



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

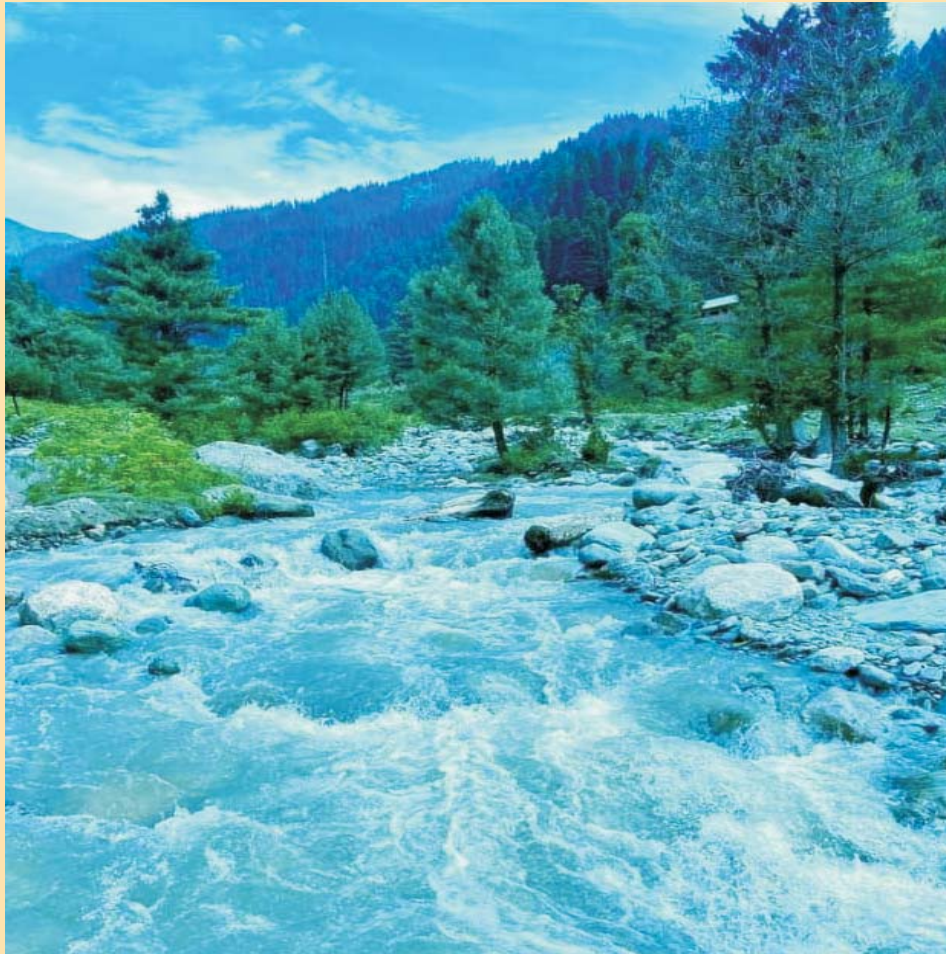
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प्रागाश  
پراگاش



Praagaash  
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



River Liddar at Pahalgam  
Photo : Raja Naveed Anjum Usmani

ॐ नमामि त्वां शारदा देवीं, महाभार्गीं भगवतीं काश्मीर पुरवासिनीं  
विद्या दायिनीं रक्ष माम् रक्ष माम् । नमामि त्वाम् ।

वर्ष ५ : अंक ११ ~ नवंबर २०२० Vol 5 : No. 11 ~ November 2020

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## Editorial

- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

We are proud to be Kashmiris and to have a mother tongue which is rich in prose and poetry. Writers of repute within the valley and outside contribute to this language with their compositions. We have magazines in this language and programmes broadcast and telecast from various stations of All India Radio, private radio stations, Doordarshan and other TV channels.



There is a lot of old literature available in Sharada script. Kashmiri Pandits have their horoscopes in Sharada. Plethora of Hindu scriptures as also other ancient material is available in that script. Those who want to study the ancient literature and decipher what has not been done till now, therefore, need to learn this script. Some voluntary organisations including Bangalore based Core Sharada Team are doing a good job in teaching this script to the aspirants. For practical reasons it will go a long way in enriching the Kashmiri language.

We have recently lost another noted writer Mohd. Ramzan Mishal Sultanpuri. He was a writer and a poet of repute. His contribution in prose is particularly noteworthy. We offer our condolences to the bereaved family. His passing away is a great loss to Kashmiri literature.

We have enlarged the Praagaash Supplement of May 2020 on Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul 'Premi' and are re-issuing the same on 2nd November 2020, the 96th Birthday of the Poet-Scholar.



Inspiration : Late Shri J.N.Kachroo ~ Guide & Consulting Editor : Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' ~ Editor : M.K.Raina ~ Overseas Coordinator : Dr. Zarka Batul, London  
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واخ - لال دد

پطنوچ سون دث ٲاؤون مطن  
 لوب بوبھئ بولن ج्ञانوکئ گت |  
 ٲاؤٹئ ٲاؤٹئ نرنن تم کتت وطن  
 تروک ائ مالئ ٲوخر ٲورئ کڈ ٲٲ | |

شروخ - شوخ نور-ؤد-دین ولی

کندو راث خوؤوخ ج्ञلس  
 اؤللس وئٲٲ وؤؤ کائ |  
 ٲٲٲ دنئئهس رءجؤاللس  
 ٲوٲ ج्ञلس هو ٲاؤٹئ آئ ||  
 جؤمینس ٲل بؤوئ کمس تئ آللس  
 نئئ کؤٲٲ آلؤؤئ ٲؤرئ گائ || |

ٲنؤئ سن دتٲٲ تمٲاؤون ملن  
 لوٲه بوؤجئ بوون گئائئو گت  
 ٲٲٲٲٲ ٲٲٲٲٲ نرنن تم کتت وٹن  
 تزک اے مالہ چؤکھ ٲورئ کڈ ٲٲٲ

کندو راتٲٲ کھوؤؤکھ زلس  
 اؤلس کتتٲ گؤه کائ  
 ٲٲٲ دنئئهس رکھ زالس  
 ٲوٲ زلس هو ٲٲٲٲٲ آئ  
 زمینس ٲٲٲ بوو کمس ٲٲٲ آللس  
 نئئ کؤٲٲ آلؤؤئ زؤهرئ گائ

## Society - Prof. G.H.Lone Psychological Needs of a Child

**T**he world of today that we live in, is fast changing since long. It is the age of Globalisation and Liberalisation. The world has shrunk into a Global Village. The Globalization and Liberalisation and the policies of the world and our Government have made our lives more and more complex and therefore, people face more and more challenges. People are forced to toil hard round the clock to meet these challenges. Under these circumstances, it is need of the hour to take necessary steps to develop the children to meet the challenges ahead of them. It is a well established truth that we are committed to the welfare and development of our children.



Plato, one of the great and famous Greek Philosopher formulated the first systematic theory of how children should be educated as future citizens of his dream Ideal state. He expressed his thoughts about the child development and training. From his observations, he concluded that children are born with different types of abilities and therefore, each child should be guided into that type

of service for which his particular aptitudes are best suited.

However, it is a glaring fact that in a developing state like India, both rural and urban population live below the poverty line. The Child bringing up is very tough in such a way that its potentialities



are fully flourished and developed. The rich class that constitutes a minor segment of population brought up their children in autocratic way. But the major portion of population struggle hard to meet the demands of the children. The Parents have very high expectations of their children without knowing that children need constant attention to come up according to the expectations of the cultural and social life of the society. Parents and elder people in rural and urban societies leave their homes very early in the morning towards the fields or to go for the work on daily wage basis and return home only in the evening. Under such circumstances, they're unable to take care of the children or to guide them properly.

Childhood is such a stage when the

personality and the basic abilities of a child starts to develop and take its shape.

Sigmund Freud, a well known Psychologist who is also known as the father of Psychoanalysis says that the childhood period is most crucial in the life of the individual. According to him, the development of the child passed through various stages i.e. oral stage, anal stage, genital stage and phallic stage. In these stages, the needs of the child aren't fulfilled satisfactorily, the dissatisfaction remains in the unconscious called fixations which may result in inadequate development of motivational system in the child and in turn affect the personality growth. It is the parents, mothers in particular who can prevent such fixations from taking place and can prevent maladjustment in the childhood as well as in later stages of life.

Alfred Adler, another famous Psychologist is of the view that every new born baby will have infantile weakness and helplessness which result in development of inferiority feelings. Although one is aware of his or her comparative inferiority, he or she possesses an inherent urge to grow, to dominate and to be superior, which needs utmost support and encouragement from parents. Failure to develop these qualities may result in neurotic disorders and maladjustment. Like Freud, Adler also stresses the family situations and the early years of life as the critical factors in the development of the child's social relationship with parents and siblings as important. It is very important for the



parents neither to over pamper nor to reject the child. A pampered child cannot develop confidence in himself, expect too much from others and attempt to dominate others just as he dominates his mother. Rejected children become insecure, anxious or in some instances hostile and rebellious. Hence, the role of parents to provide a balanced care and attention is quite essential to avoid further disastrous consequences.

In changing world order, the Indian children face more miseries than hopes and confidence. They are put into constant anxieties and uncertainties. 20th century was the challenging age and the present century appears to be much more challenging. The rapid development of science and technology after the world war II has thoroughly disrupted and changed the personal life of the individual and also the life of nations.

Today, we see the population explosion exerting pressure on the production of food and other substances. Over population is causing severe problems in fields of food, housing,

schooling, employment and other related problems. Children belonging to poor families are the victims to a great extent. Poverty deprives such children of love and affection, warmth, care, low self-confidence, feeling of inferiority complex and alienation, unconcerned over every day matter, depression, etc. There is not even a little chance for developing creative ability in these children. The children from slum areas and pathogenic families are highly prone to involve in delinquency and anti-social activities like pick pocketing, chain snatching, theft, prostitution, burglary etc. Intake capacity in schools doesn't allow for the admissions to the children belonging to the below poverty line category. Admissions in government schools have led to more and more dropouts from schools. These dropouts are used as child labourers. Child Labour has drawn the attention of the countries all over the world. Govt. of India has taken a number of steps to prevent child labour. Many programmes like ICDS include many attractive schemes like free education, mid-day meals, nutrition programmes, immunization programmes, etc. but the rapid increase in population has made all these and such other programmes inadequate.

Children in India today face another problem of differential treatment at the hands of parents on the basis of sex. Girls are more neglected, she is an unwanted child. The girl child is denied good education. She is

forced to toil at home while assisting her mother in household activities. This kind of treatment and discrimination make the female children insecure. Girl child is also deprived of love, warmth, encouragement etc. We can arrest this kind of phenomenon by adopting a small family norm. By keeping one or two issues, males or females, this will enable the children to get equal treatment. India is fast heading towards becoming number one country in the world with regard to her population. We must take necessary steps in bringing forward the polished brains, the children who can compete with the children of other countries, whatever the field is, whether it may be the field of science and technology, education, sports, medicine, mental health etc.

Let's join the hands to provide every kind of support viz physical, psychological, social, economical, cultural etc. so as to develop our children to meet the challenges ahead of them.

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## नालु दिवान लूसस हब्बु खोतून



नाले दिवाल लूसस  
हेबे खोतून

नालु दिवान लूसस वनन  
तस ति कनन गव ना वेसी  
दमु दमय कल छम गनन  
अमि गमय आयस बॅसी  
हनि हने छुम माज़ छनन  
तस ति कनन गव ना वेसी  
ग्राय वॅरुनम यनु यावुनन  
तनु प्यवान छस वॅस्य वॅसी  
चूरि चोलुम वोन्य कति अनन  
तस ति कनन गव ना वेसी  
लॅज फुलय गुलि यासमन  
द्रायि आशक कम हावॅसी  
मुशिक ह्यवान छी गुलशनन  
तस ति कनन गव ना वेसी  
हब्बु खोतून च़जायि वनन  
वनु कॉत्याह ज़ालन पॅसी  
अज़लु लॉनिस कॅह छुनु बनन  
तस ति कनन गव ना वेसी

नाले दिवाल लूसस वुन  
तस ते कन्न गुना विसी

दमे दै कल च़म गन्न  
अमे गै आस बी  
हेने हेने च़म मार च़मन्न  
तस ते कन्न गुना विसी

क़राे क़रुम येने यावुन  
तेने पुरान च़स वुसुस  
ठुठु ठुठु वुठु क़े अन्न  
तस ते कन्न गुना विसी

लु च़हे क़े यस्मन  
वुठुये عاشक क़े हावुसी  
मुशक हेवुन च़े क़शन्न  
तस ते कन्न गुना विसी

हेबे खोतून ठ़जेयि वुन  
वुठु क़ातिया ज़ालन च़ेसि  
अज़ले लूसस क़ेने च़ेने  
तस ते कन्न गुना विसी

मातृभूमि - डा. अग्निशेखर

## कश्मीर की उत्पत्ति का आख्यान



कहते हैं प्रागैतिहासिक काल में कश्मीर एक विशाल सरोवर हुआ करता था। सतीसर के नाम से प्रसिद्ध यह सरोवर कल्प के प्रारम्भ से छह मन्वन्तरों तक अस्तित्व में रहा।

सातवें मन्वन्तर में यह छह योजन लंबी और तीन योजन चौड़ी झील कैसे कश्मीर बनी, इसकी एक रोचक कथा है 'नीलमतपुराण' में। संवाद शैली में लिखे गये इस स्थानीय पुराण में जनमेजय के पूछने पर वेद व्यास के शिष्य वैशम्पायन इसका सविस्तार बखान करते हैं और यह भी सूचित करते हैं कि पूर्वकाल में भी यही प्रश्न कश्मीर नरेश गोनन्द ने बृहदश्व से पूछा था।

सतीसर के तटबंधों पर, और संभवतः पहाड़ों और वनों में भी, ऋषि कश्यप की पत्नी कद्रू और दिति की संतानें नाग और दैत्य रहते थे। 'नीलमतपुराण' (श्लोक 83) में हमें सतीसर के समीपवर्ती देशों में दारवाभिसार (पाक अधिकृत वर्तमान मुजफ्फराबाद सहित जम्मू और पुँछ के प्रदेश अथवा जेहलम और चिनाब का मध्यवर्ती भू-भाग), अंतर्गिरि (कोई निकटस्थ पर्वतीय मध्य भाग) और बहिर्गिरि (संभवतः वर्तमान, बानिहाल, किश्तवाड़ आदि) के निवासियों तथा गांधार, जुहुण्डर, शक, खश,

तंगण, माण्डव तथा मद्र जातियों का उल्लेख मिलता है।

इस सतीसर के तटवर्ती किसी अंचल में दैत्यराज संग्रह के पुत्र जलोद्भव ने ब्रह्मा की घोर तपस्या के फलस्वरूप उनसे माया तथा अतुलनीय पराक्रम सहित (सतीसर के) जल में अमरत्व का वरदान पाया था।

इस दैवी वरदान की प्राप्ति के मद में चूर जलोद्भव ने सतीदेश की उसी नाग जाति पर अकल्पनीय अत्याचार करने शुरू किए जिसने इन्द्र के हाथों उसके पिता दैत्यराज संग्रह की हत्या के बाद शैशवकाल से उसका पालन किया था।

आख्यान के अनुसार एकबार सतीसर के किनारे इन्द्र को पौलोमी (शची) के साथ क्रीडा करते देख दैत्यराज संग्रह इतना कामातुर हुआ कि उसका वीर्य जलाशय में गिरा। वह शची का अपहरण करने की सोचने लगा। दैत्यराज संग्रहइन्द्र के साथ वर्ष भर युद्ध करने के बाद मारा गया। जलाशय में हुए उसके वीर्यपात से एक शिशु का जन्म हुआ जिसे दयावश नागों ने पाल पोसकर बड़ा किया। जल में उत्पन्न होने से यह शिशु दैत्य जलोद्भव कहलाया।



जलोद्भव के अत्याचारों से त्रस्त सतीदेश की नाग जाति तथा समीपवर्ती प्रदेशों के तमाम निवासी (मानवों सहित) असहाय और असुरक्षित जीने लगे। जलोद्भव दारवाभिसार, गान्धार, जुहुण्डर, शक, खश, तंगण, माण्डव आदि जनजातियों का भक्षण करने लगा। उस दुष्ट के हाथों मारे जाने के भय से लोग अपने अपने देश छोड़कर भाग खड़े हुए।

ऐसे में सतीदेश के नागराज नील ने तीर्थयात्रा पर निकले अपने पिता ऋषि कश्यप के पास कनखल (हरद्वार) जाकर उन्हें जलोद्भव के अत्याचारों से अवगत कराया।

ऋषि कश्यप की प्रार्थना पर ब्रह्मा, वासुदेव, ईश्वर, इन्द्र और 'महाबुद्धिमान अनन्त' सहित सभी देवी देवता अपने वाहनों पर सवार होकर सतीसर में केशव द्वारा जलोद्भव के वध को देखने के लिए नौबन्धन (कश्मीर का वो पर्वत जहाँ अतीत में जलप्रलय के समय मनु ने अपनी नाव बाँधी थी। वर्तमान में यह पर्वत विष्णुपाद कौसरनाग के किनारे खड़ा पर्वत) चले आए।

नौबन्धन शिखर पर रुद्र, दक्षिण शिखर पर हरि, उत्तरी शिखर पर ब्रह्मा ने पड़ाव डाला। सतीसर की अपार जलराशि में मायावी जलोद्भव को मारने के उद्देश्य से विष्णु ने अनन्त को अपने लाडल अर्थात् हल से हिमालय (वर्तमान खादनयार, बारामुला के

पास) को काटकर सरोवर को जलविहीन करने को कहा।

हिमालय की प्राचीर को काटकर सतीसर की जलराशि घाटी से बाहर बह निकली। जलोद्भव ने घबराकर मायावी शक्ति से पूरे सतीदेश को घुप्प अंधेरे में डुबो दिया। तब शिव ने एक हाथ में चंद्रमा और दूसरे हाथ में सूर्य लेकर वहाँ प्रकाश की सृष्टि की।

आख्यान के मुताबिक ब्रह्मलोक से वहाँ सतीदेश आए देवी देवता (श्लोक 148-169) यह युद्ध देखते रहे। वर्षभर चले युद्ध के बाद अंत में विष्णु ने सुदर्शन चक्र से जलोद्भव का शिरच्छेद किया।

जिस स्थान पर दैत्य जलोद्भव का सिर कटकर गिरा था, (वर्तमान हारीपर्वत, श्रीनगर) वहीं यानी उसी सिर पर हरि ने अपना स्थान बनाया जहाँ शिव भी उनके निकट अवस्थित हुए।

