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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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'ज़ान' की नेट-पत्रिका

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Editorial

- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

Praagaash

We are encouraged by the feedback we have got from our esteemed readers after reading the four issues issued so far. We have had some good suggestions as well. We shall endeavour to implement these suggestions so that the e-journal satisfies the tastes of all our readers. The field we want to cater to is very wide. We have enlightened elders, inquisitive youngsters, ladies and gentlemen with varied tastes and interests. Our effort shall always be to come up to the expectations of maximum number of readers. The contents have to relate to our beloved homeland, to our culture and heritage and to our traditions. We want to throw light on all these aspects so that nothing is forgotten and the tradition is carried forward.



Our language is rich and sweet. Our literature is profound and varied. Our customs are unique and interesting. Our cuisine is well known. Our auspicious days are distinctly earmarked, and our past is glorious. But alas! We are scattered, disintegrated and miniscule in number. These points make it obligatory for us to take necessary steps, like this one, of issuing an e-magazine, in order to try and preserve our distinct character. We owe it to our next generation to pass on information about our glorious heritage to them so that they in turn enrich it and our traditional values are preserved. After all culture is a factor that evolves with the time and while preserving the heritage gets enriched with the new elements. The appellation used for our males and females is Bhatta and Bhattaen, which mean honoured and exalted ones. Let us all endeavour to justify these epithets by serving our community with all means available to us.



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Explorations & Adventures - Ajay Dhar

My Polar Adventure - 2

The successful landing of the first expedition was a major achievement for the country. The next question was whether more expeditions will be launched in future and what are we going to gain from it? This used to be a major topic of discussion in all scientific meets and gatherings. Towards the end of 1982, it was revealed that the second Indian Expedition to Antarctica is to be launched in December 1982 and an Ice breaker ship has been chartered by India for this purpose. While the first expedition was a hush hush affair, the launching of second expedition was made public well in advance. It was also announced that this expedition will be led by Shri V.K.Raina, an eminent geologist from Geological Survey of India (GSI), a proud moment for our Kashmiri Pandits community (KP). This expedition had another KP member in Shri M K Kaul, another eminent geologist from GSI. Shri Kaul went on to lead Fifth expedition to Antarctica (1985-86).

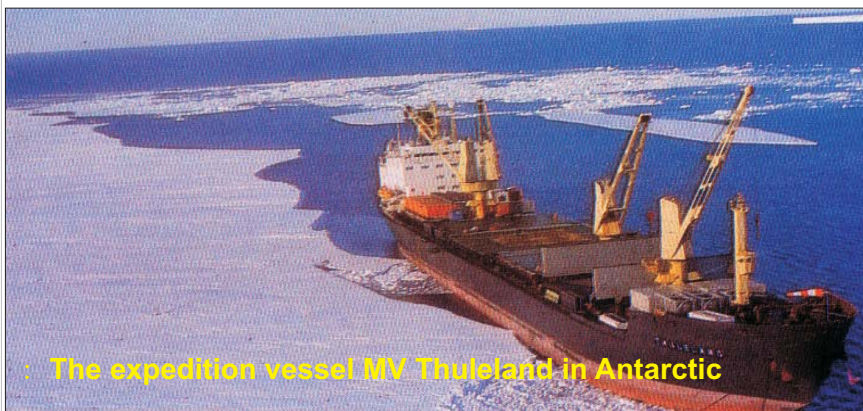
In early 1983, I happened to be at HQ, Mumbai for a conference and had a meeting with my Director. I asked him why my name was not nominated for this expedition as I was possibly the best candidate for such expeditions owing to my extra curricular activities besides being an expert at handling

such equipment. He assured me that my name will be nominated in the next expedition and I should start preparing for it.

After returning back to my station at Gulmarg, I started collecting information on Antarctica. To my surprise there were no books or information available on Antarctica in any of the libraries in Srinagar. I tried my luck at Kashmir University Library and the only information I could collect was from one paragraph in an Encyclopedia. There were no other books available at the Library. With this little knowledge, I started talking to senior scientists at Nuclear Research Laboratory, Srinagar to gather as much information as possible. I also requested my colleague to forward me all the information he had collected on Antarctica. My Institute had purchased a few books recently and I requested them to send me a copy. For some reason, my Institute did not participate in 3rd (1983-84) and 4th (1984-85) Antarctic expeditions. The third expedition was led by Dr. Harsh Gupta, an eminent Geophysicist of the country and Dr. A K Hanjura (KP)



happened to be a member of this expedition. This expedition for the first time included two lady scientists in Dr. Aditi Pant (NIO) and Dr. Sudipta Sengupta (Jadavpur University). The two so happen to be the first Indian ladies to participate in the Indian Expeditions. The first Indian Antarctic Station



: The expedition vessel MV Thuleland in Antarctic



Dakshin Gangotri, the first Indian Antarctic Station.

called 'Dakshin Gangotri' was established during this expedition and the first wintering team occupied this station for a year round stay.

During the middle of 1985, I was informed by my office that my name has been nominated for the expedition and I should start planning for it. I was also advised to remain physically and medically fit. My excitement knew no bounds and I revealed this news to my family. My grandfather, father and my sisters were excited to hear it. However, my mother had her own reasons to ask me to refuse. I somehow managed to convince her that it is safe to go and it will certainly benefit me in future. Who knew, I was going to make a career in Antarctic sciences? By September 1985, I received a letter to undergo medical examination at Army Medical Centre (AMC), New Delhi, to be followed by snow-ice acclimatization training at HAWS, Gulmarg/Sonmarg, Kashmir, if declared medically fit at AMC. I immediately booked my tickets for Delhi and was waiting for the day to travel. The day finally came and I along with 100 other members reported at Department of Ocean Development (DOD), Lodhi Road, New Delhi. We were asked to report to AMC, New Delhi next

morning. The AMC Commandant welcomed us and informed us of the medical tests to undergo. The tests continued for 3 days and almost every parameter of the body was checked. On the fourth morning, we were called one by one into Commandant's room to be informed about our test

reports/results. When my turn came and I entered Commandant's room, he greeted me by saying that I was the fittest person in the group. However, I have been put in temporarily rejected list for having a small cavity in my tooth. I was a little taken back that a tooth cavity can lead to rejection. He further added that tooth problems are considered to be most serious in cold climate and I was given three days to see a dentist, get the cavity filled and submit a dental report. I rushed to a nearby dental clinic for a dental check up and got the cavity filled. The cavity luckily was a very small one and the Dentist had no objections to give me a fitness certificate.

With this dental fitness certificate, I rushed back to AMC and handed over the dental certificate to Commandant. He



The ice shelf



congratulated me for my medical clearance and wished me luck for the expedition. All the members reported to DOD again and were handed over the medical fitness certificates. To my surprise, more than 50% of the members had failed the medical examination and were asked to report back to their Institutions. The candidates declared medically fit were briefed by various senior scientists of the country on the aspects of research to be conducted at Antarctica and how it can be made useful for our countrymen. There were lectures on survival in snow bound areas, medical emergencies and evacuation, protection against blizzards etc. Blizzards are snow storms with wind speed of more than 100 km/hr. The wind speeds on occasions can go more than 250 km/hr with zero visibility making it almost impossible to locate your shelter in case of working out in camps. The selected members were asked to report to HAWS, Gulmarg for 2 weeks snow/ice acclimatization training. At Gulmarg, the HAWS instructors exposed us to videos on basic mountaineering techniques, rock climbing, rappelling, tying of rope knots, skiing etc. I was more or less apt at all these techniques and enjoyed the videos. After two days of stay at Gulmarg, we left for Sonmarg to participate in actual training. Most of the members who were not used to such tough training found it very hard to cope with. It was October and the night temperature at Sonmarg used to drop sharply making it further difficult to sleep properly. After spending a week at Sonmarg attending training on rock climbing and basic mountaineering, we were asked to get ready to shift to Machoi Glacier near Zozila pass for snow/ice acclimatization training. On reaching there, tents were pitched at the base of Machoi glacier. The members were made to climb the glacier everyday for training on crevasse detection and crossing, climbing ice walls etc. For many a member, climbing on to the glacier everyday was a hard task. Overall,

the training was very useful and most of us got to see and stay at the glacier for the first time. Finally, it was time for our departure from Sonamarg to our respective working places, before our departure for Antarctica. The next month was spent on getting the equipment ready and purchasing the necessary warm clothing, shoes, toiletries etc. I was also looking for a good camera and purchased dozens of film rolls and slide rolls. Finally, around 20 November, the selected team members were asked to report at NIO, Goa along with all our official and personal cargo. The fifth expedition (1985-86) was led by Shri. M.K.Kaul, an eminent geologist and a repeater from 2nd expedition. The team also had another KP member Dr. R.L.Dhar from NGRI, Hyderabad. I was eagerly looking forward to sea voyage as it was going to be my first voyage. After further briefing at Goa, we were asked to shift all our official cargo and put it safely in containers for loading on the expedition vessel. The first look at the majestic expedition vessel and it was impressive. A huge ice class Swedish modified cargo vessel 'THULELAND', nearly 187 m long and 40 m broad at the centre with makeshift accommodation for 100 members. Our team consisted of 88 members (including 2 lady members) drawn from various scientific organizations and defense services (Army, Navy and Air force). All members were allotted shared accommodation and were asked to board the vessel on 29 November 1985. After further briefing by the ship's crew on the facilities available onboard and their usage and various do's and don'ts; we were given a tour of the vessel. We were also carrying 4 Helicopters with us to be used on arrival at Antarctica, two each from Air Force and Navy. Air Force was using big MI 8 Helicopters which could carry a load of 3 tons or 16 passengers and the Navy using smaller Chetak helicopters with carrying capacity of 4 passengers. The Helicopters are used in Antarctica to transport members and material



from Ship to Station or to other base camps. The loading of all the cargo was in progress and we were asked to provide a helping hand wherever necessary. We had never boarded a helicopter before and were looking forward to a ride on one of them.

The expedition vessel sailed from Marmagao Port (Goa) on 30 November 1985 at 1740 hr. Within a few hours, we were out of sight of land and cruising along in open waters. For the next few days, we could see a few islands from distance. After four days of voyage, we reached equator and all members were asked to assemble on the ship's deck for equator crossing ceremony. It is customary for all sea farers to pray, request permission from Lord Neptune, the ruler of the high seas and obtain his blessings for safe voyage. The ceremony was fun for all the members and all the first timers crossing the equator were given a dip in makeshift swimming pool and splashed with sea water. Equator crossing certificates were awarded to all first timers crossing the equator. In another four days time, we reached Mauritius and all of us were looking forward to visiting this island nation. However, the Leader informed us that the expedition vessel will be halting outside Mauritius for a few hours to receive fresh supplies and we are not allowed to disembark. All the members were a little disappointed as we were looking forward to this visit.

After receiving the fresh supplies through Barge, we were on our way and very soon Mauritius was off our field of view. We would have regular meetings on the ship and briefing by Leader on various aspects. Other than meetings, we would keep ourselves busy playing indoor games (table tennis, carrom, cards etc.) read books and watch movies. Special cold climate clothing and other protective gear were issued to members to be used in Antarctica. The voyage so far was smooth and most of the members did not show any signs of sea sickness; the most dreaded sickness among mariners. We used

to get regular weather information through facsimile charts (satellite pictures of clouds) and the chart showed a severe cyclonic storm on our path ahead. If we had to cross this storm, the ship would have encountered very rough seas, which would have been dangerous for the expedition members and cargo. A decision was taken by the Leader and the Ship's Captain to divert from the pre-determined course and alter the same to avoid the storm. The sea had become turbulent by now and we could experience heavy rolling and pitching of the vessel.

(To be continued)

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Why? Pushpa Koshal



Why is there darkness at noon?
Why is Sun eclipsed by the Moon?
Why is the sky turning hazy?
And the ocean grey?
Why are the birds sounding like birds of prey?
Why are the nations hurting each other?
Why don't they see the blood
which is of the same colour?
Why is love hidden in the clouds?
Why has hate become the password?
Why has He bestowed everything but peace?
Why is it, instead of peace
the world is fighting for pieces?
Why does man wander
and in search of what?





