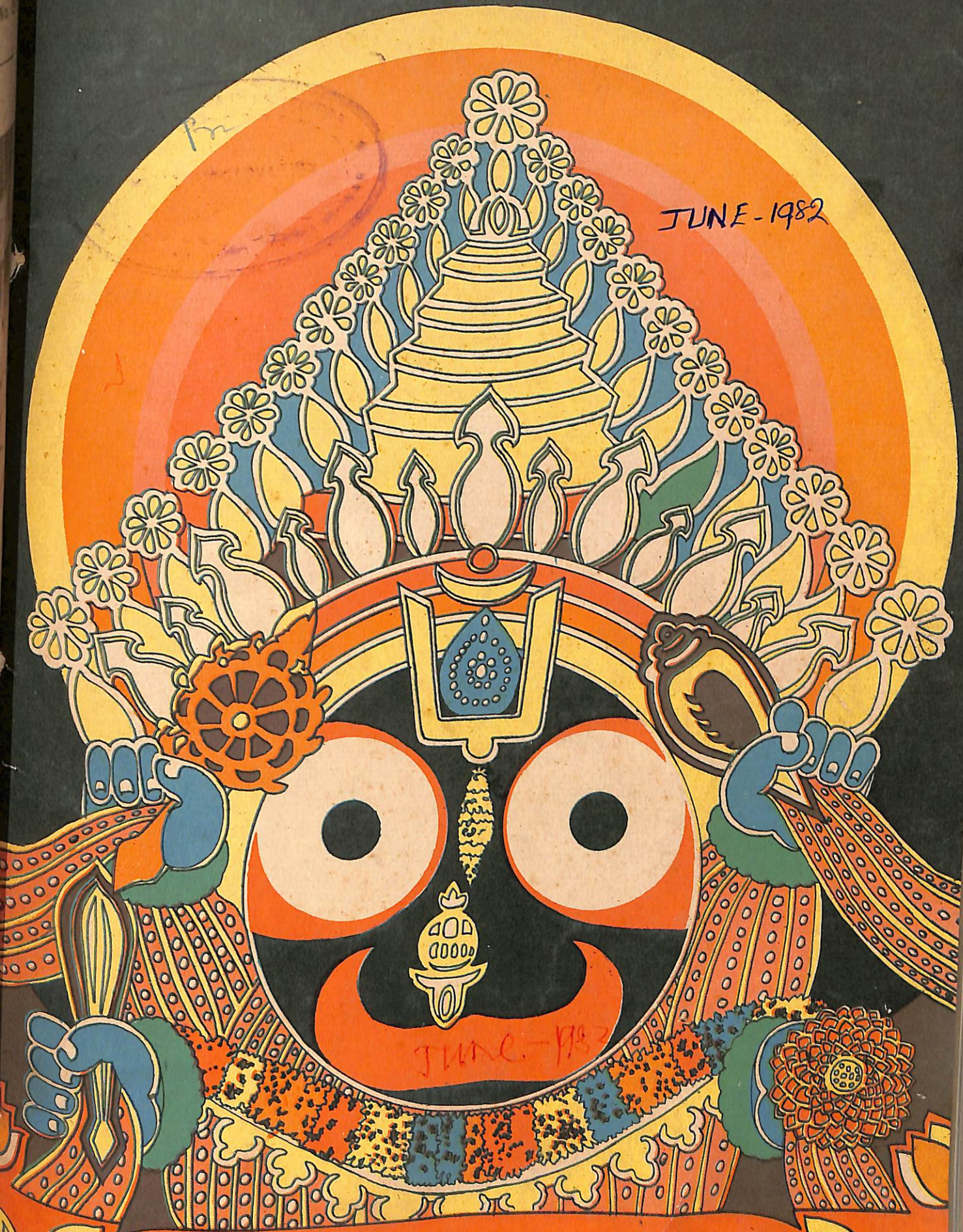


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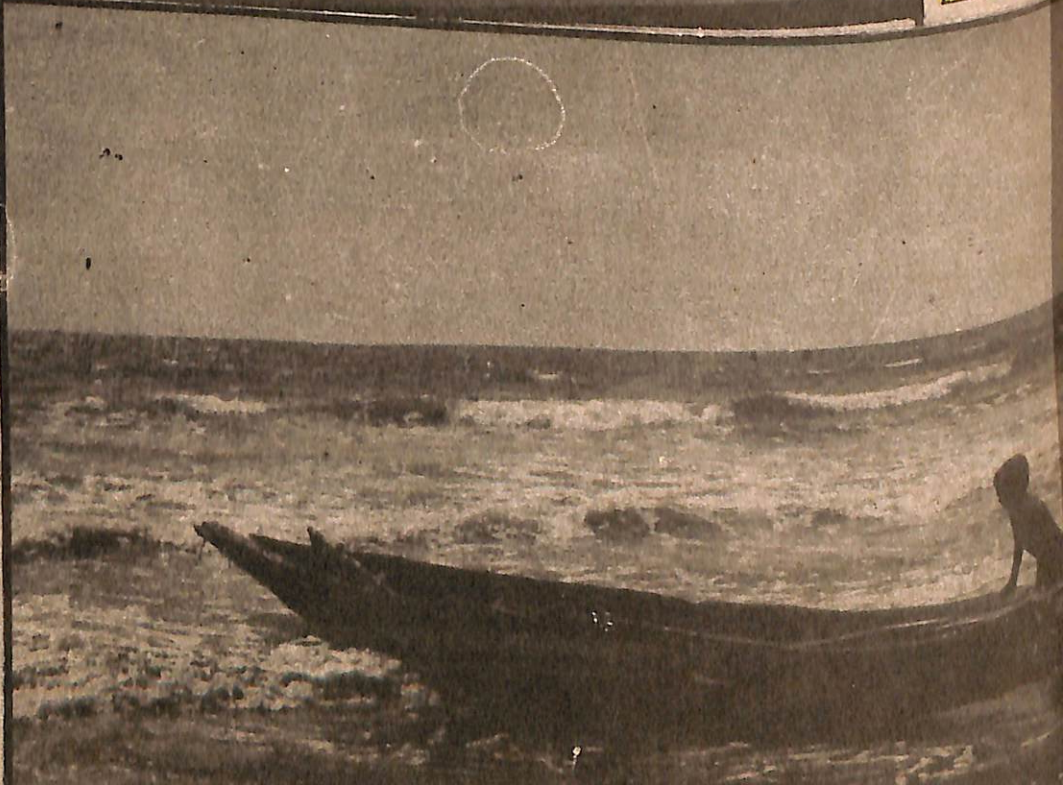
ORISSA REVIEW



While the ocean is singing internal ode
The cluster of casuarina trees
listen to it with ecstasy.



Oh you inhabitant of the world ;
Over what are you brooding ?
Let your life-boat go on sailing.



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Jagannath and Orissa

Shri R. C. Mishra

If a search is made to identify a single unitary factor which had the largest influence over the longest period on the culture, literature and society of Orissa and its people, one has to arrive at Jagannath. Literally Jagannath means Universal Lord.

Though called, Lord of the Universe, He is the First among Oriyas since time immemorial. In the performance of any social, cultural or religious function in any Oriya household, Jagannath is formally approached to be the First Guest. People of Orissa start and end their day thinking of this Lord. He is open to all, a friend of every one. In times of happiness and joy, an Oriya remembers Him with gratitude and in times of sorrow and distress he turns to Him for solace and sympathy.

The legends say that He lead the army of a devotee-King and turned an earlier defeat into a glorious victory in the distant Kanchi. The folklores that He personally accepted a coconut offered by a pariah, called Dasia Bauri. It is told that he appeared in person before a muslim named Salbeg. They say He personally served food to a hungry devotee, Bandhu Mohanty. The Aryans brought Him by deceit from His original non-Aryan worshippers to Puri. Jagannath is referred as "Daru" (Wood) in Rigveda X, 155,3 and in Atharva Veda, Paippalada Samhita VI, 8,7 and is probably the only Vedic deity, whom the non-Aryan have a right to serve in the Sanctum Sanctorium.

Long before Mahatma Gandhi decided to coin the word "Harijan" for the untouchables,

Jagannath was calling Himself "Patit-Pavan". Patita is a Sanskrit word for the fallen and downtrodden and Pavan means Salvation or Rescue. He has been the rescuer of the fallen and downtrodden of all classes, social, cultural, economical and restoring their self-respect. During my journeys through India, I have noticed that nowhere else, the Scheduled Castes get as much social acceptance as in Orissa. This social acceptance of the untouchables in the Orissa culture is a tradition of Puri Jagannath. The cooked food offered to Jagannath is traditionally partaken together by a Brahmin and pariah and not a eye-lid bars. Indeed, the Texts ordain, that if any Hindu of high caste even so much as entertains any mental reservation against such sharing of food together with even a 'Chandala', he commits a grave folly and sin. This catholicity of approach to social problems through religious means is a trait of Puri Jagannath and probably no other Hindu Deity has ventured into similar fields of activity.

When a man comes to Jagannath, he rarely prays for any mundane or material benefits. He does not seek from Him wealth, comfort, material success or even progeny. Indeed Jagannath does not carry a high reputation for effectively dispensing such things in particular.

Many have benefitted materially of course, but that is a side-effect rather than the direct benefit of His Blessings. But any one who forces this universal Lord, first prays for ability to devote oneself to Him to attain

ultimate Liberation and later for material benefits. It appears just natural to pray to Purushottama for ultimate Liberation and so small and childish to settle for anything less.

He is 'Purushottama'. Purusha is a sanskrit word for man, his individuality or the 'Jivatma'. Uttama in sanskrit means 'The Best', 'The Final' and 'The End' and in Indian Philosophy is known as 'Paramatma'. Here in Jagannath, Purusha is merged into Uttama, united to a single entity. It is but natural that any 'Purusha' or 'Jiva' entering into the presence of this Omniscient and Omnific Lord, settles for nothing less than liberation or Mukti from the cycle of births and deaths. The Orissa system has attained as a natural end-product in its socio-religious system that, which has been searched for ages by the Indian Philosophers and Saints through scriptures and arguments.

Jagannath has dominated the literary scene of Orissa since the beginning of Oriya language. No literary composition, Epic or couplet, can commence or close without obeisance to this Lord with a jet black face and round by eyes. He has been the object of veneration, devotion and prayer always, though at times even of abuse and ridicule. Oriya Poets of the past and present have treated Jagannath more as a personal friend than an impersonal God. They appeal to him for advice and blessings and abuse him for favours not granted. Jagannath is very much human and is always humane.

His habits are so human. He eats and dresses like any other human being. From between waking up early in the morning to the sounds of conches and cymbals and Mangala Arati and being lulled back to bed by about mid-night to the music of Geeta-Govinda. He has six principal meals in Prathama Dhupa in the morning, Bhoga Mandap Dhupa in the forenoon, mid-day and afternoon, Sandhya Dhoopa in the evening and Bada Simhara Dhoopa in the night consisting of fifty six varieties of dishes. Though the food offered is rich and kingly, He has a taste for 'Pakhala' or cooked rice with water which is offered at

mid-day, evening and night, which is a common food of the poorest of Oriyas. Even in his food habits he has not forgotten the poor. In matters of dress, He is adorned with the richest and grandiest of silk and the down to earth 'Gamcha' a small cotton piece of the cheapest variety. Jagannath is a socialist par excellence, practising in daily life what is preached by others.

Tradition and rules do not permit Muslims and Christians to go inside the temple to see Jagannath. But he has circumvented these obstacles and thrice a year one need not go inside the temple to see Him. On days of Snan Jatra, Ratha Jatra and Bahuda Jatra He comes out of the temple to look at His creation with those large lotus-like eyes and be worshipped with love and respect by His devotees, irrespective of class, creed, sect or religion. On Ratha Jatra and Bahuda Jatra days, any one can go up to Him, when He is seated on the car and literally touch him. On these two days all are free to offer personal service to Him by pulling the ropes of the car and millions exercise this right every year.

