

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

Praagaash

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

प्रागाश

'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

वर्ष ३ : अंक २ ~ अगस्त २०१८

Vol 3 : No. 2 ~ August 2018

Legendary Zaan Ded
guarding our 'Vasmath'

Background Lake
Photo Courtesy
Indiavisitoronline



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Editorial

- M.K.Raina

Our Reader Is Our Guide:

This is the second issue of Praagaash reaching you on the first day of August 2018. We have decided to make Praagaash a monthly journal and with your blessings and support, we are sure to maintain this frequency for times to come. Hope you like this issue as well.



Before we came up with the inaugural issue and also well after its release, we not only gave you a rough idea what the journal would be like through a series of WhatsApp messages, but also asked you to give your suggestions in this regard. We don't want to fill the pages of this journal with what we like to print but want to print what you would like to read. In this connection, we are thankful to Mr. Deepak Budki who

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Mr. Anil Kaul of Ashok Tower, Parel, Mumbai has taken over as MD, Tata Capital Housing Finance Ltd. on 18 July 2018.



Ankita Raina, India's highest ranked women singles player lifted second singles title of the year, won Thailand Open.

*Congratulations
from Project Zaan & Praagaash*

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Religion & Spirituality - Piyaray Raina Saddhak
Aatmbodhan – The Quest for Excellence

About the Author: Mr. Piyaray Raina writes under his pen name **Saddhak**. He was born to Shri Sham Lal Mujoo and Smt Tulsi Devi in Srinagar, Kashmir in 1936. He is Geologist by profession. He is married to Kity Chowdhury (aka Krishna). He has a son Dijotam Raina who lives in Atlanta and a daughter Jyoti who lives in London. He is the author of KOA award winning book ‘Socio Cultural and Religious Traditions of Kashmiri Pandits’ published in 2006. Recently he published another book ‘Sciemo-Spirituality’ (connecting science with spirituality) in 2017. Mr. Raina lives in USA with his son and in Gurgaon India. He writes for various community journals and maintains his website www.Kp-pooza.blogspot.com



▼ We humans are strange beings. Despite being the most intelligent beings, our behaviour is no better than fellow animals. We rely on our animal instincts rather than our intelligence. It is not my intention to give you a lecture on morality but I feel there is need to ponder over the way we live. Our Earth provides us all our needs and yet there is dissatisfaction among most people. Rather than working out the causes of this widespread dissatisfaction and solve the problem, we have convinced ourselves that it is due to our karma, that we suffer.

The concept of Karma in Vedic philosophy is meant to guide humans in their ethical life. It does not justify inaction or surrender. It rather commands one to set higher goals in the pursuit of happy life. We pride ourselves as the inheritors of ancient wisdom. That is true and we should be proud of it, but let us stop and consider calmly how much we know about our inheritance and still more important how much we have grasped from this wisdom? Vedic literature has been declared as world heritage by international bodies. Rather than teaching it in schools and colleges, this literature has become a ritual for recitation in our effort to please gods and begging for favours. No doubt part of the Vedic literature encourages ritualism, but we have to understand in what

context this is done. Vedic concept of god is very different from how we conceive god now. Time and again Vedas describe god as an intelligent principle (tatva) without any form. Its presence can be inferred from manifestation of the objects around us primarily the five essential elements: water, air, fire matter and ether. Without these elements the universe would be non-existent. In Vedic prayers all hymns are dedicated to this cosmic intelligence through the medium of these five elements. They did not have any temples or idols to worship this cosmic intelligence. Where are we now?

We have multiple gods represented by idols, placed securely in temples on high pedestals, decorated with gold and gems. The prayers we offer to these gods are mostly in Sanskrit, the language which we do not understand, but hope gods do understand. Symbolism is the content of recitation in the worship of gods. The real content is no where seen. ‘People have thrown away the banana and are holding on to the skin’ (Sri Sri Ravi Shanker - Art of Living). To be fair, one must recognise idol worship was not confined to Indian civilisation alone, but to other civilisations as well. Greek, Egyptian, Mesopotamian (which includes present day middle east) and Raman civilisations had

similar gods with temples for them. It was universal culture of ancient times. But there is one difference, most of these civilisations disappeared over the time. Vedic Civilisation survives. Modern science has thrown new challenges to our way of interpreting physical world. Younger generation is greatly influenced by the way science describes physical objects and their structure with accuracy. Our age old concepts on these matters are primarily conceptual. Our ancients who speculated about these matters did not have modern tools of exploration. We live in space and our bodies are made from this matter. Matter is the garment of soul. We cannot ignore it. We need to review our knowledge in the light of modern thinking and accordingly make corrections. For long, Christianity believed Earth is at the centre of universe and sun revolves around it, but changed that when scientific knowledge proved it otherwise. One field where science has not made much advance is spirituality. Spirituality is all intuitional, to explore which science has not yet developed required tools. Intuition and consciousness are interlinked. Vedas declare consciousness is door way to intuition. Logic, which is the foundation of science, cannot explain intuition. Aristotle, the Greek Philosopher (384-322 BC) classified all knowledge into two branches : Priori and Posteriori. Priori knowledge he defined as that knowledge which is known independent of experience, which is non empirical and is gained beforehand. It relies on intuition and the nature of such intuition. There are no formal rules for gaining it other than deep contemplation. Spiritual persons rely on it. Posteriori knowledge, on the other hand is that knowledge which is known by experience. It is empirical and is gained afterwards. It is the basis of our scientific thinking. Aatmbhodan is

a Vedic concept for understanding all that exists around us. It suggests three essential steps: Manan (observe), Chintan (contemplate) and Dhyana (application). It is the way the learned ones have explored the universe. It is the way all scientific knowledge has developed. In brief all these three steps can be grouped as logic. Logic (the valid knowledge) is a vast subject. It is through knowledge we understand physical and even non physical world around us. Science recognises logic as valid knowledge to differentiate it from knowledge that is just information. As for example, if one has to travel to a far off place, one needs to know mode of transport available and its timings, fare etc. One will look for knowledge from various sources such as time table internet etc. It is called information. Science does not recognise it as logic. Science recognises logic as that branch of human knowledge which involves intellectual process in its acquisition and its creation. A man riding a bicycle or driving a car needs this type of knowledge. Modern Scientific Reasoning has its base in these very ideas of logic. It recognizes two categories of logic: Deductive Reasoning (also called Inference) and Inductive Reasoning.

a) **Deductive Reasoning (Inference):** Deductive Reasoning is a judgment which has two logical terms called subject and predicate respectively. It has a set of three propositions, two of which are called premises, which point to observations about what is under consideration; and the third, the conclusion, which constructs a new proposition, out of the two terms not common to the premises. The first premise is called Major Premise (M) or Primary Premise and the second premises is called Secondary Premise (S) or Minor Premise. A few

examples will make it clear.

Example-1: All men are mortal (M); Socrates is a man (S). Therefore, Socrates is mortal (Conclusion). Here, the predicate, mortality is affirmed of Socrates, because it has already been asserted of all men and Socrates has been qualified by the predicate man. Socrates and mortality, are two aspects of the inferential whole here called man.

Example-2: Everything that lives moves (M); No mountain moves (S); therefore, no mountain lives (Conclusion). Here predicate movement is denied to mountain. Mountain and movement are two aspects of the inferential whole life Scientific examples.

Example -3: Inflammable substances produce light (M); Candles are inflammable substances (S); therefore, candles produce light (Conclusion).

Example-4: Moist clouds bring rain (M); Monsoon clouds are moist (S). Therefore, Monsoon clouds bring rain (Conclusion). These types of inferences we draw daily in our lives but the method of reasoning has been given by Aristotle.

b) Inductive Reasoning: Inductive Reasoning starts with a phenomenon as the base and from this, effort is made to discover and formulate a general principle or law or to interpret these facts. In deductive reasoning as stated above, the logician is concerned with the relation between a conclusion and its premises. The truth of the generalization or the universal proposition is not in question, but it is simply accepted and taken for granted. As for example, magnetic needle points towards north, is accepted as basic truth which is not in doubt. A phenomenon is an event, thing, attribute, property, principle or law which can be investigated scientifically, or used as an element in a theory. Instances of phenomena may be positive or negative according to

whether the phenomenon is present or absent. A collection of these phenomena is called data. To illustrate, suppose we are interested in the rainfall pattern in an area for agricultural purpose. A scientist will begin with recording the timing of rain in the area over a period of time. This is called the phenomena and the frequency of the rain during the timing of investigation is the data. This will help the scientist to postulate a pattern of rainfall in the area. In the Vedic terminology Priori knowledge is spiritual knowledge Jnana and Posteriori knowledge is Nyaya. It is credited to Gautama (not Gautama Buddha) who wrote Nyaaya-Sutra around 2nd/3rd century CE. It is believed that Gautama consolidated the thoughts from the earlier existent literature written 500 years back. Nyaya system is also known as hetuvada (science of causes). It recognizes two types of knowledge: A) Valid knowledge (pramana). B) Invalid knowledge (apramana) or fallacy

A) Means of Gaining Valid Knowledge (Pramana): Nyaya system recognizes four essential means of arriving at the valid knowledge (pramana). In everyday experience, one uses any or a combination of these four methods to gain knowledge:

a) Direct perception (pratyaksha)
b) Inference (anumāna)
c) Comparison or analogy (upāmana)
d) Verbal knowledge or testimony (shabda)

a) Direct Perception (Pratyaksha): More often than not, we gain knowledge by direct perception. A child recognizes parent by direct perception. All visible objects are generally recognized by directly recognizing them. The system recognizes two sources of direct perception:

1. Ordinary perception (laukika)
2. Extraordinary perception (alaukika)

- To be continued

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**काव्य - जया सिबू रैना
कविता का सृजन**


कब मानव कवि बन जाता है ?
जब उसको टुकराता संसार
रुलाता समाज के कर्णधार,
वह अपनों के समीप जात।
किसी आशा से,
कहीं का समीकर्ण बन जाए
पर जब वे भी टुकरा देते
वह निज मन के समीप जाता,
पर उसकी दुर्बलता पर व्यंग कटाक्ष करता
उसका अपना ही सुहृद परिवार
तब मन ही उसका मुस्काता है
जब होता उसे भीतरघात

तब और तब -
मानव हृदय में बैठा कवि -
ऊर्जा पाता काल्पनिक, सांकेतिक एवं भौतिक
बन जाता है, वो एक वास्तविक कवि
वही बनती उसकी पहचान !

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**From Blossoming Buds - Avishi Khar
Dewdrops on the Rose**

She walked out of the house
At midnight blue,
To see where the sun arose,
As the wind blew,
She saw the dewdrops
on the rose.

With a happy smile,
She saw across the lea,
To start a rhyme,
And be as happy as me.

As the butterflies flew,
She walked across
On her naked toes,
To see the nature's true, when
She saw the dewdrops on her rose.

Avishi is 12 years. She also draws paintings. She lives at Thakur Village, Kandivli, Mumbai.


जरा हंसिये
झगडा

एक बार नर्क और स्वर्ग वालों में आपस में
झगडा हो गया। स्वर्ग वालों ने कहा, “हम
कोर्ट में तुम लोगों पर मुकदमा करेंगे।”

तब नर्क वालों ने कहा, “तुम्हारा
मुकदमा लडेगा कौन? वकील तो सब
हमारे पास हैं।”

**Aspirated Sonants like घ, झ, ढ, ध, भ are not part of the Kashmiri alphabet.
They are only used to write words directly borrowed from Sanskrit.**

The Story of My House - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury
House That Cost A Match Stick

It was the third year of our exodus. I had migrated to Jammu and settled down in practice in a rented house at New Plots. The major chunk of my patients was from my own community, the Kashmiri Pandit refugees who knew me or had heard about me in Kashmir. Gradually, there was also a trickle of Jammu Dogras and, in winter months, Kashmiri Muslims as well.

One such patient, Ashraf Jan, came to consult me from Kashmir for distressing cough that had persisted for three months in spite of cough mixtures and antibiotics that various doctors had prescribed from time to time. I examined him and explained that his problem was not infection but a respiratory allergy. Taking the prescription, he shook my hand in gratitude and remarked, “Jenab, we are unlucky to have lost good doctors like you and your sister.”

“You knew her?”

“Yes, she practiced at Safa Kadal. That is where I live. She was quite popular with our people. She operated upon my aunt for uterine tumour and we are ever grateful to her.”

“Thanks for remembering. I will tell her.”

“Jenab, we heard that she has settled down at Delhi.” He asked.

“Yes, she is at Delhi.”

“My uncle said she has a house there.”

“If you call two rooms a house, yes.”

“I wonder if she intends to sell her house at Kursoo, Rajbagh.”

“Well, I don't know. I believe it is too early to sell off our properties. I hope terrorism will be wiped out sooner than later to make it possible for us to return to our homes and hearths. Wouldn't you like that?”

“Inshallah!”

“Or are you happy to pay us lip service

that you miss us, when in fact, you want to grab our properties.” I said in a joke.

“No, jenab, please don't doubt our good feelings and intentions. Yes, we would like you to return, but I don't think militancy is going away, not

any soon, not even in the long run. It has struck deep roots, and deeper. It is going to stay.”

“You must know better. In any case, what would anyone offer for her house?” I just asked out of curiosity.

“Jenab, the land at Kursoo values around 2 lakh a kanal. I believe she is in possession of one kanal of land.”

“How do you know?”

“I have been there several times with my relatives who were under her treatment one time or other. I once carried a gift of lotus root from the Dal Lake for her on Shivratri.”

