

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

hār-van

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



हॉर-वन

‘प्रोजेक्ट ज़ान’ की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

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Editorial

Kundan

Three Doors to Knowledge

We are all eager to have knowledge in mundane terms and enlightenment in spiritual terms and for this we try various methods and tread various paths. There are three doors to this seeking of knowledge and enlightenment as very clearly laid down in the Bhagavad Gita in the following verse:

Tadviddhi pranipaatena pariprashnena sevaya

Upadekshyanti te jnanam jnaninas-tattvadarshinah

(Seek that enlightenment by prostrating, by questions and by service; the wise, the seers into the Truth will instruct you in that knowledge.)

These three doors are 'Pranipata' or prostrating, 'Pariprashna' or questioning and 'Seva' or service. The first door is prostrating or making complete surrender. This involves 'Shravana' or reading the scriptures and listening to the words of wisdom from the knowledgeable. It presupposes an unflinching faith in the master 'Guru'. There should be no problem in knocking at this first door. The very fact that we have entrusted the steering of the boat of our life in the hands of our teachers should see us through this first door. The sincerity of our reverence towards them and our unwavering faith will leave no option before them but to come to our rescue.

The second door is questioning and removing doubts. This is one of 'Manana' or deliberation. Whatever we read and hear has to be mulled over and deliberated so that we assimilate what we are taught. In doing so many doubts will spring up and many queries will be there in our mind, for which we shall need clarifications and expositions. When the teacher or a preceptor is present physically we are in direct contact with him and can ask him to clarify our doubts but when he is not present, we have to act like Ekalavya. We have to meditate on his picture or a photograph or simply invoke his presence in our mind. In so doing we shall have the benefit of his constant guidance. As we go on with our deliberations, the doubts will get clarified and the queries will get answered.

The third and the final door is service. This is in the form of 'nidhidhasana' or dedication. In other words we have so far deliberated on all that we have read and heard. During this deliberation whatever clarifications we needed we have obtained. Now our mind is clear as to what we have to do in order to get mundane knowledge and spiritual enlightenment. Now the only thing that remains is to put it in practice and experience in actuality. Or to put it in a scientific terminology, the science that we have learnt is to be tested and applied in actual practice. This is very important because pure sciences are meaningless unless applied in the form technology. Shri Krishna has also stated in the Gita that 'Jnana' or

(Continued on Page 3)

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knowledge must be supplemented by 'vijñana' or practicals in order to make the knowledge 'Ashesha' or absolute. He tells Arjuna, 'Jñanam te'ham savijñanam idam vakshyami asheshatah, yat jñatva nehi bhuyoh jñatavyam avashishyate – I shall give you knowledge together with its application, after knowing which nothing further remains to be known'.

Once we gain knowledge and get enlightenment after going through these three proven doors prescribed in the Gita, we shall attain supreme bliss. To put it in the words of Swami Vivekananda, 'divinity will manifest in our personality in all the three aspects of thought, word and deed 'vichar, vaani, karma'.

If we are sincere God will shower His grace on us and lead us on the path of righteousness.



Editors' Note

We accept write-ups on any topic concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiris, or a topic of common interest in Hindi, Kashmiri and English. The write-ups should be original and exclusive to 'här-van', except for News, Views and Reviews. Kindly note that we do not intend to include the previously published material in 'här-van' except in very special cases. Kindly e-mail your write-ups to us at:

editorharvan@yahoo.co.in

Readers may note that the views expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the **Project Zaan** or 'här-van'.

While e-mailing write-ups in Hindi-Kashmiri, kindly also attach the font used. Articles in Kashmiri will only be accepted in the

Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script.

For guidance on Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script, kindly log on to

www.zaan.net or www.mkraina.com

or send a mail to:

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aiksnd@rediffmail.com

or

dudha@vsnl.com

'Award for Excellence in Literature' to Bimla Raina and Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

Nine legendary works in different languages spoken in the State have been adjudged best and chosen for 'Award for Excellence in Literature' for the year 2008 by State Academy of Art, Culture and Languages.

After approval of Governor N N Vohra, formal orders were issued by Academy Secretariat, today. Disclosing this to the media-persons, Zaffar Iqbal Khan Manhas, Secretary, Academy of Art, Culture and Languages, said that on the recommendations of three member jury in each language, the highest Academy Awards in Literature for Best Book were announced in favour of nine critics, writers and poets of the State. The Award carries a cash prize of Rs 51,000, a memento, citation and a shawl.

In Kashmiri, prominent poetess and critic, Bimla Raina's book 'Lel Meani Nazri' has been adjudged best amongst the books received in the language. The Award for Dogri has gone in favour of renowned theatre personality, Mohan Singh for his book 'Dogri Rang Manch'.



The book 'Badalto Door' in Gojri by eminent Poet Babu Noor Mohammad Noor has been adjudged best amongst the books received in Gojri. 'Uss Paar' in Pahari by well-known writer Raja Shahid Shujaat has been chosen for award of the year.

'Dasht Main Door Kahin', a book in Urdu written by famous poet Dr Shafaq Sopori has been adjudged best book for award while in Hindi, Anila Charak will get best book award for her book 'Nange Paon Zindgi'. The best book award in Punjabi has gone in favour of eminent personality Saran Singh for his book 'Taway Da Tabber'. In Ladakhi, well known writer Tsewang Rigzin has been awarded for his book 'Drug Pa Chi Tar Jung Tsul'.

In English, the work entitled 'Enchanting World Infants' of Dr K L Chowdhury has been adjudged best.



The Best Book Awards were instituted by the Academy in the year 1966 and since 2002 this award is being given to the author only but once in a life time.

- News Courtesy 'Daily Excelsior', Jammu

Editors' Mail**BHU, Varanasi**

Dear Raina Sahab,
The special issue of 'här-van' in memory of Late Onkar Aima is an admirable effort to pay tributes to and remember our stalwarts. I could not find an opportunity ever to meet with him in person but the Kashmiri movie 'Maanzirath' and a large number of documentaries is a testimony to his talent and commitment to social good. He was a pioneer in persuading Kashmiris to pursue Art as a career. Many congratulations and thanks to you for enabling less informed people like me to have a glimpse of his achievements and noble deeds.

Sincerely,

Raj Nath Bhatrnbhat2k2@sify.com-----
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Respected Raina Saheb,
Namaskar. I wish to express my thanks & gratitude for forwarding me the latest edition of 'har-van'. It is great and most informative. An excellent work being done.

Regards,

Chaman L. Zadoo-----
New Delhi

Mahara Namaskar.
Received Harvan. Many many thanks. You have given me more space than I really deserve. I read all the 'Letters to the Editor' about 'Of Bubs and Bhagwans'. It is good to get such a huge response from a large section of the readers. This only shows your popularity. I congratulate you for dedicating one issue to Aima Sahib. But I wonder why our 'filmi People' did not write on him. If they do not write today, I am afraid some one may not write on them tomorrow. I am sure you must have requested them. I am particularly astonished about those 'Filmi People' who are always in search of some opportunity to lecture on television channels. I am yet to read rest of the magazine particularly the article on Arnimal and Manwati Sahib's article. After reading them, I shall certainly respond and come back to you again.

Any reaction from Dr. Chawdhary sahib?.

With very warm regards,

Brij Nath Betabbnbetab@yahoo.co.in**Springfield, USA**

Dear Sir,

I must confess I had not read July issue of 'här-van' the way I should have. In the August issue, letters to the editor prompted me to visit Dr. Chowdhury's article. I must admit, I couldn't agree with him more. This is not because Dr. Chowdhury was my teacher in medical school, but because Dr. Sahib has asked what many hitherto fore never dared to. We must not be blinded by lofty claims that fail to stand scrutiny. I have a simple rule that has yet to fail me. Any one called Bhagwan, who either insists on that title or fails to object to such salutation must be viewed with suspicion. There are lot of karama yogis who do their thing without insisting on titles. I believe there are holy men / women with spiritual gifts, but I doubt there are any living Bhagwans.

Again, I was struck by accuracies in projections made by 'Baaji Saab' as stated so eloquently by Sh. Ashok Razdan in the latest issue of 'här-van' magazine. In the very first vignette, Ashok Ji has posed a question - "Was Baaji Saab half right". I might offer a clue which, though unsubstantiated by laboratory testing, would prove that Baaji Saab was 100% right. As an endocrinologist dealing with some in-born errors of metabolism, a 'male child' dying within 12 hours of birth could be a female child with a condition known as 'salt wasting congenital adrenal hyperplasia'. These children (genetically female) have male child looking genitalia by appearance at birth and die within hours due to untreated / uncorrected high blood potassium levels - Hyperkalemia.

Thanks.

Romesh Khardori

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Sanpada, Navi Mumbai

Dear Mr. Raina,

First I would like to thank you very much for your painstaking job of sending the 'här-van' copy to

people in time. With this I am always waiting for article from Dr. K.L.Chowdhury. I have greatest regards for the Doctor and I am grateful to him since he treated my wife way back in 1986-87, though Doctor Sahab must not be remembering me as he must have treated lakhs of patients and he can't remember all.

Regarding his latest article 'Of Bhagwans and Babs' for which you have recieved lot of mails of mixed reaction from our community members, I would like to put forth my points which are purely my own comments and this should not hurt any individual's feeling.

1) It has become a fashion nowadays to follow sadhus/babs. Will you please tell me how many people in Kashmir knew where Gopinath Ji's Ashram was? Who Gopinath ji Was? As one man has written rightly in his mail that these things have become order nowadays after the migration took place. The followers of one particular Bab are now amending the aartis and removing photographs of Gods from their homes and putting this Bab's photos only. It is good to have faith in GOD but not the human Gods.

2) I have been to so many Ashrams, Babas, Sadhus so far but I feel 99% of them were either frauds or cheats or money hungry people.

3) I strongly feel that whatever Dr. Chowdhury wrote is perfect.

Please feel free to write if you want instances of bad deeds of these Babs and Bhagvans.

3) About the point of Sprituality which people say about these human gods, how they have measured the spritual power of these individuals? Had it been that easy then everybody would have been talking with GOD.

4) My sincere request to people of my community is to please have faith in GOD and dont forget Him by following the SELF CREATED BHAGWAANS AND BABS.

I once again give all credit to Dr. Chowdhury Sahab for writing this bold article and hope he continues to write such things in future too.

Ravinder Safaya
ravindersafaya@rediffmail.com

Nagpur, Maharashtra

Dear Raina Sahib
Thanks for sending the latest issue of the magazine. The write-ups are quite interesting and I shall revert back after reading the whole content.

Regards,

A.K. Raina
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Dear Editor,

I read some portions of 'här-van'. I think the effort is laudable and deserves encouragement. I was particularly interested in tributes to a senior colleague and friend Onkar Aima. This is the second issue I got. Hope you send me the magazine regularly.

I have some reservations. Why publish the magazine in English. For whom? Why not publish in Kashmiri so that the young readers outside Kashmir are kept abreast of the language and its literature. There is another on-line magazine NEAB (clue) which is in Kashmiri. I read it regularly in spite of the fact that some of the writers are opposite to my convictions. But the fact that the journal is in Kashmiri makes it seem closer to our language and culture.

My another reservation concerns the contents. There should be more on Kashmiri culture. We don't need articles on Gita, Upanishads etc., we have them better written by established scholars in Inda. I expect more by way of our cultural heritage, which is not exclusively religious.

I hope you don't mind my sharing these thoughts with you.

Makhan Lal Raina

Udhampur, Jammu

Respected Sir,

Just today I read April issue of net-journal 'här-van'. There is one advt. regarding Literature in Exile. In this regard I would like to mention here that I have published two books. MURRAN 'MY VILLAGE' and collection of poems 'OCEAN BY DROPS'.

I am compiling another book titled 'OOL' THE NEST. The book will be puplished in six volumes and maximum portion of it has been completed.

I am attaching an article for your next issue.
Sincerely,

Chander M. Bhat
chander_1831@rediffmail.com

NINETEEN YEARS AFTER DISPLACEMENT - 1

My friends and some of those who have in the recent past visited the Kashmir Valley, and above all, the media, made such commendable observations about the place that my heart jumped with curiosity and hope. Could one find the same old, peaceful and calm valley which I lived in some twenty five years ago, before the explosions and mayhem of 1986, which, people believe, was masterminded by a senior Congress leader who later shifted loyalties. The Year 1990 was the end of it all. The Valley had been cleared of her oldest, aboriginal residents, the KPs, who constituted a mere 3% of the total population. The Islamists' mission of ethnic cleansing was complete.

Day 1: On a hot, sunny morning in June 2008, I occupied a seat on the driver's left in a mini-cab. The seven co-passengers in the middle and rear seats were three Hindu tourists from some other state and four Kashmiri Muslims. It was a sudden decision, a voice from deep within,

a vibration that prompted me to pay a visit to the valley after nineteen years of displacement. There was a deep desire to go to my Home where I crawled, took my first step, my village where I spent my entire childhood and a major part of my youth, where I went to school though reluctantly, under strict surveillance of my parents and uncles. I loved to play with pups in our courtyard, 'swim' in the stream with crystal clear water from 'Sheshanag' that flows behind my home, and boss over younger siblings in the family. My parents sent me to school instead where, after a couple of months, I began to learn to read and write. My passion for pups and swimming disappeared gradually. People began to plan my future - good learner can become a doctor!

I wished to visit that School and there was an intense longing to meet my friends from school and college with whom I have shared the joys, pleasures, animosities and fantasies of the first thirty years of my life. I wished to bathe (not swim) in the clear stream that flows behind my home, to see the growth of walnut, willow, acacia, and poplar trees that were planted by me and my siblings; To see what my village folks have matured into, and how they groom

their progeny and much more.

The cab-driver on my right said something. Realizing that I was elsewhere, he put his left hand on my shoulder for a split second and I came back. He spoke in chaste Dogri and I responded in broken Punjabi. It was small talk, centered on his driving skills, his faith in a couple odd shrines en-route, his kids' education and so forth.

The cab stopped at two temples where the driver and the three Hindu tourists got down to bow to the deities that are installed there. I followed them in this ritual. We halted for tea and lunch at two different spots, my co-passengers did not interact with me.

Ascending the Pir-Panchal to Patnitop was invigorating. The fragrant, cool breeze after nineteen years of displacement was soul-stirring. I kept on

watching the green deodars on one side and the deep furrows on the other side of the

road with great excitement. Being seated on the front seat, I had the liberty to unbutton my shirt to allow odorous, cool winds hit my chest.

Some passengers' request to halt at Qazigund for the evening tea was set aside by the cab-driver with the plea that passengers alighting at Khanabal would be unnecessarily delayed.

I got down at Khanabal at 7.30 p.m. and so did a Kashmiri Muslim gentleman who was seated at the rear of the cab. He spoke to me in Hindi / Urdu. Together we hired a three-wheeler to Anantnag bus-stand opposite Town Hall. My co-passenger tried to pay the bill which I prevented him from doing; obliged, he directed me to the cab that subsequently took me to Mattan (Martand).

Nineteen years ago, when half a million of my community members were forced to run away from the terror machines of Jehadis in the valley, it was unimaginable for any Kashmiri to find a shop selling beef in the open market but not any longer.

The moment I occupied the middle seat in the mini-cab, a huge carcass in an open shop across the road on my right shook me. It was nauseating. I looked to my left to avoid a second look at the animal



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corpse.

