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

Praagaash

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In this issue

● Editorial - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'	01
● Kashmir 1947 : Padam Shree Dr. K.N.Pandita - Tribal Invasion & Maqbool Sherwani	02
● Adventures : My Polar Adventure - 3 - Ajay Dhar	04
● Kundanspeak : Perception & Conception - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'	08
● Religion & Customs The Spiritual Significance of Navratris - C.L.Gadoo	10
● काव्य : मे छम आश पगहच - दीना नाथ नॉदिम	13
● Religion & Customs : RIK-VAK and Lalleshviri - Dr. Chamanlal Raina	14
● Language, Culture & History Towards Building a Khmer Narrative - Prof R.N.Bhat	15
● My Medical Journey - So Many Boons - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury	18
● Tales Retold : Zaan Ded - A Timeless Tale - Urmila Dhar Zutshi	23
● हंसना मना है	25
● Life - An Ode to Life - Pooja Dharan Bhat	26
● Destination Chinkral Mohalla Return of The Pilgrims - Dr. P.L.Ganju	27
● काव्य : गाह चोन प्यवान गटि - हब्बु खोतून	30
● Poetry - Sun Will Rise - Prof. Majrooh Rashid	30
● Grandma's Stories - लॉज्य बटुन कान - M.K.Raina	31
● छवपि हुंय आलव - त्रे गजलु - सुनीता रेना पॉडित	36
● Life : That Pomygranate Tree - Sunita Parimoo Kuchroo	37
● Dishes & Recipes - Kashmiri Shufta - Urmila Dhar Zutshi	39
● Comic Tales for Children - Deepak Bhatt	40
● Photo Feature - Rear Photos	44
● Letters to Editor	45

Editorial

- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

We are grateful to our readers for appreciating the standard maintained in this e-journal. They have generally appreciated the material as also the lay out. We shall try to keep up to their expectations in all our future issues. As you all know, our aim is to preserve and further promote the rich heritage of language and literature, culture and tradition. We are proud of our language that has systematically originated in fourteenth century, Valmiki of this language being none other than Lal Ded. It has been enriched by writers, Sufis, saints and thinkers over the last more than six hundred years. The language was originally written in Sharda script, which is largely in disuse now. These days it is written in two scripts, Nastalik and Devanagri. A miniscule people sometimes write it in Roman as well. Only Nastalik script is recognised officially. We plead to the authorities concerned to consider seriously the request of giving recognition to Devanagri script as well, as an alternate script, not replace the Nastalik one. There are two significant advantages in doing so. First a large section of Kashmiris who do not know Urdu can be benefitted if they get our literature in the script that they are familiar with. Secondly as you know, all the regional languages from Gujarat to East Uttar Pradesh, which include Marathi, Haryanvi, Bhojpuri, Maithali etc. are all written in Devanagri. By having an additional Devanagri script, it will be easier for those who speak in these languages, to learn Kashmiri and then provide translation of the rich literature of these languages into Kashmiri and vice versa. It will be a great service to our language because it will be enriched and available to wider public. I am sure all those who love our mother tongue and are interested in widening its readership will whole heartedly support this proposal. Let us all join to



Continued on Page 22

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Kashmir 1947 - Padam Shree Dr. K.N.Pandita

Tribal Invasion and Maqbool Sherwani

I belong to Baramullah. As a youngman of 17 years, I saw death, destruction and plunder of Baramullah town in October 1947. You can't feed incorrect history to people who have lived the period and are privy to events. I wonder why some events have been presented wrongly with a factually incorrect narrative. May be this narrative suits some but facts are facts. I am referring to events of Tribal Raid in Kashmir. Lot of wrong information has been fed to people.

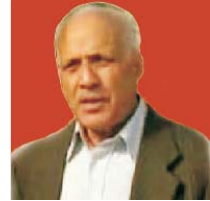
As far as Maqbool Sherwani is concerned I need to clarify that he was a staunch follower of Sheikh Mohd Abdullah. That time we would hear a slogan (coined by Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah) from National conference cadres 'Hindu Muslim Sikh Ittehaad'. Sherwani



Shaheed
Maqbool Sherwani

remained unshaken in this belief when most of his cadres shifted loyalties and sided with advancing marauders sent by Pakistan. Sherwani's misguiding Tribal raiders on 'the road to srinagar city' is untruth. The raiders had no dearth of local guides, accomplices and active supporters. To know Road to Srinagar city was no issue. For raiders, Locating Sherwani had a purpose. Through him, the tribal raiders wanted to reach Sheikh Mohd Abdullah whom they wanted to capture

and take along as per the plan. They had instructions to bring Sheikh Mohd Abdullah dead or alive as Pakistani leadership at that time considered him an enemy and an obstacle in annexation of Kashmir.



Sherwani's house was searched but he could not be located. He was in touch with his party leadership in Srinagar. He would travel to Srinagar on his motorcycle during nights. Finally, the raiders found him when he was on his way to Srinagar riding his motorcycle. Unfortunately, he was identified by his own men after he was caught. He was killed mercilessly by the savage beasts.

In fact the delay of two crucial days in moving to Srinagar city was due to internal fight that the tribal raiders had with their commander named Khursheed Anwar. Khursheed Anwar had received a sum of rupees three lakh to be spent on tribal raiders. The raiders asked Khurshid to distribute the money. Khurshid refused and told them that the amount had been given for the whole operation and not for distribution among them.



Kashmir 1947
Photo: andrewwhitehead.net



That made tribal raiders angry and they suspended operation for two days. For two days, they shifted to looting and killing people in Baramullah town.

Tribal raiders were fed with wrong information that Kashmiri Pandits had enough gold with them. So, initially they mistook brass for gold and took away many brass utensils from Pandit houses thinking it was gold. All this we saw in the godown of the plundered goods in Baramullah once Indian Army arrived and the raiders made hasty retreat in panic and fear. I saw them fleeing through Baramullah town in trucks, lorries, tongas and redas.

In Baramullah town, for two days, they only looked for 'Zar, Zewar and Zanana (cash, jewellery and women). To Baramullah they did what Nadir shah did to Delhi. They looted jewellery, shops and houses and kidnapped and raped so many Hindu and Sikh women in groups. Baramulla Tehsil office had been made a raping centre by these marauders. Many Sikh, Pandit and Punjabi Khatri women jumped into river Jheum to save their honour. I saw this naked dance of death and destruction personally.

What they did to European Nuns, Nurses, teachers and Missionary doctors and their families in Baramullah is very tragic, shameful, brutal and inhuman.

This nonstop killing, plunder, loot, rape and mayhem in Baramulla for two days halted

their advance and saved Srinagar city and simplified the task of Indian Army in kicking them out. Prior to that, like a true Kshatriya, Brigadier Rajinder Singh put a halt to their march by engaging them in gunfight for four days with limited soldiers.

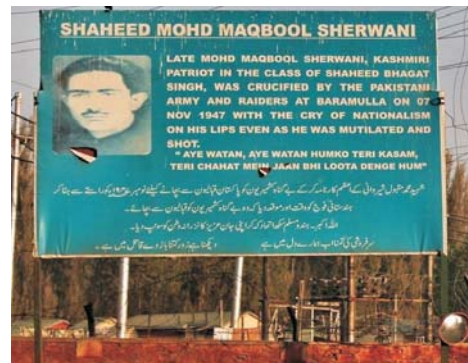
Under instructions from Maharaja 'Fight to the last man and the last bullet', with just 110 soldiers, Brigadier Rajinder Singh put a crucial halt to the advancement of about 5000 Tribal marauders. He used guerrilla tactics to fight and engage them that delayed their advance towards Srinagar city. He engaged them in gun battle near Uri Bridge, Mohara and Rampur, inflicting heavy casualties on them. I have not found such a warrior in contemporary military history. I mean an army chief personally leading soldiers in the combat. He is the real saviour of Srinagar city from the beastly marauders. This great Soldier died of bullet wounds in the Battle Field.



**1947 War Hero
Brig Rajinder Singh**

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Armour & guns on Baramulla Road
Photo: bharat-rakshak.com





Explorations & Adventures - Ajay Dhar

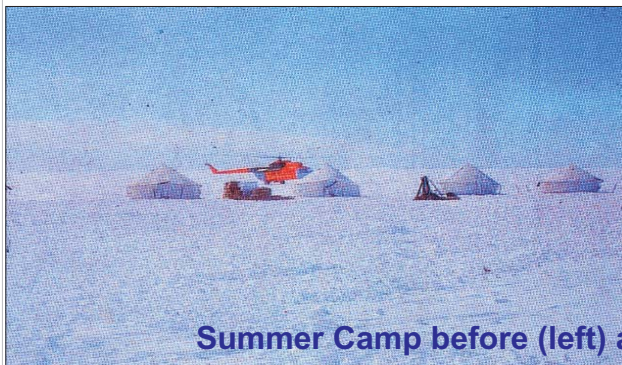
My Polar Adventure - 3

The ship would roll by 10-18° and all members were sliding with the vessel from one corner to another. Many members reported sea sick and were confined to their rooms. I and many other members were however unaffected and enjoyed this rough weather as well. After crossing 60° S latitude, we saw quite a few small and huge ice bergs floating around. These ice bergs can be very dangerous for navigation and members in-turns were asked to keep a watch for these icebergs. The cameras were out and clicking at every sight of an iceberg and sea birds. We started sighting small chunks of ice floating around and within a few hours they increased in numbers and became denser. We were told that it is called pack ice and formed due to freezing of the oceans beyond 60° S due to subzero temperatures during Antarctic winters. During Antarctic summer, the ice melts and drifts away. By next morning, the pack ice became thicker and thicker and the Ship was finding it difficult to proceed easily. The ship would keep on hitting these big chunks of ice, move them aside and make its way ahead. It was a site to watch for most of us and we would spend most of our time on Ship's deck with cameras in hand and dressed in our wintering gear. We also realized that the daylight was increasing day by day and many

a members were finding it difficult to sleep. We were aware that Sun does not set in southern hemisphere for 3 months and we were heading for this 3 month long day. Slowly, the day approached when we could see the bright sunlight at midnight. The pack ice was



becoming thicker and thicker (2-3m thick) and almost formed a thick sheet of ice on the ocean surface. The Helicopters were taken out of the hold and placed on the ship's deck. A reconnaissance flight by the Helicopter to find an easy route through this pack ice helped and ship was able to reach polynya without further difficulty. Polynya is the region in icebound seas with open waters free of ice. After crossing polynya, the ship arrived at solid sheet of ice, nearly 3m thick and extending for miles. The ship tried to break this ice and did not succeed and halted along this fast ice and a courtesy helicopter sortie was made to Dakshin Gangotri Station. The wintering team at the station was eagerly awaiting the ship's arrival and more so, letters from their families after a year of their stay at Antarctica, fresh vegetables and fruits (which they had not tasted for the last 9 months) and some



Summer Camp before (left) and after (right) the Blizzard



important spare parts. As it was Christmas eve, it was decided to start shifting members to Dakshin Gangotri Station from next morning.

Helicopter operations started from early morning and members were shifted to various field camps. I along with a few others was shifted to Dakshin Gangotri Station. On reaching there, we had a first look at the station and were surprised to see it half buried in snow. All the wintering members came out of the station to greet us and we had a long chat with them and they were eager to get some news of the world over the last 12 months, while they were wintering at Antarctica. We were told that once in a while, they used to receive some news through high frequency HF messages communicated from Naval HQ, New Delhi. They were able to call their families once in 15 days through satellite phones and the calls would last 3 minutes. Every member was allowed 6 minutes of telephone calls per month and overshooting of time would be charged at \$15/- per min, which was very expensive at that time. After exchanging pleasantries, we shifted to our summer camp, nearly 300m away.

The Dakshin Gangotri Station was constructed in 1983 and could occupy 15 wintering members. In addition, it had a laboratory, library, lounge and dining space, generator and boiler rooms and some storage space. We were given a tour of the station and were informed that due to heavy blizzards, the drifting snow accumulates around the station getting it buried. The wintering members have to routinely clear the snow around the station to keep it free from it. The summer members were accommodated in a makeshift arrangement, called summer camp. As the summer camp had little accommodation, we were asked to pitch our tents for setting up our equipment and stay. My work required a location free from manmade noise/disturbance and as such I decided to pitch my tent nearly 500m away from the main

station on ice shelf. This was going to be my laboratory cum living tent. After pitching my tent and securing it with ropes, I immediately started setting up my instruments to collect magnetic field data. The power requirements for my tent were provided by a portable generator, which needed refueling every 6-8 hr. The tent was pitched over soft snow and it provided a sort of cushion from the floor. It was difficult to sleep the first night as it was bright and sunny outside and secondly, we were instructed not to remove our UV protection goggles even at night. Next three days passed off quickly and we were busy collecting data and providing logistic help whenever a helicopter will land with supplies. On the fifth morning, the sky got cloudy and winds started picking up slowly. The meteorologist at the station warned us of approaching blizzard and asked us to secure all our belongings. The fascimile chart indicated a low pressure zone and winds were expected to touch 100 Knots/hr (180 km/hr). The newly arrived team members were scared as most of us could not fathom the outcome. By 1700 hr, the winds had picked up to nearly 140 km/hr and I was busy working in my tent. I could hear the wind gusting outside and noticed very heavy snow drift outside the tent. I had a look towards the station and was able to see a very faint image of it in the blowing snow. The portable generator providing electric supply to my tent was getting affected by this blowing snow, resulting in its breakdown. To avoid getting it covered by snow, I brought it closer to my tent door, keeping the exhaust pointing outside and got back to my work. After some time, I started feeling giddiness and sleepy. I sensed something was wrong and rushed out of the tent in blowing snow and winds. After sucking in fresh air for some time, I started feeling a little better and realized that due to eddy currents formed by the blowing snow, the discharge from my generator was pushed back inside my tent. I wanted to see the Doctor immediately and tried to look towards the



station. I did not realize that the winds had picked up to more than 150 km/hr by now with a wall of snow blowing along with it, resulting in very poor visibility. I could hardly see up to 10m and judging by the direction of the station, ran towards it. I was still feeling giddy and slipped on snow a couple of times. A miracle, I made it to the station as winds were pushing me away from it. I rushed to the Doctors room and narrated my story. He immediately asked me to stand outside the station in fresh air for next half an hour, sheltered from direct winds. He later revealed that I was lucky to survive from CO poisoning, discharged by the generator. The blizzard was ragging and winds kept on increasing to nearly 190 km/hr. I was getting worried about my tent and instruments and wanted to go and take a look at it. I requested a couple of my members to join me to check the condition of my tent. After struggling for more than an hour, we could not go more than 50 m from the station as the wind was pushing us back. Finally, we gave up and returned to our shelter.