### ॥ हारीपर्वत का प्रसंग ॥

किंवदंती यह भी है कि इस युद्ध के दौरान देवी दुर्गा ने शारिका (सारिका कश्मीरी में हारी अर्थात् मैना) का रूप धारण कर चोंच में मेरु पर्वत से कंकर लाए और जलोद्भव पर फेंके। उन कंकरों ने पर्वत का रूप ले लिया। पर्वत के नीचे दबे दैत्य जलोद्भव के कटे सिर और धड़ के ऊपर स्वयं देवी ने अपना पीठ बनाया जो

आज प्रद्युम्नपीठ के नाम से प्रसिद्ध हैं।

यह भी संभव है जलोद्भव वर्तमान प्रद्युम्नपीठ पर ही देवी द्वारा मारा गया हो और देवी ने इस स्थान पर वास किया। तभी यह स्थान 'श्रीचक्र शिला' होने के महात्म्य सहित अन्य उपाख्यानों के कारण अत्यंत पवित्र माना जाता है।

प्रसंगवश यहाँ यह भी बताना चाहिए कि मगध नरेश महाराज अशोक ने अपने कश्मीर प्रवास के दौरान इसी श्रीचक्र शिलाधारी प्रद्युम्नपीठ शारिका-पर्वत के दामन में श्रीनगरी का निर्माण किया था। यही श्रीनगरी आजका श्रीनगर है जिसके आधे भू-भाग (डाउन-टाउन) का नाम अब बदलकर 'शहर-ए-खास' कर दिया गया। इस आख्यान से जुड़े होने के कारण यह पर्वत 'हारीपर्वत' (शारिका पर्वत, अब नया नाम 'कोह-ए-मारान' रखा गया है) कहलाता है।

इस तरह से देखा जाए तो श्रीनगर स्थित हारीपर्वत तत्कालीन सतीसर का केंद्रस्थल जान पड़ता है। लेकिन आख्यान से इतर भू-वैज्ञानिक दृष्टि से विचार करें तो सतीसर की संभावित गहराई देखते हुए यह पर्वत (भूतल से 606 फीट) पहले उसके जल में डूबा रहा होगा।

॥ पुनर्वास और पुनर्निर्माण॥

आख्यान आगे सूचित करता है कि सतीसर के

जल की निकासी और जलोद्भव के मारे जाने पर नई भूमि पर विष्णु, शंकर और ब्रह्मा ने इस पुण्यभूमि को अपना निवास बनाया। तमाम देवी देवताओं ने अपने आश्रम और तीर्थस्थान बनाए। देखा देखी में गन्धर्व, अप्सराएँ, यक्ष, शैलेंद्र और गुह्यक भी ऐसा ही करते हैं।

अब आख्यान में एक युगान्तरकारी मोड़ आता है। ऋषि कश्यप इस नई उपत्यका में नागों के साथ मानवों को बसाने के लिए विष्णु से प्रार्थना करते हैं जिसका नाग किसी आशंकावश विरोध करते हैं।

शायद नागों की स्मृति में यह बात थी कि पूर्वकाल में गरुड़ के साथ युद्ध में पराजित होने पर वासुकि की प्रार्थना पर विष्णु ने हस्तक्षेप कर उन्हें बचाया था। और वरदान स्वरूप उन्हें सतीदेश में बसने को कहा था जहाँ गरुड़ के भक्षण का भय उन्हें नहीं था। मानवों के साथ बसने से कहीं गरुड़ के आने के रास्ते न खुल जाएँ, संभव है इसी आशंका से उन्होंने विरोध किया हो।

यह भी हो सकता है नागों में सतीदेश पर एकाधिकार की भावना घर कर गई हो। जबकि विष्णु की केवल मात्र गरुड़ के वहाँ जाने पर मनाही थी। मानवों तथा दूसरी जनजातियों पर नहीं।

मानवों के साथ कश्मीर में रहने के सुझाव का विरोध करने पर क्रुद्ध कश्यप ने नागों को पिशाचों के साथ रहने का शाप दिया। नागों की ओर से नीलनाग ने क्रुद्ध कश्यप से क्षमा याचना की, उसे मनाया।

तब जाकर विष्णु ने ऋषि के शाप को संशोधित किया। अब नागों को केवल छः मास मानवों के साथ और छः मास पिशाचों (प्रो. वेदकुमारी घई के अनुसार पश्चिमोत्तर पर्वतीय प्रदेश के रहने वाले; पृष्ठ 79) के साथ रहने की व्यवस्था की गई जो चार युगों के लिए थी। उसके बाद नाग केवल मानवों के साथ रहेंगे।

आगे आख्यान में हमें प्राचीन कश्मीर में समाज-जीवन, नाग संस्कृति, उसकी आचार-संहिता और (कोई पैसठ) पर्वो-त्यौहारों का विस्तार के साथ वर्णन मिलता है। कश्मीर की नदियों, सरों, आश्रमों, सैंकड़ों तीर्थों और (छः सौ से ज्यादा) प्रमुख नागदेवों आदि का उल्लेख मिलता है।

### ॥ कश्मीर नाम की व्युत्पत्ति ॥

यह नयी भूमि ऋषि कश्यप के प्रयासों के सम्मान में कश्मीर कहलाई। हालाँकि कश्मीर नामकरण को लेकर नीलमत में वर्णित इस आख्यान में ही ऐसे भी संकेत हैं कि सतीदेश में नव पुनर्वास में कश्मीरा देवी कश्यप का सहयोग करती हैं।

जोड़ना आरोपित लगता है।

प्रो.वेदकुमारी घई मानती हैं कि नीलमत में कश्मीरा देवी की पूजा का उल्लेख है जो पर्वतीय देवी रही होगी। संभव है उस देवी के नाम से कश्मीर नाम बना हो।

नीलमत का एक श्लोक है -

कं वारि हरिणा अश्मनः देशादस्मादपाकृतम।  
कश्मीराख्यस्ततो पश्य नाम लोके भविष्यति।।262।।  
इसकी व्याख्या करते हुए भाषाशास्त्री डा त्रिलोकी नाथ गंजू (श्री रूपभवानी रहस्योपदेश, पृ.11) कहते हैं - 'कं' (जल) को, 'हरिणा' (निकास किया, बहाया), 'अश्मनः' (पत्थर से), अतः नाम कश्मीर पड़ा। संस्कृत व्याकरण की दृष्टि से भी 'कं+अश्म +ईर' अर्थात् चट्टानों के बीच रुके हुए पानी को बहाकर इस देश का नाम कश्मीर पड़ा।

स्थानबोध के अधिकारी विद्वान डा दिलीप कुमार कौल के अनुसार "कं वारि हरिणा से कश्मीर नाम की व्युत्पत्ति सीधे सीधे उन इकोलॉजिकल प्रक्रियाओं से बना है जिनसे कश्मीर की भौगोलिक इकाई अस्तित्व में आई। शायद किसी भी स्थान का यह एकमात्र नाम है जो उस भौगोलिक प्रक्रिया को परिभाषित करता है जिससे वह स्थान उत्पन्न हुआ।"

अन्य एक संभावित व्युत्पत्ति पर प्रो. वेदकुमारी घई कहती हैं, "कः का अर्थ है

प्रजापति, कश्यप भी प्रजापति हैं। उसके द्वारा निर्मित भूमि कश्मीर है। दूसरे, कम् अर्थ जल है, विष्णु द्वारा जल को 'हलिणा' (हल से) निकाला/निकलवाया गया, अतः नाम कश्मीर पड़ा।

### ॥ सतीसर का भूगोल और भू-विज्ञान ॥

प्राग्-ऐतिहासिक काल में कश्मीर में कथित सरोवर के अस्तित्व की प्रामाणिकता पर देश-विदेश के अनेक प्रसिद्ध भू-वैज्ञानिकों के शोध और निष्कर्षों से नीलमत के इस आख्यान की पुष्टि होती है।

ये वैज्ञानिक स्थापनाएँ इस आख्यान की सुंदरता हैं, आधार नहीं। मिथकीय आख्यान किसी प्राचीन जनमानस के सामूहिक अवचेतन की कल्पना-शीलता का प्रतिफलन होते हैं। सतीसर के आख्यान के लोक-सृजन का प्रेरक तत्व कश्मीर घाटी का तसलेनुमा भूगोल है जिसके चारों तरफ की ऊँची पर्वतमाला में वर्तमान खादनयार (बारामुला) के पास बना तंग दरो भूकम्प के कारण या विनाशकारी बाढ़ से बना होगा।

इस संदर्भ में प्रो. वेदकुमारी घई ने नीलमत का अध्ययन करते हुए ड्रिव फ्रेडेरिक, कर्नल गाँडविन आँस्टिन, लिडेक्कर, आर. डी. ओल्डहम, डी. एन.वाडिया, एम. वी. पिथवाला

और जी. ई. एल. कार्टर जैसे आधुनिक भूगर्भवेत्ताओं के निष्कर्षों को बखूबी प्रस्तुत किया है। उपर्युक्त भूवैज्ञानिकों में आर. डी. ओल्डहम ही एकमात्र अपवाद हैं जो प्रागैतिहासिक सरोवर के अस्तित्व को नहीं मानते।

जो भी हो, कश्मीर घाटी में बारामुला (प्राचीन वराहमूल) से शुपयन (अनंतनाग) तक फैले सर्पिल या लहरदार करेवाओं को भूवैज्ञानिकों ने प्राग्-इतिहास काल में विशाल झील के अवशेष माना है। इसकी लहरों के साथ जमा होते रहे जलोढक जमाव (रेत-मिट्टी) से ये करेवा बने हैं।

प्रो. वेदकुमारी घई (पृष्ठ 41) एक उद्धरण देती हैं कि झील के वर्तमान तल से 1500 फीट की ऊँचाई पर के करेवाओं में सिंघाड़ों के सही नमूनों की उपस्थिति की व्याख्या इसके (झील के) बिना नहीं की जा सकती क्योंकि यह पौधा अधिक मात्रा में झीलों में ही उगता है। सन् 1885 में कश्मीर में भूकम्प में ये झील की वर्तमान सतह से 1500 फीट की ऊँचाई पर मिले थे।

### ॥ सरोवर की जलराशि ॥

नीलमत के अनुसार यह विशाल झील लंबाई में छः योजन (एक योजन = 14 से 15

कि.मी.) और चौड़ाई में तीन योजन थी और (भूवैज्ञानिक परीक्षण के आधार पर) भूतल से लगभग 2000 फुट ऊँची थी। लगता है कि श्रीनगर तल से 1100 फीट ऊँचा शंकराचार्य-पर्वत भी सतीसर नामक इस विशाल झील में जलमग्न रहा होगा।

इस उपलब्ध माप से हम कथित सरोवर की जलराशि का अनुमान यों लगा सकते हैं :

फार्मूला :

लंबाई = छः योजन / 90 कि.मी.

चौड़ाई = तीन योजन / 45 कि.मी.

ऊँचाई (वर्तमान भूतल से) = 0.6 कि.मी.

इस प्रकार  $90 \times 45 \times 0.6 = 2430$  (वोल्यूम कि.मी.) = 80 लाख करोड़ क्यूबिक फीट = 59,840,000 अर्थात् 6 करोड़ करोड़ गैलन।

इस जलराशि की संभावित माप की गणना के लिए मैंने अपने बेटे हिमालय से सहायता ली। कल्पना करें, यह छः करोड़ करोड़ गैलन जलराशि सात हजार फीट ऊँचाई (अनुमानित जलस्तर) से बहकर पाँच हजार फीट (समुद्र तल से कश्मीर की ऊँचाई) तक खादनयार (बारामुला) के तंग दर्रे से किस प्रलयकारी वेग से बाहर नीचे बही होगी। कोई मुझे बताए कि इस निर्जलीकरण की प्रक्रिया को कितना समय लगा होगा !

नीलमतपुराण (श्लोक 175-176) में इस प्रलयकारी घटना का वर्णन यों आया है : पर्वतराजाधिपति हिमालय को विदीर्ण किए

जाने पर जलराशि त्वरित गति से बह निकली। तेज वेग और विस्फोटक ध्वनि से सभी प्राणी संतुलित हुए। उसकी गगनचुंबी तरंगों ने ऊँचे पर्वत शिखरों को जलमग्न किया।

नीलमत (श्लोक 180) में वर्णन मिलता है कि विष्णु ने वर्ष के अंत में दैत्य का बलपूर्वक शिरच्छेद किया। अर्थात् यह निर्जलीकरण को एक वर्ष लगने का संकेत है क्या कथा में ?

भूगर्भवेताओं के अनुसार वर्तमान कश्मीर की डल, वुल्लर, नगीन, आँचार, मानसबल, होकरसर ये सभी झीलें प्राचीन सतीसर के ही शेष बचे हुए जलाशय हैं ।



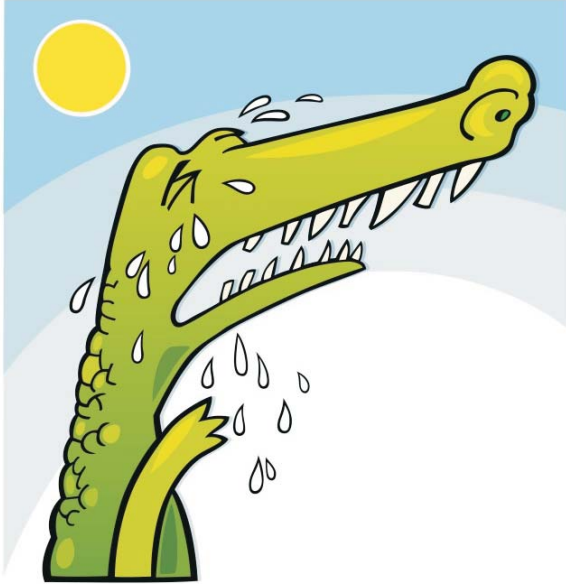
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## Short Story - Mushtaque B Barq Crocodile Tears

**F**rom my school days, God knows why in the backyard of my junkyard – I call it brain for the grounds that I was never given approval to dissent; these crocodile tears had illegally occupied much of my gray matter like my nation. A notion I used to nurse that crocodile tears are insincere expressions of sorrows. But when my gray matter started to lose its viscosity, the rush ruined the old bridges and wrecked the towers that my teachers had once raised for me to touch the peaks of excellence had stooped too low. 'Fall' in this part of land is yet another narrative of prehistoric misconceptions and contemporary mishandling of facts. I was there to stand



before my fall like a forlorn victim of 'might'. It triggered my rush and I started to reconstruct tracks and by lanes that would take me out of cesspool of 'yes man ship'. It was not at all easy to start, but then a good start is half done.



While I was on to bring on the skin all the impression of my newly found fineness, a storm took over and in no time the dust laid its eggs in the safest nests of human breasts. The progeny multiplied like my curiosity. The crocodile tears cascaded down the cheeks and as a sadist, a man tries his best to satisfy his selfishness. In the rat race men of class were on to explore the trade and trend of empathy.

From a village a doctor learned that his grey matter has been infected. He rushed to city and settled after pleasing many headless heads for whom the human body serves as a living treasure to take advantage of it. After his infected grey matter was scanned by the mastermind, he was found fit to serve. Service that needs contaminated nerves to unnerve a common man, a mutilated ego that molest the mass, an eye that eyes on termination and a man who nurses within him a verve

to satisfy a political need.

He once asked, "Why the researchers need poor man?"

"Poverty is basic need to do the needful, it is a creation, lot of money is pumped in to create underprivileged lot, we invest to earn, every poor man is our requirement, go and fetch them", the boss replied.

"If I deny", he casually asked.

"Denial is death, submission is life", the boss directed.

The storm was no more a laughing stock but a package of lethal infection to a compromised immunity stock. The mischievous spirit of luxury summoned the village doctor and settled on to his infected gray matter. Thus both learnt how to shed crocodile tears. These crocodiles were in jolly mood for they had already predicted the outcome of doctor's infectious mind. I could see crocodiles in human form wandering and weeping, shedding tears as their trade mark, but in disguise waiting for the feast.

As the dust passed from an ignorant man to careless people, the doctor felt the pulse of devil and moved back to village where the general gender was already affected. 'In the country of blind men, one-eyed man is the king' the saying echoed within the empty cans of my consciousness.

"I have come to treat you" the doctor proudly announced.

Slogans filled the air, the echo puffed-up doctor's malice and he smiled, but to gain sympathy, he started to shed

the crocodile tears which people mistook as human salt leaking through his ice blocked eyes.

The dust was whirling, sowing its seeds into the soil of human existence, but the doctored devil let it reach to every door, he let it grow and grow rapidly. Pace to ravenous raven is what wine is to drunkard.

The devil entertained the malice of doctor who while crossing a pond found a long line of crocodiles on its banks. He was terrified but the devil infused in him a consideration for beasts and the devil in the company of doctor started to shed tears for crocodiles, thus changed the maxim like a bitter truth erased from the chronicles.

The dust in the village had reached every door to let the doctor step in.

He announced, "Death is inevitable, I cannot save all"

Initially an old man died, no one claimed his dead body. The devil knocked the doctor.

"Yes", he declared.

A team of his favourites got clues to carry on shedding crocodile tears.

Only a few survived. Survival was a drama and death was a hit and miss fiction. No funeral, no cremation, no burial, only a formality, but in the guise of formality various formats were followed. A protocol drafted by a sick mind.

With the fall of dusk a siren would mean: Keep counting. The siren would lock the people and the team would do the rest. Rest were arrested by fear, the horror

was the only apparatus to put a ceiling on the foot fall.

These crocodile tears in the back of mind started to irritate me. My wits that I had after an unremitting persuasion flattened to the degree of flexibility somehow encouraged my wrath to take a forward movement. My newly found flow of intellect started to ooze the dew on my dry leaves that on the boughs of my repentance were looking for salvation.

A graveyard and cremation ground in the outskirts of village after a demarcation drive got sanctioned and at the rear of their masks God knows how many crocodiles had been pissing on their cheeks. Pissing was a trade mark that behind the masks had choked their taste buds to the extent sweet and sour had no stakeholders.

A crocodile in me too stirred. It was a brawny push I felt in my thin grey matter. Graveyard and cremation too were shedding crocodile tears but unlike me there was nothing save a deadly silence. Bones and ash on one side and heaps and heaps of loose soil on the other side and a tin board reading: Death keeps no calendar was adding frustration. I got buried and cremated, yet I was breathing, breathing for the rest at the cost of my empty coffin.

Hundreds died, no one claimed the dead bodies for the fear of infection. Fathers denied, sons claimed not, daughters and mothers attended not and the rest followed the suit. Mourners for the first time had put on the veil of silence. The

screams of mothers, sisters, daughters, wives had long been died away. Silence and sorrow, sobs and shouts were on receiving end.