A passenger on my right said aloud, “Look at this bastard. He begs for the whole day and buys a Kilo (Kg.) of beef (*badumaaz*) and a quarter of whisky in the evening”. A beggar must be buying beef, I guessed. “But availability of beef in abundance has been a boon for rich and poor alike”, remarked a passenger sitting in the rear of the cab.

The mini-cab got full within minutes and I reached Mattan, my high school town, at 8.45 pm. Between Anantnag nay Islamabad bus-stand and Mattan, the cab virtually stopped after every two hundred yards to allow one passenger or the other to alight. There are newly-built, splendid houses en-route on both sides of the road between Anantnag and Mattan in what used to be green paddy fields in summer and yellow mustard ones in spring, when I was rooted there.

Mattan (*Martand*) the town of two thousand years old Sun temple, still older cave temple, and the magnificent spring (*Nagabal*) was beginning to unwind. I

was saddened to see the gates to Nagabal locked from inside. A sentry was peeping through a minor gate. I requested him to unlock the gate. He checked my identity card and frisked my baggage before allowing me in and directed me to the *Dharamshala* where I could stay for the night.

The *dharamshala* official, and there were several, declined to provide an independent room to me. Instead I was asked to stay downstairs in the huge, shabbily carpeted Hall. Shockingly, the rooms upstairs were under lock because the management of the Dharamshala has split and one party has stalled allotment of rooms to visitors. The Dharamshala is a post 2000 construction. It did not exist at the time of our displacement. The feuding, avaricious Pandits have stalled its proper use and maintenance so soon.

The toilets for both men and women were in a deplorable condition. It was stinking all around. The ladies toilet did not have on electric bulb either. “How do you use the toilet at night”, I asked a woman. “I don’t. I go to the gents lavatory!” said she. The official in-charge seemed slightly unhappy with the situation. His companions invited me to dinner of rice and lentils in a spacious room upstairs. Six blankets were given to me to sleep in the massive hall downstairs, where three old persons, a couple and the lady’s

brother, occupied a corner. They had come a week ago to spend summer months there. I spread three blankets on the unclean carpet in place of a mattress and covered myself with the remaining three. The realization that I was so close to my village filled me with joy and excitement. My thoughts took me back to my student days, the faces of my playmates appeared and disappeared. Will they recognise me? Will anyone in my own native village recognize me? My High School friend A. Rahman of Mattan whose house is three hundred yards away from Nagabal, it occurred to me, should be able to recognize me. I decided to go to his house early next morning before he leaves for work. Exhaustion overpowered me and I fell asleep.

Day-2: It was a sunny morning and I went to bathe in the cool spring water. It was an exhilarating and rejuvenating experience. I nearly cried to find myself

taking a dip in the clear waters of Mattan Naag after such a long time-gap. I came out of the fortified Nagabal

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premises to find my friend A. Rahman. I could not find him on my own, because what used to be his house then, has transformed into a shopping complex. A middle-aged person accompanied me to Rahman’s new bungalow. I thanked him. The outer gate to the bungalow stood unlocked, I got in and was delighted to see a lush green lawn with flowers of varied hues inside. I spent a few minutes enjoying the beauty and fragrance of flowers. Slowly, I went forward and with a little nervousness pushed the bell-button and waited for a response. There was none. I waited, pushed the button again; no response again. My nervousness rose. I hurried back to Nagabal to have breakfast of *lavaas* and *chai* (bakery bread and tea) with the Dharamshala officials. They were generous enough.

At Breakfast, I met two young Hindu teachers accommodated in the Dharamshala who taught at two different Government schools in the vicinity of the town. (One of them, I have been told, was killed two weeks later during ‘anti-Amarnath Shrine Board land allotment’ agitation. His mutilated body was found at Achabal some 7 Kms. away from Anantnag. He proved to be the proverbial ‘blank cheque’).

I said good-bye to my hosts for the night at 9.30 a.m.

It seems that Kashmiris have begun to detest

agriculture, especially paddy and mustard cultivation. What used to be green patches of agricultural land on both edges of the road between Mattan and my village way back in 1989, have transformed into residential areas with beautiful constructions all around. There is affluence all around. Buses, mini-buses, and mini-cabs ply on all routes quite frequently. But these vehicles are invariably overcrowded.

I waited for an hour at Mattan before I could board a Pahalgam-bound bus that had a couple of vacant seats at the rear. I got down on the main road at the entrance to my village twenty minutes later. A person with grey, trimmed beard too got down from the front window of the bus. I recognized him instantaneously.

I said 'Hello' (*salam*) to him. He reciprocated. My village is situated close to the bank of river *lidder* some two kilometers away from the main road. All those years when everything was calm and peaceful, this stretch of two Kms. used to be dirty and muddy, but not now. I was overjoyed to

see that a clean, tarred road was there to take me to my home. But the agricultural land on both sides of the road had become residential, as elsewhere. It seems that the Goddess of wealth had been waiting for the Pandits' ouster from the valley to shower mounds of cash on the Muslims there.

I walked more than a kilometer in pace with the Muslim gentleman when suddenly he asked me, "Whose house are you heading to". I smiled. He could not recognize me. I happened to live in his neighbourhood at a distance of 50 yards. "To Dar Sahib's residence", I replied. Mr. Dar (a government officer) happens to be his brother-in-law. He looked intently at my face and asked, "Are you an outsider, a Pandit". "Yes" said I. "Son of Pandit Jagannathji", he asked. "Yes, and I recognized you the moment you came out of the bus", said I. To conceal his embarrassment, he asked a person of his age-group with a long beard, who was busy in his kitchen-garden, "Do you know this gentleman"? "No", he said. "He used to be your neighbour some time back" he remarked. The person in the kitchen-garden shrugged his shoulders. I recognized him but I did not stop to say 'Hello' to him for I could see Mr. Dar standing on the road-side a hundred yards ahead. I was delighted.

Mr. Dar, his wife, and a couple of other persons were standing on the road, outside the entrance to

Dar's newly constructed house - a beautiful one. Mr. Dar recognized me. We hugged a deep, elongated hug. His wife shook hands with me. His brother-in-law invited me to his residence. Mr. Dar and I went into his well-decorated sitting room. His wife brought water, tea and biscuits. We sat together for three hours reciprocating pleasantries, remembering our childhood and youth and learning about things that happened post-exodus to our families and so forth. Curiously enough, his two young sons did not bother to meet me. He is sharp. He has succeeded in obtaining High school status for the village School despite strong opposition from some 'powerful' villagers who had evil designs to close it down altogether to ensure that only 'Madrassa' teaching was made available to the village children. Dar was supported by some other members of the community in persuading the authorities to grant High School status to the Village Middle school. This news

enthused me and I informed him that the primary school at our village had come into

existence a hundred odd years ago due to the efforts of my great-grand father, Prakash Bhat, who was a senior revenue officer under the then King.

At lunch time, I left from Dar's place and walked to the house of the sole Pandit family that still lives in the village. There were twenty Pandit families in the village in 1989. The elderly Pandit couple took some time to recognize me. In fact Dar sort of introduced me to them!

The elderly couple, their two sons (in their thirties) and daughter-in-law were happy to meet me. Soon after lunch, the elderly pandit accompanied me to see mounds of clay (three to four feet high) of what used to be three-storeyed houses of Pandits in the yore. It was a shocking site. I tried hard to conceal my tears while standing on my home, a mound with green growth which was burnt down in the summer of 1990 barely six months after we fled.

It was futile to allow the past memories to haunt me. My vision was blurred. I took a few steps to reach the stream. I put my hands into it to cool myself. When I opened my eyes, I was shocked to notice that the stream has shrunk in width by more than a half. The water is muddy and dirty. 'I could not bathe in it anymore', I thought.

(To be continued)

Contact author at: rnbhat2k2@gmail.com

KASHMIR DIARY

काव्य

अर्जुन देव मजबूर

तुक तुक

तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु”

“अख सॅनियोस्या

ग्यानु वोलॉस्या

अख वन वॉस्या

तपसी करवुन

अख मलमॉस्या”

“कॅर्यतव सोनुय दार पवितुर”

“छम कति ऑग्न्या!”

“अदु कैह हुक्मा ?”

“भिक्षा भिक्षा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“शरनागत छुस / बुद्धम शरनम

संगम शरनम, हिंसा पापम”

“कैह छा ऑग्न्या”

“अख बतु लुकमा या दूद खोसा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“सूप्या संता, मोत दरवेशा

छेच छम रेशा

कुन गछि मानुन राम रहीमा

राधा कृष्णा

दीतव बस अख गुरसु गिलासा,

त्रेशि गिलासा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“रामय ब्रोरा”

“क्या ह्यथ आमृत ?”

“अनु ह्यथ दनु ह्यथ

ओरजुव, दोर कोठ, चेशमन गाशा



क्वठ्यन ति होशा, टॉठिस साफा

माजे प्यरना, बॉयिस बूटा

जिगरे सूठा”

“अछ साँ अंदर, हे बॉय जिगरा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“लॅडिया लॅडिया

बूजिव बॉथा / हज़ला, नज़ला

खबरा अतरा

छ्वन्य छ्वन्य छ्वन्य छ्वन्य

आव लडीशाह / तोमुलय ल्वंगुना

या दां फवतुरा

रुत कॅरिनव साँ म्योन खदाया”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“चारुक र्योश छुस

तोबरुक रठ साँ, टंगु हचि जोरा

बेयि शीरीन्या, वॉलिव तॅहरा

बेयि अख र्वपया”

“बेयि कैह हुक्मा”

“दूर बलाया / त्रुम त्रुम, त्रुम त्रुम

दय त्वहि टूठिन, बेयि रेश्य मोला

चंदु मंजु कड साँ बोड ह्य लोठा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“रोत फॅकीरा”

“हाजथ क्या छुय ?”

“बतु मॅड्य जोरा”

“रठ साँ त्रॉम्या, कर साँ ऑशा”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

“दम कर चूरा

मुखबिर साला, मादर”

“हज़रत, तोह्य कम ?

कॅर्यतव हुक्मा!”

कलशन कोफा, लूठा, बेयि क्या ?

“कॅछा वॅन्यतव म्वकुलन पाया!”

“लॉगिव कॅहवा, बॉकिर खॉन्या

च्वन किच त्रॉम्या

लॉला, हूरा या मस्तूरा”

“रछतु खदाया! रछ साँ नॅबिया”



तुक तुक ? “कुस छुवु ?”

.....

“छ्वपु हय टॉठी

दम करी मॉजी

दार्यन चुटकिन्य

डेड्यन हाँकल

कुलफस कुलफा

छ्वपु हा, छ्वपु हा

छ्व -पु -हा, छ्व -पु -हा

छ्व ... हा, छ्व ... हा

.....



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF**HISTORICITY OF KASHMIR'S RELATIONSHIP WITH BHARAT - 1****Origin and Archaeology :**

Geologists and archeologists tell us that the valley of Kashmir was originally a lake. In his most famous book 'The Valley of Kashmir', Walter R. Lawrence, who was the Settlement Commissioner during the British rule, and famous Archaeologist S.L. Shali, in his study book 'Kashmir: History and Archaeology through the ages', quoting the detailed study and scientific findings of Major Godwin Austen (1864), Lydekker (1878), Oldham (1893), Middlemiss (1911) and Yale-Cambridge expedition of 1935 lead by H. De Terra, have amply 'demonstrated the results of four cycles of glaciations and intermittent inter-glacial periods, which were responsible for the origin and the shrinkage of the lake'. These scientific studies only authenticate what has already been mentioned in Nilamata Purana and Rajatarangini.

On the basis of these established facts that the valley of Kashmir was a lake, originates my conviction that Kashmir from its origin was a part of Bharat Desha.

Legend and Nilamata Purana :

I begin with the reference to the famous and the oldest Purana of Kashmir, the Nilamata Purana, which has been assigned the date of its origin between 6th century A.D and 7th century A.D, by Dr Ved Kumari Ghai, a veteran Sanskrit scholar from the present state of Jammu and Kashmir. Though the verse seventyone and seventytwo of Rajatarangini, Book one, make me confused about this date being accurate.

In the said verses, it is mentioned that 'Krishna's advisors were grumbling at the coronation of a woman, Yasovati, the slayer of 'Madhu', Lord Krishna appeased them by reciting the verse from the Nilamata Purana that said that 'Kashmir land is Parvati, and its king is a portion of Shiva and though he may be wicked, a wise man who desires his own prosperity will not despise him'. Yasovati, as we know was the widow of Gonanda's son Damodara, whom Krishna killed in a fight. So when at the time of coronation of Yasovati by Lord Krishna, a reference is made to Nilamata Purana, the antiquity of its origin extends to the period of Lord Krishna's life span.

The point I want to make is that Nilamata Purana

in the context of the above can be dated to even an earlier period, even if we do not accept the calculations of Aryabhatta who dated the war of Mahabharata to be approximately around 3101 BC. (Dr. P.V.Vartak in his article on the scientific dating of the Mahabharata war has derived the date of the initiation of the Mahabharata War to be 16th October 5561 B.C.) And if we accept Dr Vartak's derivation, then the dates given by Dr. Ved Kumari Ghai are not close to authenticity as the Nilamata Purana opens with the inquiry of Janamejaya from Vaishampayana about the non participation of Kashmir's king in the war of Mahabharata. (The point I am making is not to contradict the veteran scholar, to whom I am personally indebted and obliged to have 're-invented' Nilamata Purana for us. My object is to examine the antiquity of Kashmir's proximity to Bharat Desha.)



The point I want to make is that the Nilamata Purana, Rajatarangini and the Brangish Samhita are the sources of most important linkages and proximity of Kashmir with the main land India. Elaborating on the first point that the valley of Kashmir was a lake, Nilamata Purana tells us that its original inhabitants were Nagas, who were the progeny of Prajapati Kashyapa and his wife Kadru, the daughter of Daksha.

Dr. Naval Viyogi has reproduced this tale from Mahabharata in his book 'Nagas: The Ancient Rulers of India - Their Origin and History':

Nagas, with Nil as their chief, who lends his name to Nil Naga as well as Nilamata purana, were terrified by the water born demon Jalodbhava, who had obtained boons from Brahma. Seeing destruction of Manu by Jalodbhava, Nila approached (or prayed) his father Kashyapa and requested him for help. Kashyapa in turn requested the Gods, Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva to do the needful. Nilamata Purana says that the gods proceeded to Naubhandan to punish the demon. (A mountain peak in south Kashmir area of Daksum is still known as Naubhandan. As the name suggests, it is widely believed that the gods tied their boats to this mountain cliff. Yet another tirtha by this name is mentioned by

Kalhana above the lake of Kramasaras now known as Konsarnag.)

As the demon was imperishable in the waters, Vishnu asked Ananta to make an outlet for the water by breaking forth the mountain barriers. He did accordingly by his plough. (This plough is said to have been used as a symbol by the Gods as well as by the earlier inhabitants of Kashmir. In our times National Conference Party adopted this symbol). The demon Jalodbhava before getting eliminated by Vishnu and Shiva is said to have created darkness that was dispelled by Shiva holding the Sun and the Moon in his hands.

