



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

# Praagaash

Net-journal of 'Zaan'

## प्रागाश

'ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

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## Editorial

- M.K.Raina

This is the 4th issue of the magazine **Praagaash** and I am glad that we are adhering strictly to the schedule of releasing it on the first day of the month. Let me thank our writers who have always been prompt in sending their write-ups, making it easier for us to release the issue in time. We are also thankful to our readers who feed us with their input, enabling us to improve the quality of the magazine and give them what they want to read.



Recently, a cultural event named **HARUD** was organised at Rang Sharda, Bandra by the Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai in association with the Vomedh Theatre Group of Jammu. Programme was well presented and artistes of Vomedh Theatre did a wonderful job in playing the drama 'Ek Aur Birbal'. This drama reminds us of the period when Kashmiri Pandits were subjected to inhuman treatment and persecution by the rulers, especially Afghan rulers who left no stone unturned to annihilate the community. History can neither be erased nor forgotten. We need to educate our youngsters about our past and this drama was a step in that direction. Our thanks to Rakesh Roshan Bhat, the playwright and his brother Rohit Bhat who directed the play, for reminding us of our history. We also saw a young non-Kashmiri singer Archana Kamath from Goa singing Kashmiri song in her melodious voice. We need to encourage such talents. May be because of this our younger generation is tempted to learn and speak Kashmiri more enthusiastically. Well sung Archana and keep it up. Kudos also to young singer Ashish Bhat who mesmerised the audience with his melody.

It is encouraging to see people enrolling for learning Kashmiri on Zaan WhatsApp classes. Currently five classes are running and more students are expected to join in the days ahead. We need to congratulate the parents who exhort their children to learn Kashmiri whatever way possible.



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## शारदा स्तोत्रम् - *Sharada Stotram*



*Sharada Devi in Kashmiri attire : Painting by Bhushan Kaul.*

*Photo Courtesy: Dilip Langoo*

नमस्ते शारदे देवि काश्मीरपुरवासिनि ।

त्वामहं प्रार्थये नित्यं विद्यादानं च देहि मे ॥१॥

*Obeisance to Thee, O effulgent Sharada, worshipped in the City of Kashmir, I always beseech Thee to vouchsafe to me Pure Knowledge.*

या श्रद्धा धारणा मेघा वाग्देवी विधिवल्लभा ।

भक्तजिह्वाग्रसदना शमादिगुणदायिनी ॥२॥

*You are faith, memory, intelligence, the divinity of speech, the Spouse of Creator, Brahma. You grace the devotees speech, You are the bestower of inner peace, and all other excellences.*

नमामि यामिनीं नाथलेखालङ्कृतकुन्तलाम् ।

भवानीं भवसन्तापनिर्वापणसुधानदीम् ॥३॥

*I bow down to Bhavani who is decorated with ear ornament studded with the flash of lightning, who is a river of nectar that cures the torments of worldly life.*

भद्रकाल्यै नमो नित्यं सरस्वत्यै नमो नमः ।

वेदवेदाङ्गवेदान्तविद्यास्थानेभ्य एव च ॥४॥

*Constant Salutations to Thee, O Mother*

*Beneficent! You are the stay of Veda and the auxiliary branches of Veda, of the Vedanta and all other forms of learning. Salutations to You, O Goddess of Learning.*

ब्रह्मस्वरूपा परमा ज्योतिरूपा सनातनी ।

सर्वविद्याधिदेवी या तस्यै वाण्यै नमो नमः ॥५॥

*O Mother, You are the personification of Brahman. You are the Supreme Spirit, the light Divine, the Eternal Being. You are the Presiding Deity in all branches of learning. Salutations to You, O Goddess of Learning.*

यया विना जगत्सर्वं शश्वज्जीवन्मृतं भवेत् ।

ज्ञानाधिदेवी या तस्यै सरस्वत्यै नमो नमः ॥६॥

*But for You the whole world would appear lifeless. You are the Presiding Deity of Knowledge. Salutations to You, O Goddess of Learning.*

यया विना जगत्सर्वं मूकमुन्मत्तवत्सदा ।

या देवी वाग्धिष्ठात्री तस्यै वाण्यै नमो नमः ॥७॥

*But for You the whole world would appear dumb and demented. You are the Presiding Deity of Speech. Salutations to You, O Goddess of Speech.*



*Sharada Stotram written by Sunil Mahanoori on printed paper.*

*Photo Courtesy: Core Sharada Team*





*Our Cultural Heritage - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'*

## Kashmir – The Cradle of Cultures

**K**ashmir is undergoing an unprecedented turmoil for almost three decades now. It is time that we should be sitting back and reflecting on the rich and unique culture of Kashmir, the land of our birth.

T.S.Eliot has defined culture as 'the way of life of a particular people living together in one place; that which makes life worth living; that which makes it a society – it includes Arts, Manners, Religion and Ideas.' After the mid twentieth century, culture has come to mean the affirmation of a specific identity – national, ethnic, regional rather than the transcendence of it. All these definitions make culture overlap civilization. In order to differentiate between the two, we can safely say that culture is the way we think and civilization the way we live. The former has a definite and telling effect on the latter and the two together give us our distinct identity. In effect culture of a society manifests itself in the shape of its civilization.

If there is a single terminology that sums up the entire gamut of our culture as Kashmiris, it is the name '*Ryeshi Vaer*' given to our land. '*Ryeshi Vaer*' literally means a garden of sages. This land has produced an innumerable number of saints and savants, sages and Sufis, who have always stood for the durable principles of truth, freedom, wisdom, humility, simplicity, compassion, contemplation, worship and the like. The common Kashmiri has adopted these qualities and infused them in his thinking and actions. If I borrow the idiom of Mary Pat Fisher I would say that the map of our Kashmir couldn't be colour-coded as to its Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist identity; each of its parts is marbled with the colours and textures of the whole. We have had Buddhist view of life and cosmos thrive in this land for many many years in the past. We have had a distinct non-dualistic ideology called the '*Trika*' Philosophy shape the

metaphysical thinking of this land. We have had the Vedic rituals of the Sanatana Dharma as the basis of our very existence. There used to be an admixture of '*Shakta*' and '*Tantra*' in our way of worshipping and then, with the advent of Islam in fourteenth century we witnessed the Sufi order in this land. All these in course of time got merged and produced a blend of cultures, which is humanistic, pious and pure, yet very simple and straightforward. It has taught us to turn from the fragmentary to the 'total', from the superficial to the profound, and from the mundane material to the spiritual. Religion has never been an obstacle to this unique cultural blend.

Professor Timothy Miller, a specialist in new religious movements, has rightly observed that, 'Human culture is always evolving and reinventing its own past and present.' We call our way of life 'Sanatana Dharma' or the Eternal Law of Do's and Don'ts of life. Our belief is that God, Universe and the Vedas are eternal and co-existent. Strict adherence to the prescribed norms ensures cosmic harmony, order in the society and the welfare of mankind. Due to this belief Hindus, the original inhabitants of this land, were neither interested in recording their history nor inclined to force their way of thinking on any one. The basic ideology has been twofold. One, '*Ekam Sat Viprah bahudhah vadanti* – the Truth is one and the learned describe it in many different ways' and the second, '*Aano bhadra kratavo yantu vishvatah* – let noble and beneficial thoughts come to us from all sides of the world'. This eternal way of life, this age-old culture of ours is said to be five millennia old on the basis of the '*Saptarishi Samvat*' adopted by us from time immemorial. Ours is perhaps the





only almanac in the country, that gives this 'Samvat' and the running year is 5089.

The only recorded History in India, the 'Raja Tarangini' has been written by a Kashmirian, Kalhana. Yet ironically we do not have any record of our cultural heritage and historical events of the prior period and, therefore, we are unable to paint an authentic picture of the life and faith of our ancestors who lived in this pious land. As in the rest of the country, we have to draw upon legends, fables and other types of literature, verbal or written, in order to visualize the picture of our ancient heritage. It is very significant that in the Indian tradition the two great epics, 'Ramayana' and 'Mahabharata' along with the 'Puranas' form the corpus of our history, from which we have to figure out what our past has been like. Kashmir also has its own 'Purana' called the 'Nilamat Purana', which throws some light on our heritage. This 'Purana' vouches for the fact that after the water was drained from the vast area of Sati Sar, sages were invited to settle in the valley and do their penance in the calm and peaceful environment of this sacred valley surrounded by the Western Himalayan ranges. The aborigines, Nagas, Pishachas, Shvapakas etc. were assimilated and became extinct as tribes in course of time. During this period the rituals and the injunctions of the Vedas only were followed. The inhabitants today in effect are, therefore, the progeny of the sages who settled here for penance and eventual emancipation with a sprinkling of immigrant population.

The fact that an important congregation of Buddhists was held in Kashmir, during the reign of the King Kanishka, shows that this ideology had found favour with the peace loving citizens of Kashmir in course of time. It is from here that the ideology travelled as far as Japan via Tibet and China. In Kashmir, however, a strong non-dualistic philosophy, called Kashmir Shaiva Darshan, drove out this ideology but not before it had left an indelible

mark on our culture. There are a number of places, which are named after the 'Bauddha Viharas' and are called in local language as 'Ya'. In Srinagar itself we have a locality named as 'Bodager' a corruption from 'Buddha Giri' or the Buddha's hillock. These together with the non-violent passivity of Kashmiris and their life style imbued with the tenets of Buddhism stand testimony to the fact that this ideology had sway on our thinking for a long time. It was the effect of this philosophy that spirituality and divinity was manifest in the life style of the common man. Although Sikander but-shikan, who ruled from 1389 to 1413, destroyed many Hindu holy places and temples yet the ruins of temples at many places including that of Martand Temple stand testimony to the Sun worship also being prevalent here. There is a hill feature named as 'Aeta-gaej' a corrupt form of Sanskrit 'Aaditya Guha' meaning the cave of the Sun. This corroborates the fact further.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth century Islam came to Kashmir. On the one hand the invaders came to conquer and rule the land and on the other hand this place attracted the Muslim Sufis also. They had been victims of persecution in their countries of origin. These Sufis believed in 'Khalwa' or spiritual retreat and propagated going from the outer exoteric to the inner esoteric. This way of thinking coincided with the prevailing tradition of seeking to refine deeper realization of the Divine within one's consciousness rather than engaging in critical theological discussions. Thus came into existence a synthesized cultural framework that we proudly call 'The Rishi Cult'. Glimpses of this blended culture could be seen in the day-to-day life of an ordinary Kashmiri. There are innumerable holy places and shrines where both Hindus and Muslims would go to offer prayers. Hindus and Muslims revered Lal Ded and Peer Pandit Padshah, and other Hindu sages equally. Both





the communities likewise held Nunda Rishi, Bata Mol Sahib, Dastagir Sahib and other Muslim saints in high esteem. Muslim boatmen would not consume meat and prohibited items like onion and garlic when they had to ferry pilgrims to the holy shrine of Rajna Bhawani at Tula Mula.

To sum up we can safely say that the origin of the cultural stream of Kashmir is Vedic. It has absorbed the influences from Buddhism. It has been shaped by the Trika philosophy of Kashmir Shaivism and it has drawn from the Muslim Sufism and in turn influenced it deeply. The enormous literature that has been produced by the sages and savants of this land portrays a picture of 'Jnana' or Knowledge dressed in 'Bhakti' or Devotion. The message has all along been one of humanism, simple living, high thinking, altruism, contentment, purity and piety. As regards the festivals and the rituals, these are primarily religious in character and therefore, different in different religious groups. But there are some commonalities. Distribution of 'Tahar', the cooked yellow rice on festive occasions is common between Hindus and Muslims. Nightlong singing of hymns in praise of the Divine is another common feature. The annual 'Urs' or commemorative days of various saints are also celebrated jointly by all the ethnic groups with due reverence. The Hindus of the valley are called Kashmiri Pandits or 'Bhattas' meaning in Sanskrit the learned and honoured people. The important festival that has become their identity is the celebration of Shiva Ratri in the month of February. Unlike elsewhere in the country, here the festivities are fortnight-long and this festival has the same importance for us as the Ganesh Puja has for Maharashtrians and the Durga Puja has for the Bengalis.

When religions travel to new pastures they adopt many new things both ideologically and in order to gain acceptance among the local inhabitants. The Muslim Sufis of Kashmir

could not also remain unaffected by the influence of the local tradition of theology, ideology and philosophy, which was powerful enough to be resisted. Even though they continued to hold the Prophet and the holy Qura'n in high esteem, they absorbed the major tenets of the Hindu philosophy in their own spiritual practices and prescriptions. This became a very strong cementing factor between the Hindus and the Muslims. The lead had come from Lal Ded. Sufi poets have trodden on the same path and have earned respect, reverence and love from both the communities. Muslim singers sing Bhajans and hymns in praise of Hindu deities. Every classical singer sings the *Vakhs* of Lal Ded in the beginning before starting the Raga proper. The great names among Sufi poets like Shams Faqir, Shah Gafoor, Nyama Sa'b, Asad Parray, Ahad Zargar and host of others, have composed poems expounding 'Advaita' or non-dualism, in a truly Hindu tradition. The Hindu poets like Paramananda, Prakash Ram, Krishna Razdan, Master Ji and others have excelled in devotional poems.

Post 1990 period has been a period of turmoil, which brought shame to the composite culture of the valley. Religious extremism and fundamentalism overran the tolerant 'Rishi' cult that had kept the two communities together till then. The Hindus had to run for their life and honour. They were hounded out and forced to migrate to Jammu, Delhi and other parts of the country to escape the wrath of the foreign provoked and controlled militancy. One has only to hope that good sense will prevail and the culture of mutual respect and harmony, brotherhood and acceptance of diverse faiths will once again thrive in this lovely 'Garden of Sages'. The valley that is known by the name of Kashmir has been referred to in the history, literature, memoirs and scriptures by so many other names too, Kashyapmar, Kashparera,

Continued on Page 19



*Adventures - Ajay Dhar*

## My Polar Adventure - 1

I was posted at Magnetic Observatory, High Altitude Research Laboratory (HARL) Campus, Gulmarg, Kashmir in September 1981. Around 1700 hr, I stepped out of my laboratory after finishing the observations and saw a group of nearly 15 people approaching the laboratory. I thought that they must be some tourists/students interested in visiting the laboratory, as we regularly used to have a number of students visiting the laboratory. As they came closer to laboratory, I could immediately recognize one of my colleagues from Mumbai in the group. I was surprised as I had not received any information from Mumbai (HQ) about his arrival. I greeted the group and enquired the reason for being in Gulmarg. My colleague told me that this group of scientists is proceeding on some expedition and are to undergo snow/ice acclimatization training at High Altitude Warfare School (HAWS) of the Army at Gulmarg and Sonmarg. HAWS was situated next to our laboratory at Gulmarg. The commandant of HAWS, Col. N Kumar, a famous mountaineer was well known to me and I used to follow his mountaineering skills closely. The words of my colleague that they are proceeding on some expedition were still buzzing in my head as he was not of any adventurous nature. While at Gulmarg, I became an avid Skier,

mountaineer and used to act as a guest instructor for skiers.