What impulse brought me to the pond that day is still a mystery and shall stay perhaps. The gigantic crocodiles at the bank of pond were shedding tears. This time the salt seemed common and I realised crocodiles too wept and the empty graves too speak. On my way back to home the ambulance had met an accident and human organs in a box were still pulsating like my lively heart.



*[Author Mushtaque B Barq is a poet, short story writer, translator and a columnist. His translation works on Sufi Poets of Kashmir are well appreciated. He was awarded with Azaz i Alamdar Kashmir by Markazi Adab wa Sakafat, Chari Shrief. His poetry and coulms are published in national and International Portals. He was awarded Editor's Choice Award by Poetry.com and certificate of appreciation by International Journal in English for his contribution in Ghazal writing in English. He is also founder of Kashmir Images Literary Club.]*

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## काव्य - कँवर कौल 'हमदम'

## गज़ल



साहब को तेरे पल पल की खबर है  
तेरी हर हरकत पे उसकी नज़र है

इधर उधर क्या दूँडता फिरे है  
ज़रा झांक के देख वह तेरे अंदर है

फासला रख दुनिया के झमेलों से  
गर रख सके तो सिकंदर है

अज़ीजो आशना आरज़ी हैं सब  
एक दिन अलविदा कहना मुकरर है

रब को पाना है तो सांसें काबू कर  
तलाश उस पीरो मुर्शिद को जो रहबर है

इसी दुनिया मे तुझे आना है बार बार  
फिर अलविदा फिर वही दहर है

बसद नियाज़ है सजदे में हमदम  
निजात खुदाया यह बेज़ार सफर है

Some verses inspired  
by Lalded's Vaakhs

## Kanwar Kaul 'Hamdam'

Saheb ko tere pal pal ki khabar hai  
teri har harqat pe uski nazar hai

Idhar udhar kya dhoondta phire hai  
zara jhaank ke dekh woh tere andar hai

Faasla rakh dunya ke jhamelon se  
Gar rakh sake to too sikandar hai

**Azizo-aashna aarzi** hain sab  
ek din alvida kehna muqarar hai

Rab ko paana hai to saansen qaboo kar  
talaash us **peero-murshid** ko jo rahbar hai

isi dunya me tujhe aana hai baar baar  
fir alvida fir vohi **deher** hai

**basad niyaaz** hai sajde mei **hamdam**  
**Nijaat** khudaya yeh **bezaar** safar hai

**azizo-aashna:** kith and kin  
**aarzi:** temporary

**peer:** elderly person, saint  
**murshid:** spiritual teacher

**deher:** world, era

**basad niyaaz:** in utmost humility

**Nijaat:** salvation

**bezaar:** frustrating, desperate

## Know Your Motherland - Dr. P.L. Ganju Shrines & Monuments of Hari Parbat

*"Nowhere else is seen in the centre of a city a pleasure hill from which this splendour of all the houses (of Srinagar) is visible, as if from the sky"*

- Kalhana : Rajatarangini iii-361, Translation : Aurel Stein

**I**n the above passage, the 'pleasure hill' of Kalhana, is indeed the hill of the modern Hari Parbat, overlooking Srinagar. From the top of the hill, one can have a panoramic view of the downtown Srinagar, the Dal Lake, the Zabarwan mountain range, etc. The hill is dotted with the shrines of both the Hindus and Muslims of the Valley. In the course of time, the slopes of the hill and the ground at its base were appropriated by people for building residential houses and gardens.

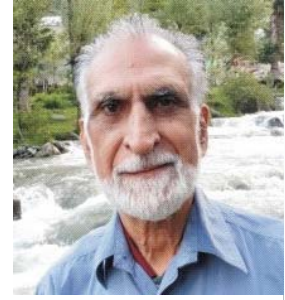
The Mughal Emperor Akbar began fortification of Hari Parbat, which he called Nagar Nagar, by raising a huge rampart around it to segregate the beautiful, picturesque site from the rest of the city, ostensibly to build his new capital of Nagar Nagar. The Emperor's dream of fortification of Nagar Nagar was not fulfilled in his own time. The fort on the top of the hill was built many centuries later by the ruling Pathans.

In its remote geological past, Kashmir did not exist as we see it today, as a 'paradise on earth'. The entire valley was a huge lake of sweet water and Hari Parbat, Dal Lake, Shakaracharya hill, etc., would have been submerged in it. In the course of time, the water of the lake

appears to have flowed out of the Valley due to some tectonic movements of the earth, laying bare the Valley, along with all its hills and dales, springs and lakes and rivers and its mounds (udhas/

karewas). The lacustrine origin of the Valley is amply supported by modern scientific research in which the existence of the uplands of the udars or karewas is a living proof of this phenomenon.

Now the legends. In his Rajatarangini (i-25), Kalhana, following the Nilamat Purana, says that during the time of the first six legendary Manus, the land 'in the womb of the Himalaya' was occupied by a lake called Satisaras ( Lake of Sati, one of the forms of Goddess Durga). In the next shloka, he says that when the period of the seventh Manu, Vaivasvata, arrived (that is, the present era), Prajapati Kashyapa caused the gods led by Druhina, Upendra and Rudra (Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, respectively) to descend on the earth to cause the water drain out and lay bare the land of Kashmir.





The Shrine of Shri Ganesha

Nevertheless, it goes to the credit of our enlightened ancestors, of the Nilamata time, who had anticipated the existence of the Lake occupying the Valley. They called it Satisar, the lake of the Goddess Sati. But the legends that were woven by them for its drainage are mindboggling. In the course of time, these legends, however, endowed the hill its sanctity and, soon, a number of sacred spots were recognised on the hill and converted into the shrines of gods and goddesses. From time immemorial, people of Kashmir would worship there and even perform parikrama of the entire hill.

With the advent of Islam in the Valley, its Sufi saints also made Hari Parbat their abode of worship and their followers built shrines on the hill to perpetuate their memory.

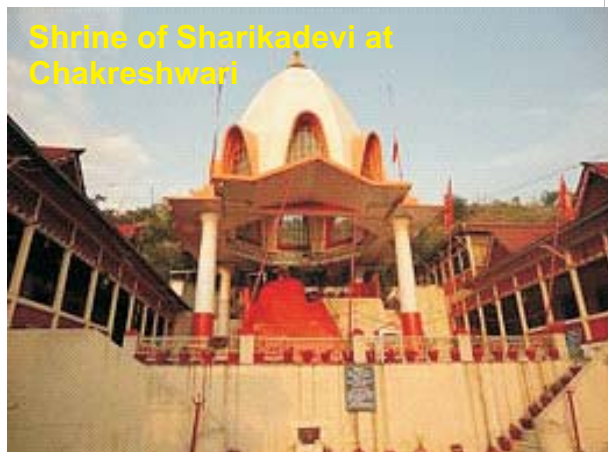
It is intended here to give a brief account of the iconic structures that have come up on the hill of Hari Parbat, or in its vicinity in their historical perspective.

It is believed that, from time immemorial, a rock lying bare at the foot of the southern extremity of Hari Parbat was

worshipped by Kashmiri Brahmans as an image of Sri Ganesha. King Pravarasena-II (r. 415-475 A.D.), one of the ancient, powerful rulers of ancient Kashmir, and the reputed founder of modern Srinagar, was devoted to Vinayaka, enshrined in the sacred rock, called Bhimasvaminganesha.

The rock of Ganesha bears a tantric diagram of Srichakra engraved on it but that is now concealed under a thick layer of red vermillion (sindoor) applied to the rock. As a part of their daily routine, many Kashmiri Pandits of Srinagar would go to Hari Parbat, early in the morning, some bare-footed, to worship at the shrine of Sri Ganesha. They returned home using a different path, doing circumambulation (Parikrama) of the hill itself. On the way, they paid obeisance to the images of some of the other deities located on the foot of the sacred hill.

In the time of Kalhana and Aurel Stein, the rock idol of Sri Ganesha was still called by its ancient name of



Shrine of Sharikadevi at Chakreshwari

Bhimasvamin-ganesha. Shrivara, a Sanskrit court poet in the reign of King Zaina-ul-Abidin( 1420-1470) wrote in his Rajatarangini, that the King had built a new shrine in honour of Bhimasvamin-ganesha at Hari Parbat. Perhaps, he may have renovated its older structure.

In ancient times, the hill of Hari Parbat was also known as the hill of Pradyumna. In Rajatarangini (iii-460), Kalhana wrote that King Ranaditya and his Queen Rambha built a Matha for the Pashupata (Shaiva) medicsants on the top of the 'Pradyumna ' (hill). Stein says that by *Pradyumana-murdhan*, a term used by Kalhana, is meant the Sharikaparavata or Hariparvata. This is amply corroborated in later works, wherein names like Pradyumnapitha, Pradyumnagiri, Pradyumnashikhra, etc., were also given to Hari Parbat. In his Kathasaritsagar, Somadeva alludes to a story which would connect the hill with the love of Usha and Aniruddhath, the son of Pradyumna. In Rajatarangini (vii 1616), Kalhana again referred to the hill of Hari Parbat as 'Pradyumna'. When the ill-fated King Harsha (1089- 1101) was attacked by the princes of the rival collateral, Lohar Dynasty, he had fled his burning palace and reached the said 'Pradyumana' hill.

Higher up on the Hari Parbat/Pradyumna hill, on its north-western side, overlooking the Devi Angan below, lies the well-known shrine of Chakresvari, the abode of Goddess Sharika Ashtadashabhuj, a form of Goddess Durga, where the latter is

believed to be enshrined in a vertical rock with a complex tantric diagram engraved on it. In Sanskrit, Sharika means 'a bird' and in Kashmir this bird was identified with *maina* , the *haer*. Goddess Sharika lends its name to the hill as Sharikaparvata and the *haer* in turn lends its name to Hari Parbat.

Like the rock of Sri Ganesha, the rock at Chakresvara is also smeared with a thick layer of vermilion paint, hiding the Sri Chakra. The shrine can be approached by a flight of 108 steps rising from Devi Angan. The devotees throng the sacred site in large numbers on Ashad Shuklapaksh Navami to celebrate Sharika Jayanti.

The worship of Sharika Ashtadashbuja on the Hari Parbat/Pradyumna is deemed to be very ancient. It appears that Sharika was worshipped there in the time of Pravarasena II also. When the King was searching for an auspicious spot for laying the foundation of his new capital, he had found it in the village of Sharitaka near Hari

### Ziarat of Makhdoom Sahib



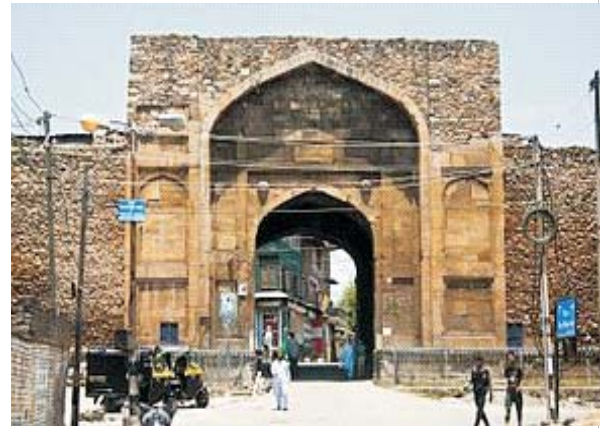
Parbat. He was guided by a demon/ yaksha/ vetala, called Atta, in locating it. Kalhana wrote that both Atta and the goddess Sharika lived at Sharitaka. The village Sharitaka is no longer there but mention of Sharika sufficiently indicates that the abode of Sharika was Chakresvara.

A descendant of a Hindu Rajput family of Nagarkot, Makhadum Sahib, also known as Hamza Makhadum, was a renowned Kashmiri Sufi saint of the 16<sup>th</sup> century A.D. He lived at Tajar, a village near Zainagir. He was a follower of Sheik Shahab-ud-Din Soharawardi of Baghdad. He was not very popular in his village and shifted to Srinagar, making Hari Parbat his permanent abode. He was highly revered by the people of the City and a shrine was installed in his name on the sacred hill, in the vicinity of the shrine of Ganessa. In course of time, his shrine became a site of Ziarat for the people of the Valley and a number of buildings and *sarais* were later added to accommodate them.

The mosque of Akhun Mulla Shah is situated on the slope of the Hari Parbat hill, below the shrine of Makhadum Sahib, a little away from it. It was built by Dara Shikoh, son of Shah Jahan, for his tutor Akhun Mulla Shah, in A.D. 1649. The mosque is a small one, but it is built of beautiful grey limestone. The canopy of the mosque, over the pulpit, is decorated with a stone lotus (finial). In his book, Ancient Monuments of Kashmir, Pandit R.C. Kak says that the lotus finial over the pulpit of the Mosque is the only example

surviving in Kashmir. The courtyard of the mosque is somewhat cramped, being situated on the slope of the hill. Below the site of the mosque, are found the ruins of many arched halls, where the pilgrims would lodge, says R.C.Kak.

There is a strong tradition that the Mughal Emperor Akbar had ordered the fortification of the picturesque hill of Hari Parbat, as a part of his project to alleviate the suffering of the people caused by a famine. Beginning with Kalhana, who wrote Rajatarangini (the First Chronicle), Shuka, the last of the Kashmiri Sanskrit historians, wrote in Rajavlipataka (the Fourth Chronicle), sometime after Akbar had annexed Kashmir in 1586 that, for lack of accommodation, the government troops had occupied the private residences in the area, causing great hardship to the citizens. When the emperor came to know about their distress, he ordered construction of a cantonment on the hill which appears to



Akbar's Rampart, around Hari Parbat

have accelerated the civil habitation on its slopes.

As part of the fortification of the picturesque hill of Hari Parbat with its shrines and residential buildings, renamed as Nagar Nagar, construction of a massive stone rampart was begun around the site, ostensibly, to isolate it from the rest of Srinagar and create the new city. The rampart with a circumference of about 5 Km, is in ruins now except for the two of its imposing gates, viz. Kathi Darwaza and the Sangin Darwaza, which still stand there in their pristine glory. Kathi Darwaza seems to have been the main entrance to Akbar's Nagar Nagar, as it bears an inscription in praise of the Emperor. The Emperor had sent one crore and ten lakhs (of Rupees) from his treasury and two hundred Indian master builders to Kashmir to build the rampart. The Kathi Darwaza bears the year of its completion corresponds to A.D. 1600 . Akbar's rampart was not completed in his life time. It was completed under the 'instrumentality' of one Mir Mohammad Hussain, in charge of the works, as another inscription on Kathi Darwaza tells us (ref. Pandit R.C. Kak's Ancient Monuments of Kashmir).

The massive 'military' Fort on the top of the Hari Parbat hill was built by an Afghan ruler, called Shuja Shah Durani in A.D. 1808.

Gurudwara Chhatti Patshahi is situated near Kathi Darwaza, outside Akbar's rampart. It is dedicated to Guru Hargobind Dev , the 6<sup>th</sup> Sikh Guru. He had

### Gurdwara Chhatti Padshahi



come to Kashmir in A.D. 1620 after a tour of northwest India to propagate Sikhism. Guru Hargobind had stayed at the site of the Gurdwara at Kathi Darwaza for a few days and met his staunch blind disciple, Mai Bagh Bhari. The latter requested the Guru to grant her Moksha from her life and died soon after her wish was granted. It is said that Guru Hargobind cremated her near the site of the Gurdwara Sahib.

Many historians believe that Guru Hargobind Sahib had accompanied the Mughal Emperor Jahangir in his visit to Kashmir in 1620. S. Ajit Singh (Deputy Conservator of Forests (Retd) refutes it. He wrote that Jahangir and Guru Hargobind had travelled by different routes and at different times to enter Kashmir. He wrote that Jahangir, in his personal chronicle, has mentioned that he had stayed in a palace at Koh-i-maran (Hari Parbat). There is a story that his Queen Noor Jahan had met Guru Hargobind at the Gurdwara Sahib, Kathi Darwaza, to pay her respects to the Guru.

### Ruins of the ancient temple of [Siva] Pravareshvara, Ziarat of Baha-ud-Din Sahib, Cemetery of Baha-ud-Din and its Gate:

The cemetery of Baha-ud-Din lies outside the rampart of Hari Parbat, at a distance of less than half a Km from the mosque of Akhun Mulla Shah. In the reign of Pravarasena II (A.D. 415-475), the site of the cemetery was the sanctum sanctorum of the temple of [Siva] Pravareshvara built by the King to propitiate the foundation of his 'New Capital' Pravarapur (modern Srinagar). In time, the temple had crumbled or was destroyed in the Muslim Period. and thereafter the Ziarat of Baha-ud-din came up on the ruined site. Aurel Stein says that the remains of the temple were 'undoubtedly' used to build the Ziarat. After the Ziarat had also vanished, the site came to be known as the Baha-ud-din's Cemetery. Soon, many distinguished personages of Kashmir were entombed around the cemetery.

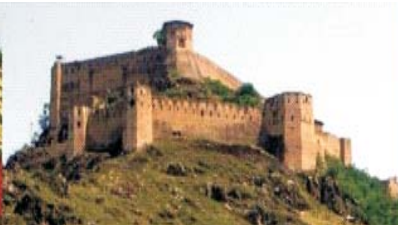
Besides the remains of the temple, which were used to build the Muslim structures mentioned above,, its massive roofless gateway, now in ruins, has still remained behind at the SW entrance of the cemetery. Aurel Stein, who appears to

have visited the site, says that it was made of stone blocks of considerable size, and still of considerable height. He adds: As for as its architecture is concerned, it might well belong to the earliest monuments of Srinagar ..... The position of the ruins is very central and might well have been chosen by the founder of Pravarapura for a prominent shrine in his new city.

In his epic poem Vikramanka-devacharitam (xviii-28), Pandit Bilhana wrote that the temple of Siva, built by King Pravarasena, was so wonderful that one thought he had reached Amravati. He added that its gate had a hole in its roof and resembled the gate of heaven, through which the king had bodily ascended to heaven. A hundred years after Bihana, Kalhana wrote in a similar vein : At the temple of Pravaresha, the place where the King (Pravarasena) obtained supernatural perfection (siddhi) there is seen even to this day a gate which rivals the gate of heaven (Rajat.iii 378)



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मैं में ही हूँ, वही मैं जो मैं था, जो मैं हूँ।

जब मेरा जन्म हुआ, तो कहा गया

- यह बेटा है, माँ का पिता का।

यह भाई है, बहन का भाई का।

बेटे और भाई के रूप में मैं परवान चढ़ा।

तभी मेरा विवाह हुआ अकस्मात, फिर मेरा नाम पडा पति

एक पत्नि का।

कालान्तर में माता पिता न रहे। अब मैं किसी का बेटा न था।

हाँ पिता अवश्य बन गया, अपने बच्चों का।

अब मैं भाई था, पति था, पिता था और एक गृहस्ती का संचालक।

वास्तव में मैं कौन हूँ, यह स्पष्ट न हो सका।

जो नाम मिला वही स्वीकारा। और फिर एक दिन ---

पत्नि भी न रही और पति नाम मिट गया।

परन्तु पिता के साथ पितामह जुड़ गया।

और ऐसे ही संज्ञायें जुड़ती गईं, कटती गईं।

पर हूँ कौन मैं, यह स्पष्ट न हो सका।

स्वयं ने कई बार प्रश्न किया तुम कौन हो ?