काव्य - त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

निराला जगत



यह जगत बड़ा ही निराला है।
 यूँ तो यहां अनगिनत लोग रहते हैं,
 पर देखा जाये तो रहते हैं व्यक्ति केवल तीन -
 तुम, मैं और वह।
 तुम प्रश्न कर्ता,
 मैं उत्तर दाता और
 वह वार्तालाप का विषय।
 तुम बार बार पूछते हो वह कौन है,
 कैसा है, कहां है ?
 मैं निरुत्तर हो जाता हूँ, क्या कहूँ ?
 मैं कहां जानता हूँ वह कौन है, कैसा है।
 मैं यह भी नहीं जानता कि वह है भी क्या,
 और यदि है तो कहां है।
 मुझे समझ में नहीं आता कि
 हम उसकी बात करते ही क्यों हैं ?
 क्या मिलता है हमें इस सब से ?
 जाने यह विषय सर्व प्रथम किसने छेडा ?
 और तुम, क्यों पूछते हो उसके विषय में ?
 क्यों जानना चाहते हो तुम कि वह कौन है,
 कैसा है, कहां है, कहां नहीं है ?
 आओ कोई और बात करें, पूछो और कोई प्रश्न।
 फिर वही बात, क्या पूछा कि वह स्त्री है या पुरुष ?

अरे मुझे क्या पता, फिर वह स्त्री हो या पुरुष,
 क्या अंतर पड़ता है ?
 जाने उसका विचार भी कैसे आता है लोगों को ?
 हो सकता है किसी ने उसे या
 उसकी परछाई को देखा हो,
 कभी कहीं पर।
 या फिर उसकी कल्पना ही की हो,
 कहीं एकांत में।
 फिर मन ही मन उसे एक मनचाहा आकार दिया हो।
 उसे अपना इष्ट मानकर, अपना गंतव्य समझकर
 उसकी आराधना आरम्भ की हो, अथवा
 उसका भक्त हो गया हो।
 कौन जाने ? परन्तु तुम और मैं तो हैं ही।
 और रहेंगे भी, जब तक हम दोनों एक न हो जायें।
 ऐसा हो भी सकता है यदि हम दोनों को
 उस से साक्षात्कार हो जाये।
 मैं भी उस में विलीन हो जाऊँ,
 तुम भी उसी में खो जाओ।
 न रहूँ मैं न रहो तुम।
 रहे तो बस केवल वह।
 परन्तु यह जगत निराला है।
 यहां ऐसा होगा या नहीं, कौन जाने ?





Shrines & Religious Places - C.L.Gadoo

Wangath Temples

Kalhana notes in Rajatarangini, that the town of Srinagri was built by Emperor Ashoka, in the third century BC. His son Jalauka, 220 BC, built Shaivite temples, Bhutesvara and Jyestharudra and *Muthas* in the Wangath valley, around the holy spring of Naran Nag, at Buthser.

Wangath (Vangat), is a village situated about forty-eight kilometers north-west of



Srinagar. Wangath is the ancient Vashisth Ahsram, named after Sage Vashistha. He, as per tradition, stayed here while consecrating the *Linga* called Jyestharudra at Naran Nag. In Nilmat Purana, Lord Shiva says to Nandi; "You shall live in my company in a place at a distance of one *Yojana* from here towards east. O Nandi, the gifted sage Vashistha on the earth shall erect your image and also mine at that place."

Harmukat Ganga Mahatmya says, "One may obtain prominence among the Ganas by seeing Hara Bhutesvara, Jyestharudra and Nandi after taking a bath in the holy Sodara Nag. The merits of taking a bath in Sodara Nag and Uttarmansa, Gangabal are same. "In fact, Uttarmansa is believed to be the abode of Sodara Nag and

the *linga* Jyethesa at Wangath is washed with water from Uttarmansa lake. One is believed to attain the merit of performing *Rajasuya* and *Asvamedha* by taking a bath in Sodara Nag. There is a spring at Wangath, which is known as Naran Nag. In ancient times, this spring was known as Sodara Nag. Around Naran Nag, a complex of temple-ruins is spread. These ruins are known as Wangath temples. The Wangath temples were built in three groups, around the same time as Sankaracharya temple at Srinagar and Bumazuv temple near Mattan on Srinagar-Pahalgam road, were built.



King Jayasimha, also consecrated a *Linga* of Shiva called Bhutesvara here. His prime minister, Srngara would make available ample provisions for celebrations on full moon day of *Asadha*. This festival of '*Devas Vapana*' mentioned in Nilmat Purana, would be celebrated over ten days. Kalhana, describes about Srngara's arrangements, "in recent times even kings could not have imitated." Sumans, a brother of the minister Rilhana in the reign of Jayasimha built a *Mutha* at Bhutesvara and offered to his *Pitirs*, the holy water of Kanakvahini (Kankni).

According to a legend, the site of '*Uttaramanasa*', which is believed to be the source of Haramukuta-Ganga, Gangabal in Kashmiri, which lies at the foot of the north-eastern glacier of the Haramukuta and along the *tirthas* of Nandiksetra at a short distance below the Gangabal lake, also called Uttara-Ganga, there exists another lake called Nund Kol. The inner portion of this lake with blue water, Kala-Shiva, marks the place where Shiva sat in meditation and the outer portion having light green water represents the place of Nandi. The son of a Brahman named



Silada, is said to have performed penance to propitiate Shiva at this place. Shiva made this permanent abode by the side of His faithful attendant, Nadin, who is believed to have received the formula of the thousand names of Bhavani from Shiva, known as Bhavani-Nama-Sahasra-Stutih there.

According to Harmukat-Ganga Mahatmya, the particular region around the spring of Sodara Nag was also known as Bhuteshvara or Shiva Bhutesha - the lord of beings. The entire area is clad with dense forests. Roaring stream of Kanaknai or Karanknadi flows to the south of Sodara Tirtha. It is formed of the tributaries, which flow out from the sacred Nund Kol and Gangabal lakes. The Nilmat Purana, describes the spiritual merits of taking a bath in Sodara Nag. It says that a bath in Sodara Nag has a purifying effect on soul and body.

Bishop Crowie and Major Cole have identified the ruins of seventeen temple structures of various ages and dimensions at Buthser, near Wangath, distributed in two distinct groups; the first, on the western side and second on the eastern side. Each group was enclosed by a separate stone-wall, a short distance away from each other. The temples in the eastern group were known as Rajadainbal. The main temple was dedicated to Shiva-Buteshvara. The temple complex on western side, known as Nagbal, had the main temple of Shiva-Jyestharudra.

The first group of six temples is situated within an enclosure wall. The principal temple is a square of twenty-five feet and has two entrances opposite each other in the north-east and south-west sides. It has domed ceiling and core of the roof consists of rubble-stone masonry in lime. The interior measures seventeen feet square. In the centre of the

floor is square space, which is unpaved. It marks the site of the pedestal of the image. The two sides, which are closed, are decorated externally with square-topped recesses, each of which contains the pedestal of an image which was probably a replica of the one in the sanctum itself. Eternally the roof is pyramidal. This temple has been identified by Stein, as Shiva-Jyestharudra.

The small temple, to the left possesses niches on the three sides. The temple immediately touching the porch of the preceding shrine is a single square structure, plain both internally and externally. Behind this is a basement of another small temple. Its super-structure has fallen down. Of the two

temples behind, one has its entrance facing south-east and the other faces north-east.

The second group of temples is situated about two hundred yards farther off. It is enclosed in a massive rectangular stone wall pierced by a two-chambered gateway. Inside the wall are six

structures in ruins and partly buried under the ground. The largest temple has a seventeen feet square base internally, and is similar to the largest temple in the first group. This temple has been identified by Stein, as Shiva-Bhuteshvara.

Between the two groups of temples are number of structures of third group. An impressive rectangular cistern, almost eighteen feet long, hammered out of a huge boulder, is nearby. Besides, there are remains of a building of a special type, measuring one hundred twenty feet by seventy feet with a height of ten feet. Along with the sides of this structure are over thirty monolithic bases or piers at regular intervals of about twelve feet. It is evident that this was a pillared pavilion.

The Wangath temples are dedicated to



Shiva-Bhutesa and Shiva-Ugresa. Close to the temple of Shiva Bhutesha are the remains of the ruins of the temple dedicated to Bhairava and Matrachakra, seven mothers. Matrachakra, or *Saptamatrka* represents divine energies, which maintain balance in the universe by combating the evil and upholding the good.

According to a legend, Shiva liberated Parvati, Jyestha, from *daityas* here and on marrying she took the name of Jyesthesa. In the Jyestharudra temple of Wangath, Shiva is worshipped as *linga*. Nilmat Purana mentions, that the consecration and the first worship of the Jyestharudra *linga* is distinctly attributed to Rishi Vashistha. *Linga* was worshipped here under the name of Svayambhuh i.e. natural stone and not sculptured one. Cowie identified the base of a giant *Linga* at the south-west corner of the enclosure.

There are three sites in Kashmir, where Shiva Jyesthesa was worshipped under this name or equivalents of Jyesthesvara and Jyestharudra. These are Mount Harmukh, near Tripuresvara, modern Triphar, i.e. between Mahadev and Suresvar and in the close neighbourhood of Srinagar. The similar Lingas are worshipped at Sharika (Hari) Parvat and Suresvari.

Many Hindu kings of Kashmir, from time to time, raised temples at Wangath, around Naran Nag. The earliest evidence about the shrine goes back to 253 BC, when king Narendraditya I, alias Khimkhila was ruling Kashmir. He consecrated shrines of Shiva Bhutesvara and founded a permanent endowment for feeding of Brahmans. His Guru Ugra constructed shrines of Shiva Ugresa and Matrachakra.

According to Rajatarangini, king Jaluka 137BC, erected a stone temple at Nandiksetra

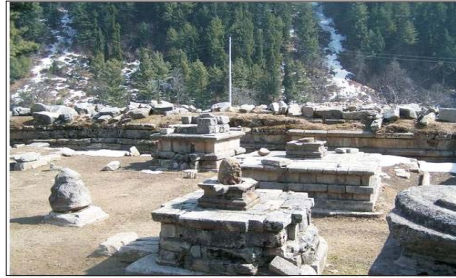
for Shiva Bhutesa and offered precious stones and other wealth to the temple. The offerings of flowers made of precious metals and stones are mentioned in various Shiva *Paddhatis* still in use in Kashmir. This temple has been identified with Shiva-Bhuteshvara temple of Wangath.

In Jayendra's time 61 BC, the three most famous shrines of Shiva worship were Bhutesa, Vardhamanesa (Ganpatyar), and Vijayeya (Bijbehara). Sandhimati 24 BC, alias Aryarja of Vikramaditya dynasty, also used to worship Sodara tirtha at Wangath. Kalhana writes; "when he went about to beg his food, he was welcomed with much respect as a follower of the observances ordained by Shiva. The wives of the ascetics vied eagerly in every hermitage to give him alms. But as his alms-bowl was filled with choice fruits and blossoms by the trees, he who deserved respect had not to suffer the humiliation of mendicancy even when he lived the life of renunciation."

Lalitaditya Muktapida, on return from his victorious expeditions, presented a huge sum of his war booty, as an offering to the shrine.

He erected a lofty stone temple of Shiva Jyestharudra in close proximity to the shrine at Wangath and also made a grant of land and villages. King Avantivarman made a pedestal with silver conduit for bathing of sacred image (*Snanadroni*).

Kalhan's family was equally devoted to this shrine. His father Canpaka paid frequent visits to the shrines of Nandiksetra i.e. Buthser and made rich endowments there. Every year he would spend seven days at this tirtha and utilise his entire savings there. Ultimately, he retired to Nandikstra. Kalhan's uncle Kanaka also used to frequently visit this shrine. In fact, the nearest town of Kangan, old name Kanakpora, is named after him.