The Vaishnavas see their beloved Krishna in Him. The Shaivas and the Tantriks worship Him as Bhairava. The Buddhists worship him as Tathagata Buddha. The Oriyas of all religions see in Him their Friend, Protector and Father. His everstretched hands bless all alike. His red lips and large eyes express benevolent amusement.

He is the epitome of the synthesis of the Aryan and Non-Aryan cultures. In Him are lost the traditional self-consciousness of the Aryas and the spirit of inferiority complex of the Non-Aryans. He is the symbol of the noblest of emotions of mankind—equality, fraternity and progress.

The great Shankara in a hymn has prayed, "My Lord Jagannath appear before my eyes". May that happen not to-day alone, but every day, not now alone, but every waking moment and not to one alone, but to every human being, for that is the easiest way to salvation.

The antiquities of Sri Purusottama Kshetra

Smt. Jayanti Mishra

The sacred palace of Lord Jagannath, the Lord of the world is known by various names—Puri, Nilachal, Purusottam, Sree-kshetra, Sankhakhetra, etc. In ancient time Lord Jagannath was worshipped as Purusottama. So in different Purans the greatness of Lord Purusottama and his holy city Purusottamkshetra are described beautifully. According to "Padma Purana" it is stated that the Purusottamkshetra has been situated on the north shore of the sea and south of the river Mahanadi. In "Brahma Purana" it is seen to have described that the length and breadth of the Kshetra is ten jojana (nearly 80 miles) and five jojana (nearly 40 miles) respectively.

If we intend to trace the time of the Purusottamkshetra, we will have to go through the "Pujaripali" inscription of Gopaldev time (last part of 11th century) in which we find the name of this sacred Kshetra. Besides this, our attention is drawn to the hints of the eastern sea and the Purusottamkshetra in the inscription of Nagapur of 1104 A. D.

Before these two inscriptions we also get an information of this Kshetra in the drama of "Anargharaghab" of Murari Mishra. As per "Skandapurana" we come to know that the image of Lord Jagannath has been made of the log of wood floating on the ocean. We can also find this type of interpretation in the "Atharva Veda" and "Rig Veda". But this idea is not so clear by which we can put the time of Lord Purusottama as the time of "Rig Veda".

On the whole we may interpret the time of Purusottamkshetra is not earlier than the Puran age. In different Purans we find the detailed description of this Kshetra. In "Matsya Purana" we find the name of Purusottama twice in the description of "Bimalapitha" and in different sacred Hindu Tirthas. There we also find a description of Mourjya kings and their successors in this Puran. So as per this description we can easily interpret the time of this Puran is not earlier than the Mourjya period. According to Pergitar Saheb the time of Matsya Puran is the last part of 3rd century A. D. According to Dr. Raghban, the place of this Puran is nearly Narmada province. So from this interpretation we can assume that the famous publicity of Purusottamkshetra has been spread over Narmada province for which the author of "Matsya Purana" able to give an information of this Purusottamkshetra.

And also Pergitar Saheb described in "Bishnu Puran" that there is an information of "Uddradesha" and "Puri town" instead of "Andhra" and "Champanagar" respectively. He also assumed the time of the "Bishnu Puran" is not earlier than the last part of 4th century A. D.

After through study of "Brahmapurana" Wilson described that the worship of Sri-krishna as Lord Jagannath has been found in 13th or 14 century A. D. In the journal of "Aryabartta" there is an interpretation of the greatness of Sri-kshetra in the book "Tantrajamal" and "Rudrajamal". In

"Utartantra" of "Rudrajamal", when we find Bhaibob and Bhairabi discussion there is an information of Lord Jagannath. Not only in "Rudrajamal" but also in "Tantrajamal" it is stated that Purusottama is the heaven of the world.

Though these two tantric books are morden it is sure and authentic that it was written before "Kurmapuran". Because we find the reference of these two tantras in "Kurmapuran". Some scholars discussed the time of "Kurmapuran" is 4th century A. D. or more earlier than that. As per these description of Purusottama and Lord

Jagannath we can directly say that there must be a historical value of these two tantric books like "Rudrajamal" and "Tantrajamal". But according to Manmohan Chakravarti "Skanda", "Brahma" and "Sivapurana" had been written after 10th century A. D. Relying on which we cannot be able to trace out the time of the sacred "Purusottamkshetra".

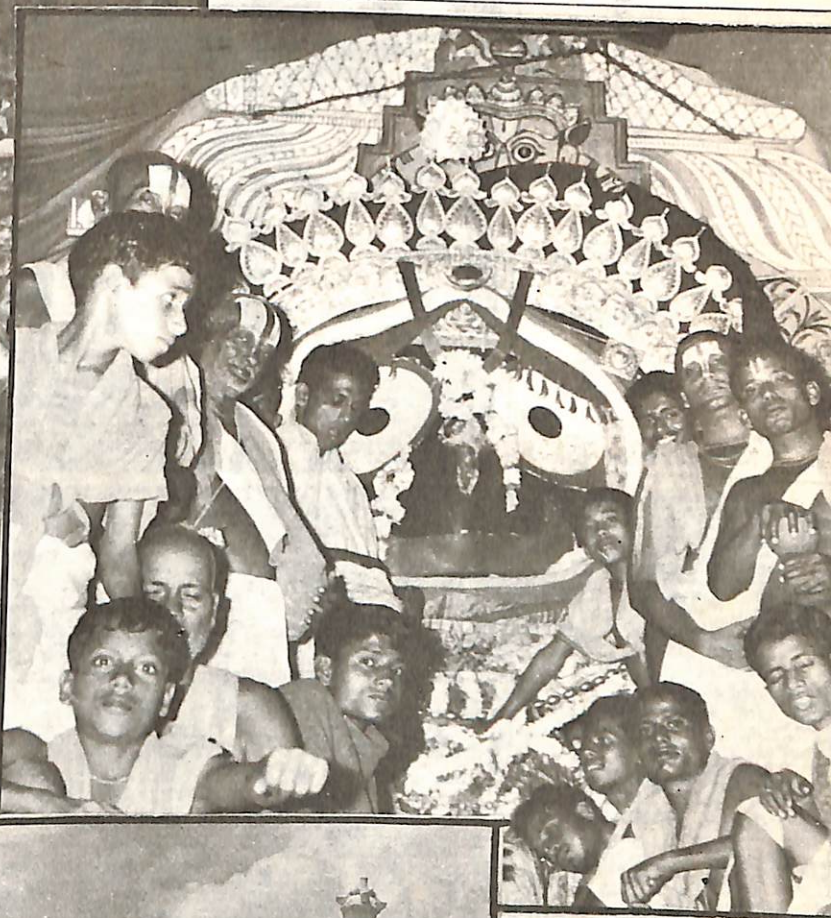
So considering the subject matter and facts described in the above Purans and Tantric texts we can easily put the time of the holy "Purusottamkshetra" as earlier as 3rd century A. D.

C/o. KJ. Shri Ganeswar Mishra
Suar sahi, Puri, Orissa

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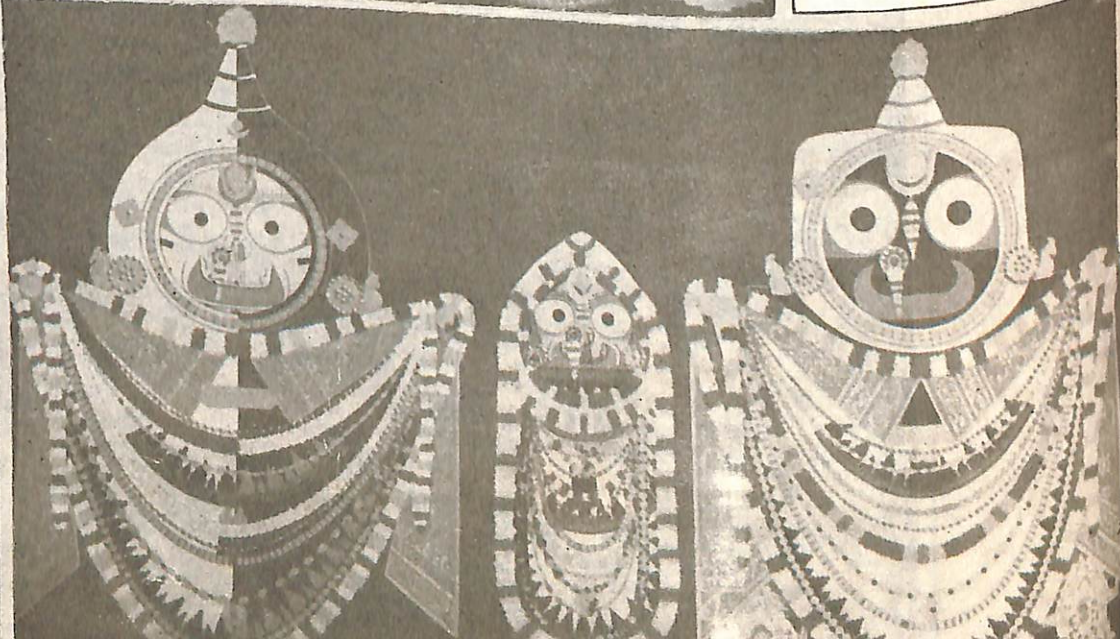


Leaving the great temple
Thou hast appeared on the Grand Road
to exhibit thy divine splendour
In the unique festival,
who knows whence did it manife

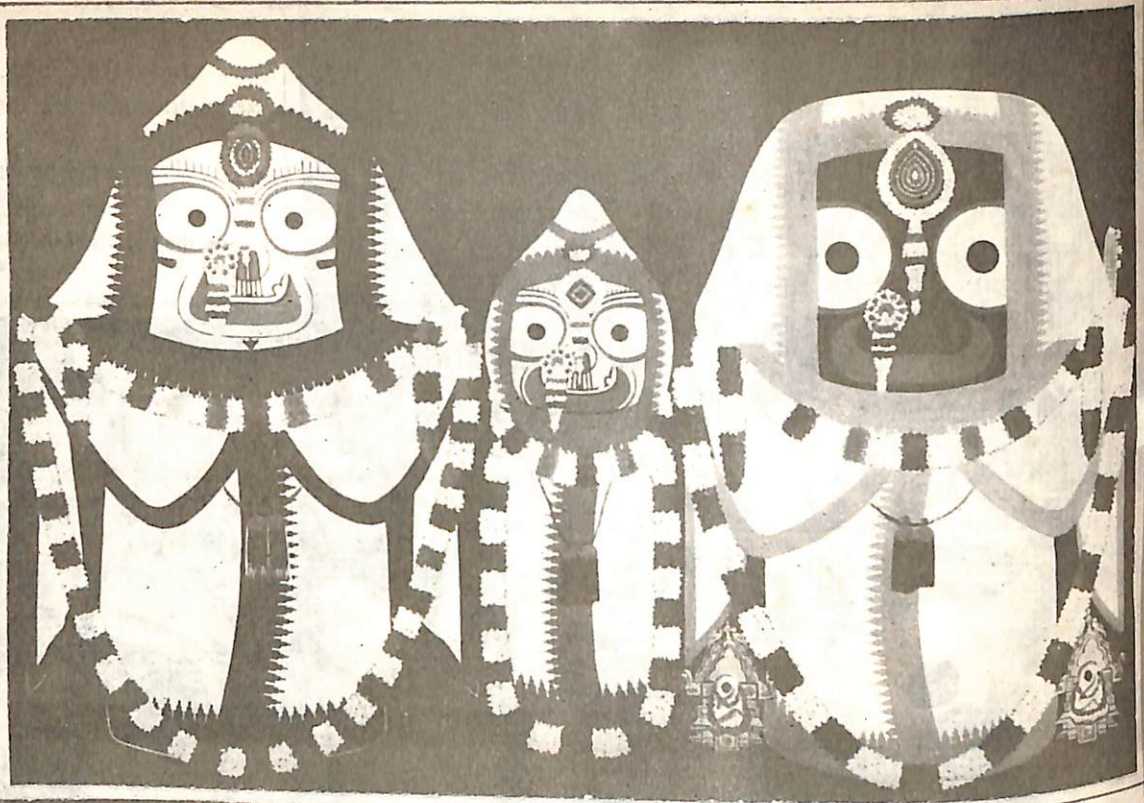


As the ceremonial procession of the
Lord proceeds on the Grand Road
Oh mad mind ; join it haste post haste.