The blizzard abated after 4 days and I immediately rushed to my tent to find it torn to shreds. Only the top portion was visible and all my equipments were buried under a meter of snow. All other summer tents had collapsed too and were buried under snow. I waited for the weather to improve further before starting digging out my equipment. Luckily the lower portion of the tent had capsized over the instruments and got buried under snow. After digging out all the equipment, cleaning and testing them, I took a sigh of relief as all of

them were in working condition. I did not want to use another tent fearing another blizzard. I was lucky to find a small porta cabin and took permission of the Leader to use it as my laboratory. I was also provided a Walkie Talkie to be in touch with the station and communication team for any help during bad weather. The rest of the expedition passed off peacefully here after with a couple of more blizzards. During another such severe blizzard, I suddenly heard lot of shouting on the Walkie Talkie. When enquired the reason, I was told that during head count, one of the scientist is found to be missing and different teams have been sent to locate him. The teams used snow mobiles to locate him. The person was located after nearly 3 hr of search and brought back to station. He narrated that he was going from station to summer shelter when suddenly a gust of strong wind pushed him hard. He lost his balance and fell down and was blown by winds to more than 50



Expedition member lost and traced after four hours

m. Once he stopped skidding on snow, he had lost sense of direction and could hardly see anything due to poor visibility. He started walking around and found a few fuel barrels placed there. He just clutched the barrel and stayed there till he was rescued. I must say, "A very wise step taken by him as he could have drifted much farther had he kept on walking around in the storm". His lower face was totally frozen due to snow as can be seen in the photograph.

Towards the end of February, all summer members were asked to wind up their experiments and shift to vessel. I requested my Leader to allow me to continue till the last



day as I wanted to collect as much data as possible. The first sun set was observed on 18 January, which was barely for a few minutes. Thereafter, the sun set period increased and by the end of February, we had nearly 4-5 hr of darkness. I finally shifted to vessel on 01 March 1986 and the ship sailed back for India on the early morning of 03 March 1986, reaching Goa on 24 March 1986. We were given a warm welcome on our arrival at Goa and it took a couple of days to get our equipment custom cleared and headed back to our respective places. In two months time, all the members were asked to report at Delhi for debriefing and were awarded a memento and a certificate. We also had to make a presentation of the work done during the expedition to a high level committee. I also came to know that Leader and the DOD official had highly praised my contribution to the expedition and strongly recommended my name for the wintering in future. It was also announced that IIG will be wintering in Antarctica during the coming expedition. By this time, my transfer orders to Mumbai were already issued and on my request, I was allowed to continue at Gulmarg for next six months.

By June 1986, the preparations for the next expedition started and nominations were sought from different participating organizations. IIG had nominated another colleague of mine as a wintering candidate. Director, DOD was still interested in my participation as a wintering member and requested IIG to nominate me as a wintering member. I continued to work at Gulmarg till October 1986 and started preparing to pack up and move to Mumbai on transfer. Towards the end of October 1986, I received a telegram from IIG to report immediately to Mumbai. By next day, there was a telephonic call asking me again to report to Mumbai as early as possible for a meeting with Director. I immediately left for Mumbai and during the

meeting with my Director, he conveyed that Director, DOD has specially nominated me as a wintering member of the 6th Indian Scientific Expedition to Antarctica and I should report to DOD, New Delhi tomorrow. He further added that the team has been finalized and DOD will arrange for my medical examination at Safdarjung Hospital, New Delhi. I flew to Delhi early next morning and met Director, DOD. He asked me to report to Medical Superintendent, Safdarjung Hospital for medical examination and report back to him after collecting my medical fitness certificate. A special medical board was arranged and all the necessary tests conducted over the next two days. The medical fitness certificate was handed over to me on third day and I rushed back to DOD along with it.

(To be continued)

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**No language
is sweeter
than your
mothertongue
but you do
not know
that.**



Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

Perception & Conception

The entire existence of human beings is dependent on and shaped by perception and conception. Perception is in the realm of the heart and it is largely a play of our senses. When the senses relate to sense objects we perceive, we feel and form an idea or a view point. Conception, on the other hand is the forte of the mind and the intellect. We observe, we listen, we read and we react and then certain ideas or view-points are conceptualized or formulated. This is the product of our intellectual acumen. The two together make us what we are and shape our personality. Our perception is the barometer to indicate whether or not we are persons with feeling and compassion and if so to what degree. The conception is the gauge to measure our thinking capability and the level of our creativity. It is an indicator that shows our originality to create ideas, views and opinions.

We as humans perceive all the time. The senses are the instruments for our perception. Whatever we feel and perceive affects our mood and sensibility. We are happy or sad, elated or grieved depending upon what our feelings are. These feelings make us react in the manner we do in our family, with our friends and colleagues and in the theatre of life in general. While more often than not our perception is correct yet sometimes our senses may mislead us. This results in our misreading and misunderstanding a situation and thereby coming to a wrong conclusion. Sometimes we are carried away by our emotions and our personal likes and dislikes or preferences and that makes us perceive the situation with a jaundiced eye. As against this conception has a firm and sound basis. It comes about after a thorough reasoning and application of logic. It has a mathematical

approach where two and two make four, neither three nor five. We conceive an idea and adopt an approach after applying our mind and after giving a serious thought to the matter at hand.

Those of us who are the students of literature or who are fond of literature know that any form of literature in general and poetry in particular is of two types broadly. One is that which is the result of our feelings and compassion or in other words which is the product of our heart. The second is that which brings out our considered views and opinions on the matters concerning the mankind and offers well argued solutions to the problems confronting us from time to time. The second type is the product of our mind and intellect. The first type comes naturally to the writer or the poet concerned but the second one needs a thorough effort, thinking, reasoning and planning. Naturally, therefore, the first is based on our perception and the second is conceptualized by us. Same is the case with other forms of creative arts, to a lesser extent though. Here also perception and conception play their respective roles to a certain degree and that is apparent from the end result in the form of a painting, a sculpture, a dance recital or a musical composition. The intensity of the perception and the profundity of the conception seen in these creativities determine the stature of the creator, the artist or the author.

Perception is a journey from the subjectivity to the objectivity. Thus we express what we feel and discern. We do what in our





view is right and called for. In both these cases, be it the spoken or written word or a deed undertaken, the perception guides us. We turn from introverts to extroverts and view everything according to the perception we have of the situation at hand. Conception is a different cup of tea. It is again a journey but from objectivity to subjectivity. We read, we hear and we experience and then formulate our opinion and charter our course of action. All this is well reasoned, discussed and debated and only then translated into expression or action. Here the primacy is given to what we come across outwards, what we see, observe and experience. The situation becomes more or less a matter of fact and we forget that observations have their limitations and consequently appearances may not always be true and may lead us astray.

One thing is, however, common in both these things. The perception evolves over the years. It changes, gets modified and sometimes even is replaced wholly by a diametrically opposite perception. That is because our level of understanding, evaluation and appreciation rises with the advancement in age, which in turn results in improvement of our faculties of perceiving things through our various senses and our improved and better faculties of reaction and discernment. So is the case with our conception. It also evolves with more and more experience in the theatre of life, advanced studies and as a result of coming into contact with more knowledgeable persons and profound thinkers and scholars. We are able to debate, discuss and decide better. We are in a better position to discriminate and sift lasting from the transient, eternal from the momentary and fact from fiction. This enables us to conceptualize better and formulate sound opinion on all matters faced by us. We are able to judge people and positions better and see the reality behind

what is apparent and visible. Concept gives us the originality and individuality that differentiates us from others and gives us a distinct position that is due to us.

Perception is formed naturally while conception is the result of practical experience, which results in creative activity of sorts. Often perception is hidden from others and the outside world. Conception is reflected in word and deed and is always in the open. People judge us on the basis of our conception reflected in our behavior and demeanor. We in turn judge others on the basis of our perception of the people and occurrences. Thus it will be seen that the perception and conception are the two sides of the coin called our entity and personality. Both these aspects of human existence differ in different people, men and women, young and old depending upon their acumen, preferences, capacities, tendencies and leanings. Materialist persons have conception and perception of matter and mundane elements only. Those of us who have spiritual frame of mind perceive and conceive spiritual aspects of our existence and of the cosmos around us. They are able to dive deep into the ocean of unknown and fathom its depths. They are able to or at least they make an effort to visualize the vast expanse of the skies of unknown and thereby conceptualize the elements that go into our being and becoming, seeking and achieving and travelling and attaining. Of course this attaining is getting at the peak of a high mountain, which can be reached by any of the multiple paths leading from the foothills to the level of the desired peak.

Perception is visualization and conception is analysis. Vedas were perceived by the sages. That is why they are called '*Mantra – drashta*' or the seers of *mantras*. They did not reason them out nor did they create them but having known, them they tried

Continued on Page 29



Religion & Customs - C.L.Gadoo

The Spiritual Significance of Navaratri

The word Navaratri originates from Sanskrit, Ratri means Night and Nava means Nine. Sharada Navaratri is considered very sacred, auspicious when all the Divine forces are at their highest level of percipience. During the Navaratri time, the Divine Mother Goddess is worshipped in Her various forms as Durga, Lakshmi and Saraswati. Though the Goddess is one, She is represented and worshipped in three different essential aspects. On the first three nights of the festival, Durga is worshipped. On the following three nights, Divine Mother is worshipped as Lakshmi and then as Saraswati Devi on the last three nights. The Goddess Durga is Durgati Naashini - One who destroys evil tendencies and evil forces, thus renders, peace, success and prosperity. Goddess Sri Mahalakshmi not only represents material but spiritual wealth. Both are like two sides of a coin and one cannot remain without the other. Therefore Goddess Lakshmi is symbolic of both Spiritual wealth and material wealth with success comes or follows the former. For spiritual wealth, one must gain knowledge. For that we have to first purify our minds. Only a pure and concentrated mind can attain knowledge, which is true wealth and this is obtained through the worship of Goddess Lakshmi Devi. Knowledge is power. Victory over the mind, senses and body (sense organs) can be gained only through knowledge. It is Goddess Saraswati who represents this highest knowledge of the Self. She is the very embodiment of the Knowledge itself. Purify the mind and remove all negativities; cultivate positive virtues; gain spiritual knowledge and transcend limitations. During Navaratri, Goddess Durga is invoked first to remove impurities from the mind. The Goddess Lakshmi is invoked to cultivate the noble values and qualities. Finally, Saraswati is

invoked for gaining the highest knowledge of the Self. These nine days are an opportunity to be completely in Sadhana, Seva, and Satsang. This is the significance of the three sets of three nights when all these three are gained subjectively, and then there will be Vijayadasami, the day of true victory!



Navaratri is celebrated five times a year. They are Vasanta Navaratri, Ashadha Navaratri, the Sharada Navaratri, the Paush Navaratri and Magha Navaratri. Of these, the Sharada Navaratri of the month of Puratashi and the Vasanta Navaratri of the Vasanta kala are important.

Basanta Navaratri: Basanta Navaratri, also known as Vasant Navaratri, is the festival of nine days dedicated to the nine forms of Shakti (Mother Goddess) in the spring season (March–April). It is also known as Chaitra Navaratri. The nine day festival is also known as Rama Navaratri.

Gupt Navaratri: Gupt Navaratri, also referred to as Ashadha or Gayatri or Shakambhari Navaratri, is nine days dedicated to the nine forms of Shakti (Mother Goddess) in the month of Ashadha (June–July). Gupt Navaratri is observed during the Ashadha Shukla Paksha (waxing of moon).

Sharada Navaratri: This is the most important of the Navaratri. It is simply called Maha Navaratri (the Great Navratri) and is celebrated in the month of Ashvina. Also known as Sharada Navaratri, as it is celebrated during Sharada (beginning of winter, September–October).

Paush Navaratri: Paush Navaratri is nine days dedicated to the nine forms of Shakti



(Mother Goddess) in the month of Paush (December–January). Paush Navaratri is observed during the Paush Shukla Paksha (waxing phase of moon).

Magha Navaratri: Magha Navaratri, also referred as Gupt Navaratri, is nine days dedicated to the nine forms of Shakti (Mother Goddess) in the month of Magha (January–February). Magha Navaratri is observed during the Magha Shukla Paksha (waxing phase of moon).

But popularly Navratra is celebrated twice a year. First Navratra is from Pratipada of Chaitra month to Navami and the second is exactly after six months in Pratipada of Ashwin Shukla Paksha to a day before Vijayadashami. In the two Navratras Sharada Navratra is given more importance. The celebrations begin on the first day of the month of Ashvin (i.e. Ashwin Shukla Paksha Pratipada) according to the Hindu calendar.

First three days:

The goddess is separated as a spiritual force called Durga also known as Kali in order to destroy all our impurities.

Second three days:

The Mother is adored as a giver of spiritual wealth, Lakshmi, who is considered to have the power of bestowing on her devotees inexhaustible wealth, as she is the goddess of wealth.

Final three days:

The final set of three days is spent in worshipping the goddess of wisdom, Saraswati. In order to have all-round success in life, believers seek the blessings of all three aspects of the divine femininity, hence the nine nights of worship.

We need the blessings of all three aspects of the divine mother; hence, the worship for nine nights. Each of the nine days of Navratra has special significance. Each day is dedicated to a particular Goddess who is

worshipped on that day.

First Day – Shailputri

The first day is dedicated to the Goddess 'Shailputri', the daughter of the Himalayas. She is a form of Shakti, the companion of Lord Shiva. Shailaputri literally means the daughter (putri) of the mountains (shaila). Various known as Sati Bhavani, Parvati or Hemavati, the daughter of Hemavana - the king of the Himalayas, she is the first among Navadurgas. Her worship takes place on the first day of Navaratri – the nine divine nights. The embodiment of the power of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, she rides a bull and carries a trident and a lotus in her two hands.

Second Day – Brahmacharini:

She is worshipped on the second day of Navaratri and is the second form of Mother Goddess. The name is derivative of the word 'Brahma', which means 'Tapa' or penance. Brahmacharini means one who practices devout austerity. She enlightens us in the magnificent embodiment of Durga with great powers and divine grace. She holds a rosary in her right hand and a water kamandal in her left hand. She is blissful, endows happiness, peace, prosperity and grace upon all devotees who worship her. She is the way to emancipation - Moksha.

Third Day – Chandraghanta:

The third day is dedicated to the goddess 'Chandraghanta', the symbolic representation of beauty and bravery. The third facet of Goddess Durga is 'Chandraghanta', who is worshipped on the third day of Navaratri, for peace, tranquility and prosperity in life. She has a 'chandra' or half-moon in her forehead in the shape of a 'ghanta' or bell. That is why she is called 'Chandraghanta'. She is charming, has a golden bright complexion and rides a lion. She has ten hands, three eyes and holds weapons in her hands. She is the apostle of bravery and possesses great strength to fight



in the battle against demons.

Fourth Day – Kushmanda:

The fourth day is dedicated to the goddess 'Kushmanda', the creator of the entire Universe. The meaning of the name 'Ku-shm-anda' is as: 'Ku' = a little; 'ushma' = 'warmth'; 'anda' = 'the cosmic egg'. So she is considered the creator of the universe. Often she is depicted as having eight or ten hands. She holds weapons, glitter, rosary, etc., in her hands, and she rides a lion.