शेख-उल-आलम

शुख

अँलिम पँरिथ ज़ोनुख अँस्य् गँय वेठ्य
तिम वेठ्य ग्वगल टेठ्य गँय ।
यिम मातम ह्यथ अंदवन बीठी
तिम तल ऑसिथ पेठ्य गँय ॥

अंदु कम वुछन बंदु कम आसन
कयामुन्न अहवाल हय क्या आसे ।
तारु कम तरन नारु कम लसन
रहमतु बँर्यत्यन ह्यमथा आसे ॥
दोज़खुन बयि छु आमन तु खासन
कयामुन्न तामथ सुय हो आसे ॥ ॥

अंदवन नीरिथ तप चरहाव
ओहर करहाव व्वपल हाकस तु हंदे ।
आमन्ने च़ख योद पथ करहाव
ती योद करहाव मरहाव कंदे ॥

अँदरु कूद त्रावख नतु
नेबरु कूल कंदे ।
अंतु मल कासख नतु
छोन्य् व्वथु बेठ कंदे ॥



लल द्यद

वाख

ज़नम प्रॉविथ कर्म सोवुम
धर्म पोलुम स्वय छम सथ ।
नेत्रन अंदर प्रेयम दोरुम
चौरुम तु मोनुम योहय अख ॥

ज़ानुहॉ नाडि दल मनु रँटिथ
चँटिथ वँटिथ कुटिथ क्लीश ।
ज़ानुहा अदु अस्तु रसायन गँटिथ
शिव छुय कूठ तु च़ेन व्वपदीश ॥

ज़ल हा मालि लूसुय नु पकान पकान
सिरिं लूसुय नु व्वलगान समीर ।
चँद्रम लूसुय नु मरान तु ज़्यवान
मनुष्य लूसुय नु करान नैद्या ॥

ज़लु प्यठु पकुन थ्यकुन लूकन
नारस अच्युन मारस व्यद ।
आकॉश गमनव वुफुन आसुन
कपट बासुन आसुन च़्यथ ॥





Our Bright Stars - Neeraj Santoshi Khar

Subhash Kak – A Renaissance Figure – 2

[Continued from the previous issue]

Kak further adds that these fundamental investigations that have a bearing on linguistics, knowledge representation, and natural language processing by computer require collaboration between computer scientists and Sanskritists. He says that it would allow the Sanskrit departments to complement the programme of the computer science departments and hopes, that a graduate of Sanskrit could make useful contributions to the computer software industry as well, particularly in the fields of natural language processing and artificial intelligence.

Kak has also established that as per the cryptological analysis, the Brahmi script of the Mauryan times evolved out of the third millennium Sarasvati (Indus) script, which was perhaps the first true alphabetic script. He points out that the worship of Sarasvati as the Goddess of Learning remembers the development of writing on the banks of the Sarasvati river.

Kak maintains that it appears that the symbol for zero was derived from the fish sign that stood for "ten" in Brahmi and this occurred around 50 BC to 50 AD. Besides, this he has also made major breakthroughs in deciphering the Indus script, on which he has worked for more than a decade.

On the intellectual arthritis of Indian scholars, he has a point to make. In an interview to the rediff.com in 1999, Subhash Kak says, "It is only the India of the past fifty years that has turned its back on its own

heritage and our scientists literally know nothing about our intellectual history, excepting the distorted second-hand accounts written by colonial historians and their Indian followers".

Stressing the wisdom of our seers, Subhash Kak points out that one of the greatest scientists of the 20th century, Erwin Schrodinger, was directly inspired by Vedanta in his creation of quantum mechanics, a theory at the basis of all our developments in most fields of science today including computers.

His insights into the science of consciousness remind me the quest of our ancient Shaivite Masters to penetrate mysteries of consciousness. Kak talks of two kinds of consciousness that he calls big-C and little-C. Big-C represents phenomenal consciousness associated with awareness, whereas little-C are those aspects of consciousness

that relate to cognitive tasks

One of his major contributions is his startling discovery that the organization of the Rigveda was according to an astronomical code. He developed the key to unlocking the ancient mystery of the Vedas, opening up a still unopened chapter of Indian science.

Kak has also worked on the Indus-Sarasvati Civilization and proved that the Sarasvati did in fact exist, and flowed down to the sea, parallel to the Indus, before a major earthquake in about 1900 BC separated its two tributaries, the Satluj and the Yamuna,





which merged with Sindh and the Ganga. He reasons that after the economy around the Sarasvati river collapsed due to the drying up of the river, people moved to the east, northwest and to the south.

He also dared to announce that famous German indologist Max Muller was "absolutely wrong". He says that the Max Mueller chronology of the Vedas must be rejected and that the Rig Veda must be dated back not to 1500 BC, but to about 3000 BC.

Kak has also been strongly arguing against the Aryan Invasion theory, stressing that there is no evidence of a break in Indic tradition, going back to 10,000 years. He also points out that the Aryan-Dravidian divide simply doesn't exist, and that the superficial differences between North and South India are cosmetic and outcome of 19th century's racist discourse.

One is amazed by the varied aspects of the ancient ethos he has researched. Consider his research on the structure of the fire altars in scriptural ritual, which he has elaborated in his book The Astronomical Code of the Rigveda. He says that our Rishis represented their astronomy in terms of the altar constructions. He emphasizes that our ancient seers were aware that the sun and the moon were at 108 times their own diameters from the earth, and this symbolism is reflected by the 108 beads of the rosary, symbolizing spiritual journey towards enlightenment.

In the book edited by him and Dr TRN Rao Computing Science in Ancient India, he talks about advances ancient Indians had made in mathematics. He talks about the value pi to many decimal places, Sayana's accurate calculation of the speed of light, hashing algorithms, the binary number system of Sanskrit meters, mathematical logic (Navya Nyaya), and adds in the same book that most advanced calculus, math and astronomy arose in Kerala several centuries before Newton.

Kak also points about that the 13th

century AD scholar Sayana, prime minister at the court of the Vijayanagar Emperor Bukka I, had calculated the speed of light to be 2,202 yojanas in half a nimesha, which surprisingly does come to 186,536 miles per second!

Though he lives a busy life far from his homeland, his love for Kashmir and what it has contributed to the world, always pour out from his poetry, his interviews and write-ups. In 2016 he also penned his autobiography The Circle of Memory, in which he talks in detail about his early life in Kashmir.

On his views on the Kashmir issue and Kashmiri Pandits, in an interview to Times Of India, he says, "Personally, I am for political movement in Kashmir, but I don't see how it can be made as long as Pakistan pushes in Afghan and Punjabi mercenaries into the valley for acts of terror. As a Kashmiri myself, I think the ethnic cleansing of the Kashmiri Hindus from the Valley and their continuing massacres by bands of terrorists is one of the horrors of modern times, to be equated to the massacre of the Armenians early in the last century in Turkey and that of the Jews and the Roma in Nazi Germany. I believe history will judge the West, in particular Bill Clinton's presidency, harshly for looking the other way while this horror has continued".

Even from thousands of miles, I can feel his quest for his roots and home. Perhaps that has led him to go deep into ancient mysteries and inspired him to translate Vasugupta's 8th century AD Shiv Sutras, the 78 aphorisms of Shiva in the modern idiom, making it more readable and understandable across the globe.

His quest is deeper than just scholarly interest in Kashmir. In an article "This Side of Paradise", published in one of the publications in 2001, he pours out his heart and questions his search in USA.

"The landscape of my childhood memories lay defiled and I sought a place for myself where I could be connected to new sacred ground. America, in spite of its vast



spaces, lacked the sanctities that spring from the magic of childhood not merely one's own, but also of forefathers. Even more, America was the region of the worldly contest. Now that war has come to the shores of America, its certainties appear naive, and the contest has lost its excitement. Strangely, after it has become like all other lands, I know why I didn't find the place I sought here. I couldn't find it because it lay all along in the world of my own heart”.

When I read these lines I was reminded of his father who died in Honolulu in 1993. In the last part of the Autumn Leaves, his father says, “ I cannot return to Kashmir to smell its air, to walk its bazaars. I recall that last time we were there I took Babuji on a shikara ride on the Dal Lake in the moonlight and the beauty of the moment brought such a flood of memories to Babuji that he could not restrain his tears”.

Today, his son Subhash Kak may not be able to return to Kashmir, but we are proud that he has kept its fragrance, its essence, its spirit alive in his heart and not only that, he is spreading it to the whole world.

I want to sum up this write up by sharing two of his poems.

Remembering Home

Home is not the place
where I was born
it is a corner of my mind
with its coded sounds
smells
the sharp seasons
which
appears to be lost
in the heap of my memories.
Senses are dull now
airconditioning has banished
the seasons.
Separated from the rhythms
of cosmos
from voices of children
and animals

separated
is the body and soul
in pain.

Snow In Srinagar

The radio says it has snowed in Srinagar.
The first snow is cause for celebration:
mother lighted the wooden stove in the
kitchen
and unwrapped packets of beans and dried
vegetables and fish
to make the feast.
And we hurried into the backyard
dragging our wooden slippers through the
snow
throwing snowballs until it was time
to take packed boxes of steaming food and
gifts
to the neighbours and relatives to spread
merrymaking;
and we received similar things in exchange.
After our snowfights were over
we watched from the window
the boatwomen hurrying
across the embankment to the kulcha shop
and heard the labourers pushing the
overloaded carts
to mutual exhortations
across the slush of the broken pavement.
Down a flight of steps
the samovar was ever ready
with hot moghal chai and sweet kulchas.
In the evening in the big room,
wrapped in blankets over our pherans,
new kangris with painted wickerwork were
started,
and as we waited for father to return from
work
we listened to grandfather's tales
and the conversation between mother, aunt,
and grandmother
from the kitchen.
The dinner done by the faint light of the
electric bulb
we heard the day's accounting
as the thalis were cleaned with sawdust and



ash

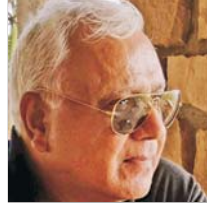
When my feet were cold
my father took them under his
blanket
and warmed them with the warmth
of his own feet.
Who knew then that decades later a
terror will come to Srinagar
and I will be unable to see my home
where I was born
where we had played cowries on
many new snows.
The terrorists want us to bury our
past
forget the deeds of our ancestors.
We are banished because we
remember
tales that grandfathers told us
because we remember
our story.

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निष्कासन

सक्वाइन लीडर अनिल सहगल



तीसेक साल
गुजर चुके हैं, पर
आज भी बरबस

लाखों कश्मीरी पंडितों के
कत्ल, उत्पीड़न
और निष्कासन
की तरफ बेसाख्ता
ध्यान चला जाता है

कहते हैं इतिहास
खुद को दोहराता है

सोचता हूँ तो दिल
दर्द से भर जाता है

मैं भलीभांति जानता हूँ
किसी संदर्भ में यह प्रसंग
जब भी चर्चा में आया

नेता आँख चुराएंगे
मानवता शर्मिदा होगी
दिल धडकेगा,
घबराएगा

फिर भी मैं
न जाने क्यों
आश्चर्य हूँ
और, शायद
आशंकित भी ...

टपकता, रिसता
यह लाल रंग
इक दिन अपनी
तासीर निभाएगा

खून आखिर खून है
टपकेगा तो जम जाएगा





My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

Lesson for a Lifetime

It was the golden summer of 1968, a season of breathtaking beauty in Kashmir, of song and dance, picnics and outings, treks and hikes, swims and boat rides. And, of course, cinema, Hollywood movies in particular, which drew the lay viewers as much as the educated elite – college students, engineers, professors, lawyers etc. Only two cinema halls projected Hollywood movies, a single evening show everyday that started around 7 pm. Generally an English movie would not last more than a week. You missed it at your own peril, for the next time you met your friends you were dumb during a discussion on the latest movie. You didn't want to be left behind, yet your profession did not grant such license. Practicing doctors like me were almost invariably engaged with their patients during those peak evening hours between seven and nine.

Alas there were many other simple pleasures of life denied to us. We hardly had time to go to a club with our families or enjoy a game of cards or tennis or a swig of wine with friends. Even the privacy and freedom of Sundays at home were denied to us. I remember in particular the Sunday telecast of Mahabharata and Ramayana on Doordarshan that were everyone's favorite, mine as well. In spite of Sunday being a declared off day in my practice, patients would drop in just at the very time when the epics were being telecast. I would ask my domestic help tell them I am not home, but many of them were like family; they would enter the family room anyways and sit and watch the serial while I hid in my bedroom!

But then, medicine is a noble profession, we are reminded every time. Pleasure and medical profession don't go together; a little sacrifice will raise our stock both here and the hereafter.

Besides the routine days, it was the days we were on emergency call that kept us pinned to our homes. You could not afford to delay or miss a call. Of course that was as it should be, and I always stuck to my duty like the boy on the burning deck, except...



Except once in my life, and that was a lesson I never forgot.

That day I was on emergency call. But it was also the last day of Doctor Zuhvago showing at Broadway Cinema. There were rave reviews. Besides, I had read the novel, an English translation of the original Russian by Boris Pasternak. It was lyrical. I would not miss the movie at any cost. I decided to take the plunge, hoping that during that short period there would be no emergency or if there was one, my juniors on duty would tackle it. They were competent to deal with most emergencies and it was rarely that I would be called. As a precaution I took my mother into confidence, just in the case a call came up during that time.

I got a ticket with much difficulty for I was at the nick of time when the counters were closing and the cast was already showing. I hoped I was in for an exciting viewing. But it was not to be. Hardly a quarter through the movie, there was a sudden pause and a notice appeared on the screen. "Attention Doctor Chowdhury. Hospital Ambulance is waiting outside for an emergency call."