The Commandant HAWS was hosting a dinner for this group before their departure for Sonmarg. When Col. Kumar came to know that one of the group members is a colleague of mine, he asked me to join the group for dinner. During the dinner, Col. Kumar asked me whether I was aware of the reasons for the group's arrival at HAWS. I shook my head in negative and told him that my colleague only



revealed that they are proceeding on some expedition. It is then he told me that this group will be part of the first Indian Expedition to Antarctica and the members have been asked not to reveal it to anyone. ANTARCTICA, 'WOW', was how I exclaimed. At that time, I knew very little about Antarctica other than it being a cold and snow bound far off continent right at the bottom of the earth. The next thought which came to my mind was, 'why are they going to Antarctica'? I kept this thought to myself and sat down to enjoy my dinner with the group. The group left for Sonmarg for their snow/ice acclimatization training in a couple of days.

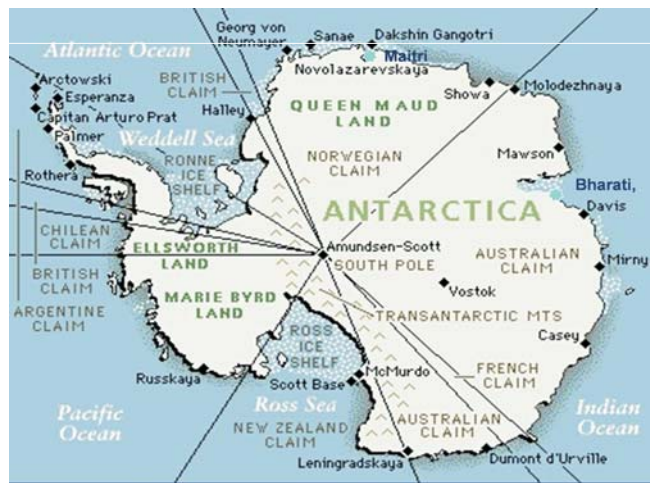


Figure: The territorial claims of different nations and location of various stations on the continent.



‘Antarctic Expedition’, I kept on thinking about it after their departure from Gulmarg and kept wondering whether I can be a part of it in future. Whether this will be the sole expedition or there will be more to follow. I seemed to be more excited about it than the participants. I was also wondering why there is no news about this expedition in news papers or any message from my HQ in Mumbai. A few months passed and on 18 January 1982, the news was splashed in all the papers and news channels that first Indian Scientific Expedition to Antarctica has safely landed in Antarctica and will be carrying out various scientific investigations over the next three weeks. The expedition led by Dr. S Z Qasim consisted of 21 members drawn from various scientific Institutions and the defense services. The team had left Mormugao harbor, Goa on 6 December 1981 onboard a chartered Norwegian ice-breaker 'M V Polar Circle'. This team of 21 members was selected after a thorough medical (physical and mental) examination. This team carried out scientific experiments in meteorology, geomagnetism, radio-wave propagation, geology, glaciology, Oceanography, chemistry and microbiology of the Antarctic ice and the study of freshwater lakes during their stay there. The oceanography studies included physical, chemical, biological and geophysical observations of the southern ocean adjoining Indian Ocean. India and Antarctica are separated by a wide mass of water with just a few islands in between. In other words, there is a continuous sheet of water connecting India and Antarctica with no sizeable landmass in between. It is thus desirable that some of the scientific disciplines are probed from the Indian point of view and that happened to be the primary objective of the expedition.

Indian Antarctic programme started because of the interest of the then Prime Minister late Smt. Indira Gandhi. The main reason was geopolitical, as Antarctica at that

time was the monopoly of the rich and developed countries. India and various other developing countries were determined that this monopoly must be broken. India being one of the leading countries in terms of scientific and technical manpower was requested by other developing countries to



break this monopoly and send an expedition to Antarctica. The other reason was the development of polar science which was non-existent at that time in the country.

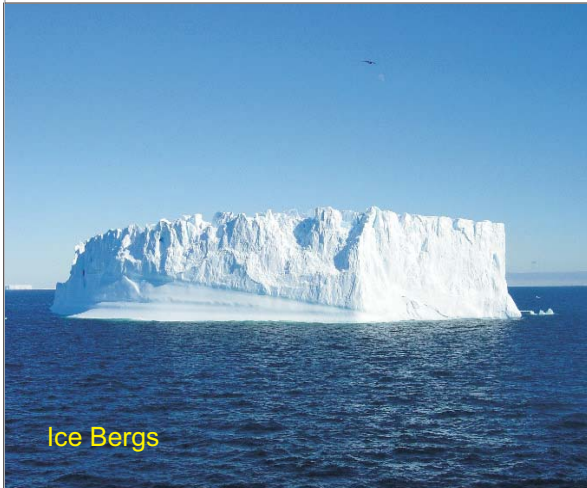
Antarctica is the only continent to be named well before it was actually discovered. The ancient Greeks, beginning with Pythagoras in about 530 BC, believed the earth to be round. Aristotle supported and refined the idea, suggesting that the symmetry of a sphere demanded that the earth's northern region should be balanced by a landmass in the southern region. Without it, the top-heavy globe might tumble over. This idea of earthly balance gave rise to the name we give the southern continent today: Antarktos, or 'opposite Arktos', the constellation in the northern sky (or in other words "Ant-Arctic" or opposite of "Arctic"). It was a lucky guess as the Greeks never went there. However, it was not until late 15<sup>th</sup> century that further progress was made





regarding this continent.

Captain James Cook crossed the Antarctic Circle in January 1773 and circumnavigated Antarctic continent. Though the land was not sighted, he saw deposits of rock in icebergs, which confirmed that a southern continent exists. The first confirmed sighting of the continent is commonly accepted to have occurred in 1820 by the Russian expedition of Mikhail Lazarev and Fabian Gottlieb von Bellingshausen. Bellingshausen made the first sighting of the continent on Jan 27, 1820, reaching 69° 21'S, 2° 14'W. He described the continent as a vast 'ice field covered with small hillocks.' The continent, however, remained largely neglected for the rest of the 19th century



Ice Bergs

because of its hostile environment, lack of resources, and isolation. The dispute over exactly who and when first set eyes on Antarctica continued for some considerable time, as British naval officers, William Smith and Edward Bransfield are reported to have sighted Antarctica on 30 Jan 1820. The American sealer Nathaniel Palmer sighted the continent on Nov 16, 1820. This was the first time a landmass was truly "discovered". All these sightings are of the Antarctic Peninsula. However, the status of Antarctic continent was

established in 1840's after separate British, French and American expeditions sailed along continuous coastline. Between late 1800's to early 20th century, many an expeditions were led largely by sealers and whalers to all parts of Antarctica. They mostly concentrated on marine exploration and exploration of the sub Antarctic islands.

Once the continent was discovered, a race began to reach the South Pole. The first attempt to find a route from the Antarctic coastline to the South Pole was made by British explorer Robert Falcon Scott accompanied by Ernest Shackleton and Edward Wilson in 1901–04. They had to return due to ill health and sub zero temperatures. Scott made another attempt in 01 November 1911 and started for the Pole along with his team. Norwegian, Roald Amundsen and his party started for the Pole on 18 October 1911 and managed to beat Scott in the race to pole and reached there on 14 December 1911, becoming the first human to reach South Pole. Amundsen raised the flag of Norway at the South Pole. Amundsen and his crew returned to their base camp on 25 January 1912, 99 days and roughly 1400 nautical miles after their departure. Robert Falcon Scott and four other men reached the South Pole on January 17, 1912, thirty-four days after Amundsen and were dejected to find Norwegian flag hoisted there. On the return trip, Scott and all his companions died of exhaustion, starvation and extreme cold.

Antarctica as a huge landmass attracted the Global powers and various other countries. Exploration of Antarctica and southern Oceans started in early 18<sup>th</sup> century mostly for fish, seal furs and whales. By 19<sup>th</sup> century, the continent was claimed and divided by seven countries. During the International Geophysical Year (1957-58), twelve countries which included the Soviet Union (now Russia), the United Kingdom, Argentina, Chile, Australia, South Africa, Belgium, Japan,



### Shelf ice & Pack Ice



Norway, France New Zealand and the United States signed a treaty on 01 Dec 1959, called **Antarctic Treaty System**. The treaty came into force on 23 June 1961. The treaty decided to freeze all territorial claims and lays down that Antarctica is to be used for peaceful scientific purpose only. It provides for cooperation and exchange of scientific information and protection of vulnerable natural environment. Antarctica is a no man's land and has no government. All new claims on Antarctica have been suspended since 1959 and the continent is considered politically neutral. Antarctica is defined as all land and ice shelves south of 60° S for the purposes of the Treaty System. It sets aside Antarctica as a scientific preserve, established freedom of scientific investigation and environmental protection, and banned military activity on the continent. As of date, forty-six countries have signed the treaty. The primary purpose of the Antarctic Treaty is to ensure 'in the interests of all mankind that Antarctica shall continue forever to be used exclusively for peaceful purposes and shall not become the scene or object of international discord.' To this end it prohibits military and mineral mining activity; prohibits nuclear explosions and the disposal of nuclear waste; promotes scientific research and the exchange of data; protects the continent's ecozone; and holds all territorial claims in

abeyance.

Antarctica is Earth's southernmost continent, situated in the underlying the South Pole, and is surrounded by the Southern Ocean. Alternatively, the southern Pacific, Atlantic and Indian Oceans form the southern ocean. It is the fifth-largest continent after Asia, Africa, North America, and South America, with an area of roughly 14.2 million km<sup>2</sup>. About 98% of Antarctica is covered by ice, which averages at least 3.5 km in thickness. The continent stores around 70 % of the world's fresh water reserves in frozen form.

Antarctica, the worlds windiest, coldest, stormiest and the driest continent, has the highest average elevation of all the continents. It is considered a white desert as it receives very little annual precipitation, restricted mostly along the coast and very little inland. It has no permanent residents, but a number of countries maintain permanent manned research stations throughout the continent. The number of people conducting and



Ship cutting through fast ice

supporting scientific research and other logistic operations on the continent and its nearby islands varies from about 2,500 in winter to about 10,000 in the summer. Only, cold-adapted plants and animals survive which include penguins, seals and many types of algae.

**(To be continued)**

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## लीला लालु लक्ष्मन

बालु चंद्र बालु बावु छम चॉन्य लादन ।  
पादन वंदुयो जुव तय जान ॥  
दूर्यरु चानि निशि त्रावु ओश चालु  
लालु रटथ नालु मति हावतम पान ।  
मन छुम व्दोस्य कन थाव नादन  
पादन वंदुयो जुव तय जान ॥  
जगतुचि माजि हुंदि टाठि संतानय  
बालु बावु ख्वनि ललुवानय छी ।  
चानि प्रसादु सुत्यु स्यदथ छय सादन  
पादन वंदुयो जुव तय जान ॥  
चे रोस व्दुकी गोसु कस बावय  
सीनु मुचरोविथ हावय पान ।  
व्यगनु राजु कासतम व्यगनन तु व्यादन  
पादन वंदुयो जुव तय जान ॥  
बालु बावु ख्वनि छी चे ललुवानय  
चानि सुत्यु तप सादानय छी ।  
लक्ष्मनु मनु सर वुनि छुय आदन  
पादन वंदुयो जुव तय जान ॥

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## वसवास नसीम शफाई

वुजनावुन रसु रसु आलव दिथ  
यिनु बांबुरि, यिनु केह बडि वनुहस ।  
मस नैदरि मगर अँछ अडु वँछ बस  
अथ मोसूम हुस्नस खोचान छस ॥

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

यि छे म्यानि फर्युक शेहजार बिल्लाह  
यि छे चानि व्यकारुच हँज टूप्याह ।  
यि छे कूर, यि जनतुच हूर छना  
गरि नेरि तु वापस मा यियि ज़ांह ॥

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

येलि वाति यि कुनि दूह परदीशन  
तति लूक खबर किथ्यु क्याह आसन ।  
वुजनावुनसा रसु आलव दिथ  
तिम अँमिस यि नैदरुय थपि नीतन !

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## दुख

### अहमद बटुवॉय

बे पीर इनसान यिरुवुनि नावे  
बे पीर इनसान तावन ज़द  
बे पीर इनसान तलनु आव तावे  
पानु छुय आमा हावि कस क्या

★ ★ ★

गरजुन ह्योतुनम बमन तु ज़ीरन  
च्यव बोहदूरन सबरु देरियाव  
अहमद बटुवॉरिस ती वोन पँकीरन  
पौर रंजूरन वस्तुक वाज़

★ ★ ★

ज़यव दिथ तालस अछ मंज़ खालस  
तल पातालस मे मंज़ जाय  
शाह फ्युर यिनु गछी बे बहा लालस  
खद ला यज़ालस मे मंज़ जाय

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Religion & Spirituality - Dr. Chaman Lal Raina

## Saundarya Lahiri - 2

[Continued from the previous issue]

The translation runs as:

O Divine Mother Sharika! I take refuge under you. Do please bless me through your grace. Make me free of all the debts, of all the ailments, sorrow and grief, and save us from enemies. (These enemies are *Kama*/abuse of physical indriyas, *Krodha* (anger), *Lobha* (greed), *Moha* (delusion) having grown through false ego, while falling in the wrong path of *Avidya*)

In the Upanishadic and Puranic theology, natural forces were divinised to help man understand the Immutable - the primal source of creation, preservation and dissolution of the universe. This provided a psychic opening for a vision of the unity of man, God and universe. The Vedic gods are cosmological in character and represent man's aspiration to be in tune with the divine.