“So you are quite conversant with the place. But, I believe her land was more than a kanal. She had nearly half canal extra as *shamilat*; you know what it means? That would make it one and half kanal in total.”



“Yes I know what *shamilat* means. It is land that was originally meant for cattle grazing. In principle, and for the purpose of buying and selling, we go by what is in the sale deed. But, yes, as a special case she could demand around fifty thousand extra for it.”

“You mean to say that her land would fetch two and half lakh in all?”

“That is what I would offer.”

“Should I presume that you are interested?”

“If she agrees to sell, yes, I would like to buy her property.”

“How would you transact the deal?”

“I shall get the money any day or deposit it in her account as soon as you give me the word. The documents can come later, I trust her fully.”

“What about the house?”

“The house is inconsequential?”

“I don't know what you mean.”

“It is the land that matters, not the house.”

“I still fail to make sense of what you say. It is a well-built, three-storey building with concealed fittings and khatamband ceilings, deodar woodwork, freshly painted. It is just seven years old, hardly much lived in, and fully furnished.”

“I know it Jenab, but what is the value of a house?”

“As far as I can say, it must cost a fortune, and in my estimation, not less than fifteen lakh.”

“A migrant's house doesn't value anything in Kashmir these days.”

“What nonsense are you speaking?” I asked in annoyance.

“Jenab, I am not talking nonsense. You should know it better. It just costs a match stick.”

I lost my temper. “Are you out of your mind? Are you not ashamed of coming all the way, just to add fuel to the fire that rages in our hearts?”

“No jenab, I am being honest and truthful

to the core. I said what I know.”

“Go to hell,” I shouted.

“I am sorry, but I was only making a decent offer since I know your sister and respect her,” he said politely and left.

Three weeks later, we received the awful news that my sister's house had been burnt down. It is still a mystery how the two houses flanking her house – one of a Sikh and another of a Muslim – escaped fully unscathed.

The house was worth a match stick, after all!

Contact Dr at: kundanleela@yahoo.com

Project Zaan

(A KPA Mumbai Initiative)

Announces

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Mumbai**

on

25 August 2018.

**COME ONE, COME ALL
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for Posterity.

Isn't it our Vasmath anyway?

Remember

25 August 2018

3.00 PM onwards

The Story of My House - Kamal Hak

House That Could Never Become a Home

Looking at my three storey house across the narrow lane from a well manicured park, I see patches of faded paint and falling tiles striking discordant notes on the walls. It is not that I haven't been aware of the blemishes dotting the face of the house. These have caught my attention a number of times earlier also but I haven't been inclined to pay attention. For me it is only a house, which could never become home.



I have been living around the national capital for exactly twenty five years now. This is the place, which along with thousands of others, gave me refuge in 1990 when during the course of one single night on 19th Jan our world turned upside down. This was the most dreadful night a miniscule religious minority could ever confront. This was the night, which we hoped would never end. The macabre eruption of simultaneous bone chilling frenzy across the mosques, streets, and roads of Kashmir seemed to be a replay of Holocaust. During that cold wintery night when the temperatures usually run at sub zero levels in the valley, we could never stop feeling the wetness in our underclothes due to constant abnormal sweating. All of us in my family huddled together in a dark corner of a room, which we thought could provide us some security in case the marauders decide to pay us a visit. People usually fight their fears of the dark by brightly illuminating their surroundings. That horrible night we feared light. The light threw up a possibility of being witness to our own death while as darkness meant meeting the end in a swift bout of gunfire without even

getting conscious of its impeding arrival. We survived the gory night. The new day brought with it the scary thoughts about the welfare of all friends and relatives. The communication system went awry and minds became heavy with apprehensions. It took us a while to realize a majority of Kashmiri Pandits had used the darkness of the cold nights to run away to the safety of Jammu. All that was left were the empty houses with cupboards full of clothes, beds draped with appropriate winter linen, and kitchens well stocked with essentials. While abandoning our homes at that time, it crossed no body's mind that twenty five years later some of us would be writing these pieces and the homes we left behind would become the part of our historical memory.

The house in front of me is, for all others, the testimony to my Kashmiri Pandit trait of fortitude and hard work. True, for a person who, twenty five years back, along with his wife found himself being asked by a courteous Sikh truck driver to alight at an unknown place in Delhi, it could be a matter of great pride. It perhaps is. But, scratch the vulnerable surface of my pride and it will only reveal a reluctant compulsion behind the spilling of sweat and blood for it.



It was past the midnight hour then but unlike the impenetrable darkness of the nights back home, Delhi at this time appeared full of light and life. The Sikh driver went his way and I began the journey of my struggle for existence. At that time it never occurred to me twenty five years later I would still be looking for that beam of light, which could pierce through the darkness in my homeland and create a window for my return. That night in Delhi, we had nowhere to go. I pooled the money in my pockets with what was lying in my wife's purse. It added to a total of around Rupees three hundred and fifty. The threats to my life had forced me to run away from my home in the dead of a wet night. The atmosphere back home had been scary but the prospects now appeared mightily frightening. My wife had insisted she would give me the company, but we had found no option but to leave our one year old daughter behind. We had no friends, relatives, or acquaintances in Delhi. We didn't know the place either. With just a few hundred rupees on us, we had our first brush with despondency. I found some open space on a nearby pavement. Under the open sky, with not even a sheet to spread beneath us, I and my wife tried to catch some winks in three days. I kept

awake the whole night. I could sense my wife was also very far way from getting some sleep. For the entire night, I couldn't find courage to either look towards her or speak with her. This pavement in Srinvispuri became our sleeping space for next three nights and we didn't dare breaching our silence.

Today I live in my own house with much more space than that of what my father shared with the families of his three brothers in our ancestral home in Srinagar. My father and his brothers used to live in a large joint family in which only the married people had the privilege of having a separate room. Being the first one to get married in the third generation of the family I had a separate room to me and my wife.

That house no longer belongs to us. But, it remains home not only for me but for the entire clan who are now spread across the world. My visits to Srinagar remain incomplete till I visit my 'home'. I am not sure how destiny will treat me in future but one thing remains firm with me. That crowded house, where I was born will never cease to be home for me. I am not too sure about the house that I now live in this Delhi suburb.

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Six Diacritical Marks that have been introduced in Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Alphabet

अँ अँर, दँर, अँछ, चँर, दँज़

आँ आँस, दाँर, हाँर, माँहिर

अु चु, खुर, गुर, तंरगु, रुत्य

अू अूठिम, कूत्य, तूर, कूतिस

ऐ छे, तेलि, रेह, केँह, येलि

ओ कोर, पोज़, सोन, ओबुर

If you remember this and if you are already reading and writing Hindi, you are through for reading Kashmiri in Devanagari.

काव्य - त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

अंतरमुख



आंखें मैंने बंद करीं और देखा अपने अंतस्तल को,
 अंतरमन को, अन्तःकरण को।
 क्या क्या दृश्य संजो रखे हैं, शैशव के यौवन के मैंने।
 कुछ तो अब भी साफ स्पष्ट हैं, कुछ अस्पष्ट हैं थोड़े धूमिल।
 पर इनकी पहचान मुझे है।
 कानों को जब बंद किया तो अंदर से आवाज़ें आईं।
 मैंने सुन लीं बातें मन की, जितने भी गाने थे संचित,
 जो भी बोल स्मरण थे मुझको,
 जो कुछ सीखा था जीवन में, शब्द शब्द वह गूँज उठा सब।
 यादें कुछ थीं उजली उजली, कुछ तो हो चलीं थीं धुन्धली।
 सब कुछ समझ में आया मुझको,
 कुछ अखरा कुछ भाया मुझको, बातें थीं जानी पहचानी।
 मुंह को बंद किया जब मैंने, बातें कीं अपने ही मन से।
 संकल्पों को फिर दोहराया, प्रण जो उनको गले लगाया।
 वाद नहीं संवाद किया फिर, जो बीता था याद किया फिर।
 बातें कीं सब मीठी मीठी, प्रेम सनी सब सीधी सादी।
 मन मुझसे कुछ बोल रहा था, दिलकी परतें खोल रहा था।
 यह थी ध्यानस्थ मेरी मुद्रा, यह थी अंतरमुखी अवस्था।
 प्राप्त हुआ आलोक इसी से, चिन्तन का पथ हुआ प्रकाशित।
 ऐसा लगा कि सोया था मैं, और अचानक हुआ जाग्रित।।

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Mission Survival - Prof. R.N.Bhat

Preservation & Survival

Language preservation is primarily a family matter. The innocent impressionable kids can speak the language of the parents, peers, caring neighbouring members, loving strangers with ease and efficiency. Language-load is a misnomer. In fact, researches have proved that knowledge of several languages enriches brain-cells. Kids learning multiple languages in their formative years have been found to be bright and brilliant. Hence the onus of preserving mother-tongue/father-tongue falls on the parents/grand-parents. Bengalis, Gujaratis and Malayalees deserve to be emulated in this regard. One invariably finds these communities conscious of their linguistic identity.



Survival of a miniscule minority is always a hard task because of the upward movement and excessive mobility of its young, educated members. Intra-community marital alliances in such scenario become causality, primarily because of inflated egos and avarice! Inter-community marital alliances survive because of greater understanding and mutual care. I found old-couples more happy with their 'other' son/daughter-in-law. Can this trend be reversed? Perhaps not, because identity is a post 40/45 years urge. One usually marries much earlier with a person of equal status and understanding when imagined 'home' or imagined 'identity' are non-issues.

KP cannot keep the imagination of a 'home' and 'identity' alive for too long. Those born after 1985 are not at all nostalgic about the imagined 'home'. Youths should be advised to acquire the best knowledge, skills with honesty and dedication and shine like bright stars on the planet earth.

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वाय, स्व कांगुर!

माग आवय,
द्राग वोथुयेय कांगर्यॉय
फागुन आवय,
जागुन चोयेय कांगर्यॉय
चिथुर आवय,
मुथुर प्योयेय कांगर्यॉय
वह्यक आवय,
रोज़ख कती कांगर्यॉय
जेठ आवय,
ब्रेठ गॅयिखय कांगर्यॉय
हार आवय,
लार लॅजियेय कांगर्यॉय
श्रावुन आवय,
यावुन सोर्योय कांगर्यॉय

Sketch : Kapil Kaul

Career Guidance - Ravinder Bhan

Career Planning in a Changed Scenario

Career planning is the most important and yet the least attended subject. While the subject is quite vast and there are volumes of books available on the same, I want to share just two aspects in this piece. Based on readers' interest, I will be happy to serialize this in subsequent issues. The two aspects discussed here are:

Job or Business?

What will jobs look in future?

Job And Business v/s Job or Business:

Should one run side business while being employed? Should one take up a part time job while running ones business? Well, I am not suggesting anyone to close down their side business and focus on the job, nor anyone to resign a job for growing their side business. I

am only sharing experiences gained over 30+ years romancing with either or both.

Many of us get tempted to start a side business while being at a job. This could be for a variety of reasons ranging from need, such as an early indication of possible job loss, to greed such as 'I want to make bigger money than what this job is getting me'. It happens to people at all levels. Rather than

judging the reason behind either of these situations, let us look at what happens to such enterprises that are run alongside a job. Well, some work but most fail.

Well there is nothing wrong in having a double security of our financial / professional needs, but my own experience of such experiments show:

1. No side business ever took off to any

meaningful level unless the owner took real full time ownership.

2. In a dual loyalty situation, one of the two suffers. Either your job faces a constant risk of being found out and in extreme cases even fired. On the other hand, in absence of dedicated attention to your business, you could start burning more money than your are making.

3. No successful entrepreneur ever did two things at time. From Bill Gates down to the grocery store down the street. Well there could be exceptions but those are too few to make a rule.

4. No one ever rose to a CEO position, if they had to attend customer / vendor calls from the side business while at work.

I am not here with a motive to push my theory, so if you know any real cases of 3 or 4; do share and we could have a a rational unbiased discussion. In absence of that my recommendation is make a Job or Business decision,

not a Job and Business decision, before it is too late. For a rational decision on whether its right for you to pursue a job or a business, please connect with me on LinkedIn and I will point you to some of my earlier writings on the same.

Be ready to be job less

Sounds blunt? Yes, all truth is!

The fact is that the full time 5 days a week 9-5



job, with annual leave and increment and a monthly salary will soon shirk in numbers and you could be the next victim. This is due to the fact that the very nature of work is fast changing with the onslaught of AI/ VR/ AR and IoT. I know there are people who will argue that same nonsense was talked when computers came and yet computers didn't take away jobs. That the precise point you will need to learn from. Computers didn't take away jobs – but they did take away typists as a job. Same thing will happen again.

- Experience will not matter. The skills you have gathered over the years will become

redundant over night and you could be like the typist, that's no more employable.

- Age will play a factor. The average CEO age will fall further down from 45 to maybe 35. So if you have not up-skilled yourself already - do so now and stay where you are.

- Even with best of skills - the longevity of the job will be as low as the life of the technology. To overcome this employers will hire you by the hour or at the best by the month not a life time

More on this in the next edition - if you can stand me until then **Cheers and Namaskar!**

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Career Guidance : Some Important Tips

- Atul Koul

Do research on the company and go through Job Description properly:

This would help you in gaining momentum at the start of the interview and ensure interview starts with a solid foundation of knowledge on the jobseeker's part. The more research you conduct, the more you'll understand the employer, and the better you'll be able to answer interview questions. Companies want to hire engaged employees who have taken the time to learn about the company and role for which they are applying.