Fifth Day - Skand Mata:

The fifth day is dedicated to the Goddess 'Skand Mata', the mother of the chief warrior of the Gods army, the Skanda. The fifth aspect of the Mother Durga is known as 'Skanda Mata' - the mother of Skanda or Lord Kartikeya, who was chosen by gods as their commander in chief in the war against the demons. She is worshipped on the fifth day of Navaratri. She is accompanied by the Lord Skanda in his infant form. Skanda Mata has four arms and three eyes, holds the infant Skanda in her right upper arm and a lotus in her right hand which is slightly raised upwards. The left arm is in pose to grant boons with grace and in left lower hand which is raised also holds a lotus. She has a bright complexion and often depicted as seated on a lotus.

Sixth Day - Katyayani:

The sixth day is dedicated to the goddess 'Katyayani' with three eyes and four hands. According to a legend: Once upon a time, there was a great sage called Kata, who had a son named Katya. Kata was very famous and renowned in the lineage of saints. He underwent long austerities and penance in order to receive the grace of the Mother Goddess. He wished to have a daughter in the form of a goddess. According to his wish and desire the Mother Goddess granted his request. Katyayani was born to Kata as an

avatar of Durga.

Seventh Day – Kaalratri:

The seventh day is dedicated to the Goddess 'Kaalratri', meant to make the devotees fearless. This is the seventh form of Mother Durga and is worshipped on the seventh day of Navaratri. She has a dark complexion, disheveled hair and a fearlessness posture. A necklace flashing lightning adorns her neck. She has three eyes that shine bright and terrible flames emanate from her breath. Her vehicle is the donkey. Her raised right hand always seems to grant boons to all worshippers and all her right lower hand is in the pose of allaying fears. Her left upper hand holds a thorn-like weapon, made of iron and there is a dragger in the lower left hand. She is black like Goddess Kali and holds a sparkling sword in her right hand battle all evil. Her gesture of protection assures us of freedom from fear and troubles. She is also known as 'Shubhamkari' – one who does good things.

Eighth Day - Maha Gauri:

The eight day is dedicated to the Mata Rani or 'Maha Gauri' representing calmness and exhibits wisdom. She is worshipped on the eighth day of Navaratri. Her power is unailing and instantly fruitful. As a result of her worship, all sins of past, present and future get washed away and devotees get purified in all aspects of life. Maha Gauri is intelligent, peaceful and calm. Due to her long austerities in the deep forests of the Himalayas, she developed a dark complexion. When Lord Shiva cleaned her with the water of the Ganges, her body regained its beauty and she came to be known as Maha Gauri, which mean extremely white. She wears white clothes, has four arms, and rides on a bull. Her right hand is in the pose of allaying fear and her right lower hand holds a trident. The left upper hand holds a 'damaru' (a small rattle drum) and the lower one is in the

Continued on Page 25



काव्य - दीना नाथ नॉदिम
मे छम आश पगहुच



मे छम आश पगहुच । पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

दूहस गाश हरि गुल तु गुलज़ार प्रज़लन
ज़मीनस सुसर लागि तु सब्ज़ार प्रज़लन ।
वछस मंज़ हुमिस लोलु फंवार प्रज़लन, पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

कज़ुल लागुनय मे गछन अँछ कज़ौली
वस्यम दूद तु बबि टँड्य गछन मे व्वज़ौली ।
तु दहि वुहुर्य दशहार यियि सोन सौली, पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

कनन गछि मे च्यां म्यां च़ल्यम वुय तु वाये
वछस तल मे च़ेह च़ेह कर्यम आयि प्राये ।
लबन लोसु कुठिसुय खस्यम मूल माये, पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

हु बर च़ुरनि तँल्य कन थँविथ बोज़ि लोत लोत
तु थँज़ कॉर थँविथ सु बेयि नेरि पोत पोत ।
तु वनुवुन ह्यमस पोत्रु मॉलिस यि सोत सोत, पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

यिनम सँदरु पनुन्यय वदव छय मुबारक
बु छस पोत्रु मॉज छँत्रु बून्य् फिकरि तारख ।
ह्यमख क्वछि ह्यवुन्य् अज़ बु मा कँह ति प्रारख, पगाह शोलि दुनियाह ॥

दपान जंग छु व्वथुवुन, पगाह गोछ नु सपदुन ।
पगाह शोलि दुनियाह, पगाह गोछ नु सपदुन ॥





Religion & Customs - Dr. Chamanlal Raina

RIK-VAK and Lalleshvaree

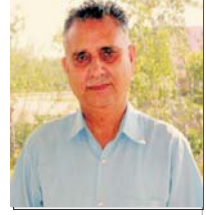
The Yajurveda says:

RICHAM VAACHAM PRAPADYEMANOH YAJUH
PRAPADYE SAAMAM PRAANAM PRAPADYE
CHAKSHUH
SHROTRAM PRAPADYE
VAGOJAH SAHAUJO PRANAAPANA
(Adhyaya 36, Mantra1)

Rik is also known as Richaa in the Vedas. Richaa means, which gives the exact meaning, with beautiful and sublime setting of the Pada/Vedic word, based on the Chhandas/ meter. Rik means going through the Vedas, study of the complete Veda. It must have the definite set of syllables. Thus the VAANI--/VAAK becomes subtle. Rik is the SFAARA/ sprouting of the Monosyllable AUM. Rishi is revered as KAVI in the Vedic ethos. Therefore, the Kavi/poet in essence and excellence deals with the aphorism of Reality. The poet is then born, with his intuitive capabilities, when his mind is pure and Idriyas are within the command. Kavi must be a lover of nature for maintaining ecology, and for saving the earth planet. The poet can be made, as one can attempt to be poet but his poetry will not be based on the VAAK. Rik is the inner source of Truth, Vaak is the application of that Truth through VAAK-SADHANA. So we revere the Vedas. VAAK is synonym of the Beda Shabda.

Vaak is Vaach in the Veda. Vaak is the inner faculty to reveal the sublime truth. Vaak is the Veda Vani. Vak has been considered as the Kaamadhenu, the celestial cow, fulfilling all the desires, both immanent and transcendental. Considering this Yajurvedic Mantra, we can see the beauty of the VAAK/ VAKH, given to us by the Great Yogini Lalleshvaree, in the 14th century, A.D. We have received these VAKHS, in the form of Shruti, in

the Rishi Bhumi and Tapasya Bhumi of Kashyapa, from our elders. Lall Vakh is the Rik Veda in essence, Yajurveda in practice, Sama Veda in Sadhana and Atharva Veda in our spiritual life.



Rik and Vak must be put together, to understand the beauty of the Mantra. Rik and Vak are like the Prakasha and Vimarsha of the great tradition of the Trika philosophy of Kashmir. Lalleshvaree has said in her VAAKH:

*Omkar yeli Layi Onum
Wuhuyi Korum Panun Paan
Sha'wot Tra'ivith Sath Maarg Rotum
Teli Lal Bu Vaitis Prakaashasthaan*

When Omkar was put to practice, later loved, adored and recognized, it took more of my psycho-physical energy. I had but to transcend the six-fold path of the Yoga, then alone; I could see the PRAKASH/ eternal light. I could make my way through the Vimarsha of life, which is Satya Marga - the righteous path.

This Lalla Vakh can be seen in the light of the Yajurveda Mantra cited above, which says that a Sadhaka is required to see the Absolute, in Saam-Praana, which is the Sath Marg of Lalleshvaree. Eyes must be focussed on the Shiva aspect of Reality, Ears must be attuned to hear the PRANVIK/ AUM sound of RIK, then VAK will vibrate.

The physical sheath must be in harmony with the Prana - Apana or vital and Atman - the self of the being.

With the blessings of Shiva Yogini Lalleshvaree.

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Language, Culture & History - Prof. Raj Nath Bhat (BHU)

Towards Building a Khmer Narrative

Preface:

The Dalai Lama's statement of April 23, 2018 is noteworthy and timely. He said: "Serious discussions on how to include the ancient Indian traditions in educational system should begin. India has the capability to combine modern education with its ancient traditions to help solve problems in the world". The British after taking control of India imported their own system into the sub-continent with the intent to create sepoys and coolies for the empire: the class of people, which as desired by McCauley 'would be Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, opinions, and intellect'.

The curricula documented by Dharamapala, a Buddhist scholar of the past, included grammar (*vyakarana*), rhetoric and logic (*tarka*), mathematics/astronomy (*ganita*), aesthetics (*rasa*), ethics (*darshana*), political science (*arthashastra*), and epistemology (*pramana*). These subjects will produce well-informed, creative individuals, who can learn new things. The Dalai Lama was right, after all. A fresh look at the education-system will enable us to make use of the best of both the traditional and the new systems - adopt the positives from the tradition and ignore or disown the negatives from both.

Today **Artificial intelligence** (AI) is acting much like the *guru* in a '*gurukula*' of old India. In the *gurukula*-s, the *guru* could and did understand exactly what the pupils' capabilities were because they lived with him, and could instruct them to bring out the best of their talents. The May 9, 2018 account from southern Indian state of Kerala is indeed heart-warming: Sreenath, a coolie at the railway station in Ernakulam, Kerala, qualified for the Kerala Public Service Commission [State Administrative Service]. He used the free Railway Wi-Fi at the station, downloaded

question papers and examination forms, and so forth. Using his smart-phone, he managed to study to clear the written examination. If a hard-up Sreenath could do this, an affluent middle-class adult can do still better by diligently learning new materials from the online open courses [MOOC] available today. In effect, life-long learning is now available, and the key for us is to learn about *how* to learn and not to learn facts that will soon become obsolete. [There are several more instances of persons with determination, and talent who have exhibited their talent].



A) Language Society & Culture:

Language is not simply a vehicle of communication. It marks one's identity; it is the store-house of community's history, ancestral knowledge, skills, customs, rituals and rites, attire and cuisine, vegetables and crops, sports and games, joys and sorrows, terrain and geography, climate and seasons, family and neighbourhood, greetings and address-forms, art and literature and so on.

Language loss leads to loss of social identity and cultural knowledge, loss of ecological knowledge, and much more. Causes of language loss include natural disasters, war and violence, cultural repressions, and socio-cultural marginalization. Sociolinguists study dialects across a given region and examine words that are unique to a region. They take into consideration factors such as socio-economic status, social class affiliation, gender etc. that play a role in language use. Such investigations reveal the close linkage between language and social-class.



Sociolinguists study the processes that monitor language use.

Linguistic anthropologist believes that the human language faculty is a cognitive and a social achievement that provides the intellectual tools for thinking and acting in the world. Therefore, documentation of what speakers say in their daily social activities takes a central place in such studies. Linguistic anthropology **seeks** answers to the issues like: why do individuals (or groups) switch over to a foreign language in place of their own? Why are there gender differences, if any, in speech? Speakers' attitudes and differences need to be identified and their causes unearthed.

A linguistic anthropologist is expected to unravel the subtleties of life as the community members live it from birth to death. Some of the major issues that specialists record and analyse are: the domains of the use of a language in family/social gatherings, in group conversations, in discourses on belief systems, political discourses, scientific discussions/descriptions, discourses on art and literature.

Language contact, an essential life situation in a globalised world, provides a concrete setting to the members of a social group to immerse in the code of the 'other' language. Does such an immersion reflect one's social status? The contact between faiths might impress one to embrace a foreign faith. Will such a shift bring about any linguistic-cultural change in the 'individual's' speech etc.? Such issues also constitute a part of the linguistic-anthropologist's concerns. Linguistic anthropologist places language-speakers in the class of cultural-beings who possess a unique cultural identity.

Linguistic hegemony marginalizes and subdues the mother-tongues of the peripheral groups of a society, thereby the community's narratives, histories, skills etc. are erased from their memories and fabricated narratives are

created to replace them. Colonial Histories present several such instances! In India, for instance, the fabricated narrative of 'Aryan Invasion' and the destruction of Indus Civilization have been widely circulated. The concept of 'Race' where the White-skinned were placed at the top of the pyramid played havoc across civilizations. Adolf Hitler used the defunct concept of 'race' to bring death to several million people during the 2nd WW (Shashi Tharoor 2017).

Franz Boas (1858–1942) from the USA and Bronislaw Malinowski (1884–1942) from Europe are the pioneers who described the importance of linguistic research for an anthropological understanding of human societies. Boas studied the grammatical structures of the indigenous languages of the American northwest coast - he was against any correlation between language and 'race'. He believed that language was an important tool for the study of culture. Significant damage had been done to the indigenous cultures of the Americas by European colonizers - Boas and later Sapir documented the languages and cultural traditions that were on the verge of disappearing. Boas's studies produced valuable information on Native American traditions. He brought scientific rigour to linguistic descriptions and demolished a number of unfounded stereotypes about the languages that were then called 'primitive': Boas argued that the opinion that the speakers of American Indian languages were less accurate in their pronunciation was false. Boas believed that each language should be studied on its own terms rather than according to some preset categories based on the study of other languages. To an Asian linguist, this observation of Boas must form the starting point of investigation.

Edward Sapir's students who did courses in linguistics called themselves 'Anthropological linguists.' Benjamin Lee



Whorf (1897– 1941), a chemical engineer, taught himself linguistics, and after 1931 joined E. Sapir and his students at Yale. Whorf believed that ways of thinking may develop by analogy with 'fashions of speaking.'

Dell Hymes stressed the need to see linguistics as part of anthropology. Hymes revised the Whorfian concept 'fashions of speaking' and termed it as the 'ways of speaking.' John Gumperz and Dell Hymes considered 'language as a social activity'. They chose to study language-use in concrete situations. Such studies of 'Linguistic performance'--contrary to Chomsky's focus on 'Linguistic Competence' - became an enabling cause for the field-workers to identify the creative dimensions of an act of speaking, the role of individuals and groups in the reproduction and transformation of linguistic codes, etc. The study of 'linguistic performance' enabled them to put forward the concept of 'Communicative Competence' - in place of Chomsky's 'linguistic Competence'. Hymes (1967) proposed the 'SPEAKING Model' - Situation, Participants, Ends, Act Sequences, Key, Instrumentalities, Norms, and Genre - for specialists in Communication studies [Ethnography of Speech] to investigate. Gumperz (1982) preferred the analysis of face-to-face interaction. He included within the concept of 'linguistic repertoire' the range of resources that speaker-hearer use to make inferences about the ongoing context. This resulted in the emergence of the notion of 'contextualization cues' (intonation, paralinguistic features, choice of code, use of key words, and formulaic expressions), the linguistic features through which 'speakers signal and listeners interpret what the activity is, how semantic content is to be understood and how each sentence relates to what precedes or follows. The study of 'contextualization cues' provide the key to both successful and unsuccessful [cross-talk] communication.

Charles Pierce's notion of indexicality influenced Michael Silverstein (1976) and Hanks (1990) and this gave a bright space to the role of the human body in the establishment of the referential grounding of most communicative acts. Therefore, the importance of the study of pronominal and the place and time adverbials gained greater significance. Elinor Ochs's (1996) model for the construction of social identities based on situational dimensions is established through language use.

The theorists from other disciplines (viz., Pierre Bourdieu, Anthony Giddens, Mikhail Bakhtin, Michel Foucault, Clifford Geertz, Paul Ricoeur, Valentin Voloshinov) and the use of ideologies and technology has influenced understanding the speakers' processes of conceptualizing appropriate and interpretable language.