Agni, Vayu, Ashvinis, Surya, Mitra, Varuna, Shri, Bhu, Prithvi etc. of the ancient Vedic texts are gods who represent various moods and modes of nature and play definite roles in the



cosmic drama to keep the rhythm of the universe vibrant. And, it is this rhythm that is represented by Mandals and Chakras referred to as 'Zageshwar' in Kashmiri religious terminology. It is the union of Yogi and Yoginis within the Chakreshwara. *Zageshwara* is the *Apbramsha* of *Jagriteshwara* - the living presence of the Divine.

Seers attributed names and forms to these cosmic forces, and gave them specific traits as aspects of divinity through concepts. They visualized them through the concepts of Bindu or the dot, Trikona or the triangle, Vritta or the circle, Bhupura or the doorway, Padma - the lotus petals or the *Kundalini* symbols representing *Shiva-Shakti*. The different devtas and devis, male and female deities, were allotted their *Vahanas* or the vehicles in the form of animals and birds giving definite meanings to their symbology.

Thus Surya, the sun god, has his celestial chariot drawn by seven horses, each horse symbolizing a definite ray. In the same manner *Dwadasha* adityas are symbolic of the twelve months of the year. 'Aditya' means the son of Aditi - the universal energy. She represents the *prakriti* aspect or the 'nature mother', while *Akash* is termed as the 'father sky'. The Surya Mandala drawn and worshiped by Kashmiri Pandit ladies on *Ashadha Shukla Saptami* reminds of the hoary past when the Vedic deity was worshipped in the compounds





and kitchens in Kashmiri homes and offerings of rice were placed on the *Mandala* or the circular drawing representing the cosmic world.

The *Sapta Rishis: Vashistha, Kashyapa, Atri, Jamadagni, Gautama, Vishwamitra and Bhardwaja* too are symbolic, each representing the cosmic principle in one or other form. While *Kashyapa*, the progenitor, represents temporal existence, *Bhardwaja* and *Jamadagni* symbolises lustre and *Kundalini* symbolises the vital breath.

Shri Chakra is the most sacred symbol in the Kashmiri *Shakta* tradition. The Mool trikona or the central triangle of the diagram is the Yoni with *Iajjabija* and *Hrim* is its symbol. The triangle is equilateral and its point of concurrence is Bindu -- the absolute reality without any dimension. Its symbolic meaning is made explicit in the following shloka:



### **Shri Chakra priya bindu tarpana para Shri Rajrajeshwari**

*Shri Chakra* happens to be the *Priya bindu*, eternally pleasing Shiva absorbing in it is mystic diagram. *Shri Rajrajeshwari*, the supreme sovereign mother creatrix who is *Tarpana para* is transcendental in pleasing nature. Bindu represents the dot of our consciousness which gets materialized through *Saguna-sadhana* of Shri Sharika manifest in the *Chakreshwara*. The lines of

this are the 'wave beats' of the divine and every triangle, lotus petal and circle is the abode of *Varnamala* (the alphabet) or *Matrikas*. *Matrikas* are worshipped at the time of *jatakarma*, *devaguna* and *Shakta* rituals related to homas of *Shri Jwala, Sharika, Rajnya, Bala, Bhadrakali* and *Tripura Sundari*.

*Shri Chakra* is a diagram signifying hope and aspiration. According to those who practice *Shakti puja*, *Shri Chakra* symbolises the 'One by whom all devatas live.' Infinite rays of light emanating from the chakra are received by devotees who worship it with the *Kadi mantra* of fifteen syllables where the 'bindu' represents the immortal face of Shri Sharika - the Mother of all bija mantras.

A sound is heard. Timelessness is experienced. The spirit feels the pulsation of the Divine Mother's presence. Each *Matrika* thinks of its own will, where the cyclic path makes the *Mantra* manifest in the *Navarna/nine syllabled of Shri Chandi*, and *Panchdashakshari/fifteen syllabled of Shri Tripura Sundari* or *Shodash* of the *Bala Tripura*.

Kashmiri Pandits used to worship the *Shri Chakra* on *meru* made of crystal in their *Thakurdwaras* or *puja rooms* which would be situated generally in the *Madhya koshta* or the second storey of their homes in accordance with *Vastukala/ architecture* and *Shakti Siddhanta* or the principles of *Shakti* worship. Some used to worship it on a properly engraved copper plate and some on *bhoj patra* or the *birch-bark leaf*. Worshipping *Shri Chakra* is an essential religious practice of the Kashmiri Pandits. This *Maha Mantra* used to be read by the devotees, while doing *Parikrama* of the *CHAKRESHWARA*.

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*Our Bright Stars - Neeraj Santoshi Khar*

## Subhash Kak – A Renaissance Figure

[On 28 August 2018, Shri Subhash Kak, a KP computer scientist was appointed member of Indian Prime Minister's Science, Technology and Innovation Advisory Council]

### Subhash Kak - why this poet-scientist reminds me of Shaivite Master Abhinavagupta?

Many winters ago, one fine day Panun Kashmir leader Ajay Chrungoo called me. They were coming up with a special edition of Kashmir Sentinel and wanted me to contribute an article for it. I chose to write about Subhash Kak, a Regents Professor of Computer Science at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater at present whom I loved as a poet, as a scientist and as an Indic scholar. It was a long piece but Kashmir Sentinel published every word of it.

Today I am ecstatic that Subhash Kak has been made part of the prestigious 21-member committee to advise Prime Minister Narendra Modi on science, technology and innovations. I want to share an updated version of that write-up that I had written long back; the only way I can express my joy and gratitude to Subhash Kak ji:

My first brush with the world of Subhash Kak was many years ago when I read his haiku poems in Hindi section of Koshur Samachar. They had the fragrance of Zen poems and reminded me of the poetry of Zen masters like Basho and Issa that I had read long back. I can still remember some of the poems, the imagery they evoked of a Kashmir that we no longer have in our lives.

It was later that I came to know that this 1947 born Kashmiri Pandit, living in America not only wrote soulful verse, he was a rare

combination of a poet, a scientist and a scholar.

He has made significant contributions in the fields as diverse as cryptography, random sequences, artificial intelligence, quantum mechanics, information theory, mathematics, Indic Studies, mythology, astronomy, linguistics and so on. A



modern Abhinavagupta to me. Like in the case of Abhinavagupta, it is difficult to categorise him and fully understand the depth of the large body of his work in varied domains.

Besides authoring over 200 journal papers, numerous essays, over half a dozen poetry books, over fifteen books of non-fiction, his scientific contributions include one of the earliest patents on speech scrambling and a patent on instantaneously trained "neural networks", which has found applications in time-series

prediction and has also been used in the design of a meta-search engine. Kak has worked on models of the brain from a pattern processing point of view. His work on instantaneously trained neural networks (INNs) is known in the world of science as "Kak neural networks". He is also known for proposing a hierarchy of languages for communication in biological systems which, in order of increasing complexity, are associative, reorganizational, and quantum.

What fascinated me more was that this





scientist-poet - scholar had made original contributions to the understanding our ancient ethos, which forced many historians to have a rethink on our ancient history. His researches have explored the connectedness of Vedic and Vedantic ideas with the latest insights of modern physics and neurosciences. He made it known to the world that in certain fields like grammar and consciousness studies, our forefathers had made astonishing advances, which are yet to be understood fully by people in the 21st century.

It has been a puzzle to me why the so-called Pandit intelligentsia does not talk much about his work or invite him here for lectures and honour this great son of the soil. Maybe most of them are "busy in their politics, saving culture by regularly popping out press statements, holding meetings and sharing regurgitated stuff on social media".

I must share with readers how I originally discovered 'the wonderful world of Subhash Kak'. Many years ago, before having known much about Subhash Kak, I read some leaves from the autobiographical book Autumn Leaves penned by his father Ram Nath Kak, who had served at various places in Kashmir as a senior veterinary officer.

I immensely liked its cover that features golden brown leaves of Chinar in autumn, which reminded me of their husky smell and the smell-associated childhood memories of Kashmir. Reading the book, I felt as if a grandfatherly figure was telling his grandson in exile about his varied experiences of life, journeys to far off places in Kashmir and his own take on various events.

In the concluding part of the book, Ram Nath Kak mentions about his son, Subhash

Kak whose interest in ancient India and research had made him feel a proud Kashmiri Pandit, for having continued the intellectual pursuits and quest for truth like in case our ancient seers like Abhinavagupta, Anandavardhana, for exploring ancient ideas with the cutting edge researches in modern science. Like Abhinavagupta, his quest took him to explore diverse domains; from poetic aesthetics to reinterpreting ancient texts

Later when I got a net connection, I searched more about him on the internet and found a wealth of information about him and his work. I downloaded most of his researches papers, which total over 400 pages on my PC and is almost a treasure house on ancient wisdom for me.

Subhash Kak, born on March 26, 1947, in Srinagar, was educated in several schools in Jammu, Kashmir and Ladakh, and obtained a degree in Electrical Engineering from the

Jammu and Kashmir University in 1967, after which, he joined IIT Delhi and completed his PhD in 1970 on information and communications engineering. He has researched on cryptography, random sequences, coding, artificial intelligence, and neural networks.

After working for a major period from 1970 to 1979, at IIT Delhi, with brief stints at Imperial College, University of London, Bell Laboratories, and Tata Institute of Fundamental Research, he finally moved to the Louisiana State University in 1979, where he was the Donald C. and Elaine T. Delaune Distinguished Professor of Electrical and Computer Engineering. Later in 2007, he joined the Computer Science department at Oklahoma State University—Stillwater.

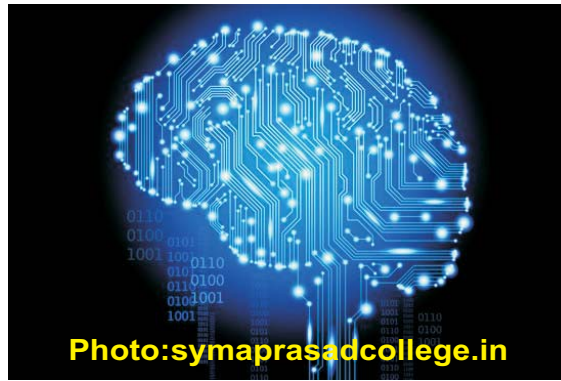


Photo:sympasadcollege.in



Over the years, he became interested in the history of ancient science in India, early mathematics and linguistics. This practising electrical engineer once wanted to be a writer in his school days, but it was his mother that persuaded him to join an engineering college. Later he had no regret on this unfoldment of destiny. On the contrary, he found that literary and scientific arenas were not all that different. To me, he truly represents the essence of a scientist and a mystic put together or a stage where there is not much difference between a scientist and a mystic. To me, he is a modern Abhinavagupta of sorts.

Kak's interest in ancient science developed when he delved into Panini's 2500-year-old grammar, a work of astonishing subtlety and depth. In an interview to The Hindu, on what sparked his interest in Indic Studies, he says, "I think it was triggered by an essay by a Western linguist who claimed that Panini's 2400-year old grammar of Sanskrit had anticipated the abstract form of the modern computer. . .When I was young, my father had spoken to me about Panini but I did not pay any attention. When I began a systematic study of Indian texts, the journey took me to not only to mathematics and astronomy but also to texts on art and architecture, philosophy and Puranic encyclopedias, music and literature.."

His study of the ancient texts made things clear to him and he announced to the world that the "paradigm in which ancient Indian history had been examined was wrong". His findings on ancient India has given "a centrality to India in world history".

His famous book with George

Feuerstein and David Frawley, In Search of the Cradle of Civilization, emphasizes that India was the cradle of the very first civilization, not Sumer in Iraq or other civilization. He claims that India has had cultural continuity for at least 10,000 years and it was in India first that artistic, scientific, philosophical and religious impulses arose, giving India a sort of centrality in the history of mankind.

One of his most famous assertions is the suggestion that the modern computer science term for context-free languages, the

Backus-Naur Form, should more accurately be called the Panini-Backus. Panini's 6th century BC grammar, which provides 4,000 rules is acknowledged to be one of the greatest intellectual achievements of all time

In his famous research paper on "Panini's Grammar

and Computer Science", Subhash Kak says that his analysis was meant to highlight several formal features of Panini's grammar that have direct parallels in computer science. "What might be other features of the grammar that have not yet been rediscovered in computer science remains to be seen", he says.