So we now know that the demon is killed and the water of the lake is drained. The land is created. Who does all this? The answer is the Hindu deities. Who fights the demon? The Hindu Gods. Who drains the water? The Hindu gods. Who lends the name to the land thus created? The answer is Rishi Kashyapa. And who helped him? All the gods. And it is in this context that Brangish Samhita declares that:

*Triloke yane tirthane tane Kashmir mandale
Kashmir yane tirthane nityam tani Maheshwara.*

Rajatarangini :

Point number two is about the coronation of Yasovati. As already mentioned, and as explained by Pandit Kalhana in his Chronicle Rajatarangini, who establishes the queen Yasovati at the throne in Kashmir? The answer is Lord Krishna, the Vadav Putra from Bharat Desha.

*Antarvatnim tasya patnim vasudevo bhyasecayat
Bhavishyat putrarajartham tasya deshaya
gauravat.*

Nagas and Kashmir :

Now coming to the links between the people of two places, Dr. Naval Vijoyi writes that 'from Kashmir to Assam, Himalayan ranges have been the largest centre of the abode of Naga race since the dark age of pre-historic time. We all know that the Naga races are spread almost all over the North east. In Kashmir almost every spring is associated with the memory of Nagas, be it Nilnaga, Anantnaga, Verinaga, Kausar Naga or any other Naga. Apart from this you will be astonished to know that Kashmiri Hindu ladies until the seventh exodus in 1989 would put such a head gear that consisted of a snake like long cover, with its front molded like a snake hood and the back side a long snake shaped tail. It is called *pooch*.

Dr. Afaq Aziz, a young scholar of the University of Kashmir in one of his published papers on 'Naga

Totems of Kashmir' makes a detailed connection of Nagas of Kashmir with those of Assam. He links them by the tradition of their faith and belief, like placing the utensils of the deceased on the ground before the dead and the belief in rebirth. He links them through the rite of oath, where even marriages are decided and arranged through promise. He then talks about the family rite of Nagas wherein they pierced the ears of their sons and daughters in childhood. Now all these rituals are still prevalent in Kashmir, and to the astonishment of many, it is prevalent in all the communities of Kashmir. Although piercing of the ears of a boy is out of fashion now. So Nagas of Kashmir had a cultural link with the Nagas of other parts of this land.

Kumkum or Kesar :

Now I may delve in the same breath about the agriculture commodity called Kumkum or the Kesar, of which Kashmiris feel so proud. And it is this Kesar to which Bilhana refers to when he says:

*Sahodara kumkum kesaranam
bhavanti nunam kavita vilasaha,
Na Sharda deshah pase drashtas
tesham yadan yetra maya praroha.*

(Poetry and the Kesar are the two beautiful creations of Sharda desha, the Kashmir, oh friend and these I have not seen any where else).

Now this Kesar is a gift of Nagas given to Kashmir. The story dates back to the time when the Aryan people inhabited Kashmir. They had an understanding with the Nagas. Aryan people would come down to plains during the winter which used to be so severe. And it so happened that one Aryan Vaid, a doctor in today's parlance cured a Naga. The Naga having got cured gave his Messiah a memorable gift and the gift was a bulb of Kesar, the Kumkum. It is even today accepted that the Kesar first was produced in a spring in the Padmapora now Pampore in Kashmir, the spring again being associated with the Nagas. In fact a spring in Kashmir is called a Nag even today in the local Kashmiri language.

I have talked about the land, the people and some agriculture. Now let me talk about water, as no life sustains with out water.

Vitasta :

Vishnu Dharramottra Purana refers to Kashmir as Vaitastika, the land of the river Vitasta. Vitasta is the main river of Kashmir valley that for no reason has come to be called Jhelum. The river has its source

at a place called Vethvotur, near the famous spring of Verinag and passing through the valley moves to the separated part of this land across the LOC, to finally merge with the ocean.

Nialmata Purana says and Rajatarangini quotes that it was the Sati, the consort of Lord Shankara, who on the prayers of Kashyapa and motivation of the Lord himself assumed the form of a river. Shankara called her Vitasta as 'Hara' had excavated a ditch with the spear measuring one Vitasti. The legend to this effect, related in the Purana and reproduced by the author of Haracaritacintamani and also mentioned in the Sanskrit chronicle Rajatarangini, describes Vitasta as the manifestation of Lord Shiva's consort Parvati. "Shiva at the request of Rishi Kashyapa prevailed upon the Goddess to show herself in the land (Kashmir) in the shape of a river, in order to purify its inhabitants from the sinful contact with the Pisacas."

Vitasta Mahatmayam that is a part of Brangih Samhita, which has come to us in the form of a *Samvada*, a dialogue between the Bharivi and the Bhairava, authenticates this:

*Yato devi Bhagwati Vitasta papanashini
Nis samarita mahadeva touya bukt-hitecheya.*

Sanskrit Language :

Continuing with the Lord Shiva and the Mother Shakti, I now come to the cultural aspect of the topic and begin with the language.

We all know that Kashmir has been a great seat of learning and has produced great Sanskrit scholars. I am not going to name them all. They are known to the world.

However I would draw your attention to Shiva Purana and the famous Swami Amaranth cave shrine, where a naturally formed Ice Lingam waxes and wanes with the moon. It is said and we all believe that the Lord narrated the story of immortality or the Amar Katha to Parvati in this cave.

I may not assign a date to this period, but we believe in its authenticity. We also believe that Sanskrit is the language of Gods. So we believe that the Lord must have narrated the Amar Katha in this language. Going by this maxim again we know that Sanskrit is the language of Gods and Rishi Kashyap must have prayed to God in *Devabhasha* (the language of Gods - Sanskrit). If so, that means that we in Kashmir are not only connected to Bharta by our mythological and religious beliefs, but we also share a common language, that was and allow me to say, spoken on this land by the gods always. If we

believe that the origin of Sanskrit language is the Vedic knowledge with Rig-Veda being the earliest one, I feel proud as a Kashmiri that we have preserved its originality in our speech till date, despite so many invasions, changes, persecutions and Migrations.

Kashmiri devotional poetry of 18th and 19th century, particularly that of Pandit Parmananda and Pandit Krishna Joo Razdan is full of Vedic word usage, apart from the Vedic motifs and hymns to Vedic Gods. This Vedic connection was the reason that noted Sanskrit scholar Dr. Mathura Dutt Pandey found it easy and interesting to translate the devotional poetry of Pandit Krishna Joo Razdan for the benefit of Hindi readers. So the language is yet another link.

Historian P.N.K Bamzai informs us that Kashmir had become the centre of Sanskrit learning since the settlement there of Aryans 'who migrated to nearby Kashmir, when the river Saraswati, on whose banks they lived, changed its course and finally dried up'.

Shri P.N.K Bamzai is a 20th century historian from Kashmir and one cannot fully agree with him. He may partially be correct, so far as in the absence of any new finding that 'Aryans settled in Kashmir, when the river Saraswati dried up,' but he cannot be accepted in saying that Sanskrit learning did not exist there earlier. It may also be mentioned that the migration of Aryans from Saraswati river to the nearby Kashmir could not have happened prior to 1800 BC, as Aryans (a derivative of the word Aryenem in central Asian scripture Avestan) are supposed to have migrated out of Central Asia in 18th century B.C.

Contrary to the common belief, historical Sanskrit chronicles tell us that Kashmir was never a land locked area. It had more than thirty routes that connected it to the outside world and in the not so distant past, we have Kashmiris like Kumarjiva crossing even the boundaries of Bharata and scholar poet like Bilhana, the author of *Vikramankadecarita*, occupying a prominent position in the court of Chalukya king of Karnataka as 'Chief Pandit'. And we have historical reference to the king Lalitaditya Muktapida (724-761 A.D.) conquering the territory of (Kanyakubja) Kanauj and extending the boundaries of his kingdom beyond the Himalayas.

(To be continued)

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NIDHAN KAK OF VILLAGE MURRAN

Kashmir has over the ages produced Saints, Rishis and Saint Poets who have influenced the course of spiritual and cultural history of this ancient land. Even in the days of political turmoil of the Pathans and the Sikhs, they have been born here and have preached the religious tolerance and brother hood. These saints, rishis and saint poets have appeared in different ages and at different places, but they have left their imprint much beyond the confines of time and place.

Haarpur, a small village about 1 km to the South West of village Murrin in Pulwama District enroute Deeri village was the last abode of ascetic Nidhan Kak. Nidhan Kak was a resident of Rainawari, Srinagar. Not much is known about the early years of his life. Pandit Anand Koul in his book "The Kashmiri Pandit" writes, "Nidhan Kak lived at village Murrin (Awantipora Tehsil) and died in Sambat 1925". The exact year of his settlement at village Murrin is not known but it is more or less between the years 1836 to 1887. He had come to village Murrin to earn his livelihood as the Bhats of village Murrin were well off. He was employed in Pandit Paramanand Bhat's (1836-1888) house for doing day-to-day work. During night he used to meditate and held spiritual disciplines (*Sadhna*) in the "Thakur-Kuth" (Pooja room). He dedicated himself to spiritual activity not known to anyone in the house though being so close to everone.

Once Smt. Poshmal, wife of Pandit Paramanand Bhat felt thirsty in the mid night and went to kitchen to quench her thirst. Smt. Poshmal while drawing near to the kitchen where Thokur Kuth fell on the other side, got horrified to find the violent fire has engulfed the Pooja room. Immediately she rushed to her room and reported the matter to her husband who in turn got up quickly and rushed towards the Pooja room. He found to his surprise Nidhan Kak in deep meditation and an immense dazzling divine light in his room. Next morning in the early hours, Pandit Paramanand Bhat and his wife fell on the feet of Nidhan Kak and made obeisance. Nidhan Kak, to avert the exposure of the truth, shifted to Haarpur, where he spent the rest of his life. He selected a place amidst thorns and bushes at Haarpur and practiced 'Sadhna'. He never allowed any publicity and was not a believer of ostentatious popularity. He was always calm, serene and throughout a bramachari. Nidhan Kak was always free from anger and very soft spoken.

It once happened, Maharaja Pratap Singh alongwith his bodyguards riding on horses were coming from Shopyan (the ancient Mughal road). Maharaja's horse stopped and spurned to go further. Maharaja called the locals to enquire if there was any saint residing in the nearby area. The locals told him about Nidhan Kak and of his greatness and spirituality. He then straightway proceeded to Haarpur for having a darshan of this great saint. On reaching Haarpur, Maharaja alighted from his horse and went to the muddy hut of Nidhan Kak. He bowed before him and was

**About the Author**

Hailing from Village Murrin in Kashmir, Chander M. Bhat, an Assistant Superintendent of Posts has done PG in Journalism & ICWA (Intermediate), apart from passing various departmental examination in the Department of Posts, GOI. His published works include 'Murrin - My Village' and 'Ocean by Drops' (a collection of poems), and research works like 'Vitasta - A Part of our Identity', Splendour that is Amarnath' and 'OOL - The Nest'.

Mr. Bhat has various achievements to his record. He procured business worth 8.15 Crores in Billawar in a single day on 25 January 2001 and business worth 17 Crores at Ram Nagar in a single day on 10th January 2003. He organized a Philatelic Exhibition at Udhampur on 22 September 2002. He is also working as Editor 'JK POST', an in-house journal of the Department of Posts, J&K Circle.

Mr. Bhat won the 1985 National Award for his poem 'Ocean By Drops'. The Award was presented to him by Gaini Zail Singh, President of India at Rashtrapati Bhawan, New Delhi on 25 January 1985. Mr. Bhat has also topped the Essay Competition organized by Times of India Group in 2001 and bagged the first prize, presented to him at Hotel Oberio, Mumbai.

Mr. Bhat wants to be a part of quality oriented organization, learn, grow and excel in his area of work. He lives at Ward No: 10, Shiv Nagar, Near Devika, Udhampur 182 101. Phone: (01992) 272995.

much impressed by his spirituality. What transpired between them is not known. Maharaja allotted him a *jagir* of 96 kanals of land at Haarapur. After reaching Srinagar, Maharaja deputed a few Hindu families from Srinagar to maintain the jagir presented to Nidhan Kak. After 1947, maximum chunk of land went to tillers and it could retain very little and that too in the personal name of Babu Family, one of the families deputed from Srinagar.

Nidhan Kak's muddy hut was so small that only one person could sit easily inside it. This muddy hut was built on the bank of small spring '*Haamag*' with crystal clear water. After the passing away of Nidhan Kak, a relic "*Khadao*" (a wooden sleeper) was being worshipped. During the days of turmoil of nineties, the relic was removed by one of the Pandit member of village Murran, Shri Badri Nath who is still residing in village Murran and he continues to venerate and worship them in his Pooja room.

When Nidhan Kak left his mortal body, people of all the religions thronged after hearing the news of His attaining Moksha. The last rites were performed with full devotion. When the pyre was lit, single flame (Jyoti) rose high to the sky like a shooting star. A long stick used in his pyre, half burnt, was planted upside down on the spot where his pyre was lit. It is now a full grown "*Bran*" (Banyan tree) to everybody's surprise. The spiritualistic greatness of Nidhan Kak was now omnipresent in the form of the said Banyan tree, grown out of a dead burnt and without life, the pyre stick used to consign mortal remains of this great saint to the *Panch Tatva*.

Nidhan Kak's death anniversary falls on "*Bhemsan Aikadashi*" in the month of Magha (January-February).

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Kashmir Inbroglio

A DUBIOUS DEAL

Look at the spineless leadership of political Lords ruling such a vast democratic republic of world but treating its nationals like foster children and playing a game of appeasement to please insurgents, anti-nationals and pro-pakistanis in the hellish valley. A valley which earlier was known to be the land of sages and saints is now a 'hell-hole of hell-raisers'. Rivers, lakes, springs, flowers and snow clad mountains never make a heaven; a heaven exists beyond apartheid, inhuman and unethical weed of lush green meadows. Our governing leaders have developed dyslexia and are unable to read the writing on the walls of valley. All of them want liberation from India and any sign or symbol of an Indian irks their mental flora and they develop rigorous hiccups of perversion towards Indian community. By building bridges, railway tracks and fly-overs India is simply wasting its national wealth and throwing it in the marsh, Yes in a swamp of anti-Indian mush. I, like many other Kashmiris know for sure what separatists demand and what their slogan means; which is clear and loud when they cry – "We want independence and we are Pakistanis". How can Government gag the broad mouth of Hurriyat Leaders and its allies? Is it by giving a deaf ear or plugging the loop-holes with hot currency or what? Central Government has softly succumbed to the pernicious pressures of Hurriyat and has granted the Apple trade to be carried across the borders to Muzaffarabad etcetera but can not grant the land already allocated for sacrosanct purposes to Jammuites, a sacrilegious process of a Secular Government indeed?