The studies of the languages of ethnic and marginalized communities emboldened scholars to disagree with the Western narratives. Elinor Ochs and Bambi B. Schieffelin (1984) disagree with Western scholars with regard to language acquisition theory. Language Acquisition, they opine, is a culturally specific activity which cannot be theorized uniformly with Western middle-class families as the model. Their experiences in Papua New Guinea and in Samoa demonstrate that the western concepts such as 'baby talk' or 'motherese' have no place in these societies. Ochs and Schieffelin demonstrate that language socialization is a never ending process because speakers never stop learning new ways of using language. Their studies examine the cultural implications of what is being done with language.

(To be continued)

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My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

So Many Boons

An extract from my diary 19 Oct 2001:

I paid a visit to Krishna Ji and Mohan Ji. She was laid up in her bed. He was beside her in a chair.

“Oh, it is Kundan Ji,” he exclaimed, his sombre eyes lighting up with excitement. “I have been expecting you ever since I came to know that you have returned from USA. We felt rather helpless while you were away. Now we are secure. You have always been a pillar of support.”

A wave of intense emotion travelled down my face, a twinge of pain, a tide of compassion. “Thank you. I have done nothing special. In fact I feel so inadequate when I think of what she has gone through,” I replied and turned to Krishna Ji.

“So, how you are fairing,” I addressed her.

“Look for yourself, Kundan Ji. What does my face tell you?”

It told everything. Her eyes were deeply jaundiced and her skin too had acquired a faint tinge of yellow.

I examined her in detail. There were nodular lumps in her abdomen and bumps in the scalp – telltale evidence of disseminated metastasis. It is a matter of days, I thought, and prayed that she survive until Raja, her son, returns from USA.

She fathomed my thoughts. “I am counting;” she showed me her finger tips, “waiting for Raja. He is scheduled to fly back on 2nd November. Then there is nothing to worry, and I will be ready to depart peacefully.”

“Come on, you don't have to speak like that. You have been a valiant fighter, a courageous patient like I have not seen another in my life.”

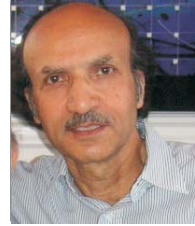
I have been like Savitri, asking Yama boon after boon, a grace of two months or

more at a time, on one pretext or other. After all, that is how I have survived six years. It started with Timmy's marriage. I pleaded, 'It is the duty of parents to see all their children married.' And my wish was granted. Then I asked, 'Pray, let Timmy's wife conceive and give me a grand daughter.' She conceived. Then Raja got the visa for USA for which I have desired so fervently. 'Pray, let him pass the clinical,' I begged. He passed and got a job offer too, starting from next June. Meanwhile I got another lease when I explained to Yama, 'If he passes USMLE 3 test, it will get him an H1 rather than the J1 visa, and that will be a great help for him.' Raja has decided to stay on in USA until he passes the test. Today he has to appear in the test. I know he will do well. Once I see him back I will go contended.”

“Would you not wish to see your first grand daughter as well, hold her in your lap like you did Raja's sons? That is also a compelling reason for Yama to grant you yet another boon,” I asked her.

“Yes, I would, but this time it is not spontaneous. It doesn't arise deep from my soul,” she replied, looking straight at me with her honest gaze, a glimmer of smile on her withered lips that seemed to say, 'You have just seen it in the colour of my eyes and the bumps on my body. How long can one keep Yama hostage to ones desires? There will always be some unfinished task, new desires, and new dreams.' Her percipience has always been striking.

“You have been an exceptional patient. You set an example of courage and perseverance. You have gone through three major surgeries, and never complained, never





pitied yourself, never even questioned our judgment," I said admiringly.

"I have always wondered, though, about the nature of this disease. The surgeons removed the growth in the colon six years back. The follow up colonoscopies tell us that the colon is free of disease. They twice excised the metastasis in the liver. And now, new ones have surfaced in my scalp and tummy. Pray, where are they coming from?"

"It is like a tree that we have knocked down, but its seeds had already dispersed in the soil. They are germinating at different times at different sites and sprouting as new saplings."

"You always make it so easy to understand."

I turned to Mohan Ji. He looked radiant and upbeat, always hopeful of a miracle. He just can't imagine the extent of Krishna's pathology; he can't imagine, least admit, that the end is near. He spoke animatedly of the power of faith. He described the existence of an electric field around a sick person and an action to drive pain and sickness away. Then he got up out of the chair and stood beside his wife. He held his hands nearly six inches above her, palms down, and moved them gently from her face down, to her chest, abdomen and legs, without touching her. There was an intense expression in his face, a feeling of power in that gentle action, as if it were physically driving something away from her body. He did it three times while she watched him with great affection, a wan smile on her lips.

"I wonder how it works." I asked rather skeptically.

"It works, but the action has to be motivated by a strong desire, an unflinching faith and abiding love."

I marvelled at his devotion, his total involvement. I was reminded of how Babar had circled his dying son's bed three times and prayed Allah to take his life instead of his

son's. But I dismissed the thought immediately as ominous and wished him a long life. He has stood by his wife, not giving the faintest indication that he was ever tired or sick of it, or that he couldn't go on and on until he saw her fully recovered.

I took their leave and drove home; wistfully recounting our great association and the love and respect we bear each other.



Post-script

Raja returned from USA on 2 November. Krishna Ji's last wish had been granted to have him by her side until her end. It came on 28 February.

But a month earlier, Mohan Ji was detected to have prostate cancer. Raja had to join his residency in USA by June. He wanted to stay back with his ailing father, but his mother's wish for him to settle down in USA prevailed. She had not asked the boons without purpose.

Mohan ji had already developed metastasis at the time of the diagnosis. It was an aggressive cancer that caused him much pain that impelled me to include a section on Pain in my anthology "A Thousand-Petalled Garland and Other Poems". He never gave the slightest inkling of his terrible suffering to his sons. Romesh, his younger brother, and Usha, his wife took over his care, while his sons suffered the pangs from the long distance across the seas that separated them from their loving father.

Mohan Ji had succeeded in driving away Krishna ji's pain by the unique manoeuvre he displayed on my visit. He had transferred his wife's pain on to himself by that action that sprang from 'a strong desire, an unflinching faith and abiding love'. I wonder if pain, like soul, leaves one body to enter into another.

He passed away from the galloping malignancy six months later on 2 November when both his sons, Timmy and Raja, were



away. They came for the funeral.

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Editor's Note: The poem *Paying the Debt*, that appears below (along with its Kashmiri translation by M.K.Raina) was penned by Dr K L Chowdhury and published in the anthology 'A Thousand-Petalled Garland and Other Poems' in 2004. It was inspired by the intense pain and suffering of the couple that the author had to deal with as a doctor and a close kin.



Paying the debt

My son abroad
wants to be with me
in my final hours,
to ferry me across
the last lap of my journey.

But there is a job crunch in America
since the 9/11 tragedy
and he can avail a limited break,
two weeks or at the most three.

He will be sought here
to perform that last ceremony
and put to flame my funeral pyre,
a cross that a Hindu son has to bear.

He could be here now
to watch over my dying
but I may hang on much longer
than he can afford,
and beyond the time
of his return journey.

He would rather wait
till I am ripe and ready
but who can tell him
with any degree of certainty
as to when that will be.

He has sounded his boss
that he may have to fly
at a short notice,
but fifteen days
is what he has got,
at the most twenty.

He speaks to me on phone, regularly,
to figure out for himself.
'Papa, when you need me I am ready.
Say yes and I will be there'.

But I change my tone,
from pain to bonhomie,
and leave him guessing.
I will not let his job in jeopardy
however much, in my death throes,

I would wish him to be with me.
I fear his presence by my side
may give me a fresh lease
and prolong his agony.

Isn't it me
who pushed him to that country?
Oh how I think of him when awake,
how I dream of him in sleep,
how I call his lace
when I need him most.name
when, in delerium, I rant and rave!

Yet, I have the comfort of the thought
that he will make it
and lend his shoulder to my mortal remains,
or gather my ashes while they are yet warm,
or take them in an earthen pot,
for their final immersion in the river,
to flag me off to my final voyage.

That is how he will discharge his debt,
while I am discharging mine now
by dodging his journey to this p



[Kashmiri translation on next page]



नखवोत

मूल अंग्रोज्य : डा. के.एल.चौधरी

कॉशुर रुफ : म.क.रैना

सतन सँद्रन अपारे लाल म्योनय
दपन, ‘छुस ना बु ज्युठ संतान चोनय
अवय आसुन गोछुस ब्रोंह कनि बु पानय
पँतिमि गरि पानु कडहँथ तख्तु श्रानय’

मगर अमरीकँहस अज़ नोकरी दोश
सितम्बर ११, सु दूह येलि दिग्यनि वोथ ओश
अमी दूह पतु सपुद कोनून यि नॉफिज़
अलूंद तति नोकरी, तथ कांह नु हॉफिज़

छुटी आस्यस गछुन, मेल्यस अकुय पछ
बडाव्यस हफ्तु, गर अफसर कर्यस स्वछ
योहय नोसूर छुम अँदुर्य मे जानस
सु थावन सुत्य किथु बेमार पानस

तसुंद आसुन ज़रूरी पँतिमि वख्तन
तुल्यम युथ नख दियम बस म्वर्दु रख्तन
थव्यम ज्यंतायि प्यठ, कमि शूबि ज़ाल्यम
कर्ज यी म्योन छुस, नखु सोर वाल्यम

दिलस छुम वाय वनुहस अँज्य यितम योर
बु दिमुहा जुव, सु रटिहेम अथु तय खोर
हसर छा! वाँस ज़ेठेयम मगर ज़न
छुटी म्वकल्यस, तँमिस मा खटु गछ्यम मन

शहस खसुवस योतामथ ज़िंदु छिम तान
तसुंद रोज़ुन तँती बासान छुम जान
फिकिरमंद छुस मगर, कुस सरु कर्यम यी
मे कमि विज़ि प्रान नेरन, तस वन्यम ती

दपान तँम्य शेछ छि कँरमुच आगु सॉबस
खबर नेरुन पेयम कर, वोन छु गॉबस
दपान आगन वोनस, बस, पछ ह्यकय दिथ
गछी मुश्किल अगर, बैयि पांछ थव निथ

करान छुम फोन दूहदिश, सरु करुन छुस
दपान छुम, म्यानि बबु सोरुय कडय मुस
युथुय वनुहम त्युथुय ब्रोंहकुन प्यमय यिथ
कर्ज छुम चोन सुय वापस गछ्य दिथ

वँरिथ ह्यमथ बु सोरुय चूरि थावान
स्यठाह अपजुय शँरीरुक हाल बावान
मे अँदरी क्राय तँम्यसुंजि नोकरी हुंज
कडान छुस तस वराँयी तमिय ब्रुंज ब्रुंज

मे छुम ना शोख पानस सुत्य रटुहन
अँलील ऑसिथ ति सीनस मंज सु खटुहन
मगर सोंचान छुस ती जान गछिमा ?
तसुंजि माये वुमर म्यॉन्य ज़ीठ गछि मा ?



अगर युथ सपदि केंह, तकलीफ गछि तस
छुटी जेठ्यस तु कारस फान गछि तस
तसुंद दूर्यर मगर तेलान छुम ना!
मे कोरमुत पॉन्य पानय दूर छुम ना!

द्वहस छुम ज्ञन अँछन तल पूर बासान
छु रातस नेंदरि मंज सुय खॉब् आसान
गरा छुस नाद दिथ तस पतु बु दोरान
गरा फलवॉय गँछिथुय कूत वोरान

मगर तव पतु ति यी तसलाह दिलस छुम
युथुय वात्यम सु, दिलि जिगुरस च्रल्यम रुम
तुल्यम अर्थी फेक्यन प्यठ, दाग च्रलुनम
खुशी हंज विज यियम तय दॉद्य गलनम

तुल्यम अँरुकु तु त्राव्यम कतरि नँटिसुय
तिमय ह्यथ वाति कुनि दँरियावु बँटिसुय
कर्यम अर्पन वँसिथ पॉनिस अंदर मे
पँतिम सफराह करुन तव पतु कुनिस मे

यिथय पॉठ्य नखु सु वात्यम कर्ज पनुनुय
तिथय यिथु अज ति वालान छुस बु पनुनुय
दिवान छुस दोल तमि विजि तस यिनस योर
जरुरथ येलि स्यठाह तँमिसुंदि यिनुच योर



कॉशुर छे सॉन्य माजि ज्यव ।
असि पजि पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य
अँथ्य जबॉन्य मंज कथ करुन्य ।

Editorial

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From Page 1

press our demand for the same.

Another area of any language is the tradition of folk tales. I wonder how many of our younger generation are aware of Kashmiri folk tales like 'Aka Nandun', 'Heemaal Nagrai', 'Sodya Voyna' and the like. They would, however know of such folk tales like Pancha Tantra, Jatak Kathayen, Arabian Nights, Katha Saritsagar etc. In order to create awareness of this aspect of our language we have started a section captioned 'Grandma's stories'. We shall provide these folk tales serially in English, Hindi and Kashmiri in our future editions as well. We hope this will widen the horizon of the knowledge of our readers, young and old. We would be glad to have your comments on this point as also on the material included in our issues, on the whole. Namaskar and God bless you all.

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Editor's Note

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

We invite young writers to write for Praagaash. Write ups can be in Kashmiri, Hindi or English, concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and our Culture. Write ups on Science, Medical Science, Health, achievements by our Children, Young & Old are also welcome.



Tales Retold - Urmila Dhar Zutshi

Zaan Ded - A Timeless Tale - 2

The new settlement was known as Bharatpur, and resettling proved hard for the newcomers. They were penniless, disheartened and abject. Yet, the spirit of survival never leaves an individual even though he or she faces dreadful calamities. Somehow or the other they mustered up their inner strength and painfully started the process of rehabilitation. Their wounds, both physical and mental were still raw and bleeding due to



the agonies of having lost everything, except the tatters covering their bodies.

However, time applied healing balm to their injuries, and in time they began to mend, albeit with deep scars on their psyche. Bharatpur was a larger town than Vyathabal and in a couple of years despite hardships, they had set up new dwellings and made new lives for themselves. They still thought of their old homes, neighbours and friends, wondering about them and Vyathabal. Two of them even dared to go back out of curiosity and to see what had transpired at their old homes. Only one returned alive.

With the advance of time the old generation passed on making place for the younger and newer generation. Now they were beset with a whole lot of questions about

their culture and old traditions. There was no Zaan Ded around to enlighten them or regale them with wonderful tales of Kings, queens and Demons. Most of them had not even seen Vyathabal, only heard stories from their grandparents who talked of the good old days.

Talks about old Zaan Ded had aroused interest in the minds of the young. The oldest members of the clan were Sum Kak and Sarvanand who still remembered the old lady. They felt ashamed that they had quite forgotten about the revered lady and were unable to give any answers. Thus they gathered up enough courage to set out for their old town and see for themselves. As they neared Vyathabal, their trepidation grew as to what news they would get of Zaan Ded. The sight that greeted their eyes when they



entered the precincts of the old settlement amazed them. Their eyes looked towards her old home and stayed fixed as if hypnotized.