मैं मौन रहा निरुत्तर। क्या कहता मैं ?

आँख बंद कर सोचा भी कई बार, पर उत्तर न मिला।

मैंने अनुभव किया, जो नाम मिले थे, सब झूठे थे, सामयिक।

इस पुस्तक के पन्ने मैं पलटता रहा, अहर्निश।

अन्तिम अध्याय तक पहुंचकर भी जान न पाया,

मेरी वास्तविकता क्या है, मैं कौन हूँ ?

एक जिज्ञासा थी जो समस्या बन गई -

मैं कौन हूँ ?

मैं कौन हूँ ?

त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन





## Kashmiri Pandit Heritage - Autar Krishen Trisal Yantra called Dejhor

**Y**esa Na Vidya Japo Na Dhan  
Gayanam Nay Sheel Gunay Na Dharam  
Tey Mirtulokey Bhav Bhar Bhoota  
Munsh Roopanay Mirga Chirante

“The man who does not possess education religious Scriptures capacity for donating, attitude, Dharma, he is a burden on earth, though he posses the face of human but he is considered as animal.”

The above referred couplet of Kashmiri Pandits is very common in every house hold which clearly indicates how much clearly indicates how much particular they are to obtain all the qualities and abilities of life.

The main question is when and where from such abilities and qualities are obtained ?

It is right from the day of birth especially from the day when child starts sucking the milk from the breast of the mother who has a Yantra (amulet) in the shape of an essential ornament on her body, known as Dejhor, which mother adopt on the day of her Devgoan during her marriage

ceremony.

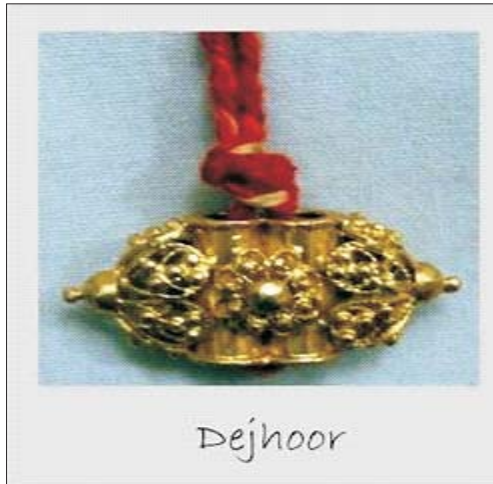
Dejhor is not randomly worn as all other ornaments are preferred. It is obtained after performing certain religious rituals on the day of Devgoan.

**Devgoan:** Devgoan literarily means to invite the Devatas for offering their blessing to the people who are performing the religious rituals. The marriage ceremony of Kashmiri Pandits is mainly of three functions, viz. Manz-Raat, Devgoan and Lagan, commonly known as Mehandi, Sant and Lavay Pheray in northern region of the country.

Devgoan is the first religious ritual without which no marriage or Yugnopavit ceremony can be performed. This ritual maintains its

sanctity for seven days only and if within seven days Lagan/Yugnopaveet ritual is not performed, the ritual is to be repeated.

During the ceremony, the would be bride has to take the bath and this bath



ceremony is conducted by five virgins known as Kanyas in local dialect who are considered to be the formations of five women who have achieved the highest order of salvation among the Hindu females as per Dharam Shastra, namely Ahilya, Drupdi, Tara, Sita and Mandodari. Simultaneously they are also known as five forms of universe viz. Agni (fire), Prakash (sky). The would be bride is made to sit in a specific stellar position on a circular shaped place made on the ground, so that she can get the boon of calmness, happiness and smoothness in her life which she has to lead in future.

After obtaining the said posture four virgins take a cloth and spread the same on the head of the bride by taking their own positions in the four corners of the specified place and the fifth virgin pours the mixture of water, flowers, rice, milk, ghee and Chandan (Sandal wood) on the head of the bride. At this stage the five virgins are considered to be in the formation of Dharma, Artha, Kama, Moksha and Brahma. During this process elderly ladies sing the hymns from Rigveda which in theme are blessing for the bride and the bridegroom. After completion of the religious bath ceremony, bride wears new cloths gifted by her maternal's and also wears the ornaments which are to be gifted by her parents. The ornaments are usually worn by the father's sister commonly known as Puffi/Bhuwa.

After observing all the above referred formalities the bride sits for Pooja Archa for obtaining the blessings of all the

god and goddesses and for sanctifying her ornaments and utensils which are to be gifted by her parents. Among the ornaments Dejhor in particular is in consideration as it becomes a powerful Yantra afterwards in respect of social/economic security and as well as for building her youthfulness and providing a healthy progeny for the community.

This ceremony is performed by the Kul Purohit and is known as Kane Shran in Kashmiri.

Dejhor is made of gold and its weight depends on the economic condition of the parents of a daughter, it can only be worn with the support of a long thread made of Gold/ordinary Colored threads which is known in Kashmiri as ATAH and the lower side of Dejhor is supported by a thick bunch of threads



designed in an ornamental shape. It is also made of gold or of different kinds of threads which are commonly known in Kashmiri as Sulma/Tilla etc. and this ornamental shaped bunch is known as Athor..

Athor is also an important part of the dejhor and has a great social and cultural significance. It is always gifted to sisters, daughters female relations and to the female members having close friendship on each and every function they

perform as a token of gesture love & affection, It is always worn first in the left ear.

Dejhor has the same significance among the Kashmiri Pandit women as the Mangalsutra has for the women of northern part of India. It is worn by making a hole in the upper part of the ear and hanged by the support of Atah & Athor. Its length is maintained upto breast of the female. Dejhor when adopted at the time of Devgoan is worn only with the support of Atah and Athor is provided by the in-laws when brides reaches in-laws house after marriage ceremony. The in-laws change also the Atah provided by the parents and replace both the items by golden Atah & Athor.

It is not out of place to mention here that Mangalsutra is abandoned after a lady becomes a widow, but Dejhor is not abandoned till death. In case where a

widow has no male child of her own, she can abandon the Dejhor.

Dejhor is manufactured in a particular shape having left and right side shape as pin heads. Centre portion is flat having two holes each on upper & lower side just to pass the Atah & Athor in it. It is worn in both the ears separately, and is first worn in left ear. As women is Vamkokshu child, so Dejhor and Athor are always worn first in the left ear.

**Vamkokshu:** A child who at the time of birth is on the left side of the womb of the mother is known as Vamkokshu child and it is always a female child.

**Dhekshan Kokshu:** A child who at the time of birth is on the right side of the womb of the mother is known as Dhekshan Kokshu child and it is always a male child.

Thus a Kashmiri Jyotshi while framing the horoscope of a person always writes in the horoscope 'Vamkokshu Kanya Jatta - Dhekshan Kokshu Putro Jatta'

Both pin heads on the left and right side religiously – denotes the presence of Lord Shiva and Shakti in the Dejhor and centre flat portion is considered as Yagya Shalla Vedi denoting the entry of bride into the matters of family and household affairs.

Of, having the presence of Lord Shiva and Shakti in the left and right side of Dejhor, so, while sucking the milk from the breast of the mother from the day of birth Kashmiri Pandit obtains



(Graphics and concept by Dr Chaman Lal Raina)

the boon of becoming a man of renowned character in the society. This boon of Lord Shiva and Shakti is as such the main reason that Kashmiri Pandit are highly educated, having the quality of integrity, devotion to duty, having no criminal background. They are not of timid nature but are liberal. They possess affectionate nature and has a quality of adjusting themselves in any atmosphere whether social, cultural or political. This nature of Kashmiri Pandits has been summed up by Mr. Lawrance in his book "The Valley of Kashmir" in the following manner. "Kashmiri Pandits are faithful, trustworthy, co-operative and intelligent. They are honest and have the quality of high proficiency of intelligence. All this is due to them from the mother's milk which has the blessing of Lord Shiva and Shakti through a powerful yantra, the Dejhor".

Dejhor is also considered a powerful yantra for the maintenance of proper youth by a Kashmiri Pandit female as has been quoted by Jhon Rig in his book "Sex Impulses" - "... that slight continued vibratory motions in the breast of a female increases and properly maintains her beauty and youthfulness, thus it is the main reason why the length of Dejhor has been maintained from ear to breast".

Being the golden ornament Dejhor was also considered in the olden days as

social and economic security to the daughters who could not contact their parents after marriage for months together due to the unavailable approach roads during the rough weather seasons, so their parents remained confident of their safety, long life & prosperity due to this yantra, the Dejhor.

Irony is this, that the present time political and criminal situation in the country has made the Kashmiri Pandit women to forget the old traditions and have abandoned the wearing of Dejhor in a proper manner and do not take religious and other said sanctities of the Dejhor in consideration. They simply wear it for fashion purposes and keep this yantra, fixed in their hairs behind their head or keep it attached with braid which is not proper and which goes against the sanctity of the Dejhor adopted by her for particular reasoning at the time of Devgoan.

If the present day Kashmiri Pandit women compare themselves with the past time women, they shall definitely feel the difference in physique, beauty of their own and of their progeny. This is only because they have forgotten the traditional heritage.



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پراگاش

آپکا

اپنا

جریدہ ہے

اِسے

مقبول

بنائیں



یاد آسمانن هنر

گن شفیق شوق

”جائے اُسس تہ یکیا آے، سمیے، زن گنی اوس نہ کانہہ  
 بس یئے وضع رچھان و اُنس کڈن  
 گو ژھنتس کانہہ تہ دپن زانہ نہ پو ژھ کیاہ گو  
 پڑھگر گھٹ لپیہ، نظر گڑھ نہ اندر گن روزنیر  
 گور، نوش، موج چھے گرس منز آسانی  
 پڑھگر سُنڈے اوس تمس زون زو و پر  
 دزمنہ پڑھگر گو ژھ نہ پکن  
 کچنہ چہ دار پٹھے نظر رٹھ آنگن بر  
 چھتہ زروہے نہ، اٹھس کیتھ و ہرین  
 مرمر و فرش تہ قالین رٹن داغ گو ژھس نہ  
 پڑھگر ہے بن تہ دپن ’او کو زن حاصل کینہہ‘  
 میون سرتاج، تہند یار، مے کیتھ  
 ساس سامانہ کرتھ، پڑھ یہ بڈلرترا و تھ گو،  
 سو چتھے گن چھ رٹن، گن چھ مکاچ بنیاد

*My Medical Journey : Dr K.L.Chowdhury*

## DASH

### (Dietary Approaches to Stop Hypertension)

**I** wish more and more that health were studied half as much as disease is .....why not inquire what foods people eat, what habits of body and mind they cultivate ..."

- Sarah N. Cleghorn

Year 1966: When I joined Medical College, Srinagar as a faculty member the commonest emergencies we had to tackle were 'Strokes'. Stroke is the result of bleeding from, or blockage in, the arteries supplying different areas of brain. Bleeding (hemorrhagic stroke) leads to compression and destruction of neighboring brain tissue while blockage (ischemic stroke) leads to death of an area supplied by the blocked artery by cutting off the vital blood flow. In both cases there

can be devastating consequences - paralysis, loss of sensation and function, blindness, deafness, in-coordination, impaired intellect, loss of consciousness, etc.

A third of stroke patients die, another third are permanently handicapped and only a third may return to normal life. Why so many strokes in Kashmiris then?

Well, nearly all of these patients suffered from high blood pressure (Hypertension). This condition results in high impact injury to the vessel wall. Hypertension initiates erosion of the blood vessel wall and the deposition of fats (cholesterol, lipids), platelets etc. leading to a segmental narrowing and ultimate blockage. High shearing forces can also burst the vessel wall leading to bleeding (haemorrhage).

We found that high blood pressure was rampant in the Kashmiri population, both Muslims and Hindus. Many of these unfortunate victims of stroke were unaware of their high blood pressure till they landed with this catastrophic event, because hypertension may not cause any symptoms, whatsoever, while it is



damaging the target organs – the blood vessels, heart, eyes and kidneys.

Why was hypertension so common in Kashmiris? While we know that hypertension is multi-factorial, and ethnicity (and genes) play a big role, we also know that excess salt consumption is one very important causative factor. Salt seemed to be the main culprit in our people. We conducted a large population study and found out that Kashmiris consumed nearly 3 times the salt of an average Indian. The major source was the salt tea (sheer chai) but food too was highly salted, and pickled. Down the years till, along with three hundred and fifty thousand Hindus (Pandits) I was forced into exile in 1989-90, hypertension and its dire consequences continued to take a big toll of Kashmiris.

Year 2006: Hypertension continues to haunt us in exile too. In fact, during the last 17 years, along with diabetes, hypertension has assumed epidemic proportions. To find the actual statistics we at Shriya Bhat Mission Hospital and Research Center (SBMH) organized a Multipurpose Medical Camp at Purkhoo (a refugee camp, in the outskirts of Jammu, housing Kashmiri Pandits). Amongst other objectives one was to find out the prevalence of high blood pressure (Hypertension) in the adult inmates. The highlights were as follows:

Total subjects examined =150 (Male 48% Female 52%)

Age: The age ranged from 20 to 67 years

### Age in Years

| Age in Years | Percent suffering from Hypertension |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|
| 20-30        | 6%                                  |
| 31-40        | 14%                                 |
| 41-50        | 31%                                 |
| 51-60        | 30%                                 |
| >60          | 29%                                 |

45% of all subjects were suffering from high BP, of which only 25 % knew about their hypertension and the remaining 20 % were new cases

|                   |     |
|-------------------|-----|
| Pre- hypertension | 11% |
| Stage 1           | 16% |
| Stage 2           | 18% |

It is shocking that even after 40 years nothing seems to have changed or changed for the worse. Not only is high blood pressure rampant in the Pandit exiles but nearly half of them are ignorant of their condition and the other half possibly do not care.

Why do we continue to suffer from this insidious and dangerous affliction even as there is a high level of awareness about hypertension?

One, since old habits die hard, we have not changed our habits and life style. The rural folk, even after 17 years of forced urbanization, have not shed their salt cravings.

Two, life style has further degenerated with sedentary habits and the unabashed adoption of new, elaborate and complicated menus on weddings, birthday celebrations, house warming ceremonies etc. and the overall

consumption of salt has increased manifold as also of beverages, fats and sweets.

Three, urbanization and the travails of exile, especially the breaking up of families, frequent displacements, highly stressful corporate and factory jobs and a great increase in travel, all conspire to set the tempo for raised blood pressure.

The stress factor has emerged as a major player in accelerating this condition with the result that I find an increasing number of young students and working adults with hypertension. Many of them have run the gamut of tests and come up with other complicating factors including high lipid, blood sugar and uric acid levels, all a reflection of the changing life style. When you combine high blood pressure with this emerging Metabolic Syndrome and the other scourge of modernity, diabetes, what you have is a deadly mix rampaging and ravaging your systems before you know it.

There is a lot of ignorance even in the medical fraternity about the normal (healthy) range of blood pressure and the approach to treatment. It is not all their fault for the guidelines keep changing as more and more evidence keeps flowing in from large population studies.

Let us look at the BP levels for adults.

|                         | <b>Systolic</b> | <b>Diastolic</b> |
|-------------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| <b>Normal</b>           | 90-120          | 60-80            |
| <b>Pre-hypertension</b> | 120-139         | 80-89            |
| <b>Hypertension</b>     | above 140       | above 90         |

Blood pressure can be unhealthy even if it stays only slightly above the normal level of less than 120/80 mmHg. The more the blood pressure the greater the health risk.

There is a wide array of drugs with which to fight high blood pressure. Even the layperson can enumerate many of them because drug cocktails are in fashion, but to prescribe the right drug or the right drug combination requires an in-depth knowledge of the drugs and a full clinical and biochemical detail of the individual patient. There is no hit and trial thing here but a well informed, well thought out plan in each case.

And yet, drugs are but only a part of the approach to a patient of hypertension. Equally important is:

- To endeavor to lead a quiet, peaceful, tranquil life, and to fight stress through meditation, yoga and other recreational activities like reading, writing, music, games and vacations.
- To be physically active on most days of the week and to maintain a healthy weight.
- If you drink alcoholic beverages, to do so in moderation.
- If you are prescribed medication, to take it as directed and not to stop the treatment once the blood pressure is under control. Remember, once hypertension always hypertension except in certain situations.
- To follow a healthy eating plan.

In a path breaking study Scientists supported by the National Heart, Lung, and Blood Institute (NHLBI) showed that blood pressures were reduced with an



eating plan that is low in saturated fat, cholesterol, and total fat and that emphasizes fruits, vegetables, and fat-free or low-fat milk and milk products. This eating plan, known the DASH (Dietary Approaches to Stop Hypertension) eating plan also includes whole grain products, fish, poultry, and nuts. It is low in lean red meat, sweets, added sugars, and sugar-containing beverages and rich in potassium, magnesium, and calcium, as well as protein and fiber.

In the layman's language DASH means low salt, high fiber diet rich in fruits, green leafy vegetables, legumes, lentils, beans and pulses, tomatoes, mushrooms, nuts, seeds, and grains (brown rice, whole wheat bread), lean meat, fish and poultry, yogurt cultured from fat free milk.

Start by cutting salt in half. Use spices and green chilies instead of salt. In cooking and at the table, flavor foods with herbs, spices, lemon, lime, vinegar, or salt-free seasoning blends.

The DASH eating plan along with other lifestyle changes can help you prevent and control blood pressure. If the blood pressure is not too high, you may be able to control it entirely by changing your eating habits, losing weight if you are overweight, getting regular physical activity, stop smoking and cutting down on alcohol. The DASH eating plan also has other benefits, such as lowering LDL ("bad") cholesterol, which, further reduces the risk for getting heart disease and strokes.

### The ebb and flow of blood

Like water in a river  
I need to flow at an easy pace,  
with an easy pressure.  
At pressures too low  
the tributaries dry up  
and deprive land of sustenance.  
At pressures higher  
the shores slowly erode and overflow.  
And with sudden surges  
the dams burst to cause the deluge.