Kak points out that the great variety of language mirrors, in many ways, the complexity of nature. "What is remarkable is that Panini set out to describe the entire grammar in terms of a finite number of rules. Frits Staal (1988) has shown that the grammar of Panini represents a universal grammatical and computing system. From this perspective it anticipates the logical framework of modern computers", he says. **(To be continued)**



Photo:yu.edu





## Do You Know?

### हमारे साहित्यकार - विष्णु कौल

**कवि** विष्णु कौल का असली नाम विषम्बर नाथ था<sup>1</sup> वह वेसू, तहसील कुलगाम के रहने वाले थे और वहां के ही एक स्कूल में अध्यापक थे। वह फारसी और कश्मीरी ज़बान में कविता लिखते थे, ओर अरबी ज़बान भी जानते थे। फारसी में उन का काव्य संग्रह दीवाने अनादिल के नाम से मशहूर है। कश्मीरी में भी बहुत सी लीलायें लिखी हैं और वाल्मीकि के रामायण का कश्मीरी ज़बान में कविता का रूप देकर अनुवाद किया है। यह किताब विष्णु प्रताप रामायण के नाम से प्रसिद्ध है। इस किताब में कोई तीस हज़ार पद हैं। कौल साहिब की ज़्यादा तर कविताएं धार्मिक हैं।

विष्णु कौल राम भक्त थे और उन्होंने विचारनाग, श्रीनगर के पण्डित नारायण जू धर से रूहानी तालीम पाई थी। हर रोज़ सुबह चार बजे नींद से उठ कर स्नान और संध्या के बाद भगवद्गीता के अठारह अध्याय पढ़ना उन का नियम था। कौल साहिब के चार बच्चे थे। उन की पत्नी का छोटी आयु में ही देहांत हुआ था।

कहते हैं कि अपनी मां के आग्रह करने पर कौल साहिब ने दूसरी शादी करने के लिये हां कर दी। एक दिन सरकारी काम से छुट्टी लेकर वह शादी का प्रबन्ध करने के लिये घर आ गये और सब से छोटे बच्चे को गोद में लेकर प्यार करने लगे। बातों ही बातों में उन्होंने बच्चे को बताया कि अब तेरी दूसरी मां आने वाली है। बच्चे ने अपनी तोतली ज़बान में पूछा कि नई माई मुझे मारेगी तो नहीं? मासूम बच्चे की इस बात से कौल साहिब के दिल पर बहुत गहरा असर हुआ और उन्होंने दूसरी शादी करने से इनकार कर दिया।

विष्णु कौल १३ कार्तिक १९७५ बिक्रमी, सुबह चार बजे प्राणायाम की हालत में स्वर्गवास हुये। उन के एक मशहूर भजन की पहली पंक्ति इस प्रकार है

**अशिके जल सृत्य छल्यतोस पादय।**

**दीतोस नादय शीव शम्भू।**



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

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

**अँ** अँर, दँर, अँछ, चँर, दँज़  
**आँ** आँस, दाँर, हाँर, माँहिर  
**अु** चु, खुर, गुर, तंरगु, रुत्य  
**अू** अूठिम, कूत्य, तूर, कूतिस

**ऐ** छे, तेलि, रेह, कँह, येलि  
**ओ** कोर, पोज़, सोन, ओबुर

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



*Re-visiting Motherland - Dr. P.L.Ganju*

## Destination Chinkral Mohalla - II

**A**t Chinkral Mohalla (CM), we entered the relevant lane, on our right, leading to our erstwhile home, and its neighbourhood. The locality presented a sullen appearance, bereft of its earlier hustle and bustle. The dwarf, loose wooden doors of the courtyards of the houses there, which generally remained open to the lanes outside, were now replaced by tall, impregnable iron gates. Even the boundary walls of the courtyards were fortified by grill on them. All these structures appeared to have been built after the terrorists roamed at will in the city.

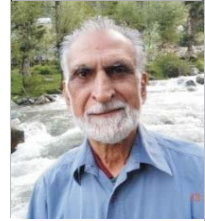
Having lost all contacts with the residents of the Mohalla for the last three decades, after we had left CM in 1972, and the other Pandits of this locality had abandoned their homes in 1989-90, we did not know who was who living there. We did not consider it proper to knock at the gates of the houses at that odd hour (it was noon time). For some time we paced up and down the lanes skirting our erstwhile residence, taking a few pictures, to keep as memorabilia.

There was complete silence in the entire area and for some time, not a soul stirred there. Not even a dog strayed by, that



would have surely barked at us, being now strangers there, and signaled to the inmates of the locality that we had trespassed in their locality. Perhaps, the stray dogs no more roamed there for their morsels of food which the Bhattas would spare for them, before eating their own food. Now, even though we stood there in a fairly large group, we were feeling lonely and apprehensive of our safety. Had we entered a labyrinth from where there was no return, or, had we entered a locality where we had lost our address, or had no appointment with any of the inmates there? All these thoughts started bothering me now. Yet I mustered courage to lead my flock deeper into my childhood lanes. As we stepped on the immediate cross lane, the main gate of the house, situated on it (where a cow-herd family lived in our time), opened partially, with some people peeping at us. To our great relief, a middle aged couple came out on the lane, perhaps, to talk to us. Perhaps, they were pleasantly surprised to see a large group of Kashmiri Pandits in front of them after ages. In them, I did not recognise any of the earlier inmates of this house. Their body language also indicated that they also did not know us. So, I immediately introduced myself to them, flashing an assumed awkward smile at them. Thank God, they reciprocated promptly.

Pointing at my erstwhile home, which was visible from the junction of the two lanes, I told them that, once upon a time, I lived in *that* house. I added that, in my childhood, my grandmother would sometimes ask me to bring fresh cow-dung from their gaushala to wipe our house with





it, and sometimes even to bring some live cowdung (fire) from their hearth to kindle our own hearth. In response they told me that their family had now given up the herding profession and were doing some other odd jobs. Seeing us take photos in the locality, the lady wished to pose with us for one.

While we were talking thus to each other, an elderly lady of the Mohalla, appeared on the scene. She had no problem in recognizing me and instantly hugged me as if she had found her lost brother. By this time, half a dozen ladies popped out their heads from the windows of their houses, to watch the rare spectacle, in the lane down below, giggling at us. Now, we breathed freely and felt secure amidst our old-time neighbours.

Now, two more passers-by appeared in the lane and stopped to talk to us. The younger of the two said he lived deeper down in the mohalla on the Maer side and was a neighbour of late Tikalal Taploo. I got a shiver and fell silent for a moment, in the memory of the martyr, a good old friend and neighbor of ours. During my momentary silence, the gentleman took leave and went away. The elder gentleman, Gulam Nabi Shala (GNS, on my right in the photo), who had a shop called Shala Radios in CM, was highly excited to meet us. He said he lived in a near by lane and knew our family very well (perhaps, after I had left my abode in 1953. I asked him about the Sheikhs, who lived exactly opposite to us. He told me that Ali Muhamed (a junior class fellow of mine) had

moved uptown, while his younger brother, Gulam Rasool (GR, on my left in the photo) still lived in his ancestral house and, after his retirement, had opened an STD shop in a nearby lane. He took us to meet him there.

When we appeared before GR, as if from nowhere, he was almost stunned. Yet he got up effortlessly from his seat, hugged me warmly and said that I should also meet his wife. At the same time, GNS unexpectedly excused himself and left the shop, saying that he would return soon. GR took me to meet his wife, while the other members of my family chose to stay behind at the shop.

While, accompanying GR to his residence, I was thinking of the safety of my family left behind in the shop in that lonely lane and also about my own. Why GNS left the shop suddenly and GR took me away from there? As if GR had sensed my mind, he whispered to me: Perhaps, Shalla Sahab has gone to bring his mother to meet us. She is a pious lady and has just returned from her pilgrimage to Mecca. Now, I shook off my fears and regained my composure. When we reached his residence, he called his wife from the lane itself, "Look, who has come". She saw us from the small window of her kitchen facing the lane and her husband introduced me to her. She greeted me and asked me to come inside and have a cup of tea. I thanked her for her kind gesture but could not oblige her at that moment, as I had left my family at the shop.

When Gulam Rasool and I were back at the shop, I was pleased to see Shalla Sahab back at the shop, talking to my daughter. He took out a packet of almonds and offered it to her, saying that they still remembered their traditions towards the daughters who came to visit their home, after their marriage. We were overwhelmed with his gesture and my daughter (born in Baroda, married at Jammu, and living in Pune) had the first taste of Kashmiriyat, at



Chinkral Mohalla.

As we came closer to our hosts at the shop, I inquired about the welfare of their families, about their children in particular, They appeared to bemoan the gloomy atmosphere prevailing in the down-town city , recapitulating its good old days, when the KPs were a beacon of light for them to push ahead. Gulam Rasool said that his children had also pursued their higher education and were doing well in their professions , but now he was finding it difficult to get good matches for them, without paying a hefty dowries. After exchanging some more pleasantries, we took leave of our good hosts, telling them that we may return there one day, though i felt that, even if we wished so, it was difficult in the present circumstances. Nevertheless we were highly pleased with our experience at CM, surpassing all our expectations, belying our apprehensions of a hostile reception or any untoward incident. My erstwhile neighbours had openly redeemed my trust in them, and in my hearts of hearts I thanked our forefathers who had lived there in perfect harmony with their Muslim neighbours. As we were leaving the lanes of our childhood and the land of our forefathers, my inner conscience told me that they were whispering to each other, in their heavenly abode above, showering their blessing on us, from there, for having come along with children, to pay obeisance to their souls in their earthly abode below, as the pilgrims do to their deities, ensconced in the temples.

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### काव्य - सुनीता रैना पंडित सत्य नहीं कल्पना



मेरा मन उड़ चला गगन में  
जैसे पंछी हो पवन में  
जैसे सुमन हो उपवन में  
जैसे कजरा हो नयन में  
जैसे गूँज हो श्रवण में  
जैसे बावरिया वन में  
जैसे मस्ती हो स्वपन में



मैं तो दूर से निहारूँ  
उन्हे कैसे मैं पुकारूँ  
मेरी कल्पना में आये  
मेरी सांसों में समाये  
अब तो सांझ भी ढली  
वो मेरे सामने न आये  
कभी मन मेरा अकुलाये  
कभी मन मेरा भरमाये  
कहूँ क्या रोज़ रोज़ यूँ ही सखी मुझको वो सताये री  
ऐ री सखी आज मेरा मन तो यूँ ललचाये  
जैसे आये पिया, जाये कभी बांसुरी बजाये  
कहीं दूर छिप जाये री ....



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काव्य - त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

## गज़ल



सूचिथ द्राय याल काथ मज़ु कथ,  
 त्येलि मीज्य मेति अदु पज़रुच्य वथ ।  
 दोख दौद्य तस छिनु पोशानुय,  
 यस आसि मनि मंज़ तैम्य सुंज़ सथ ।  
 रौत्य रातस यथ सीनस प्यठ,  
 यँचकौल्य आमुत तैम्यसुंद खथ ।  
 ज़िन्दगी ज़ानुन करमुच्य खेल,  
 युथ वरतख तिछ मेली गथ ।  
 प्रथ कथि द्राव तस तर आँखुर,  
 सतुवन्य क्वलुनुय पोन्थ आव चथ ।  
 अथु ख्वर म्याँन्यय कौसि लगन,  
 कम कास हरिखुय वोथिखा छथ ।  
 तैम्य सुन्द दूर्यर प्यव मे कूठ,  
 वौलिंजि छम ज़न गौमुच दथ ।  
 वख्तन कोर फिरु थुर यूताह,  
 ब्रौह युस ओस सुय गव अज़ पथ ।  
 बूज़िव ब्येयि सुन्द क्याह छु वनान,  
 यिनु तस दीयिव ज़ांह बुथ्य प्रथ ।  
 'कुन्दन' चोनुय नाव स्वरान,  
 मोत गोमुत छुय सुय च्यय पथ ।।

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Kashmir, the Cradle ...

From Page 4

Pradhyumna-peetha, Sharada-peetha and Sati Sar etc. It has had so many epithets, Aden of the East, 'Bhu-swarga', Paradise on Earth and so on. Just as every mountain peak of Kashmir is a place of pilgrimage, every spring is sacred and every cave is a shrine, every household of this holy land has produced a saint. Every village of this pious valley can boast of a sage of eminence. These saints and sages have perpetuated a tradition of peace and piety, truth and divinity that is fondly called the '*Rishi parampara*' or the tradition of sainthood. We all owe it to our motherland to bring back this glory to our land, where flowers of all hues will flourish and enchanting fragrance will spread in every nook and corner. Let there be peace and let people of diverse faiths live here with dignity and honour. When that happens, I as a true Kashmiri, shall distribute '*Tahar*' and '*Tsochi*' to all my friends and relatives..

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

## Half a Kalari for a Home Visit

**A**mongst other interesting incidents during my brief, yet intense, stint at Pahalgam in 1964, I recall one vividly for its poignancy. It was a home visit, the very first of my career.

Around 3:30 PM, when I had just finished attending to the last patient at the hospital, and was about to call it a day, Bushan Lal, my Medical Assistant popped in along with a young Gujjar.

"Sir, this is Kadira. He desires you to make a home call. His wife is badly injured in her foot. She is in pain, unable to move or stand."

"Where do you live, Kadira?" I asked the Gujjar.

"Phraslun," he replied.

"Where is Phraslun?"

"It is a village half way to Chandanwari."

"How far from here?"

"Three kos. Don't worry, Doctor Sahib, I have a horse."

I didn't know how much one kos meant.

"How far is Chandanwari from your village?"

"Three kos, may be four."

'Do you mean Phraslun is midway between here and Chandanwari?'

He nodded uncertainly. But I knew Chandanwari was about 16 kilometres from Pahalgam. It would take me nearly three hours on foot even if I had to walk all the way to Chandanwari. If his village was really midway, it would be a cakewalk.

It was tempting - make the house call and

enjoy a horse ride and the bewitching evening scenes.

I mounted the horse; Kadira followed on foot.

Bushan Lal shouted at him, "Doctor Sahib nu achi fees dena."

"Zaroor devunga," the Gujjar shouted back. It made

me laugh, for the fees were least in my calculation. I was bracing myself for an exciting excursion.

Soon out of the marketplace, we passed by the club, and on towards the end of the town, as the stream gushed and gurgled on our right along the road to Chandanwari. Nearly two kilometres out of Pahalgam, I dismounted. It was an old decrepit animal, and rather wobbly up the steep path. Kadira felt a bit offended, but I assured him that I enjoyed trekking more than riding and asked him to mount instead. He frowned as if I had made preposterous suggestion, and asked, "How can I ride and let you walk? Not once has any customer offered to walk and let me ride my

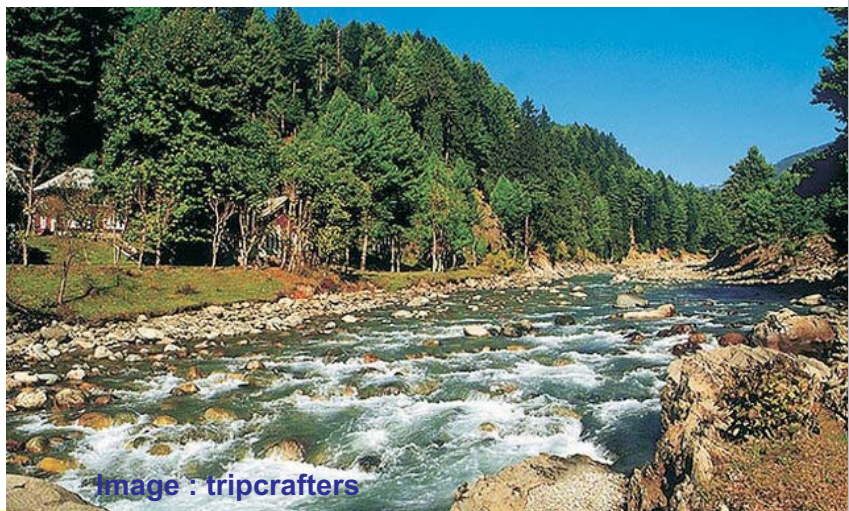
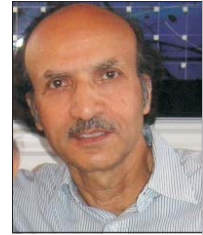


Image : tripcrafters



horse.”