Zaan Ded was at her usual perch at her old home, her hand firmly placed on the chain and padlock of her precious wooden chest. She was looking down and had her eyes closed, as if deep in meditation. Both gentlemen started running towards her, crying unashamedly and the moment she saw them, she caught them in a tight hug. She scolded them for having forgotten her so completely. After a while they made anxious plans to return to Bharatpur taking her along with them.

Now they met with a huge stumbling block. Zaan Ded refused to leave without her heavy treasure box. Sum Kak and Sarvanand were both old in age and already pretty exhausted. They tried but could not muster the strength to carry the heavy chest downhill and uphill. However, she was adamant and refused to budge without her precious treasure chest. They managed to stagger along the difficult terrains and decided to take a break at Kashyap Nag, halfway to Bharatpur. That night the two gentlemen rested as they were bone tired and drifted into deep sleep, while Zaan Ded stayed awake.

At the break of dawn Sarvanandji woke up and went to rouse Sum Kak, but the old man was no more. He had breathed his last at Kashyap Nag itself as if he had lost the will to carry on. Sarvanandji was absolutely devastated, but Zaan Ded consoled him and it was now decided he would return to Bharatpur and come back with a few strong men to help carry her heavy box. He went back heartbroken and as soon as he reached home he called a meeting of the elders. Many

young men also attended the assembly.

Sarvanand narrated all the news about Zaan Ded and also about Sum Kak's demise. An animated discussion ensued about how to get Zaan Ded across to Bharatpur along with her heavy strongbox. Young and old agreed that this must be done as soon as possible. Tentatively it was decided that four young men will make the trip – a shopkeeper named Akalal, Mohanlal, Jamaldin and Gopinath. Sarvanand though exhausted was very keen to return to Vyathabal and bring Zaan Ded to Bharatpur, but the others had chores to finish. It was decided that a week hence the four will assemble at Sarvanand's home early morning and set off on the journey.

That day Sarvanandji woke up bright and early and made preparations to leave. He waited anxiously for the others to arrive. Several hours elapsed but there was no sign of any of the four young men. Finally he made his way to first one home then another then the third and fourth. All of them had ready excuses for their inability to accompany him. Each and every one of them promised they would come by the next full moon night. In the old days it would have been a different story. But where can one find selfless people these days. No one had time for anybody other than their own selves.

Though thoroughly dejected, Sarvanand made his way back to Kashyap Nag where Zaan Ded was waiting unwearyingly and told her the whole story. But she took it positively and reassured him that the young men would surely come. Both waited patiently, but in vain - spring followed summer then autumn, and finally winter, but they did not come. One morning Sarvanand did not open his eyes and his wait ended.



But Zaan Ded has not given up her faith in her people. She remembers the boon granted her by Maa Sharada, the Goddess of Learning and she feels sure in her heart of heart that her people will come to her one day, asking to share of her treasures. Even today you will find her at Kashyap Nag, waiting uncomplainingly, with her hand tightly gripping her treasure chest, protecting our heritage with her life, for our future generations.

I can never do full justice to the original story written by Shri M.K.Raina as his command over the Kashmiri language is phenomenal. I do not have the skills of translating the nuances that are an essential part of the beauty of any language. I have merely tried to retell his story so that people who can't read Kashmiri can enjoy the tale.

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Spiritual Significance ... From Page 12

pose of granting boons to her devotees.

Ninth Day – Sidhidatri:

Sidhidatri is the ninth form of Goddess. She is worshipped on the ninth day of Navaratri. Sidhidatri has supernatural healing powers. She has four arms and she is always in a blissful happy enchanting pose. She rides on the lion as her vehicle. She blesses all Gods, Saints, Yogis, Tantrics and all devotees as a manifestation of the Mother Goddess. In 'Devi Bhagvata Purana' it is mentioned that Lord Shiva worshipped her and was blessed with all Sidhis (supernatural powers). By her blessings his half body became female and other half body male in the avatar of Ardhnarishvara. (Source: Devi Mahatmaya)

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हँसना मना है

समोसे

ट्रेन रुकते ही एक यात्री ने प्लेटफार्म पर खड़े एक लडके से कहा, 'लो बेटा, यह चार रुपये लो और चार समोसे लेकर आओ, दो मेरे लिये, दो तेरे लिये।'

ट्रेन निकलने के समय ही लडका वापस आया और बोला, 'अंकल, यह अपने दो रुपये वापस लीजिये। स्टाल वाले के पास दो ही समोसे थे। मैं ने अपने खा लिये।'

पत्र

एक पागल खाने में डाक्टर मुआयना करने गये। वहाँ एक पागल को चिट्ठी लिखने में व्यस्त देख उन्हें बड़ा आश्चर्य हुआ। उसके पास जाकर डाक्टर ने पूछा, 'यह पत्र तुम किसको लिख रहे हो?' पागल ने जवाब दिया, 'अपने आप को।'

'क्या लिखा है पत्र में?' डाक्टर ने पूछा।

'मुझे क्या मालूम? अभी यह चिट्ठी मुझे मिली ही कहाँ है?' पागल ने जवाब दिया।





Life - Pooja Dharan Bhat
An Ode to Life

The sands of time

It's a routine, albeit forced - that I follow these days. As a creature of habit, my day starts at six. I don't really have any pressing matters that need to be done that early. Wait a minute, I forgot about attending nature's call. And once I go in for that, I tend to sit there for long.

Not because I need more time.

Not because I enjoy sitting in there.

Not because I want to trouble others.

My reason is unlike any other. You see, I have reached that stage, when no one asks for me. In fact, no one is even dependent on me for their happiness. The futility of a long life hits me hard and makes me question my very existence.

At such times, a knock on the washroom door is my anchor to life. It evokes a sense of belonging and makes me feel that someone out there has realized my prolonged absence and cares enough to knock and ask if I am ok.

When I was young, I felt lost without a watch as I would lose track of time. And now, food has become my unit of time, rendering the poor watch useless. Tea with cookies would mean it is half past seven in the morning. Cereals, eggs and juice would mean nine and fruits eleven. When rice, lentil and veggies is served, the clock strikes one. And the sun begins its descent when I sit down for a cup of black coffee. Moon and the stars twinkle brightest when they see me sitting down for my dinner of bread and veggies at half past eight. What about the rest of the hours - well, for me, they don't really exist as I am fast asleep whenever I am not eating. From a person who could not sit idle for a second to someone who only eats and sleeps, the metamorphosis has been shocking. Yet, I can't attribute this change to one single event - it just happened.

When night sets in, I drift into a labyrinth of shadows. As a child, shadows scared me. I would run to my Mom and without a word, she would embrace me and drive away my demons. Now at 75, my fears haven't changed, however people have definitely changed and these people don't see the young girl behind the facade who still longs for shelter and protection of loved ones.



In my moments of retrospection, I remember my mom's warmth when she used to cuddle me to sleep. I remember my dad's comforting grip when I used to falter while walking. I remember my husband's loving glance that soothed my soul. I remember my son's boost in energy in the field when he heard me screaming his name from the stands. I remember my friend's infectious giggles when we reminisced about our young carefree days.

These moments kindle a sense of nostalgia and reopen those doors in my heart which were shut ages ago - mom's nurturing during my childhood, dad's strength during my teenage, husband's adoration in my youth, son's inspiration in my adulthood and my friend's companionship during my mid-life.

As I approach the dusk of my life alone, I can't help but be weary of the circumstances. People are still around, but not for me. Get-togethers still happen, but am not invited. Relatives travel afar to see new cities but they don't have time to travel a few miles to meet me. My life seems to have come a full circle, from the Main Lead in the theatre of life, I have been relegated to an Extra!!!

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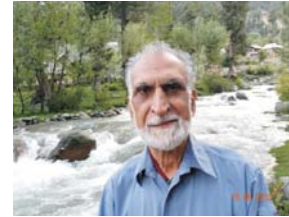
Destination Chinkral Mohalla - Dr. P.L.Ganju

Return of The Pilgrims

Ere long, a peace-loving soul, rose and grew
In the Kashyapmaer before the advent of its goons;
He quietly chewed its venom and did not rue
To return there to pray to the Lord of boons
In the Holy Cave, to the benevolent Shiv,
And the chosen deities, ensconced in the woods,
To redeem the wailing Vale, now dreams away,
In the fool's paradise without a say. - P.L.G

It was a land mark day in our ties with Chinkral Mohalla (CM), our birth place in down town Srinagar, when on May 17, 2005, I fulfilled my long cherished desire to visit it, after having left it for good in 1972. I went there along with my children and grand-children and had a rendezvous in its narrow lanes skirting our erstwhile home and some of its neighbouring houses. We had primarily gone there as pilgrims to pay homage to our lost abode, where our family had lived for many generations. The incidental meeting with some of our erstwhile neighbours, in an atmosphere of traditional cordiality, reminiscent of our bygone days, added an important dimension to the rare event. Notwithstanding the euphoria generated by this eventful lane-side meeting, I did not entertain any illusions that the non-resident KPs of the locality could ever return to their erstwhile homes, however much they desired and the resident population acquiesced. The process of the Pandit exodus from the locality in 1989-90 was irreversible and irrevocable. The Pandit houses had changed hands and their new residents were now their proud owners. The erstwhile CM had now transformed itself into a solely Muslim locality, as was the case in all the other downtown mohallas of Srinagar. Now, even some of the Muslim residents of this locality had moved out to live in the posh localities of the uptown, sprawling Capital city. My apprehensions of

our permanent banishment from the land of our ancestors were further strengthened by what we experienced after leaving the lanes of CM.



With our pleasant experience at CM, though very brief and painful, we were emboldened to walk the entire route from CM up to Gav Kadal, though some fear lurking in our minds had not yet completely disappeared. We trudged on lazily in a mini-procession, stealing pitiful glances at the once-a-large neighbourhood of Sashiyar and Shalayar, lining both the sides of the road. A large number of its houses, some partially destroyed, lay in a run down condition and most of the shops of the area were also closed and it appeared that they had remained so ever since their owners had abandoned them, in 1989-90. They looked like the abodes of ghosts, staring at us disdainfully. It was hard to look at them for long. The pedestrian traffic on the road was sparse and the vehicular traffic almost absent at that time of the day. This grimly atmosphere prevailed up to the famous Habba Kadal hub. It was no better in our onward march up to Ganpatyar.

The business at the shops which were open at that time was subdued and I did not see any familiar faces of my time there. Evidently, a whole new generation had come up within the last three decades. What stupefied me, however, was exhibition of complete indifference of the shopkeepers towards us, even though our presence in a fairly large group, trudging on the forlorn streets, should have been a rare spectacle for them after our mass exodus, in 1989-90, to arouse their curiosity. None of them showed



any inclination to speak to us and enquire about our welfare, in our exile, leave alone ask us to return to the Valley and live with them. Were they scared to talk to us openly, lest they appeared to be empathizing with us, to the extremists, who might have been lurking around? I guessed so. Or, were they convincingly indoctrinated by them to consider us different from them and a part of the Indian state, from which they wanted nothing but complete freedom (azadi), These apprehensions apart, I recalled some of my experiences, while touring in a foreign country when I would feel gladdened to meet even a Pakistani Muslim fellow traveller, and jostle with him, talking in mixed Hindi and Urdu. And, here in Srinagar, the city of our common ancestors, my fellow brethren shied away from talking to us after our banishment from our beloved land, 17 years ago. Also, we did not come across any of the Pandits who may have been walking there on those familiar roads. Perhaps, if one was around he too might have avoided us for the same reasons. The atmosphere was highly gloomy, dejecting and heartrending.

Darshan at Bhagvan Gopi Nath Ashram

At Kral Khud, I felt, or rather imagined, that a lone Muslim shopkeeper evinced his interest in talking to us. I approached him and enquired about his welfare, in the locality. He mentioned about some unpleasant incident which had just taken place there a few days ago. He was kind enough to tell us to return to the Valley. When we were going ahead towards Ganpatyar, he shouted at our back : *toh achiv na Gopinathun Ashram*. I was taken aback. To be sure, having lived outside the Valley for a long time, I was not so far aware of this Ashram being there. I had never visited it earlier. All of us were happy at the divine interlude in our stifling, monotonous walk we had traversed up to that point. When he pointed at the locked door of the Ashram opposite to his shop, its Muslim custodian suddenly appeared there

and then. He unlocked the door of the house which was now the Ashram of the divine soul. He guided us through both the floors of the temple, where separate life-size statues of the saint, in his traditional dress of pheran and turban in his familiar sitting posture are installed. After praying in the halls of the ashram, we spent a few light moments on the ramparts of the ashram facing the ever-flowing Veth. The custodian of the Ashram told us that some of the devotees of the saint (remaining in the City) thronged there once a week to pay their obeisance to the Saint. When we were leaving the premises of the ashram, an elderly Muslim lady, with a broom in her hand, appeared from nowhere and asked for a tip, which we gave to her, without any hesitation.

Darshan of Mahaganesha at Ganpatyar

We stopped at the temple of Ganpatyar to have a darshan of our much adored deity, after a long period of our absence from the Valley. From outside, the temple of the deity looked like a fortress, guarded by the security personnel, entrenched in a bunker on the road-side, protecting it like the mythological hooded serpent, guarding a treasure. We were, searched at the gate of the temple by the security men, smilingly, before opening the gate of the sacred premises. We prayed there for a while to the presiding deity, also called Vigneshvara, for our welfare in our exile. At that time, we were the sole pilgrims to visit the old, famous premises but no priest was seen anywhere around. While leaving the temple premises, I felt that both the deity and his dwarpals were pleased with our visit, breaking their loneliness and that they were silently blessing us in return.

After leaving Ganpatyar, we continued our walking errand towards Gav Kadal. Normal business activity suddenly came alive, reaching its crescendo at the point of the bridge. There we picked a couple of



autorikshas and drove through the beautiful busy sylvan avenues of the Maulana Azad road, enjoying the fleeting view of the memorable land marks of the golden period of my college days, when its every day was an excursion, away from the dirty lanes of the down-town area. We further drove through the Dal-gate-Drugjan area and the boulevard. In the afternoon, we enjoyed a boat ride on the Dal Lake, watching the beauty that nature had bestowed on the Valley, watching its ripples playing hide and seek, with the sun appearing and disappearing from behind the clouds. At some places, we saw rows of submerged fountains rising majestically in unison adding to the beauty of the lake. We disembarked at the Chashma Shahi point, walked up the wooded road and spent a few carefree moments in the famous Mughul garden, drinking freely from its famous spring. We retreated at the fall of the dusk, completing the first day of our long cherished dream of visiting the valley after 17 years of forced separation from our homeland.