Be well dressed:

As we all know First Impression is the Last Impression. So this is also one of essential thing we need to keep in consideration. Employers always want their team to be well dressed and presentable. Creating an ideal image does not require expensive outfits. It means selecting clothing, accessories, makeup and a hairstyle that command respect in your targeted industry.

Be on Time:

Time management plays very critical role in your professional life. If you learn how to

manage time, doing all your tasks on time and hitting office and meetings on time – you will be right on the track to be successful professional.

Be Confident:

You should be focused and try to respond each question confidently. You can keep your response short but make sure you are supporting your response with facts and figures. If you don't know anything – admit it simply rather than giving any illogical response.

Ask Relevant Questions:

Be cautious while asking questions. You should always ask relevant questions. The questions you ask indicate your interest in the company or job. Come prepared to discuss the company, the role, your background, current trends in the industry, the reason for the opening and any recent business events that may impact the interviewer, role, company or industry.

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Sunita Raina Pandit The Innovative Ghazal Writer

Sunita Raina Pandit, born in 1967 is a Ghazal writer of repute. She hails from Anantnag and is married to Shri Ashok Pandit, a wildlife photographer. Presently she lives in Ghaziabad. She writes in Hindi and Kashmiri. She writes Ghazals which not many do in the Kashmiri language. Her poems have been translated into English by Prof. R.N.Kaul and Prof. Arvind Gigoo, well known writers and translators.

Sunita Raina Pandit has done her BA from Kashmir University. She has also done Post-graduate Diploma in Education, Diploma in Educational Management and Administration from Model Institute of Education and Research, Jammu. About her, well known poet Farooq Nazki says, "Sunita Raina Pandit is an excellent Poetess - Simple in diction, expression and style. The Innovation in style and clarity of expression distinguishes her from her contemporaries. She is an excellent designer and architect of the modern Kashmiri Ghazal. A simple village girl was thrown into the desert of Heat and Dust, away from the blossom of almonds and the flowing streams of Kashmir. Sunita's poetry is full of contemporary sensibilities and sensitivities, though deeply rooted in the traditional structural imagery. Her Metaphors make Exile a dream of glorious return so the atmosphere of her poetry is not haunted by Nostalgia."

Sunita Raina Pandit has the following books to her credit:

Chinar Ke Aansoo (1998), Rihij Yaad (2001), Suanzal (2003), Pot Zooni Vathith (2004), Mansar Tseunum (2006), Light & Shade - English translation by Prof Arvind Gigoo (2013), A Walk through the Mist - English

translation by Prof R.N.Kaul (2016), Tshopi Huendi Aalav (2018)

Sunia Raina Pandit has contributed to a book on child literature produced by Central Institute of Indian Languages, HRD Ministry. She was also a member of the Adisory Board of Sahitya Akademy from 2013 to 2017.



गज़ल सुनीता रैना पंडित

अज़ छे म्यान्यन बावचन हुंज कथ बदल
कदरु यिछु कौयिम थव्यख पतु वथ बदल
चानि प्रक्रेच पौर्यजानुय मँठ तु मँठ
रंगु रंगु कवरबान गँयस ना तथ बदल
नज़रु इमकानन तु च्यथ मोकस ग्वलाम
रिश्तु लँग्य दावस, सपुद्य हालथ बदल
लरज़ु मरनुक छुम मे ज्यनु ब्रौह क्या वनय
म्यानि बापथ कांह थुर्या क्वदुरथ बदल
सरुहदन हुंद गंड छु म्यौनिस आसुनस
वतु छे ना-हमवार गँछ वतुगथ बदल
अज़ छे म्याने रौछ प्यठ वैथ्यमुत्य सवाल
रौछदरनुय दरअस्ल आदथ बदल



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From the Pages of History

Persecution of Kashmiri Hindus

[Zaan Archives : As told in Baharistan-e-Shahi]

Temples of idol-worshippers which had been destroyed and razed to the ground by the religious minded and justice loving Sultan Sikandar (1393-1414 AD), had been rebuilt and rehabilitated by Zain-ul-Abidin(1422-1473 AD). He had permitted idolators and polytheists to revive the practices of infidelity and they had propagated heresy and false religion. With the support of some more kings, the infidels had flourished day after day. But with the support and authority of Malik Musa Raina (1501-1510? AD), Amir Shams-ud-Din Muhammad undertook a wholesale destruction of all these idol houses as well as the total ruination of the very foundation of infidelity and disbelief. On the site of every idol house he destroyed, he ordered the construction of a mosque for offering prayers after the Islamic manner. The idolatory and heresy which had existed prior to his coming to this place were effectively replaced by his preaching and propagation of Islamic laws and practice. He brought honour to all the infidels and heretics of Kashmir by admitting them to the Islamic faith and bestowed upon them many kinds of rewards and benefactions. It is publicly known as well as emphatically related that during his lifetime, with the virtuous efforts and elaborate arrangements made by the fortunate Malik Musa Raina, twenty four thousand families of staunch infidels and stubborn heretics were ennobled by being converted to the Islamic faith. It is difficult to compute the number of people who had hitherto indulged in corrupt practices of a wrong faith and dissent and were put on the right track under the proper guidance of Mir Shams-ud-Din Iraqi.

[To be continued]

Do You Know?

हमारे साहित्यकार - साहिब कौल

साहिब कौल मुगल शहंशाह जहांगीर के ज़माने के एक प्रसिद्ध कवि थे। वह हब्बा कदल, श्रीनगर के रहने वाले थे। उन के जन्म के बारे में तो कुछ नहीं कहा जा सकता लेकिन कहते हैं कि उन की मृत्यु १६४२ ई. में हुई। साहिब कौल ने कश्मीरी ज़बान में कृष्ण अवतार पर कवितायें और लीलायें लिखी थीं। कहा जाता है कि १८७५ ई. में यूरोप के एक अन्वेषक श्री बुहलर कश्मीर आये थे और वह साहिब कौल की किताब कृष्ण अवतार की एक हस्तलिखित प्रति अपने साथ लेकर गये। अब न तो हमारे पास वह किताब उपलब्ध है और न ही उन की कोई कविता या लीला।

साहिब कौल के एक संबंधी पण्डित मधुसुधन, जो आरकाइव्स डिपार्टमेंट, श्रीनगर में प्रबंधक रह चुके थे, से मालूम हुआ है कि किसी ने साहिब कौल से कहा कि कल्प वृक्ष पर कोई ऐसी कविता लिखें, जिस से आप का नाम भी कल्प वृक्ष की तरह ही मशहूर हो जाये। कहते हैं कि इस पर साहिब कौल ने सात ज़बानों में सात पदों की एक कविता लिख डाली। कविता तो बाद में नहीं मिली लेकिन उस की अंतिम पंक्ति यूं थी:

साहिब कौल, हा मतवालु, पोशन मालु करॉयो



(ज्ञान आरकाइवज़ : स्रोत - जे एन्ड के अकादमी आफ आर्ट,
कल्चर एंड लेंग्वेज्स द्वारा प्रकिशित साहित्य)

Bib Dharmmoj Story* & Punn Roth

The Thread of Unbroken Kashmiri Pandit Prosperity

(In the context of Punn Saath falling on 12,13, 14, 15, 21, 22 & 24 September 2018)

Long, long time ago there lived a king happily along with his family. Once when he was on a hunting trip he happened to see a Brahmin with a Sindur tilak (orange dot) on his forehead and Narivan (red holy thread) on his right wrist. The Brahmin offered some 'Naveed' to the king. The king got inquisitive and wanted to go to place of worship where the lady of the house, Bib Dharmmoj, applied some sindur tilak on the king's forehead and tied a naervan on his wrist, as blessings for his welfare.

When the king returned home, his wife suspected him of marrying some other woman and got angry with him. The king narrated to her what had happened but she wouldn't listen and removed the tika from his forehead and the naervan from his wrist. Soon after neighboring king invaded their kingdom and the king was taken as a prisoner. His wife and daughter ran away in disguise and lived a life of misery in another kingdom. They worked in a horse stable in the king's palace.

One year on the day of Siddhi Vinayak Chaturthi, Lord Ganesh's pooja was being offered in the palace and the

mother and her daughter were also invited for the function. When they saw all these rituals they were moved, and the mother realized how wrong her thinking had been, that her husband was telling the

truth. She felt guilty for bringing all the misery upon her husband and family. She decided to perform this pooja for Lord Ganesh and ask for His forgiveness. She had no resources to buy all the required ingredients, but she didn't lose heart. She was determined to seek forgiveness from Lord Ganesh.

The mother and daughter collected some barley from the stable by washing horse dung and after grinding it prepared some roths by baking them in the hot desert sand. They folded their hands, closed their eyes and immersed themselves in their prayers, offering the roth along with dramun (grass) and flowers which the daughter had picked from the garden. At the end of their pooza, when they opened their eyes, they saw to their amazement that a miracle had occurred. The roth had turned into gold. Their prayers had been accepted by the 'Vignaharta', the remover of obstacles.

Afraid they might be charged for stealing gold, they presented these golden roth to the king. The king asked them for their real identity. On hearing their story, the king felt it his duty to help them



Urmila Dhar Zutshi



*Dishes & Recipes
will be a
regular feature
in Praagaash.*



Your contribution is welcome.

regain their kingdom and get the king released. He attacked their former kingdom and got back the king and his family together. Ever since that year, the kings' family observed this Bib Dharmmoj Pooza and lived happily ever after.

There are many versions of this story, however the central message has stayed constant down the ages.

Lord Ganesha, has a special place amongst the Kashmiri Pandits and their rituals, have the blessings of Lord Shiva as ‘Siddhi Daata’ (one whose worship guarantees success). The Punn Pooza is considered as an auspicious day when Pandits worship Lord Ganesha by preparing ‘Roth’ (sweet thick pancakes fried in ghee) and ‘Laddoos’ from wheat flour. These are distributed amongst relatives, neighbours & friends, after the Pooza. Perhaps it also helped keep our community together, strengthening our social relations and structure since time immemorial.

The auspicious date for Punn Pooza is on ‘Vinayak Choram’, in the Hindu month of Badrpyeth, and out of all dates the most auspicious day is Sunday. Thus we start the rituals by the lady of the house reciting - *Ryethas Manz Ryetha, Badrpyetha, Vinayak Choram Te Aathwaar*. Thus the age old story is narrated.

Roth are kept in a big cane basket and covered with fresh cotton cloth and are not allowed to be touched or eaten before the Pooza. Then a big Lota or Gadvi is filled with fresh water and decorated with garlands, silver foil, Naerivan (Mauli) and Sindoor or Kum-Kum. The head lady of the family after giving flowers, rice & vushka grains and little fresh

grass (dramun in Kashmiri), ties the Naervan (the sacred thread) around the wrist of everyone and the elder of the family narrates the story of ‘Bib Dharmmoj’. Once the story ends, the dramun, flowers and other rice grains, Pooja samgri that each one is holding in their hands is offered into the Gadwi and everyone prays and wishes for the prosperity of the family. Once the ritual is completed, the Roth is distributed as Naveed amongst family and friends.

According to Kashmiri scholars, ‘Punn Pooza’ was originally associated with the spinning of newly produced cotton and



worshipping the twin agrarian local goddesses, Vibha and Garbha to whom Roth were offered. The twin Goddesses later seem to have merged into one another assuming the identity of the folk deity Bib Dharmmoj (Bib Dharm Mother) which is represented by a small brass water pot (gadwa) that is placed in the centre of the altar where the Pooza is to be performed. A cotton thread, freshly spun by a young girl not yet matured to adulthood, is tied to neck of the water pot and a handful of runner grass (dramun) is kept inside the pot.

Rituals like Gada-Batta, Kaw Punim,

Khyechi Mavas, Herath, etc. have an ancient past and are symbolic of a theological philosophy, which predates the advent of the Sanskrit Aryans into Kashmir. These have rich theological background and cannot be explained by simplistic explanations but have their deep roots into our rich traditions and culture and strong beliefs, for which we Pandits have been known for more than 5000 years.

Punn, which means thread in Kashmiri language, has continued unbroken during our countless invasions and exiles. These must and will continue till we return home to our Maej Kasheer. The single emphatic message of these occasions is that Community Interaction, Unity and Sharing has to go on so our future progeny feel the pride of belonging to such a great, rich culture, civilization and language, and make efforts to take them forward. May this sacred thread bind us all together and secure us through these difficult times.

(*Note: Some people call her Bib Dharmmoj, some Beeb Garaz Maej and yet some Beeb Garabh Maej)



Making of Punn Roth

Ingredients:

Wheat Flour (Thick)	2 kgs
Sugar	1 kg
Pure Ghee	400g (for mixing with flour)
Pure Ghee	1 kg (for deep frying)
Badi Elichi(Budda Al)	12 to 15 (peel and ground coarsely)
Khus Khus	50 g
Saffron (Optional)	few strands

Method:

Place the flour in a large vessel for kneading the dough and add 400g of ghee, rubbing it into the flour thoroughly. Dissolve sugar in one



glass of hot water and add the coarsely ground badi elichi along with the few strands of saffron. Since all the water must be used up, please use caution with amount of water, as sugar will also release its syrup. More water can be added later if necessary. If you have a very sweet tooth please add another 100 to 200 grams of sugar. Knead the flour with the sugar water till it forms into firm dough. Cover and keep aside. Roll out thick roth, about thickness of a slice of bread, and 6" to 8" diameter, size as per your convenience. Make patterns on the roth and keep aside. Pre-heat a thick kadai and add one kg of ghee, when it starts smoking, lower heat and add a roth. The frying must be done on medium heat so that the roth cooks evenly inside out, till they turn pink. Remove on a Thali pattern side up, sprinkling khus khus on it while still hot, repeat till all the dough is used up. You will get about 20 standard sized roth. One roth I make extra special to place on Gadwa, making floral patterns by pressing blanched almonds and pistacheos on the roth. Early days we used silver warkh, but now those are made of lead and not safe to use.