I engaged Kadira in conversation. He looked around thirty-five. His family was small – his expectant wife and two kids. Tragically, two other kids had died, one during a difficult childbirth, another two weeks after he was born, from, what sounded like acute bronchopneumonia. Kadira lived off his cattle - two buffaloes and a cow. He sold their milk. Sometimes he made *kalari* or *maish krej* (mozzarella), a round flat loaf of stretchy cheese, and sold it in the market. Of slightly sour taste and sticky feel in the teeth, *kalari* used to be a delicacy, a hot favourite of all



Image : hillpost.in

Kashmiris. I believe it still is.

Somewhere near midway, we turned left from the main path, and halted two hundred meters away near a *kotha*. That was his house. We had reached in an hour and half.

Inside was dark, dank and dingy. Smoke came out of the fireplace and the mud walls were black with soot. A woman lay on a dirty mat on the floor; two kids played with marbles by her side, and a cow ruminated in the corner. There was a distinct odour, an eerie mix of human and animal breath that coalesced with the smell of dairy and dung. “This is my wife, Zubeda. She can’t move her right leg after she

tripped while picking corn in the field the day before yesterday.”

Zubeda's hair was plaited in several strings, her frock worn out and dirty. She was small and emaciated, her face weather beaten. Her belly bulged from a six-month pregnancy. She was immobilized from a swollen and tender right ankle. She couldn't move her foot, nor stand on it. Passive movement was painful.

It did not require special acumen to figure out that she had sustained an ankle fracture. Her pelvic bones were tender, possibly from osteomalacia, a bone disease arising from calcium and vitamin D deficiency, so common in Gujjar women. That was possibly why a trivial fall had caused her the ankle fracture. It was a classical example of scarcity in plenty. These people produce milk, the richest source of calcium, which they deny themselves but sell it to earn a living. They live under the open sky where they have sunshine aplenty, but their women spend time inside the dark *kothas* with hardly a chink of sunlight, resulting in Vitamin D deficiency. Multiple pregnancies drain their

last reserves of calcium and render the bones weak and fracture-prone.

I asked Kadira to get a strip of cloth and a small plank of wood. Luckily he had an old bed sheet. We tore off a 3 inch wide, 4 feet long strip from one end. I rolled it up into a bandage. He cut two small planks of wood for the splints. Placing them on either side of Zubeda's ankle, I secured the fracture site with the bandage. The idea was to immobilize the joint until it healed over the next six to eight weeks.

On our return journey, the long evening

Continued on Page 27





*The Story of My House - Chand Bhat*

## A House That Was My Home Once

**A**fter all these years, memories of many things have blurred but that place I used to once call home is still very vivid. Creaking timber, the farm, everything. A lot had gone into making that house a home, as I can imagine is true for each and every one of us.

My father, late Pt. Shridhar Bhat left his ancestral home in Wagam, a quaint little village 15 miles south west of Srinagar in the mid-forties of the last century. It was a quest of an urbane atmosphere and good academics for his son Jawahar that moved him to Srinagar. A posting in the city with the revenue department was at best a secondary reason.

To start with, my parents lived in a spare house of my father's in-laws at Habba Kadal. Two more sons, Rattan and Chand, and a daughter, Sarla, were born in this house.

The children stepped into adolescence and studied in a nearby school.

After the marriage of his eldest son and my brother, our maternal uncle decided to sell his property and move to Jawahar Nagar, a newly-developed colony in Srinagar. My father also rented a house in Jawahar Nagar, in the hopes of finding a suitable plot in the area to construct a house. For years, that was not to be.

We would visit our home in Wagam on festivals and especially on Shivratri all those years.

In 1963, an earthquake flattened the villages in and around Wagam, and even our home could not survive the wrath of nature. Around the same time, the new land reform law came which meant that the tillers would now get ownership of half of the land belonging to the landlords, big or small.

Having lost the land and the house in the earthquake, my father decided to sell whatever was left of either. He couldn't have cultivated the land on his own and more so because of our academics and his job

requirement.

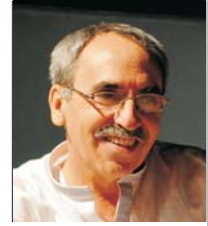
What these events however did was to make him more determined to construct a house in Srinagar. Little away from the city limits, he purchased two canals of land. The place was called Chhanapora.

My father and eldest brother Jawahar, who had started working by then, laid foundation of the house on one of the auspicious days. It was the beginning of autumn. They toiled for months together to build it brick by brick, sourcing construction material and especially the timber for doors, windows and its panes, and the designer ceilings and the angular roof. We wanted to shift there before the onset of the winter and so we did.

Our house was the first that did not belong to the local Muslims of the area.

All our relatives were unhappy for having gone too far away and that too in a place where no one around was of our faith.

There was neither municipal water nor any civic facility available. Water was to be sourced from a small river called Doodh Ganga till we sank a well in the compound. Living there was tough. But by every passing day, all of us got used to the area and







developed affinity.

Summers were playful. The open spaces around, a few acres of land full of flowers and fruits belonging to one Colonel Kaul, took us closer to nature.

The winters were very harsh. The open surroundings and the blizzards would leave a chill in the spine. But then the house was now our home.

As years passed, our relatives started frequenting our place. Some of them even took a liking to the area and showed interest in building their houses there.

Soon a colony - it was named Doodh Ganga Colony - came up on Colonel Kaul's land, comprising most of our relatives and three Muslim households, totalling 24 houses. The year was 1969. Our house was numbered 20.

The main lane of the colony was behind our house and the house just opposite ours belonged to one Aslam Bucha, principal of a college.

During the construction of his house, he utilised our house for everything from storing materials to staying overnight. Our house slowly became a community centre of sorts where all the colony members would meet to seek solutions to their problems.

With the passage of time our family expanded; my nephews and nieces were

born, Rattan, my elder brother, got married here.

Seventies proved to be a boon for Chanapora as the area developed into many enclaves where hundreds of houses were constructed by Hindus. It spread up to a few kilometres up-stream of Doodh Ganga.

Local Muslims gelled well with the new inhabitants, and there was a general atmosphere of happiness and amity in each other's company and in their respective homes.

The decade also saw our sister, Sarla, getting married and me leaving Kashmir in a quest of better future.

Every year, I would visit home either on Herath or in summers to enjoy the warmth of home. The rigours of life, first in hot Delhi and then in humid Mumbai, would make me crave for the easy going, comfortable and lovely life of home.

The eighties saw me married and Mikhil, my son, was born in the same home. Family life added more significance to my existence and attachment to my home.

My move to Mumbai did not yield desired results, and even though I had to keep changing addresses, I never really harboured any regrets of not owning a place in Mumbai. I had a place I could call home back in Kashmir. Not for long.

Late nineties brought turmoil in the lives of our community. We lost homes, our brothers and sisters, blood.

Many moved to torrid conditions of camps in Jammu and other parts of the country but my parents refused to leave early on.

That changed a few months later. A young boy, who had come to attend the last rites of his grandfather, who too had refused to leave their home, was fired upon in his house on the evening of the cremation. As if the death of grandfather had not done enough damage to the household, the Nature pounced savagely on the family.



The boy tried his best to escape the militants and jumped out of the window that opened in to our compound. To his misfortune, there were two more militants waiting, who pumped eight bullets in him.

The commotion alerted my parents. They saw the boy lying in a pool of blood and the militants escaping in the dark. My mother, a fearless woman, ran towards the principal's gate to seek his help and wanted him to call the police. But to her surprise, all the banging on his door and calling him out, her pleas fell on deaf ears. Sometime later the boy was taken away by the BSF soldiers, who arrived after hearing the sound of firing.

That evening changed everything. The next morning my parents and my brother left their home for never to return. For me, I lost that one place that gave me strength, comfort and solace in my worst time.

The move from home was not particularly easy for my father, who tried his best to survive in Jammu, Delhi and Mumbai but ultimately breathed his last in 1996. The one vital link that we all had to our House Number 20 in Doodh Ganga Colony had been severed.

Meanwhile, a new breed of land sharks, which started looking for owners of abandoned houses, emerged. One such broker, who was well-known to us, approached us. He used to take tuitions from me in the sixties. He convinced us, especially my mother, to sell our house to him for his sister.

All of us, seeing no immediate hope of return with the situation in the valley worsening, unanimously decided to sell.

He paid a token amount and promised to pay the whole amount after two weeks. He knew that our house was insured. A few days later, we were informed by him that our house was burnt by some miscreants. The deal got stuck due to this.

A few weeks later, he came to renegotiate the deal. He wanted us to adjust

the insurance amount which we were supposed to get, as the value of the house had gone down.

It took a couple of years for us to settle with the insurance company.

By this time, my mother too had passed away.

He didn't even pay the balance amount in full but took our brother's signature on the sale papers fraudulently and never returned with the promised money.

Now when I look back, it was never about the money. Our home was priceless for us. It was the deceit that left us hurt. It always rankled in me. A few years later, I made him pay for his folly with interest but that's another story.

Jawahar constructed a house in Jammu, and Rattan purchased an apartment in Delhi. I kept changing my addresses in what was now Mumbai. But none of us could call these our homes.

There was something about that creaking timber; there was something about having fresh vegetables from that small farm. There was something homely about that spine-chilling winter. There was something, the essence of all religions, the spirit of fellow feelings of pre-militancy times, something special and joyous about that attic where my son would hide from his cousins while they played. There was something warm about watching television together. There was something comforting about getting scolded by my mother for walking into that one kitchen for meals without having washed my soiled feet.

Reforms introduced by a socialist government made us landless in the sixties, and then the insurgents abetted by a mute spectator of a fundamentalist government made us homeless three decades later.

And it rankles.

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*Career Guidance - Ravinder Bhan*

## Are We Producing Too Many Engineers ?

**The mere numbers :**

US produces around 100k engineers per year for a \$ 16 Trillion economy. India produces 1.5million engineers for a \$ 2 Trillion economy. If there are so many engineers, there must be enough demand to pull them in. But it is not there.

The earlier mass recruiting sector was manufacturing. It used to recruit from the core branches like civil, electrical and mechanical. But, manufacturing is stagnant at just 17% of the GDP. So the core branch placements have become difficult.

**Where will they go :**

The new mass recruiter is the IT sector. It grew from scratch to almost 5% of the GDP

does not require engineers. Financial sector, trade, hotels and restaurants do not require engineers. Requirement in health, education, agriculture is almost negligible.

More than 50% of the GDP has no role for engineers. Still most of us are becoming engineers. The current situation is not sustainable.

**The Supply Demand Gap :**

So the demand is less while the supply is high. Over and above this, skill level of an average engineer is poor. I say its non-existent. Leave the top 100–200 colleges.



in 25 years, employed millions of engineers. Now, IT is also saturating.

If you look at the sectoral composition of Indian economy, most of the sector do not need engineers. Tourism is 10% of the GDP,

And you will find that a fresh engineer has no idea of what s / h e h a s studies. Ask a f r e s h mechanical engineer, can s/he design a simple frame?

Today the situation is that most engineers are working in a field that has no connection to what they have studied in the college. This is a waste of resources.

*Engineering degree does not come cheap. It costs about 10 lakhs (apprx \$15k). For poor*





parents, its a huge burden. When their son is not able to secure a job, they are devastated.

#### Where are we headed :

For the nation, you can calculate the loss. Leave around 100k engineers that NASSCOM says are employable. The rest 1.4 million have each wasted 10 lakhs of fees. That totals to around \$ 20 Billion.

Almost equal to the Government's spending on healthcare. Over this, there is loss of human capital.

We need to replan the whole engineering education system.

Cut down on the number of colleges and improve the quality in the rest

*The above is not written by me, but received as a forward from one of my WhatsApp contacts, who doesnt know the source. So, nor do I. But I found it quite logical to share and seek your views.*



#### Why to Kps :

The reason why I am sharing this with KPs is that traditionally we are quite inclined to this profession. Most of us including me in my formative years saw this as the best profession, and I quite believe that it still is. But if we go blindly for even the fancy branches in it, we will be clouding to from the dynamics of a changing world.

**God Bless You all !**

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#### Half a Kalari for Home Visit .... From Page 22

shadows cast a magic spell. We were faster on our feet since we were descending, and it hardly took us an hour to reach the culvert over the stream at the far end of Pahalgam. By then dusk had fallen; the sky was a flaming red and the stream in her full song. I had no problem walking alone from there. I asked Kadira to return to his kotha for he seemed worn out and hungry.

"Doctor, mere kun koi paisa nahi hai. Yeh tum rakho, yeh aadi kaladi bachi hai. Yeh tumhari ujrat hai. (Doctor, I have no money to pay you; here take this half kalari that is left with me. This is your wages)." He had no compunction to offer me the kaladi, half of which he had nibbled away slowly during the journey to feed his hunger.



I was already touched by his immense poverty; now his threadbare innocence and his rustic candour caused a pang in my heart. "I rode your horse part of the way; I had a great outing; I treated the first patient of fracture; and I saw god everywhere. That is a huge lot of fee. In fact, I should pay you for this unforgettable experience." I said in genuine gratitude.

I took a rupee from my pocket and gave it to him. "Here, buy yourself some refreshment; you look famished. And take care of your wife. She is carrying and needs good food, milk, fruit, chicken, and...kalarai," I said, pointing at the half kalari in his hand that he wanted to offer me. He smiled shyly. "One of these days, bring her down and I will examine her again. If need be, I might send her for an x-ray to Anantnag."

He accepted the rupee unhesitatingly and blessed me: "Allah tumko mehfooz rakhe."

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*Saints & Sages - Rattan Lal Bhat*  
**Guru's Blessings - II**

**G**uru's reach is beyond the compass of the human mind and in my small range I had it only as my humble duty to believe that we love God and do good and be good to ourselves and to others around. In my train of thoughts, therefore, I have the guru and god on the same page. It is our right to perform duty that is prescribed to us. We are entitled to reward or fruits of action. So we have to carry on with dedication and love. We need not allow the thought that we are the cause of result of work successfully done, to enter our mind. Guru's blessings are showered on us if we have passion and sincerity for fair and pure deeds to be done.