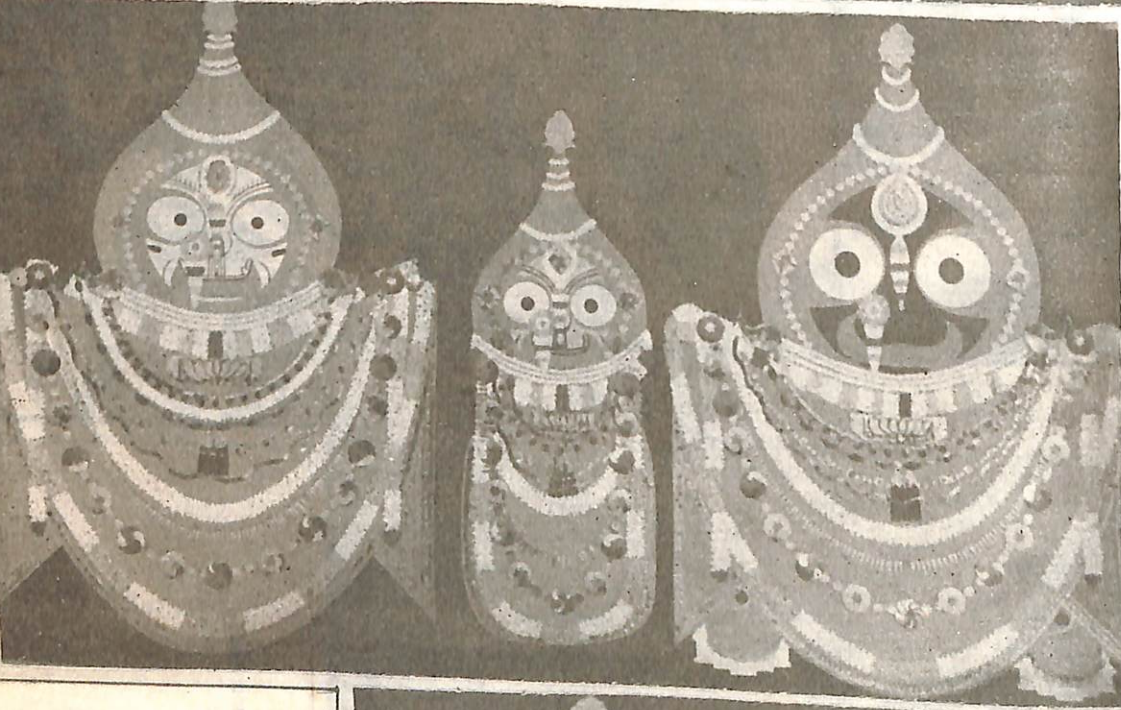
Hast Lord Jagannath been sitting
merely with his brother and sister ?
May, He hast attired Himself with
"Hara-hara besha" giving a
Semblance of "Hari and Hara".



We are pouring our love and affection
at the feet of the three deities
With a keen desire to see their
"Shraddha besha"



In the spring season takes place the Festival of Phagu
making the entire atmosphere gay
How captivating has become the
Dola besha of our lord everybody can say.



Sri Jagannath and Captain Beato

Shri Ganesh Prasad Parija

There stood on the deck, the mate holding a telescope to his eyes, intently watching the sea. A while ago the ship left Chandipore Port. Paradeep was ahead, keeping it to the right the ship would proceed to Baruna Port. She would have gone straight from Calcutta to her destination unless she had to leave a few passengers in a French dinghy at Chandipore.

By and by the vast delta of the Mahanadi appeared in view. Sailors say that Paradeep was in the womb of the sea in the days of yore; Cheli-talo was the famous port in the region during the time. Fourteen miles, the land has eaten into the sea. Why only Paradeep, most of the ports have shifted east. "Kangoda Sagara" was the name of the Bay of Bengal during those days.

Splitting the blue water of the sea into two streams the vessel dashed southward. The mate waved his telescope, scanning the sea from spot to spot. A small fish swimming at a distance had become distinctly visible. All of a sudden the look of the mate closed on a particular spot. There, on the horizon, appeared a moving speck. Before long the speck grew into a whale-like being. The mate saw: it was a huge bulk of mass—a giant whale that could swallow up the ship. Soon, it transpired, the whale was heading towards the ship in tremendous speed. A cool thrill rushed through his veins and droplets of sweat began to coze out of his body. An

unknown fear awoke in his mind. The whale lolled as if the embodiment of the Terrible One. How big looked its mouth. The tail looked like a moving hillock which could smash the ship into pieces. Only a matter of minutes and the ship would be in the grip of death-trap. Verily a living danger: Something should be done immediately.

"Captain", shouted the mate at the top of his voice, terror-struck. Captain Albert Beato sat in his control room absorbed in studying a map that contained the route of the ship. The alarm cell of the mate broke his trance process. "What has led the boy to shout in such a way?", thought the captain, a bit annoyed. He left his chamber and rushed towards the deck. "What's the matter boy?", queried the Captain. Without uttering a word the mate handed him over the telescope and hinted at the direction of the whale. Surprised, the Captain took the telescope to his eyes and looked into the sea. He saw it. Tearing the bosom of the sea the whale was shooting like a dart. He looked further beyond. A great depression had been created at a distance; as a result an awful cyclone was ravaging the sea. It won't take a long time for the ship to be in its grip. The whale was probably dashing towards the shore driven by the terrible storm-blast. Looking minutely in the telescope Captain Beato could observe the calm water of the sea turning into turbulent currents under the impact of the gale. It seemed advancing towards the

shore. Huge masses of water bulged out into the sky and the horizon looked like a screen of mist. Perhaps a heavy shower of rain was pouring down along with the cyclone.

Heaving a deep sigh, Captain Beato looked at the sky. There were black patches of huge clouds rising from beneath the horizon. "Oh Lord! what should I do now?" asked the Captain to himself, his eyes giving out deep agony. "It may not be safe to let down the life boats and send the passengers ashore. The boats were only too frail to stand against the diabolical cyclone. Better if they stay in the ship", decided the Captain brooding a while.

"But, what would be the fate of the ship?" queried he to his soul in despair. The white whale is aiming at the ship. Before the gale gets the ship in its grip, they would be inside the belly of the whale. Or that the ship may crash into fragments tossed by the tail of the mountain-like Being."

Captain Beato could not bear to see the scene any more. Turning to the mate he spoke in a soft voice, "It's not the whale alone; a very dangarous cyclone is following it, by it the whale being driven towards us."

Beato gave him the telescope. The boy looked pale. He felt his blood was cooling down rapidly. Through the telescope he looked at the sea again. The white whale was approaching very fast and so did the storm blast following the sea-king. At many places he could observe sea water rising to great heights into the misty sky. Now he could feel the fate of a lone boat-man caught in the death-trap of a Norwagian Vortex. His cheeks sank. His hairs started greying.

Several times, witnessing the scene of horror, Captain Albert Beato felt tired. He was extremely unhappy at the turn of events. Not that he was worried for his own safety. It was his sacred duty to protect the passengers at any cost. But helplessly he was being exposed to the irrational forces of Nature. Never in his life he faced such a riddle. Time seemed to expand on. Minutes appeared like hours and days. How long to expand on. Minutes appeared like hours and days.

How long to wait for death? His head reeled. At his instance the alarm bell tolled.

In a loud voice, Captain Beato spoke, addressing his passengers, "A legendary whale is approaching the ship in quick pace; the ship would be too small for its mount's cavity. Following the whale, a diabolical cyclone is already close on us. No chance of survival. We may not live many minutes more. You are free now to do what ever you like during these last precious moments of your lives". Finishing these words, the Captain again heaved a deep sigh.

The ship came from France. Pondichery was its destination. After leaving Chandipore it had to anchore at Baruna Port. Some passengers had to get down there. The ship was to stay there for a brief spell. Nature put on an enchanted look at this port. Mahendragiri, a majestic mountain stood out in ancient glory on the shore. Sea waves washed its feet as if in love and reverence. From Baruna the ship would proceed to Madras by passing Kalinga Patna, Kakanada and Masulpatna which remained to the right of its route.

Most of the passengers were French. They were bound for Pondichery. A specially made bell had been brought from France to be fixed in a church at Pondichery. Besides some jewellery had also been brought for the church. Unloading the cargo at Pondichery the vessel would embark upon its voyage to France with some hone-bound French passengers.

A mad agony over-took the Captain. In rapid steps he descended down the deck and rushed into the ship. Before long the passengers gathered round him in unknown fear and bewilderment. Captain Beato felt, he had gone dumb. He was at a loss. Watching their plight he nodded his head in the negative. He saw the condition of the women passengers to be more heartrending than others. A certain lady, with a baby in her lap, came rushing towards the Captain. "Sir, I don't bother for my death. But you must promise me to save the life of this child by hook or by crook", spoke the mother, her eyes heavy with tears.

Captain Albert Beato saw : a sweet healthy baby, must be within its first year. The tiny blue eyes of the kid gazed at the face of its mother as if trying to make out something. Profusely, tears rolled down the cheeks of the lady. Beato was touched. A dormant tenderness that lay hidden in some unknown part of his being awoke, unfolding a fountain of love. Two drop-lets of tear appeared at the corners of his eyelids and rushed down his cheeks. His inner self burst into a sobbing in tune with the wailing of the mother—his lips shivered. How could he make such an impossible promise? Was ever a soul more helpless than his? Not a word he could coin to console the distressed lady.

A hue and cry had spread among the passengers of the ship. They felt, being rushed mercilessly towards Death, looking terrible with burning eyes and gaping mouth. It was too much for them to bear the thought. Some had, already started wailing in the company of the kith and kin. A few others, desperate as they were, were looking for means to save themselves. The irrational behaviours of many inmates showed as if a state of plague had been declared in the tiny world of their ship.

Time was giving the slip, like the burning wick of a rapidly melting candle. How long to wait for Death? Is it the most powerful one? If there is on Earth, an idea called hope, there must be a being greater in power that can vanquish Death. Where is God now? Patience would give in soon. Moments after all would be inside the belly of the whale. Hell with such a face.

All the inmates of the ship, with only one exception, had gone almost imbecile, goaded by fear and puzzling thought. He looked a strange person, sitting at a corner, apparently unperturbed by the wailing that rose from the ship and all that went on in rapid succession. It seemed, he was not bothered to save his life. Taking out a portrait from his bag he had fixed his gaze on it. Beato by-passed him several times in quick steps.

But he did not raise his look from portrait. A strange indifference : It seemed he was whispering something to the portrait

with a deep affectionate look, unaware of the beings around him or that a world existed outside himself and the portrait. What an exchange of love, at a moment, when the hound of Death was posing to pounce upon the entire ship? A strange fellow really he was, unconcerned with pain weary or death; nothing in the three worlds could shake him so long as he was in the company of the portrait.