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Perception & Conception ... From Page 9

to understand them, discuss them and find their purport and meaning. All other treatises and commentaries are in the nature of conceptions of the philosophers, thinkers and sages who explained everything in their own way and created a corpus of knowledge for the benefit of mankind. Both perceptions and conceptions may be debated but we cannot change anyone's perception until and unless he himself feels the need for the change. We can, however, change the opponent's conception by our reasoning and cogent arguments and bring him round to our version of the matter under examination, unless he is rigid, incorrigible or adamant. But the wise are always open to correction and modification since they are eager to know the truth in its totality and essence. But let us not forget what our scriptures tell us, 'Ekam sat viprah bahudha vadanti – The truth is one but the wise and knowledgeable describe it in variety of ways.' That is why, perhaps, there is divergence in perception and conception both. Be that as it may and let us go after the truth and try to know it. We have to conceive the means and methods to perceive the truth.

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Usage of 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, केह, 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 - हब्बु खोतून

गाह चोन प्यवान गटि

गाह चोन प्यवान गटि। अकि लटि यिहम ना।।

यावन म्यानि किरमिज़ पटि, कम्मू वानु रंगुनय आख।
मे नो ज़ोन अँथुर च़टि, अकि लटि यिहम ना।।

आबस बो वँछूस गटि, नोट मोटुमो यारुबल।
विज़रु वावु नोट मा फटि, अकि लटि यिहम ना।।

हूर लॉल द्रायस गटि, च़ूर बाय प्योमो नाव।
स्वनु कन तु लँदरु हटि, अकि लटि यिहम ना।।

यार म्योन छु जमालटि, कमाल तस छुम नाव।
सु छुम तति बु कस मटि, अकि लटि यिहम ना।।

यारज़ येलि यारज़ च़टि, मोहबत नु रोज़ान सोर।
यारु दादि वॉलिंज फटि, अकि लटि यिहम ना।।



काँशुर छे साँन्य माजि ज़यव।
असि पज़ि पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य
अँथ्य ज़बाँन्य मंज़
कथ करुन्य।

Sun Will Rise



Prof. Majrooh Rashid

If my absence has turned
Everything around
into vast snowfields ... ?
Remember me
The sun will rise
from the depths of the past
And appear through the crevice
Of this chilly moment.
Greenery will sprout from the frozen
ice
The snow will melt away
And streams of life will flow
And rush towards the ocean
Through the plains eternity.



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Grandma's Stories - 2

Content Source: Kashir Talmih & Kashir Luka Katha ~ Publications of J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages. Transliteration & Re-written for Children by M.K.Raina

आज बच्चे कुछ जल्दी आ गए। दादी माँ भी तैयार ही थी। कल उन्होंने **रोटी के बदले स्वर्ग** की कहानी हिंदी में सुनाई थी। आज बच्चे कश्मीरी में कहानी सुनना चाहते थे। बच्चे आमने सामने बैठ गये और दादी माँ शुरू हो गई। 'सुनो बच्चो, आज जो कहानी मैं आप को सुनाने जा रही हूँ उस का नाम है **'ताँज्य बटुन कान'**। ध्यान से सुनो।'



Image : 1mobile.com

ताँज्य बटुन कान

दपान पथ कालि ओस अँक्य राजन पनुनि रानि त्युथ
अख म्वख्तु हार द्युतमुत, यथ नु कांह म्वल ओस। यि

खयालय तु यिथु पॉठ्य गोस म्वख्तु हार अति तुलुन
मँशिथ।

म्वख्तु हार ऑस राजु बाय खास
खास मोकनुय प्यठ नॉल्य छुनान।
अकि द्दहु ऑस स्व राजस सुत्य
अँकिस मॉलस मंज गॉमुन्न।
वापस यिथ च्चायि राजु बाय
पनुनिस श्रानु कुठिस मंज। पनुन
म्वख्तु हार कोडुन तु लोगुन श्रान
करुन। फॉरिग सपदिथ रूदुस नु
म्वख्तु हार नॉल्य त्रावनुक कांह



'हय हे, सु मा न्यूनस काँसि
चूरि?' पिकी चँज क्रख नीरिथ।
'बोजान गँछिव, ती वनोवु'
वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि।

शाम वख्तस वोन राजन
तस जि म्वख्तु हार कति छुय?
अमि विजि प्यव तस म्वख्तु हार
याद। राजु बाय च्चायि जल जल
श्रानु कुठिस अंदर म्वख्तु हार



अनुनि । अमा अति वुछुन नु म्वख्तु हारुय कुनि । पॅत्युम शाह गोस पथ कुन तु ब्रूँठ्युम ब्रोंह कुन । वापस यिथ वोनून राजस ज़ि म्वख्तु हार छुख तुलिथ न्युमुत । यि बूज़िथ गव राज़ सख बेकरार तु राज़ बायि लॅज वुठन पॅतर । स्व छे फकत अथु मूरान ।

‘ति क्या गव वुठन पॅतर तु अथु मूरान।’
कल्हनन प्रूछ काकन्य जिगरि ।

‘वुठन पॅतर लगुन्य गव सख परेशान गछुन तु अथु मूरान गव अफसूस करुन।’

‘अछा, पतु क्या गव?’

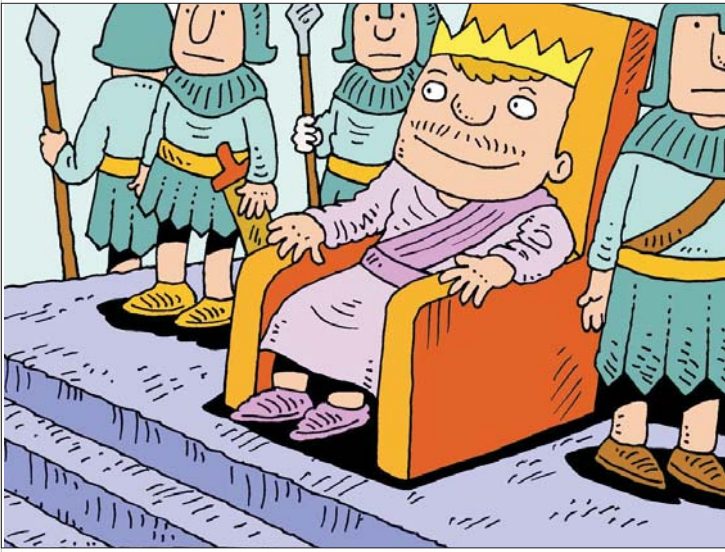
राज़न कोर होकुम । मॅहलु खानुक्यन नोकरन चाकरन, दायन, च्वंज़न तु बाकी मुलॉज़िमन आव रज़ु गज़ करनु । मॅहलु खानुक अख अख कून

लारेयि वुरनि तु वथरुनि ।

‘वुरनि तु वथरुनि क्याह गव?’ किशमिशि प्रूछुस ।

‘सु गव ब्यमार गॅयि ।’

ऑखुर आयि अॅमीरन वॅज़ीरन सुत्य मशवरु करनु पतु सॉरिसुय सलतनुतस खास कर राज़दानि अंदर पारय दिनु ज़ि युस अखाह राज़ बायि हुंदि म्वख्तु हारुक पय दियि, या कुनि जायि लॅबिथ दियि, तस यी बोड बारु यनामु दिनु । मगर यूताह वॅरिथ ति द्राव नु राज़ बायि हुंदि म्वख्तु हारुक कुनि तर । राज़ सुंघ हरकारु, सज़ोवुल, पुलसु अफसर तु सुराग रसान ऑस्य म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ कडनु खॉतरु जस्तु खॉज़ करान, मगर सोरुय बे सूद ।



आव वुछुनु मगर म्वख्तु हार आव नु कुनि ति अथि । बेयि दूह लॅग्य दुबारु राज़ सुंघ कारंदु म्वख्तु हार छांडनि । काँसि ह्योत नु मटि । दून च्वन दूहन छांडनु पतु ति आव नु राज़ बायि हुंद यि म्वख्तु हार कुनि ति अथि । यपॉर्य त्रोव राज़ बायि ख्योन तु चोन । स्व

‘तेलि रोवा हारुय?’ , वोन पिंकी ।

‘बोज़ान गॅछिव ब्रोंह कुन क्या सपुद।’ वोनूनस काकन्य जिगरि ।

दपान अॅथ्य शहरस अंदर ओस अख नादार शखसाह अख तॉज़्य बट नावुक । तस ओस नु ज़ांह ति ज़ीनिथ जॅखिथ पूरान । शुर्यन न ओसुस बतु जूरान तु न ज़ॅट । अरनि अनुन तु परनि छानुन ओस तस गॅरीब शख्सु सुंद मुक्कदर बन्योमुत, तवय ओस सु पनुनि ज़िंदुगी निशि ऑजिज़ आमुत तु कुनि नतु कुनि बहानु ओस मरुन यछान । तॅम्य ति

ऑस राज़ बायि हुंदि म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ दिनुच तु यनामु प्रावनुच पारय बूज़मुच्च, तु तसुंदि कौलु ओस यि तॉज़्य बटु सुंदि खॉतरु ज़िंदुगी निशि आज़ाद सपदनुक अख जान मोकु । बादशाह सुंज़ पारय बूज़िथ आव नु कांह अखाह ति ब्रोंह कुन ज़ि सु दियि



म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ। अख ज़ु दूह गछनु पतु द्राव तौज्य बट पनुनि आशेनि पृछनु वरौयी तु वोत राज़ दरबार। दरबानस वोनुन सु छु राज़स तसुंजि रानि हुंद म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ दिनु म्वखु तस समखुन यछान। राज़स आव यि पॉगाम वातुनावनु। तॅम्य द्युत होकुम जि फोरन वॅर्यून दरबारस मंज़ हॉज़िर। राज़स निश पेश सपदनु पतु कौरुन तस गुल्य गँडिथ इल्तिमास जि राज़, बु आस तुहँज़ पारय बूज़िथ तु बु छुस वादु करान जि बु दिमु राज़ बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ। राज़ गव यि बूज़िथ शाद तु दोपुनस तेलि कमिच तौर छे।

शुर्य ऑस्य कन दिथ बोज़ान।

च्वंज़व तु दायव वातुनॉव यि ख्वश खबर राज़ बायि निश ति। तौज्य बटस आव वननु हरगाह सु राज़ बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार लबिथ दियि नु, तेलि क्याह सलूक गछि तस सुत्य करनु युन। तस ओस जिंदुगी तोस तुलमुत, अव किन्य कौरुन राज़ दरबारस मंज़ यकरार जि अगर सु म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ दिनस मंज़ सतन दूहन अंदर अंदर पनुन कौल पूर हेकि नु वॅरिथ, तस गछि गरदन दिनु यिन्य। गर वॉतिथ



वॅनिन सौरुय दासतान पनुनि आशेनि। स्व वॅछुस 'शिकस लदु! च्ने मा ऑसुय बंगु चेमुच? यिमन शुर्यन क्या बनी? येलि नु राज़ मँहलस मंज़ हरकारन तु सज़ोवलन ति म्वख्तु हार अथि आव, च्ने शिकस लदस कति यिथी अथि। दर असल ओसुय च्ने मोत नचुनावान। खस तु यिथु तिथु वं फासि कूटिस। छुनथमु यथ पूत्य खेलिस वाव?'

'पतु क्याह गव?' वोन कल्हनन नानि कुन।

'पतु गव यि जि आशेनि हुंज़ यि पद वननु पतु तौर तौज्य बटस काड्यन मंज़ फिकरि जि कोठन छु पॅज्य पॉठ्य अख त्युथ अतुर कोरमुत येमि निशि कांह बचन पाय छुनु। सु लोग वं अथु मूरनि तु ऑही तु वॉही करनि। ख्यन वन ति कति ओसुस, सु ति गोस मँशिथुय। मोयूस गँछिथ वोथ फुटमुत्यव क्वठ्यव तु च्चाव अँकिस मँशीदि अंदर तु ह्योतुन तँती वदुन तु ब्रछुन। अँथ्य मंज़ गँयि यिथय पॉठ्य ज़ु च्चोर दूह तु वादस ताम यूताह यूताह वक्त छु कम रोज़ान, त्यूताह छु तौज़ी बटस क्वठ्यन जुव च़लान नीरिथ। वं ओसुस दूयी दोह्य राज़ दरबारस अंदर वॉतिथ फहि खसुन। अमि हॉबतु सुत्य लोग मँशीदि अंदर विर्द करनि जि 'हतय ज़ेवी च्नु नय फरहँख, पगाह कति लगुहख फहि' ... 'हतय ज़ेवी च्नु नय फरहँख, पगाह कति लगुहख फहि'। अँथ्य अँकिसुय कथि छु तौज्य बट विर्द करान तु बाकु छटान। मँशीदि नेबुर्य पकन वॉल्य ति छि अँम्यसुंज यि कथ बोज़ान।

'विर्द करुन क्याह गव?' राज़हन प्रुछ काकन्य जिगरि।

'सु गव अकॉय कथ गरि गरि वनुन्य', द्युतुस काकन्य जिगरि जवाब।

'यि हतय ज़ेवी कस ओस सु वनान?'



Photo:phnompenhpost.com

गोस गुमु श्रान । दोपुन खलास, म्यानि चूरि हुंद पय हय छु कस ताम लोगमुत । तौज्य बटन्य यि वखुनय बूजिथ चायि खूच्य खूच्य मॅशीदि अंदर । अति वुछुन शख्साह अख बडि बडि वनान 'हतय ज़ेवी चु नय फरहँख, पगाह कति लगुहख फहि' । यकदम पेयस परन । दोपुनस 'हतु जू ख्वदायि सुंदि पासु मतु हेतु म्योन नाव । बु हा जू लगय बलायि । कोठ मतु खारुनावतन फहि कूटिस । बु वंदय रथ । राज़ु बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार दिमय बु छ्वपु वॅरिथ यूय अँनिथ । अमा म्योन मतु वनतु काँसि ज़ि ज़ेवि ओस यि म्वख्तु हार न्युमुत ।

'अछा, तस ज़नानि ति ओसा नाव ज्यव ?' प्रुछुस किशमिशि ।

'आ, अदु क्याह ?' वोनस काकन्य

जिगरि ।

तौज्य बट छु अँछ वॅटिथुय यि सोरुय कॅह बोज़ान । तस खँच अँदुर्य किन्य वॉलिंज बोठ । क्वठचन फ्यूरुस होश । स्पटुहुय गॉज़ वॅरिथ वोथुस 'वोथ गछ दफाह येति वॅल्य वॅल्य तु म्वख्तु हार दि दवान दवान अँनिथ । नतु खारुनावथ पगाह फहि ।' 'हतु जू, जुव वंदय । चु कर तु ख्वदायि सुंदि पासु छ्वपु । हमी दमु दिमय म्वख्तु हार यूय अँनिथ', ज़ेवि वोनस ओश हारान हारान ।

यि वॅनिथ द्रायि ज्यव म्वछि ज़ु वॅटिथ तु गरि जोराह गॅछिथ ओनुन राज़ु बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार तु त्रोवुन तौज्य बटस ब्रॉह कनि । तौज्य बटन तुल म्वख्तु हार तु त्रोवुन चंदस । अमा ज़ेवि वोननुन 'ग्वडु वन च़े किथु पॉठ्य ओसुय यि म्वख्तु हार चूरि ओनुमुत' । स्व वॅछुस, 'हतु जू वॅछु कोठि लानथ तु यि

कल्हनन प्रुछु नानि ।

'सु ओस वनान पनुनि ज़ेवि, येमि ज़ेवि सु अतुर वॅरिथ ओस गोमुत । मतलब अगर नु राज़स सु पनुनि ज़ेवि सुत्य गछिहे वॅनिथ ज़ि बु दिमय म्वख्तु हार लॅबिथ, खोचुन मा ओसुस ?