There was a moment's hum in the hall and then a mummer of disappointment and disapproval that rapidly rose to a high decibel as heads turned in different directions to find the culprit who had caused the sudden distraction. I cowered in my chair, hoping



nobody saw me. The movie resumed immediately and I quietly got up from my seat and emerged from the cinema hall.

It was one of the very unusual calls, not from my hospital directly but from the Director Health Services who had no jurisdiction on Srinagar Medical College where I was an Assistant Professor. It so chanced that the Central Minister of Health happened to be visiting Kashmir. He had come down with pain in the left arm while holidaying at Gulmarg. The local medical officer had rushed him to Srinagar. Being a VVIP, the Director Health had been immediately put on the alert. As soon as the Minister reached the Guest House at Sonwar, the Director arrived on the scene, examined the minister and reassured him that it didn't seem a heart attack, but he would order an electrocardiogram and send for the physician on call. By the time the Director left, the ambulance was on way to my residence. When my father realized that I had gone to watch a movie, he was frantic. He wrote a notice on a piece of paper, handed it over to the ambulance driver and directed him to ask the manager of Broadway to project it on the screen.

I sent the ambulance away and drove to the guest house. The minister informed me that the Director had already seen him, but offered to be examined again. He seemed gentle and pleasant and, for a change, there was no officiousness about him, no hubris. He complained of pain in the left arm that exacerbated by neck movements. It was most probably a root pain from cervical spondylosis. ECG did not show any abnormality. I wrote down a painkiller and drove home, missing the rest of Doctor Zhuvago, not imagining what lay in store for me at home.

As soon as I stepped inside, father burst into one of his worst tempers that I ever faced. "Did you see the patient or did you come home straight from the cinema hall?"

"Yes, I saw him, Thank you for the notice,

father."

Now he was really angry. "How can you be so irresponsible? If you are on call, how dare you go to a movie? This is gross dereliction of duty."

I had no gumption to argue with him. I gently explained that I was not negligent, that I had informed mother, that I lost no time to attend to the patient, and that it was not really an emergency, but a trivial problem that was blown up because the patient happened to be a minister.

A lawyer of high professional ethics, he was unforgiving. "I think you acted irresponsibly. You can't leave station on your call days, not even for your own important work or emergency. You must know it more than me; even a minute can make the difference between life and death. Personal comfort or convenience, impulse or inclination should have no precedence in the discharge of professional duties of a doctor."

I couldn't agree more. Nor have I forgotten that lesson to this day.

Contact Dr. at: kundanleela@yahoo.com

कॉशुर छे साँन्य
माजि ज्यव ।
असि पज़ि
पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य
अँथ्य ज़बाँन्य मंज़
कथ करुन्य ।



Tales Retold - Urmila Dhar Zutshi

Zaan Ded – A Timeless Tale

What a fascinating story – but would it be fair to call it a story? A gem from 'Kenh Non Kenh Son', a collection of several episodes, a narration that takes us back to a lifetime in Srinagar of yore, that no Kashmiri worth his/her salt, can ever erase from his or her mind and heart.

Shri M.K.Raina's tone is calm, even low key, but his short stories are so moving and touch us to the core. Each one is a cameo of life as it used to be, back home, once upon

a time. He avoids making it sound exotic or using a self-pitying tone, but his writing is suffused with love for Kashmir, its people, and all that it stands for. His love is infectious and one cannot help but be stirred by it.

Each story is a golden nugget, but I am particularly taken up by the persona of Zaan Ded, the author breathes life into her, making her a flesh and blood character. In fact she immediately conjures up for me, my grand-aunt Zappar Ded, my grandfather's sister, also known as Beyn Ded. She was a tall imposing figure, with silver hair, large light blue eyes brimming with wisdom, porcelain fair complexion, always clad in a dark or light blue Pheran, Taranga on her stately head, a sash loosely tied around her waist. Full of love and affection, she was renowned for her keen perception and astuteness.



Zaan Ded was ageless, no one knew how old she was or where she had come from. Some guessed her to be a hundred years old, some a thousand. Legend had it that she had remained completely unchanged since time immemorial. It was said, several ages ago, Zaan Ded had sat in deep meditation of Maa Sharada, who being pleased with her, granted her a boon. Zaan Ded felt sure that she would always be needed to help and advise her people, hence she asked for Immortality. The Goddess explained that it was a sacrosanct rule of Nature – what is born has to die. Zaan Ded thought about it and begged she be permitted to stay alive on this earth, as long as her people needed her help and guidance. "So Be It" pronounced Maa Sharada, and since that time, Zaan Ded has been around to render aid and assistance.

Zaan Ded lived in a small town called



Vyathabal. Though she had no kith or kin, she never ever considered herself to be alone, and hence never felt the lack of a family. She was loved by every man woman or child, of all ages. In fact children doted on her because she was constantly telling them fascinating stories of kings and queens. For the adults she was like an elder of the family and treated her with due reverence.

A very essential feature that was an integral part of Zaan Ded, was a large, strong wooden chest, with a heavy chain padlock on it, that was always by her side. It was a magical box which held her entire wealth, all her assets, and her legacy. The wonders of this chest never ceased to astonish people. It contained answers to some of the most difficult questions that had been asked, down the ages. Zaan Ded had all the answers in the chest, be it related to History, Geography, Science, Past, Present or Future. Children especially loved Zaan Ded as she was constantly regaling them with fairy tales and stories, from the Ramayana and Mahabharat, of kings, queens and demons, and of other worlds and ages.

In the early days there was lot of love, affection and goodwill amongst inhabitants, not only for each other, but also every living creature and the entire environment. The people of Vyathabal lived like one big family, sharing both happy and sad moments with each other. And for each and everyone, Zaan Ded was central to their life. They worried about her, and looked in upon her every single day, inquiring about her welfare, taking care of all her needs. In fact they believed with great conviction that she was their identity, that their existence was distinctive because of her.

At Vyathabal, the residents were a united lot - all for one, one for all, without any discrimination of caste or creed. Births, wedding celebrations, festivals were celebrated together, as extended members of one big family. Similarly, at deaths and

funerals, the dear departed were grieved and mourned about as if each and everyone had lost a close relative. The afflicted family did not have to worry about anything, and for the next fifteen days people took turns to cook for that family and their guests.

Kashinathji or Kash Kak as he was fondly called rose early and went to the river to carry out his ablutions, then making his way to the Shiv Mandir, to bathe the deity and clean the temple premises. After finishing his prayers he would make his way to Zaan Ded's to ask about her welfare and if she was in need of anything.

In the same way, Kadir Saab, or Kadir Kak, who lived on the opposite bank of the river, would rise early dawn, and after his bath would say his prayers seated on the rocks, facing Mecca. After Namaz he too would make his way to Zaan Ded's with fresh and dry fruit that was her daily breakfast.

Then there was Ama Kak's son Ali Mohammad who worked in the far off big town. He visited home once a month to meet his family and brought gifts for all. He never forgot to carry some useful knickknacks like combs, toothpicks, ear cleaners and Zaan Ded's favourite sweets, made from sesame and jiggery.

However, change is inevitable, and though Zaan Ded remained unchanged through countless eras, relentless time remained true to its essence. People changed and along with that major transformations started taking place. Now people had become self-centered and self-absorbed. They had no time for kindness and consideration for anyone other than their own little world. Overtaken by greed and ambition, their lives soon became a rat race. As if in retribution, disaster struck.

It rained hard and long, accompanied by a violent storm, thunder and lightning, the clouds so dark that day and night became one. For months the skies poured down



relentlessly, creating devastation and ruin. People ran for their lives with whomever and whatever they could save. There was immeasurable loss of lives and property. Months later when the skies cleared and the sun came out, there was nothing left to see. Zaan Ded rubbed her eyes in stunned disbelief at the sight that greeted her. Everything had perished, nothing had survived the wrathful onslaught of nature and it seemed like the end of the world.

As the waters receded, little by little the devastated settlement emerged, broken down dwellings, a door here, a window there, a child's toy, all giving mute evidence of the catastrophe that had struck them. Zaan Ded looked around her and saw nothing. She fell into a deep sleep. It was as if she were in a trance, and in her reverie she seemed to have been transported to Ayodhya, in the form of a little girl called Bela. There was great sense of anticipation around her and happy people rushing around, it was the day of Lord Rama's coronation as king of Ayodhya. Bela too got infected with the exhilaration surrounding her and looked forward to seeing Lord Rama.

All of a sudden there was an eerie silence and a sense of impending doom - a dark cloud seemed to descend on all the people of Ayodhya. Then the terrible most shocking news leaked out that Rani Kaikae had got Lord Rama sent into exile for fourteen years and her son Bharat made king in place of Lord Rama.

Some more time elapsed and suddenly once again Bela heard sounds of drums and flutes, singing and dancing, as if people were rejoicing. It seemed to Bela that almost in a blink of her eyes, fourteen years had gone by and Lord Rama with his wife Sita and brother Lakshmana had returned from exile. Bela was dazed, she could not for the life of her fathom how fourteen years had passed as if in a jiffy. Suddenly she saw Ramji walking towards her and when he was close to her he took her by

the hand. Bela felt an exploding flash of very bright light, like the sun was shining in her eyes.

Zan Ded was wide awake now, her reverie broken, the morning sun shining brightly. There was no Bela, no River Ganga and no Lord Rama. She was back in Vyathabal, but it was a completely different scenario that she witnessed. The Shiv temple had disappeared, new high-class houses had sprung up in place of the old dwellings and the river seemed to have run dry. In its place was plain ground with a small stream running through it. There seemed to be groups of people discussing serious issues. Some of them looked like gangsters with rifles and guns, and under a tree she saw horses and hunting dogs.

She could not see any of the old residents that she knew so well. Her kith and kin seemed to have vanished without a trace, replaced by an unruly mob, up to no good as was obvious. Suddenly she heard the sound of shots and shouting and screaming. Zaan Ded was bewildered with all these sights and sounds. She wondered what kind of nightmare she was gripped in and if she would ever come out of it.

Lassa Kak looked down at his almanac, it was exactly fourteen years ago that they had been driven out of their homes in Vyathabal. So many lost their lives along with family members that were either too old, disabled, or too young to survive the rough and tumble. The few that did get away barely escaped with their lives, having to leave most of their belongings behind. He could still visualize the horror and suffering of that holocaust. Finally a few survivors staggered forward, looking for somewhere to relocate.

[To be continued]

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Mission Survival - Prof. R.N.Bhat

Identity

Twenty-five years is considered the life-span of a generation. The year 2020 C.E. marks the thirtieth year of the displacement from their home and hearth in Kashmir Valley, of over half a million persons of all age-groups, varied socio-economic strata and ideologies, different professions and backgrounds, into hot and humid plains of the Indian sub-continent. The profound sense of nostalgia and loss is no longer uppermost in the minds of the displaced but there is a deep-rooted fear of the unknown, a silent bewilderment in the minds of the displaced regarding re-rooting themselves. Rootless-ness haunts the displaced at every corner! The youths have been schooled and brought-up in the hot and humid plains in an environment of peace, security and safety. They are, by and large, unaware of the destruction and misery that their parents and grandparents have suffered in the recent past. In some cases, they are presented a false picture of the bygone days. Had everything been goody-goody in the past, there would be no displacement.



The meritorious youths from among the displaced have succeeded at several fronts. Some of them have attained important positions across continents. This is true of some youths among the 'rooted' communities as well. The youths of the 'rooted' groups are free of the worries of identity, name and home, whereas the youths among the displaced continue to be nameless and homeless; hence, they live an imagined identity, imagine a name and home for themselves. The generation of the youths living an 'imagined identity' is required to give its progeny an 'identity' that is based upon the real situation. The lessons in 'Community History' must be designed to sharpen their intellect and enlarge their world-vision.

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हँसना मना है

कीमत

ईंट का भाव बताकर भट्टे वाले ने श्याम से कहा, 'आप जितनी ज़्यादा ईंटें खरीदेंगे, उतनी ही कीमत में छूट होगी।'

'ऐसा है क्या?' श्याम ने हैरानी से कहा, 'फिर तो तब तक ट्रक में लादते जाओ जब तक कि कीमत शून्य न हो जाये।'



लडकी का हाथ

एक दोस्त: यार शादी के लिये लडकी का हाथ ही क्यों मांगते हैं, पैर क्यों नहीं ?