That ship began to shake violently. Beato rushed to the deck again. An inmate of the ship stood there looking into the sea with the telescope. The Captain took the telescope from him and looked out to see the position of the whale and the storm. The whale had come very close. The burning eyes of the being drew his rapt attention. In them, he saw the exact match of the hell-fire that lay in his imagination whenever he had occasion to think of Satan and his Hell. How fierdich was the look! He saw the gates of the Hell opening before him whenever the whale opened its mouth a bit with its vast jaw and sharp pointed boulders of white teeth showing out, the terrible fate that lay ahead. "How hellish they look," he murmured to himself. He felt his heart was beating very fast. Handing over the instrument to the inmate Beato went down into the ship in rapid strides. He had seen the face of Death himself advancing with his fatal noose. Terror had crept into his blood. He felt it; only it had remained to feel the cool touch of its clutches, the first strike of its fangs.

Beato too, along with others, joined the wailing that rose from the ship and sank into it along with the wind. Only some time ago, what was vibrant with life had come to wear a ghostly look. Love and degenerated into suicidal frustration. What a sharp fall! Captain's vision was occupied with the faces of his wife and children. He won't see them any more. Without their knowledge he would be crushed into the belly of the whale; or else, he would go down into a watery grave at the ocean floor with some of his companions.

It was a flash of the moment that Beato remembered about the strange inmate. Was it a diabolical indifference? A sudden anxiety came over him to see the fellow. He rose to his feet. As Beato came near

the person he saw him uttering something to the portrait in a strange language which he could not make out. "May be he was looking at the pictures of his near and dear ones, thought captain Beato for a moment and was about to turn away from him, when some hidden instinct within impeeled him to have a look at the portrait. He bent his head to have a glance at the thing.

But as he looked into the portrait he shierked back in fear. It looked like a sketch of some terrible beings. Looking more intently he saw three deities sitting side by side. The left one was white, the middle one yellow and the right one was pitch black and the most terrible in look. His intuition suggested; the three colours were symbolic of the three most powerful forces of the colourful existence, finally absorbed and becoming one in the deep black, in harmony with the vast dark expanse that lay in the unknown beyond. The unknown beyond contained infinite beauty and infinite terror and so the Black Deity appeared to his eyes. How terrible were his sparkling round eyes: Beato compared them with the burning eyes of the whale. There were striking similarities, but he feel the round eyes of the deity were far more terrible than the eyes of the whale, dominated his thought.

"What are you doing, Sir?", queried the captain. As if waking from a deep trance, the man raised his head and looked the captain in his eyes. He was not weeping, yet drop-lets of tear were struggling to come out, to wet his unblemished cheeks. In a voice full of emotion he replied, "I am praying Lord Jagannath to shield us from this great disaster". Lord Jagannath: who was he? Captain Beato could not recall if he ever heard the name. "Well, Sir, "said the Captain in a tone of non-belief", who is he and where does he stay? What can He do to stop the whale and the storm? Will He come down from the sky or rise from beneath the ocean with a large number of whalers with adequate weaponry to kill the whale; and raise a range of tall mountains from the sea to shield the ship from the cyclone? Beato thought the man was immersed in fantasy, hoping against hope, which, though typical of his person,

matched the irrirical behaviours of many other inmates.

Strange enough, a smile dawned upon the lips of the man, spreading to his cheeks and eyes, giving out definite signs of hope.

"Lord Jagannath", he spoke in a tone of firm assurance "is capable of turning the Earth into sky and the sky into Earth. There is nothing in the three worlds that lay beyond his command. Even the irrational forces that act upon us from the unknown beyond, get toned up at His will. He is the most powerful and the Primordial Deity upon this Earth and other planets. We are unaware of His full Glory. He stands above all religious faiths. Verily, He is a living Deity. You call Him in distress and He responds. It all depends on you the quality of your faith and devotion. No matter how far you are from His Throne, an earnest prayer would reach Him in time. My conviction is that; He is the only Being who can save the ship from this diabolical death-trap if my distress call has reached His ears".

Beato looked at him in wonder and said, "Is your Deity so powerful?" Well, I promise, If Lord Jagannath would save the ship from the whale and the cyclone, whatever valuables lay in the chamber in front of us, would become His property", added captain Beato pointing to the treasures that the ship brought from France for the Pondichery Church.

Storm-fed, turbulent waves of the sea had started tossing the ship, may the wee toy of a ship. Passengers had gathered around Captain Beato to embrace death in a body. A strange silence had come over the ship, making audible to every one the thunder-roar of breaking water. The hour had come.

To have the last glimpse of the situation, Captain Beato hurried to the deck. What he saw now bewildered him; he could not believe his eyes. The whale was only a hundred yards away from the ship. How close it had come: But a stranger change had come over it. Its motion had stopped all of a sudden and there were no bellfires in its eyes; they looked vacant and dull. What could have happened to it? Captain Beato could not make out anything. On

close observation further, it seemed to him, the whale made efforts to push itself ahead but in vain. Then, before his eyes he saw it changing direction. The movement started again, gaining in speed rapidly, in a matter of moments. Beato felt, a mountain of weight that hung heavy on his head, had been lifted and thrown out into the depths of the sea. To his great relief he saw the whale vanishing into the horizon, and soon it was out of sight.

So long, his thought was absorbed in the whale. His hope for redemption seemed far fetched when he saw the condition of the ship. The storm-blast shook her so violently that every moment it appeared, she would overturn. The image of the black faced Deity flashed before his inner eyes. "Lord Jagannath, my dear Deity: Thy grace could drive away the mightiest whale, enable a ship load of souls to return from the gates of Hell; of what use it would be, if thou shat not save us from the disbolical cyclone?", spoke the inner voice of Captain Beato, in humble across the dark sky a series of terrible lightnings in rapid succession, and following them was heard the thunder noise of a dooms day down pour. For a few moments the darkness thrust upon by the heaviest clouds gave way, rendering the horrible shapes of fierce water all around minutely visible; the deafening roar of the hungry strom blast was drowned in the exploding thunder roar. In no time the thick screen of clouds split into two and drifted apart. The striking waves began taming to sober turbulence, the fury dispersing steadily.

The scene had come and disappeared like a nightmare. When the ship began to sail smooth on clam waters underneath the clear and bright sky, life in her miniature would, awake, as if from a deathtrance. It was as if their city was liberated from the curse of a plague.

Captain Albert Beato announced in a sernse and composed voice, "By Grace of kind Lord Jagannath the whale changed its direction and the storm blast spent its fury within twinkling of an eye; now that both of them are out of sight, the ship is rid of all danger. She would now sail in her scheduled route, I request all to offer

their gratitudes to the kind Lord who saved us."

When Beato reached the devotee, he still found him absorbed in prayers unaware of the train of events, his eyes full of tears of emotion. Beato embraced him to joy. When he looked at the picture of the black-faced Deity, he saw Him smiling. The fire of terror in His round-shaped eyes had vanished yielding place to an ehchanting smile. The terror that had darted from His eyes had hit the whale and the storm-blast and vanquished them. Now he is smiling. Beato was deeply moved. He felt Lord Jesus was smiling at him. Emotion overwhelming him, he burst into tears of ecstasy.

Pointing to the room before which he stood, Captain Albert Beato declared in the presence of all, "I am now bound by a vow, to give all the jewellery and articles contained therein to Lord Jagannath. I sincerely feel, this would be too small an offering to His Greatness in exchange for the kindness he has bestowed on us. However, I shall go personally, to present them to Him."

The ship gained in speed and dashed ahead. The blue water of the sea looked seene and beautiful. Stray sea-birds flow across the sky. When breaking of waves at a distance was audible, Beato know, they had reached the shores of Puri the township chosen by Lord Jagannath to dwell in. Captain Beato went to the deck and saw the approaching shore. To his view appered the top of a temple, with a wheel and a flag. He closed his focus on it which became more and more distinct. Captain Albert Beato bowed down his head in love, devotion and reverence to Lord Jagannath.

Among the articles and jewellery presented by Captain Albert Beato to Lord Jagannath a large bell is the most prominent. This bell which till now is kept in the temple of Lord Jagannath has become a thing of controversy. The Government of France made correspondences from time to time for return of this bell. But the temple authority has refused to comply the request on the ground that it is against sacred law to return a received gift. After attaining independence the Government of India also put

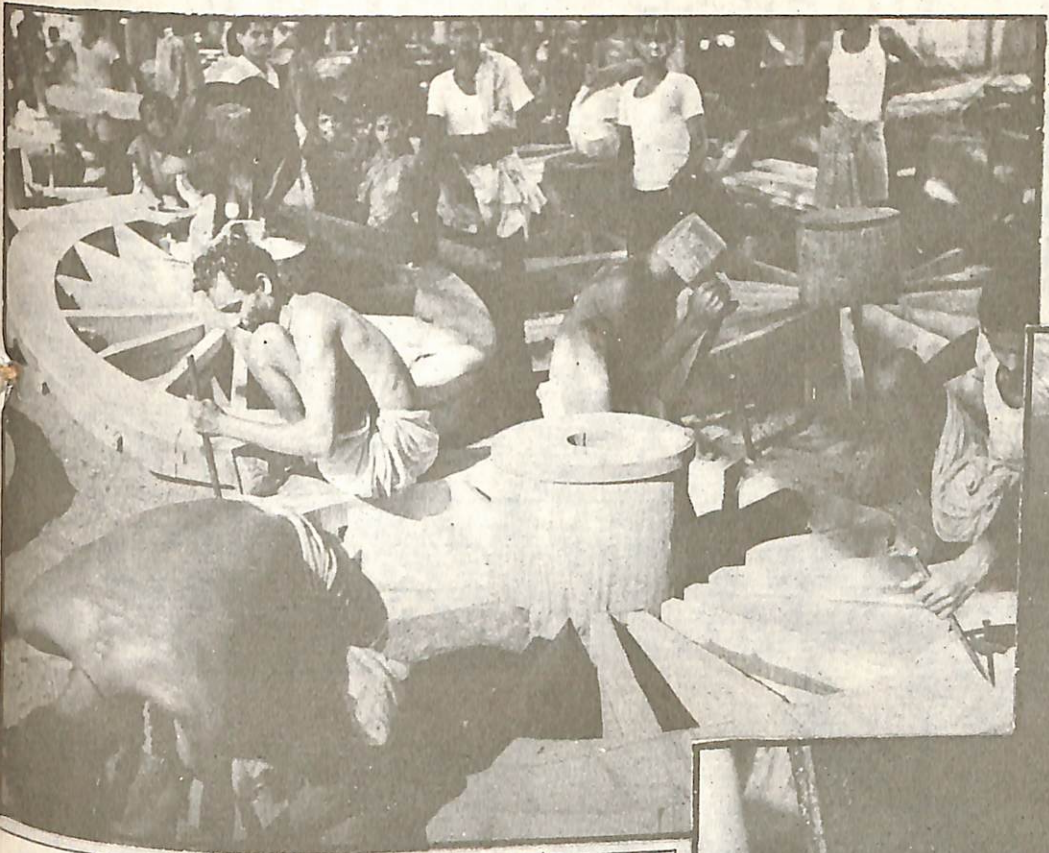
pressure on the temple authority to return this bell. But the temple authority not only refused this request but also did not allow it to be kept in a place of common visit. However, this bell has been kept in "Niladri Bihar", adjacent to the boundary of the main temple. On enquiry it has been learnt that the name of the person who prayed Lord Jagannath when the ship was

in perila is Kula Sekhar Saudagar. He used to reside near Pipli. On this bell can be seen inscribed in French the following statement : 'La liberatite' do pedro moudeli, court. Də la comp. Do France me nomme Pierre, JF Pese 900. A pondichery, 1946, Canta Betpsallamingen.