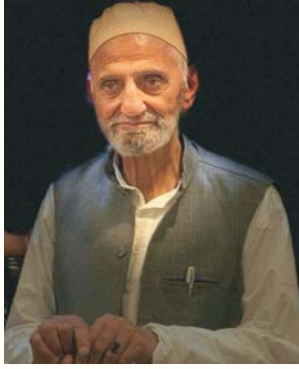
Like life itself, and for life to go on,  
I need to flow at an easy pace,  
at an equitable pressure,  
to provide the vital energy to every cell,  
and every system of the body.  
Pray, do not rouse me,  
do not provoke my flow  
through indulgences and excesses,  
through a rush of temper or nerves.

Moderation is the watchword in medicine  
as in all things of life. *(Poem by Author)*



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میر حسین

## ینے بوڑم کئے رات

یَنے بوڑم کئے رات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 وَااللهِ بِاللّٰهِ کُنّی جِهے ذات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 یَتھ جایہ وُزان زیروم  
 تَتھ شایہ عاری فَن بِنْدی قَدَم  
 وُزان گریزان دوپہ تے رات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 یُس گو مَحْرَم تَتھ عالمس  
 وُسی تَتھ پیوان گھس تے وُس  
 پائے عاشق پائے اثبات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 نے تَتھ گرنڈ نے شمار  
 گُڑھنہ گُڑھی تھے تَتھ زاوی جار  
 پادِ گِیہ تَتھ سارے دُربات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات

سَر غافلُو وَعَدِ دِتھ کیا اکھ  
 سُل جِهے گوڈِ رے داس وَا  
 وِتھ اَصْلِج جِهے دَر ظلمات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 وِتھ عَشِقَنہ ما گرنڈ تے ساعت  
 نور نو وِیپان گتھ تے بات  
 اُنْدِرِ نیبرے سَر تن ذات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات  
 مرنہ بروٹھے میر حسینو مر  
 راہِ نَبی ﷺ دَمہ دَمہ سَر  
 بُجہ شُپ دِتھ لو بنے نجات  
 سُه جُهَم حیات سُه جُهَم حیات

## कहानी - पवन जलाली

## रूपदैद



कश्मीर ऐतिहासिक रूप से आध्यात्मवाद का केंद्र रहा है। कश्मीर की पावन भूमि ऋषियों और संतों का वास रही है जो त्रिकाल दृष्टि रखते थे। परंतु कश्मीरी पंडितों में एक साधारण व्यक्ति भी आध्यात्मिक दृष्टि से काफी बुलंद हुआ करता था। कश्मीरी पंडितों के घरों में पूजा का एक नियमित स्थान हुआ करता था जिसे ठोकुरकुठ कहते थे। लेकिन समय चलते हमारा आध्यात्मिक पतन हुआ और यह 'ठोकुर कुठ' और पूजा-पाठ की प्रथा समाप्त हुई। मुझे यह कहने में कोई संकोच नहीं होता कि वास्तविक रूप से हम अब केवल नाम मात्र के लिए पंडित हैं। हम ना तो अब कश्मीरी रहे ना पंडित। जो कुछ सांस्कृतिक अवशेष हम में बचे थे वह घाटी से पलायन के बाद पूर्ण रूप से खत्म हुए। आज मैं एक ऐसी कश्मीरी पंडित महिला के बारे में आपको अवगत कराऊंगा जो बेहद साधारण महिला थी लेकिन पूजा-पाठ में मगन रहती थी। इस महिला का नाम था रूपावती। रूपावती के पड़ोसी रिश्तेदार ऐवम परिचित उसे रूपदैद नाम से संबोधित करते थे। रूपदैद साक्षात् सरस्वती माँ का स्वरूप थी। बडगाम के एक छोटे से गांव में जन्मी वह अपने पति की दूसरी अर्धांगिनी थी। पति महशर नाथ राजस्व विभाग में कार्यरत थे। वह एक निहायत शरीफ और शांत स्वभाव के व्यक्ति थे। उनके चार पुत्र और एक पुत्री थी। एक दिन पंडित महशर नाथ बीमार पड़ गये और उचित चिकित्सा के अभाव में उनकी अकस्मात् मृत्यु हुई। रूपदैद का एक मात्र सपना था अपने सभी बच्चों को उच्च शिक्षा देना। जब कि स्वयं उसने स्कूल का मुख तक नहीं देखा था ना ही उसके मायके में कोई शिक्षा या शिक्षा विभाग से जुड़ा

था। रूपदैद हमेशा अपने सखियों को कहा करती थी अगले जन्म मैं मेरी शादी अध्यापक से हो। पति के देहांत उपरांत रूपदैद पर मानो मुसीबतों का पहाड़ टूट पड़ा। रूपदैद को अपने बच्चों का पेट पालने से ज़्यादा उनकी पडाई की चिंता सताने लगी। रूपदैद के ज्येष्ठ पुत्र ने कमर कस ली ओर छोटी-मोटी नौकरी करके ग्रहस्थी को आगे बड़ाया। बाकी लड़के भी अपनी पडाई के साथ-साथ ट्यूशन करते थे। रूपदैद नित्य कमंडल लेके मंदिर जाती। रूपदैद ने धीरे धीरे अपने सभी बच्चों की शादी की। रूपदैद के दो बेटे उच्च सरकारी पदों पर पहुंचे। बेटी की शादी भी ऐक संपन्न परिवार में हुई। रूपदैद को जिम्मेदारियों से अब राहत मिली। घर मैं बहूँ आई जिन्होंने घर का काम-काज संभाला। अब रूपदैद पूर्ण रूप से प्रभु की भक्ति में लीन हुई। वह कभी तुलामुला मैं देवी दर्शन करने जाती या ज़ीठयार मैं माता के समक्ष हाज़िरी देती तो कभी पोखरीबल मैं रातभर भजन कार्यक्रम में शामिल होती। ऐक बार वह दिन मैं सोई थी ओर अचानक जाग उठी और कमंडल उठा कर मंदिर की ओर प्रस्थान करने लगी तब उसकी बहुओं ने बताया माताजी आप मंदिर सवेरे जा चुकी हैं। अभी दोपहर का समय है। रूपदैद का ज्येष्ठ बहुत बीमार हुआ ओर जीवन की अंतिम सांसे गिन रहा था। ऐक बार उसने रूपदैद से कुछ गलत शब्दावली का प्रयोग किया। इस पर रूपदैद ने ज्येष्ठ से बडे ही विनम्र भाव मैं कहा मैं आप से पहले यह संसार त्याग दूंगी। इसके कुछ दिन बाद मुहल्ले के ऐक वृध्द ने जो रूपदैद के साथ मंदिर जाते थे रूपदैद के बेटों को अपने घर पर बुलाया ओर कहा आज मैंने मंदिर मैं रूपदैद का चौकाने वाला रूप देखा। वह मंदिर मैं ज़ोर-ज़ोर से चिल्लाई हे मेरे प्रभु अब मुझमें तुम्हारे पास मंदिर आने की हिम्मत नहीं है। अब मुझे अपने पास ही बुला ले। इस द्रश्य को देख कर मंदिर में बाकी उपस्थित लौग

आश्चर्यचकित रह गये। यह सुन कर रूपदैद के बेटे काफी विचलित हुए लेकिन फिर भी वास्तविकता का आबास नहीं हुआ। कुछ दिन बाद ही रूपदैद बीमार हुई और मात्र तीन-चार दिन थोड़ा अस्वस्थ रहने के बाद दीपावली के पावन दिन अपने परमधाम को प्रस्थान कर गयी। रूपदैद के ज्येठ की भी तीसरे दिन मृत्यु होती है। यह ध्यान देना महत्वपूर्ण है कि उसने ज्येठ को दिया अपना संकल्प पूरा किया और उससे पहले इस नश्वर संसार को त्याग दिया।

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काँशिरि सुत्यन काँशिर साँरी  
नतु वॉरानुक्य हॉरान काव

- अमीन कामिल

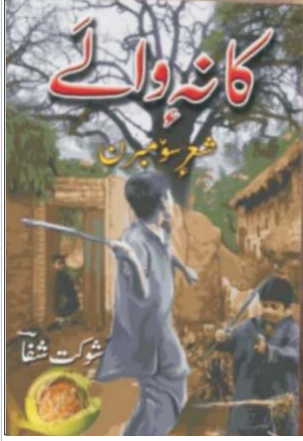
गزل  
بڑچہ ہالو



ساقین چوئس پیائے پیائے  
آد ہیوت سنے لالے لولہ لپوون  
زالہ بو لوگنس از کمرہ حالے  
آد ہیوت سنے لالے لولہ لپوون  
سر کر بو ٹپر و غمشقینہ چالے  
نالے روٹنے شمہس پان  
مس گو مس چہتہ تر آد تھ ملائے  
آد ہیوت سنے لالے لولہ لپوون  
دوہ گوم پیراران وچیس خط خالے  
کمرہ سناہ حالے واہتم یار  
کمرہ ونہ پیرائیں ربیم گو پالے  
آد ہیوت سنے لالے لولہ لپوون

*Book Review - Dr. Sohan Lal Koul***Dr Showkat Shifa – A Poet of Unified Sensibility**

**U**nified sensibility' – This term was used as a high tribute to John Donne by T.S.Eliot. By unification he meant a fusion of thought and feelings. Great poetry is

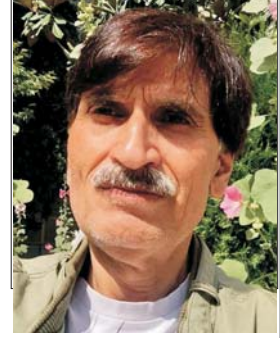


always an outcome of this fusion. If we try to analyse and understand this feature in Kashmiri poetry, we can feel this unification in every genuine poet. From Lal Ded to Rehman Rahi, this has been a continual creative tool with

the poets of different generations. Exactly after one hundred years, since this term was coined, when I am writing an article on Dr. Showkat Shifa's poetic prowess, I can feel the same subtle pattern of unified sensibility in his poetry.

Dr. Shifa is a poet of 21st century and is constantly amalgamating desperate experiences to produce a fresh idiom of poetry. He is conscious of this fact that refined sensibility never produces complex results. Sensibility is not the capacity to receive sense impressions only but it is more than that. It is a constructive medium through which an

idea or an impression is unified as a literary form. Every poem of Dr. Shifa reflects the same fusion of intellect and feeling. His wonderful poetry is mesmerising and is well equipped with every sensory and figurative language. His impulse to perceive unity or to draw together a number of apparently unrelated experiences are beyond the resources of direct language, so he uses similes, metaphors and symbols to communicate the complexity through a soft approach.



Dr. Shifa is known for this softness. While going through his poems you can observe his continual self-sacrifice to achieve the best in poetry. With the emergence of hundreds of poets in Kashmiri language since 1990, claiming modernist and post-modernist and trying to put forth some innovational poetry regarding uncertainty and absurdity of life, it was challenging for critics to evaluate its merit. Large portion of that poetry was



found as frenzy and could not hold any merit. As the dust settled we could see a tender voice emerging with command and competence and taking the shape of a thunder to communicate in the heart beats of life. Unexpectedly he put forth such an idiom of poetry which surprised even the greatest critics of language and literature. Apparently he has a great tradition of spiritual and Metaphysical poets, which got embedded in his intellect to restore a truth which is independent of presumptuous intellect. His sincere approach towards poetry makes him an original poet of the soil. He explores the new images, new linguistic patterns and new philosophical ideas for his reader. 'Ka:ne Va:lay' is his latest poetry collection. Now see the title of the book "Ka:ne Va:lay" – It is a typical Kashmiri word for shaking the branches of walnut trees again after the yield has been collected as there are left over walnuts on high branches of the tree and to get those we use a Kashmiri word 'Ka:ne Va:lay' – It reflects a deep rooted cultural saga of Kashmir as walnut is considered a pious commodity and Kashmiri Pandiths would take them as a symbol of four Vedas. The whole collection reflects his sensibility about feeling and reacting to different situations and issues. We know that exalted poetry is concerned with truth and finding of truth is more or less an intellectual process.

Dr. Shifa has intellectually grasped the truth of life and has expressed it in the language of emotions. This collection

carries six sections, which he has named as 'Bog' again a typical word used for gift or share. These six sections reflect the gradual process of maturity in thought for becoming a great and unique poet.

بہ ماڑِ کریل میہ بیش کانہہ لوکٹ نہ ذات شفا  
مگر بہ بالہ تہزر چہس ونداں بہ کھوربانس

This verse has been used as preface by the poet himself and before we move ahead we have encounter this expression. It should not be construed as an ego of poet but as an amalgam of being with nothingness. "No living being in this universe is as worthless and small as I am, But still the height of that mountain my foot, taller I am." A successful and characteristic effect is secured through brief words and sudden contrast, when he talks about depths and heights in same breath. A total surrender and a high realisation of human dignity and stature. His poetic world cannot be dubbed as post-modernist as he holds the social values very high and cannot rebel against those.

وچتہ پکھ رات کیت بے زون موجی  
کراں چھکھ تارکن بند گاش لتہ مونجہ

"Mother moon, walk carefully during nights, You may trample the light of stars." The feature of social inequality has been a subject of poets and writers since ages but Dr. Shifa has penned this truth with high intellectual skill and emotion. The trampling of that light which comes from

stars is comparatively less than that of moon. Fully charged moonlight makes stars invisible, they lose their existence and this is a tragedy of that moon lit sky which seems beautiful but the lament of stars is unheard. See the vision and intellect of poet where he has tried to strike and communicate a harsh reality of evil society through symbols and metaphors. He has lived the historical pain in his poetic diction. Year 1990 witnessed a mass exodus of a particular community. That exodus was an onslaught of that rich culture which was known for brotherhood, peace and tolerance. This painful event touched Dr. Shifa in very crude manner, he penned a poem titled 'Bablu' – An imaginary character who has left the roots and try to settle in such a habitat which is destined to destroy him. The poem expresses a deep sorrow over his personal loss. The form of the poem is developed as an "Aalaw" – "A call" to Babloo that please return to your roots as the murmuring brooks, the dense shades of Willow trees and lush green fields are waiting here. This poem is undoubtedly a masterpiece and can go down to pages of history. A seamless poem flowing like a virgin wind. Dr. Shifa is a limitless poet, his poetic expressions reveal his metaphysical ideas as well.

سائی منگ منگ چھئے روٹھ شنبس منز  
آسمانن ستن قلف چھ لگتھ

We keep on praying continuously but the same is stagnant somewhere in the state

of nothingness. As the seven skies are already locked, so our prayers are destined to go waste. He takes such a poetic liberty to describe idea beyond his predecessors as they would never dare to express in such an ironical way but the poet within him is restless and in command to question the relation between God and human. His fresh linguistic pattern interprets different levels of truth very significantly. While reading him you can observe a different world of words, which are not commonly used. By deploying these he fills his readers with surprises and these continue verse after verse. Six sections, "Bogs" of the book clearly depict his six poetic stages – a voyage of creativity. In these sections he deals with alienation, transformation, relativity of truth, objectiveness, absurdity, uncertainty and dependence on God. He breaks the classical mould to form a new classical pattern. He has experimented with the nature also, when he shows that all motifs of nature are lamenting on present traditions of Kashmir.

کس تام پھرتھ گو جذباتن ، کئی تامتھ بوٹ چر احساسن  
راون نیول، وچھ دگ، بهآے بندت، ملزار برابر اوش ہاران

A wonderful depiction of "Kashmiriyat" and its sensibility. He ended his collection with a Ghazal written on a great legend of poetry, Rafeeq Raaz. He has depicted his glory of poetry in a very subtle and distinct manner. But before this Ghazal we can see a Dua which reflects the collective consciousness of Dr. Shifa, through his



surrender to Almighty.

جھکھ بالا برتر یا مولا اسمِ رَاجھی پَننی کر یا مولا جھے کانہہ یتہ بمسر یا مولا اسمِ رَاجھی پَننی کر یا مولا

Undoubtedly, I can see a poet of future emerging through this collection, and this may be beginning of huge poetic idiom which will be revealed gradually and shall go down to the pages of great literary history of Kashmir.



نعت

دُعا

توتھ حسن وُچھ نہ مے ازتام بہارس اندر  
 یُس حسن ارض مدپس چھ غبارس اندر  
 کر ادب خاک مدپس چھ جینس لیکھتھ  
 کَار نومتھ چھ پکان واو شہارس اندر  
 جاعے تھ روضہ اطہر چھ مطہر تہراں  
 تہ چھ روزان ملأیک تہ قطارس اندر  
 میانہ اے پانہ اگر پچھ نہ گدایے طیبہ  
 بادشاہ آستہ پچھ توتہ خسارس اندر  
 کُوت اُویل چھ فن نعت تہ زائُن کافی  
 یُود چھ وُتران تہ قرآن معیارس اندر  
 ینہ سوچنہ چھ ہیکھاں سوچ نہ لیکھن ممکن  
 تہ شفا لیکھ کتھو پانٹھ تہ شارس اندر

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عطا کرتہ سکون دل خدایا  
 مے کر آسان ہر مشکل خدایا  
 تہ تھوکت ناہس پچھس ساتھ دی دی  
 حقس کن ووڈی کرم مائل خدایا  
 گوشت پردن اندر پڑ تھوڈن تہ رسوا  
 مے پانہ نمن منز کرم شامل خدایا  
 تھکھ بارتھ گہو پچھم تھامہ ہمہ  
 ملأکیہ کر تہ ووڈی نازل خدایا  
 اگر نے چار کرہم مار گوسے  
 چھ منصف پانہ پیتہ قاتل خدایا  
 تمنا پچھم مدتھ خاک بہا  
 خبر پچھم پچھس نہ تہ قاتل خدایا  
 شفا مے لاگ تن غارن اتھن نکل  
 تھس کافی تڑ پچھہ در دل خدایا

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## Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' Curiosity

**C**uriosity is a thirst for awareness and hunger for knowledge. Just as a thirsty man looks frantically around for water to drink or a hungry person looks desperately everywhere for food or some eatables to satisfy his hunger, so does a curious man run after knowledge or awareness or detailed information, which he is in search of. A thirsty person cannot rest until he gets water to quench his thirst. He will look around for a tap, a well, a running brook or stored water somewhere in a jar, a bottle or some pitcher. After finding it, he drinks to his satisfaction and takes a sigh of relief, feeling a great consolation and satisfaction. Similarly, once a person is troubled by his hunger, he starts looking around for a possible source of some food or any other thing to eat. Normally he would like to get proper food, preferably something of his choice and taste. But if that is not available, he will feel contented to lay his hands on whatever is available and derive satisfaction from that itself. Once he gets something to eat, he devours it and thereafter thanks his stars that he has satisfied his physical need.