Jammuites don't ask a brolly to cover Hindus from sun and rain, but 'eunuch in the chair' does not possess that much will and courage of a General to execute its powers and prowl like a tiger to empower its authority; but sends emissaries to conduct frivolous meetings with unpopular leaders of strife State. Can you believe a senior Cabinet Minister giving clean chit to SIMI Activists who have now been nabbed by the Police and agreed to the massacre inflicted to the Indians. Blood stains of innocents are still moist on the walls and streets of our country but the power thirsty (chair-hanging) leaders are in comfort zones of their air-conditioned chambers with 'colour-blindness' as their chronic eye ailment. It is for the first time that the roar of Jammuites is echoing all over the hot and humid skies of India. The Lion has come out of its den and slumber and is gnawing its sharp teeth for a kill, with its tail up in curl, with head high and its mane in furl, its prowl looks purposeful and its movement vengeful. The arrow is in the brow, the eyes on the target and the aim is to strike the "bull's eye". The warrior is awake, has come out of its lethargy and has worn the armour of sacrifice as he asks for his fundamental rights in grace and dignity. ASS Samiti have a genuine question – "Why is it that only a legislator from the valley can become Chief Minister of the State, why not a legislator from Jammu to head the State Cabinet?" Article 370 does not belong or apply to Valley only because till date it is Jammu & Kashmir and not the State of Kashmir. My Goodness! Is the divide overhead? ❄️❄️

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MYSTERIOUS CAVE TEMPLE OF SHRI AMARNATH**LEGEND & HISTORY - 1**

Amarnath means Deathless God - Lord Shiva. He is God of gods, Mahadeva, about whom Bhishma says in Mahabhrata, "I am incapable of enunciating the attributes of the wise Mahadeva, who is ubiquitous but nowhere visible; who is creator of Brahma, Vishnu, and Indra and their lord as well; whom all the deities from Brahma to the Pisachas worship; who transcends all natural phenomenon as well as the absolute spirit, whom the Rishis who practice discipline and have arrived at truth contemplate; who is indestructible, supreme, the Brahma himself; who does not exist yet exists."

In ancient literature, it is recorded that Himalayan caves have been abode of celestial beings and great sages used to meditate for hundreds of years in these caves. During Vedic period, Indian civilization flourished on the banks of various rivers that flowed from the Himalayas. It is also mentioned that the Himalayan mountain range, especially the northern range, is indeed the sublime symbol of divinity and serenity. "Of the mountains, I am the Himalaya" says Lord Krishna in the Bhagwat Gita. Someone asked Swami Vivekananda, "Why have we so many Gods and Goddesses?" He promptly replied, "Because we have Himalaya."

The music of the Himalayan streams brought divine feelings to the seers. Rig Veda says, 'O rocks, O mountains, swiftly clashing, you bring to God's ears your rhythmic din of *'Hara Hara, Vyom Vyom'*. The Himalayan pilgrims will always hear when the rushing streams fall like thunder with the sound of *Vyom, Vyom* on the rocks and the flow out in frightening speed with the sound *Hara, Hara*.

The worship of the Lingam according to Vivekananda was originated from the famous hymn in the Atharva-Veda Samhita sung in praise of the Yupa-Stambha, which represented the 'Eternal Brahman'. The fire, the smoke, the ashes, flames, the black-wood and the ox connected with this Vedic sacrifice gave place to the conceptions of brightness of Shiva's body. His tawny matted- hair, His blue throat and the riding on the bull of Shiva and so on—just so the Yupa-Stambha gave place to the Shiva-Lingam and was deified as the high Devahood of Sri Shankar.... In the Linga-Purana the same hymn is expanded in the stories meant to establish

the glory of the great Stambha and the superiority of Mahadeva."

On August 2, 1898 Swami Vivekananda had Darshan of Amarnath. When he entered the shrine, a profound mystical experience came to him and latter he said, 'Shiva Himself had appeared before him'. He further said; "the ice Lingam was Shiva Himself. It was all worship there. I never enjoyed any religious place so much, so beautiful, so inspiring."

Swami Vivekananda wrote about Shiva of Amarnath:

For whom all gloom and darkness have dispersed,
That radiant light, white beautiful,
As bloom of lotus white is beautiful,
Whose laughter loud sheds Knowledge Luminous?

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

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

The human skull in Thy hand is white.

Thy axe, Thy bull, Thy earrings, all is white.

The Ganga flowing out in foams from your matted locks is white.

The crescent moon on Thy brow is white.

O, all-white Shiva, give us the boon of complete sinlessness in our lives."

Swami Ramatirtha, on having a glimpse of 'Amreshwara Lingam' uttered in ecstasy an Urdu couplet, which means; "Where ice is bedecked in formless movement, there stands supreme-consciousness as Amar Lingam. "

Pandit Kalhan, the greatest and earliest historian-poet completed in AD1150, his immortal work of 7,844 verses Rajatarangini—"River of kings", the history of ancient Kashmir in a detailed manner. According to Rajatarangini, the most famous pilgrimage in Kashmir is the cave of Amarnath. The devotees of Lord Shiva from time immemorial worshiped cave temple of Amarnath and mentions that King Ram Deva is stated to have imprisoned the debauch King Sukh Deva and to have drowned him in the Lambodheri, (Lidder) among the mountains of Amarnath about 1000BC. It also mentions in Tarang II, Samdimat (Arya Raja) 34BC-17AD, a great devotee of Shiva who rose from the

position of a minister to be the king of Kashmir, “used to worship a Lingam of snow above the forests, which is not to be found elsewhere in the world during the delightful Kashmir summers,” it further states in verse 267 that Shushram Naga (Sheeshnag) is seen to this day (i.e. 1148-49AD) by pilgrims proceeding to Amreshvara.”

According to a legend, Lord Shiva had chosen this cave as the avenue for discussion with Goddess Parvati on the secrets of ‘Life and Death’. One who heard the conversation would attain immortality, *Amaratvam*. So Shiva left Nandi, his bull at Bailgam, Pahalgam. Sesa, snake at Seshnaga, Ganpati at Mahaganasha, Mahaagunusa and Ganga at Panchatarni on his route to the holy cave. To check that none was present in the cave, Lord Shiva vibrated his *Damaru*. Two pigeons, which were in the egg form in a nest in the cave came out of the eggs by the sound of the Damaru and were fortunate to over-hear the conversion of Shiva and Parvati. When Lord Shiva realized this, he exchanged his body with those of the little birds.

There is another legend recorded in Mahatmayas, When Maha Kala, The God of Death, appeared, to Indra and other Devas, they got afraid of death and approached Shiva. They requested him to avert death for them. The Lord was pleased with the devotional hymns sung in his praise and granted immortality to Devas by taking the crescent from his head and squeezing nectar for them. Devas became immortal by taking that nectar. The same nectar solidified into a Lingam and is worshipped as Amareshwara, lord of immortality, in the cave of Amarnath. The dripping that followed from the feet of Shiva Lingam took the form of a stream, known as the Amaravati. A legend describing Amravati states; Once, the gods approached Lord Shiva with great devotion. They requested him to avert death in their case. The Lord was pleased with the devotional hymns sung in his praise. He took the crescent moon, adorning his head, in his hand and squeezed it. A peerless current flowed from the moon, taking the form of a stream, known as the sanctifying Amravati. This was the most efficacious antidote against death. Then, asking the gods to go to their abodes. Lord Shiva stayed in the cave along with his divine spouse Parvati, for meditation. Ganesh and Kartikeya also found themselves comfortable by their side. In ancient scriptures, it is recorded that Maharishi Bhrigu was the first person to sight and identify the cave temple of Sri Amarnath where Lord Shiva had narrated the secret of Amartav

to his consort Parvati and got himself transformed into ice Lingam on Sharavan Purnimashi. This sacred day falls every year on the night of the full moon in the month of Sawan (July – August) on *Shrawan-Purnemashi, when sun is in Leo, ‘Simha’ Rashi and Chandrama, moon in Kumb ‘Aquarius’ Rashi*, this yoga makes the Shiva-Lingam darshan very auspicious. There is a firm belief that the linga varies in size and shape in accordance with the waxing and waning of the moon. A pair of snow pigeons over heard Shiva’s discourse and became immortal. Thus Amarnath, the Lord of Immortality and Deathlessness became Amreshvara. !.

Abul Fazal notes in Aini-I- Akbari, “Amarnath is considered a shrine of great sanctity. When the new moon rises from her throne of rays, a bubble as it were of ice is formed in the cave which daily increases little by little for fifteen days till it is some what higher than two yards, of the measure of yard determined by His Majesty. With the waning of moon the image likewise begins to decrease, till no trace of it remains when the moon disappears.”

Pilgrimage to Amarnath, adopted from Shri Amreshvar Mahatmaya, a leaf from of Bringesha Samhita, narrates some of the important places where pilgrims had to perform ablutions while on pilgrimage. It started from ‘Koti Tirtha’, Varmula, modern Baramulla, an old shrine, which stands till this day. The tradition goes that in Koti Tirtha is the presiding deity of all shrines of Kashmir, as all the water from sacred springs and streams of the valley flows in confluence here. Then pilgrims move to Sharika Shaila at Hari Parbat in Srinagar. After paying obeisance to Lord Ganpati, they move to Shurah Yar, situated on the right bank of Vitasta, Jhelum, at the foot of Sankaracharya hill. Pilgrims take a bath at Shurah Yar.

Adi Shankaracharya, while on his dig-vijaya had morning ablution at Shurah Yar Ghat. It is known as Shankara Ghat also, there after. A temple still exists here.

The pilgrims then move to Pandrenthan, previously known as Panthdreshti. There is a temple placed in the middle of a spring and believed to have been built by Meru, the Prime Minister of king Paratha, who ruled Kashmir from 921-931AD. This stone temple, still exists there. Pilgrims take a bath here and worshipped the idol of Shiva in the temple.

Then the pilgrims move to Padampur, modern Pampore. It was named after Maharaja Padma and the ruins of one of the two majestic temples still exist in the village. This temple was named Vishnupadma

Swami. Pilgrims next move to Varisha, modern Borus. A stream rises in the vicinity, which is called Rudra Ganga. Pilgrims take bath in Rudra Ganga and then the pilgrims move to Avantika, modern Avantipur. From there the pilgrims move to Harigam, Baliyar (Lakhmi Khetor), then to Hastikaran, modern Hasakaly Nag. Hastikaran is a sacred spring, as the name implies, shape of the spring resembles the ear of an elephant. The spring is about fifteen meters in diameter and the water is elephant-grey.

Next stop of pilgrims is Chakresha, or Chakradhar. From here pilgrims move to Harichandra Tirth, modern Bijbehara or vejbror. The temple of Shiva-Vijayasha or Vijayeshvara, since ancient times, one of the famous shrines of the valley, has given its name to the town. Next pilgrims move to Sthalavat, modern Thajvore. There is a famous shrine known as Amrita Tirtha or Chhota Amarnath. On the sloping mound of the plateau water oozes at two places by the side of a broken rock, where a Chinar tree also stands. Water trickles down into two springs from the roots of the tree and rocky tips at the place. Pilgrims take bath here and then move towards Anantnaga, Mach Bhawan, and modern Mattan and then to Ganeshbal or Ganeshpora, 6800ft. Ganeshbal is an ancient shrine of Ganpati, in the form of a huge boulder in the middle of the stream, known as Lidder. Pilgrims move to Mamal 7300ft or Mamleshwara, after worshipping Lord Ganesha. Mamleshwara temple is dedicated to Lord Shiva. Pilgrims have bath in nearby spring and worship Shiva in the temple. Then they move to Bragapati Khetra. This is a spring in Pahalgam, which is believed to have been associated with Brago Rishi. Nilganga, close by was the *tirath* of Sthanishwar where pilgrims had to bathe. Then pilgrims move onwards to Chandanwari, and thereafter to Shushram Naga (Sheshnag).

Pandit Kalhana describes in verse 267 of Rajatarangni; 'The lake of dazzling witness (resembling) a sea of Milk, which he created (for himself as residence) on a far off mountain, is to present day seen by the people on the pilgrimage to Amreshvara.' Pilgrims have to cross at Vayujana (Vowjan), from Lidar to Sind valley, then to Panjarni, and finally to Amravati. The confluence of the Amravati with the Pansatarni is known as Sangam, where a pilgrim has to perform Sharada of forefathers. On their return from the holy cave the pilgrims were required to revisit Maleshwar and take a bath in the nine springs of Naudal. Later, to Patal Ganga near Nishat garden, the last place where a

pilgrim has to bathe to complete the pilgrimage.

The cave temple is located in South Kashmir (34.12':75.07') at an altitude 12,720ft about one hundred and forty kilometers from Srinagar. The huge natural cave is about twenty-five meters high and enough to hold hundreds of devotees where a self-forming 'Ice Lingam' which waxes and wanes with moon. The holy cave is fifty feet long twenty-five wide and fifteen feet high approximately. The cave is nature's temple where 'Ice Lingam' is completely filling the right corner of the cave, the top of the Lingam touches the base of the cave. The base of the cave is also covered with ice, like a carpet. Here Shiva is worshipped by nature in the purest way. Shiva is snow-white and pure. Ice Lingam, is formed by drops of water falling from the top of the cave and two other small 'Ice Lingams,' are also formed, believed to be the symbols of Goddess Parvati and Lord Ganesha. The dripping that followed from the feet of 'Ice Lingam' or 'Shiva Lingam' took form of a stream known as Amravati. According to Bhrngish Samhita a person who bathes in the waters of Amravati and rubs himself with the ashes gets Moksha.

Recitation from the Vedas and hymns pertaining to the deities and 'Mantra' chanting are made individually and collectively by devotees inside the cave temple.

Kashmiri Hindus usually recite;

*Om Namah Sambhavaya Cha, Mayo Bhavaya Cha,
Namah Sankaraya Cha, Mayas Karaya Cha,
Namah Shivaya Cha, Shivtaraya Cha.*

We offer our salutations to Thee - the Giver of Happiness.

We offer our Salutations to Thee - the Auspiciousness.

We offer our Salutations to Thee the Bestower of Bliss and still greater Bliss.

Vigne in his book 'Travels in Kashmir, Ladakh and Iskardu' (1842) says; "The ceremony at the cave of Amarnath takes place on the 15th of the month of Sawan (28th July)...not only Hindus of Kashmir but those from Hindustan of every rank and caste can be seen, collecting together and traveling up the valley of Lidder towards the celebrated cave."

(To be continued)

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My Medical Journey

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury



THE CUTTING EDGE OF CLINICAL DIAGNOSIS (CONCEALED HEMORRHAGE OF HEART ATTACK)

It was the summer of 1971 in Kashmir. I was an Assistant Professor of Medicine at the Medical College, Srinagar. Tuesdays were my admitting days.

Mohammad Shaban, a 48-year male was brought to the hospital in a state of shock around 10AM on a Tuesday. By the time I arrived in the ward, an hour later, the medical residents had gone through his history and examination. They were still fumbling for an answer to the cause of his shock.

Mohammad Shaban was a short stocky man. He woke up fine in the morning as on any other day, went to the rest room, passed urine and felt nauseous. He returned to bed for more rest. After nearly an hour and a half he walked to the rest room again but felt giddy and weak, slumped on the floor, and returned to his bed with difficulty. He was brought to the hospital with an acute onset of weakness and sweating.

On examination he had telltale signs of shock - fully conscious but quite restless and apprehensive, pale and sweating profusely, breathing fast (22 per minute) with a rapid pulse (116 per minute), low blood pressure (80/60 mm Hg) and subnormal temperature (96.8 F). A full review of all his systems did not reveal anything. There was no evidence of any rash on the skin, the lungs were clear and the heart sounds normal. The abdomen was soft; there was no tenderness anywhere.

Mohammad Shaban was a milkman, a moderate smoker of hookah, non-alcoholic, with no history of substance abuse. He lived an active life, tending his livestock and delivering milk to homes every morning. There was no previous history of

trauma, allergy or anaphylaxis, diabetes, hypertension, cardiac disease, abdominal pain. He had not taken any drugs in the recent past and had never suffered any major illness nor undergone any surgery. He had moved bowels the previous morning.