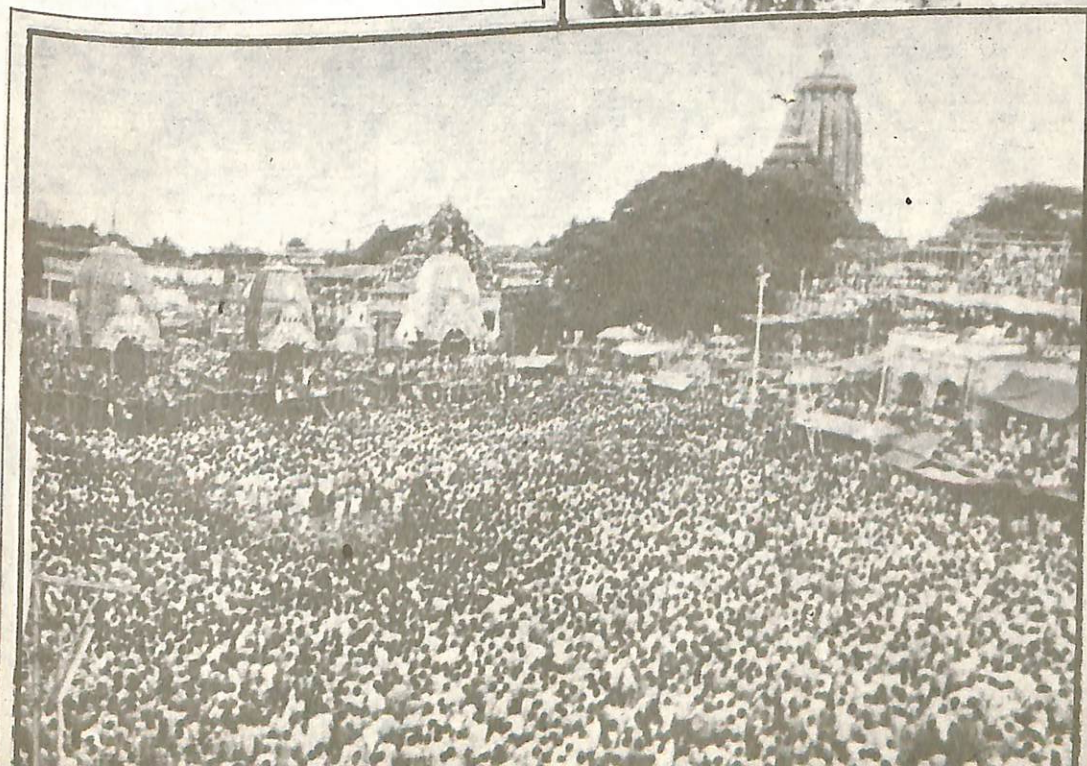
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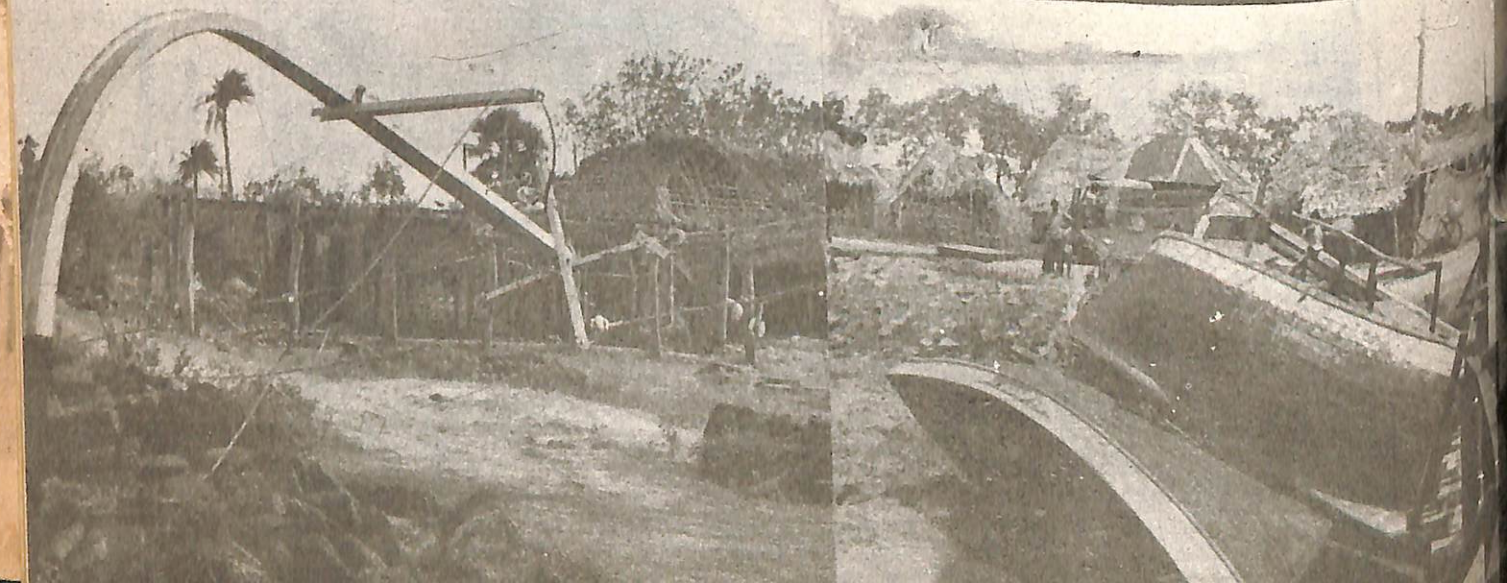


with the three chariots place on the Grand Road
The entire thorough-fare is now full of surging crowd



Pilgrims from far and near
lost in your divine play
Are uttering the holy names of the three
deities—Jagannath, Balabhadra and Subhadra.

CYCLONE HITS COASTAL ORISSA





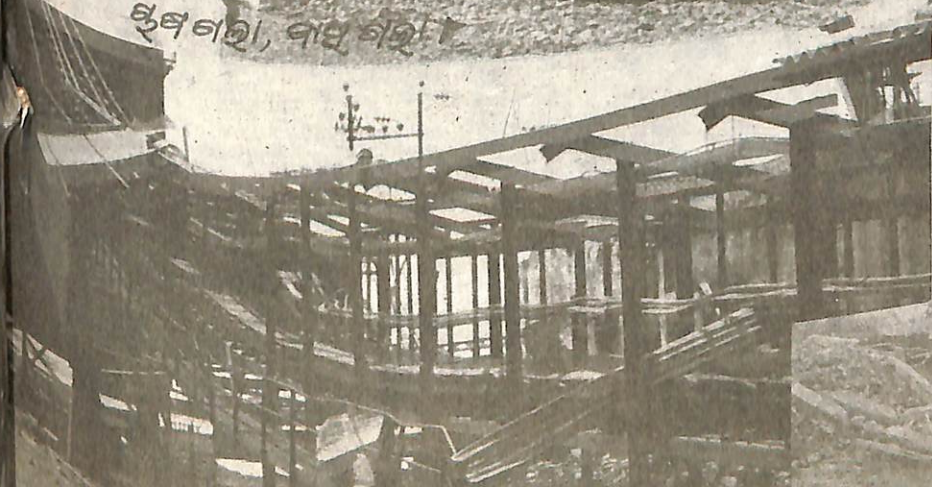
ଶୁଷ୍କକମ୍ପରକୁ ଲୁଣି ପାଣି



ଭୁବନେଶ୍ୱର ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ୍ ସହକରଣରୁ ଶୁଖି



ଆକାଶ ଘରକୁ ବିଦ୍ୟୁତ୍ ପକାଇ



ଶୁଷ୍କ ବାହା, ବାସ ବାହା



ସେହିଠି ଚଳଚ୍ଚିତ୍ର ସୁନୁସୁନା



ପ୍ରତିଷେଧକ ବ୍ୟବସ୍ଥା



ପୁନଃସଂଗଠନ

ନିଉନ୍ ସ୍ଥାନରେ ସହକାରୀଙ୍କର ପକ୍ଷରୁ
ଗୃହଣ ଯୋଗାଣ



Car Festival as seen by a French Physician Francois Bernier

Shri Khirod Prasad Mohanty

Away in the distant ages of the past, when British rule was undreamt of in India and when the Moghuls reigned many European travellers constantly visited India. On returning to Europe they wrote their travel narratives which afford on almost unexplored source of interesting facts of the wonder land, the 'Indies' as they called this country, Francois Bernier of France who was the physician to the Great Moghul (Emperor Shah Jahan) in his book 'History of late Revolution of the Dominions of the Great Moghuls' and in his letters had dealt with divers subjects regarding Hindustan. In his letter to Monsieur which was despatched from Chiras in Persia on 4th October 1667 we find the mention of Superstitions, strange customs and Doctrines of Indous or Gentiles of Hindustan. Regarding the world celebrity Puri 'Ratha Yatra' and strange propitiatory rites before 'Lord Jagannath' he wrote as follows—

In the town of Jagannath¹ situated on the gulf of Bengale and containing the famous temple of the idol of that name, a certain annual festival is held, which continues, if my memory fail not, for the space of eight or nine days. At this festival is collected an incredible concourse of people, as was the case anciently at the temple of Hammon, and as

happens at present in the city of Meca. The number, I am told some times exceeds one hundred and fifty thousand. A superb wooden machine is constructed, such as I have seen in several other parts of the Indies, with I know not how many grotesque figures, nearly resembling our monsters which we see depicted with two heads, being half man and half beast, gigantic and horrible heads, satyrs, apes and devils. This machine is set on fourteen or sixteen wheels like those of a gun-carriage, and drawn or pushed along by the united exertions of fifty or sixty persons. The idol, Jagannat, placed conspicuously in the middle, richly attired and gorgeously adorned is thus conveyed from one temple to another.

The first day on which this idol is formally exhibited in the temple, the crowd is so immense, and the press so violent, that some of the pilgrims fatigued and work out in consequence of their long journey one squeezed to death. The surrounding throng give them a thousand benedictions, and consider them highly favoured to die on such a holy occasion after travelling so great a distance. And while the chariot of hellish triumph pursues its solemn march persons are found (it is no fiction which I

1. In modern colloquial Juggernant (a corruption of Jagannatha, one of the forms of Krishna near the town of Puri in Orissa.

recount) so blindly credulous and so full of notions as to throw themselves upon the wheels, which pass over and crush to atoms the bodies of the wretched fanatics without exciting the horror or surprise of the spectators. No deed according to their estimation is so heroic or meritorious as this self-devotion: the victims believe that Jagannat will receive them as children, and recall them to life in a State of happiness and dignity.

The Brahmens encourage and promote these gross errors and superstitions to which they are indebted for their wealth and consequence. As persons attached and consecrated to important mysteries they are held in general veneration, and enriched by the alms of the people. So wicked and detestable are their tricks and impostures that I required the full and clear evidence of them—which I obtained—ere I could believe that they had recourse to similar expedients. These knaves select a beautiful maiden to become (as they say, and as they induce these silly, ignorant people to believe) the bride of Jagannat, who accompanies the God to the temple with all the pomp and ceremony which I have noticed, where she remains the whole night, having been made to believe that Jagannat will come and lie with her. She is commanded to inquire of the God if the

year will be fruitful, and what may be the processions, the festivals, the prayers and the alms which he requires in return for his bounty. In the night one of these impostors enters the temple through a small back door, enjoys the unsuspecting damsel, makes her believe whatever may be deemed necessary, and the following morning when on her way to another temple whither she is carried in that Trivmphal Chariot, by the side of Jagannat her spouse, she is desired by the Brahmens to state aloud to the people all she has heard from the laustful priest as if every word had preceeded from the mouth of Jagannat.

May it be based more on hearsay than on his personal experience as some people say, but this account demonstrates that in seventeenth century France there was no less keen awarness of travel literature relating to India.

1. Tavernier Travels in India, By Jean Baptiste Tavenier, Calcutta 1905.
2. Travels in the Mogul Empire A. D. 1656—1668 by Francois Bernier, S. Chand & Co.
3. Early English Travellers in India. by Ram Chandra Prasad, Motital Banarasidass.
4. European Travellers in India During 15th, 16th and 17th centuries by E. F. OATEN, Pustak Kendra, 1973.