Curiosity, on the other hand is a mental need. A person sees something, observes a novel phenomenon or comes across something, which he cannot at first sight fathom, understand or explain, he would like to know what it is. He is eager to know its origin, essence, utility and other

aspects. He wants to go deep into its features, functions, effects, good or bad and the manner in which it can be put to effective use. He wants to harness everything in nature for his own use and comfort. He sees a rainbow and if he could, he would use it as a bridge to reach the sky, the moon and the stars. He observes clouds and if he could, he would make them rain only where rain is needed. He wants cool breeze in summer and cosy sunshine in winter. He is fascinated by everything in nature and wants to examine it, analyse it and find ways and means to make use of it for his own needs and comforts.

As a keen observer, he found that fire is not only useful for him to keep warm but can be used to keep ferocious animals at bay. He found shelter in the hollows of the tree trunks as also in the caves. He found solace under the shade of the tree during summers. He found protection from cold by covering himself with leaves and barks of the mahogany trees. He detected some fruits and vegetables suitable as food before trying the flesh of the animals. He saw birds fly in the open sky and invented, aeroplanes, helicopters and



gliders to go into the open sky. He saw creatures swim on the surface of the water and he himself learnt to swim and cross rivers and oceans, besides going all over the surface of the water by boats and ships. He found water borne creatures moving about in the bed of the seas, he invented submarines and thus fulfilled this desire too. What wonders curiosity can accomplish?

He felt the need to converse with his fellowmen and observed that besides signs and gestures, he could draw caricatures to convey a message. In due course, his keen interest in the noise of sorts, of animals, birds, gushing waters, winds etc. gave him an idea to try verbal conversation. Thus his curiosity carried him from primitive to advanced, from barbaric to civilised and from ignorant to knowledgeable state. Curiosity enabled him to study nature, understand its potential and then harness it for his advantage and benefit. Curiosity took him to the depths of the oceans, vast spans of the sky and ether and to the length and breadth of the globe. Curiosity enabled him to unravel the mysteries of sorts that gave us various branches of sciences, humanities, philosophies, mathematics. That also gave us ethics, morality, behavioural sciences, and a variety of directive principles.

Man did not stop at the curiosity in relation to his needs and necessities alone. He extended it to his comforts and his luxuries. He utilised it for his recreation, hobbies, pass times, sports

and other activities of sorts. This curiosity lifted him from the position where he was at the receiving end and gave him a commanding position. In the beginning he used to observe something and ask how, why and where of it. A stage came in the progress of his curiosity when he started imagining and wishing things and then finding methods to make that a reality. Thus, curiosity gave him ingenuity, creativity and capacity to move on the road of progress. It turned him a master from the position of a servant, a teacher from a student with the result that his life became more comfortable, more enjoyable and more interesting.

Having traversed the physical side through his curiosity, the man turned to the more subtle aspects of his life. Adi Shankaracharya has asked himself two major questions, which shows his curiosity to fathom his spirit and soul. He ponders, 'Koham, Kutah aayaata – Who am I, wherefrom have I come into this world?' The man also became curious to know that entity who says, 'I did it, this is mine, I liked this' and similar other statements. His curiosity took him to the spiritual side of the human existence. Now he was eager to know the Creator, the creation and their mutual relationship. He was curious to know whether the creation was the manifestation of the creator or quite different from him, an entity made of some specific material. He was baffled to see enormous diversity; grief, suffering, toil, want and deficiency on the one hand and mirth, enjoyment, ease, plenty of the

means of comfort, on the other. The natural curiosity for him was to know the reason for this diversity. This took him to the theory of *Karma* or action, reincarnation of soul and the doctrine of carry over of the effects of actions from one birth to the other. He came to the conclusion that there was one Supreme Truth. There were multiple ways of knowing that, describing that and of liberating oneself from the cycle of birth and rebirth.

Of course, curiosity alone was not and is not enough for all these achievements. A serious and sincere follow up is of utmost importance. When we are curious to know something, we have to engage in further study, research, examination and experiment. A dogged perseverance and a concentrated effort to go deep into the matter are of vital necessity. Curiosity is just knocking at the door. Thereafter the door is to be opened and sufficient effort is to be put in to see what lies inside and how it can be harnessed for our benefit. Just as words and deeds follow our thoughts so a sincere action has to follow once the curiosity has got activated. All the sages and savants have done that. All the scientists and researchers too have followed the same regimen. Take the case of Newton. He saw the apple falling from the branch of the tree. Many people would have seen the same thing before him too. His curiosity was why it fell down and not go up. He did not stop at that. He analysed what he had seen. He examined it to the hilt and came up with the scientific theory of gravitation. Had he

stopped at just being curious and not followed it up with scientific analysis, we would have been deprived of an important scientific theory. The same holds good for umpteen other discoveries and inventions that great men have brought to light from time to time.

In lighter vein let me say that curiosity has a shady side also. There is no dearth of curious persons known as nosy parkers. They are always eager to know about others. They want to know their secrets, their private life, details of their wealth, their personal activities and all that information which is of no concern to them. They will try to sneak in and listen to others private conversation. They are eager to read their personal letters and documents. They will not hesitate in asking others their personal details, like their age, the pay and perks they get. If they come to know due to their curiosity, what somebody was talking about a third person they will not hesitate in conveying that to him and thereby create friction between them. They will always meddle in other's affairs, carry tales and make the clean waters of relationship muddy and dirty. Such a curiosity is bad and destructive and needs to be shunned. Curiosity, like any other trait should be pious, pure and constructive. Then and then alone shall it bring positive results.

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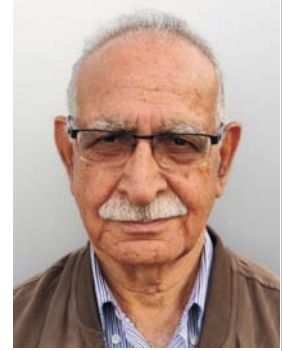
*Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul*

## The Amazing Penguins

**P**enguins are unusual birds. They are amazing, delightful and wonderful creatures. They walk upright like clowns in a circus and do not fly. Their tidy plumage makes it easy to believe that they are dressed in a suit. They are much loved across the world thanks to TV channels and are now one of the most animal favourites in zoos. Although now among the most popular of birds yet they are relatively new to us in the northern hemisphere. It was not until the 15th century that sailors venturing into southern waters discovered penguins. These first penguin mankind interactions were pretty brutal. Sailors regarded penguins, who were perhaps the only birds they had ever seen which showed no fear of man, as a source of easy food. All you had, to do was walk into a colony and club them to death. Later they were killed not just for food but for oil as well. Fortunately, no penguin



species were driven to extinction by this process and now that we have learned more respect for the world around us, we are free to admire their sometimes comical but always amazing existence.



However, it is unfortunate that oil spills in South Africa and farming in South America, as well as farming and a collection of introduced predators in New Zealand are threatening them. Yellow-eyed, Galapagos, Humboldt's and Little penguins are all suffering declining populations.

There are 17 species of penguins all of which have a southerly distribution ranging from the Antarctic itself to the Galapagos Islands. These are:

1. Emperor Penguin
2. Adelie Penguin 41
3. King Penguin
4. Royal Penguin
5. Gentoo Penguin
6. Chinstrap Penguin
7. African Penguin
8. Magellenic Penguin
9. Humboldt Penguin
10. Yellow Eyed Penguin
11. Rockhopper Penguin
12. Macaroni Penguin

13. Little Penguin
14. Galapagos Penguin
15. Fiordland Penguin
16. Snares island Penguin
17. Erect Crested Penguin

Only two species, Emperor and Adelie, have entirely Antarctic distribution. The rest live more northerly lives to varying degrees, 5 species being sub-Antarctic, 6 southern temperate and 4 sub-tropical. Though one species, the Galapagos



Emperor Penguins

Penguin (currently the rarest species) lives in the equatorial band it is protected to some extent from the heat by the cold Antarctic currents which bathe the island.

Penguins are not found in the northern hemisphere. They are highly adapted to marine life and some species spend up to 80% of their life at sea. Penguins do not fly and walk only slowly, though they can outdistance a running man while sliding on their bellies. Penguins look awkward, even comical, on land; they are, however, elegant when in the sea. They have evolved to live in the freezing southern waters and are excellent swimmers using their strengthened and modified wings to fly through the water. Their whole bodies are designed to make them a success in their chosen environment. Propelled by their wings and steering by their feet, Penguins can reach speeds of up to 13 miles per hour.

Penguins are excellent divers. The Emperor is the record holder for both dive duration (18 minutes) and dive depth (1751 ft). The King Penguin. comes in second with recorded dives of 783 ft. However, dives like this are exceptional, normally penguins dive much more shallowly and far less deeply. A survey reported in 1995 indicates that on average Emperor Penguins dive to depths of between 25 and 40 meters and for 4 to 5 minutes.

Europeans have on several occasions attempted to introduce Penguins of various species to the

northern hemisphere, and although some of the introduced specimens survived for a number of years none were observed to breed. Breeding for a number of species, however, has been achieved successfully in zoos.

Many Penguins live in cold environments, under extreme conditions. Male Emperor Penguins can endure temperatures below - 20 °C for several months without food while incubating their single egg during the Antarctic winter. To achieve this remarkable feat they obviously have had to evolve some special adaptations. Penguins first layer of defence is the ubiquitous and remarkably efficient feathers which form a double layer of protection incorporating a layer of highly insulating air between them. This feather barrier supplies 84% of a Penguin's thermal insulation. A Penguin's second layer of defence is a thick layer of blubber immediately beneath the skin. Blubber is basically fatty oils and is a bad conductor of heat as well as a valuable store of energy. During the breeding season some of the more southerly Penguins may be as much as 32% blubber by weight. This blubber is invaluable in saving Penguin lives.

Penguin's thermal insulation is so efficient that those living on the ice shelves of the Antarctic overheat if they spend too long in the sea. Water freezes at 0 °C, if it is liquid it must be warmer than this (usually about 4

°C). This can be much warmer than the surrounding air which gets as low as - 10 °C near the sea. So penguins standing around on the ice are not just enjoying the scenery, many of them are actually cooling down before getting back into much warmer sea to look for food. Not all Penguins, however, live in the frozen wastes of the Antarctic, Coastal Africa, South America, New Zealand and Australia; a number of Southern Pacific and Atlantic Islands, up to and including the Galapagos, are home to Penguins. Needless to say many of these habitats are considerably warmer than mainland Antarctica and in the more northerly ones this excellent insulation that protects more southerly living species can become a problem, causing overheating. Penguins respond to overheating in several ways, all of which are designed to increase heat loss.

Penguins hunt for their food in the seas and oceans of the Southern Hemisphere. They consume considerable



amounts of fish, krill and squid. The amount of time penguins spend at sea foraging depends on the time of year. Some species are prone to longer trips with Emperor Penguins spending 60 to 70 days at sea at a time while Gentoo Penguins make foraging trips of only 4 to 12 hours during the breeding season. Foraging during the breeding season obviously puts a heavy burden on the prey populations near the nesting site as penguins are then grouped together in large numbers in breeding grounds called rookeries. The rookeries are like mad houses where the inmates (Penguins) make deafening noises.

Penguins are monogamous and breed in a diverse variety of habitats ranging from the frozen wastes of the Antarctic to the scorching lava flows of the Galapagos Islands. Most Penguins congregate in large dense colonies to nest (except Yellow-eyed and Fiordland Penguins). These colonies range in size from 200 to 300 birds for Gentoo Penguins through to 6,00,000 or more birds in



Chinstrap, King and Macaroni Penguins. Most species nest on the surface with simple unlined nests though some will nest in burrows or caves.

Most species of Penguin lay two eggs, the exceptions to this being the two larger species Emperor and King Penguins which both lay only one egg. Both parents play an active role in incubating the egg and raising the young though in Emperor Penguins the male does all the incubating and the female all the caring before creching. Young Penguins aggregate in creches after a certain period of time. This frees both parents to go foraging to feed the hungry young and prevents them from getting lost on their own. It also helps protect them against predators. The primary predators of eggs and chicks are Skuas and Gulls for most species of Penguins except the Emperors which have to deal with Giant Petrels instead. However, since the coming of human beings introduced predators such as Dogs, Cats, Pigs, Stoats, Frerrets and Rats have become increasingly more important as predators. At sea Penguins have to deal with a different selection, of predators. Leopard Seal, Fur Seal, Sea Lions and Elephant Seal are all considerable predators of Penguins at sea. Often these predators wi11 be waiting in the sea near nesting colonies to prey on adults coming to and from foraging trips and on young birds entering the sea for the first time.

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*From Here & There - Robin Chowdhury*  
**The Sigririya Conundrum**  
**An Anecdote from a tourist trip in 2018**

**I**n these days of the coronavirus pandemic (Covid 19), much of international travel has been suspended and there are severe restrictions on national travel as well. One can, however, indulge in memories of previous travels. Let me tell you an interesting story from one such trip. It may be regarded as a cautionary tale and even a conundrum. In early 2018 four of us had a very enjoyable trip to Sri Lanka (Feb 26-March 8).

A travel agent in Australia helped plan the trip using a travel group in India who are specialists in Sri Lanka and they, in turn, liaised with a tourist outfit based in Sri Lanka. We were a group of four, spanning three generations: Tara, Vijay, Surinder and Robin. The first three flew to Colombo from San Francisco and I flew there from Sydney. Despite the wide range in age, this has been a harmonious and happy travel group over many years.

The planning of the itinerary and making of travel arrangements worked well and we had a very busy and engaging schedule. The tour included archaeological sites of ancient Kingdoms, rock and cave temples, the Sigiriya Rock fortress, elephant sanctuaries, wildlife parks, tea gardens and a tea factory and much more. Our driver-guide was Mr Duminda, a person with long experience.

We could not have foreseen that, despite his many good qualities, his guidance would trigger the incident described here.



**The Location-  
Sigiriya Rock Fortress and  
Surrounding Gardens :**

The specific location was in the Sigiriya Rock Fortress and surrounding grounds and gardens, a unique tourist spot in the Central Province of Sri Lanka near the town of Dambulla. This site is the best-preserved example of ancient urban planning in Sri Lanka. The region has been inhabited for about 4000 years and there had been a monastery at the site since 3<sup>rd</sup> century BC. The existing fortress was built by King Kashyapa (477-495AD) who selected this site as the capital of his kingdom. Sigiriya is an example of ancient Sri Lankan art and architecture. Sigiriya rock fortress has an elevation of 349 metres and is dominated by a massive column of rock about 200m in height climbing which includes 1200 steps. The Sigiriya complex is a World Heritage Site.

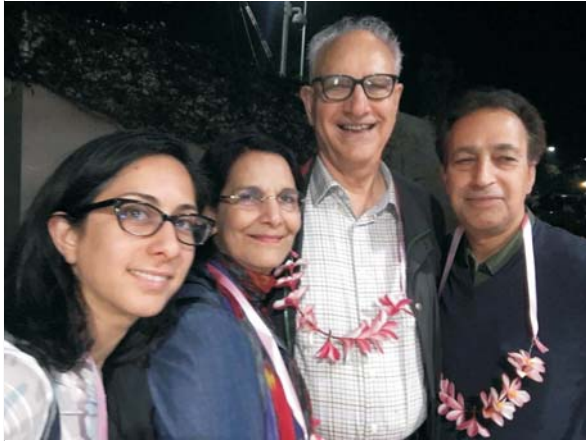
**Factors leading to the Sigiriya incident**

**and conundrum :**

The origin of the conundrum can be understood by a change in our itinerary made at short notice on day 3 of a 10-day trip as we were approaching the Aliya Resort and Spa after visiting Anuradhapura Ancient Kingdom. Mr. Duminda proposed that we make the Sigiriya climb on the late afternoon of that same day. Originally, we were supposed to climb the next morning. After check-in at the Resort, we had little time to make a sensible decision. However, two of our group (Tara and Surinder) were enthusiastic with the prospect of a good climb and we (Vijay and Robin) reluctantly joined in.

**How the situation developed :**

After about 40 minutes driving from Aliya Resort, we arrived at the outer boundary, the Main Entrance of the fields, grounds



**Arrival at Bandaranaike International Airport, Colombo**

and gardens of Sigiriya. We passed the car park and the driver got into the amphitheatre, if one might call it that. These are the grounds where tourists, local and international, arrive and this area also includes a police/security post, kiosk or shop, and a small building (recreational for police/security). This part of the grounds is frequented by hawkers and tuk-tuk drivers as well. At the other end this spacious area is the ticket-barrier which controls access to the main gardens of the site leading up to the Rock. Mr Duminda gave us our passes/tickets, pointed in that direction of the ticket barrier and said: "after passing the barrier, keep walking towards the Sigriya Rock and when you get there, you will see a huge Arch in the Rock. Stop there and wait for me. I will go now and park the Van and meet you there. We then started walking through the vast fields and terraced gardens and it must have taken about 50 minutes when we saw the natural Arch in the rock. We were still on flat ground and getting through steps to the Arch at higher ground would have taken less than 10 minutes at normal pace. However, I felt rather unwell. It was angina pain but not severe. Although I have had heart disease for a couple of decades, my angina is of the silent variety. In the rare instance, if effort or fatigue causes pain, I must rest. I was not alarmed but stopped just in time. I told Surinder and Tara to go ahead as I would not climb. Soon Vijay also caught up with me and learnt of my situation and my decision not to climb. Had she also gone up, I might

have become despondent as it would be dark soon and the climbers of our group would be back only after 2 hours or more. Initially the two of us (Robin and Vijay) felt quite comfortable to wait although there was nowhere to sit. There were only low walls of dry stones with sharp edges and brambles and trees. One had to remain standing throughout. Soon Mr Duminda came from behind us and looked askance. He expected to see us further along, at the Arch. We told him of our decision not to climb. He simply said: "Wait here" but did not say where the Van was parked. He should have assembled the whole group together and explained things. Instead, he hurried along to the Arch where he caught up with Tara and Surinder and accompanied them on the climb. We learnt later why Mr. Duminda was in a rush. Besides the fact the climb started late, there was the additional urgency as entry to an area of the rock that figured ancient frescoes was closed after 4:30 p.m. Soon the evening was progressing and light was fading. We (Robin and Vijay), who waited at the foot of the hill, were bitten by mosquitoes. It was not feasible to stay still and we were quite uncomfortable. Going back towards the amphitheatre seemed to be common sense solution.

#### Return along the way came :

We decided to walk back towards the amphitheatre and the Main Entrance. As we headed in that direction, there were no landmarks and it seemed a long distance



Mr. Duminda (left), Tara tasting coconut water (right)

to walk. Fortunately, I did not feel any discomfort or angina pain. We thought that if we see the ticket barrier, we would be home, so to speak. And we got there soon. However, there was no one at the ticket barrier and the whole place including the amphitheatre seemed mostly deserted, emptied of tourists.