We put in an intravenous line and ran basic investigations. The urine analysis was normal, Hemoglobin (Hb) 10.5 G, Packed Cell Volume (PCV) 32, white cell and platelet counts within range, a normal blood sugar, a normal chest x-ray and an unremarkable electrocardiogram (ECG). By that time the Professor and Head of the unit also joined us in the rounds and we reviewed the case for him.

We ran through the possible causes of unexplained shock in this case – a heart attack, severe sepsis (infection), loss of fluids including external or internal bleed, anaphylaxis, endocrine emergencies etc.

“This is a heart attack, a myocardial infarction (that results from a clot in one of the coronary vessels supplying the heart muscle),” the Professor declared. I argued against that possibility because there was no pain, the electrocardiogram (ECG) was normal, and there were hardly any risk factors. “But heart attacks can be painless and it may take some time to show changes in the ECG,” he argued, and reminded us that smoking history was a possible risk factor. I vouched for an internal bleed in this case and advanced the reduced Hb and PCV levels as two significant features of blood loss, but he dismissed them. “That level of Hb and PCV was almost normal for our population,” he said, “and the patient has no history, whatever, of ulcer in the past.”

He advocated vasopressors to raise the blood pressure and heparin to dissolve the clot in the coronaries. This was the age of heparin. There were several reports in medical literature of better outcomes with heparin in middle aged males with heart attacks. But if this were a case of internal bleeding, as I strongly suspected, it would be disastrous to administer heparin; in fact, it could be fatal. “In any case heparin is not a must, it makes

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only marginal difference statistically, and we can wait till the picture clears in this patient,” I said, making a case against its administration to the patient.

“Where do you suspect the bleeding from, Dr. Chowdhury?” he asked rather quizzically

“Most likely a duodenal ulcer,” I said.

“But there is no previous history of duodenal ulcer in this case. He is 48, rather late in life for an ulcer to manifest first time. Besides, it has to be a massive bleed from the ulcer to cause such shock; the blood should have shown by now. He has neither vomited blood nor moved his bowels.”

“I feel he will soon show up with melena (black stools); I can almost smell it,” I said with conviction; “it is not uncommon to get a duodenal ulcer in middle age with bleeding as the presenting symptom. Ulcer bleed is notorious as a common cause of medical shock in Kashmir. We may be losing time by withholding blood from this man,” I augmented my reasoning.

The Professor had joined the institution only a few months earlier. Having come fresh from a long training programme in USA and been appointed directly to that high rank, he was, understandably, not yet fully conversant with the common emergencies in our part of the world. Heart attacks were on the rise in the west, no doubt, but so uncommon in our setting and painless heart attacks such a rarity.

He did not agree with me, stating it was several hours since the onset of shock, and the bleeding should have become manifest by now. But he agreed to withhold heparin for some time, and directed the staff to send a blood sample for cardiac enzymes (as a marker of heart muscle damage) and run ECGs every hour. It was lucky aspirin, and other platelet inhibitors were not in vogue then (as blood thinners), or he might have hedged his bet on their administration in lieu of heparin.

Working in a hierarchical system in medical profession may have its strong points but the decision of the Head always prevails even if he is frightfully wrong. I asked the residents to monitor Mohammad Shaban for his vital signs, watch for any evidence of manifest bleeding, and, to repeat blood counts, Hb and PCV. Our labs were still primitive and not very reliable and the estimation of cardiac enzymes would take a day or more in the central laboratory. But blood counts, including Hb and PCV could be reliably and promptly performed in the side-room lab right in the ward.

Over the next hour the patient stabilized

somewhat. His sweating stopped, his pulse improved to 100 and the blood pressure rose to 100/75. He passed urine but no stools. A repeat ECG did not register any change but the Hb had dropped further to 9 and the PCV fallen to 28, which was quite significant. I sent one of the residents to the Professor’s chamber with the new information but he was not impressed by the drop of one and half gram in Hb stating that estimation by the calorimetric method in vogue with us was not always accurate!

Another hour passed and the new ECG remained unchanged. The Head came down to have another look at around lunch time. He was on his way to the Medical College to deliver a lecture. He seemed satisfied with the line of treatment since the patient seemed out of woods. In his view it was no longer prudent to withhold heparin in the patient. The registrar was directed to administer 20 thousand units of the drug intravenously every 6 hours. I again intervened and vehemently argued against this fallacy which could prove disastrous, but the Head’s word was final.

“The blood would have shown by now,” he said in his genial manner, it is a heart attack and we must approach the case as one,” he declared with a finality that discouraged any other argument.

I did not mind a painless heart attack being kept in mind as a possibility here even when the diagnosis of an internal bleed was staring at us; what incensed me was the obstinacy about the administration of heparin. The residents looked at me with sympathy and at the Professor with awe. They eyed each other as they found the two of us almost eyeball to eyeball. The Professor left for the lecture and I returned to my room, to collect my thoughts and find answers to my questions: “What is going wrong? Are we losing precious time? Are we missing some vital step in the diagnosis and management of this case?”

The answer came in a flash. I had missed a simple diagnostic procedure to prove my point, that of passing a Ryles tube (a thin rubber tube) down the esophagus into the stomach of the patient to find the evidence of blood there. I realized how the mindset of the Professor had offset the sequence of logical thought in the rest of the team, and even the urge to seek answers in a challenging situation. The tendency to close your mind to possibilities and become fixated on one idea is the bane of medical practice that needs to be resisted at all costs.

I rushed to the patient. Heparin was fortunately in short supply in the hospital and the attendants had been asked to buy it from the market. The patient

had not received any shot yet. I asked the nurse for a Ryle's tube and meanwhile went over the patient again. He smelled of melena! I felt his tummy; it was soft but there was brisk gurgling. I put my stethoscope and heard loud barborygmi (whooshing sounds) that spoke of rapid passage of intestinal contents.

"Would you like to move your bowels?" I asked Mohammad Shaban.

He replied that he was passing a lot of flatus.

"Let us get you a bed pan," I suggested.

"No sir, I would like to go to the lavatory."

"OK." I called the ward boy to help him with a wheel chair. But as soon as he was made to sit up in the bed he swooned, and as we lay him back he passed a massive black motion, the characteristic tarry stools of duodenal ulcer bleed, soiling his clothes and the bed sheet, enveloping the whole ward in a miasma of offensive smell so unmistakable of melena stools.

The cat was out of the bag. For full 5 hours the bleeding had remained concealed; quite unusual but not unknown. There was no need for the Ryles tube now. I called the residents and directed them not to administer heparin, now that there was no doubt about duodenal ulcer bleed being the cause of shock. I asked them to transfuse two units of blood.

The medical registrar came to my room a while later. He had phoned the Professor and informed him about melena and asked if heparin was to be given. The answer was an emphatic 'yes' for heparin but for the transfusion an equally emphatic 'no'!

This was insane. I was furious and warned him not to administer the drug that was sure to kill the patient. He seemed caught between the devil and deep sea.

"The Professor will be mad at me, sir," he said in all humility.

"Me too," I retorted. I wrote on the case sheet of the patient in bold letters - NO HEPARIN - and warned the residents, "I want no heparin to be administered to this patient, and that is an order."

Nobody in medical profession can claim to be exempt from a diagnostic error. In the present case there were two probable diagnoses on presentation, but only for a while, till hemorrhage became manifest. After that there was no point persisting with a wrong line of thought that was inevitably leading to a disastrous line of action. This was not the occasion to stand on prestige especially when the life of an individual was involved, a life that was a sacred trust with us.

Next morning I went to the ward with great trepidation, not knowing whose instructions were finally carried out by the residents and what turn this case had taken during the night. The residents had struck a truce; they had neither transfused blood nor administered heparin!

Time is a great healer and Nature the best doctor. It is in the nature of a living organism to mobilize all the reserves in the face of danger. That is what happened with our patient. The bleeding had stopped, he had stabilized again and his vital signs had improved even though the Hb had now dropped further to 7 and PCV to 28, as I expected. The Professor came for the usual rounds and when he saw the patient he was very happy and waxed eloquent about the usefulness of heparin in acute myocardial infarction (heart attack). He cited references from literature and stared theorizing about the role of anticoagulants (blood thinners that help dissolve the clot).

The residents looked from one to the other and I felt the onus was on me to intervene.

"But he received no heparin. He bled from the ulcer and I dissuaded the residents from administering heparin; there would have been grave consequences," I said.

"I do not believe he had an ulcer bleed." Surprisingly his tone was conciliatory; there was no sign of exasperation.

"We can't deny he has bled. Nor that the source of blood must have been somewhere high in the gastrointestinal tract. Nor that bleeding was the cause of shock and not a heart attack," I reasoned out the sequence of events in this patient. .

"On the contrary, I believe he had a heart attack as the primary event that led to shock which, in turn, must have led to ischemic colitis manifesting as blood in the stools," he said smiling and shaking his head in self-affirmation.

This was a long, long shot, indeed! This was stretching the realm of possibilities to incredible limits and committing the mistake in medicine that should be avoided at all costs - of making the diagnosis of an uncommon disease with an uncommon presentation and an uncommon complication when an alternative diagnosis is crying for recognition.

The professor's explanation was the proverbial last straw of a drowning man. He could have even now gracefully retracted from his erroneous position and earned our admiration. But he was plunging deeper and deeper into the quagmire of blunder, and there seemed no end in sight.

Because, even if one accepted that shock was from a heart attack and the bleeding a result of ischemia of the gut from shock there was still no point persisting with heparin. It would kill any one with any bleeding from whatever cause.

I felt helpless in the face of his obduracy and ignorance and could not hide my exasperation. "I see no evidence of heart attack at all; his ECG has stayed normal now for more than 24 hours. It must be a first ever case where a heart attack is massive enough to result in shock and the shock as severe as to cause gut ischemia and hemorrhage, and yet not produce any changes in the electrocardiogram!"

"Let us take another ECG. It may yet show the changes," he persisted, making a mockery of himself in the presence of residents and nurses.

An ECG was run while we all stood by the side of the patient. He held the graph in his hands and peered at it keenly like an astrologer looking at a horoscope and gave yet another smile of triumph. Taking out an ECG scale from the top left pocket of his apron he started showing us the 'changes' - a subtle depression of ST-segment in the chest leads of the ECG which he said were 'distinct early' signs of a heart attack.

"But these are only non-specific changes that are the result of acute anemia from the loss of blood in this patient;" I countered.

"In any case, let us wait for the result of cardiac enzymes from the lab. I am sure you will find them elevated, but even if they are not, that does not go against heart attack," he shook his head even more vigorously.

That was my limit. But, strangely, my annoyance left me and he amused me now, even as I felt sympathy for him.

Luckily for the patient, the Professor did not mention the word heparin again and I did not pick any more discussion on the case during the subsequent ward rounds.

Mohammad Shaban stabilized fully by the next day. He wanted to go home by the 5th day, but was advised by the Head to stay back for three weeks, the recommended duration of hospital stay for a patient of heart attack. His ECG was taken every day, the Professor going through the ritual of taking out his pen and ECG scale to show the 'changes' that were not there. The cardiac enzymes sent thrice returned normal levels. The patient grew impatient with this routine that seemed as pointless to him as to me, and possibly the rest of the staff. At his insistence he was discharged 'against medical

advice' on the 12th day and asked to come for follow up. The discharge summary by the registrar was stark fiction. The professor saw to it that the diagnosis entered there was Acute Myocardial Infarction!

Mohammad Shaban must have had the last laugh. He never turned up.



शुर्यन हंघ बाँथ

अख गव खुदा

अख गव खुदा

जु तु जिन्य ग्यडरा

त्रे कल्शु डूना

चोर कूज आलम

पांछ गॅयि पांडव

शे तु शे रीशी

सथ ज़ालु सतम

ऑठ हुर्य ऑठम

नव चित्र नवम

दँह दशिहार

काह गाडु काह

वागुर्य बाह

हेरचु त्रुवाह

पूरी पंदाह

शूरी शुराह

पंदाह दूह गव पछ

क्रालस दूद वछ

असि र्वपयि लछ

कुठ्यन करव गछ

क्रालस प्यव यछ



Source: www.mkraina.com

Samarpan by Sadhak

Piyaray Raina

BHAKTI YOGA

[Saddhak is the pen name of Shri Piyaray Raina . Shri Raina is President of Samarpan Public Charitable Trust (Regd) which among other things is involved with bringing awareness of our cultural heritage among our youth. He is a regular contributor of religious articles in various community journals in India and abroad. He is the author of book 'Socio-Cultural and Religious Traditions of Kashmiri Pandits' published in USA. He lives in Atlanta, USA and DLF Gurgaon, India]



The ultimate goal of a Hindu is liberation (*moksha*) from the cycle of life and death. Many ways for this have been suggested in the scriptures but the three generally accepted ways are performance of rituals to propitiate Vedic gods called *Devas* (*Karma Yoga*), total surrender to God (*Bhakti Yoga*) and path of knowledge (*Jnan Yoga*). We have already discussed *Karm Yoga* In the previous instalment. In this instalment we will discuss Bhakti Yoga.

Bhakti Yoga, like *Karm Yoga*, is the path for those who are not intellectual by nature. It is for the common people. It was developed in the post Vedic period when formless Vedic *Devas* were replaced with Gods with form. One can easily associate his emotions, feeling, aspirations, with a God who is standing in his front in the form of a statue, image, photo or any other object than with imaginary Vedic gods without form.

Bhakti Yoga is a path of complete surrender to God. "God is the knower of the feelings, the sentiments and desires". The relationship between the god and worshipper should be like the one that Arjuna had with Lord Krishna or Hanuman with Lord Rama. Bhagwadgita is full of assurances from Lord Krishna to His devotees for help in time of need .

The methodology for worship is very simple. There is no need to learn highly Sanskritised Vedic recitations and actions that are part of *Karm Yoga*. Simple recitations even in the vernacular language are enough to develop a close relationship with god.

Bhakti is intense devotion and supreme attachment with God. It is like the spontaneous outpouring of love towards beloved. *Bhakti* needs thorough discipline and training of one's will and mind. *Bhava* is the essence of *Bhakti*. When the devotee grows in devotion, there is absolute self-forgetfulness. This is called *Bhava*. It helps in establishing true relationship between the devotee and God.

There are various classifications of Bhakti :

- a) *Sakamya and Nishkamya Bhakti*
- b) *Apare and Para Bhakti*

c) *Gauna and Mukhya Bhakti*

Where the object of devotion is material gain, they are called *Sakamya*, *apara or gauna bhakti* or lower *bhakti* and where the objective is the ultimate liberation (*moksha*), they are called *nishkamya*, *para or mukhya bhakti* or higher *bhakti*. Besides complete surrender higher *bhakti* demands control of one's senses (*indriyas*) which have been described as stumbling blocks in the progress towards liberation. One has to control his ego (*ahamkara*).