[Story taken from 'Our Cultural Heritage' by Shri Piyaray Raina and some thoughts from Dr Santosh Kaul's write up on Kashmiri Rituals published in Koshur Samachar)

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काव्य - लाल लक्ष्मण

शखदारी

कश्मीरी साहित्य में हास्य और उपहासपूर्ण लेखों की कमी नहीं है। मकबूल शाह कालवारी, महमूद गामी, हसन गनाई, हबीबुल्लाह हकीम आदि ऐसे कितने नाम हैं, जिन्होंने हास्य और उपहास को काव्य का रूप दिया है। हास्य-उपहास के संदर्भ में लाल लक्ष्मण का नाम सब से पहले आता है। श्री बलजी नाथ पंडित ने लाल लक्ष्मण की रचनाएँ और उन का माहात्म्य जान कर ही उन को क्षेमंदर सानी का नाम दिया था।

लाल लक्ष्मण का असली नाम लक्ष्मण राजदान था। उन का जन्म १४ अप्रील १८९२ को कुलगाम तहसील के एक गांव हांद चोलगोम में हुआ और ७० साल की आयु में ५ दिसंबर १९६२ को उन का स्वर्गवास हुआ।

लाल लक्ष्मण ज़्यादा पढ़े लिखे नहीं थे लेकिन आम फारसी पर उन की अच्छी महारत थी। वह अपनी रचनायें लिख कर नहीं रखते थे। शब्दों पर उन की पकड़ इतनी गहरी थी कि बस किसी ने आग्रह किया और वह शुरू हो गये। उन की ज़्यादातर रचनायें पोलीस वालों, क्रूर अफसरों, दुकानदारों, अतिथि सत्कार न करने वालों आदि के विरुद्ध थीं। लाल लक्ष्मण गणेश भक्त थे। उन्होंने भजन और दूसरी धार्मिक कवितायें भी लिखी हैं।

बॉश दूह बरनि प्यठ बेयि बटुवारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।
थाल तय बोहगुन तुलुन अटुबारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

ग्रुहदिस तु गृहचारस गॅयि मिलवन, सतरंजि फरदाह गिलवन द्राव।
होछिमुन्न गुर्य खँट ऑसुस सवारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

दूह अकि लाल जू फोट अँकिस गमुनस, दाह मोहनियव तस लमुनस लॅग्य।
दरु दरु दीवान वर लोगुस कारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

दूह अकि काकस आफताब रामस, बागवथ वोनुमस शामस ताम।
द्यवु दियि बतु म्योड यियि व्यचारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

शामन वोनुनम वॉराग ओनुथम, बतु मैडि बापथ वोनुथम वीद।
अँस्य नसॉ ज्ञानोय यिम ज्ञासकारे, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

बुडाह अख ऑसुय आमुन्न तु गॉमुन्न, मरनु दादि ऑसुय दूदुरेमुन्न।
क्रोछ ह्यथ आयम चोकु मंजु लारें, लाल लक्ष्मण शखदारे द्राव।।

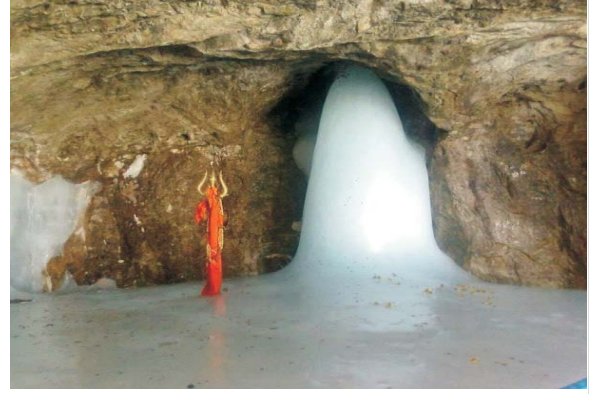


Shrines & Religious Places - C.L.Gadoo

The Quest for Amarnath Tirtha

The quest for Amarnath tirtha has only secret, because it is so sacred. Amarnath is *swayambhu linga*, formed on its own at the cave temple in the upper Sind Valley of Kashmir, surrounded by great Himalayan range of mountains. As per ancient literature cave temple of Amarnath, was worshipped by devotees of Lord Shiva from time immemorial. The original name as given in the ancient texts is *Amareshvara tirtha*. Amarnath, the Immortal Lord, being a name given later to the holy tirtha.

Amarnath is one of five 'Shiva Maha-Tirthas' in Himalayas. First one is Pashupatinath (Nepal), second Jageshwar (Kumaun), third Kedarnath (Garhwal), fourth Baijnath (Himachal) and fifth Amarnath (Kashmir), besides many other tirthas. "Of the mountains, I am the Himalaya" says Lord Krishna in the Bhagwad Gita. Someone asked Swami Vivekananda, "Why have we so many Gods and Goddesses?" He promptly replied, "Because we have Himalaya." The music of the Himalayan streams brought divine feelings to the Seers. The rushing streams fall like thunder with the sound of *Vyom, Vyom* on the rocks and the flow out in frightening speed with the sound



Hara, Hara. As per ancient records, the Himalayan caves have been abode of celestial beings and great Sages used to meditate for hundreds of years in these caves. It is also recorded that the Himalayan mountain range especially the northern range is indeed the first and the sublimes symbol of divinity. Pilgrimages to the Himalayas as a home to Gods have been an ancient practice of the Hindus.

The earliest reference to Amarnath can be seen in the Nilamata Purana (v.1324), a 6th century Sanskrit text which depicts the religious and cultural life of early Kashmiris and gives Kashmir's own creation myth. The pilgrimage to the holy cave has been described with full topographical details in the Bhringish Samhita and the Amarnatha Mahatamya, both ancient texts said to have been composed even earlier.

Pandit Kalhan, the greatest and earliest historian-poet completed in 1150 AD, his immortal work of 7,844 verses, Rajtarangini, "River of kings", the history of ancient Kashmir, in a detailed manner. According to Rajtarangini the most famous pilgrimage in Kashmir is the



cave temple of Amarnath and mentions that King Ram Deva is stated to have imprisoned the debauch King Sukh Deva and to have drowned him in the Lambodheri (Lidder) among the mountains of Amarnath about 1000 BC. It states in Tarang II, Samdimat (Arya Raja) 34BC-17AD, a great devotee of Shiva who rose from the position of a minister to be the king of Kashmir, "used to worship a *Linga* of snow above the forests, during the delightful summers of Kashmir, which is not to be found elsewhere in the world."

In another reference to Amarnath, Pandit Kalhan in his Rajtarangini, Tarang VII, V183 conveys that Queen Suryamati, the spouse of king Ananta "submitted *trishuls*,



bana-lingas and other sacred emblems in the name of her husband at Amershwara". Kalhana further in Tarang I of Rajtarangni narrates the legend of Naga Suravas who bestowed his daughter Chandralekha upon a Brahmin youth who had helped the Naga in partaking the part of harvest from the fields. King Nara whose domain flourished around Chakardara (Tsakdar) near Vijeshvara (Vijbror) cast an evil eye on the young Brahmin's Naga wife, which aroused the wrath of Naga Suravas resulting in death of Nara and destruction of later's kingdom. After completing the frightful carnage the Naga took his son-in-law (Zamatur, in Kashmiri) along and carved a place for him besides his own abode, Shushram Naga (Sheeshnag). Kalhana says; "It is seen to this day (i.e. 1148-

49 AD) by pilgrims proceeding to Amreshvara". Upstream of Shushramnaga towards Koenjnar glacier is located a smaller lake cased Jamtarsaras (Zamtir nag) the residence of this Brahmin son-in-law transformed into a Naga. Kalhana describes in verse 267 of Rajtarangni; 'The lake of dazzling witness (resembling) a sea of Milk, which he created (for himself as residence) on a far off mountain, is to present day seen by the people on the pilgrimage to *Amreshvara*. Pandit Kalhan also makes a mention of 'Vateshwar', an ancient Shiva-lingam worshipped even in his lifetime. A king of Kashmir, Ravana, and (1000 B.C) worshipped it as it was believed to predict future occurrences and events through the light emanating from the Sri-Cakra engraved on it.

"Listen O Devi, I tell of the Maha-Tirtha Amreshvara, by listening to which alone,

One is freed of millions of grave sins."
Amreshvara Mahatmaya

The cave temple Amarnath is located in South Kashmir (34.12':75.07') at an altitude 12,720ft about 140 kms from Srinagar. The huge natural cave is about 25 meters high and enough to hold hundreds of devotees where a self-forming '*Ice-Lingam*' waxes and wanes with moon. The holy cave is 50' long 25' wide and 15' high approximately. The cave is nature's temple where '*Ice Lingam*' is completely filling the right corner of the cave, the top of the *Lingam* touches the base of the cave. The base of the cave is also covered with ice, like a carpet. Here Shiva is worshipped by nature in the purest way. Shiva is snow-white and pure. *Lingam* is formed by drops of water falling from the top of the cave and two other small '*Ice Lingams*,' are also formed, believed to be the symbols of Goddess Parvati and Lord Ganesha. The dripping that followed from the feet of '*Ice Lingam*' or '*Shiva Lingam*' took form of a stream known as Amuravati, the stream of

immortality.

As per the written records the *icy-Lingam* has different nomenclature such as 'amresh', 'amreshvar', 'swayambhu lingam', 'rasalingam', 'siddhi-lingam,' 'buddhi lingam,' 'shuddhi lingam,' 'puratan buddhi lingam' and 'pumsavan lingam'.

Probably Adi Shankara, inspired by snow clad Himalayan peaks and *ice Lingam* of Shiva at cave temple of Amarnath wrote of Shiva;

Oh, Shiva, Thy body is white, white is Thy smile,

The human skull in Thy hand is white.

Thy axe, Thy bull, Thy earrings, all are white, The Ganga flowing out in foams from your matted locks is white.

The crescent moon on Thy brow is white. O, all-white Shiva, give us the boon of complete sinless-ness in our lives."

Swami Vivekananda wrote about Shiva of Amarnath;

For whom all gloom and darkness have dispersed. That radiant light, white beautiful, As bloom of lotus white is b e a u t i f u l , Whose laughter loud sheds Knowledge luminous. The worship of the *Linga* according to Vivekananda was originated from the famous hymn in the Atharva-Veda Samhita sung in praise of the Yupa-Stambha which represented the 'Eternal Brahman'. *The fire, the smoke, the ashed, flames, the black-wood and the ox connected with*

this Vedic sacrifice gave place to the conceptions of brightness of Shiva's body. His tawny matted- hair, His blue throat and the riding on the bull of Shiva and so on---just so. The Yupa-Stambha gave place to the Shiva-Linga and was deified as the high Devahood of Sri Shankara.....In the Linga-Purana the same hymn is expanded in the stories meant to establish the glory of the great Stambha

and the superiority of Mahadeva."

Swami Rama Tirtha, on having a glimpse of the 'Amareshvara Linga' uttered in ecstasy an Urdu couplet, which means;

"Where ice is bedecked in formless movement,

There stands supreme-consciousness as AmarLinga"

In ancient scriptures, it is recorded that Maharishi Bhrigu was the first person to sight and identify the cave temple of Sri Amarnath where Lord Shiva had narrated the secret of *Amartav* to his consort Parvati and got himself transformed into *ice-Lingam* on *Sharavan Purnimashi*. This sacred day falls every year on the night of the full moon in the month of *Sawan* (July–August) on *Shrawan-Purnemashi*, when Sun is in *Leo*, *Simha Rashi* and *Chandrama*, moon in *Aquarius Kumb Rashi*, this yoga makes the Shiva-Lingam *Darshan* very auspicious. A pair of snow pigeons over heard Shiva's discourse and became immortal. Thus Amarnath, the



Lord of Immortality and Deathlessness became *Amreshvara*.

The *Bringes* Samhita relates that Mahakala threatened the gods (devas) with death and destruction and they called on Lord Shiva and humbly entreated Him to protect them from Mahakala's menacing threat of decimation. In absolute distress the gods (devas) lifted their hands to supplicate Him to

appear before them. Shiva, the merciful appeared and took the crescent from His head and squeezed it. The peerless current that flowed from the moon, took the form of a stream, near the cave temple Amarnath, known as Amuravati. The *Rasa Bindu*, nectar drops, falling on Shiva's body got dried, in the form of ash, known as *Vibuthi*. Shiva's body also got liquefied in the formation of an icy-lingam, known as *Rasa Lingam*. Shiva in all mercifulness freed Devas from Mahakala's threat by showering upon them the boon of immortality.