Orissa State Archives, Bhubaneswar

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Preliminary scheme for construction of the temple of Konark

Dr. Nabin Kumar Sahu

The temple of Konarak stands as a symbol of national sentiment of the people of Orissa and represents the glory of human achievements in this State. Unfortunately the temple is fast decaying in spite of all attempts for its protection. Although it is conserved since less than a century it seems unable to withstand the onslaught of the weathering agencies. In consideration of its present condition it is doubtful whether it can survive a century more. It is therefore high time to take effective steps to reconstruct the monument in the line of the Somanath temple in Gujrat, the Mahavalipuram in Tamil Nadu or Hampi in Karnatak.

The Archaeological Survey, Government of India may not allow reconstruction of the Konarak temple because of legal and administrative difficulties. In that case it is to be considered for constructing a new temple of parallel magnitude at a suitable site at Chandrabhaga. If a new temple is to be constructed it is to be decided whether it would be a model or a true replica of the original monument. If it would be a model it may be constructed in chlorite stone top to bottom and for such a work there is no sanctity for place and location.

But it is worthwhile going for a true replica of the temple and in that case it may be constructed in the same gigantic scale with the same varieties of stones used in the original at a suitable site at Chandrabhaga. Three types of stone are known to have been used in the original temple—laterite,

Khandolite and chlorite. It is, however found that out of these three varieties, the Khandolite chosen for building the bulk of the monument is of poor quality and that is the main reason why the temple was fast eroded leading to its collapse. Unlike the Ganga architects, the builders of the Somavansi period were very particular in selecting the quality stone as that was the basic need for the longevity of a monument. This lesson is to be borne in mind when the new temple is to be constructed particularly on the sea-shore.

At present nothing remains of the Konarak temple excepting the Jagamohana 100 feet side and 100 feet high standing on an immense terrace to which are attached twelve big wheels each about ten feet high. The structure is designed as a chariot whirling along the firmament harnessed by seven richly caparisoned steeds. The Vimana is now non-existent above the Bada portion and the Nata Mandira, the detached structure in the front, has lost its superstructure.

The Ananta Basudeva temple at Bhubaneswar which is built by Chandrikadevi, sister of Narasimhadeva-I is contemporary of the Konarak temple. So the Vimana of the new Konarak temple may be patterned, more or less, after that of the Ananta Vasudeva. The eye copy made by Fergusson in 1837 of the then extant Vimana of Konarak may also be referred to in this regard. The original Vimana was 228 feet from the

ground and the Garbha griha was a square chamber 25 feet side.

The superstructure of the Nata Mandira may also be constructed after the roof of the Jagamohana of the Ananta Vasudeva. The Aruna pillar that was standing in between Nata Mandira and Jagamohana of the original temple is now kept in front of the Jagannath temple, Puri and so a replica of it can be fashioned and installed at the appropriate place.

The sculptors and the stone masons to be employed in the work of construction must be well versed in producing traditional Orissan style of art. So the Orissan sculptors and masons are to be given preference and they should undertake the work with inspired zeal and vision. A spirit of dedication and divine inspiration should come from within the artists and the architects to make the work a success.

To start with, a survey has to be made regarding feasibility of the project and to ascertain the following:—

- (a) Number of sculptors and masons of the traditional Orissan school to be available and their calibre and capacity to undertake this gigantic project.
- (b) Quality and quantity of building materials available and the locality where those are to be found.

Advisor, Archaeology

- (c) Modern scientific devices to be employed for exploiting the building materials and the chemical treatment and analysis to be made thereon.

The survey team should consist of one expert in stone craft, one geologist, one archaeologist and one Civil Engineer. The survey report to be placed before the Committee which will execute the project.

Before the building work be undertaken draftsmen be employed to prepare measured drawings, plans and elevations under the supervision of the Chief Architect for the entire temple structure and those have to be duly approved. Photoplates of the intricate panels, which are innumerable have also to be prepared.

An artist of ability should prepare the drawing of the entire temple complex and a miniature plaster model be cast. After that the building work would start for which two hundred sculptors and masons helped by three hundred skilled workers will be required at the minimum, besides a hoast of daily wage labourers. The entire work be supervised by ten Civil Engineers of the Executive Engineer rank and one of the rank of Superintending Engineer, the over all responsibility being that of a Chief Engineer.

The project may take seven to eight years time and the tentative cost may be estimated by the Chief Engineer, Roads and Buildings.



The Yoga Therapy in human health

Pandit Shri Ramakanta Kar

Health has its virtuous meaning. Health may be divinely defined as around development of each part of God made living idol. God as a Supreme Artist has given his final finishing of his art and has given gift of life in it. It is purely natural and naturally it keeps his care itself. "Sarira madyam Khaludharm Sadhanam." That means a sound physical health is the first and the most important requisite for the performance of one's duties in this life. Health is nothing but one of the fundamental human rights. Health has been spostly defined by a renowned Physician. Health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being, and not mere absence of disease or infirmity. Health provides us physical fitness, mental wisdom and social personality. It may be classified into three categories: Mental, Physical and Social.

Mental Health depends on mental peace, concentration and softness. Physical Health depends on mental health, body exercises, nutritious food, neat and cleanliness. Social health depends upon mental health, physical health, good deeds, co-curricular activities, social service, keeping the social customs and status healthy environment etc.

According to Yogacharya A. Sitharamaiah, "Like all true medicine, Yoga Therapy is as much of an art as it is a science." It is purely practical and full of technics. This Yogic technics keep security of the human

health. Scientifically it keeps our health and helps in human nervous system.

In our body there is a nervous system. It controls our experience, work and the movement of all parts of our body. Brain is its centre. All parts of our body are connected with the nerves. Mainly three cords: IDA, PINGALA and SUSHUMNA are functioning within the brain. All parts of our body are being organised and supervised by the brain through the nerves. Nervous system has been divided into two categories from the Vedic age (i) Kendriya Nadi Sansthanam (Central Nervous System) (ii) Parasariya Nadi Sansthanam (Pheripheral Nervous System). Some nerves have been created from the (spinal cord). It has been covered with three Sushumna Varnakala (Meninges of spinal cord. (1) Varasika (Durameter), (2) Nisharika (Arachnoid meter) (3) Chinanshuka (Piameter). They take care of the spinal cord). Specially Yoga therapy pervades its influence on spinal cord by which that becomes active and it helps us to store something in mind, to create activities in functioning of the nerves and yielding strength in all parts of our body. That awakes the conscience and makes man conscious.

This Yoga therapy was discovered by our Indian sages not only to ensure that actions do not produce reactions, but also to make sure that it washes away the residual effects of the past sins. As according to the

prevailing religious ideas, illness and diseases were regarded as punishment for the past sins with the result that cure was thought of, which was to be impossible with drugs. The diseases were being washed away by the ancient doctors through Yoga Therapy or drugs prepared by Yogic process. In the puranic age there were two famous physicians, named, CHARAKA, the father of medicine and SUSRUTA, the father of surgery in India. They were echoed through the corridors of time. Not only were they masters in laying down the code of medical ethics but also they were well-experienced in practice of Yoga and through in the Yogic ethics.

Yoga deals with investigation of truth regarding the body, mind, spirit and their functions through real practice, just as the

modern science primarily deals with investigation of truth regarding the nature and its working. So the Yoga Therapy is included in Yogic science. This science is not only an ordinary science but also it is a science of sciences. It not only keeps our health but also it shows the way of emancipation of life and real liberation.

Yoga Therapy keeps the human body, immune from the diseases and keeps the mind free from prejudices. It deals with the health of the human body, harmony of the human mind and clarity of the human intellect. This therapy can prevent and cure the diseases cunningly but they are even more valuable in supplying positive health in safe of heavy energy and well-being which no use of medicine can do.

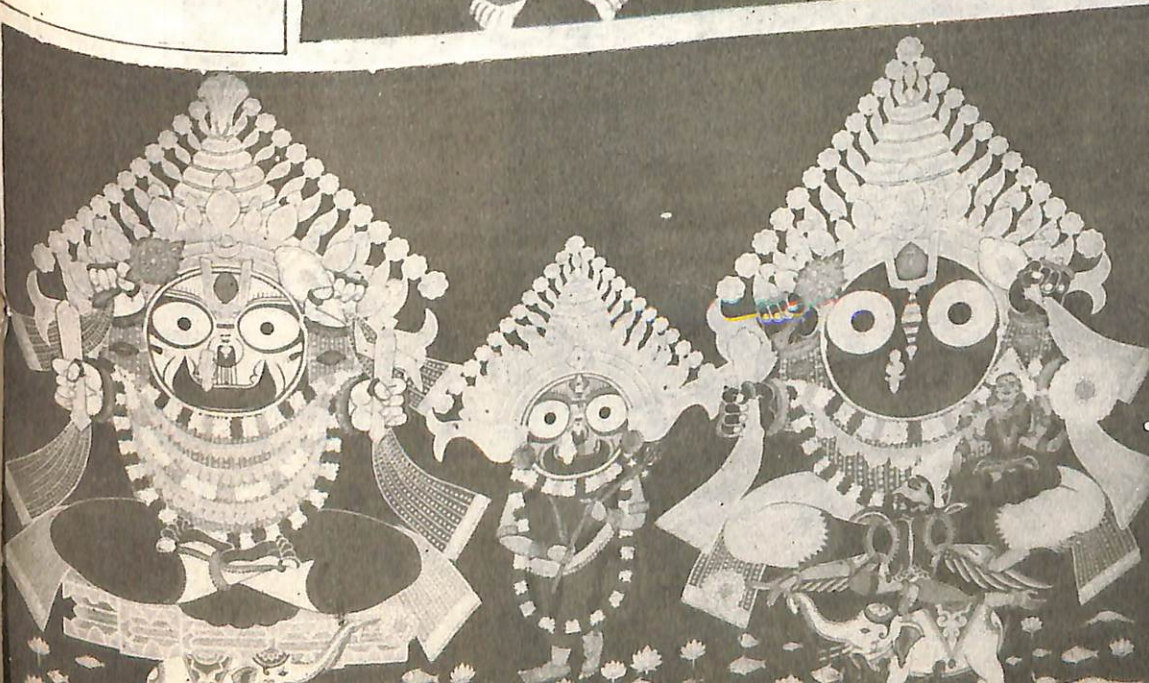
Classical Teacher,
Dasarathi Govt. High School,
At/P. O. Olasingh, Via—Jankia,
Dist. Puri—752020 (Orissa)

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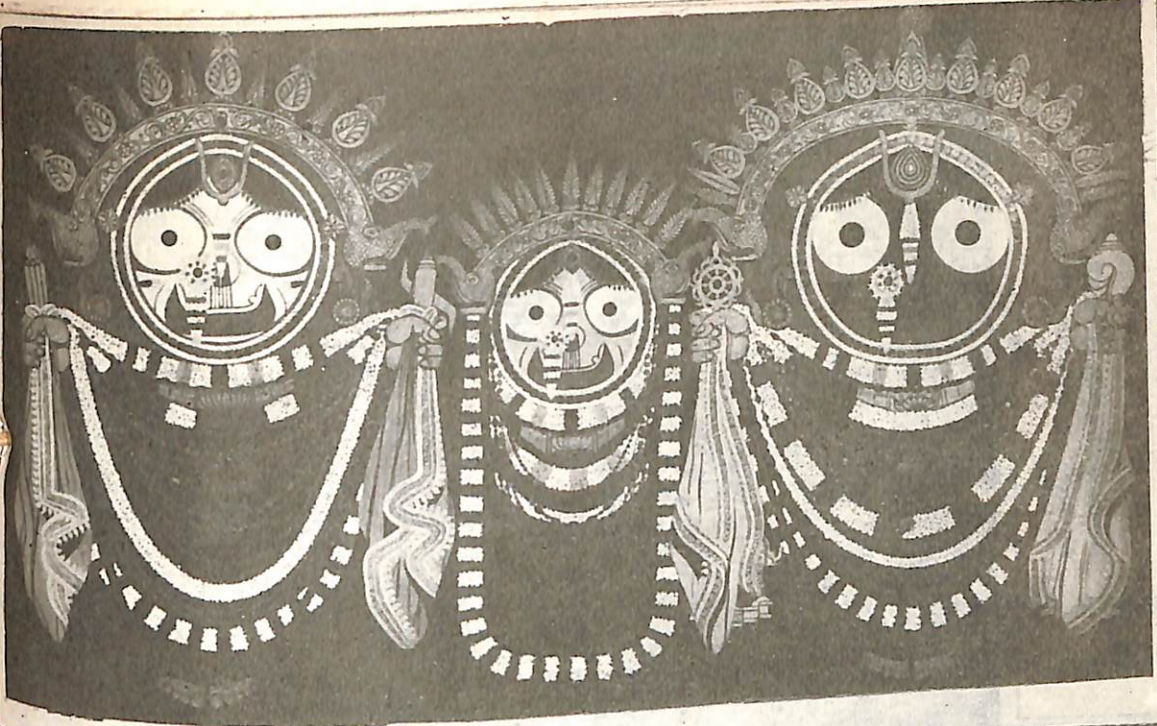
The moon looks like a blooming flower
 on the 14th of bright fortnight of Kartika
 Oh' mad mind ; rush in to have a
 glimpse of "Nagarjuna besha".