दूसरा दोस्त: सीधी सी बात है। हाथ में घड़ी, कंगन, अंगूठी वगैरह होती है, मगर पैरों में चप्पल होती है।





Life - Chand Bhat

Of Teenagers & Half-truths

One of the protagonists in a Hindi movie from a couple of years ago tells his biological father that all he seeks is the truth about why he left him and his mother years ago. The father, a free-spirited painter, simply replies, "Sach hota kya hai? Sabka apna apna version hota hai. (What's truth after all? Everyone has his own version.)"

Now, taking life lessons from celluloid may not exactly be a smart thing to do, but when I did hear that bit, it brought a smile on my face, and an old tale about truths and half-truths.

The year was 1964. Chand was an average student in 10th grade at a reputed school in Srinagar. The school was known for discipline, imparting quality education and engaging students in extracurricular activities. The teachers were very committed, trained and knew their respective subjects well. They struck a right balance between being strict and being open-minded enough to let the youngsters loose to face the world.

Chand was largely an introvert, and while harmless, he wasn't without tricks up his sleeves. The naughty boy in him would often create some buzz and cause some ripples among his classmates, who were a good mix of bullies, docile, aggressive and book worms. Overall, most made sure they never crossed lines they shouldn't at the school.

Chand's class teacher was one Shri S.N.Kachroo; a boxer-like built, with stern and steely looks, basically enough physical traits to keep his wards in line when he was amazing them with his mastery of English and History in the class. However, out of the four walls of the classroom, he was a delight, often encouraging his students to take part in extracurricular activities.

During one pleasant summer, Chand's class, a group of 40, went on an excursion to Gulmarg, the picturesque flowery meadow.



Kachroo Sir was seated in the front of the bus that traversed through the hilly roads, passing by some gushing streams, mesmerising green fields and poplar avenues. Chand, meanwhile, sat in the back row with Yousuf, an ex-student of the school, who owned the bus.

As the open windows brought in cool, fresh air, Chand brought out a packet of cigarettes and lit one out. In a show of machismo, he would occasionally smoke before his mates when out of school.

A shocked Yousuf couldn't fathom the sight, especially with Kachroo Sir in the bus. "Are you really studying in this school? Aren't you scared of Kachroo Sir?" Yousuf asked Chand, who just smiled while looking out of the window and taking in another drag.

A fidgety Yousuf was mumbling, "It's been ten years since I passed out from the school and I am still scared of the man. You have lost all your senses." Chand only blew the smoke out of the window, well aware that the breeze will only send the smoke out of the bus.

Around 10 am, the bus reached Tangmarg, the base point for Gulmarg, and then began the walk through the pine forest on foot to reach Gulmarg. But before that, Kachroo Sir had everyone fall in line and gave out a few instructions. "You all are grown up and I would like to believe that you won't do anything undesirable and unsavoury," Kachroo Sir said. "So you all are on your own



and I would see you at 5 pm back here. Enjoy the time, and help each other when in need." With that he turned around and began his walk. Some followed him diligently, while some gravitated towards their clique of friends and began their climb.

Chander and his classmate Suresh, moved unnecessarily faster than the others, and were in Gulmarg earlier than everyone else. A quick glance at the scenic beauty of the place, and the two looked at each other with a mischievous smile.

Soon, like they had decided the day before, they were in front of a beer shop. With a couple of bottles tucked in their bags, off they were to a spot away from the gaze of Kachroo Sir. As they took their first few sips of beer, made faces, burped, a pair of eyes from between the trees saw them indulging in alcohol.

Chaman never could keep things to himself. An insecurity of sorts, an inferiority complex meant Chaman had a reputation of snitching. And so, with a smirk on his face, Chaman ran to Kachroo Sir.

Under the huge poplar, Chander and Suresh were content that they did what they set out to and now opened their respective lunch boxes to savour roganjosh and minced meat balls that their dotting mothers had packed for them. Even before a morsel could reach their mouths, a frantic and panting Sunder came running towards the two. "Chaman has complained to Kachroo Sir about...", he said, pointing to the beer bottles that lay by the side. "He is furious and looking for you two."

All Chander and Suresh could think of was to run, and so they did with their lunch boxes and bags, towards Tangmarg. Almost half an hour later, they had reached a stream and decided to eat to satisfy their hunger pangs.

That was also the time they used to think of means and ways to escape Kachroo Sir's fury. Suddenly, as the aroma of roganjosh wafted through as he opened his lunch box again, Chander got an idea. He had overheard his elder brother's friend talking about suppressing the smell of alcohol by munching cardamom and mint candies. And once they were down at Tangmarg, they bought cardamom and mint candies and kept munching. A small nap and they felt refreshed.

At quarter to five, the two heard the commotion of their classmates walking towards the bus. And they too joined the line. Just as everyone began boarding the bus, Kachroo Sir ordered Chander and Suresh to step forward and so they did. He came closer to them and asked them to blow air out looking for the smell of alcohol. But cardamoms and mint, along with the time gap had worked.

Kachroo Sir frowned in his angriest tone, asking, "Did you two have alcohol?"

Chander and Suresh looked at each other, feigning confusion and then looking back at Kachroo Sir, and shaking their head. "No Sir," Chander said as convincingly as he could.

Just as Kachroo Sir turned to look at Chaman, Chander added, "However, I do want to confess something."

Kachroo Sir turned back to Chander, and waited in silence.

"We did try smoking a cigarette today."

A few more moments of silence, and Chander looked up at his teacher and saw his steely face giving way to a strange calmness. Kachroo Sir smiled, kept his hand on their heads, and said, "You shouldn't have done that. You do know how harmful they are."

The two just nodded their heads, while looking at their feet.

"You had the courage to speak the truth,

Continued on Page 27



Our Cultural Heritage - M.K.Dhar

Why Do We Need To Learn Our Mother tongue

International Mother Language Day is celebrated every year on February 21, after the declaration by the United Nations, on Nov 17, 1999, to recognise the



sacrifices of people who lost their life for the sake of their mother tongue in Bangla Desh in 1952. To every one of us mother language is one of the most precious gifts that we have in our lives. Each and every language spoken throughout the globe represents a unique and distinct cultural heritage, melodious songs, colourful environment, tasty food and a healthy society to live in, where people express their feelings and emotions without any hesitation.

According to Leanne Hinton, professor of linguistics at the University of California, the loss of language is part of loss of whole cultures and knowledge systems, including philosophical systems, oral literacy, music traditions, medical knowledge and important cultural practices and artistic skills. The world stands to lose an important part of human knowledge whenever a language stops being used.

Within the multilingual societies, maintaining the language of ethnic and cultural groups is critical for the preservation of cultural heritage and identity. Using one's mother tongue at home makes it easier for children to be comfortable with their own cultural identity. A language is more than just a means of communication. It is a repository of a community's collective history and heritage. It also provides an identity and a focus that binds a community together, which makes individual accomplishments easier.

The use of one's mother tongue for communication at home allows the children to know their roots and they will be able to pass it



on to their children, thus securing their culture for the future generations. To preserve our linguistic and cultural diversity, we must encourage the use of mother tongue as much as possible.

Jim Cummins, Professor at the university of Toronto says that, research has clearly shown that mother tongue has very important role in children's overall development. When children develop their skills in two or even three languages, they get a deeper understanding of how to use different languages effectively. According to Prof. Cummins, the stronger the children's mother tongue, the easier it is for them to learn new languages.

Therefore it is very important that parents speak their mother tongue at home. Feelings which are important for the child's development are also passed on through the mother tongue. The best way for parents to support their children's learning of their mother tongue is to spend time with the children. Story telling, discussions and offering support and encouragement in their mother tongue will aid children on their journey to become multilinguals.

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Grandma's Stories

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

रोज़ की तरह बच्चे शाम को अपनी दादी माँ जिसे वह प्यार से **काकन्य जिगुर** कहते थे, के पास आकर बैठ गये और उन्हें कहानी सुनाने का आग्रह किया। दादी माँ भी तैयार ही थी। कल उन्होंने **थीफ आफ बगदाद** की कहानी अंग्रेज़ी में सुनाई थी। आज की कहानी हिंदी में थी। 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 **रोटी के बदले स्वर्ग**। ध्यान से सुनो।'

रोटी के बदले स्वर्ग

कहते हैं हारून रशीद अरब देश का एक खलीफा था। उस का एक भाई था, नाम था बहलूल। बहलूल एक सीधा सादा आदमी था पर था भिखारी। भीख मांग कर जीवन व्यतीत करता था। एक दिन वह वहाँ के राजा के महल में गया और खाने के



Image : 1mobile.com

लिये कुछ मांगा। उसके गंदे कपड़े देख और महलखाने के अंदर बिना पूछे आने पर राजा को गुस्सा आया। उस ने दरबारियों को कह कर बहलूल को बाहर निकलवा दिया। राजा ने उसका उपहास भी बहुत किया।

'यह तो बहुत बुरा हुआ' बबलू ने दादी माँ को बीच में टोक कर कहा।

'हाँ, बुरा तो हुआ पर राजा किसी की बात नहीं सुनता था। राजा था ना!' दादी माँ ने समझाया।



Image: gteentral.com



'फिर क्या हुआ ?' राजू ने पूछा।

'फिर यह हुआ कि दूसरे दिन बहलूल जंगल में गया।' दादी माँ आगे की कहानी सुनाने लगी।

भूख और प्यास से बहलूल तड़प रहा था इसलिये एक बड़े पेड़ के नीचे बैठ कर सोने की कोशिश करने लगा। उसे नींद न आई। अचानक उठ कर उसने लकड़ी के कुछ टुकड़े जमा किये और उन्हें ज़मीन के अंदर एक खास अंदाज़ में ठोकने लगा। उसके सामने से बग्घी में बैठी वहां की रानी जा रही थी। रानी ने उसे देखा और बग्घी से नीचे उतर गई। रानी को राजा के हाथों बहलूल का अपमान होने की सारी बात का ज्ञान था।

'तो रानी ने राजा को क्यों नहीं समझाया?' बिल्लू ने दादी माँ से पूछा।

क्योंकि राजा किसी की बात नहीं सुनता था। राजा था ना!' यह कर कर दादी माँ आगे की कहानी सुनाने लगी।

रानी ने बहलूल से पूछा, 'दरवेश, क्या कर रहे हो?'

बहलूल ने जवाब दिया, 'स्वर्ग बना रहा हूँ।'

रानी ने पूछा, 'स्वर्ग को बेचोगे क्या?'

बहलूल ने कहा, 'क्यों नहीं?'

रानी ने पूछा, 'क्या मोल लोगे?'

बहलूल ने जवाब दिया, 'एक रोटी।'

रानी को मालूम था कि बहलूल की बातों का कोई मतलब नहीं है। वह जानती थी कि बहलूल भूखा है और एक रोटी पाने के लिये वह यह नाटक कर रहा है। रानी ने उसे एक रोटी दे दी। वह भी भूखे को कुछ खिलाना चाहती थी। बहलूल ने लकड़ियों की एक गठरी बना दी और रानी को सोंप दी।

महल में पहुँच कर रानी ने राजा को पूरी बात बता दी। राजा ने लकड़ी के टुकड़ों को घृणा से देखा और रानी की मूर्खता पर हंस पड़ा। रानी कुछ नहीं बोली। उसने लकड़ी की गठरी को सलीके से टाँड पर रख दिया।

'फिर क्या हुआ ?' राजू ने पूछा।

फिर यह हुआ कि रात को राजा गहरी नींद सो रहा था। उसने एक सपना देखा। उसने देखा कि वह एक ऊंची पत्थर की दीवार के सामने खड़ा था। दीवार में एक बड़ा द्वार था। द्वार के सामने दो पहरेदार खड़े थे। राजा ने दूर से ही द्वार की दरार से अंदर झाँक कर देखा। सामने एक विशाल और सुंदर बाग था जिस में



Image: lightforcenetwork.com

नाना प्रकार के वृक्ष और उन पर फल फूल लगे थे। बाग के बीच में स्वच्छ पानी व मधु की नदियाँ बह रही थीं। वृक्षों के ऊपर सुंदर रंग बिरंगी पक्षी चहचहा रहे थे। अति सुंदर दृश्य था। वास्तव में स्वर्ग लग रहा था।'

'स्वर्ग कैसा होता है?' पिकी ने दादी माँ से



Garden Image : infoindiadirect

पूछा।

‘स्वर्ग बहुत ही सुंदर होता है। हमारी कल्पना से भी सुन्दर।’ दादी माँ ने जवाब दिया। ‘आगे की कहानी सुनो।’