A dialogue between Bhairavi and Bhairava in the Amreshvara Mahatmaya further narrates; .Addressing the gods, Lord Shiva said: "Since you have had the exalting glimpse of my *Rasa Linga*, or loving emblem on the bank of this stream, death will no longer torment you. He added; O gods! Be immortal and take my leave." Soon after paying obeisance to the Linga, the gods repaired to their respective abodes. Having granted this boon to the gods, Amareshvara stationed himself in the mountain cave known as Amarnath. Shiva is called Amareshvara because he gave the gods the means to conquer death. It is believed that even his visual appearance takes away the worldly ailments of his devotees. This explains the lofty name Amaresha. Immersing oneself in the nectar drops dripping from the Shiva Linga, one certainly defies senility and is freed from the cycle of births and deaths. This ambrosial linga has emerged out of immense love and devotion. It bestows *samarasya* or equipoise. In search of this liberation, the Amarnath pilgrim, on the last leg of his *yatra*, takes a dip in the waters of Amuravati and besmears his body with *vibhuti* or ash. Bhargish Samhita adds a person who bathes in the waters of Amuravati and rubs himself with *Vibuthi*, the ashes, gets *Moksha*. One who is thus overwhelmed with joy on catching a glimpse of the pigeons - the demigods attending on Shiva - becoming Rudra, repeatedly shouts "Har Har Mahadev". The

attendants, who got transformed into pigeons due to a curse of Shiva, continue to live there, symbolizing eradication of obstacles at this pious place. Also called Siddhi Linga, the sign of accomplishment; Buddhi Linga, the token of intelligence; Shuddhi Linga, the emblem of piety; Vrddhi Linga, the eternal symbol of prosperity and representing procreation, this linga boosts grand luster, bestows happiness, sanctifies and grants acclaim in Kaliyuga. This is the genesis of the *Holy Lingam* and subsequent pilgrimage to the holy cave of 'amresh' or 'Amarnath'. (Rasa Linga by Dr. Advaitavadini Kaul)

As per Amarnath Mahatmaya, Parvati, the consort of Shiva, was keen to know in full details the mysteries of life and immortality. Entreating the lord to reveal the mysteries to her, Shiva traversing the tops and ridges of the Himalayas took rest in a cave and disclosed to her all the secrets about life and immortality. Finally Lord transmuted Himself into an ice-Lingam at the cave temple of Amarnath. A pair of snow pigeons over-heard Shiva's discourse and became immortal.

'Amarnath Mahatmaya' further narrates; Shiva in the form of icy-lingam bestowed immortality on gods, devatas and thus he is known as 'amresh' or 'amreshwar'. He delivers his devotees from the pains and pangs of old age and disease soon after they have his '*Darshan*' and '*Satksatkar*' in the formation of icy-lingam. As per the Tantric erudite, He is Amarnath because He commences His ascent from 'ama-kla' to 'purna-kala' and a mere drop from it liberates a pilgrim, a devotee, from age and death and grants him the state of oneness with Supreme consciousness, the same as Shiva.

A pilgrim, who in his extreme joyfulness and ecstasy, dances inside the cave, is considered a veritable Rudra.

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प्यवान छुम याद - त्रिलोकीनाथ धर कुन्दन
कैह प्रानि कथ

पोरमुत ल्यूखमुत छुस बु कमुय पहान अमापोज जान पॅरमुत्यन सुत्य रूदुम वोथुन बिहुन। वोन्य येलि कुनि फिरि छुस आसान अंद कुन छोपु दपु करिथ, कैह मजुदार कथु छम प्यवान याद। मे ओस लोकुचारु प्यठय बाँतन, नज़मन तु गज़लन हुन्द शोख। पानु ति ओसुस लेखान। बेयन हुन्द ओसुस कमुय परान हय-हे तिहुन्दुय रंग मा खसि म्यॉनिस बाँतस ति। ति करिथ ति मा थवहा कन बंद वॅरिथ। मुशाँयिरन मंज़, महफिलन मंज़ तु ग्यवन वाल्यन हँदि ज्येवि ओसुस वार्याह कैह बोज़ान। कैह ओसुम रोज़ान याद, कैह गछान मँशिथ। अमापोज कांह कांह मिसरु ओस तुथ सनुवुन आसान जि अज़ताम छुम च्यतस।

मास्टर जीनि ज्यवि छम बूजमुच तिहँज़ नज़म, रंगु चॅर। अदु अज़ ताम छुम याद, बागुच पॅरिये वन सौँदरिये रंगु चॅरिये कवय ह्योतथम दूर। च्य केहज़ि म्यॉन्य न्यथुर मय खॅरिये, रंगु चॅरिये कवय ह्योतथम दूर। तिहिंद बाँथ छि सॅन्य तु सनुवॅन्य। यि बंद वुछतवः- खाकु तूदस बागि बुस्ताना कोरुन, आबु कतुरस खासु दुरदाना कोरुन, खाकुसुय यथ गुल तु बेयि बुलबुल बनेय, तँथ्य अथा डोलुन तु इनसाना कोरुन। दय छु तिमव बदलय अंदाज़ बाँतस अंदर बयान कोरमुत - वॅम्यताम करतामथ बोनाह, पोत छायि दूरे ड्यूठमुत, सान्यव कनव ती बूजमुत, सॉनिस मनस ती ब्यूठमुत, तँम्यसुन्द छि अँस्य दूर्यर जॅरिथ, सुय मोनमुत छुय रूठमुत – लोलस छि बॅल्य बेमॉर्याह, मजबूर्याह लाचॉर्याह।

अकि फिरि ओस परबतु बहारिया मुशाँयिरु। साँरी शाँयिर अँस्य तथ महफिलि मंज़ जमह। मे छि याद अमीन कॉमिलुन्य यि सुतुर, खोत स्वर्मु स्रंजन तालु रज़न बाव बहार आव। अथ मुशाँयिरस मंज़ पॅर मेति पनॅन्य नज़म, बागन मंज़ मुचरि अँछ गुलि लालव बालव प्येठ्य हय सोंथ असि आव। नॉदिम जियन बोज़नॉव पनुन्य डल हांज़ॅन्य तमी दोहु, क्याह वनय पॅतमि ब्रसवारि प्यायस, ज़ोर अँसिम नु लँठ्य ज़ोर द्रायस, दोदु ह्यडुर त्रोवुम फरि तलय, हय वोलय, हय वोलय, हय वोलय। नॉदिम जीनिस लेखनस ओस अख सिफथ जि यूताह माने वज़नदार आसान ओस त्यूताह ओस लफज़न हुन्द तुलुत्राव ति गज़बुक। खयाल वॅरिव सौन्दर मालि कतिनस कोड यिमव लखचुन नोन, लखचि छु लखचुन बुमि हँज़ि सुमि प्यठ।

कति बनन तिम दोह वोन्य। कम महफिलु आसु लगान। नुमॉयिशि मंज़ ओस प्रथ हपतु समुत सपदान। पतु गॅयोव गामन मंज़ गछुन तु मुशाँयिरु करुन। नॉदिम जी, राँही, कॉमिल, रोशन, संतोश, चमन, बेकस, अलमस्त, वली, प्रेमी, साकुय, बहार तु ब्येयि जान जान शाँयिर अँस्य पनुन कलामु बोज़नावान। अड्यन अँस्य वॅठ कडान, अड्यन अँस्य चरि पोप करान तु पकान ओस कारवान ब्रॉह। अलमस्तुन बालु यपारि, प्रेमी सँद्य न्यंदु बाँथ, संतोशुन बहर तवील, तु राँहियिन गज़ल ओस बूजिथ



दिल फोलान। सँनिव यथ:- ज्ञानि खोदा यि क्याह मचर राथ वन्योव रॉहियन, तोह्य मु वॅनिव स्वखन पनुन्य तोह्य मु बॅनिव सवॉलिये। राथ गछान छि मोख्तुसर सुबुह यिवान छु दोर ह्यथ, शोख अगर दिलस अंदर ज़ालि पनुन्य मशॉलिये। कतरु छु पय थँविथ युपिस, ज़ितनि छि नारु ब्रह्म अँछन, ज़ूनि हुन्दुय किमाम रोट कालु प्यठय हिलाँलिये। गुलाम रसूल नाज़की ऑस्य ऊर्दू, फारसी तु अरबी ज़बानन हँद्य मॉहिर। कॉशिरिस मंज़ ति छु तिमव वार्याह केंह ल्यूखमुत। यि बंद पॅरिव तिहुन्द, गमन मंज़ गीर ओसुस याद प्योहम, फ्यकिस प्यठ बोर ओसुम कोडुम वाश। चटिथ ज़न द्रायि ओबरस नारु वुज़ुमल, कुठिस ज़न चाव बर चॅरन्यव अँदुर्य गाश।

प्रान्यन गोनुमातन हुन्द ति छु मै केंह केंह च्यतस क्याज़ि सँनिथ छु गोमुत। महजूर, आज़ाद, परमानन्द, कृष्णजु राजदान तु प्रॉन्य सूफी ऋष्य। यिहुन्द कलामु छु मोलुल। हबु खोतूनि हुन्द अख अख शार छि सानि ब्येनि माजि ग्यवान आसान:- वॉरिव्यन सुत्य वारु छसनो चारु कर म्योन मालिनो हो। आज़ादुन दॅरियाव या परमानन्देन ज़मीनदॉरी प्यठ लीछमँच नज़म गछ्या ज़ांह मँशिथ। दोयि प्रानु द्यन तु राथ दान्दु जुय वाय, अँके कुरु ज़ोरु तिमनँय लाय, हलु कर युथनु रोज़ि बीठ कांह र्यल, संतोशि ब्यालि बोवि आनन्दु फल। कृष्ण जुवुन:- आरस मंज़ अचॉवॉय, विगिने ज़न नचॉवॉय। आज़ाद छु दॅर्यावस अथि वनुनावान, यिवान छुम जिन्दगी हुन्द सोज़ सफरन मँज़लन अंदर। अँरनि मालि हुन्द कलामु छु बदलसुय थज़रस। गंगुरावान छु अँदुर्युम साज़ पानय वज़ान, अँरनि रंग गोम श्रावँन्य हिये, कर यिये दरशुन मै दिये, शामु स्वदँर्य पामन बु

लॉजिस, आमतावव कॉचाह बु ज़ॉजिस, नामु पॉगाम तस कुस निये, कर यिये दरशुन मै दिये। यि बंद तसुन्द छु सॉरसुय अदबस मंज़ बे जोड:- मछि थफ दिचनम न्येद्री हचि मचि, मछि मछुबंद सँनिथ गोम, स्वन मे न्यूनम रचि रचि, वुन्यूब वॅरिथ गोम, वनतु व्यस्य वोन्य कुस कस पचि, वुन्यूब वॅरिथ गोम।

ललद्यदि हुन्द कोर नु मे ज़िकिर ज़ॉनिथ क्याज़ि सु कुस कॉशुर यस नु आसि तसुन्द वाख ज़्यवि प्यठ ?

बु येलि नोकरी मोखु कशीरि न्यबर द्रास मै मील्य तिम स्वखनदान यिम कशीरि न्यबर रूज़िथ पनुनि ज़ा ज़्यवि मंज़ ऑस्य पनुन्य खयाल बावान, केंह बॉतन तु नज़मन मंज़ तु केंह नसरस मंज़। व्यशिनाथ कौल, हलीम सॉब ऑस्य अमि नावि हुन्द नम रँटिथ। हलीम सॉबुन यि मिस्रु छुम अज़ताम याद: दिलाह युथनु रावख तथ दमस ताम, योतामथ नु लोलुक मुदा वाति अंजाम। यिमव ओस कशीरि हुन्द र्यश्युत बराबर येति ति बरकरार थोवमुत। शमस फकीरुनि प्यठु अहद ज़रगरस ताम यिम ति र्यश्य ऑस्य तिहुन्द कलामु कोताह मोदुर तु माने बोरुत छु ति छु ननान यिथ्यव शारव सुत्य:- ओगनुय सपन तो दोगन्यार त्रावो, पानु निश पान परज़ु नावो लो। ओगनुय सोरुय दोगन्यार नबा, हबा यि छुय बहानय। नॉदिम तखलुस थवन वोल ओस ब्याख अख शॉयिर ति। नाव ओसुस अब्दुल अहद। सु ओस नात लेखान। वोनमुत छुन:- अरबी शाहा तु मदुनी माहा, असि गछि गटि मंज़ु गाहा चोन।

बु येलि लोकुट ओसुस, योहय नॅवमि दँहमि ह्यु, मै ह्योत परबत गछुन प्रक्रम दिनु बापथ। अति ओसुम

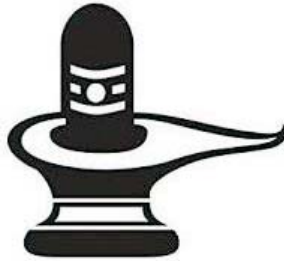
Continued on Page 41



COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Based on the Folk Stories of Kashmir
Concept & Creation

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt



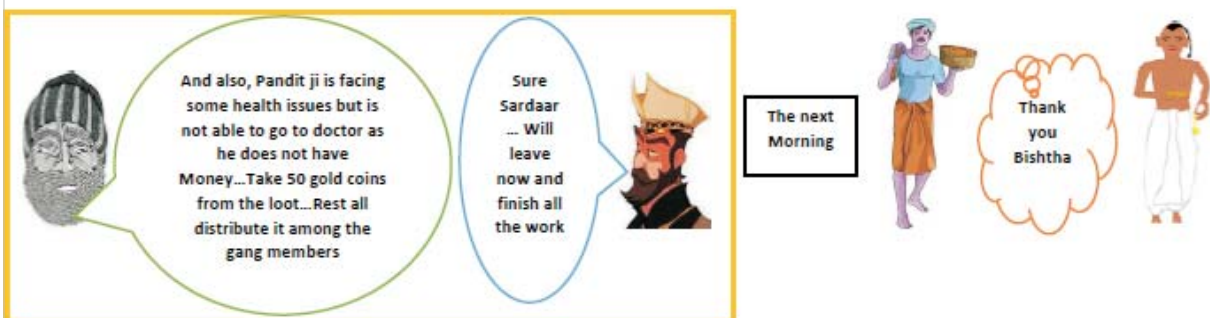
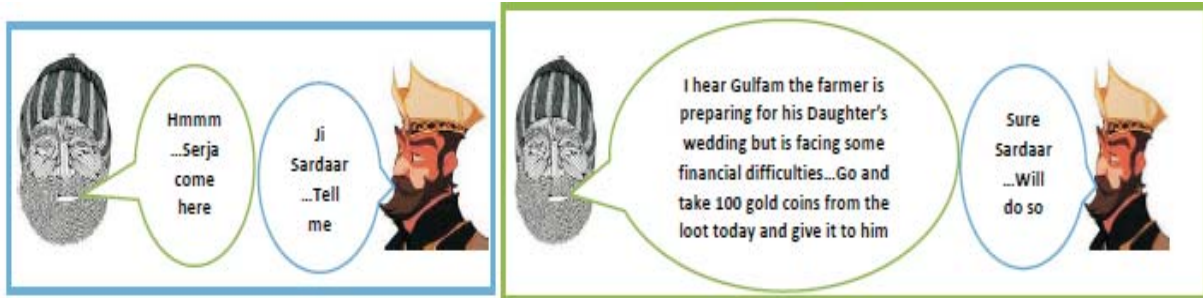
Contact Artiste at: deep_bhat@hotmail.com

Mahadev Bishta - The Thief

Authored by : Braj B. Kachru

Comic created by: Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt

A long time ago, there was a very famous thief called Mahadev Bishta. He had a gang with him of whom he was the leader.