Bhagwadgita and *Vishnu Purana* describe nine different ways of *bhakti* called *NAVA-VIDHA bhakti*. Supreme attachment to God through a *bhava* and intense love for God is common among all these ways:

- 1) *Sravana*(hearing of God's *Lilas* and stories),
 - 2) *Kirtana* (singing of His glories),
 - 3) *Smarana* (remembering of his name and presence),
 - 4) *Padasevena* (service of His feet),
 - 5) *Archana* (worship of Lord),
 - 6) *Vandana* (prostration to Lord),
 - 7) *Dasya* (cultivating the *bhava* of a servant with God),
 - 8) *Sakhya* (cultivation of the friend-*bhava*),
 - 9) *Amanivedana*(complete surrender of the self).
- A devotee can practice any way of *bhakti* as per his temperament.
- 1) *Sravana* is hearing of Lord's glories, virtues, sports and stories connected with His name and form. The devotee gets absorbed in the hearing of these stories which leads him to union with god. One cannot attain this *bhakti* by sheer reading of books. One needs the company of saints and learned men to remove doubts that may arise. King Prakshit attained liberation through *sravana* by hearing God's stories from Suka Maharishi .
 - 2) *Kirtana* is singing of Lord's glories with or without the musical instruments . The devotee is thrilled with divine emotions. He gets into ecstasy called *laya* . Wherever he goes, he sings glories of God and requests all to join his *kirtan*. Sometimes he dances

along with singing. Chaitanya Mahaprabhu was one of the greatest *kirtana* singers which is now a days followed by ISCON devotees.

3) *Samarana* is the remembrance of the Lord all the times. This is unbroken memory of the name and form of the Lord. The mind does not think of any object of the world but is always engrossed in the glory of God alone. All that they see is described as His manifestation. Dhruva and Prahlada are classical examples of persons who followed this path.

4) *Padsevana* is the service of the Lord's feet. The whole humanity is recognized as the *Virat Swarupa* (universal form) of Lord. Thus, it involves service of mankind as a whole. Mahatma Ghandhi, Acharya Vinobhave are examples of this way of practice.

5) *Archina* is worship of Lord which can be done either through an image or picture or a mental form. The image should be one appealing to the mind of the practitioner. Worship can be done either with external materials (like *Karm yoga* practices) or merely through an internal *bhava*.

6) *Vandana* is prayer and prostration. Humble prostration touching the earth with the eight limbs of the body (*Sashtanga Namaskar*), with faith and reverence before a form of God is *Vandana* form of *bhakti*.

7) *Dasya bhakti* is the love of God through servant sentiment. Serving and worshipping idols in the temples, sweeping the temple premises, meditating on God and mentally serving Him like a slave, serving the saints and sages, serving the devotees of God, serving the poor and sick who are forms of God, is all included in this way of *bhakti*. Hanumans service to Lord Rama is an example of this form of *bhakti*.

8) *Sakhya bhakti* is the cultivation of the friend-sentiment with God. Arjuna's relationship with Lord Krihna and relationship of *gopis* with Krishna are examples of this form of worship.

9) *Atma-Nivedana* is self surrender. The devotee offers everything to God, including his body, mind and soul. He keeps nothing for himself. He loses even himself. He has no personal and independent existence. Lord Krishnas' assurance to his devotees is deep in his mind :

"Fix your mind on Me, be devoted to Me, sacrifice to Me, prostrate before Me, so shall you come to Me. This is My pledge to you for you are dear to Me." - BG 18/65

At the mundane level *Bhakti Yoga* softens the heart and removes jealousy hatred, lust, anger, egoism, pride and arrogance. It infuses joy, divine ecstasy, bliss, peace and knowledge. All cares,

worries and anxieties, fears, mental torments and tribulations entirely vanish. The devotee is freed from the Samsaric wheel of births and deaths. He attains the immortal adobe of everlasting peace, bliss and knowledge.



कौशिर्य मंजुल्य बाँध

हो करायो ठोकरो

हो करायो ठोकरो
हो करायो ठोकरो
ज़ालायि हुंदि नोकरो
हो करायो ठोकरो
तँस्य प्यठ कर तवकलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
राजि रेनि हुंदि नोकरो
हो करायो ठोकरो
लक्ष्मी दियि रुत्य फलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
ज़ातुकस छी थँद्य बलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
वँम्प्य च्चे वँरुनय गांगलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
ज़ियि नेरुहम बुलबुलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
रँन्य अननय वुजमलो
हो करायो ठोकरो
हो करायो ठोकरो



Source: www.mkraina.com

RISHI PEER PADSHAH - A GREAT KASHMIRI SAINT

Sashmir has been regarded as the land of gods and goddesses from times immemorial. Its rich natural resources of flora and fauna have always been a great attraction for different people since ages. In the golden period of its history it was considered to be an ideal place for meditation and for spiritual pursuits to become one with the supreme being. That is why it has produced a galaxy of saints, sages, savants, ascetics, mystics, Rishis, holymen, godmen, and Peers etc., in different periods to guide the people on the path of truth and self realisation to attain salvation. These spiritually enlightened persons with supernatural powers used to command a great respect among their followers. The Kashmiri Pandits call such holymen as Rishis whereas the converts whose ancestors embraced Islam and became Muslims for whatever reasons call them as Peers because worshipping any body is against the tenets of Islam. That is how this Rishi Peer tradition came into existence in Kashmir.

One such holyman became popular as Rishi Peer in the 17th century among his very large number of both Hindu and Muslim disciples, who used to pay their obeisance to him with same respect and devotion.

Rishi Peer's ancestors were originally the residents of the commercial town Sopore in the Kashmir Valley and were rich *shawl* merchants. They were basically Sopori Pandits. One of his ancestors Pt. Madhav Joo Khoshoo after completing his education left his family trade and migrated to Srinagar for a government job. He subsequently became a mint officer during the reign of Mughal emperor Shahjahan (1627-1658) when Ali Mardan Khan was the governor of Kashmir. Some *Shohda* having some jealousy with this mint officer poisoned the ears of Ali Mardan Khan that the mint officer was minting under weight gold coins to earn quick buck. Ali Mardan Khan then summoned this mint officer to his court to find out the truth. Ali Mardan Khan ordered the mint officer to weigh the gold coins before him. He found the gold coins accurate in weight. Impressed by the honesty of the mint officer, he honoured the latter with a royal *khilat* and a *jagir*. Since this mint officer was a left hander and used to do every thing very quickly by his left hand so he was nick named as Khoshoo meaning a left hander in the Kashmiri language.

This mint officer Pt. Madhav Joo Khoshoo built a house in Batiyar mohalla near Ali Kadal for the living of his family members. His one son Pt. Govind Joo Khoshoo, who was born around 1595 was a highly orthodox and superstitious person like many Kashmiri Pandits of his era. He used to go to Hari Parbat daily in the morning to perform its *Parikrama* and then to pay his obeisance to goddess *Sharika* there. Due to his spiritual bent of mind and lack of interest in worldly affairs he had no inclination to get married. But after great pressure from his blood relations he agreed to tight the knot and got married in 1635 at the ripe age of 40 years with Siddhlakshmi. As to sire a son at such an advanced age generally becomes quite difficult biologically unless the use of modern fertility techniques is taken, which were naturally not available then So this matured couple took recourse to meditation to invoke cosmic power to get their wish fulfilled. The worship of *Bhadrakali* with full devotion and concentration brought the dividends and Siddhlakshmi at long last became pregnant, It was a practice among the Kashmiri Pandits in those days that the first child should be born in the *Mata Maal* i.e. in-laws place. So when the time to deliver the child came near Siddhlakshmi was taken to Srinagar her mother's place on a boat from Handwara according to the prevalent custom in the community. While Siddhlakshmi was in the boat on her way to Srinagar she started having delivery pains at Sopore and gave birth to a son in 1637 who was then named as Keshav after Lord Krishna who was also born somewhat under the same circumstances. The bank of the Jhelum river at Sopore where this little child Keshav was born in 1637 is still revered as the birth place of Rishi Peer and a shrine was built there in his memory. A large number of devotees pay their obeisance in this shrine.

This little Keshav was not an ordinary child. He was born after invoking cosmic power. So just after his birth it is said that a mystic yogi woke up and told his disciples that a second sun had risen on the horizon of Kashmir, to guide all of us. The mystic came out from his hermitage and went up to the *Shikara* and kissed the forehead of Keshav and placed two gold coins in his delicate hands.



Thus on the 6th day of dark fortnight of the *Baisakh* month of the Hindu calendar the great spiritual saint of Kashmir Rishi Peer was born as Keshav with divine powers to perform miracles. Initially he refused to suck the milk from the breasts of his mother but when another saint Sahib Kaul explained the laws of nature to him, Keshav started sucking the milk from the breasts of his mother without any hesitation in a natural way.

Keshav was a very bright and intelligent child. When he became 5 years old in 1642 his *yagnopavit sanskar* was performed as per social traditions in the community. He was then admitted in a school for his formal education. But he was more interested in spiritual pursuits. He used to go to Hari Parbat daily with his father, who was a deeply religious person. The ambience of the holy hill with abode of goddess *Sharika* had a great impact on the mind of young Keshav and sparked the fire of spiritualism in him. Here he came into close contact with two other enlightened persons Naan Shah and Atma Ram and thus his journey to be one with the ultimate divine power began. In the company of these two ascetics he built an *Ashram* in *Devi Aangan* in front of Hari Parbat. When his parents observed that their son was taking no interest in worldly affairs they married him with a beautiful girl to change his mind, but their all efforts could not distract young Keshav from the path of spiritualism. Meanwhile his father Pt. Govind Joo Khoshoo left for his heavenly abode and his mother Siddhlakshmi then sent him to his maternal uncle's village for studies. But he continued the same routine there without any change.

One day when his maternal uncle under whose care he was living went away for some work young Keshav left the Goshi village secretly and came to Hari Parbat straight from there to continue his spiritual pursuits. He then performed the circumambulation of Hari Parbat on naked knees for full forty days with great devotion and succeeded in getting *darshan* of goddess *Sharika* in flesh and blood, who blessed him and asked for a boon Keshav humbly said *I simply want a Guru who can lead me to the ultimate truth* to which the goddess *Sharika* replied that the first person who will come in your way will be your Guru and then disappeared. The first person who came in front of Keshav was Kishan Joo Kar a shabbily dressed *fakir*. Keshav paid no attention to this *fakir* as he was looking for someone in the attire of a Brahmin to make him his Guru. Kishan Joo Kar then went to Keshav's residence and after taking a few puffs from the

hubble bubble kept there told Keshav's mother that hence on no one would use this hubble bubble till the return of Keshav. When Keshav came back home his mother informed him about the visit of Kishan Joo Kar. Keshav then realised that Kishan Joo Kar came to his house on the command of goddess *Sharika* and made him his Guru. Keshav then took a few puffs from the same hubble bubble and soon he went into trance and felt the realization of the ultimate truth. He then expressed his desire to his mother to become a saint. But his mother was not prepared to partake the company of her only son. So to keep his mother happy Keshav then started doing deep meditation in his own house, with great devotion and concentration.

Keshav did *tapasiya* for 14½ years during which period he only took milk, honey and fruits as his diet. After this his body started radiating a glow like sun and became a great saint of very high spiritual order with supernatural powers to perform miracles. The people started coming to his house in hordes to pay their obeisance to him and he became famous as Rishi Peer all over the Valley among his large number of followers. He became a *Rishi* for the Hindus and a *Peer* for the Muslims of the Valley. It was then decided to offer him 14½ paise as *Niyaz*.

Rishi Peer had performed a number of miracles during his life span, but it will not be possible for me to write about all of them in this piece. In 1675 when Iftikhar Khan was the *subedar* of Kashmir a big fire broke out and engulfed the entire Ali Kadal area. When the leaping flames could not be controlled by all possible means then the people in utter panic approached Rishi Peer for his divine help who then threw his one wooden sandle into the fire and lo behold the fire was extinguished within no time.

Once his mother Siddhlakshmi expressed the desire to take her to Shadipore for a holy dip in the confluence of Sindh and Jhelum rivers there. But due to her poor health it was not possible for her to bear the strain of that arduous journey. To fulfill her wish Rishi Peer brought the Harmukh Ganga on her door step. This became famous as a shrine between the Ali Kadal bridge and Batiyar ghat.

One day a renowned Muslim seer requested Rishi Peer to pay a visit to the former's place for a dinner. Rishi Peer agreed on one condition that all the dishes should be prepared in pure *ghee* and without any part being missing. At the appointed time mouth watering Mughlai delicacies were served to Rishi Peer and his disciples. Rishi Peer before taking them recited a few *mantras* and sprinkled some

water on them. To utter surprise of every one the cooked dishes came back to life in original form and a cock was found with one leg. Its another leg was eaten away by the Muslim cook while cooking. In anger Rishi Peer scolded the Muslim seer who had invited him for the dinner for breaking his promise which would only be compensated when he would give his own leg. Rishi Peer refused to take anything for not fulfilling the laid down conditions and went away cursing his host.

Due to all such miracles and Rishi Peer's various other acts of benevolence providing succour to the poor and needy his popularity among the masses started growing very fast. The people out of sheer reverence began to address him as Padshah or king. This development rang the alarm bells for the *subedar* Saif Khan who took it as a big challenge to his power and position. To cut Rishi Peer to size Saif Khan then wrote a nasty letter to the Mughal emperor Aurangzeb at Delhi that a person here moves in a palanquin with thousands of his followers both Hindus and Muslims, who claims himself to be a king. He puts a mark of his ring like a royal seal on the orders he passes and accepts offerings according to his own sweet will. On reading this letter Aurangzeb became red with anger and issued a royal decree to arrest this man and to bring him to the former's court for awarding a suitable punishment to challenge the authority of the Mughal empire. When the sepoys went to Rishi Peer's house to arrest him for producing him before Aurangzeb at Delhi Rishi Peer told the sepoys about his inability and requested them to come the next morning.

The same night Aurangzeb while sleeping in his bedroom at Delhi observed a unique phenomenon. He saw a man approaching his bed room sitting on a lion. He became so much frightened that his whole body started trembling. With a choked voice he asked that man *who are you*. The man politely replied that I am Rishi Peer from Srinagar whom you have summoned by your *firman*. Aurangzeb became so much frightened with this awe inspiring sight that he begged for forgiveness for the foolish act of his *subedar*. He asked Rishi Peer to sit on the throne and to issue a new *firman* in which the *subedar* was dictated to address Rishi Peer as *Peer Pandit Padshah, Hardul Jahan Mushkil Asan* with full respect to him. From hence on he became popular as Peer Pandit Padshah.

It is also said that Rishi Peer had a spiritual discourse with his contemporary saint poetes's

Roopa Bhawani and some *Sufis* from Baghdad. When his mother Siddhalkshmi died he dedicated everything whatever he gained in her memory. He then performed *tapasiya* again for another 14 years taking only milk, honey and water to attain salvation. Due to all this he became very weak and it became impossible for him even to stand on his own feet. He left his mortal frame in 1697 at the age of 60 years. His Hindu disciples took his mortal frame for consigning it in fire, but when his Muslim disciples came to know about his death they insisted that his body should be buried as per Muslim customs. When the tussel was going on between these two groups over the issue of performing the last rites some body uncovered the bier carrying the dead body and found only 27 flowers in place of the dead body. The Muslims then went away and the Hindus consigned those flowers in a fire on the bank of river Jhelum in Batiyar mohalla. A temple was built at that site in his memory which still stands even today.