व्वन्य ओसुस म्वख्तु हार लबुनस तु सु राज़स निश वातुनावुनस मंज़ अकुय दूह बाकुय । तौज्य बट रूदु मॅशीदि अंदर युतुय योत वनान 'हतय ज़ेवी चु नय फरहँख, पगाह कति लगुहख फहि' ।

क्वदरतु सुंद कार अपॉर्य पॅच अलु गॅब अख ज़नानु अख । स्व ऑस मॅहलस अंदर प्रथ दूह गॅछिथ तति डुवन फश दिवान । तमि येलि मॅशीदि नैबुर्य किन्य तौज्य बटन्य वखुनय बूज, तमि ठॅहरोव कदम । दितुन कन ज़ि यि क्याह वखुनय छे अँदुर गछान । बूजिथ च़ंज तस ख्वरव तलु मेच़ नीरिथ । हेरि व्वनु



वशफु गोम। बु हा जू गॅयस राजु बायि हुंदिस कुठिस डुवन फश दिनु बापथ तु पतु कोरुम तसुंद श्रानु कुठ साफ। तँती वुछुम यि म्वख्तु हार किलिस अवेजान। दिलन वॅडनम व्वठ तु शेतान चाम नस्ति किन्य। म्योन म्वख्तु हार चूरि न्युन छुनु काँसि अँकिस ति च्ने वरॉय पय।' तौज्य बटन दोपुस 'अछा तु नेर येति। व्वं छु मे राजस च्चु बचावनु बापथ अपुज मपुज वनुन।'

साँरी शुर्य आँस्य द्यान दिथ बोजान। काकन्य जिगरि वोन ब्रौह कुन।

ज्यव गर कुन नेरनु पतु छनु तौज्य बटस पछ यिवान जि यि ति छा पोज मे लोब राजु बायि हुंद सु म्वख्तु हार युस नु राजु सुंदान सजोवलन ति अथि आव। मँशीदि मंजु नीरिथ वोत गर तु नेबरय लॉयिन आशेनि बडि हटि क्रख जि 'हतय हये, छुयय केंह ख्यनु खॉतरु तयार कोरमुत। मे हय छे ब्वछि सुत्य अँछन जून लँजमुत्र।' स्व वँछुस 'अवु, च्ने छुय ना पगाह फासि खसुन, तवय छुय यि ताव। तावन ज़दु यिमन शुर्यन हुंदुय सूंचिजिहे!'

तौज्य बट वोथुस 'अज हय गव तौज्य बटुन कान स्योद। वुछ मे क्याह छु यि अथस मंज। योहय गव राजु बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार।' आशेनि तसुंजि येलि पँज्य किन्य तसुंदिस अथस अंदर म्वख्तु हाराह वुछ, तस आयि नु पछुय जि यि छा पँज्य किन्य राजु बायि हुंदुय म्वख्तु हार तु पँज्य पॉठ्य छा यि म्यॉन्य खानु दारन लँबिथ ओनमुत। तस खोत ब्वकव पेठ्य माज़। तौज्य बट वोथुस 'व्वन्य हय फीर्य साँन्य ति दूह।'

'यि कान स्योद गछुन क्या गव?' पृछुस शुर्यव।

'ति गव अनि गटि मंज त्रोवमुत तीर स्योद गछुन' वोनुख काकन्य जिगरि।

तौज्य बट द्राव पगाह राजु दरबारस कुन तलवार हँलिस गँडिथ तु राजस ब्रौह कनि वॉतिथ कोरुन राजस अर्ज जि राजु तुहंजि राजु बायि हुंद म्वख्तु हार ओस नु दर अस्ल काँसि ति मनोशन चूरि न्युमुत बँल्यकि ओस अँक्य कावन श्रानु कुठिकि रोशन दानु किन्य तुलिथ न्युमुत। मे किथुवँन्य कोर यि म्वख्तु हार कावस निशि हॉसिल, ति मत्तु पृछ्यतव।' राजु गव म्वख्तु हार वुछिथ स्यठाह ख्वश। तौज्य बटस आव नु सिर्फ वादु मुताँबिक यनामु दिनु, बँल्यकि आस राजु दरबारस अंदर थोद मनसब ति दिनु।

'तौज्य बट आसि तेलि बडु अँमीर बन्योमुत' वोन कलहनन।

'आ, आ, बन्यव। तसुंज ज़नानु तु शुर्य ति बनेयि बँड्य मोहनिय। *'

शुर्य गँयि कथ बूजिथ ख्वश। काकन्य जिगरि वोनुनख, 'गँछिव साँ व्वन्य साँरी पनुनिस पनुनिस कुठिस मंज। पगाह वनोव नँव कथ अंग्रीज्यस मंज।'





छ्वपि हुंघ आलव - सुनीता रैना पंडित

त्रे गज़ल

व्वलसनस ह्यस आयि बस वुन्य रावुहस
 कचि ति छनु दुबरायि बर मुचुरावुहस
 छांडिहेम तरफातुनुय गुल्य मूरिहे
 नारु नेरुन छुनु संहल ह्यस पावुहस
 जुविमुतिस पज़ुरस वनान तजरुबु छि लूख
 यस वनन गॅयि, तॅस्य अथे वनुनावुहस
 दग दि तस यस चेनुनुक ऑसी शऊर
 नतु फकथ खॉमी यिथय गँजुरावुहस
 छा, न छा, अथ दरमियां फलसफु छु कूठ
 अथ खुरिस पनु पनु बु गंड मुचुरावुहस
 पारु क्या करु यथ च्वपासे तौर्य वॅथ्य
 शीशु खाना आसिहेम पॉरावुहस



वतु गतव ऐलान कोर त्रॉविथ नज़र
 दूर तामथ व्योद छु तन्हा राहगुज़र
 मँज़िलस वातुन ति बदलुय आश अख
 वाँसु वादन तजरुबन हुंद ब्योन सफर
 आब चेश्मन रोज़िहे, तैलि गाश गोछ
 गाश चेश्मन पोशिहे, तैलि गॅछ नज़र
 सु छु करामातन करान तॉवीज़ु पन
 सु छु गंडान पनु दावु म्योनुय ऑरचर
 सूरचन हुंज़ ब्यन छे ज़ॉती मूलसुय
 चानि हक ओस नीलु वठ मे छु अँन्य मचर
 तस छे सबरुच पछ तु पछि प्यठ छुस यकीन
 तस छे मचरुच तेह तु बाँगिस छुस शज़र



अज़ ति गोछ शुर्य पान आसुन
 बेयि नु कैह अमि जान आसुन
 स्वय फरागथ राजु हरकथ
 फिकरि निशि अनज़ान आसुन
 माजि हुंदि अकि ग़ुज़ु रोशुन
 मूल गोछ मनुवान आसुन
 जूनु मॉजी यूर्य वस्तय
 अथु पिलव असमान आसुन
 दारि-दजि पॉरावुनुच कल
 साज़ तय सामानु आसुन
 सुय गुगूस तुल कुल्य लंजन कुन
 सोन व्वगुन मॉदान आसुन
 ख्वरु टँड्यन प्यठ थोद व्वथुन तय
 ज़ेठुनुक अरमान आसुन
 ज़िंदुगी हुंद ट्योठ मोदुर क्याह
 गोछ नु कांह अनुमान आसुन
 मेति गॅछुम आसुन्य शुरिल हिश
 चुति गोछुख नादान आसुन





Life - Sunita Parimoo Kuchroo

That Pomegranate Tree

Looking down from the plane window, I could clearly see snow clad peaks of Pir Panchal Range of Himalayas. There was certain excitement or was it apprehension inside me, I was returning to my native place after more than two decades so I presume it was understandable. I glanced at my kids sitting ahead of us, I could see the joy and excitement on their faces. They identified with place through stories that I kept telling them about my childhood, for them it was a fantasy land of gushing streams, never ending meadows, huge houses, large families, snow man, snow fights, stroll on frozen lakes and much more.

The joy on their face displayed how much they wanted to go to Kashmir.

I sank back into my chair and remembered how it was to grow up in Kashmir, big families and lots of cousins was fun. In fact it was my cousin who was instrumental in making this Kashmir trip happen. He was transferred

to Kashmir and kept on insisting we all join him. In Srinagar we were staying with him and my bua (his mom). I couldn't help to think that it would feel funny to go to Srinagar and not stay in our own home, but alas our elders had sold the house way back in early nineties soon after we suddenly had to leave Kashmir because of growing militancy. I am sure they must have taken that decision with a very heavy heart (a story in itself). In short presently we have nothing of our own there.

At last plane touched down in Kashmir, I could feel the familiar cool and crisp air as soon as I came out of plane, although airport had changed but feeling of familiarity was still there. Outside the airport building I spotted my cousin who had come to pick us up. We have always been closer to each other as we have

grown up together, his house was adjacent to ours with a back door connecting both the houses. As usual it felt great to meet him and that too in Kashmir, it was as if time stood still.



Sitting on the back seat of his car I was looking out at the changes city has undergone, back then airport was little outside the city but now city had expanded right up to airport. As we reached near new exhibition ground my cousin turned and asked "Do you want to go to Balgarden (area where my ancestral home was)". It was as if he knew what was in my heart, I badly wanted to see the house in which I had spent my childhood, gathered so many precious memories. "Yes, can we do that" I asked back. "Sure" came the reply, and he turned left and then car seemed to move on the much familiar roads.



Car moved past familiar landmarks like civil secretariat, Neelam cinema and Karan Nagar Chowk and then turned left to enter Balgarden area. Everything looked same, roads though looked much narrower now, and then there was my ancestral home, looking quite different from what it was when I had seen it last. My Cousin's home next door was exactly the same as before. Much to my cousin's disapproval, I got down from the car saying "only till the time u turn the car" and walked towards the gate, just then the gate opened and two men came out. I peeped in looking for something very precious to me, a pomegranate tree to which lots of our memories were attached, hoping to find it standing there in full bloom, but alas it was not there. Unfortunately new owners had, it seems



taken it down in order to extend garage, whole area was concretised. Two men who were standing at the gate were looking at me with puzzled expression on their face and my cousin was calling me out from the car .

Quietly I sat back in the car and told my cousin "the pomegranate tree is not there, they have cut it down". "Yes they have made lots of changes to the house too" he said. There are lots of memories attached to that tree which is very close to heart of all the kids who grew up in that house .

My mind went back to good old days when we were growing up in that house. My two siblings, my uncle's two kids and my cousin were always on lookout for fun. Amma, my Dadi was very tough lady and very strict with us. She was very possessive about a pomegranate tree which stood fully grown in our side lawn (yes, there was a front lawn, which had numerous rose plants and back garden where sometimes my uncle used to grow vegetables and side garden where the pomegranate tree stood.) It used to give plenty of fruit every year but Amma was the sole owner of the tree, she would not allow anyone go near it. She would distribute the harvest among her children and grand children and keep rest in the big wicker baskets and then give them as goodies and rewards to us till they got over. The time when tree would flower to time of harvest, she would sit at guard in the front porch watching us. If we passed her in porch and went towards the side lawn, she would follow us. Since it was forbidden fruit when on tree, we were looking for ways to pluck it and if we managed to do that we would feel great not because we wanted to eat it, but simply because we managed to do what was deemed impossible.

Amma being smart that she was, gauged all our tricks and it was becoming impossible to access the tree. Together we put our heads together and devised a plan, as parents were out and we were in care of Amma who was busy sitting there on front porch

guarding and knitting. We tied my little brother to my mom's sari and lowered him down from the first floor window which opened towards side lawn. Slowly and slowly we kept lowering him till he touched the ground. From there he plucked the pomegranates and put them in the bag he was carrying, then started the job of pulling him up, which was much tougher but we managed. Great job done, we were so happy and started to jump with joy and shout, which brought Amma running into our room, but we were smart and hid all the fruit under the bed. She shouted at us for making so much of noise and we kept on giggling. Fed up with us, she went back to her guarding and knitting .

This became a norm after that, till one day we as usual tied my brother with a sari which was not very strong and lowered him down. Halfway down, we felt the sari tearing and gosh it tore into two and he landed on the ground below on his bum with one end of sari in our hand. "Are you ok" we spoke in hushed tone and watched him get up slowly. We came down the stairs and met him on the porch where my grandmother was asking him where was he coming from and how come she didn't see him coming down, to which he said "I even spoke to you when I came down" She looked very puzzled but gave up. We got him up and checked for an injury. He seemed fine but changed his tone and said "I am going to tell mom everything". We pleaded with him and he gave in but from that day to many days he would make us do his homework and if we refused he would threaten to tell mother.

Suddenly car came to halt and I came back to present, we had reached my cousin's Indira Nagar residence. I could see my Bua (Amma's eldest offspring) sitting on the front porch waiting for us. As she saw us, she came towards us crying as she had not seen me in many years. I was also fighting back my own tears as I took her tiny body in my arms.





Kashmiri Shufta

Shufta is a traditional Kashmiri dessert especially made during festivals and Marriages, a mixture of various dry fruits and spices coated with sugar syrup. It is ideally suited for the cold season as well.

Ingredients:

Almond	30g
Cashew nuts	30g
Big raisins	30g
Pistachio	30g
Walnut	30g
Dry dates	30g
Dry coconut	30g
Paneer	100g
Ghee	100g
Sugar	150g
Black pepper powder	1tsp
Cinnamon powder	1tsp
Dry ginger powder	1tsp
Cardamom powder	1tsp
Saffron	Few strands
Dried Rose petals	2tbsp

Method:

- Soak almonds, cashew nuts, big raisins, pistachios, walnuts & dates separately for about 30 minutes. Drain all the water and keep aside.
- Soak saffron in a little warm water.
- Deseed and dice the dates into small

pieces.

- Cut the coconut into thin slices. Dice Paneer into small cubes.

- Heat ghee in a frying pan and fry the coconut till golden brown. Remove in a plate.

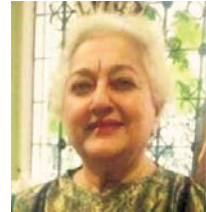
- Fry Paneer pieces in the same ghee till slightly brown and keep aside.

- In the same Pan, add all the dry fruits, Coconut slices and Paneer cubes.

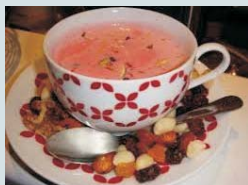
- Mix in pepper powder, cinnamon powder, dry ginger powder and cardamom powder. Add sugar along with the saffron water and finally the rose petals, stirring constantly.

- Cook on low heat till all the sugar dissolves and forms a coating on the dry fruit and paneer.

- Shufta should be slightly moist and semi dry, and served hot.