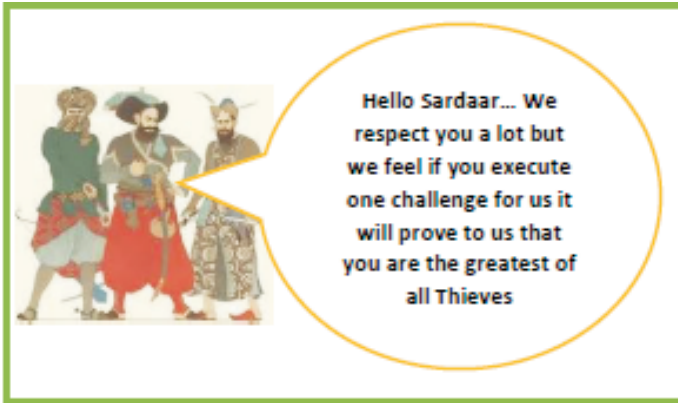
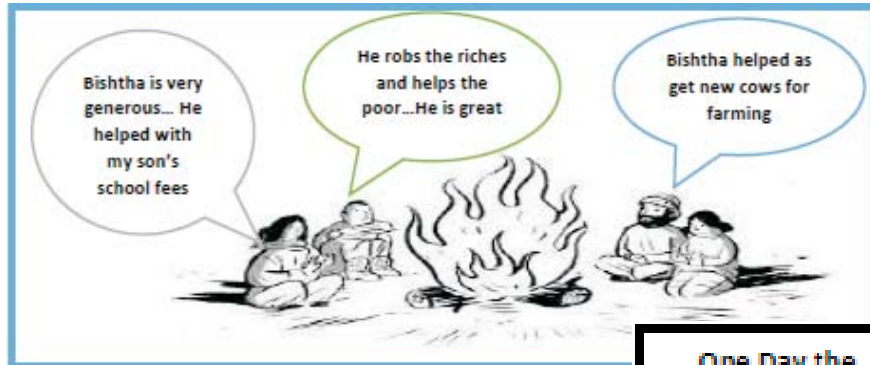
COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

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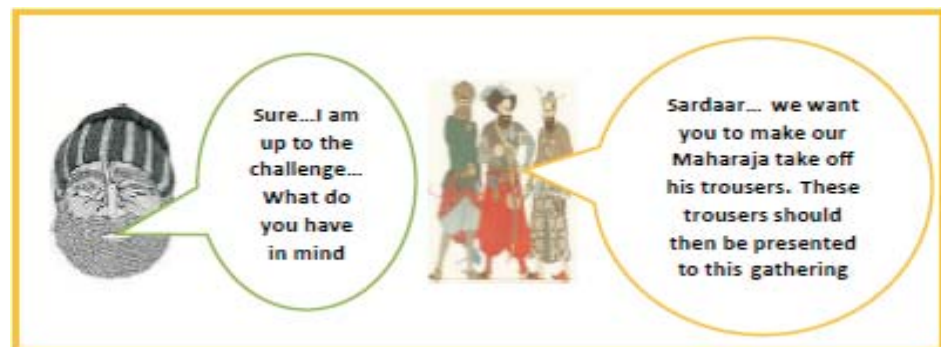
Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt

Mahadev Bishtha - The Thief

And thus, he became famous as the messiah of the Poor even though he was a thief



One Day the Gang Members wanted to test him so that it is proven that he is the greatest of all thieves



To be continued

COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Created by

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt

Great People to Remember

Mr. Saligram Kaul

Born in 1909, Mr. Saligram Kaul was a Sub Divisional Officer (SDO) in the Water Works Division of Srinagar during Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed's time. Bakshi Saab was the Prime Minister of J&K state. Those days, J&K state had Prime Minister and not Chief Minister.

Pt. Saligram Kaul, resident of Chowdari Bagh, Rainawari, Srinagar was widely known in the engineering circles of Kashmir for reasons which could hardly be attributed to any other government employee, particularly in the Public Works Department (PWD) in those times or before that. He was, apart from being a hard working and dedicated government officer, a scrupulously honest person, honest to the hilt. He was a Karamyogi in the real sense.

Mr. Kaul was initially appointed in the Accountant General, Srinagar's office soon after doing his BSc in the year 1929 but he could not pull on smoothly because the working atmosphere there did not suit his temperament. After topping the State level Competitive Examination, the State government sent him to Lahore on government scholarship where he completed his civil engineering graduation. He got a government job in State Public Works Department (PWD) on his return from Lahore. The government departments, particularly the PWD, did not have good reputation and were known for corruption. Mr Kaul, as soon as he entered his new office, took oath that he would perform his duties with complete honesty,



come what may.

One day when he was yet to reach his home, Mr. Kaul's peon brought a bundle of his office files to his home. On seeing the peon, Mr. Kaul's mother asked him to carry some buckets of water from ground floor to second floor. Peon obliged. Before he could leave, Kaul Saab reached home and saw the peon carrying bucket full of water through the flights of staircase. He called him and reprimanded him for doing the work which he was not meant to do, and also rebuked his mother saying that the

peon was a government employee and it was none of his duties to do their household chores. Peon left but the mother, who was already scared, had to take the severest punishment. She had to carry all the water back from second floor to ground floor. When requested by others to take a lenient view of his mother's mistake and allow her to throw the water from window only considering her age, Mr. Kaul had said, "If I allow her to do that, she will forget the episode in some time and tend to repeat the follies next time". For giving proper lessons, Mr. Kaul would not differentiate between a mother and a daughter.

Pt. Saligram Kaul was not only a vegetarian himself but had got all his family members and his close relations turned vegetarian. In later years, he was nominated on the governing body of D.A.V. School, Rainawari and also made its Vice President. One day, he is said to have seen one of his teachers fishing at the near by

river ghat. He took an objection to it, citing the school's slogan of 'Ahimsa Parmo Dharma'. Teacher tendered an apology.

Pt. Saligram Kaul retired from government service in the year 1965 but before his retirement, he was sent on deputation to Regional Engineering College (REC), Srinagar as Estate Officer purely in recognition of his clean image and unblemished character. In the year 1969, 4 years after his retirement, he joined a civil contract agency on the construction work of Upper Sindh Hydel Project, Stage-1 where he met with an accident, injured his head and got hospitalised for a long time.

In 1972, Pt. Saligram Kaul had a paralytic attack. His right leg and left arm had got paralysed. He himself believed that it was not a paralytic attack but a consequence of the fall he had at his work site at Gund, Kangan some years back. He proved to be correct inasmuch as he started walking in a few days and first went to circumambulate Hari Parbat. When he reached his home back, he got a phone call from the Managing Director of Chenab Textiles, Kathua. They wanted to appoint him incharge of the construction work which he readily accepted in spite of protests from his home people. They wanted him to take some rest but he was aware of his responsibilities. His wife was an asthmatic patient and doctors had advised him to keep her at a hotter place during winter months. This job gave him a chance to attend to her needs. He went to Kathua and in due course, purchased a piece of land and



constructed a small house.

During the course of his duties at Kathua, Mr. Kaul met yet another accident in 1976. He got severe head injuries including some loss of memory and another paralytic attack. He joined the Mill back after his recovery in 1978 and continued to work there till 1984.

In 1984, a new MD took charge of the company. He heard a lot about Mr Kaul's honest working which he himself did not subscribe to. Some people in the mill also poisoned his ears against him. He once called Mr. Kaul to his chambers and told him, "I have heard a lot about you and your hard work but keeping your age in view, I would suggest you not to trouble your self much. You can work leisurely from your office and not necessarily go to field to estimate and check. We have young bunch of engineers here. They can do good work if you only guide them". Mr Kaul smiled, did not answer and simply submitted his resignation next day. He also conveyed to his MD that he was not the person to gulp salary without doing his legitimate work. Mr. Kaul was 75 at that time.

A small incident explaining his adherence to principles goes like this. Kuldeep, his son at the age of six years had stolen 11 Annas from the shelf in his home. Mr. Kaul's elder daughter had kept the money there. Kuldeep spent 4 Annas buying some snacks. Matter came to light and there was a commotion in the house. 7 Annas were recovered from his body and he was given a punishment - punishment of 'no salt

for him' for 11 days. But that was not all. Mr. Kaul punished himself also, no salt for him too for 11 days though he freed his son from the punishment on the fourth day. Mr. Kaul did not take any salt for full 11 days, saying it was a lapse on his part that he failed to give proper training to his children resulting in their mistakes.

I did not have the honour to work with Pt. Saligram Kaul nor did I ever had a chance to meet him. I joined my service in the Power Development Department (PDD) in the year 1972. PDD was a separate department which had no direct connection with the PWD but the stories of Mr. Kaul and his honesty were doing rounds here too. Some people who had previously worked with him and had joined PDD on deputation, used to share these stories with us with great enthusiasm, paying great tributes to him.

One story, among all others, related to discharge of his duties in the area where Bakshi Saab had his official residence. It is said that many households in the area had not paid their water charges for quite some time which included Bakshi Sahib's residence also. Mr. Kaul sent notices to all, followed by reminders and warned them of the disconnection of water supply if dues were not paid. When dues were not paid by the deadline given, Mr. Kaul ordered his plumber to go and disconnect the supply to all defaulters. Plumber was taken aback. How could he dare to disconnect the water supply to Prime Minister's house? He pleaded with Mr. Kaul not to give him this difficult-to-do task. Mr. Kaul took the wrench from him and did the job himself for PM's house.

Bakshi Sahib came to know of the incident on his return from office late in the evening. His wife is said to have told him that one Batta with Saafa (turban) had come

and disconnected the line for not paying the water charges. It is said, Bakshi Sahib directed his people to pay the dues next morning as he himself would not be able to do anything in that case. Next day, dues were paid and the connection was restored. Needless to say that water supply to most powerful person in J&K was restored only after he paid the dues.

But Pt. Saligram Kaul had not earned the name for him for nothing. If he was honest for others, he was so for his person also.

Mr. Kaul, as a routine used to rise early in the morning to wash and perform Puja. One early morning he found the tap in the courtyard open. Water was flowing and going waste. It must have been so all the night, he concluded. When he reached his office, the first thing he did was to deposit the appropriate fine for the folly of some of his family members.

Late Mr. S.K.Zutshi, whom we lovingly called SK was my friend and a colleague at Upper Sindh Hydel Project, Stage-2 at Kangan. He was also a close relation of Mr. Kaul. SK had once told me that Kaul Saab would never charge TA and DA according to government rules whenever he was on official tours. He would always charge his expenses as actually incurred by him which would always be much less than what he was officially entitled to. He would however allow his subordinates to charge their bills as per their official entitlements.

Swami Laxman Ji Maharaj was closely known to Mr. Kaul and they used to meet and talk to each other like intimate friends. Both were almost same age. It is said once they had an exchange of ideas on Spirituality and Swami Ji had asked him to give him some sermon. Mr. Kaul asked him not to hold Satsangs and Preaching whole

week for the people but spare some time for his own upliftment and progress in the spiritual path. "Let you hold the Satsang and Preaching for people once in a week and devote other days to your Tapasya", Mr Kaul is said to have told Swami Ji. It is said that Swami Ji took Mr. Kaul's advice seriously and started holding Satsang and Preaching on Sundays only.

Pt. Saligram Kaul was a non-smoker, a teetotaler and a vegetarian. He was also a religionist, doing his daily Paath Pooja as a strict routine and without break. Ravinder, Pt. Saligram Kaul's son, a civil engineer himself was my colleague at Upper Sindh Hydel Project, Stage - 2 at Kangan during late eighties. It was sheer bad luck that we had to leave Kashmir in 1990 because of terrorism and I did not get a chance to meet this Karamyogi in his lifetime in Kashmir. Nor did luck give me a chance to meet him outside Kashmir after our exodus because nobody knew who went where, to save their lives.

Kuldeep, Kaul Sahib's another son says about his father, "He was well sung but least understood Hero. My father was Saligram, the incarnated Shiva".

My sincere tributes to this great son of our soil. May God bless his soul.