After Swamiji left for heavenly abode in 1968 I continued my association with his disciples at Hushroo Ashram. I came into contact with Mahatma Raghunathji who was my father's guru. In that capacity every body in the family called him Guruji. I remained in regular touch with him on the advice of my father. He was pure and simple in all ways of life and preached in the existence of God. All great religious gurus teach us to remember and chant name of

God, earn honestly and help the needy. Those days I had my permanent posting at Jammu. I had taken a room on rent in the vicinity of mahatmaji's residence at the house of Shri T.N. Wali. Some saints of Kashmir used to come to the house to meet mahatmaji while they camped at Jammu during the winter

months. The meetings usually took place in the evening where they discussed spiritual welfare, in general. They preferred to sit in the open space on the top floor of the house for solitude and cool evening breeze. I visited the place regularly to carry out my humble services for these holy men in assembly like cleaning and dusting the floor and furnishings, offer 'hukka' duly washed and filled with fresh water, fill 'chillm' with tobacco and burning charcoal etc. etc. The house-owner, Mr. Wali was a noble person and devoted to the mahatma. Sadhus used to halt here occasionally before proceeding on to Mata Vaishno Devi mandir, Katra pilgrimage.

Guru is the Saviour who always rescues us from danger. An incident that dates back to this time is still etched to my memory. It was 2nd May, 1969. At the meeting here, as usual, the saints talked to people who had come to the place in numbers that day. The holy men preached humility and ways of noble living. I

worked devotedly to ensure that every body had a comfortable stay at the place They were impressed by my conduct and dedication. They discussed, among other things, the current affairs of the country. One saint asked another if every thing was well at Delhi that hour. The reply came, "A very sad news: The





Rashtrapati, not well now, will take flight to heaven, may be by morning." (the next morning it was a big news- the nation began a week's mourning - the hon'ble President, Zakir Hussain passed away 3rd May).

I was taken aback and felt miserably bad. I wondered if it could be true. Guruji said to them, "You have made our young man sad. See, he is dejected." Instantly reply came from another saint, " We cannot help him too, he will get hurt badly and break his leg". It was a big blow, a life threatening message to me. I bowed before every body and begged of each one to save me, my life. There was sad flutter in the air. Nobody expected that I would be a victim in the cross-fire of saints' arguments on spiritualism. After discussions at length, guruji emphatically called out, " Hey! this man is gentle, pure at heart, has done good service to us always. Should he suffer? Why can't we pray for his safety or some kind of a softer pat in his case?"

I was advised to offer prayers as usual and feed cooked rice to at least two dogs on three Saturdays in the morning. I promised to comply whole-heartedly with instructions as given.

After 14 days, as I returned in the evening from office and unlaced my shoes near the door of my living room, before I could sit in the chair close by, I shrieked out and after a shrill, screaming voice I fell down. Something pierced deep into my right foot and I fell unconscious. As I was told later, residents from the neighbouring houses gathered. There was a panic all over; no visible cause of attack! A few minutes later, I regained

consciousness and showed signs of terrible pain in my right foot and leg. An old lady held my foot and understood it was an insect bite - somewhat poisonous. I saw a crowd of people who enquired as to what had happened. The lady scratched a spot in the sole with a sharp edged knife and treated it with some herbal gel and green leaves of some plant which she brought hurriedly from her house. Before smearing gel she applied compressed hot packs for an hour. In the meanwhile, the foot and leg swelled up dangerously. The lady-nightingale devoted the entire evening time telling me stories and trying to cool off my pain.

However, minutes before mid-night, the lady left for home. The land-lord gave me a pain-relieving medicine which I took with a warm glass of milk. The pain and swelling continued for five days. I was able to stand up and walk to my office after one week. The guruji's good wishes saw me through in this difficult time, and my family realised that it was our solemn duty to pay our heartfelt obeisance to Him unconditionally always, for he was our

true saviour, teacher, helper and provider of all what we need to pass our life in simple ways, peacefully.

**Om Shri Gurvey Namah !**

**Without Comments**

**The trouble with being punctual is that nobody is there to appreciate it.**





## Kanaguchhi Yakhni

### KANGUCHI OR MOREL MUSHROOM)

Kanguchi or Morel Mushrooms are rare and exclusive and are hence, sold at a prohibitive cost. Thus one indulges in this dish on special occasions like marriages, or when we have a special day for inviting the newly wedded bride and groom and perhaps the groom's family, like 'Phir Saal' or 'Ghar Achun'.

Nature has bestowed Kashmir with extraordinary climatic conditions that make it suitable for rich flora. We are blessed with an abundance of fruit, vegetable, and a variety of mushrooms, including guchhi (Morchella), an exotic species of the mushroom family.

It is interesting to note that Morel Mushrooms or Kanguchhi are loaded with vitamins D, B 6 and 12, Iron, and several antioxidants. They have medicinal value and are a good stomach tonic.



Please note, mushrooms can easily cause severe allergies, even the edible ones. Hence, if you are trying them for the first time, consume a few and check out for any kind of reaction.

The strong,

earthy, almost nutty flavor of the morel mushroom makes it a favorite choice of cooks who describe as a royal ingredient. Several very delectable Kashmiri dishes can be prepared with Guchhi as they are popularly called.

Meethi Guchhi, Guchhi Pulav, Guchhi Yakhni are some of them. The method of preparing them for cooking is very simple and easy. Cleaning them thoroughly is most important to make them sand-free stuck to the roots and pitted head. The roots of the guchhi have to be cut then they must be soaked in water for five minutes and rinsed thoroughly.

### KANAGUCHHI YAKHNI

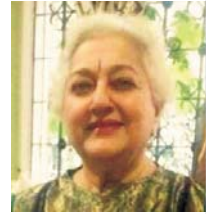
#### Ingredients

- 30 pieces of kanaguch
- 1 tbsp of saunf powder
- 1 tsp saunth powder
- 1 tsp whole zeera
- 2 crushed badi elaichi
- ½ tsp Syah zeera
- 2 tej patta
- 1 pinch hing
- Salt to taste
- 1 Cup Dahi
- 2 ladles of mustard oil

**Urmila Dhar Zutshi**

#### Method

Soak the mushrooms in luke warm water for five minutes and once again rinse and wash them 2-3 times in fresh water. Squeeze them dry and keep aside



## Dishes & Recipes

is a  
regular feature  
in Praagaash.

Your contribution is welcome.







Heat mustard oil in a pan, fry them a little bit and keep them aside. Add salt, saunf and saunth in the curd and beat it to a smooth consistency.

Place saucepan on low heat, add the balance hot mustard oil, zeera and hing in it, stir and add the blended curd mixture. Do not cover with lid. Turn the stove to full flame; stir it continuously till it comes to a boil. Stirring must continue to avoid curdling.

Add tej patta, moti elaichi powder and fried guchhi. Cook on low flame till tender. Sprinkle Syah zeera and cook for another two minutes. Garnish with fresh mint leaves (optional) Serve with steaming hot Almond Rice.

Contact author at: [urmilaz@gmail.com](mailto:urmilaz@gmail.com)

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

## हँसना मना है

### आंकडे

मंत्री जी को संसद में वक्तव्य देना था। सेक्रेट्री से पूरे आंकडे तथा जानकारी तैयार करने को कहा गया। सेक्रेट्री ने कहा, 'इन आंकडों को इकट्ठा करने में कम से कम दो साल लग जायेंगे।' मंत्री महोदय यह सुन कर चिन्ता मग्न हो गये।

सप्ताह भर बाद जब संसद में उनका भाषण हुआ तो सेक्रेट्री को आश्चर्य हुआ कि आखिर इतनी जल्दी मंत्रीजी ने आंकडे कहां से लाये। मंत्रीजी ने समझाया, 'ये आंकडे मेरी कल्पना की उपज हैं। जब सच्चे आंकडे जमा करने में दो साल लग सकते हैं, तो इन्हें गलत साबित करने के लिये सामग्री जुटाने में भी उतना ही समय लगेगा।'



### शौक

एक बस चालक की नियुक्ति करने से पहले उससे कहा गया, 'यदि रेलवे फाटक के बीच तुम्हारी बस के ब्रेक फेल हो जाएं तो क्या करोगे?'

चालक ने जवाब दिया, 'फौरन अपने लडके को फौन करके बुला लूंगा।'

'क्यों तुम्हारा लडका मैकेनिक है।'

'नहीं, उसे भयानक दुर्घटना देखने का शौक है।'







## How Not To Learn That Dreaded Language Your Mother tongue

Malvika Kaushik

In this day and age, it is extremely important for the youth to prove their contemporaneity and modernity to all and sundry. One big obstacle in the path, of course, is to have anyone overhear you speaking in a boorish sounding tongue that raises the presumption that you know neither English nor Hindi (which is a perfectly reasonable presumption to make - who in their right mind would even care to speak another language?). Lest I should be charged with the arrogance that accompanies youth, let me clarify that *of course* older people may be facing the same problems. Those belonging to this category can take heart - my proposals shall be of service to you as well. Now that we have that out of the way, let me lead you to the goldmine. Here are a few effective precautions/remedies to your rescue:

### Plug your ears whenever you hear someone speak the language:

This is of the utmost importance. Do not let any unfamiliar words make their way into your ear canal, because before you know it, your brain will start contextualizing the words to figure out their diabolical meanings, and start recognizing grammatical structures.

### Fake ignorance:

For all those on whom the above misfortune might have already befallen, and for those who think that the plugs might get noticed: there is hope yet. It is essential to not let the situation worsen. Do not under any circumstance let anyone realize that you can understand what they are saying. Always, always stick your neck out as if you are making an earnest effort to understand what is being

said. Don't forget to smile in a slightly embarrassed and apologetic way through it all, and pipe in with a soft "I'm sorry, I don't understand" in the end.



### Learn a foreign language:

If you aren't already learning French or Chinese, you should start immediately. This will help to make an excuse as to why you don't have the time, energy and mental space to learn your mother tongue.

### Join a Whatsapp group to learn your mother tongue:

This appears highly counterintuitive, but it is in fact a red herring - the cleverest precaution of all. It keeps overenthusiastic relatives at bay (those very ones who perpetually hound you to learn the language), lulling them into a false sense of security that you are finally paying heed to their advice. While they sit back and bask in the glory of their non-achievement, you can mute the group and go on with life as usual.

### Go back in time and ensure that your parents do not have the same mother tongue:

This is the last resort of all. Do not attempt this unless you have absolutely no hope left. However, this has been observed to yield promising results in experimental cases. In case of any doubt as to *how* to make this happen, please read my celebrated book (which was never there) *How to Make the Impossible Possible: 12 Tricks For Those Who Don't Understand the Laws of Nature*.





*Know Your Motherland - M.K.Raina*  
**Martand Sun Temple**



Image : tripoto.com

**T**he temple of Martand is situated at a distance of 5 miles from the town of Anantnag. Like most medieval temples in Kashmir, Martand consists of a courtyard with the principal shrine in the middle and a colonnaded peristyle. The latter is 220 feet long and 142 feet broad and contains eightyfour fluted columns facing the courtyard.

“The entrance or gateway stands in the middle of the western side of the quadrangle and is of the same width as the temple itself. This proportion is in accordance with the idea of Hindu architectural grandeur; for the rules laid down by them as quoted by Ram Raz. On each flank of the gateway, the pediment was supported by massive fluted pillars 17.5 feet in height, or eight feet higher than those in the quadrangle. One of these is still standing to the south of the entrance. The walls of the gateway are profusely decorated internally

and externally, the chief motif of decoration being rows of double pedimented niches alternating with rectangular panels. Most of the pedimented niches contained single standing figures of gods. Each of the two large niches in the side walls of the inner chamber of the gateway contains the tall figure of a three-headed Vishnu standing between two attendants.” - [R.C.Kak quotes from Archeological Survey of India Reports & Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal]

“The Martand temple proper is 63 feet in length and 36 feet in width at the eastern end and only 27 feet width at the western end. It contains three distinct chambers, of which the outermost named *ardhamandapa* or 'half temple', answering to the front porch of classical fanes is 18 feet 10 inches square; the middle one called *antarala* or 'mid-temple' corresponding to the pronoas of the Greeks is



18 feet, 4.5 inches; and the innermost called *garbhagriha* or 'womb of the difice', the naos of the Greeks and the cella of the Romans is 18 feet 5 inches by 13 feet 10 inches. The walls of the temple itself are 9 feet thick and its entrance chamber only 4.4 feet thick, being respectively one half and one fourth of the interior width of the building. Among the images carved on the walls of the *antarala* and the antechamber, we notice on the left wall of the former a well executed image of the river-goddess Ganga, standing upon her vehicle, the crocodile which is looking up towards her. A female attendant on her right holds an umbrella over her head and a chauri-bearer is on her left. The statues on the western walls of

seems to have been of the pyramidal type common in the temples of Kashmir. There is some uncertainty regarding the exact ascription of this temple, owing to the ambiguity of Kalhana's statement. But the most probable assumption, which is strengthened by the architectural style, is that the temple as it exists today was built by King Lalitaditya in the middle of the eighth century AD. The courtyard of the temple was excavated recently and a vast quantity of debris and stones was removed. Among other movable antiquities which the excavation yielded, the most noteworthy are a number of large earthen jars found embedded in the courtyard. Removal of the accumulated debris



Image : [travejo.com](http://travejo.com)

the antechamber are u n d o u b t e d l y representations of Vishnu and what Mr Fergusson mistook for hoods of snakes are in reality points of their coronets. Such was once the magnificent mass of building dedicated to the worship of the Sun, a mass 75 feet in height, 33 feet in length and the same in width including the wings. Entrance was gained by a wide flight of steps which are now covered by ruins." - [R.C.Kak quotes from Archeological Survey of India Reports & Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal]

R.C.Kak says: The roof of the temple

of centuries from the base of the temple has also brought to light a very important fact that previous to the construction of the present temple, there existed another temple of somewhat smaller dimension at this site. When the new temple was built, the older temple base was not demolished but was enveloped by a new base of larger dimensions, as is borne out by the existence of both bases side by side, one within the other, on the east side of the temple. The older temple was probably the one built on this site by Ranaditya.