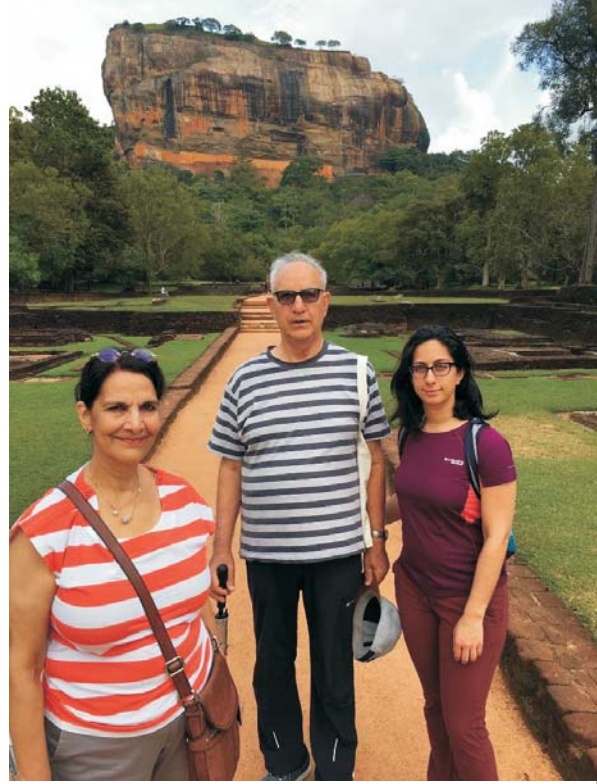
A person with obvious familiarity with the place was looking around for anyone needing transport. He came to us and offered to take us anywhere we wanted to go. We thanked him and told him that the driver of our Van would come for us later. He was a bit puzzled and clearly thought it unlikely that our driver could come in at that time or later. His manner indicated that we were in the wrong place at that time. Not knowing his name, let me call him Mr. TT. He soon jumped into his tuk-tuk and was gone. We wanted a cup of tea and wandered around

till we reached a small shop which was able to make us a reasonable brew of tea. We saw some folding chairs nearby and set them up to sit and wait. A smartly dressed police officer, obviously from the security group, approached us after a while. He said "Can I be of any help?" in a manner indicating that we should not be there at that time. We declined his offer of help, again with an excess of self-assurance. He seemed puzzled but moved along.

#### We walk further away towards the Main Entrance :

It was now dark except for some artificial lighting as evening gently transited to night. We thought it would be better to get further along to where we thought the parking area for vehicles would be located. We walked that way through an avenue which was thickly lined with trees and shrubs. During the day time this avenue was a hub of activity, bustling with pedestrians and some vehicular traffic. But now it was mostly deserted. We did encounter a few pedestrians and a bicycle or two going in the same direction. It was taking long and we started getting anxious for the first time. However, we soon saw a huge entrance sign. 🗺️ This was a consolation that we were not lost. But where was the vehicle parking ground? It was not obvious. We did see a road but it was not clear if it was a highway or a local road.

#### We have phone contact :



**Sigiriya Rock in the background-Vijay, Robin and Tara amongst the gardens**

We called the mobile number of the phone with our climber duo. It was lucky they had one phone and we had the other. They were worried. They asked why we were not at the place below the Arch where they separated from us. Our explanations made no sense to them. We explained our location to them and to Mr. Duminda but the latter also seemed not to comprehend anything.

After all, Mr Duminda knew the layout of the site, the location of the ticket barrier and of the Main Entrance to the site

where he had brought us only a few hours earlier. Despite many efforts, we were getting nowhere in our phone conversation. We kept moving from one side of the road to the other side. On the other side of the road we found a settlement, perhaps a small local village. This village may be for the hawkers and traders who serve the tourists during the day. The ground adjacent to it might be the vehicle parking area. We kept passing on this information to Mr Duminda. There was still no suggestion from him that he

understood us or that he will drive towards us in his Van.

### A Surprise Resolution :

How this situation will be resolved, we wondered. Mr Duminda suggested no solution to us and he did not convey anything to the two of our group (the climber duo) who were with him. Maybe he thought we got ourselves lost. Maybe his English was not as good as we thought it was. Maybe he truly did not understand our location. None of these was likely. So then why was he silent on the phone? That was an important part of the conundrum, second only to the fact that going back to Main Entrance did not lead to a resolution.

There was still some vehicular traffic on the road. Mr TT, the tuk-tuk guy, happened to be travelling as a passenger in a Jeep. He must have seen us as we were crossing the road one more time. Mr TT suddenly jumped out of the moving Jeep even before it had stopped. He came straight towards us and said, in very good English "What are you doing here? I met you inside (meaning the amphitheatre) some time back and asked if you needed to be taken anywhere. Do you remember?"

We recognised him as he said that and explained our situation that our driver had not come with his Van to pick us up. After all he (our driver-guide) should be around here, being the Main Entrance and the parking area. Mr. TT listened and he seemed to understand the situation well. He then explained that there were, in fact,

### Meeting Point at the base of climb-The ARCH



three car parks. Two car parks were located near the Main Entrance, one for tourists and one for local transportation. He said that there was another car park for picking up international tourists. But we were not at the right place for that car park. Anyway, he was keen to help. It was decided that he will speak on phone to our driver-guide.

We then asked Surinder and Tara to give the phone to Mr Duminda and that a local person would again tell him about our exact location. So, Mr TT spoke to Mr Duminda and, in turn, confirmed his location. Mr TT then suggested that he would take us to Mr Duminda and our other group members. We agreed without hesitation. This was sensible in comparison to Mr Duminda coming to our location. Also TT would drive us and thus get paid for his troubles. Thus, TT jumped into his tuk-tuk and asked us to get in at the back and, in about 20 minutes; we were with the rest of our group and Mr Duminda, all standing close to his Van.

Thanks, were given to Mr TT and he went on his way. For us the immediate situation was resolved and the aura was peaceful. Brief conversations ensued in calm tones as Mr Duminda drove us to Aliya Resort and Spa. He still offered no explanation that night or during the subsequent days of our enjoyable travelling. By common consent we decided not to argue about the incident amongst ourselves. But aspects of conundrum remained unresolved till this write-up was completed. It was only then

that the author was able to join the dots from clues in our interaction with Mr TT and the security police officer.

#### **Understanding the Conundrum:**

Although we were never told in advance, International tourists are driven in via the Main Entrance which is several kilometres walk from the Sigiriya Rock. However, only national tourists must exit by that route. There is a special exit for International tourists quite close to the Rock and the base of the climb. The driver-guide of an International group has the facility to park the vehicle at a parking spot close to the Sigiriya rock but quite distant from the Main Entrance. Mr Duminda, having made a questionable departure from protocol (changing a morning climb to an afternoon climb), could not enter the amphitheatre or any other part of the site from the main entrance as it is out of bounds after dark. He could not call security because the security group also had left for the night. He would have compounded his error (in the judgement of his employers) if he had ventured outside the place of his designated parking. These factors explain why he preferred to stay put rather than try and find us. Thus, he waited till Robin and Vijay were lucky to find unexpected help. Note: Vijay and Surinder gratefully acknowledged for checking the text and for the photos.

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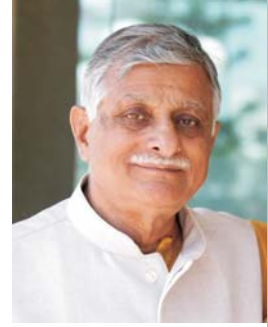
## Consecutive Serial - M.K.Raina The Treasure

Once again the face of that mendicant was before my eyes. Frightening looks, tall stature, big eyes, ear rings hanging from the lobes of his ears, white turban, a snake-like muffler round his neck and a rosary of black beads in his hand. Whether he was a real mendicant or a fraud, I could not figure out. A shiver ran down my spine. His gruff and fearful voice resounded in my mind, 'Not much time is left for you. Do as I said to you. You should get the treasure within two days. Rest all you know.'

I looked around. No one was there, either in my front or at my back. It was the shadow of this very Fakir that I used to perceive in front of me for the last four days. I mustered courage and mulled over what he had said. 'Why after all am I agitated? What did he say? Whatever he said was in my interests, to help me.' I pondered over his words once again. Four days back he had met me just outside the crematorium. He had said, 'You have a long life to live but all your work is pending. How will you manage and what all can you accomplish? If you like, I will do you a favour. Within six

days you must reach the mountaintop of Pakhlan early at the dawn. There you will find the biggest birch tree. Underneath it is hidden a treasure. It is guarded by a cobra but on seeing you it will go away. You have to carry the treasure on your back and bring it to me. We will share it half and half. I shall wait for you on the other side of the river. The job is arduous and so you should not go there alone. Take one more person along, for, the treasure is quite heavy. You have nothing to lose. You will get wealth enough to sustain your seven generations. Now it is up to you to decide. But remember, if you do the job within six days well and good, or else I will have to look for someone else to execute it.

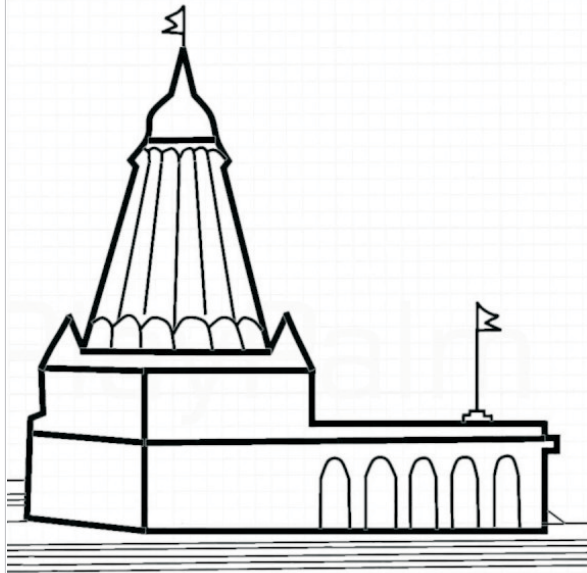
I was delighted to know of the treasure but the warning that it was going to be arduous was rather frightening. I was greatly in debt and thought that it would



take my entire lifetime to repay that. When I would be able to marry and have a family of my own was baffling. Thinking of the looks of the Fakir would make me tremble but the thought of a treasure would put life in me and my eyes would brighten. I decided to start my journey to fetch the treasure tonight itself.

The destination was far away. I packed about ten *chapatis* to sustain me on the way and left for the place early in the morning. I did not think of taking along a companion with me because if it involved taking a grave risk, why not face it alone? Am I not capable of facing the odds myself? Why should I make anyone else know the secret of this adventure?

I kept on walking through and over hills, forests, rivers and cliffs. At around mid-day I reached near the temple of Goddess Kali. I saw a host of people



gathered there. First I thought the crowd must have collected to offer collective worship with lighted lamps and chanting of hymns. When I went closer there was no trace of such a thing. People were standing in a queue and pushing and jostling each other. A volunteer was guiding the people to form proper queue and even hit a person who would not fall in line. I asked him what the matter there was. He laughed and replied, 'I think you are a newcomer here. Don't you know anything?' I nodded my head in negative sign, indicating that in fact I knew nothing. So he continued, 'From heavens the Lord of Righteousness '*Dharma Raja*' has sent his representative, who is distributing tickets for entry into the Paradise. Whosoever is desirous of going to heaven after his death, can purchase a ticket right here.' The ticket was priced at a hundred rupees but I had only twenty rupees in my pocket. I was ignorant about the fact that tickets to heaven could be got here on this earth itself. I thought it was good for me that at the behest of the mendicant I had come that side; let me accomplish this task as well. What if I do not have the full amount with me, there should be no problem in securing a ticket on credit. After all I am not going to run away with this amount. More so from tomorrow I will be counted among the elite rich of the society after the treasure reaches my home.

I explained my financial position to this young volunteer appealing to his compassion. He said, 'Don't you mind. I shall recommend your case.' On the



strength of his assurance I also took my place in the queue. My face showed such elation, as if I was the only person to be granted entry into the paradise. To ensure that the person does not ditch me at the last moment, I befriended him. I learnt from him that this camp for selling tickets to heaven was going to function for five days. This man was from some other city and was brought by the representative along with himself. I was engrossed in conversation with him but the joy of conversation did not last long. As soon as he asked me where I was heading to after obtaining the ticket, I started sweating all over. My legs trembled and I was apprehensive that he may have known the truth. I thought why else would he bother to know where I was going. I did not reply but he insisted, 'Which ideas are you lost in? You are not replying; are you afraid that I may insist to go along with you.' I retorted, 'No, not at all. That is not the case. I was only thinking how to make good the deficiency in the cost of the ticket.' Hearing that, the young man kept quiet and I also distanced myself from him.

I kept on moving forward. There was a dais in front on which was seated an elderly man. By his side there was another young man who would collect the money. The elderly man himself distributed the tickets. When it was my turn, I kept my twenty rupees before the young man. He looked towards me with a stern eye but I explained, 'Look here brother, this is all I have in my pocket today. If you trust me I shall pay the balance tomorrow. In fact I

will pay five rupees extra.' My plea had no effect on him. He refused point blank. The elderly man did not speak a word. He would give instructions through gestures only. He forbade the young man from accepting the money. But I was not going to yield. I begged of him. Those behind me in the queue raised hue and cry. I was not prepared to leave without getting a ticket. This forced a few persons standing in the queue to intervene. Their decision was that by paying twenty rupees I could only make a booking but I would get the ticket on paying the balance. I felt favoured and thought that today I could make the booking and tomorrow when I return along with the treasure, I could collect my ticket. The representative gave his consent to this arrangement. He indicated his approval by nodding his head. He handed over a piece of paper to me. It was a receipt for twenty rupees and a note of booking the ticket. I pocketed the paper and left the place.

On the way a thought came to my mind, 'May be tomorrow these people play pranks with me and refuse to give me a ticket. Or it could be that by the time I reach this place, they may have closed their shop.' I became anxious. I was on the horns of a dilemma. I knew if I returned home to fetch the balance amount, I would be late for the treasure. I consoled myself, 'What can they do? Is there no rule, after all I have made a booking properly. If they cheat, there is always a court for redress. I will not leave them and take an account for the last penny.'



I reached the Pakhlan hill after the Sunset. It was dangerous to climb during the night but where to spend the night? The place was full of danger from the wild animals. I saw a pine tree. It was quite big and there was a seating space on one of its branches. I decided to spend the night on this tree. I crawled up the tree like a monkey. I made a space for rest. I took out the packet of *chapattis* and filled my belly. Thereafter I went to sleep on the tree.

At around four in the morning I woke up. The dawn was still some hours away. I thought it proper not to waste any more time. I came down from the tree. I took a stick in my hand and started my journey up the hill. Although the visibility was poor, yet I searched my way in that darkness and kept on moving forward. I encountered some thorny bushes. My feet and legs got scratched but I did not give up. I

proceeded forward. The attraction of the treasure was an impetus already but the ticket for the heaven gave my legs some more fillip. At a couple of places I slipped badly but then I had to muster some more courage. My eyes were centered at the top of the Pakhlan Hill and the treasure over there. Finally I was at my destination but my entire body was aching with pain. It was yet to dawn and so I decided to rest on a stone slab at the apex of the hill.

I reckon I must have been lying for about half an hour when I heard a violent noise, as if some lion was roaring. I was frightened to think, 'So far I reached here safely. Now the lion should not eat me up.' I looked around but could see nothing. Finally I spotted a birch tree far away, that too withered. I rushed and climbed the same tree. There was no trace of a lion anywhere. May be it was a hallucination only. After sometime I climbed down and started looking for the huge birch tree. Now the dawn was imminent. I could not





find any other birch tree. Finally I looked at the very tree on which I had climbed due to the fear of a lion. There was neither any treasure nor any cobra guarding that. I thought that possibly the cobra has already left on seeing me. Now the treasure must be under this very tree.

I picked up stone slab pieces and began digging the ground under the tree. My hands got bruised. In the meantime there was light all around and the Sun began shining. I dug up about two feet deep but there was no trace of the treasure. I did not lose my courage or cool. I kept on digging hoping that some effort now would result in a luxurious life in future. I went on digging, first up to three feet and then four feet deep but there was no treasure to be seen.

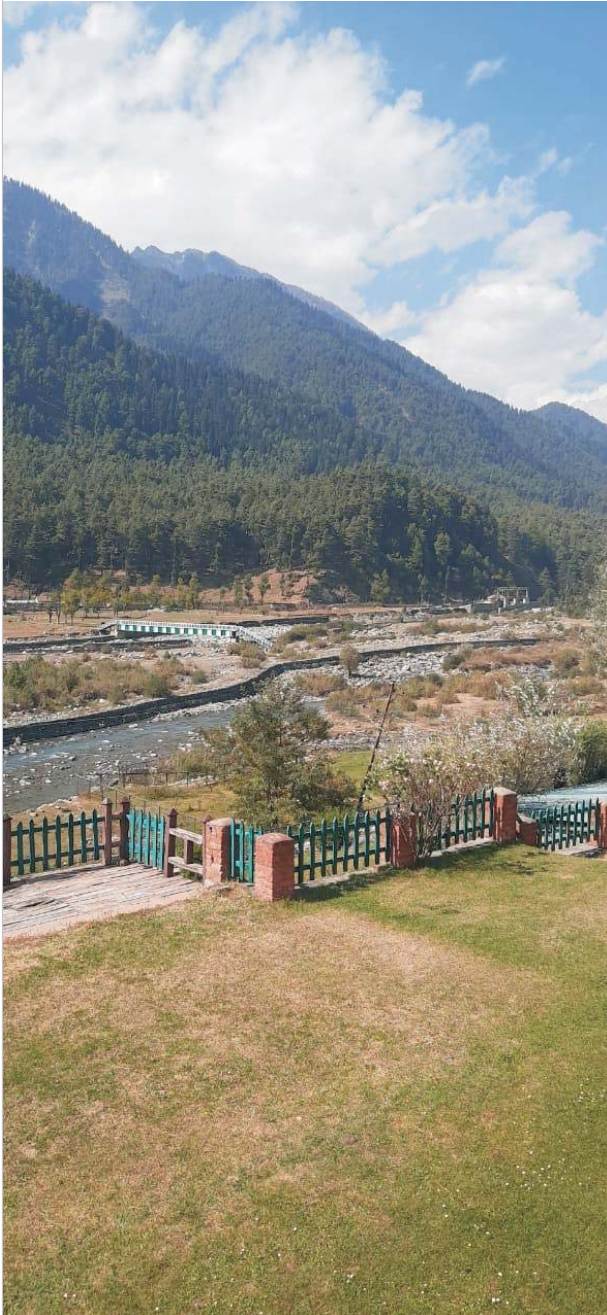
I was very thirsty by now. I searched for some water but there was no water anywhere. I saw a host of insects hovered around a thorny bush at some distance. The clay at that spot was wet. I lowered a big leaf in the pit and made another leaf into a small cup shape in such a way that

water dipped into it drop by drop. It was indeed a long drawn affair but then there was no other alternative.