- M.K.Raina

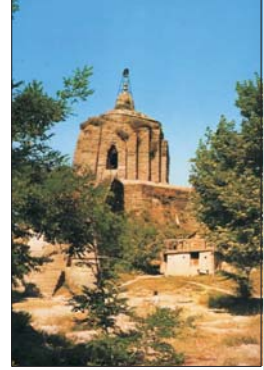
Contact author at: rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

Sign Post

Why be difficult when
with a bit of effort
you can be **impossible**.

Know Your Motherland Shankaracharya Temple

Shankaracharya Temple is situated atop a hill, 1902 mtrs. above mean sea level, on the bank of Dal Lake in Srinagar. It was first built by Jalauka, the son of emperor Ashoka in 200 BC and later rebuilt by Gopaditya. Even today, the hill is known as Gopadri and the village at its foot as Gopkar.



The temple is built on a high octagonal plinth approached by a long flight of steps enclosed by two side walls which originally bore two Persian inscriptions. One of these was dated AH 1069 = AD 1659. Both inscriptions disappeared sometime in the last few decades. The plinth is surmounted by a low parapet wall 23'-6" long on each side, the inner surface of which was originally adorned by a range of 84 round headed recesses enclosed in rectangular panels. Greater part of the wall has now fallen. The shrine consists of a cell, circular inside with a diameter of 13'-2". Externally, it is square with two projecting facets on each side. The surface is plain, except for the salient and re-entering angles of the facets. Maximum thickness of the wall in the middle of each facet is 8'-2". The interior of the Sanctum is covered by a modern ceiling composed of flat stone slabs and wooden boards which rest on two lintels of the same material, themselves supported on four columns in the centre of the room.

The temple commands a grand panoramic view of the Dal Lake and the Srinagar city.

Source: Zaan Archives &
Ancient Monuments of Kashmir by R.C.Kak

कहानी - म.क.रैना

चोट

(मूल कश्मीरी ‘वटखूर’ : हिंदी अनुवाद - लेखक)

यह गाँव पहाड़ी के दामन में बसा था। हर तरफ़ जंगल ही जंगल थे। गाँव के बीचों बीच एक छोटी नदी बह रही थी। नदी के किनारे सलीमा का घर था और उस के सामने रहते थे जमाल साहब। जमाल साहब सोपोर के सरकारी दफ्तर में हैड क्लर्क थे। सिर पर कराकुली टोपी पहनते थे। तनख्वाह अच्छी खासी थी। ऊपर की कमायी भी बहुत अच्छी थी। यही वजह थी कि उनकी पत्नी शफ़ीका दिन में दो बार फेरन बदलती और नया फेरन पहन कर तुरंत सलीमा के घर पहुँच जाती। वह इसलिये कि यदि सलीमा उसका नया फेरन न देखती तो पहनने का मतलब ही क्या ?

शफ़ीका पढ़ी लिखी नहीं थी फिर भी उसने अंग्रेज़ी के कई शब्द याद कर लिये थे। स्वयं को सलीमा के बराबर बताने के लिये वह हर बार अंग्रेज़ी के दो चार शब्द ज़रूर बोलती थी। सलीमा एक नेक औरत थी। दिन में पाँच बार नमाज़ पढ़ती थी। उसका पति अली मुहम्मद दुकानदारी करता था और लड़का क़ादिर आठ जमातें पढ़ कर अपने पिता का हाथ बटाता था। सलीमा के एक लडकी थी जिसका नाम था बंटी। वह सातवीं कक्षा में पढ़ती थी। जमाल साहब का बेटा तारिक मैट्रिक में पढ़ता था। उसकी क़ादिर के साथ अच्छी दोस्ती थी। तारिक हर दिन अपने घर से

किस्म किस्म के सेब लाता था और क़ादिर को खिलाता था। तारिक के अपने कोई सेब के बाग नहीं थे। यह सेब उसके पिता की आसामियाँ उन के लिये लाते थे। हैड क्लर्क जो थे! जमाल साहब के एक और बेटा था। उसका नाम था सुहैल। वह आठवीं कक्षा में पढ़ता था।

जमाल साहब के घर के पास ही दुलारी रहती थी। वह एक मिडल स्कूल में नौकरी करती थी। उसके पति की आठ साल पहले मृत्यु हो गई थी। दुलारी के एक बेटा था, नाम था रमेश। वह तारिक के साथ ही पढ़ता था। दुलारी के पति टीचर थे। उनके गुज़रने के बाद उनकी जगह दुलारी को मिल गई थी।

औरतों में दुलारी और सलीमा की आपस में बहुत बनती थी। दोनों एक साथ उठती बैठती और आपस में घुल-मिल कर रहती थीं। एक दूसरे के बच्चों को भी बहुत प्यार करती थीं। दोनों को शफ़ीका के साथ कोई दुश्मनी नहीं थी पर उसका बार बार अपना बडप्पन दिखाना उन को पसंद नहीं था। ‘अरे कोई बड़ा होगा तो अपने घर में! हमसे क्या लेना देना?’ पर दोनों

जमाल साहब का बहुत आदर करती थीं और उनके बच्चों को अपने बच्चों के समान ही समझती थीं।

उस दिन सरकारी छुट्टी थी। जमाल साहब के घर से ज़ोर ज़ोर से आवाज़ें आ रही थीं। लगता था



उनके घर में कोई आया है। दुलारी ने बाहर निकल कर अपने आँगन से देखने की कोशिश की, पर कुछ दिखाई न दिया। “सब कुछ शुभ है ना?” पर बीच बीच में हँसी की आवाज़ सुन कर लगता था कि शुभ ही होगा। अंदर की बात जानने के लिये दुलारी ने सलीमा से पूछा पर उसे भी कुछ मालूम न था। तभी जमाल साहब के घर से दो आदमी बाहर निकले। सलीमा और दुलारी इधर उधर छिप गयीं। “क्या पता, कोई बड़ा दिन होगा, या फिर जमाल साहब की तरक्की हो गई होगी! बहुत समय से शफीका कह रही थी कि जमाल साहब की तरक्की कब की हो चुकी होती पर उस का अफ़सर उसकी राह में रोड़े अटका रहा है। अफ़सर एक हजार रुपये की रिश्त माँग रहा है।

पर शफीका के कहने के मुताबिक जब जमाल साहब ने स्वयं जीवन भर रिश्त नहीं ली तो अफ़सर को कहाँ से देंगे? अब जो हो सो हो, पर शफीका ने तो हमें इस बारे में कुछ बताया ही नहीं कि माजरा क्या है? सोचा होगा, यह लोग ईर्ष्या से जल जायेंगे यदि कुछ बताया तो”, सलीमा ने दुलारी से कहा।

बात ज़्यादा देर तक छिपी न रही। दोपहर के खाने के तुरंत बाद शफीका नया कुराबदार फेरन पहन कर सलीमा के पास पहुँची और कहा, “खुदा नजात दे। इन्होंने क्या किया! किसी सूरत भी माने नहीं।” ‘खुदा नजात दे’ शफीका का तकिया कलाम था। पर असल में कौन थे और क्या बात हुई, यह सलीमा की समझ में न आया। उसने पूछा, “किन्होंने?” शफीका ने विस्तार पूर्वक कहा, “शहर से मेरा भाई आया था ना! उसके साले के लड़के जीलानी साहब

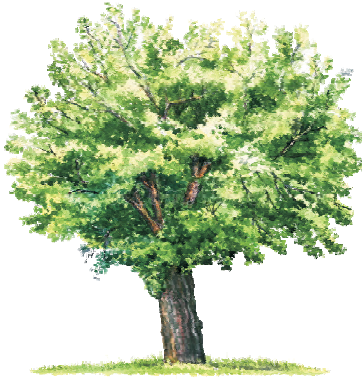
की नौकरी यहीं पर लगी है। वह लोग शहर से हमारे लिये क्या क्या लेकर आये। तारिक साहब के लिये सूट लाये हैं। मेरे लिये यह फेरन और कान की बालियाँ लाये हैं।” यह कहकर शफीका ने अपने फेरन और कान की बालियों की तरफ इशारा किया। सलीमा ने दोनों चीज़ों की तारीफ़ की, पर सोच में पड़ गई। कान की यह बालियाँ शफीका ने उसे गये साल भी यह कहकर दिखाई थीं कि यह उसके पिता ने उसके लिये अरब से लाये हैं। सलीमा ने बात आगे बढ़ाई, “वह लोग गये क्या?” शफीका ने जवाब दिया, “खुदा नजात दे। मेरे भाई को फुर्सत कहाँ है? वह एक मिनट के लिये भी सचिवालय से हिल नहीं



सकते। एक दिन के लिये भी कहीं जाते हैं तो तूफ़ान खड़ा हो जाता है। मिनिस्टर उनके सिवा कुछ करने को राज़ी ही नहीं होता है ना!” सलीमा ने पूछा, “जीलानी साहब कहाँ रहेंगे?” जवाब मिला, “खुदा नजात दे। मैं उसे कहीं और रहने दूंगी क्या? मैंने कहा, मैं उसे अपने पास रखूंगी। वह मेरे लिये तारिक साहब जैसा ही है। अभी उस की उम्र ही क्या है? मुश्किल से बीस साल का होगा। पर खुदा नजात दे, अभी से अफ़सर लोगों का दुलारा है।” थोड़ी देर

रुक कर शफीका ने बात जारी रखी, “देखो, मैंने तुमसे पूछा ही नहीं। क़ादिर कहाँ है? मैंने बहुत समय से उसे देखा ही नहीं। दुकान पर जाता है क्या?” सलीमा के तन बदन में आग लग गई। शफीका हमेशा अपने बच्चों को तारिक साहब और सुहैल साहब कहकर पुकारती थी पर क़ादिर और रमेश को वह हमेशा क़ादिर और रमेश कहकर ही बुलाती थी। उसे उन दोनों के लिये साहब कहना अच्छा नहीं लगता था। यह कोई नई बात नहीं थी पर जब आज उसने जीलानी को भी जीलानी साहब कहकर पुकारा तो सलीमा से न रहा गया। उसने कहा, “हाँ हाँ, दुकान पर ही जाता है। दुकान पर नहीं जायेगा तो और क्या करेगा? उसका पिता हैड कलर्क नहीं है ना!” शफीका की समझ में नहीं आया कि सलीमा किस बात पर झल्लाई। उसने सलीमा से कहा, “तुम क्यों जल रही हो? वास्तव में तुम्हें ईर्ष्या हो रही है कि हमारे पास जो है, वह क्यों है?” फेरन को झटकते हुये शफीका वहाँ से निकल गई और सलीमा उसे एकटक देखती रही।

जीलानी शहर का लडका था। उसके पिता तवाज़ा महकमे में नौकरी करते थे जहाँ उसे बड़े बड़े अफ़सरों की सेवा करने का अवसर मिलता था। वहीं पर किसी अफ़सर ने उसके बेटे को नौकरी लगाने के लिये किसी मंत्री से सिफ़ारिश की थी। जीलानी दिमाग का तेज़ नहीं था पर शहरवासी होने के कारण वह गाँव के लडकों को नीची नज़र से देखता था। क़ादिर व रमेश को वह कुछ ज़्यादा ही सताता था। उन्होंने कभी शहर नहीं देखा था ना! जीलानी की बातें सुन कर उन्हें



शहर देखने का शौक भी नहीं रहा। सोपोर एक छोटा कस्बा था जो उन के गाँव से केवल आठ मील ही दूर था। वहाँ भी वह महीने दो महीने में एक बार ही जा पाते थे और वह भी तब जब परिवार का कोई वरिष्ठ सदस्य साथ हो। सोपोर में एक सिनेमा घर था जहाँ सारा दिन लाउड स्पीकर पर फिल्मी गाने बजा करते थे। जब गाँव के बच्चों ने जीलानी को यह जानकारी दी तो वह हँस पड़ा। उसने कहा, “अरे मूर्खों! शहर में पच्चास सिनेमा घर हैं। हर सिनेमा घर पर दो दो मील तक लाइन लगती है टिकट लेने के लिये। वहाँ टिकट निकालना सूई के छेद से हाथी को निकालने के समान है। यहाँ की तरह नहीं कि लोगों को गाना सुना सुना कर बुलाया जाये।” क़ादिर ने पूछा, “तो तुम किस तरह टिकट निकालते हो?” जीलानी ज़ोर से हँस पड़ा। उसने कहा, “हम थोड़े ही टिकट लेने के लिये जाते हैं। हमारा टिकट हमारे घर पर ही आता है।”

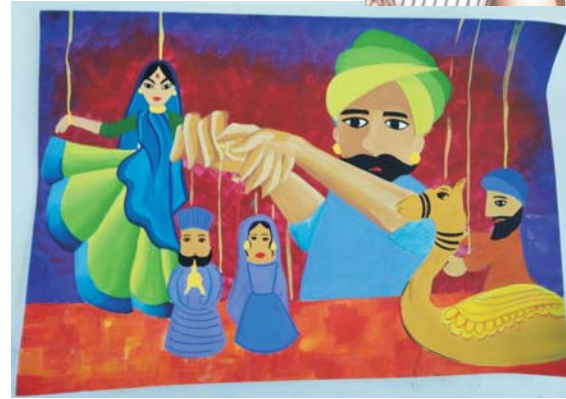
जीलानी शहतूत के वृक्षों के ऊपर था। हाँ, गाँव के लडकों को वह कुछ ऐसा ही कहता था। एक दिन बंटी ने पूछा, “तुम वृक्षों के ऊपर कैसे बैठते हो?” जीलानी के बदले क़ादिर ने जवाब दिया, “मूर्ख हो क्या! ऊपर होने का मतलब है मालिक होना। जैसे अबुल राखी जंगलों का मालिक है।”