Brigid Kaneen in his 'Travels in Kashmir' adds: Of all the temple ruins to be found in Kashmir today, the most dramatic date from the reign of the next great king after Ashoka, was Lalitaditya Muktapida who came to the throne, a long time later in AD 725. Lalitaditya, the third ruler of the Karkota Dynasty was a soldier king who expanded the frontiers of Kashmir through the surrounding hill kingdoms and down to the plains of the Punjab. But when he was not marching, he was building, and it is for his great temple at Martand that he is remembered. The temple at Martand was built on a plateau above the present-day town of Mattan which is on the road to Pahalgam. Earthquakes, iconoclasts and vandals long ago reduced Martand to ruins, but nonetheless it is still most impressive, and in its prime it must have been breathtaking. The temple, which had a sanctuary, a choir and a nave stood in a large quadrangle with eightyfour carved stone pillars making a graceful colonnade around it. The western entrance, a magnificent archway was approached by a wide flight of steps, and there were various side-chapels. Arthur Neve calculated that the massive temple roof cannot have been less than seventyfive feet high. Unfortunately, the rubble from the collapsed roof has tended to confuse the site. The temple's simplicity of outline, the proportions of its pillars and colonnade, the triangular pediments above



Image : ananthiagonline.in



Image : huffingtonpost.in

the doorways, are all strikingly classical and must have been inspired by Greek architecture, via Alexander the Great's conquests in north-western India. Even its site on a high plateau is rather Parthenon-like. Sir Francis Younghusband, who was British Resident in Kashmir in the early years of the twentieth century, wrote: 'No temple was ever built on a finer site. It is one of the most heavenly spots on earth .... there is about it a combination of massiveness and simplicity, and of solidity combined with grace, which has earned it fame for a thousand years.'

The temple is said to have been completely destroyed on the orders of Muslim ruler Sikandar Butshikan in the early 15th century, with demolition lasting a year.

The Government of India has developed the site as an important tourist site with facilities. The Archaeological Survey of India has declared the Martand Sun Temple as a site of national importance in Jammu and Kashmir. The temple appears in the list of centrally protected monuments as Martanda (Sun Temple).

Zaan Archives

Sources - Travels in Kashmir by Brigid Keenan;  
Ancient Monuments of Kashmir by R.C.Kak; Wikipedia

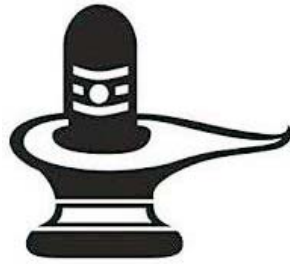




## COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Based on the Folk Stories of Kashmir  
Concept & Creation

*Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt*





## King and the Shepherd

Authored by : Ashok Dullu

Comic created by: Deepak Durgaprasad

I Know I am a powerful and efficient Maharaja of all Time...Let me see if any one of my Mantri's can guess what I am

Summon My MANTRI's

Ji Huzoor...How can we be of Help today?

Can any one of you guess what am I thinking as of now?

Huzoor...You are thinking the you are the richest Man in the world

Huzoor... You are thinking that you are the luckiest man in the world

Huzoor. You are thinking that you have the best palace in the world

I am VERY disappointed in your answers...Nobody of you could tell me what I was thinking...I give you One month to find me a man who can guess what I am thinking

### COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Created by

*Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt*



## King and the Shepered

Ji Huzoor...We will try our best to find such a Person



How am I going to find such a person in One month...Huzoor has given us a difficult task this time around.



You Look Worried Father...Can I know what ails you?



Well Beta...Huzoor has given this task which is making me worried of not completing it



Do not worry Father...I have a solution for your problem...Please trust me.



After  
30  
Days

Father...This man is the resolution for your issue...Please take him with you to the court and he will answer the King's questions



But Beta this man is our Shepherd Gopal...Are you sure he can help



Please trust Me Father



Chalo Gopal...Let us go to the court



Ji Huzoor... Chaliye



To be continued

## COMIC TALES FOR CHILDREN

Created by

*Deepak Durgaprasad Bhatt*





कहानी - म.क.रैना

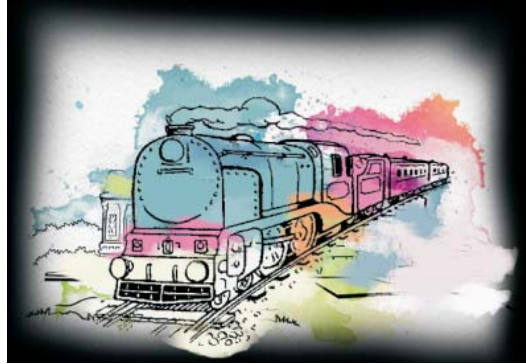
## चोट (३)

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

जीलानी ने मन में पैदा हुये डर को दबाने की कोशिश की। यह सोच कर कि दाढ़ी वाले को पता न चले कि वह पहली बार दिल्ली जा रहा है, उसने कहा, "वैसे तो हम मद्रास जा रहे हैं पर पहले दिल्ली जायेंगे। हम हर महीने दो महीने यहाँ चक्कर लगाते हैं।" दाढ़ी वाले ने सिर हिलाया। जीलानी ने गौर से देखा, उसकी आँखें चमक रही थीं। जीलानी ने मन ही मन में उससे कहा, "हमें चालाकी मत दिखाना, हम तुम्हें पहले ही पहचान गये हैं।" उधर नवयुवक अखबार पढ़ रहा था। जीलानी ने सोचा, "वह नवयुवक बहुत शरीफ़ होना चाहिये। कहीं कोई उसे लूट न ले!" जीलानी ने उसके कान में कहा, "मेरे भाई, खबरदार रहना। वह दाढ़ी वाला है ना, वह चोर है। मैं उसे बहुत समय से जानता हूँ।" नवयुवक ने कहा, "हमारा क्या बिगाड़ेगा। हम एक दूसरे के साथ रहेंगे।" जीलानी खुश हुआ। सोचा, चलो एक अच्छा साथी तो मिल गया।

रेलगाड़ी चलने लगी। कुछ देर बाद ही शोर सुनाई दिया। दरवाज़े के पास चार पाँच आदमी ज़ोर ज़ोर से बातें कर रहे थे। ऐसा लगता था, किसी का सामान चोरी हुआ है। तभी एक कोट वाला सामने आया और जीलानी के पास बैठ गया। वह रो रहा था। जीलानी ने पूछा, "क्या हुआ? आप रो क्यों रहे हैं?"

कोट वाले ने कहा, "क्या बताऊँ? मैं हाथ धोने के लिये उधर वाश बेसिन के पास गया था, पीछे से किसी ने मेरी अटैची उडा ली। सब कुछ उसी में था। जेब में एक पैसा नहीं है। दिल्ली तक जाना है, क्या करूँ?" जीलानी ने देखा, दाढ़ी वाला अपनी सीट पर ही बैठा था पर चेहरे से खुश लग रहा था। "उसी के किसी साथी ने इस बेचारे की अटैची उड़ायी होगी। देखो, अब भी किस तरह मेरी अटैची को तक रहा है?" जीलानी मन ही मन बोला। उसे कोट वाले पर तरस आ रहा था। उसने कहा, "आप दुखी मत हों। हम आपके साथ हैं।" जीलानी ने नवयुवक की तरफ देखा। उसने अपना



सिर हिलाया मानो वह भी जीलानी के साथ हो। जीलानी ने एक चाय वाले को आवाज़ दी और अपने लिये, कोट वाले के लिये और नवयुवक के लिये चाय मंगवाई। दाढ़ी वाला जीलानी की तरफ देख रहा था। "तुम्हें गोली दूँगा," जीलानी ने उसे मन ही मन कहा।

कोट वाला खुश था। वह अपना दुख दर्द भूल गया। चाय व खाने के अलावा जीलानी ने उसे बीस रुपये भी दिये। एक स्टेशन पर रेलगाड़ी रुक गई। जीलानी ने कोट वाले से कहा, "सुनो, उस दाढ़ी वाले



से सावधान रहना। मैं पानी लेकर आता हूँ। वैसे चिन्ता की कोई बात नहीं। वह आदमी भी अपना ही भाई है।” जीलानी ने नवयुवक की तरफ इशारा किया और रेलगाड़ी से नीचे उतर गया। हाथ में रखी थैली भी साथ ले ली।

पानी लेकर जीलानी वापस आया। देखा, दाढ़ी वाला सीट पर ही बैठा था। मन को शांति मिली। पानी कोट वाले की तरफ बढ़ा दिया। रेलगाड़ी निकल पड़ी। नवयुवक अपनी सीट पर नहीं था। जब वह बड़ी देर तक वापस नहीं आया तो जीलानी को चिन्ता होने लगी। उसने कोट वाले से पूछा, “यह आदमी पिछले स्टेशन पर ही तो नहीं रह गया?” कोट वाले ने कहा, “नहीं तो! उसे खिड़की के बाहर से किसी ने बुलाया और वह उतर गया। अपना सामान भी लेकर गया।” जीलानी ने ऊपर देखा, उसका बैग गायब था। युवक उसी का बैग लेकर गया था। “पर वह तो मेरा बैग था,” जीलानी चीख पड़ा। कोट वाले ने जवाब दिया, “आप ने हमें कहाँ बताया था? आपने तो कहा था कि वह भाई है।” जीलानी अपना सिर पीटने लगा।

सोने के लिये जीलानी की ऊपरी बर्थ थी। पर नींद कहाँ थी। बैग नवयुवक ले गया था। बैग के अंदर बादाम व पेपरमैशी का सामान था जो उसके पिता ने इश्फाक साहब के लिये दिया था। जीलानी का वह कीमती शाल भी बैग के अंदर ही था जो वह रात को ओढ़ने के लिये साथ लाया था। रात आ गई। ठंड बहुत थी और जीलानी के पास ओढ़ने के लिये कुछ भी न था। आखिर जब नींद आने लगी तो हाथ में रखी थैली तकिये की जगह सिर के नीचे रख दी। थैली की रस्सी को गले में बांध दिया ताकि कोई चुरा कर न ले जाये। सुबह सवरे शोर सुन कर उस की नींद खुल गई। कोई स्टेशन आ गया था। चाय वाले चीख चीख



कर लोगों को चाय बेच रहे थे। जीलानी ने थैली को हाथ से टटोला। थैली मौजूद थी। चाय के पैसे देने के लिये ज्योंही उसने थैली के अंदर हाथ डाला तो उसकी जान निकल गई। थैली में एक बड़ा छेद था और बटुआ गायब था। जीलानी ने छाती पीट ली, “मेरे खुदा! मैं लुट गया, बरबाद हो गया।” वह ज़ार ज़ार रोने लगा। लोग जमा हो गये। कोट वाले ने कहा, “चलो पुलिस में रपट लिखाओ। मैं भी साथ चलता हूँ।” जीलानी ने रोते रोते पूछा, “ट्रंक की रखवाली कौन करेगा?” दाढ़ी वाले ने कहा, “मैं करूँगा।” जीलानी सहम गया। सोचा, “क्या चोर को ही रखवाली करने दूँ। उसी ने मेरा बटुआ भी उड़ाया होगा। नहीं, नहीं।” जीलानी ने कोट वाले से विनती की, “मेरे भाई, आप यहीं रुक जाओ। पर ध्यान रखना, ट्रंक से नज़र मत हटाना।” यह कहकर जीलानी पुलिस में रपट लिखाने गया। दाढ़ी वाला भी ज़रदस्ती साथ हो लिया। जीलानी ने सोचा, “आने दो। मेरे पास अब क्या है जो ले जायेगा। पता नहीं, मेरा बटुआ कहाँ रखा होगा?”

रपट लिखाने में पाँच दस मिनट लगे। हवालदार ने पूछा, “किसी पर शक है क्या?” जीलानी ने दाढ़ी



वाले की तरफ़ देखा पर कुछ कहा नहीं। हवालदार की तरफ़ देखकर इनकार में सिर हिलाया। सोचा, “यदि दाढ़ी वाले का नाम बता दूँ तो कहीं वह मुझे मार ही न डाले।” तभी रेलगाड़ी के इंजन की चीख सुनाई दी। वह दोनों दौड़ते दौड़ते गाड़ी में चढ़ गये। दाढ़ी वाले ने जीलानी के हाथ को ज़ोर से पकड़ कर रखा था। ज्योंही जीलानी को इस का भास हुआ, उसने हाथ छुड़ा लिया। सोचा, चोर को हाथ लगाना भी पाप है। गाड़ी के अंदर से एक लड़का दौड़ता हुआ आया और चलती गाड़ी से कूद पड़ा। उसे देख जीलानी की आँखें फटी की फटी रह गयीं। लड़के के हाथ में जीलानी का बटुआ था।

सीट पर पहुँचे तो अजीब तमाशा देखा। कोट वाला गायब था और उसके साथ ही दो आदमियों का सामान भी गायब था। वह दोनों चाय पीने गये थे और अपना सामान कोट वाले के हवाले करके गये थे। जीलानी ने ऊपर अपनी बर्थ की ओर देखा। उसका ट्रंक भी गायब था। उसकी आँखों के आगे अंधेरा छा गया। एक वयोवृद्ध आदमी ने उसका हाथ पकड़ा। जीलानी ने एक झटके से अपना हाथ छुड़ा लिया। उसे वह भी एक चोर ही दिखाई दिया। “किस पर भरोसा करूँ? कहीं लोग मेरी कमीज़ भी न उतार दें!” जीलानी गश खाकर गिर पड़ा।

रेलगाड़ी दिल्ली पहुँच गई। जीलानी गाड़ी से नीचे उतरा। टाँगें जवाब दे चुकी थीं। इश्फाक़ साहब