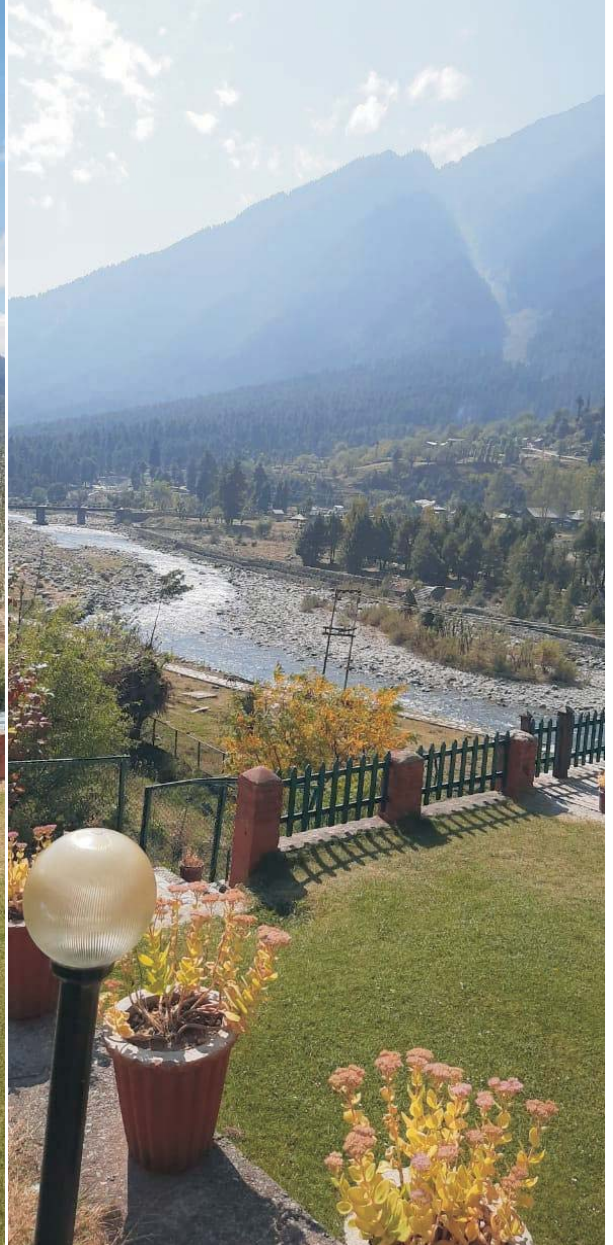
Once a few drops collected in the cup-shaped leaf, I emptied it on my tongue. It gave me some cool feeling and I felt some solace. Now the Sun was on my head. I rushed back to the birch tree to dig the ground further. On reaching there I was astonished to see a big cobra coiled in the pit dug by me. I thought that every word of the *Fakir* was coming true. I was waiting for the cobra to depart on seeing me as the mendicant had predicted but it did not move. I thought perhaps he has not seen me yet. So I made some sounds to drive it away. It did not move. Then I tried to push it with my foot so that it goes away and I take out the treasure. But instead it moved violently and bit my foot. I fell on the ground. My eyes turned into stones and I was gazing towards the birch tree. I had already died perhaps.



## Photo Feature

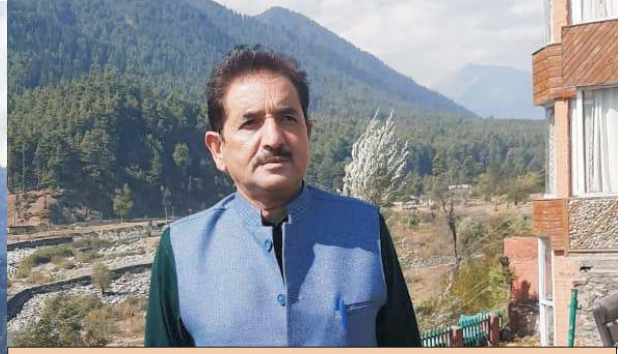
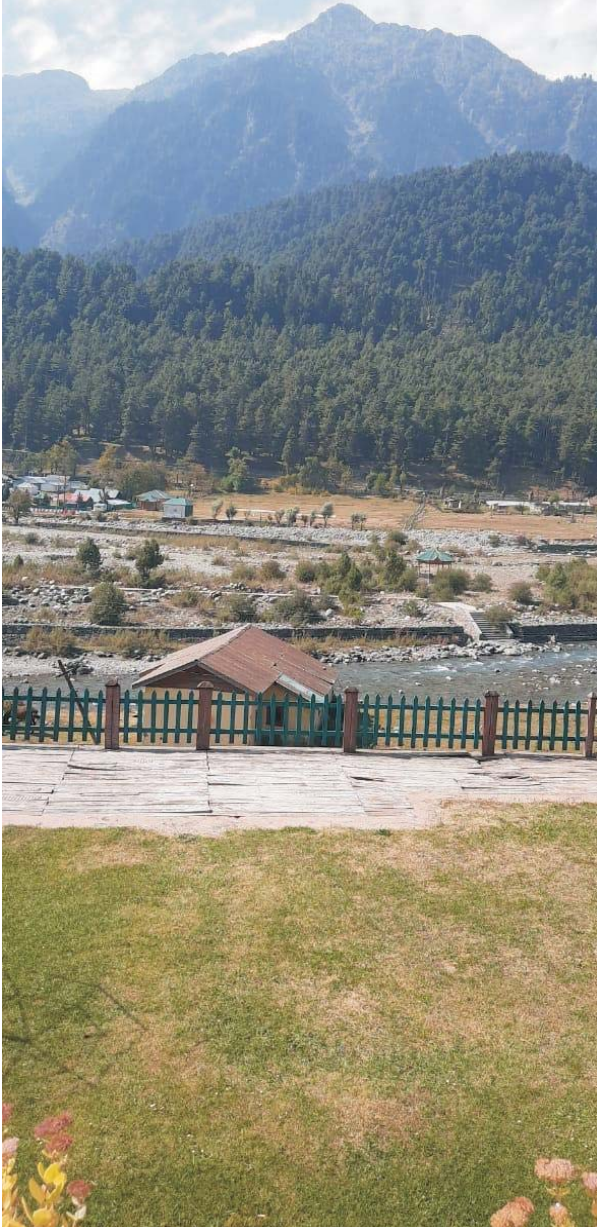


Pahalgam by Kaleem Basheer Ahmad

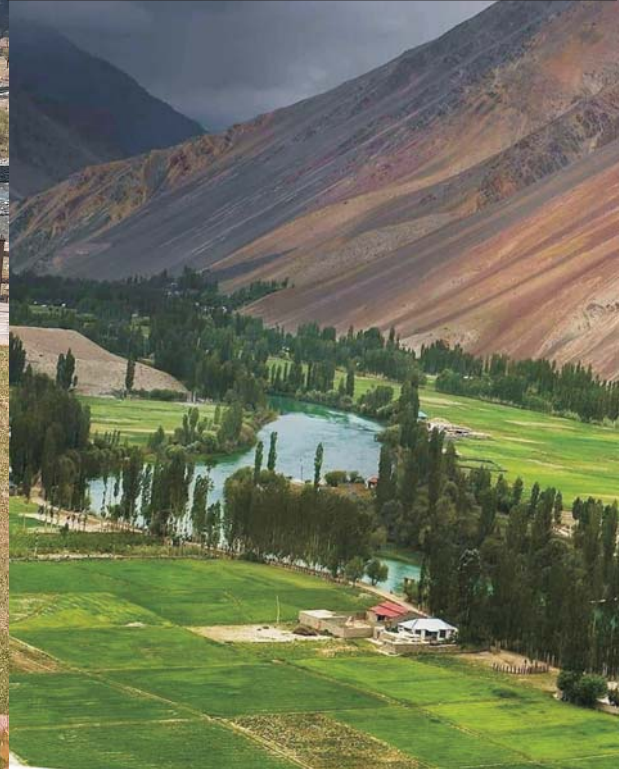


## Photo Feature

## Pahalgam by Kaleem Bashir Ahmad



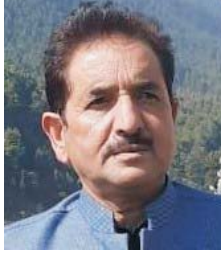
Kaleem Bashir Ahmad, Ex Executive Officer, Pahalgam Municipality wants a Kashmiri Language Workshop to be held in Pahalgam as soon as the Covid position improves. Praagaash salutes you Sir.



## Letters to Editor

**Dear Editor,**

Every issue of Praagaash is live history of art, culture, literature and language. I am having great desire to meet your goodself in person in order to discuss some issues regarding promotion of Kashmiri language and culture. We are grateful to you for publishing Praagaash and keeping us in touch with our roots.



**Kaleem Bashir Ahmad**  
Pahalgam

**Namaskar,**

I always enjoy reading Praagaash, the parts that I find interesting and can understand. This issue too I am enjoying - article on artist D N Wali Sahab, Kundanji's story, Lalitaditya chapter of our history and so much more. It saddens me that I cannot understand the Lalla Vakh and Sheikh Nuruddin's Shrukh. I wonder if you could add a translation in English or Hindi.



I had also suggested to you earlier that it would be of great interest to readers to know and understand our popular folk songs. Perhaps you could request/depute someone to select one song per issue with a little note on its authorship and what the

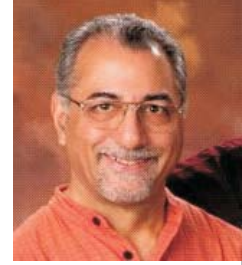
lines of the lyrics mean in English or Hindi. I also found the poem by Rajesh Raina 'Pakiv Bronh' truly beautiful - Sweetly Sad and moving on to better things.

Wishing you all the best as always  
Warm regards,

**Urmila Zutshi**  
Santacruz, Mumbai

**Dear Raina Saheb,**

Thanks for October 2020 edition, very enjoyable. After hearing Rajesh Raina, it was good to read his poem about nostalgia and moving on. Dr. K.L. Chowdhury's medical journey was very interesting. Kudos to Dr. Zarka Batul to bring out the inspiring account of Rehana Kausar.



Rahul Kilam brought out the scene of Kashmiri Opera nicely. Suggest Opera lovers not to miss a brilliant effort by 'Kasmiri Performers Collective'. This was performed in 2016 in Tagore Hall Srinagar. The Artist who had acted as Arinimal was Suman Raina. The Singer was Shahi Mumtaz and music composer was Raja Bilal. Director of the Opera was Manzoor Mir.

I liked Ratan Lal Jowhar's poem 'Aalav'. Prof R.N.Bhat's article about 'Synchronic Digraphia' was topical with more languages getting official

## Letters to Editor

recognition. My only pain is that exponents of Kashmiri Language & Script devote more energies in getting official recognition to that in promoting the language. Read about it in my article in Praagaash Feb. 2020 Edition.

It was good to read your story which we listened to earlier, thanks to you. Keep up the good work.

**Ashok Dullu**  
Vadodara



**Dear Editor,**

The October issue of Pragaash makes a very good reading covering a wide range of articles from history, medicine, environment, opera and mystics of Kashmir and of course poetry. Articles by Dr. Chowdhury and Mr. Kilam make us nostalgic as we had known and met stalwarts like Dr. Ali Jan, Sh. Dina Nath Nadim and others. Unfortunately, we can live Kashmir only through these memories.

**V.K.Khoda**  
Bangalore



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Praagaash October issue having illuminating information on varying topics makes a delightful and engaging reading. Congratulations for the efforts put in by you in



bringing out such a valuable and informative magazine.

**Upendra Ambardar**  
Jammu



**Dear Editor,**

Best write up by my engineering batchmate from REC Srinagar (now NIT Sgr) Er. M. K. Dhar exhibiting his intellect to speak on such health conscious subjects. I am proud of him though I lived him always in my heart of hearts silently in the college and outside it. My salute to him.

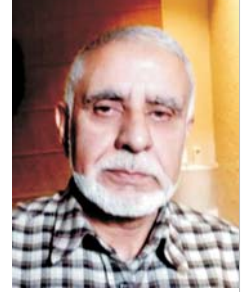
**Manzoor Nawchoo**  
Srinagar



**My Dear Raina Sahib,**

Namaskar. Thank you for the latest issue of Praagaash. The essay by Er. Dhar is very informative and inspiring. It is sad that we KPs eat animals. It seems to me a kind of fall in morals and ethics.

Why don't we kill the animal before eating it? Why do we avoid animal flesh on auspicious days of the month? Why do we observe 'fast' on auspicious days? These questions have disturbed me from my



## Letters to Editor

childhood! In my village back home, being the eldest, I would request somebody (a KM) to cut a chicken for our guest! It disturbed me but the guest would be satisfied so was the case with my parents! I wonder at our identity. Are we Pandits? Really!

Sincerely Yours  
**Rajnath Bhat**  
Varanasi



Sir,

Thanks a lot for sending me the Oct 2020 of Praagaash through email as well as on WhatsApp. I am so happy to see that how you are trying to save our culture and language, which seems to be on its last wings now due to the unfortunate happenings that our small community has gone through and still going on. As I said you are doing a yeoman service to our small community with total dedication and through your literary depth.

I am grateful to you to publish my article - a brief life's sketch on Babuji life and honoring him as an artist through the cover page picture and the other paintings embedded in the article.

Wishing you all the best in your noble endeavor.

**Tej Walli**  
Karnal, Haryana



Dear Sir,

Very informative issue, worth reading content touching all topics, illuminating information. The title page of great artist Pt Dina Nath Walli 'Almast Kashmiri' and write up by his illustrious son Shri T.K.Walli was

delighted to read. Wallis happened to be my close neighbours and well wishers. Pt Dina Nath ji was really an Artist par excellence I used to see his all water color paintings in various exhibitions those days. He was a thorough gentleman with appealing personality revered by all. Hats off to you for bringing such topics. Great work, God bless you.

**B.L.Saraf**  
Jammu



Dear Raina Sahib,

With reference to Praagaash, the monthly e-journal, I would say, the passion you have to carry on with this work alone is very highly appreciated. God bless people like you sir.

**Maharaj Pajan**  
Faridabad





## Letters to Editor

**Dear Raina Sahab,**  
Namaskar. At the outset, I would like to offer my deepest and sincere condolences to family and friends of Mrs Parineeta Khar. In her death Praagaash has lost one of its best writers. May her soul rest in peace.



As usual the October issue of the e-journal Praagaash is interesting and additionally very informative on varied subjects. The story of D N Walli 'Almast Kashmiri' depicts how great an artist he was, whose works had received a good recognition in pre and post independent India. My medical journey 'Baptism by fire' authored by our esteemed Dr. K L Chowdhury was very absorbing and proves the fact that Dr. Chowdhury's medical journey has been a distinctive and magnificent one. The story of Rehana Kousar 'A great woman achiever' is exemplary for the fact that Kashmiri women are no less than their contemporary in rest of India . The article 'Slow down your life' by Anjali Sarup is really mind blowing. Truly, de-cluttering the unnecessary makes space outside as well as inside and results in peace of mind. All other stories and write-ups by prolific writers are all immensely enthralling and informative. The poetic presentations by our esteemed poets are all wonderful in

their rhyme and content. Last but not the least, I bow my head before Sh T N Dhar Kundan for his deep knowledge of the subject he delves upon. He undoubtedly deserves respect and admiration for expounding to the reader the depth of his ideas.

Your story of 'Imported Time Piece' is so mesmerising that the reader gets completely engrossed in it. Wishing you all the best.

**M K Dhar**  
**Pune - Jammu**



अक्टूबर मास का पत्रिका प्रागाश पढ़ने को मिला। बहुत ही अच्छा लगा पढ़ कर।। कश्मीरी भाषा, सभ्यता, इतिहास आदि से खबर कराता हो ऐसा लगा। श्रीमान MK रैना जी का परिश्रम सरहानीय योग्य है।। इस मास के अंक में BL राजदान द्वारा सम्पादक ललितादित्य पर लिखित लेख बहुत ही अच्छा था, यह लेख हमारी नई पीढ़ी को जरूर पढ़ना चाहिए और सम्पादक ललितादित्य कितने महान और साहसी थे पता चलेगा। उनकी राज्य की सीमाएं कहा कहा तक फैली थी इसका भी ज्ञान होगा पढ़ कर।। चित्रकार Almast Kashmiri DN Walli की जीवनी पर लिखा हुआ लेख है और यह लेख श्रीमान TK Walli जी ने लिखा है पढ़ने योग्य है।। Dr KL Ghoshdury जी का Health

**Letters to Editor**

पर लेख बहुत ही ज्ञानदायक था। श्रीमान अवतार कृष्ण त्रिसल द्वारा लिखित लेख एक संत श्री शिव प्रसाद चौधरी पढ़ने का मौका मिला और बहुत अच्छा लगा संत के जीवन को पढ़ कर।। कुछ अच्छी कश्मीरी कविताएं भी पढ़ने को मिली, जिन्हें पढ़ कर अच्छा लगा।। कुछ social achievers के बारे में भी पढ़ने को मिला, अच्छा है कि समाज के लिए काम करने वालों के बारे में पढ़ने को मिले तो हौसला बाढ़ जाता है कुछ करने को।। श्रीमान राहुल किलम जी का लेख कश्मीरी Opera भी पढ़ने में अच्छा लगा।। Anjali Sarup जी का लेख Slow down your life भी पढ़ने योग्य है। MK Parimoo जी का सिलसिलेवार लेख Archeological history of Kashmir बहुत ही ज्ञानवरदक है। श्री राजनाथ भट्ट जी और श्री TN Dhar जी का लेख भी अच्छा एयर पढ़ने योग्य है।। Team LalDed की तरफ से इन सबको बहुत बहुत साधुवाद।

**Team Lal Ded  
through  
Kuldeep Pandita, Chennai**

**Editor's Note**

Views expressed in the signed articles are not necessarily those of **Zaan** or **Praagaash**.

We invite writers to write for Praagaash. Write ups can be in Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu or English, concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiri culture. Write ups on Science, Medical Science, Health, Humour and topics of general interest are also welcome.

Write-ups generating hatred, demeaning anybody or any religion, or with political overtones will not be accepted for publication.

We request writers in Kashmiri (Nastaliq & Devanagari scripts), Hindi, Urdu to send us their write-ups in a Microsoft WORD document or in a Cdr file. Also attach fonts wherever necessary.

'Your Own Page' is for you. Kindly don't hesitate sending us your or your children's achievements, in text and photos for publication in Praagaash. We also invite you to send us rare photos of Kashmir or Kashmiri life for wider publicity in Praagaash.



Articles can be e-mailed to  
[rainamk1@yahoo.co.in](mailto:rainamk1@yahoo.co.in)