जीलानी की नौकरी चलती रही। नौकरी क्या थी? दोपहर को खाना खाकर वह बाज़ार की तरफ चल देता। जहाँ कहीं दुकान की चौखट पर जगह मिलती, बैठ जाता और लोगों को शहर की सच्ची झूठी कहानियाँ सुनाता।

(क्रमशः)

Your Own Page

**Paintings of Lokeshi Pandita,
(Age 16 Years) Daughter of Smt. Renu Pandita & Shri
Sanjay Pandita of Airoli, Navi Mumbai**



**Paintings of
Avishi Khar
(Age 12 Years)
D/o Meenakshi Khar
Thakur Village,
Kandivli, Mumbai**



श्रुख

शेख-उल-आलम (नुन्द ऋषि)

अख नय मरि अख नय ज़ेये
तंग गछि आलम वचि मो रेये।
अख नय गछि तु अख नय यिये
चरख गछि बंद तु कुस क्या खेये ॥

★ ★ ★

अथु खोर छजाम, अथि कूँछ लोगुम
छ्वनि कथु करान गोस शर्मसार।
न काँसि दिचाम, न काँसि ज़ोगुम
समसार ज़ोनुम मे शून्यकार ॥

★ ★ ★

अंदर नय अँच्यज़ि तवय मारन
कामगारन दीदार दिये।
आशक डींठिम योरय लारन
माशोक दपान यार कर यिये ॥

★ ★ ★

अँदरु यस खबर वॉच्यय रुहस
तस दोज़खु तलु काँसुख थरुय।
येम्यु डंडु कुंडु बँछी नैदरि तु मुहस
सुय बंद चाव सुहस हँरुय ॥

★ ★ ★

वनुन व्योपुम नु पनुन राह गोम
सियाह गोम कलम लीखिथ कथ।
ज्ञानु कस वँनिथ यिरुवुन तोह गोम
दुनियुहुक मुह गोम चँलिथ कथ ॥

★ ★ ★

Editorial

From Page 1

suggested to write something on career guidance for our young ones, Dr. K.L.Chowdhury wanting us to take up Mission Survival (of KPs) before or alongside the Project Zaan, Mr. Rachit Kaul asking us to include Kashmiri Dishes & Recipes, Mr. Ravinder Bhan wanting us to include graphics to make it look less wordy, Mr. Jai Kishen Kaul wanting us to include stories of unsung heroes of our community, and last but not least Mr. Deepak Bhatt coming forward to publish his comic works for children. We will continue to strive to know what more you want to read in your own Praagaash. We believe our reader is our guide.

In the current issue, we have told you the story of a great legend of our community, Pt. Saligram Kaul, a scrupulously honest engineer and a real Karamyogi. We would like to include more such stories in our future issues. If you have the story of a great personality who has brought us fame or raised our heads high or brought laurels to herself/himself and our community, kindly share with us and the community.

We have started yet another serial under the title 'The Story of My House'. If you have a story of your house back in Kashmir with which are attached your emotional memories, kindly share with the readers. We also invite you to contribute to the Column Dishes & Recipes (Kashmiri and non-Kashmiri). Other pages which invite your contribution are 'Your Own Page' featuring your and your children's achievements, and 'Photo Feature' featuring rare photographs. Let us together make Praagaash an inspiring and interesting magazine.

In the meantime, Praagaash congratulates and wishes all the best to Mr. Anil Kaul on taking over as MD Tata Capital Housing Finance Ltd. and Ankita Raina, India's ace Tennis player on winning Thailand Open. Community is proud of them.

Contact Editor at: projectzaan@gmail.com

Photo Feature - Rare Photos


An old painting of **Sharika Bhagvati**
(Painter & Year not known)
Praagaash Courtesy: Deepak Budki
@deepakbudki



KP Woman (Year 1921)
Photo: R.E.Shorter
Praagaash Courtesy: Bhushan Lal Bhat
@bhushanlalb

Hari Parbat Shrine (Early 1900)
Photo Courtesy: Bhushan Lal Bhat
@bhushanlalb



Photo Feature - A Rare Photo



**Legendary Authors & Writers in a Rare Photograph of ‘Kashmir Cultural Committee’.
Mr. G.M.Sadiq was its President. Photograph Circa 1950.
Photo Courtesy: Shri T.N.Dhar Kundan**

Names of the people identified:

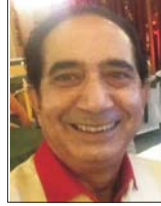
(3) Mahindernath (4) Harbans Singh Azad (5) P.N.Kachroo (6) Som Nath Zutshi
(8) Gangadhar Bhat Dehati (18) Umesh Kaul (21) Rehman Rahi (22) Bansi Nirdosh
(23) T.N.Dhar Kundan (24) Arjundev Majboor (26) Prem Nath Wali (27) Amin Kamil
(28) D.N.Almast, (29) Prem Nath Premi (32) Mohan Nirash (34) Shakuntala (Aima)
(35) Prof. S.K.Toshakhani (36) Master Zinda Kaul (37) G.M.Mehjoor (38) G.M.Sadiq
(39) Prof. Nandlal Talib (40) Nirmala Peshin Kachru (41) Prof. Raina (42) Dina Nath Nadim,

Kindly identify more and tell us. Thanks.

Letters to Editor

Congratulations,

A legendary piece of work by any standard. Pleased to see so much information captured in 48 pages. This will surely take a month to read and absorb. Layout are way better than what we have been used to, though could be still improved. Section on Mattoo Sahab brought tearful memories of this legend. On the learning points: Still a Mumbai-centric publication by and large; The political portion could be avoided; Considering that we must target this for our youth, some graphics could be included to make it look less wordy like a text book. But overall a historic step forward.



Ravinder Bhan,
Powai, Mumbai.



Dear Raina Sahib,

Congrats for the release of Praagaash, a robust e-magazine. I am attracted to the word Praagaash which is so apt and scholarly. I read your Editorial between the lines and am highly impressed by your scholarly pursuits and language loving endures. I read the write-ups of the contributors. It appears Mattoo Sahab whom I never knew has done a commendable work which has given the shape to Sharda Sadan which stands erect firm and speaks about our glory. My blessings to one and all my KP brethren. I am sure we can do wonders together.



Prof. Ashok Aima
Borivli, Mumbai.



Namaskar Maharaj Sir,

This is Deepak Bhatt from Hyderabad.

Recently I have come up with few comic versions of our Folk tales. I have created about 7 of them with the purpose that kids can read those and know about our folklores. If it is ok with you, can I send them for the Praagaash that you publish as a part of Project Zaan. Please do let me know and I can send you the material. Thanks and Regards,

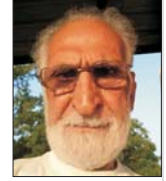


Deepak Bhatt

Hyderabad
deep_bhat@hotmail.com



I was highly delighted to see the new Avtar of the net journal edited by you called Praagaash dedicated to Late Shri M.L.Mattoo. Besides, I was overwhelmed with its volume. I congratulate you from the core of my heart for your efforts to keep the Kashmiri community united in its exile. I will try to contribute to the net journal in future.



Dr. P.L. Ganju

Vadodara, Gujarat.



Namaskar Mahara Raina Sahab,

Congratulations for the magazine Praagaash. You are doing a great job, KPs from other states must learn from you. The way you are organising each and every event is amazing. May God bless you Sir. Thanks for including Master Ji's Sumaran.



Renu Lata Kaul

Lucknow.



Congratulation Raina Sahib for bringing out a beautiful number of Praagaash with special

Letters to Editor

feature on Late Shri M.L.Mattoo in most professional manner. Keep your efforts on and propagate our language among youngsters. God bless you.

R.K.Mattoo

Bangalore.

rkmattoo@gmail.com



Dear Mahraj Krishen,

Thanks for the inaugural issue of Praagaash. You did it in quick time, sticking to the date you promised. That speaks volumes for your commitment.

Well, it is a great effort with a pleasing get up and variegated content. The homage to Mr. Mattoo from his relatives, acquaintances and well-wishers evokes pleasing images of a person I didn't have the good fortune to know personally. It is a wonderful idea to perpetuate the memory of our stalwarts, living or dead, who have made an impact in various fields and left a rich legacy for future generations.

The letters speak a lot about the love people bear for you and their eagerness to be part of this experiment with the revival of our cultural and religious traditions, our language, literature, history, art, etc. The various write-ups, kids' contributions, and some historic photographs are eye-catching. I congratulate the editorial staff, especially your personal efforts.

Attached please find a story for the next issue of Praagaash. Hope it is an eye opener for the younger generation who were spared the travails of our tragic displacement. In fact, every Kashmir Pandit house has a story to tell. I would love to collect such stories - of the land that was illegally encroached upon or annexed or had to be sold in distress; the homes that were occupied, vandalized,



looted, and torched, or sold for a song; the temples that were desecrated and damaged Not just the list, but individual stories that vividly portray the baseness in human nature. Let *The Story Of My House* be another feature in Praagaash, besides the large list you have enumerated in your mail.

Sincerely,

KL Chowdhury

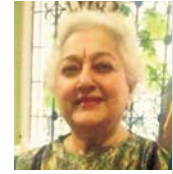
kundanleela@yahoo.com

Dear Editor,

This has reference to Dr. K. L. Chowdhury's letter regarding survival of KP community, in the July issue of Praagaash. I will reiterate what I have said at our KP meets and other forums – Our children are the future, and we need to focus on them and target all our energies towards developing their thinking processes as early as possible during their growing years. Project Survival can and will take off if we can inspire future generations and make them aware of much richer they will be if they take pride in their Kashmiri Pandit heritage.

However, to grab their interest and retain it as well, we have to avoid boring exercises of History and Geography, and use more popular methods. To illustrate my point, children were suddenly finding our epics and classic tales thanks to Amar Chitra Katha comic books. In my days we had children magazines like Chandamama and Parag. These were followed by TV cartoons like Chota Bhim, Krishna and Hanuman. We have to thank Vidu Vinod Chopra who was the first to use popular Kashmiri songs in his films, followed by Vishal Bhardwaj and recently Meghna Gulzar.

Suddenly I saw Kashmiri kids and adults feeling very proud and happy to get prominence through Bollywood. The song



Letters to Editor

Okus Bokus has been around since before my childhood, yet it has become popular only after Hanjuria sang a remix, as also other singers who are making songs like "Harmokh Bar Tal..." known and much liked by the younger generation. Our dejhore has become a popular item of jewelry ever since TV serial heroines started wearing dangler earrings designed like our Dejhore/Atohor. So much so that a famous Jeweler like Tanishq, launched and advertised it several years ago.

We are on the fast track – we adults need to come out of the well we are in, like the proverbial frogs, visualize and portray the world through the eyes of our children. Young parents have a major role to play, and need to be inducted and oriented into this significant agenda. WE WILL SURVIVE AND FLOURISH TOO....

Urmila Dhar Zutshi
urmilaz@gmail.com



Is it not possible that Project Zaan acts as a balm on bruised psyche due to mass exodus? Suggest instead of seeking stories on houses that were, would suggest how stories on post-exodus struggles to rally back to more liberated lives are recounted. That is just a suggestion. *Gaya waqt phir haath aata nahin.* The biggest transformation in our lives is that although we lost our home and hearth, we are relieved of the daily torment faced then, being a KP. Bible says, what is a man profited if he gains whole world on one hand and loses his own soul on the other. We need to develop a positive outlook.

Apologetically,
K.L.Kaul, New Delhi



Editor replies: One can not forget the past and that is why we don't forget our roots. We have faced the unfortunate and cruel exodus with all our might but can't forget why and how it happened. Can we ever forget 19 January 1990? You can well take it forward suggesting ways and means to achieve what we could not achieve back in Kashmir. Please do write and we will as well take your ideas forward.

*'Vacchas manz chhu vuhuvun
tsetuk naar kotah,
Tami naarae neerith
pholun beyi navun chhum'*

कैह प्राणि कथु

From Page 25

ऑल्य वॅदलु निशि अख बटु मेलान। पतु ऑस्य अँस्य दोशवय इकुवटु परबथ गछान तु वति कथा बाथा करान। तिहिन्दि गरि ओस कुसताम सादू। सु ओस लीलायि लेखान। तुम्यसुन्द अख बंद छु मे अज़ताम च्यतस, बूज़िव। प्राता कालस ज़ाग्रथ छु इवान, दिवान प्रथ ज़ीवस छु च़ेनुवँन्य, वोथ थोद लथ दिथ आलुछु जंदन, सत ज़न च़न्दन कुलिनुय तल। पतु रोज़ यिमुनुय यिहुन्दुय छु ईशर, बासान इम छी संसारुक्य, मो खोच परवाय नो कैह रिन्दन, सतज़न चंदन कुलिनुय तल।

कथु छि यिमु प्राणि, शार ति छि प्रॉन्य। अमा पोज़ एकान्तस मंज़ बिहिथ येलि यिमन प्युर छि दिवान अख सुकून छु यिवान दिल छु फवलान। पनुन्य यार दोस चि प्यवान याद। प्राणि महफिलु छि अँछन तल यिवान। ब्येयि छि स्वय कशीर स्यनिमा स्क्रीनस प्यठ फिलमिहँद्य पॉठ्य नज़रन ब्रोंह कनि अकि अंदु इवान तु ब्येयि अंदु नेरान तु हंगु तु मंगु छि व्वश च़लान नीरिथ। हाय सम्सार!



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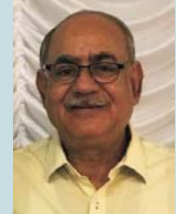
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