राजा ने फिर ध्यानपूर्वक देखा। दूर, एक विशाल वृक्ष के साये में एक औरत राजसी वेषभूषा और हीरे जवाहरात पहने एक सुंदर सिंहासन पर विराजमान थी। सिंहासन सोने का बना था। उसके सामने, सुंदर वेशभूषा में उसकी सेविकायें हाथ जोड़े खड़ी थीं। राजा सिंहासन पर विराजे उस औरत को देखना चाहता था। उसने पहरेदारों से विनती की कि उसे थोड़ा सा और द्वार के निकट आने दिया जाये। पहरेदार मान गये। राजा ने द्वार के पास आकर ध्यान से उस औरत को देखा और हैरान हो गया। वह औरत उसकी रानी थी और उस के चेहरे पर एक रहस्यमय

मुस्कान थी। राजा ने पहरेदारों से पूछा, ‘यह कौन सी जगह है और वह औरत कौन है।’

पहरेदारों ने बताया, ‘यह स्वर्ग है और वह औरत इस स्वर्ग की मालकिन है। उसने कल ही इस स्वर्ग को खरीद लिया है।’ राजा बहुत खुश हुआ। वह चिल्ला चिल्लाकर पहरेदारों को बताना चाहता था कि वह मालकिन उसकी रानी है। ज्योंही उसने यह बताने के लिये मुंह खोला, वह नींद से जाग

गया। वह अब भी अपने महल के अंदर अपने ही पलंग पर सो रहा था। राजा ने सामने देखा। उसकी रानी अपने पलंग पर सो रही थी लेकिन उसके चेहरे पर वही मुस्कान थी जो राजा ने उसके चेहरे पर स्वर्ग के अंदर देखी थी।

बच्चे कुछ न बोले। वह ध्यानपूर्वक कहानी सुन रहे थे।

दूसरे दिन राजा जंगल में उसी जगह पहुँचा जहाँ रानी ने उसे बताया था। बहलूल अब भी ज़मीन के अंदर लकड़ियाँ ठोकने में व्यस्त था। राजा बग़ी से नीचे उतरा और उसने बहलूल से पूछा, ‘दरवेश, क्या कर रहे हो?’

बहलूल ने कहा, ‘स्वर्ग बना रहा हूँ।’

राजा ने पूछा, ‘बेचोगे क्या?’



बहलूल ने जवाब दिया, 'हाँ, बेचूँगा।'

राजा ने पूछा, 'क्या दाम लोगे?'

बहलूल ने जवाब दिया, 'सात राजाओं के सात खज़ाने।'

राजा सकते में आ गया। उसने कहा, 'पर कल तो आप ने एक रोटी के बदले में बेचा था।'

बहलूल ने कहा, 'हाँ बेचा था, पर उसने बिना देखे ही खरीद लिया था। उसे यह कहाँ मालूम था कि मैं क्या बेच रहा हूँ। वह तो केवल मुझे रोटी खिलाना चाहती थी। आप सब कुछ अपनी आंखों से देख कर आ चुके हो ना!'

राजा मुँह लटकाये वहाँ से चला गया।



Image:scawaychina.com

कहानी सुना कर दादी माँ ने कहा, 'आज की कहानी खत्म। कल शाम को समय पर आना नई कहानी सुनने के लिये।' बच्चे खुश हो कर सोने के लिये चले गये।



Of Teenagers

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From Page 22

and that is something I appreciate."

And he slapped their backs and gestured them to get into the bus.

Chaman was dumbfounded for what unfolded in front of him. Kachroo Sir's face became red with anger staring at him.

Chaman was reprimanded for being a snitch. "You are grown up boys, and all I expect from you is maturity, not snitching on your mates. Help each other understand the good and the bad," Kachroo Sir said loud enough for everyone to hear.

As the sun was setting and the bus made its way back to Srinagar, Chander had a smile on his face. For that 15-year-old, it wasn't about right and wrong. For him, it was simply about escaping a sticky real world situation unscathed to live another day.

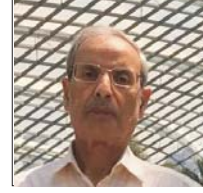
Contact author at:
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*No language
is sweeter than
your
mothertongue
but you do not
know that.*



काँशुर हाख

वेद प्रकाश काव, द्वारिकावासी, नई दिल्ली



ऐ हाख, चु कति आख
सँतीसरुचि ज़मीनि ज़ाख
गरम मसालन छुय चै ठाख
न छुय हाजथ क्रायि हुंद पाख

चौनिस मज़स छे यीचाह साख
सारिनय सिन्यन कोरुथ डाख
कति रुद बेकुल तु कति बेबाख
न रुद कुल तय न रुद शाख

हाकन नाव ह्योत पनुन्यन कुस्मन
दोपुनख बाँय म्यौन्य छि यज़्जतदार
कानुल, काछि हाख तु बेयि तोलु हाख
कावुडॉर्य, बागु हाख बेयि व्वपल हाख

आरमवारि हुंद तु बटुवैत्य हाख
जोम अम्रीका तु दिल्लि हुंद हाख
तोह्य ना पूशिव मे मसालु वाल्यव
तुहुंजन अँडिजन करोव बु खाक

कबाबु, ग्वस्ताबु यखुन्य तु कॅली
राज़माह फूल तु मट्टर पॅली
अज़रवुनि सुत्यन शर्मदु गॅली
येलि नु पूश कुनि वति त्रौवुख बाख

सेज़ुरन चॉन्य द्युत सारिनय चाख
नु रुद त्यंगुल नु रुज़ राख
कति आव ब्योल तय कति आव नाख
अवु गव लल्लि येति वचुन तु वाख

सेज़ुरय बावस लगुहँस नावस
वनुहँस बु सॉरी अँद्रिम राज
बोज़ि कुस वेदस तामुसन ख्योमुत
होख्यमुत्य कुलिसुय कति यि शाख

ऐ हाख, चु कति आख
सँतीसरुचि ज़मीनि ज़ाख





काव्य - पी.के.कौल
एक दिलसोज़ याद



अरज़े जन्नत जिसको कहते हैं सबी अहले-जहां
उसमें मेरा आशियां, माज़ी था मेरा हाल था।
अपना नहीं, अपनों में अपना था कोइ जिसने उसे
नज़रे आतिश कर दिया अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

जो भी मेरा था वह ज़ालिम ने कहा मेरा नहीं
आस्तां मेरा नहीं, बुतकदह मेरा नहीं।
अपना नहीं, अपनों में अपना था कोइ जिसने मुझे
अपने ही घर से निकाला अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

जौहरे कश्मीर था जो आतशे चिन्नार था
दुशमने जुलमत था जो कश्मीर का मेअमार था।
अपना नहीं अपनों में अपना था कोइ जिसने कहा
'इसकी कबर को जला दो' अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

हुस्न का पैकर थी अपने बाग की हर इक कली
ता हदे तारीखे आदम दरपरदह थी हर इक कली।
अपना नहीं, अपनों में अपना था कोइ जिसने उसे
दागे दामन दे दिया अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

Continued on Page 32



Languages - Dr. P.L.Ganju

Place of Sanskrit in Indian Schools & Homes

“Such is the marvellous continuity between the past and the present in India that, in spite of repeated social convulsions, religious reforms and foreign invasions, Sanskrit may be said to be still the only language that is spoken over the whole extent of the vast country. Even at the present moment, after a century of the English rule and English teaching, I believe, Sanskrit is more widely understood in India than Latin was in Europe at the time of Dante (1265-1321).”

- Prof. Friedrich Max Muller (1823-1900)

These famous lines are often quoted by the scholars of ancient Indian civilization, highlighting the persistence of its unswerving language of Sanskrit. In 1937, while presiding over the Oriental Conference at Trivandrum, Dr F. F. Thomas held a similar view as Max Muller and also quoted his statement. He suggested that a simple form of Sanskrit should be used as a common all-India language (see Jawaharlal Nehru's 'Discovery of India', 1946).

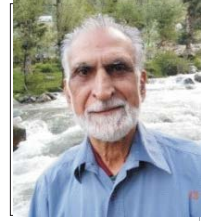
Sanskrit can be traced to the archaic Vedic dialect of the early Aryans in India. Aryans composed their first sacred hymns of the Rig Veda in this dialect, from 1500-1000 B.C. The other Vedas, the Brahmanas (dealing with the ritual ceremonies) and the Upanishads were composed in the later Vedic period, up to 500 B.C. All these scriptures were committed to memory before they could be put down in writing. During the extended Vedic period, the language of these scriptures became, more and more, sophisticated, in its structure and sound, and was learned by people. Panini (5th century B.C.) analyzed the grammar of this language and prescribed his precise rules for its correct usage, heralding the classical period of the language, in India. Subsequently, it was used extensively in its refined Paninian *avatar*, in both the arts and the sciences. The Sanskrit reached its peak in North India, in the Golden Era of the Gupta Dynasty (319-467A.D), ruling in Magadh, with its capital at Patliputra. It continued to flourish

in the reign of Harshavardhana (606-647), the King of Kanauj.

Sanskrit was taken to south India by the migrating Brahmins, largely via Deccan. While they learnt the indigenous Dravidian languages, the Dravidian scholars picked up Sanskrit from the learned Brahmins, leading to bilingualism. Now, Sanskrit served as the *lingua franca* of the country and was extensively used by the scholars throughout India for a long time, even during the Muslim era, despite the colossal destruction of its literature by its early conquerors.

Prof. A. K. Warder, an eminent indologist and a scholar of Buddhism, at the University of Toronto (1963-1990) wrote a comprehensive chapter on 'Classical Literature' of India, in "A Cultural History of India," 1975 (ed. A.L. Basham), covering much of the Indian Sanskrit literature from the two great Indian epics, the *Mahabharata* and the *Ramayana* up to his time. Warder concluded that "Sanskrit was the only truly national language India has ever had, linking all regions and all classes with the immortal springs of Indian thought. If it disappears, with its cultural heritage, India will never be a nation and will surely break into a series of European-type states."

After Independence, the makers of Indian Constitution recognized the cultural





value of Sanskrit and included it in the group of twenty Scheduled Languages of the country. Besides, the Indian Constitution directs the Union Government to use Sanskrit as the primary source of vocabulary to enrich Hindi, officially accepted as the national language of the country.

In pursuance of the constitutional obligation of the Centre to promote Sanskrit in India, it set up “Sanskrit Commission” to guide it in its implementation. The Commission travelled extensively in the subcontinent to ascertain the views of the people and submitted its report in 1957, concluding that people of India still looked upon the Sanskrit language as the embodiment of Indian culture and civilization. The Sanskrit Commission recommended to the Centre to introduce Sanskrit in the school curriculum.

In its 1968 Education Policy statement, the Government of India emphasized on “the special importance of Sanskrit, in the growth and development of Indian languages and its unique contribution to the cultural unity of the country” and recommended that “facilities for its teaching at the school and the university stages should be offered on a more liberal basis”. From here on, teaching of Sanskrit was made compulsory in the Kendriya Vidyalayas, in 6-9 classes, but as an elective subject in the 10th.

In 1994, the decision of government of India to include Sanskrit, as an elective subject in the Secondary education, leaving out Persian and Arabic, was challenged in a PIL in the Supreme Court, pleading that this was against the proclaimed secularism of the country. The Apex Court however did not find any merit in the petition and rejected it. Then, in 1995, the late Congress HRD Minister, Madhav Rao Scindia, assured Rajya Sabha members that Sanskrit would be made compulsory in the Kendriya Vidyalayas, in the 10th class also, but so far this has not been possible.

A National Conference on the “Importance of Sanskrit in Modern Age” was held in Lucknow from 13-15th Sept. 2013. It was inaugurated by the HRD Minister in the last UPA Government, Shri Pallam Raju and His deputy, Shri Jitin Prasad was also present at the conference. In the concluding session of the conference, it was resolved that all the secondary schools in the country should introduce Sanskrit as a compulsory subject up to Class X. A news column in The Indian Express said that, the HRD Ministry had subsequently sent a *note* (reportedly accessed by the newspaper) to CBSE to take necessary action in this regard. Indian Express had then contacted Shri Raju to ascertain the contents of the said *note*. The Minister denied that there was any move to make Sanskrit compulsory in the 10th Class, for lack of adequate teaching staff.