Rishi Peer had a son Rihanand who also developed spiritual bent of mind under the influence of his father. The death of Rishi Peer gave such a shock to his son Rihanand that he became an ascetic with no interest in this materialistic world. He too started living on a frugal diet and died around 1700 AD. He had two sons Kashi Pandit and Lal Pandit. Kashi Pandit did not marry and became a saint whereas Lal Pandit led a happy married life. Lal Pandit's descendants adopted the surname Peer. Why they preferred a Muslim term Peer over the Hindu term *Rishi* is not clear. May be under the influence of the majority community in the Valley they did so.

Rishi Peer and Lucknow ;

The Kashmiri Pandits who settled down at Kashmiri Mohalla in Lucknow during the Nawabi period between 1775 and 1778 had a very great admiration for Rishi Peer as their ancestors were mostly his disciples. So when the British annexed Oudh in 1856, the Kashmiri Pandits of Lucknow started a caste festival *Rishi Peer Ka jaag* in memory of this great saint to keep their flock together and to prevent their social customs and traditions from the onslaught of the western way of life.

This yearly caste festival was being organised in the *Bagia* of Pt. Bholu Nath Bakshi (Angoori Bagh) on a very large scale, but it had to be abandoned in 1906 when some serious differences cropped up in the community over its continuation. Some liberal

Continued on Page 35

REMEMBERING SWAMI LAKSHMANJOO

Today being 19th September, 2008, we celebrate the Maha Nirvan Day of Swami Lakshmanjoo. Through the words that follow, I reminisce my personal experience with the great saint and pay homage to him in my own humble way.

Way back in February 1957, I was on a brief visit to Bombay. I stayed at Pupala Sadan near Century Bazar, Worli, with my uncle Late Shri Janki Nath Kaul. About a month before my arrival in Bombay, my uncle had made travel arrangements for my brother Dr. Brijmohan Bhan to proceed to England for his FRCS. Both my aunt and uncle had seen him off at Santacruz Airport. Those days, my uncle owned a shop by the name Cockburns opposite Jehangir Art Gallery at Kaka Ghoda. This very shop is now housing the well known Khyber Restaurant. At Kala Ghoda those days, there used to be the statue of a black stallion with a British prince seated in its saddle. The statue is not there anymore.

The same month Swami Lakshmanjoo came to Bombay. My aunt Late Shrimati Prabhavati Kaul was his ardent devotee. While at Srinagar, she used to visit his Ashram at Ishbur regularly. She was very keen that Swamiji should spend some days at her residence. So my uncle and myself picked him up from a relative's house at Santacruz. Reaching Upala Sadan, my aunt bent and touched his feet, he in turn blessed her. He in his customary long 'Feran' was indeed an imposing personality. He always wore a dark brown Feran. On his forehead, one could make out the contour of a crescent. Sitting next to him during his stay in the flat, I could feel his vibrations, particularly when he would be meditating. As the news about his presence in Bombay spread amongst the members of the community, visitors would come to my aunt's house to pay their obeisance to the holy man.

On a particular day in the afternoon, Swamiji was alone, my uncle had gone for work and my aunt was cooking in the kitchen. Swamiji called me and said, "Tribhuwannath, I want to see an English movie tomorrow." I asked him, "But Swamiji, why an English movie only, why not a Hindi movie." He replied, "I want to see an English colour movie. You know, I am fond of various colours of nature." I could perceive an unforgettable glow in his eyes when he talked about nature and colours. Perhaps he was thinking of his Ashram at Ishbur near Nishat Garden,

which is surrounded by nature on all sides. Later on I confided to my aunt the conversation Swamiji had with me. On hearing me, my aunt's reaction was not of surprise, which I expected from her. Instead, she told me, "You do not realise how fortunate you are. That Swamiji has expressed his wish to you, is a blessing showered on you." Being just twenty that time, I did not give much importance to what my aunt had said. But at present, fiftyone years later, I do realise how prophetic my aunt's words were.

Next day after lunch Swamiji and I got ready to leave for New Empire Cinema near Victoria Terminus. Just at that time, one Shri Prithvinathji happened to drop in. He too expressed a desire to accompany us, to which Swamiji readily agreed. Those days he used to work as a clerk at my uncle's shop Cockburns. Some years later, the same Prithvinathji took to spirituality and became a saint. Many years later at one of the community Hawans, I saw Prithvinathji's disciples paying obeisance to him by touching his feet.

So three of us went to see the movie. However I do not recollect the name of the movie. After the show was over, Swamiji told me, "The colour photography was excellent. I am thankful to you for having brought me here to see this movie." We returned to Worli. I admired the amount of patience he exercised while interacting with and listening to all the people who came to see him.

After a few days, Swamiji left Bombay on his way to Delhi. He had to spend a few days there. We went to see him off at Bombay Central Station. At the railway station, we also met the family of Col. B.Dhar (brother of Shri D.P.Dhar) who had come to see off Swamiji. A week after Swamiji's departure, I too left Bombay to go to Srinagar, as my winter vacation were ending in the first week of March and I had to attend college.

I again met Swamiji at Pathankot railway station. I could notice he was limping while walking. I went to him and asked him as to what happened and why he was not able to walk properly. He said that while at Delhi, he tried to ride a two-wheeler. He could not balance himself and fell down, due to which he had suffered a very bad sprain. At Pathankot, I tried my



utmost to acquire a seat in the same bus by which Swamiji was travelling to Srinagar. I did not succeed in my attempt. However I requested the driver of my bus to drive behind that particular bus and not away from it. I explained to him the reason for my request.

The driver was very understanding and cooperated with me. Whenever the buses stopped, I would alight, go to Swamiji and ask him whether he needed any assistance. I did whatever I could.

We reached Batote quite late in the night. Swamiji told me that he wanted a room to himself and would not like anyone else to share his room for the overnight stay. I rushed to the Dak Bungalow. There was only one room available. I accompanied Swamiji to this room. I could not procure any accommodation for myself as a large number of people had stopped there for the night on their way to Srinagar. I made myself comfortable in a chair outside Swamiji's room. I thought thereby I would keep a watch so that no one disturbed Swamiji during the night. I confess, it was quite cold during the night but the thought that I was doing some duty towards one of the most revered of the saints of Kashmir valley, gave me extra strength to bear the cold.

Next morning, Swamiji was ready to board his bus. He was still limping. I held his hand and gave him support. Now, today I realise how fortunate I was to have indulged in such a humanitarian deed. In return, I have been indeed blessed by the great soul. From Batote to Srinagar, I offered my assistance whenever the vehicles stopped for a short while. Reaching Srinagar, I went to him and with folded hands bid him a farewell. Some people had come to receive him at the Tourist Centre. He told them that I had been of great help to him during his journey from Pathankot to Srinagar. They were all grateful to me for rendering timely help to Swamiji. In fact I owe deep gratitude to Almighty God for having shaped my destiny in such a manner which enabled me to be with Swamij Lakshmanjoo for a brief period. I wish that period would have stretched to eternity!

Incidentally I am told that one day prior to her assassination, Mrs. Indira Gandhi was in Srinagar on October 30, 1984. She had come to Srinagar from Dachhigam, where she had spent a day or so. While at Srinagar, she had spent the major part of the day at Swami Lakshmanjoo's Ashram at Ishbur. She had heard him in rapt attention when he had talked about Shaivism. As it was quite cold on that day, he had offered her a Kashmiri Shawl, which she had readily accepted and wrapped herself with the same. Can someone enlighten me as to what had prompted Mrs. Indira Gandhi to spend a full day in the land of her forefathers just one day before her sad demise? Was there some unseen power from above that had shaped her destiny in such an inexplicable manner? Who can tell?



**LEARN KASHMIRI.
IT IS YOUR
MOTHER TONGUE.**

YOGIRAJ SWAMI NAND LAL JI MAHARAJ - 2

Swami Ji's thirst for knowledge was so great that he had mastered almost all authentic scriptures and was consequently regarded as a learned scholar and an authentic teacher. During those days in SOPORE Swami Ji felt the need of learning a galaxy of saints and learned Pandits assembled occasionally in a temple complex for discussions and discourses regarding Hindu scriptures in which Swami Ji and his GURU SWAMI LAL JI also participated. It is said that Swami Ji especially took interest in the interpretations of the famous WAKHS of LAL-DED, the famous YOGINI and mystic poet-saint of Kashmir. Since the LALLA-WAKHS are the most comprehensive source of instruction in the field of YOGA so Swami Ji was especially interested in them. He would usually refer the WAKHS of LALLESHURI (LALLA WAKHS) in his discourses as an authentic treatise and explain the content very forcefully. Undoubtedly he excelled in the field of Yoga far above most of other Kashmir saints. Very few saints of Kashmir including the highly awakened ones practiced YOGA path for their uplift in the spiritual arena. Swami Ji achieved the highest stages of self-realization through YOGA under the guidance of his GURU. He has won the title YOGIRAJ for the extraordinary capabilities he acquired in the field of YOGA.

Swami Ji changes place: It was felt that the

available accommodation in the DEEWAN-KHAN was insufficient because of heavy influx of devotees but the problem was immediately addressed and Swami Ji selected a lush green beautiful spot away from the hustle and bustle of the village near GOWRI-PORA village about a kilometer away from BOMAI beside the apple orchard owned by same DASS family for an Ashram and in due course a small Ashram with a couple of rooms in the ground and a hall, a kitchen, a TAPASYA room and a balcony facing east in the first floor was raised under the directions of Swami Ji. All essentials were provided and Swami Ji took personal pains to give the KUTIYA, as it was later called, the shape of a traditional Indian saint's cottage. A small rivulet was directed in the compound and a small waterfall made of it beside a small rectangular raised space which was used by Swami Ji for AASANA during days before a small audience of his devotees. The compound was walled with dry willow twigs and a small entry gate provided to keep away stray animals and cattle.



The visits of devotees went on increasing and Swami Ji listened to every one patiently. Besides the people of BOMAI and surrounding villages, devotees from far off places as far as SRINAGAR, BUDGAM, ANANTNAG and SHOPIAN came to meet Swami Ji and share his spiritual experiences and ask for his blessings. The earliest devotees worth the name were PANDIT SHRIDHAR JOO DHAR Ex. Conservator of forests who was himself a highly awakened saint, SH JAGAN NATH SUMBLY Ex. Deputy Commissioner and SH SOOM NATH HALWAI among others. Late MAHATMA VIBHISHAN JI came here in the same KUTIYA in the service of Swami Ji and it was here after very hectic service and SADHNA that Swami Ji initiated him in the ascetic order. He was perhaps the first and foremost disciple initiated by him and was naturally very beloved of Swami Ji. VIBHISHAN JI was basically from BARAMULLA and the name was given to him by Swami Ji himself.

The diverse aspects of the personality of Swami Ji seemed to exhibit here in this KUTIYA more extensively. He had acquired a deep knowledge of

AYURVEDA and various medicinal herbs and their use in different ailments for their cure. Swami Ji used this skill in curing various people of many dangerous diseases miraculously in the KUTIYA. Moreover, the Kutiyaji uses the skill in curing many people Swami Ji had a deep taste for classical SUFIANA music and so here in this KUTIYA under the shade of the CHINAR trees Swami Ji occasionally played on a string-instrument called MADHAM very sweet SUFIANA RAGAS and the holy MEHFIL put to trance many of his devotees for hours. It is essential to mention here that Swami Ji was a strict disciplinarian and didn't allow any deviation from the moral and ethical standards whatsoever and the traditional codes of sainthood at the hands of anyone present.

The visit of some noteworthy saints to Swami Ji needs mention here. SHRI VED LAL JI of HANJIVERA, PATTAN, popularly known as SED-BAB and an accomplished saint frequently visited him stayed with him and accompanied him to places. It is not clear whether he was his disciple but the relationship was definitely special as both of them were seen occasionally engaged in serious discourses on the matters better known to them. He was given the name SED-MOL by Swami Ji for his simplicity, devotion and straightforward ways of saintly life and dedicated SADHNA. The name was borrowed from the Guru of LAL-DED who was also called SED-MOL. Another name worth mention is of one saint poet who is famous for his Kashmiri devotional poetry, PANDIT NEELKANTH JI of DAB-WAKOORA village. He was a devotee of Swami Ji and visited him frequently. His oration of Kashmiri BHAJANS was exceptional as he could compose without effort very beautiful couplets and songs on occasions. It is said he had MAA SARARSWATI on his lips and so he could sing extempore devotional BHAJANS whenever the environment demanded as such. He was very famous for his sharp wit and Swami Ji had great respect for him and some say he was not only a devotee but a disciple initiated by him. The assertion is further strengthened as Pandit NEELKANTH JI is the poet of the famous GUR-ASTUTI of Swami Ji :

AGNYA'NE GHAT'Y

SIR'YE PRAKA'SH CHU'KHAASE'WONU

GYAN'E PRAKA'SH CHU'KHAASE'WONU

HEE M'YANE SAT'GURU

KSH'ENE KSH'ENE CH'UMAA'SARE CHO'NUY

This Guruastuti is sung by his devotees everywhere every day with utmost devotion and love even today but there is no authentic confirmation and it is said

that he was his GURU himself. However, the fact remains that PANDIT NEELKANTH JI was fervently devoted to Swami Ji and visited him and both enjoyed the company of each other. An another remarkable devotional poem, as an outcome of this celestial union is the depiction of the visit of Lord Shiva in the form of a SANYASI to the house of MAA JASODHA for having a glimpse of child SHRI KRISHNA in GOKUL. The poem has been reportedly an extempore recitation of PANDIT NEELKANTH JI in the presence of Swami Ji on his holiness' desire, probably in the KUTIYA. And interestingly the fact is rendered very beautifully in the last stanza of the poem as under:

YEE NEEL'E KANTH'AS
SANT NAND LAL JEE'AN WON'UY
WAN SHIV'E SUND'UY
GOKUL'AS UNDH'ER YU'NUY
SHANKAR TE KRISHEN,
KRISHEN'E SHANKAR CH'UY NO BYUN'UY
SHO'D BO'DH SHANKAR
AA'V LAA'ARAN GOKUL KUN'Y
AZAR AMAR YUGHESH'UR NIRMAL KUN'UY

The KUTIYA was the abode of Swami Ji for about twenty years though he used to be regularly on move visiting important shrines, places and persons. His sojourns included the deep forests where he stayed at unknown places for long periods probably to follow some special SADHNA on the instance of his Guru. As already stated Swami Ji was a fervent devotee of SHARDA-MAYEE the celebrated temple complex in present POK. He visited there frequently on foot or horseback and stayed there for days together performing austerities in the lap of the MOTHER GODDESS. Swami Ji used to be the guest of some of his devotee there who happened to be there in connection with some business or employment. Incidentally, Swami Ji happened to be in SHARDI (SHARDA TEMPLE) in October 1947 when tribal raiders invaded and entered Kashmir and went on barbarous killing and looting spree of non-Muslims of the area. Swami Ji marched towards BOMAI with some of his devotees facing encounters with the raiders. They couldn't face the miraculous power of his holiness and the guns aimed at him didn't work and they bowed before his holiness before fleeing. Meanwhile the Pandits in BOMAI were scared beyond measure and preparing for every eventuality. When Swami Ji reached there, he instructed them to be contented and be at their places. The miracle that ensued was none of the raiders entered BOMAI

though the Pandits there were a good number and all prosperous. It is said that some confusion erupted in their ranks and they didn't venture entering there till they were hounded back by Indian Army.