Urmila Dhar Zutshi



*Dishes & Recipes
is a
regular feature
in Praagaash.*



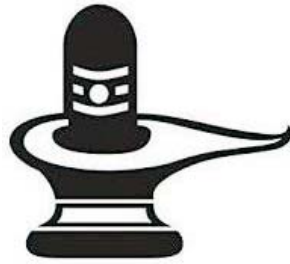
Your contribution is welcome.



COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Based on the Folk Stories of Kashmir
Concept & Creation

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt





Why do we say Salaam after Shivratri

Authored by : Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt

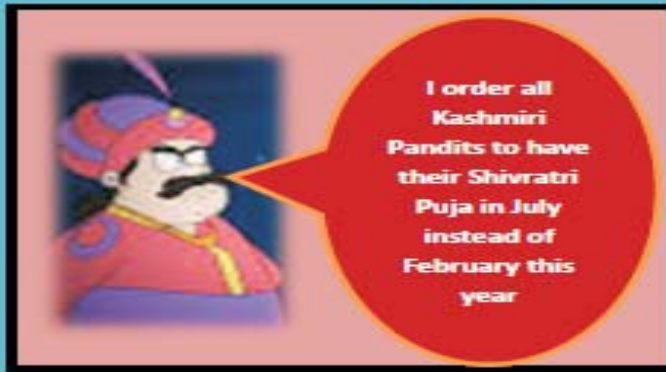
Comic created by: Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt

Centuries ago, one day in the Durbar of a Kashmir Governor





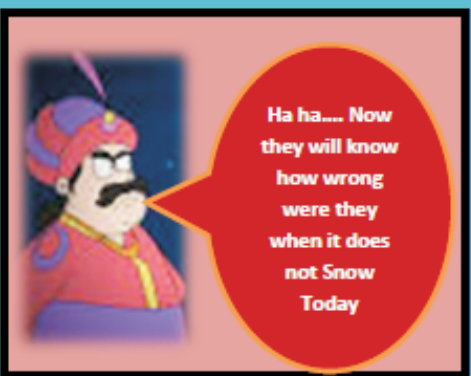
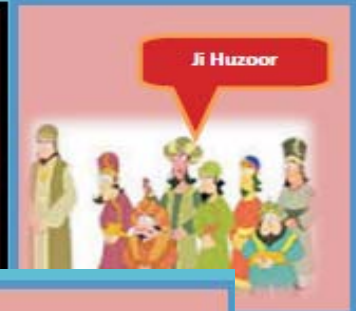
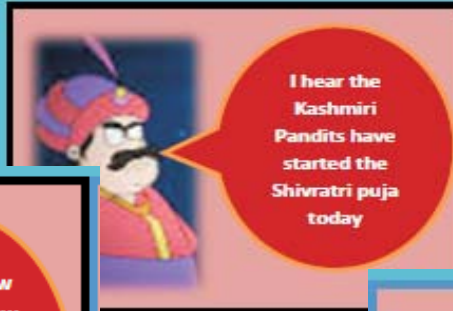
Why do we say Salaam after Shivratri



That year the Pandits perform Havan for Shivratri in July instead of February



Back at the Darbar in July



But a Miracle happened that day in the Month of JulyIT SNOWED heavily that day in the valley



Why do we say Salaam after Shivratri



The Governor realised his mistake and since it was snowing heavily that day, he went the next day to pay his respects



Hey Lord...I now
understand your Power
and People's Faith in you.
I bow my head in respect
and offer you my
SALAAM



And thus every Year the next day after Shivratri we
wish every body by saying SALAAM

ॐ नमः शिवाय



Photo Feature - Rare Photos



—1915

A VINTAGE HOT IN THE VILLAGE OF STOHIM.
 Whichever way you look at the Kashmiris' disregard for the highest standards of sanitation, you could never be given to believe the
 possibility of human being. These folks are one of the most beautiful spots on the road to Peshawar and are crowded with the tourists.



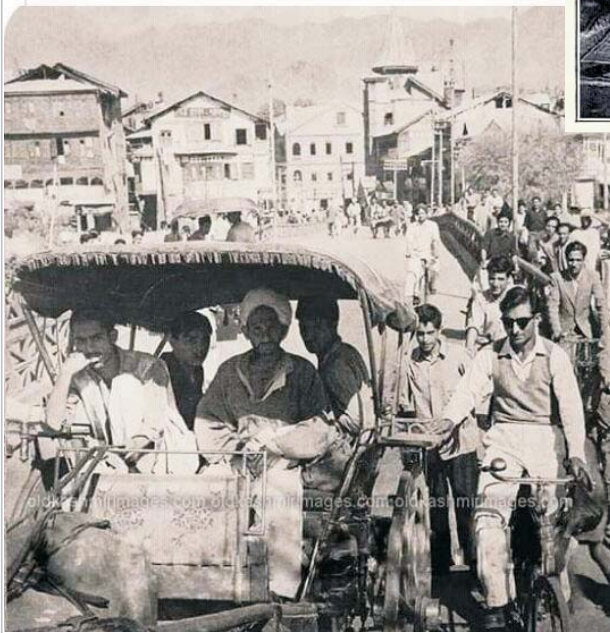
Hari Parbat Shrine - Early 1900
 Photo courtesy: @Bhushanlalb

Achabal Garden

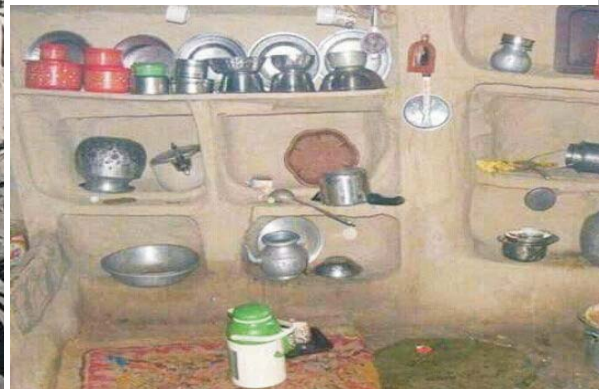
Kashmiri Pandit family - Circa 1900
 Photo courtesy: @Bhushanlalb



1962 :: Amira Kadal :: When Tongas and Bicycles were main modes of transport in Kashmir..



Old Kashmiri Kitchen
 Photo : Unknown



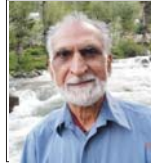


Letters to Editor

Dear Raina Saab,

Namaskar. The idea of starting the 'Praagaash Mailing' group on WhatsApp is indeed an innovative and commendable idea to promote and preserve our net journal, the first of its kind in our community. I am sure members settled in different parts of our country would like to gain from it and then they would also like to share the journal with their friends. I am sure it has a great future and a lasting one, given your interest and efforts in its preparation. It will be a treasure in the hands of the members, besides the printed journals that one may possess. The hard copies of the journals are not generally preserved by the members for want of space required to keep them. I wish you all success in your noble endeavour.

P.L.Ganju
Vadodara



Respected Raina Sahib,

Praagaash is doing great with your extraordinary zeal for journalism. Small things happen but that should not deter you from keeping the full force. Leadership is the quality of few and you are one among them.

I loved to receive November edition of our Praagaash yesternight. I read the magazine between the lines. I was overjoyed with contents. Ajay Dhar's Polar Adventure -2 was an excellent reading and his experience drew me far to polar area. World appears an amazing planet. Kundanji's kavita NIRALA JAGAT made me philosophical for the moment. Great Kavita indeed. I was enriched with the journey which Gadoo Sahib took me to wagnath Temple. Hindu Art is beyond comparison. Varied architectural designs is



fascinating, even ruins speak so. The comparison between Sheikh-ul-Alam and Lal Ded holding their mystical experiences side by side was very illuminating. Infact I suggest why not to have a regular page in Praagaash on mystic poets and mysticism. It can be a page particularly for senior citizens like you and me to ponder and get into introspection of self. Urmilaji's Zaan Ded kept me glued with the story. Raina Sahib I once again request you to start a page wherein the life and work of great KPs is mentioned. I wish the magazine still greater success in years to come. I am waiting for the day when I will get hard copy of Praagaash which I can keep always by my side in my study space.

Prof. Ashok Aima
Pune



Dear Raina Sahib,

Congrats and thanks for sending the issue well in time. It is quite informative and also laid out neatly. The contents are readable and fonts used are good.



Thanks once again for your dedication and passion towards community affairs, especially preservation of language and culture. With regards,

R K Mattoo
Bangalore



Dear Raina Sahib,

Your promptness is unbelievably superb. Praagaash reaches us on or a day before the first of every month. Your dedication is deeply appreciable. I received the November issue of 'Praagaash' on 31st October.



Thumbs-up to you for your sense of devotion and dedication.



Letters to Editor

During the last two days I found time to go through two write-ups 'On mother-tongue teaching and Sanskrit teaching'. Both these essays, I found, have a message to convey. I am attaching a write-up on these issues for publication in the next issue of Praagaash.

Prof. R.N.Bhat
BHU Varanasi



Dear Editor,

Enjoyed reading the plethora of contents that Praagaash has offered. An article on Lesser known places of religious importance is a good idea for it makes us aware of what is not well known to the younger generation. Zaan Ded came back to life through Urmila ji's write up. Also story on difficulties and hardships faced during visit and stay at Antarctica is enlightening. The recipes, pictures, jokes, poems in Kashmiri and Hindi give a break from monotony. Thank you for such efforts taken by you and providing us with a sumptuous platter.

Anju Watal
Marol, Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,

Praagaash is spreading Gaash through its content driven articles. Those who love their culture, tradition and literature, it is a treasure trove for them. It should be the duty of all of us to pass it on to our future generations. I am sure your hard work will definitely bring the desired results you always envisaged.

I found text on some pages missing and on checking the copy you sent through e-mail,

I found the same anomaly there. Looks like some technical error. Thanks for reposting the missing text pages separately.

Chand Bhat
Kopar Khairne



Sir,

I went thru Praagaash November issue and I enjoyed reading it very much in particular, Ancient Stone Temples of Kashmir, Wangath Temples by Mr C.L.Gadoo. It gave lots of information which I will treasure. Zaan Ded and Grandma stories were very engrossing. Over all standard of magazine is high, thanks to you.

I have written two articles, would like to send to you. One of them was printed in Milchar last year but as Praagaash has larger reach, would like to send to you for consideration.

Sunita Kuchroo
Deonar, Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,

As regards your very Gripping and Informative journal Praagaash, I felt quite elated to read it as much as I could and in this regard I convey my appreciation to you in particular to have kept our culture alive by involving young and old alike. It is very informative and our KP Biradari is fortunate to have a journal of highest standard at their disposal. Thanks to your unrelenting attitude and qualities of highest standard without aspiring for anything personal.

Ashok Kak
Pune





Letters to Editor

Dear Raina Sahib,

Your group is doing a fantastic job of sustainability of our culture. I did read editorial of November issue, I find it well written conveying the gist of our multifarious problems our community faced over decades after decades with no clear cut complete solution visible. But then your efforts in the form of Praagaash is a good movement towards finding some solution at least!

We the Batas and Batnis need read just few Shaloks of Bhagvad Gita and understand them to put the preaching in practical usage!

Kuldeep Kaul
Bhopal, MP



appreciate your efforts and can understand the hard labour that goes into it. The Praagaash November Issue right from its editorial by our esteemed scholar T.N.Dhar Kundan, the articles by Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, Shri C.L.Gadoo, your story and Grandmaa's tales and Shri M.K.Dhar's write up on preserving our mother tongue are important features of this issue. I enjoyed reading it, despite my reluctance to read e-journals as I run out of patience while concentrating on laptop or smart phone screens.

I once more appreciate and congratulate you for your honest efforts to work for preservation of our language and culture. May God bless you. Best wishes,

Roop K Bhat
roopkbhat@gmail.com

Dear Editor,

Thank you. Post comes regularly and with added values indeed. I mean 'Grandma's Stories'. It is interesting to answer children's queries as to why : Bahlool had no access to his brother, his corridors of palace or power, not even to a whiff of his grandeur or richness. What if he was very poor and his brother very rich?

The magazine is a well conceived project launched by you. Its success story has begun with your talented efforts. Regards,

Rattan Lal Bhat
Vaishali, Ghaziabad



Dear Editor,

I have gone through the contents of Praagaash. I find them to be of high calibre. What has impressed me the most is its keeping an arm's length with write-ups reflecting the malevolent cacophony of current political rhetoric.

Dipankar Kaul
Sanpada, Navi Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahab,

Hats off to you for restarting the Zaan Project and the Praagaash e-journal. You have done and are doing a commendable service to Kashmiri language and to the Kashmiri community. I have read last few issues of Praagaash. I



Sir,

Just a random thought about Praagaash. Praagaash is published every month. On the average there are about 40 to 50 e-pages in each issue. I feel if you could forward a portion of it every 2 to 3 days to readers so that there will be constant visibility and also it will be easier to read three or four pages in one go like you picked the Grandmaa stories and posted it on the Zaan WhatsApp group.





Letters to Editor

Can it be done?

Supriya Kaushik
Mumbai



Sir,

I read Praagaash on regular basis and am more interested in Kashmir's history and writeups pertaining to language. In November issue, most part of the story of Grandma, which is an innovative series, was missing but it was nice to get it as supplementary. The comic section is good. It would be nice if the pages are made more colourful to attract children of smaller ages.



Sandeep Kaul
Ropar, Punjab



Dear Editor,

I feel pleasure in extending my warm congratulations and best wishes on the successive issues of e-magazine 'Praagaash'. With every new issue it is becoming more and more interesting. I went through the magazine and had a thorough reading of subjects of my interest, though all subjects are absorbing and thought provoking for all age groups. The article 'My Polar Adventure' by Shri Ajay Dhar proves that genius of KP's is no less than those who have made great achievements and earned name and fame in science and technology. Such landmark achievements by persons of our community can become a beacon light for the young generation, to upkeep the legacy of our brilliance.



The write up on 'Wangath Temples' has been written so nicely by Sh. C L Gadoo, that while reading between the lines I felt nostalgic

as it reminded me of the golden moments, when I had an opportunity of having a holy dip in Harmukat Ganga and visiting the Wangath temples on return from Gangbal.

While going through the page of Sheikh-ul-Alam's Shrukh and Lal Ded's Vakh, I felt that a few explanatory lines with each Shrukh and Vakh would give an insight into what it implies in substance, so that the reader understands the quality and meaning of what these great saints have spoken.

With best wishes.

M K Dhar
Roop Nagar, Jammu.



Dear Editor,

I would like to compliment you and your team for the selfless service towards our community and our mother tongue. I eagerly wait for the magazine each month and always admire the contents of the magazine. Reading Praagash makes me nostalgic. I get teleported back to old times which I spent in Kashmir. I feel more and more KPs need to get connected to this magazine and contribute towards this effort of preserving our culture and language.



While everyone of us feel proud of our rich culture & social past, we do not show the same love and appreciation for our own language. We take pride in speaking to our kids in English or Hindi and while doing so ignore our mother tongue. No community can flourish without their own language and identity. Regards,

Suhail Kaul
Dubai