In this context, it may be added here that way back in 1995, the Deputy Minister in the HRD ministry had told the Rajya Sabha members that in the 818 Kendriya Vidyalayas, all over the country, a total of only 112 students had opted for Sanskrit in the 10th class during the past three years. The reluctance of the Centre to make Sanskrit compulsory in secondary education is understandable. Besides the reported paucity of adequate staff for teaching this language in the secondary education, there is a general apathy of the students towards choosing it as an elective subject in their 10th class, as it is not deemed to be useful in their higher education, especially, in Commerce and Sciences, where English is the *needed* language. Instead, they prefer a foreign language, like German, as one of the elective subjects. Now, that the HRD ministry, in the BJP government has decided to omit German as an elective language in the Kendriya Vidyalayas, ostensibly to divert them to Sanskrit, more students may take up this subject now.

While, the teaching of Sanskrit in the



middle education in the Kendriya Vidyalayas, is a welcome development, it is doubtful whether this effort alone is enough to rejuvenate the cultural heritage of the country. The language must be taught also in all the other secular schools of India.

While the traditional Sanskrit *pathshalas* and the deemed Sanskrit Mahavidyalayas (deemed *universities*), teaching the Vedic and the Sanskrit, abound in the country, they do not receive adequate attention and patronage of the society. Most of them are languishing for want of funds and adequate staff. The governments, both in the States and the Centre, are not generally involved in the running of these 'non-secular' institutions. However, they have to be empathetic to the fate of these dying institutions, and give them generous grants, if they sincerely want to revive the pristine culture of the Nation.

Besides, while the Hindu parents should encourage their children to take up Sanskrit as an additional language in their middle education (if not higher up), to let them earn higher marks, which this subject has the potential, they must also attempt to learn it in their spare time at home, to earn whatever spiritual merit it may bestow on them. They can do it following the courses of their children and do so religiously, as a part of their worship. Sanskrit is a sacred language and must be respected. Scientists say that learning a new language sharpens one's memory and delays old age, which would be an additional boon. Then why not start with our own sacred language of Sanskrit, at least, to be able to recite the melodious Song of the Lord.

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एक दिलसोज़ याद

.....

From Page 29

काम था इबलीस का नाम आज़ादी का था
कातिलों के हाथ में हुकमे मौत और ज़ीस्त था।
हुकम फरमाने लगे असल शरफा पर वही
कल तलक जो थे बिखारी अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

इसमत दरी की रात थी रहज़नी का रोज़ था
खुद ही जज, कारिन्दा भी खुद, खुद ही वह जल्लाद था।
कत्ल करना बेगुनाहों को और बादअज़ां
मन गडंत तोहमत लगाना अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

वह मुजाहिद थे खुले- दरपरदह बुज़दिल चोर थे
मरदे मैदां क्या कहें हिजडों पे भी वह नंग थे।
बेगुनाहों शीर ख्वारों पीरो ज़न की ओट में
छुप छुपा शब खून डाला अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

‘कौल’ यह जुलमत का दौर कब तलक चल पायेगा
नूर सबकत पायेगा तू अपने घर को जाये गा।
अरज़े जन्नत जिसको कहते हैं सबी अहले जहां
वह तेरा है अज़ल से अब भी मुझ को याद है ॥

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Sign Post

Only those who attempt the
absured can achieve the
impossible.



काव्य - अशोक रैणा, यूक्रेन

जुव छुम ब्रमान

बोज़ि दय बेयि द्वह सु यी ना
दव तुलिथ तरुहॉ अपोर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर



बेयि बु बेहमुहॉ नागु बॉटिस
प्यौठ, बु करुहॉ कथु चोर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर

ल्वकुट शुर ओसुस बु येलि
गरि द्रास तमि द्वह राथ क्युत
माजि दोपुनम अख जु र्यथ
तमि पतु आसव बेयि येती

याद छुम अख अख ज़ख्म
अख अख शँहीद मे याद छुम
हतु बद्यन न्यरदोश शहीदन
हुंज़ शहादथ याद छम

नाराए तकबीर अल्लाहु अकबर
यिहय कथ ऑस सराबोर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर

असि छु तिमन न्याय द्यावुन
म्यानि कथि प्यठ वॅरिव गौर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर

दमकीयन हुंद दौर ओस अख
मचुराह ज़न ओस रवां
गॉर मुस्लिम चॅलिव सॉरी
नतु रॅलिव तहरीकि सुत्य

वॅरी बॅद्य गॅयि असि सॉचान
असि रोव क्याह, असि ज़रुरथ क्याह
अॅस्य छि सॉरी अलग थलग
असि छे रॉवमुच काहन गाव

मस्जिदन मंज़ द्वहस रातस
हर तरफ ओस योहय शोर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर

सॉरी समुहव कुनी रज़ि लमुहव
इन्कलाबुक अनव दौर
जुव छुम ब्रमान कर गछु बु गरु
बरुनि पनुनि मुचरु तोर

हाय कोत गव सु गुलिस्तान
कति सना तिम आबुशार
सॉंतु फुलय रॉव कति ताम
खबर कोत गव सबज़-ज़ार





Kashmiri Modur Pulao

We are into the festival season and our aromatic, delicious Mitha or Sweet Pulao is just the right treat to prepare for family and friends. Back home in Srinagar, the delectable Modur Pulao was an almost statutory dish to be prepared by Kashmiri Pandits, at weddings and served to please and honour the bridegroom and members of his baarat. I give below the recipe as prepared in my family.

MITHA PULAO

Ingredients:

- 1 cup Basmati rice
- 1 cup Sugar
- 6 tbsp Ghee
- 3 Bay leaves (tej patta)
- 1 inch Cinnamon Stick (Dalchini)
- 6 to 8 Cardamom (Elaichi) Pods/Seeds
- 1/2 tsp Whole Black Peppercorns
- 1/4 tsp Saffron strands
- 1 cup Dates , chopped
- 15 to 20 Badam (Almonds) blanched and sliced
- 10 to 15 Cashew nuts , chopped
- 15 Raisins
- Salt , as required
- 3 cups Water

Method:

Wash rice thoroughly with water and soak for 1/2 hour, drain water and set aside. Soak a few strands of saffron in 1/2 cup warm milk and keep aside

Soak dates in warm water for half an hour, chopping them into long thick slices. Bring 2 cups of water to a boil, add rice and cook for about 5 minutes. Ensure that the rice is only cooked 3/4th.

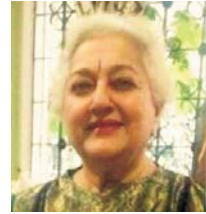
Heat ghee in a thick bottomed or non-stick kadai, and once the ghee is hot, lower the flame and add cloves, bay leaves, cinnamon stick, cardamom, and peppercorns

Now, add sugar, 1/2 cup of water and cook until it dissolves completely. Continue cooking till it turns into a thick syrup consistency.

Add the half cooked rice and give it a stir. Now add chopped dates, raisins, blanched almonds and halved cashew nuts to the rice.

Combine them well and pour the saffron milk on top of the rice. Cover the pan and cook over low flame for about 20 to 25 minutes or until cooked. Stir gently to prevent it from being burnt at the bottom.

Serve warm garnished with slivers of almonds and rose petals.

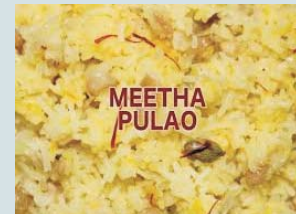


Urmila Dhar Zutshi



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

Your contribution is welcome.

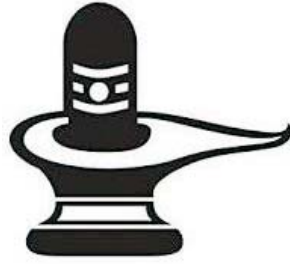




COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Based on the Folk Stories of Kashmir
Concept & Creation

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt





King and the Shepherded - 2

Authored by : Ashok Dullu

Comic created by: Deepak Durgaprasad

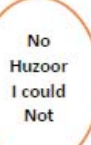
AT RAJA'S DARBAR



So Mantri's ...Could anybody find a solution to my problem



No Huzoor I could Not



No Huzoor I could Not



Yes...Huzoor I could



Here is the person who can answer your question...His name is Gopal



Namaste Huzoor



Let us see

Raja Raises One Finger



Ooh

Gopal raises Two Fingers



Ooh...He is brilliant person...I am happy now...Let me see what response he has for this.

Raja Raises Three Fingers



NO...NO...NO...Please let me go

Seeing Three Fingers Gopal panics and tries to run

COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Created by

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt



King and the Shepherded - 2

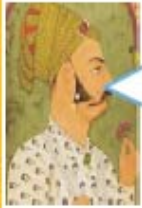


Let Him Go...I am
Happy with his
answer...Mantri ji
You have done a
great job bringing
him in...You will be
awarded for this.

Shukriya
Huzoor



But
Huzoor...Could
you please tell
us what the
conversation
was about?



When I held up one finger, I was meaning to
ask him whether I alone was a great king. By
holding two fingers, the shepherd reminded
me that there is also God, who is at least as
powerful as I am. Then I asked him whether
there was any third by raising three fingers.
The wise shepherd reminded me that there
was God and no third one as good as me.

That Night the
Minister visited
his Shepherd
Gopal and asked
him about the
conversation with
the King...Gopal
says



I have only three sheep of my own,
master. When raja held up one finger,
meaning he wanted one of my sheep.
As he is a great raja, I offered to give
him two. But when he held up three
fingers to show that he wanted all
three of my sheep, I thought he was
going too far. So I tried to run away.

Thank you,
God...How Lucky I
am that the
conversation was
silent or I would
have been
punished today



Next time, a new story

COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Created by

Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt



कहानी - म.क.रैना

चोट (४)

(मूल कश्मीरी 'व्वटखूर' : हिंदी अनुवाद - लेखक)

जीलानी फुट पाथ पर बैठ गया। एक कदम भी आगे चलने की हिम्मत नहीं थी। अपने सिर को घुटनों के बीच छिपा कर रो पड़ा। किसी ने पीछे से आकर उसके सिर पर हाथ फेरा और हाथ में कुछ थमा दिया। जीलानी ने सिर उठाया। देखा, हाथ में पच्चास रुपये का नोट था। पीछे की ओर मुड़ कर देखा, वही दाढ़ी वाला तेज़ तेज़ कदम उठाते हुये जा रहा था। जीलानी उसके पीछे दौड़ा पर जब तक उसके पास पहुँचता, वह रिक्शा में बैठ कर निकल गया। जीलानी की आँखों से आँसुओं की धार बहने लगी। “मेरे भाई, मुझे माफ़ कर देना। मैं आप को ही चोर समझ रहा था। मैं आपका एहसान कैसे चुका पाऊँगा?” पर जीलानी की बात सुनने वाला वहाँ कोई नहीं था।



जीलानी एक रिक्शा में बैठ गया और चाँदनी चौक पहुँचा। वहाँ से किधर जाना है, यह उसको मालूम न था। उसने रिक्शा वाले से पूछा, “भाई, तुम अश्फाक साहब को जानते हो? वह कश्मीरी शाल बेचते हैं और उनके पास मोटर भी है।” रिक्शा वाले ने कहा, “अरे भाई, तुम पागल तो नहीं हो? यहाँ लाखों लोगों के पास मोटर है। यह कोई छोटा शहर थोड़े ही है? यह दिल्ली है दिल्ली। यहाँ एक दिन में हज़ारों लोग गुम हो जाते हैं और सैंकड़ों

गाड़ियों के नीचे आकर मर जाते हैं।” जीलानी बुत बना उसे देखता रहा। सोचा, “मैं भी गाँव के बच्चों को इसी तरह धुतकारता था।”



एक कश्मीरी दुकानदार से पूछ कर जीलानी ने अश्फाक साहब का पता लगा लिया और देर रात उनके घर पहुँच गया। वह लोग भी उसके लिये परेशान हो रहे थे। जीलानी की कहानी सुन कर वह भी सकते में आ गये। “चलो, खुदा का शुक्र है कि तुम सही सलामत यहाँ पहुँच गये। सामान का ग़म मत करो, सब नया मिल जायेगा,” अश्फाक साहब की माँ ने कहा।



शफीका ने पीले चावल बनाये और सभी छोटों बड़ों को खिलाया। “जीलानी साहब की वजह से अश्फाक साहब की बहुत मदद हुई है। कारोबार भी बढ़ गया है। अब उन्होंने एक और दुकान खरीदी है और वह जीलानी साहब को ही सौंप दी है। खुदा नजात दे। मैंने सुना है पूरा दिन एक ही टाँग पर खड़ा रहता है। साँस लेने की फुर्सत नहीं है। अश्फाक साहब के सारे खरीदार उसी के पास आते हैं”, शफीका लोगों को सुना रही थी। कादिर ने पूछा, “वह यहाँ कब