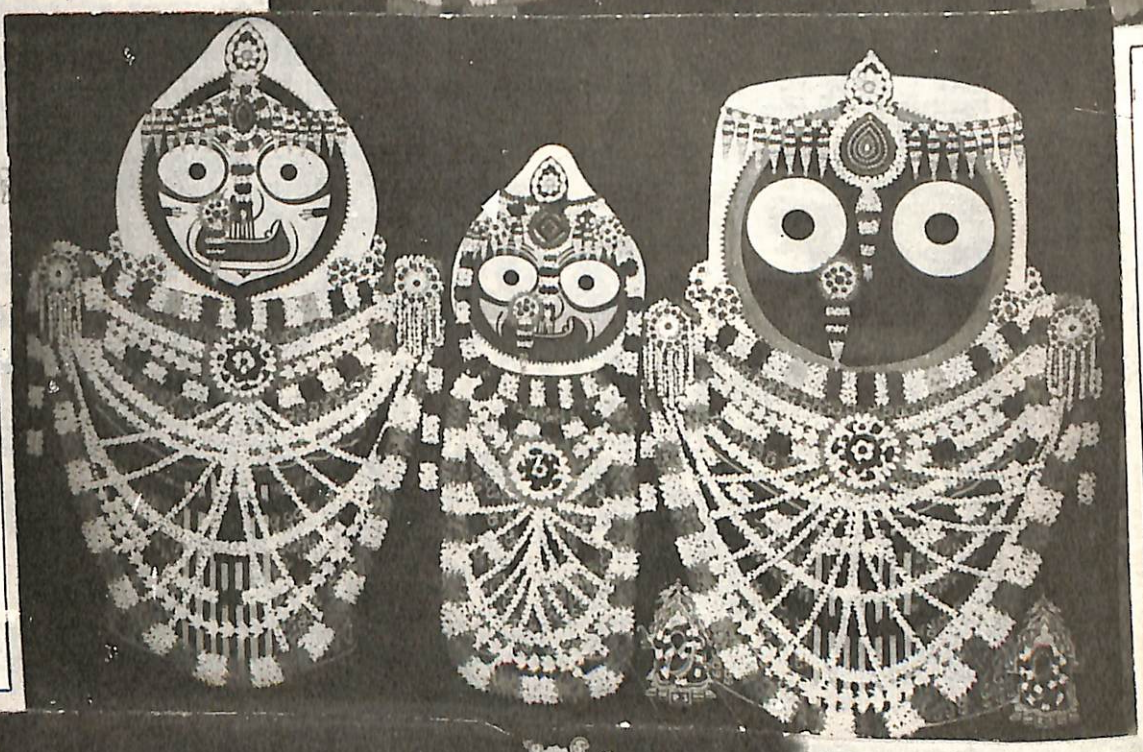
The crocodile that had attacked the elephant
 was finished with the wheel
 That symbolises the "Gaja Udharan besha"
 in which our Lord has attained himself to-day.



Glory to Lord Jagannath
 Glory to Lord Balabhadra
 Glory to Goddess Subhadra
 The devotee besmears the dust on his person from
 beneath the wheels of the car to have thy blessings.



The fatigue of the day has calmed down
The night has become peaceful
Robbed in the attire of "Badasinghar"
The Lord is awaiting the arrival of His deity friends.



Though gold is now going out of use
We adorn our Lord with "Suna Besha"



The spring makes its advent
in a stealthy manner
While the winter recedes
The lord is now in "Padma besha"
in the sanctorium of the great temple.



The universal culture of Orissa and Sri Jagannath, the Lord of Democracy

Dr. Jagannath Mohanty

Throughout ages Orissan Culture has acquired a unique place of its own in the multifaced and multidimensional civilization of India. Although Orissa has lost its political solidarity time and age and its various regions have formed integral parts of different Kingdoms and provinces, its cultural distinctive features have not changed significantly. It has been playing its important part in the grand panorama of Indian civilization. It has its own characteristics and achievements and the people have contributed to the growth of Indian civilization in many ways.

Unique features of Orissan Culture

In the past, Orissa was known as Kalinga, Utkal, Odra and Odisha and with that identity it has made its mark in arts, literature, industry, architecture and so on. Orissa is an ancient land and it has a great hoary heritage of its own. Its ancestry is traced out from pre-historic period including Palaeolithic to Neolithic times. By the 3rd century B. C. Orissa had marched from food-gathering stage to food-producing condition and Orissan people displayed their valour, courage and patriotism uncomparable with that of any other people at that time. The Kalinga War which was fought in 261 B. C. is regarded as one of the greatest events of all history that converted Chandashoka into Dharmashoka. It was an indicator of Orissa's power, prosperity and the maritime activities. Although Orissa's written history

began with Ashok (3rd century B. C.), Kharavela (1st century B. C.), one of the greatest monarchs, placed it on the political map of India in face of formidable challenges from different sides. In subsequent times great dynasties like Bhaumakaras, Somavams, Ganga and Suryavamsa rose to great powers and glory. The mighty kings ruled the land which flourished and achieved greatness in all fields.

Due to its geographical location, Orissa has been a meeting place of the North and South. It has been exposed to cultural influences from all sides through the ages. It welcomed many saints and savants like Mahavir, Shankaracharya, Ramanuja, Nanak and Sri Chaitanya. Its tradition of tolerance and compassion was unique and attracted religious leaders from all sects and creeds. As early as about 1st century B. C. Kharavela himself being an ardent Jaina, announced that he was a "Worshipper of all religions and maker of temples of all sects". Although a Buddhist, Subhankara Deva of the Bhaum dynasty patronised Brahmins and maintained Varnashrama system. The immortal emperor Narasimhadeva not only built the famous Black Pagoda or Sun Temple of Konark, but also he has been shown there worshipping Durga, Jagannath and Siva. Orissa itself has four centres of pilgrimage connected with Shakti cult, Sun-worship, Shaivism and Vaishnavism. These places are Jajpur, Konark, Bhubaneswar and Puri, respectively.

Sri Jagannath, Lord of Democracy

Lord Jagannath is the presiding deity not only of Puri or Orissa or India, but of the whole world. That is why, His name itself means "The Lord of the Universe" and He represents all sects and all creeds. He is equally regarded by all religions and appears before His devotees according to their faiths in the forms of Vishnu, Shiva, Buddha, Krishna, Rama and so on. Although He is the Lord spiritual, He helped and worked out the destiny of Orissa through the Lord temporal. The great Gajapatis of Orissa surrendered themselves to the lotus feet of the Lord and was playing the role of caretakers or trustees of their vast empires on His behalf. All the military triumphs over all their enemies, in spite of the Oriyas' heroic deeds, courage and skills, were attributed to the grace of the Lord. An immortal legend which has been depicted in painting, sculpture and literature of this land says: Lord Jagannath and His elder brother Balavadra, riding on black and white horses had gone ahead of the King Purusottam's army to take vengeance on the impudent Prince of Kanchi, a Southern Kingdom. This shows an active participation of the Lord in the national as well as personal affairs of the King, His moving representative.

Although orthodox and superstitious persons with narrow vested interests impose restrictions on entry of non-Hindus inside the temple, there is no distinction of caste or creed in taking Mahaprasad jointly. The author of the Riyazu's Salatin has aptly mentioned, "here, in Purusottama, Hindus, unlike their practice elsewhere, eat together with the Muslims and other races. All sorts of cooked food are sold in the bazar, and the Hindus or Muslims buy them and eat together and drink together". This is a very characteristic practice, unique of its kind in the history of any religion. Due to such universal appeal, Puri has attracted more of pilgrims than any other holy places like Dwarka, Badrika, Kamaksha, Brindavan, Varanasi and Kanya Kumari.

In the modern mechanical age of science and technology, the World-famous Car Festival at Puri demonstrates some peculiar practices which point out the spirit of self-

surrender, self-abnegation and self-effacement. As a traditional ritual, the Gajapati King during the time of Car Festival wields the symbolic golden broomstick like a scavenger. It means that before the Lord's chariot starts on His journey the King has to sweep clean the road and the King is one of the commoners in the eyes of the Lord.

Shree Jagannath is regarded God of democracy whose devotees come to see Him without distinction of caste or creed, haves and have-nots and without any discrimination between the highest and lowest at the ladder. Throughout the Car Festival the descendants of His earlier Savar devotees rub their shoulders with the Lord and treat Him as their most near and dear ones, very kith and kin without the slightest feeling of inferiority or difference. The spiritual Lord as All Merciful Redeemer of the Lowly (Patit Paban) comes down to the dusty broad-way (Badadanda) for sanctifying all irrespective of the high and low, rich and poor, saint and sinner.

The Lord of the Universe (Jagannath) who remains secluded from the millions of people barricaded by the cloud-tossing walls (Meghanad Pacheri) is now bequeathing showers of blessing to the down-trodden devotees. These devotees know nothing about spiritual knowledge, but have deep love at heart and for them, He takes the journey of great rigour and risks on the dusty roads. He takes the chance to see them all by His round eyes (Chaka Dola) and also gives chance to others to see His big round eyes. This is a relation of intimate love, affection and compassion between the God and the devotees, between the Redeemer of the Lowly and the down-trodden.

This has been very well described by the Kavisamrat Upendra Bhanjin in his immortal epic "Koti Brahmanda Sundari" and very adeptly rendered into English by the famous Oriya poet Mayadhar Mansingh. Only two stanzas of the epic say :

"Jagannth, the sovereign Lord of this
conch-city
Distributes blessedness to all castes

Without any discrimination;
Though to Aim at whose feet
Even Lord Shiva bows in reverence,
The epithet of any earthly "Sovereign"
is but metaphorical
People come in millions, from all quarters
To this holy city of Lord Jagannath,
As they have head of a good Master here.
Who is All-merciful and compassion, etc.
Redeeming the Lowly and all who are
in distress".

India's civilization is as variegated and
colourful as the full-bloomed lotus and
Orissan culture constitutes a few lovely
petals of the same. Lord Jagannath is the
presiding deity over that lotus with universal
love, sympathy and compassion out for all
human beings irrespective of high and low,
rich and poor, saint and sinner. That is
why, the Orissan Culture is not only
universal, but also it has been blessed with
a God who is the Lord of Democracy.