का पता उसके बैग के साथ ही गुम हो गया था। बस इतना याद था कि चाँदनी चौक जाना है। “वहाँ तक कैसे पहुँचूँ?” स्टेशन के बाहर निकला और एक रिक्शा वाले से पूछा, “चाँदनी चौक जाने का कितना किराया है?” जवाब मिला, “पाँच रुपये।” “वह कहाँ से लाऊँगा?” जीलानी सोच में पड़ गया। इधर उधर देखा, कोई पहचान का आदमी दिखाई नहीं दे रहा था। आँखों में आँसू आ गये। सारी हेकड़ी निकल गई। “गाँव के बच्चों को क्या क्या सुनाता था? क्रादिर को हकारत से ‘कादा’ और रमेश को ‘रमा’ कहता था। कभी किसी को अपने बराबर का नहीं समझा। इतना कहने के बावजूद उन्होंने मेरे जाने पर आँसू बहाये। वह मुझ से कितना प्यार करते थे और मैं उन्हें हमेशा गँवार कहकर चिढ़ाता था। अब देख लो, मुझे खुदा ने कहाँ लाकर पटक दिया।”

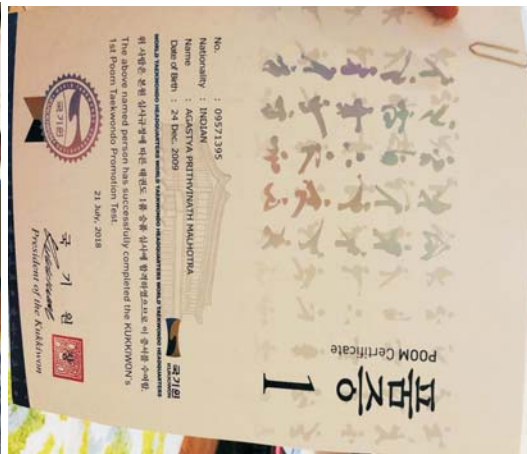
(क्रमशः)







**Your Own Page**



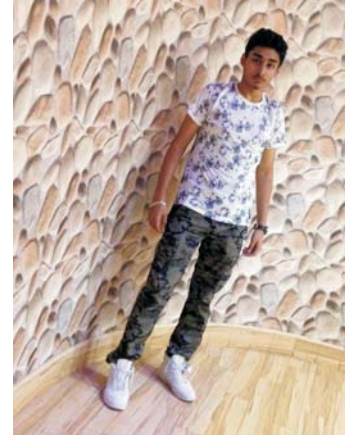
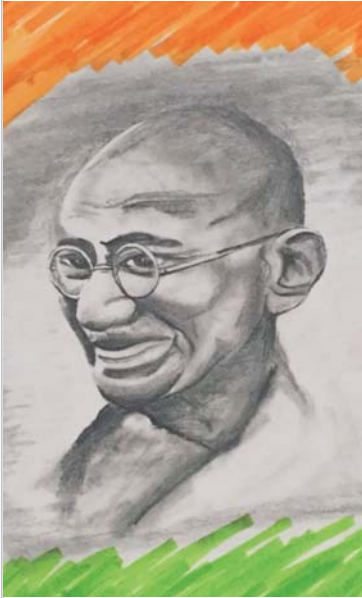
Agastya Malhotra (8 Yrs) S/o Prithvi & Shifali Raina Malhotra of Doha displaying his Black Belt and the Certificate for completing Kukkiwon's 1st Poom Taekwondo Promotion Test



Chitrakshi Pandita & Bhavik Pandita, children of Archana & Ashok Pandita of Shalimar Garden, Delhi felicitated. Chitrakshi has been felicitated by Kashmiri Pandit Sabha, Shalimar Garden for participation in the Cultural Activity (Singing) and Bhavik by The Kashmir Education, Culture & Science Society, New Delhi for his valued contribution in Shuhul Taaph 2018.



## Your Own Page



Two Paintings by Gopal  
(15) S/o Monica &  
Satish Mahaldar of  
Delhi



Two Paintings  
by Shihij Kaw  
(17) daughter  
of Seema &  
Sunil Kaw of  
Santacruz,  
Mumbai.



## Photo Feature - Rare Photos



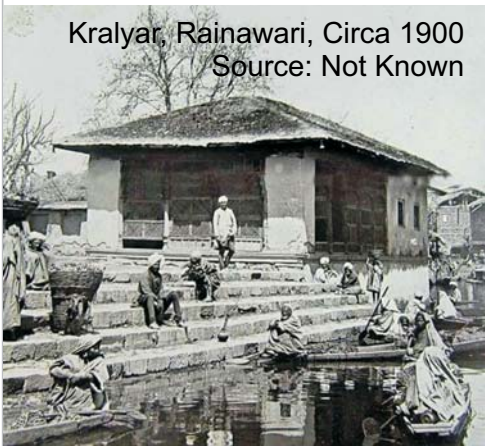
A rare photo of C.M.S. High School, Srinagar, Kashmir. January 1946.

Photo courtesy: Late Shri Tribhuwan Bhan of Borivali

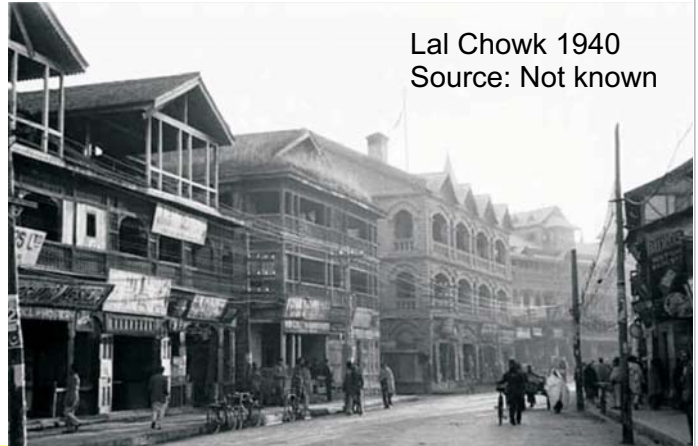
**Those identified:**

- Top Row: 2nd from left - J.L.Fotedar of Chembur; Ninth from left - M.K.Zutshi of Air India  
 Second from right - Master S.C.Kaul
- Chairs: Fourth from left - Master Shankar Pandit;  
 6th from left - Dr. B.M.Bhan, brother of Late Shri Tribhuwan Bhan  
 Fourth from right - Master Shivjee Kaul  
 Third from right - Dr. A.N.Safaya of AIIMS

Kralyar, Rainawari, Circa 1900  
 Source: Not Known



Lal Chowk 1940  
 Source: Not known







## Letters to Editor

### Namskar, Raina Saab.

I have seen my article in the Sept issue of Praagaash and found its presentation quite pleasing to the eye. In fact the entire issue is fascinating. I wonder whether the old black and white photographs of our 83 year old Yajnopavit photos could be placed elsewhere in the journal for their intrinsic cultural value.



Now, you must be preparing the draft of the second issue of the journal, in which I hope the remaining part of my article pending with you, will be included. I am sending a photo of our erstwhile Chinkral Mohalla house for the same. and hope you can accommodate it in that issue. I leave the decision to you.

I wish you redirect the WhatsApp message which dealt with the usage of the Kashmiri words 'dazun and zalun', so that I may continue with the given subject. I intend to elaborate on the related words like 'zong, ogun, nar, daeh, etc. I am preparing the article for a later issue of your on-line journal the Praagaash.

I left Kashmir in 1953, for doing my M.Sc in Botany at Agra and thereafter did not look back, save some vacation time. So, I have a limited knowledge of my mother-tongue. Yet, all my children and grandchildren have picked it up. Your zest for promoting it is admirable. It has also excited me. I wish to contribute to your net-journal as much as I can.

**Dr. P.L.Ganju**

Vadodara, Gujarat.



### Respected Raina Sahib,

A wonderful and very impressive journal Praagaash September issue was received by

me with great love and respect.

The articles are chiseled and thought provoking. I went across it and found it magnificent with colours. You have God gifted acumen to the writing and organise. I feel proud of your scholarship. The magazine will see still greater glory in months to come.

**Prof. Ashok Aima**

Pune.



### Dear Raina Sahab

Thank you for mailing the September issue of 'Praagaash'. The issue encompasses literature, history, art and culture, cuisine as well as reminiscences, faint memories of the bygone peaceful times.

Time moves forward without break! Our progeny shall benefit from these writings in not so distant future. Unfortunately, our young do not join Institutes of higher learning to turn out into specialist [pundit] in any specific genre of knowledge. During my University days [1975-1981], despite scarcity of resources back home, there were as many as fifteen young men and women enrolled in various post-graduate courses at Kurukshetra University alone. At least six of them rose to be professors in their respective disciplines in different parts of India, of course, outside the then peaceful Valley!

Many congratulations for being prompt and sincere in your efforts.

With regards

**Prof. Rajnath Bhat**

BHU, Varanasi



### Dear Editor,

I have been following both Naad and





## Letters to Editor

Praagaash from a few months. I have written couple of articles in Naad already.

Praagaash has really matured. it is colorful in intellect besides its physical form. I am very fond of both. If we have to sustain ourselves in exile, the pen has to work overtime which is done beautifully by you and Mr Sunil Raina ji.

**Col Rajeev Raina**

Meerut



**Dear Editor,**

Congratuilaions and greetings for bringing out such a thoughtful publication with such a meaningful get up. Congratulations to your dedicated team also. I have had its eye view as yet and shall revert when I go through it as I would like to be educated. You are a genius and this is a remarkable effort

Best wishes,

**Dr. B.K.Moza**

Kolkata



**Sir,**

Stories are children's best friends. If there could be one section in Praagaash for children, that would comprise wisdom tales written in Kashmiri, it would cover a number of points at a single stroke:

- Understanding language related aspects
- Highlighting the importance of story telling
- Preserving regional folklore that is fast disappearing

For this, identifying a character in the



Kashmiri context similar to Tenali Rama, Gonu Jha, Gopal Bhand, Birbal, Nasruddin, Afanti, Peetar to mention but a few, would be necessary. These characters are protagonists of Wisdom Tales who have lived down the centuries and have in a sense gained immortality. These characters even today have the capability to mould and shape a child's imagination.

The child would wait for a story that Praagaash would present.

Then again, every language has sayings and proverbs that have a narrative at their base. The Kashmiri language is rich in such sayings and proverbs. If one were to collect such sayings, one could track the narrative that makes these sayings. Combining the saying or proverb with its story would have an important effect on the child's understanding of its mothertongue. This collection could at once become extremely educative, readable material for the child.

Documenting the common colloquial usage of language could be initiated through this. Documentation of these stories could be done through interviewing the elderly, who have seen and experienced different times and have experienced the changes in language brough in cultural shift, dislocation and displacement. Such interviews would again become material for documenting the culture of a community.

These are my suggestions. You may like to take them up in a phased manner or as convenient to you. You may not see some implementable, you may leave that.

Thanks,

**Anjana Puri**

New Delhi



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Praagaash is quite a voluminous journal and



## Letters to Editor

the contents are apt to the purpose of the publication. I am impressed and congratulate the editor Er. M.K.Raina for a successful stint at journalism. May he be granted the strength to carry on with this selfless service with distinction.



Raina Sahib is perhaps one in a few KPs who is selflessly involved in teaching the Devanagari script for writing Kashmiri language. Most of us do not know that Devanagari script for writing Kashmiri has not been recognised by powers that be. Against this Nastaleek script (which is good enough for the purpose) has been recognised as the official script for writing Kashmiri because it has been developed from Urdu and is nearer to the hearts of our brethren in Kashmir who were instrumental in forcing us out of our homes and hearths in Kashmir in 1990.

Now we shall have to mount a concerted effort to see that Devanagari script gets recognition which it deserves. For this it is necessary that we, the Pandits learn this script. Here is where the role of the crusader, Raina Sahib, comes in.

I also found that Raina Sahib had introduced a new genre of poetry into the literature of Kashmiri language with 'Thokus na bu vani vani' as its signature. This literary creation may have no end - endless poem coming over the scaffold of 'De letters van Utrecht' - 'letters of Utrecht'. This may have some likeness to 'Ladi Shah' but the level, purpose and tone of the two is obviously different.

**P.K.Kaul**  
Santacruz, Mumbai



## Editor's Note

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

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

Articles can be e-mailed to [rainamk1@yahoo.co.in](mailto:rainamk1@yahoo.co.in) While e-mailing articles in Hindi/Kashmiri, kindly attach the font used.





## HARUD - Report & Glimpses - Lokeshi Pandita

The much awaited Cultural Programme of the Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai was held at Rang Sharda, Bandra on 8th September 2018. Programme was anchored by Abhimanyu Kak, the celebrated RJ of FM Red who entertained the audience with his brand of Kashmiri Ishtyle 'Kath Baath with Audience'. Introductory speech was given by Jyoti Kaul, a member of the BoT of KPA, Mumbai.

Programme started with the Kashmiri song Harmukh Bartal ... sung melodiously by Archana Kamath, a non-Kashmiri singer. Her pronunciation of Kashmiri lines was perfect. She was followed by Ashish Bhat singing some popular Kashmiri songs and a few Bollywood numbers.

President KPA, Dr. Sanjay Dhar briefed the audience about the activities of the Association, Bill Kaul and his publications, Harud and Vomedh Drama Group.

This year, the Lifetime Contribution award was given to Smt. Shakuntala Aima for her contribution to the Mumbai biradari in her prime time. Award was handed by Mr. Moti Kaul, ex President of KPA and was received by Shri C.L.Raina in Shakuntala Ji's absence.

There was the Book-release function of Bill Kaul who had come all the way from Australia. He gave a short speech, spoke about the good work done by KPA, his interaction with it and the current affairs of the country which prompted him to write the book.

Kashmiri drama 'Ek Aur Birbal' was played by the Vomedh Group of Jammu

run by our own Rakesh Roshan Bhat and his brother Rohit Bhat. Drama delves upon the history of Kashmir and persecution of Kashmiri Pandits, which most of us and our younger generations are not aware of. A welcome step by Vomedh Group. Performance of the artistes was top class, delivery of dialogues superb and it all proved the kind of hard work the team had done before performing on stage. Kudos to Vomedh Team and Rakesh Roshan Bhat in particular.



During the course of events, members of the KPA BoT were introduced to the audience. At the end, artistes of Ek Aur Birbal and other members of the Vomedh Group were felicitated and introduced to the audience.

Shri Sunil Ranjan Kaul, General Secretary of the KPA wrapped up the programme with his Vote of Thanks.

*Photos in Glimpses on following pages :  
Courtesy KPA Mumbai*





HARUD - Report & Glimpses







HARUD - Report & Glimpses





HARUD - Report & Glimpses







HARUD - Report & Glimpses





HARUD - Report & Glimpses