घूम फिर लो पर उसने नहीं माना। किसी की समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि बात क्या है? ऐसा लगता था जैसे किसी ने उसके ऊपर जादू टोना कर दिया हो। एक दिन अशफाक साहब के पिताजी उसे ज़बरदस्ती कुतुब मीनार दिखाने ले गये। वह वहीं एक पत्थर पर बैठ गया, ऊपर चढ़ा ही नहीं। मोटर में चढ़ना

आयेगा?" शफीक़ा ने जवाब दिया, "खुदा नजात दे। उसके यहाँ आने की बात अब खत्म हो गई। उसके पास काम छोड़कर जाने का समय कहाँ है?" यह सुनकर बच्चे दुखी हो गये।



अशफाक साहब के पास बड़ा मकान था। कारोबार भी अच्छा खासा था। पर जीलानी को कुछ भी पसंद न आया। पहले दिन से ही वह दुखी था। उसका मन न काम में लगता था और न घर में। खाने को भी कुछ अच्छा नहीं लग रहा था। कहता था, खाने को मन नहीं है। कई बार अशफाक साहब ने कहा कि थोडा



भी उसे अच्छा नहीं लगता था। दो महीने इसी तरह बीत गये। पर अब एक और परेशानी हो गई। आठ दिन से जीलानी बुखार से तप रहा था। दवाई बहुत ली पर कोई असर नहीं हुआ। देखते देखते उसकी हालत बिगडने लगी। डाक्टर भी परेशान थे कि बात क्या है, बीमार ठीक क्यों नहीं हो रहा है? अशफाक साहब ने सोचा, हालात ठीक नहीं हैं। जीलानी के घर वालों को बताना चाहिये। उसने जीलानी के बाप को खबर की। वह परेशान हाल तुरन्त चला आया। बेटे की हालत देख कर वह धक से रह गया। रोते रोते उसने बेटे से उसका हाल पूछा। अपने पिता की आवाज़ सुन कर जीलानी रो पडा। "तुम्हें क्या तकलीफ़ है मेरे बच्चे, बताते क्यों नहीं?" पिता ने बेटे के माथे पर हाथ फेरकर पूछा। जीलानी ने धीरे से अपनी आँखें खोलीं। पिता की गोद में सिर रखा और कहा, "अब्बा, मुझे गाँव कब वापस ले जाओगे?"



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Your Own Page



Hemakshi Dhar
Daughter of Smt.
Sunilata & Shri Sanjay
Dhar of Sanpada,
Navi Mumbai
won two Golds in South
& West Zone CBSC
Speed Skating
Competition held at YAK
Public School, Khopoli.
She is now qualified for
Nationals.

Congratulations.

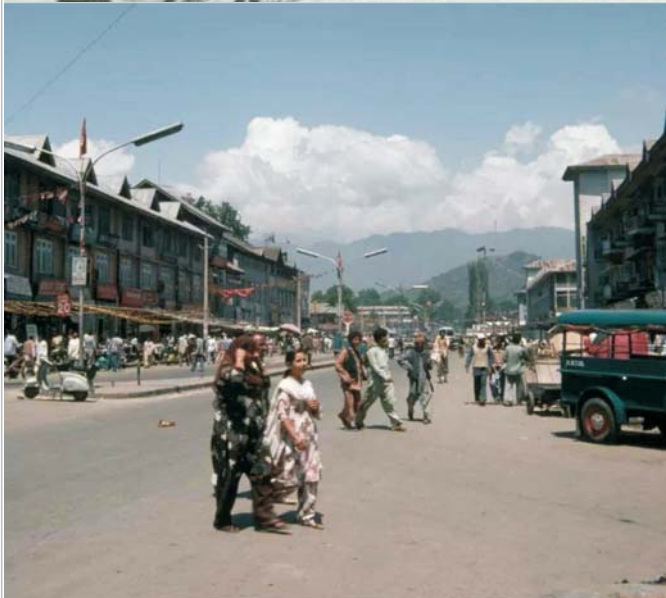




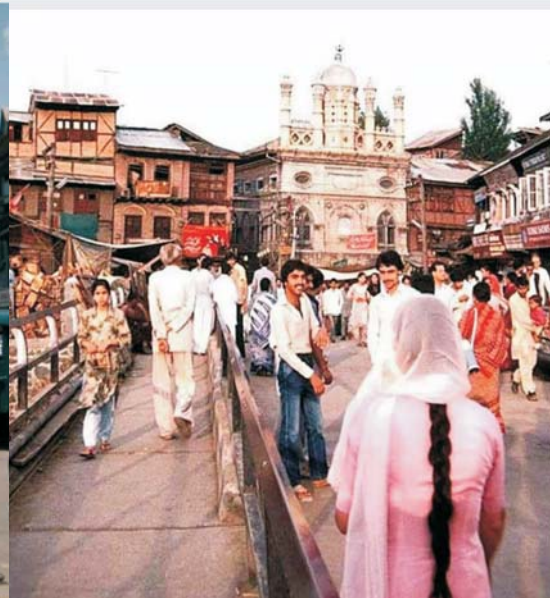
Photo Feature - Rare Photos



Old Amira Kadal



Budshah Chowk 1982



Habba Kadal 1970



Letters to Editor

Dear Raina Saab,

I must congratulate you on the coming out of October issue of our Praagaash on its due date. The cover page inspired me and I was drawn to my sweet silent thoughts of past (our mother land and her grandeur). It is excellent. I went across the magazine and read between the lines. The articles are exciting and thought provoking. The choice of topics is apt. I loved to read all. Mr. Ajay Dhar's article was wonderful and photos taken by him gave me the feel of the place which he has visited. I read Mr Ravinder Bhan's article and felt his concern over the plenty of engineers getting added with less employment. The same is true with other faculties. Let me tell Bhan sahib India is a country of plenty and managing plenty is always a difficult task. Let us hope tomorrow will lead us to fresh woods & green pastures. The article on kanagush was mouth watering. I would suggest could it be possible to start series on the life of great KPs who have immensely contributed to India and world at large. Our younger generation and even we will be connected to our glorious past. Raina sahib, you are doing heroic job. My blessings.

Prof. Ashok Aima

Pune.



Dear Editor,

Language i.e. Zabaan is the basic and elementary Pehchaan of any community. Twentynine years down the time line since our forced displacement from Kashmir valley stand destroyed to shocking extent. Criminal as it should be, our generation has to accept the prime responsibility for our identity crisis - our language. It's not our children to share the



greater blame because 'Badtar ko Behtar kah kah ke Hum ne hi mahol bigada Hai.' Repeated attempts by the dedicated to our community cause in different shades from time to time are doing a wonderful job. It is indeed reassuring.

'Praagash' has a long way to go. Beginning is a good start from a layman's enthusiastic point of view. Problem is that the social engineering of we the displaced Kashmiri Pandits is today in shambles. We as a community is suffering from the mass sense of withdrawal symptoms. Our community identity in general is on a nowhere road. My words may sound stupid to lot many but then ponder over the larger probable of all that we are confronted with.

S.K.Kaul

Thane, Mumbai



Dear Editor,

I read your Praagaash forwarded by friends on the WhatsApp groups. I like its contents as well as its get up. Congrats for bringing out this printable e-journal.



The page 'Your Own Page' included in the journal is a good move to showcase the achievements of our children. But I find, there are not many takers. Some times the same children are repeated though with new creations. As parents, we have failed utterly to encourage our children and showcase their works for others to follow suit. We want our children to achieve great heights but least bother to share their merits with public which would also mean encouragement for them.

There is no dearth of folk tales and short stories in Kashmiri. It would be great to reproduce them for our children in Praagaash.

Manoj Dhar

Ashok Vihar, New Delhi



KASHMIRI NAMES FOR KP CHILDREN - M.K.RAINA

Name	M/F	Meaning	Name	M/F	Meaning
अनंत	प	Endless	अमानथ	प	Sacred Deposit
अमर्यथ	प	Nectar	अर्पन	प, स	Sacred Offering
अरमान	प	Longing	अर्थ	प	Aim
अरज़थ	प	Earnings	अरजुन	प	Arjun
अरतल	प, स	Foil of Gold, Silver	अँरिन्य	स	Kind of yellow jasmine
अँरिनिमाल	स	Jasmine Garland	आकार	प	Shape
आकाश	प	Sky	आदर्श	प	Ideal
आरती	स	Litany	अँज़िन्य	स	Hen Swan
ऑलिच	स	Sour Cherry	आनंद	प	Bliss
ओंकार	प	Omkar	क्वंगपोश	प	Saffron Flower
कंज़ल	स	Alder Tree	कश्यप	प	Kashyap Rishi Saint
कँतिज	स	Swallow	कानुल	प	Tendrils of a plant
कानुज	स	Tendrils of a plant	किशमिश	स	Currant
कुवयुल	प	Male Cuckoo	कुकिल	स	Female Cuckoo
क्वलदीफ	प	Glory of Family	कोस्तूर	स	A Bird, Musk Deer
कोस्तूर्य	स	Musk	कल्हन	प	Name of a Historian
कौंसर	प, स	A Lake	क्रिश्म	प	A fibre plant
ख्वशबू	स	Fragrance	ग्वलाल	प, स	Flower (Red Poppy)
चंदुन	प	Chandan	चँद्रम	प	Crescent
छिम्बुर	स	Twilight	जौहर	प	Gem
जसुदा	स	Yeshodha	जाफुर	प	Marigold
जाव्यंद	प	Ajwain	जिगर	प	Liver, Seat of affection
ज़ितिन्य	स	Spark	ज़ाला	स	Goddess Jwala
ज़ीरक	प	Wise	जुवलमाल	स	Beautiful Woman
ज़ून	स	Moon	जुवुल	प	Illumination
तपस्या	स	Ascetic fervour	तबाशीर	स	Sugar of Bamboo



KASHMIRI NAMES FOR KP CHILDREN - M.K.RAINA

Name	M/F	Meaning	Name	M/F	Meaning
न्यर्मल	म	Clean	नरगिस	स	Narcissus
पदम	प	Lotus	पम्पोश	प,स	Lotus
पंकज	प	Lotus	पारस	प	Touchstone
पॉयिल	स	Anklet	पेचान	प, स	A kind of ivy
प्रजुल	प	To shine	प्रजलवुन	प	Shining
प्रबाथ	प	Early Dawn	प्रागाश	प	Moonshine, Light
फुलय	स	Blossom	बनफशु	स	A Flower
बसंथ	प	Mustard Yellow	बहार	स	Spring Season
बामुन	प	Sprout	बुमपोश	स	An aquatic flower, flower of the water Chestnut
बुरजुल	प	A special kind of Walnut			
ब्यदार	प	Awake	मदुन	प	Handsome person
मसवल	स	Gule Maswal (Flower)	महालीश	प	Sacred place below Harmukh
महिमा	स	Greatness	महिम्ना	स	Greatness
मिलुच्चार	प	Harmony	मोदुर	प	Sweet
मृगिन्य	स	Female Deer	म्वरली	प	Flute
यखबाल	प	Prosperity	यँबुरजल	स	Narcissus
यिंदर	प	Inder Dev	योसमन	स	Lilac
लोलुर	प	One with great affection			
व्यतस्ता	स	River Jhelum	व्यनुपोश	स	Flower of a Medicinal Plant
वीर	प	White Willow	वीरिन्य	स	Hazel Tree
व्वपुकार	प	Kindly Action, Favour	शारदा	स	Goddess Saraswati
शारिका	स	Goddess Sharika	शिहुल	प	Cool
शिहिज	स	Cool	शीन	स	Snow
शीरीन्य	स	Kind of Sweet balls	शूबुवुन	प	Radiant
शूबुवुन्य	स	Radiant	शेहजार	प	Coolness
श्रद्धा	स	Faith	संकल्फ	प	Wish



KASHMIRI NAMES FOR KP CHILDREN - M.K.RAINA

Name	M/F	Meaning	Name	M/F	Meaning
संतुष्ट	प	Satisfied	सीमिन्य	स	Lioness
स्वंदर	स	Beautiful	समचार	प	Togetherness
सरपोश	प	Caretaker, Cover	स्वमीर	प	A Sacred Mountain
स्वमन	स	Flower	स्वञ्जल	स	Rainbow
सावेन्य	स	Respectable Woman	हॉरिज	स	A Bow
हिरबी	स	A Medicinal Plant	हिय, हिया	स	Jasmine
हियामाल	स	Jasmine Garland	हीमाल	स	Jasmine Garland
हियथॅर	स	Jasmine Creeper	हीथॅर	स	Jasmine Creeper



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