Qrs. No. 31/2, Type-V-A.
Unit-II, Bhubaneswar-751009.

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From the Editor

“Orissa Review” customarily is brought out as a special issue on the occasion of the Car Festival of Lord Jagannath.

To most persons, outside Orissa, Orissa is known as the land of the Lord Jagannath. He is synonymous with Orissa. The car festival is the most important of the thirteen festivals of Lord Jagannath at Puri. On this sacred and holiday “Orissa Review” pays its respects to Him and prays for happy and prosperous days for Orisse.

On June 3, 1982 Orissa shuttered a great calamity. The worst cyclone of the last century left a chain of disasters and deaths. More than 250 persons died and about more than 100 crores of property were lost. The Prime Minister of India made an unscheduled visit to Orissa within a week of the catastrophe and expressed her sympathy personally to the people of Orissa. She has appreciated the quick response of the State Government to the catastrophe.

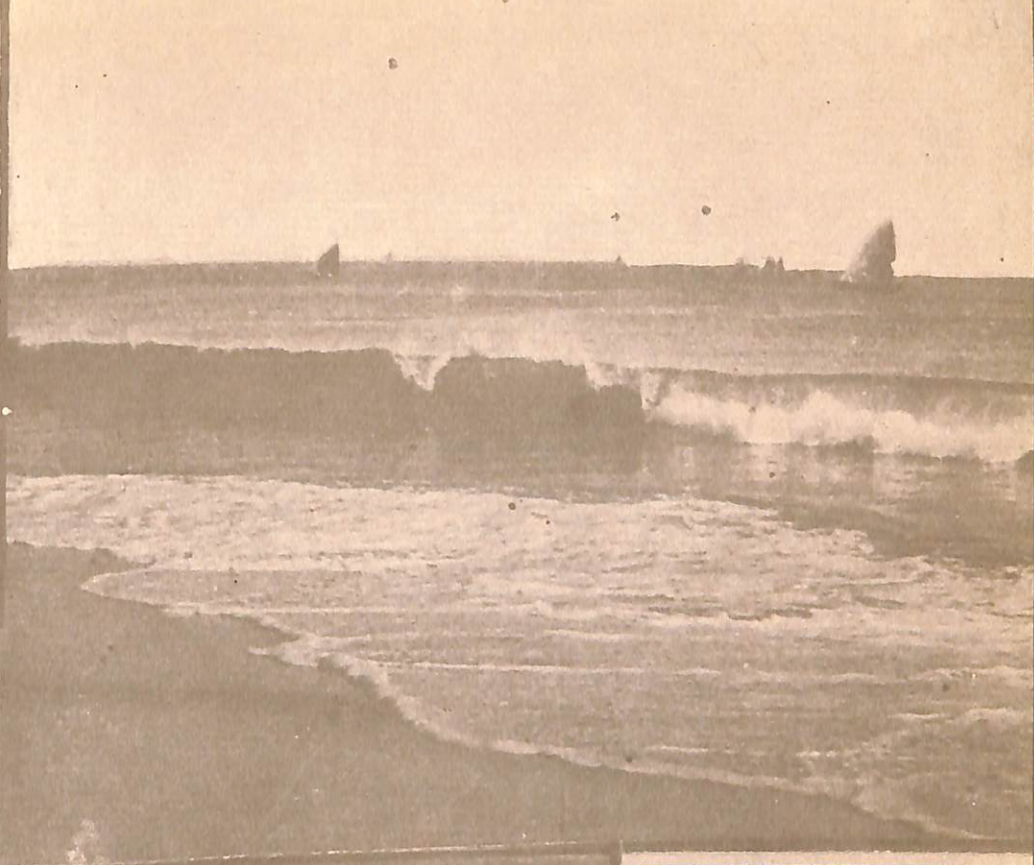
We present a series photographs depicting her historical visit in June, 1982.

A special feature of this issue is the different photographs and drawings of Lord Jagannath drawn by Sri Asutosh Sinha of Puri. Art is not just created. It has its foundations in devotion. “The last Supper” of Leonardo De Vinci is not a drawing of an assembly. Similarly these drawings of Lord Jagannath are not just creations of a brush, but the outcome of years of devotion and study. We sincerely hope and believe that this issue of “Orissa Review” will be treasured by all lovers of art and devotees of Divinity.

The article by Sri R. C. Mishra, “Jagannath and Orissa” explains the relation between Jagannath and the people of Orissa. Lord Jagannath is considered to be synonymous with the King and ruler of Orissa. He is worshipped not only as God but also as a ruler. These ideas have been brought out ably in this article to which we draw the attention of our readers.

Satyachand Chatterjee

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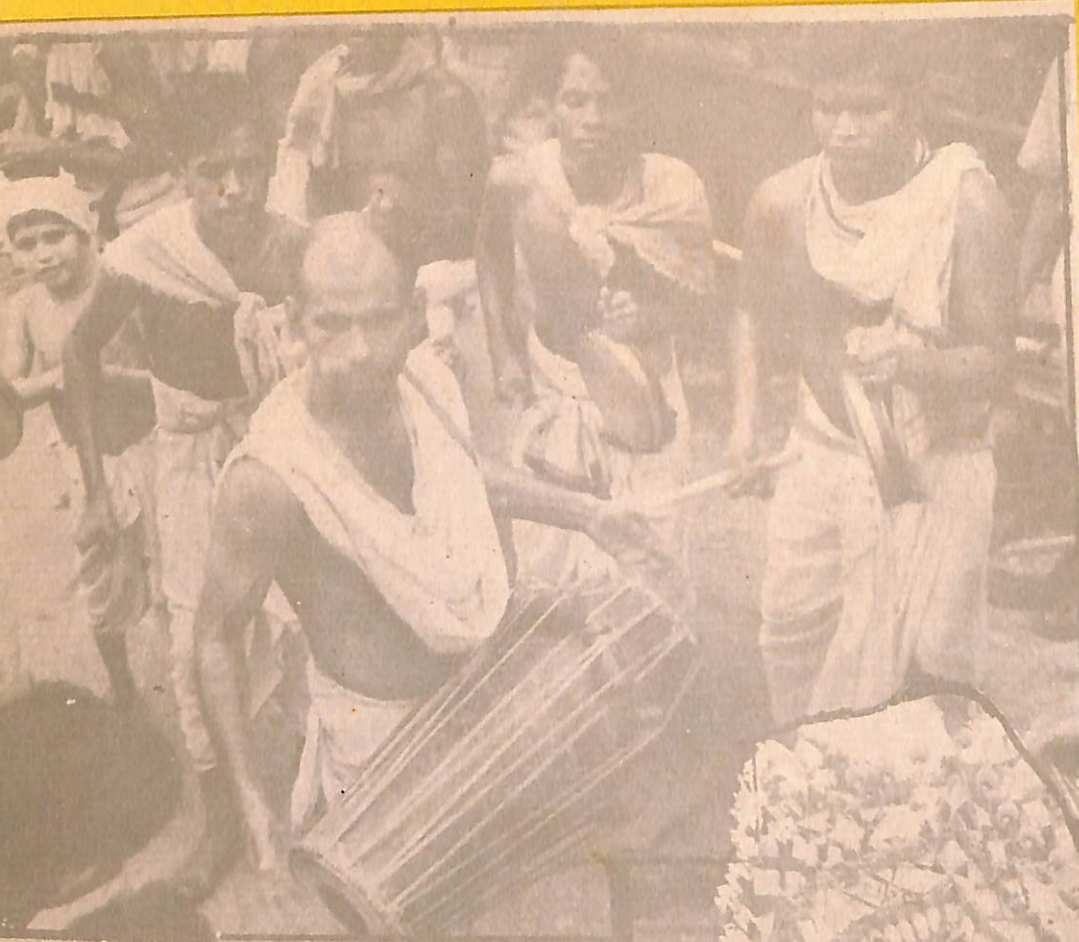


The golden sand beach looks on from
While the silvery clouds float
in the sky at t
Oh' sea; whose behest it is
That makes thy waves toss
about in hills

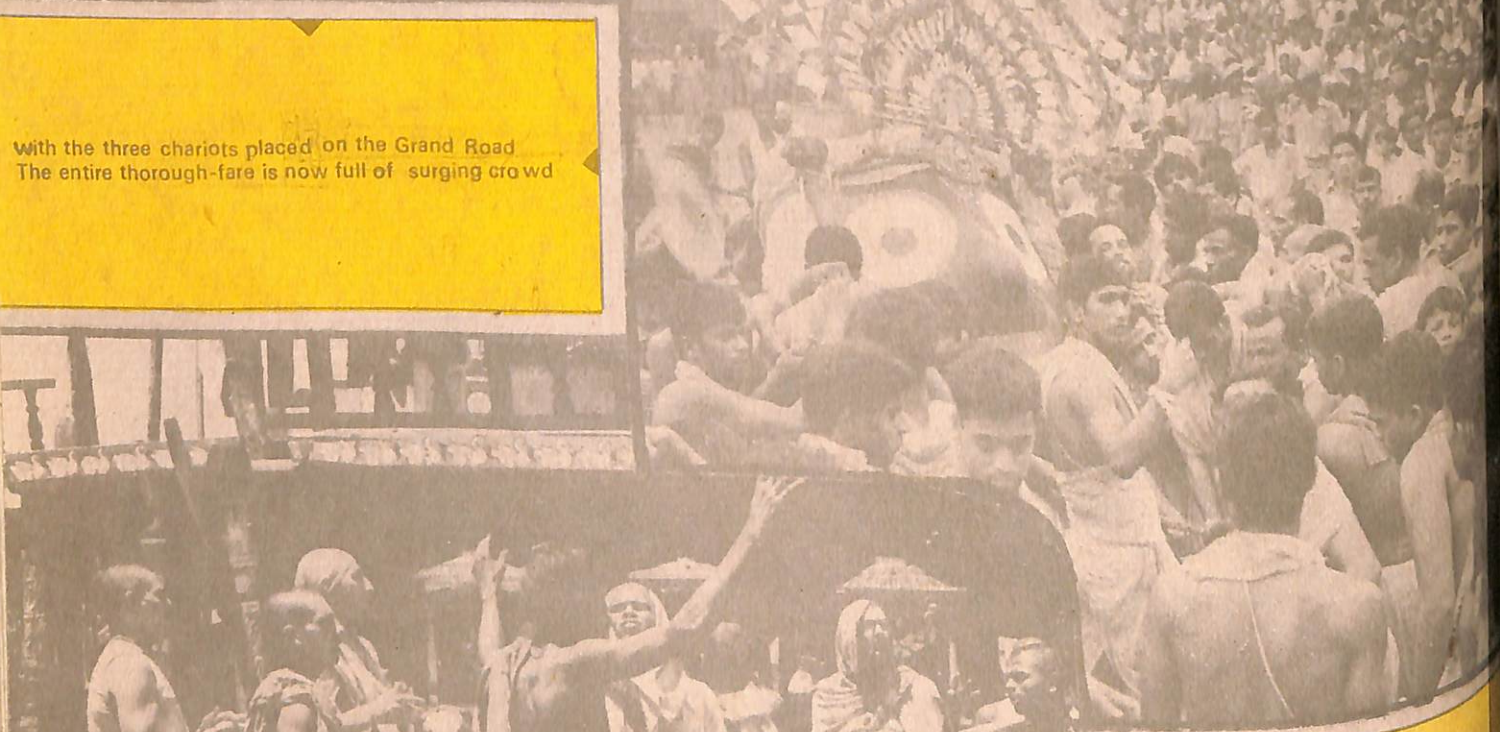


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With the three chariots placed on the Grand Road
The entire thorough-fare is now full of surging crowd



...ims from far and near
lost in your divine play
uttering the holy names of the three
...es—Jagannath, Balabhadra and Subhadra.