Swami Ji used to practice regularly various Yogic exercises by combining postures and breath-restraint (PRANAYAMA) vigorously along with DHOTI-KRIYA for purification. Deep studies were the routine of Swami Ji and he used to be absorbed in serious readings of scriptures. He was in the habit of smoking CHARAS and tobacco all his life incessantly from his CHILLAM otherwise he maintained very clean habits and the KUTIYA exhibited a flavour of calm and pure atmosphere. Personally he looked after the cleanliness of the place though there used to be some devotees invariably present to do all the jobs.

During summers and suitable climates Swami Ji laid his AASANA on an elevated space in the compound beside the small cascade facing east and the devotees present sat in front of him and listened to his discourses. All visitors were welcomed by him warmly and served with a cup of KEHVA, a traditional Kashmiri tea without milk, taken in bronze cups held with a towel. Swami Ji also took a cup but after taking a few sips he offered it to some of his devotee present there as a PRASAD. The evenings were especially quite attractive as there was a collective recital of certain BHAJANS or LEELAS in which Swami Ji also participated. The scene presented such a beautiful environment that the devotees repeatedly attended the evening PUJA.

Regarding food Swami Ji was a strict vegetarian all his life and took very simple SATVIK food and avoided strictly onions, garlic, tomatoes and some leafy vegetables. The preferable foods included PLAIN RICE; KASHMIRI SAAG, MOONG DAL and LOTUS STEM (NADRU). Swami Ji observed fast on many days especially ASHTAMI, PURNIMA, AMAWASIA, EKADASHI and other auspicious days. Swami Ji himself prepared many kinds of pickles and medicinal preparations in small glass bottles which kept hanging outside on the verandah of the KUTIYA in open sun and he probably used them in curing patients who came to him.

Ashrams at HUSHOORA (BUDGAM) and TIKKAR (KUPWARA): As the field of devotees expanded the need of more ashrams in the name of Swami Ji in other areas too was felt. Consequently two Ashrams one at TIKKAR (KUPWARA) and the other at HUSHOORA village in BUDGAM DISTRICT came up. Both Ashrams were planned and the

venues selected by Swami Ji himself. The TIKKAR (KUPWARA) Ashram was especially planned tastefully and Swami Ji preferred to be there for longer periods in his later life. The HUSHOORA Ashram was constructed before TIKKAR ashram and was especially raised on the instance of the devotees of that area. Swami Ji stayed there for many days and performed many HAWANS on auspicious occasions. Devotees at this Ashram showed particular enthusiasm and devotion for Swami Ji and the Ashram was always full of devotees and renovations here were carried on endlessly.

Both Swami Ji and his GURU Swami LAL JI were already acquainted with Village TIKKAR as it fell on way to their favourite destination SHARDA MAYEE. Their frequent visits had made almost all the Pandits familiar to them and most of them their devotees and admirers. Swami Ji made plans for an Ashram at a sacred spot and without any particular efforts the foundation was laid in 1957. His holiness was in those days mainly placed in GOWRI-PORA (BOMAI) in the KUTIYA among fine environs and beautiful location and any thought of a change was unthinkable as the devotion and love that Swami Ji received here was unprecedented. Swami Ji stayed in BOMAI for not less than 25-27 years but given the purpose to be nearer to his devotees of TIKKAR area Swami Ji sought the change and TIKKAR Ashram was inaugurated with great fanfare. Besides the main temple a beautiful small temple was constructed on the adjacent hilltop with about a hundred steps made out of stone boulders as an uphill approach.

Swami Ji loved to perform his routine SADHNA in the hilltop temple. The rush of devotees in TIKKAR Ashram was significantly much more than other places as the field of influence had increased tremendously than before. Very influential people of the area and far away were regular visitors in this Ashram and strangely whoever came to seek blessings once was attached for life. This author put this question to one fervent devotee of Swami Ji who had spent many hours in the holy company of Swami Ji, 'What aspect of the personality of Swami Ji fixed a devotee for life?' In reply he said, 'Swami Ji was a living incarnation of Lord Shiva. How a person would not!' Here it would be interesting for the reader to know something about the experiences of some eminent devotees of Swami Ji.

(To be continued)

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Books ... Books ... Books

Post Exodus Publications of KP writers



Book : Param Sant Param Dayal
Swami Govind Kaul - Jeevni

Author : Pushkar Nath Raina

Publisher: Pushkar Nath Raina
96-7 B, Manorma Vihar, Patta Borhi,
Jammu 180002. Tel: 2502888

Pages: 185

Price: Rs. 100.00

Available at: Swami Govind Kaul, Kamla,
Pandit Dayal Ashram,
Opposite Eeshwar Ashram,
Main Lane, Mahender Nagar,
Jammu 180002.

Author says:

(Excerpts from the Preface to the book)

परमसंत स्वामी गोविन्द कौल महाराज के अध्यात्मिक अनुभव की अभिव्यक्ति उनके भजनों में निहित हैं। एक रचनाकार की रचना में उनके जीवन का चित्रण होता है। संत कवि होने के नाते यह बात अनिवार्य हो जाती है कि स्वामी जी की संक्षिप्त जीवनी प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास किया जाये ताकि स्वामीजी के शिष्यों की इच्छा भी पूरी हो जाए तथा सामान्य जनता को भी स्वामीजी के अनुभवों का लाभ मिल सके। स्वामीजी ने अपने भजनों में अध्यात्म के भिन्न भिन्न चक्रों के गहन अनुभवों की अभिव्यक्ति प्रभावात्मक ढंग से अति सरल शैली में की है। जिनको पढ़ कर आनंद की अनुभूति होती है। ऐसे महान संत के बारे में कुछ लिखना सूर्य को दिया दिखाने के बराबर है।

यह बात सत्य है कि ऐसे महान आध्यात्मिक पुरुष अपने परिचय के बारे में उदासीन ही रहते आए हैं, संभवतः इसलिए कि ऐसे संत देह अध्यास को छोड़ चुके होते हैं तथा कोई भी वस्तु स्थाई नहीं रहती तो नाम पीछे रहे या न रहने का इनके लिए कोई प्रयोजन नहीं।

स्वामीजी के करीब ४५९ भजन भक्तों के हाथ लगे हैं जो पहले चार भागों में



About the Author

Born in Lariyar, Tral, Kashmir, **Pushkar Nath Raina** retired as a teacher of Hindi from Education Department of J&K in 1996. He has a perfect bent of mind towards culture and theology, a strong intuition, perfect vocabulary, and acumen to compose both prose and poetry in an explicit fashion. He has rendered several poems that show a perfect balance of language and lexical composure. These include works on religion and state of affairs in J&K.

Pushkar Nath Raina has written several documents so far. One of the commendable works done by him is the biography of Swami Govind Kaul which was published in 2006. Another excellent work is on 'Henzey Wanwun' where a new interpretation and logical explanation to manifold questions related to our ethos have been vividly brought into fore. Other work that are in the offing are Koshur Primer – both in Devnagri / English and Shiv Lagan – a complete composition.

छपवाए गए थे और अब तीन भागों में पुनः मुद्रित करवाए गए हैं। पहली भजन माला 'गोविंदअमृत' का प्रथम संस्करण स्वामीजी के प्रिय शिष्य श्री पृथ्वीनाथजी पंडित दयाल मुम्बई निवासी द्वारा २३ नवंबर १९७० ई. में छपवाई गई थी। इसके बाद जितने भी भजन स्वामीजी के हाथ लगे हैं, महेंद्रनगर आश्रम जम्मू तथा गोविंद कौल आश्रम श्रीनगर द्वारा तीन भागों में छपवाए गए हैं। बहुत से भजन स्वामीजी ने अपने भक्तों को संबोधित किए हैं। स्वामीजी भक्तों को ऐसे भजन पत्रों का उत्तर देते हुए लिखकर भेजते थे। संत कथा के ४४९ दोहे भी इन्हीं के साथ छपवाए गए हैं।

इस पुस्तक में स्वामीजी के काव्य का वर्गीकरण, विशेषताएं, संत मत एवं राधास्वामी शब्द योग अभ्यास, अभ्यास के चक्रों का व्योरा, चक्रों के आधार पर कई कविताओं का संभावित अर्थ तथा विश्लेषण करने का प्रयास, कविताओं में समन्वयात्मक दृष्टिकोण, गुरु, स्वधर्म पालन, आचार विचार, संतों की शक्ति और भक्ति, संत कथा, नुन्दरूषि की पूर्वजन्म की कहानी, उक्तियां, सिद्धियां तथा पातंन्यजल योग, परमशिव का आध्यात्मिक नाटक, कुंडिलिणी योग चक्र, दयाल देश की तालिकाएं भी प्रस्तुत की गई हैं। इसके अतिरिक्त कश्मीर का गौरवमय स्थान, महानता, यहां उत्पन्न संतों सोफियों की एक झलक तथा भक्तों के प्रकार आदि और कुछ मौलिक बातें भी प्रस्तुत हैं। यहां के इतिहास लिखने की गौरवमय परंपरा के साथ साथ विपरीत वातावरण में भी काव्य की धारा अविरल भाव से बहती चली आई है, जिस में संत मिर्जा काक परमानंद, प्रकाश कुर्यगामी, लक्ष्मण जू नागामी, अब्दुल अहद ज़रगर आदि हैं। उनकी रचनाओं में तत्कालिक परस्थितियों के संकेत आदि प्रस्तुत करने का यहां पर प्रयत्न किया गया है।

The book starts with the chapter 'Kashmir Ki Sanskritik Tatha Darshanik Parampara', where the author tells us about the creation of Kashmir Valley as noted in Nilamata Purana. He also tells us briefly about our literature, our Saints, our poets and opens a window to the Kashmir's brief history. About Ali Mardan Khan, he writes:

मध्य मार्ग को अपनाने वाले अली मर्दान खान को जब भगवान शिव के दर्शन मिले तो पुरनूर श्री शिव शंकर के दर्शन को फारसी भाषा में 'शबशाहे कि मन दीदम' कविता के रूप में

अपने दरबार में सुनाकर सब को मुग्ध कर दिया। उनके कहने का आशय यह था कि कश्मीर पर भगवान शिव की कृपा दृष्टि है, इसको विध्वंस करने वाले किसी भी हाकिम अथवा सरकार का नाम भी शेष नहीं रहेगा।

The author has briefly described the life of Swamiji, ranging from his birth to his marriage, his personality, his behaviour, his life style, his love for the Kashmiri language, his Bhajans and his 'Mahaprayan'. He has also noted in detail his experience when he used to meet Swamiji and spend time with him. One of the episodes is reproduced hereunder:

जून १९७२ की बात है। डाक्टर बॉस का पत्र स्वामीजी के पास आया। पत्र अंग्रेजी में था। अर्थ सुनाने के लिए पत्र मेरे हाथ में दिया। पत्र का सार कुछ ऐसे था: 'स्वामीजी, मैं नित्य आप के द्वारा सिखाया हुआ राजयोग का निरंतर अभ्यास करता हूं। आज प्रातः काल मैं सोया हुआ था तो कोई मेरे बालों को अपनी अंगुलियों से सहला रहा था। आंख खुली तो एक तेजवान दम्पति को सामने खड़ा देखा। पुरुष जटादारी तथा मृगछाला पहने था। वह कौन थे?' स्वामीजी ने आदेश दिया 'इसका उत्तर लिखो।' सुन कर मैं प्रस्तुत हुआ तो स्वामीजी बोले, क्या लिखोगे? 'जो आप लिखने को कहेंगे।' वह झट से बोल उठे, 'अच्छा रहने दो, मैं स्वयं उन्हें समझा दूंगा।' स्वामीजी ने नेत्र मूंद लिए। कुछ अंतराल के बाद स्वामीजी ने नेत्र खोले और सामान्य बातचीत करने लगे।

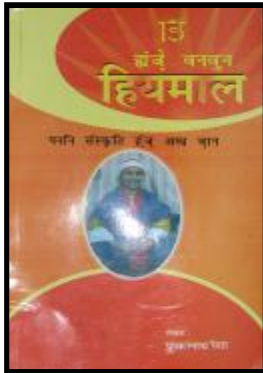
Here are a few lines from one of Swamiji's prophecies, included in the book:

राजु हंसस आसि गेलन काव बोज
वोनमुतुय येमि समयुक स्वबाव बोज
सर ह्वखन सागर ह्वखन दॅरियाव बोज
ग्रजनि लगन डोंफ ह्यनर तलाव बोज
फाकु फुकरय संतन आसन लगन
पॉपियन गव ख्योन तु च्योन प्वलाव बोज
रछनु कने करि प्रजायि राजु नाश
गछि यिष्ठुय ब्वद राजनुय कन थाव बोज

Swamiji had a delicate heart and was pained to see one in trouble. Here are two lines from one of his Bhajans, which clearly indicate that:

या दितम त्युथ ताकृथा मे युथ दिमय सारिनुय स्वखुय
नतु मु हावतम काँसि हुंद दूख क्या कॅरिथ दिल शाद दिम
There are a number of miracles attached to Swamiji, of which 19 have been recorded in the book. In my

opinion, the book provides plethora of information on Swamiji and his Bhajans and one would definitely be elated to read it and keep a copy for posterity.



Book : Henze Vanvun
Hiymal
Author : Pushkar Nath Raina
Publisher: Pushkar Nath Raina
96-7 B, Manorma Vihar, Patta Borhi,
Jammu 180002. Tel: 2502888
Pages: 120
Price: Rs. 65.00
Available at: 96-7 B, Manorma Vihar, Patta Borhi,
Jammu 180002.

This book documents the traditional Vanvun sung by Kashmiri Pandits on the auspicious occasions of Marriage and Yegneopavit. The tradition is now on the verge of death as most of the old ladies who had mastered it, are not alive. The youngsters are no more interested in old traditions and would do well with pop and disco, though most of them will always complain about non-availability of written content. It is here that the books like 'Henze Vanvun Heemal' will prove of great value for all those who wish to keep the old traditions alive.

What is 'Vanvun'? I quote here from the Preface of the book itself:

‘वनवुन’ पारिवारिक जीवन में आनंद और हर्षोल्लास को द्विगणित करता है। ‘वनवुन’ शुभ और मंगल का सूचक है। ‘वनवुन’ ईश्वरीय शक्तियों का गुणिगान है।

‘वनवुन’ वस्तुतः महिलाओं का गायन है। इसमें किसी भी वाद्ययंत्र का प्रयोग नहीं किया जाता है। ‘वनवुन’ कश्मीरी लोक मानस का प्रतिबिंब है, लोक कविता का एक अंग है। ‘वनवुन’ का कोई विशेष रचयता नहीं होता है अपितु लोक मानस समय बदलने के साथ साथ आवश्यकता और रुचि अनुसार इन गीतों में परिवर्तन के देता है अथवा और पद या

छंद जोड़ कर श्रीवृद्धि करता है।

Prof. (Dr.) B.L.Kaul, in his Preface to the book also tells us:

विस्थापन के बाद कश्मीरी ‘वनवुन’ के कई संग्रह प्रकाशित हुए हैं जिन में श्री सोमनाथ वीर कृत ‘कॉशुर शास्त्री वनवुन’, श्रीमती कमलावती द्वारा रचित ‘लोल वखनय’, एवं श्रीमती लक्ष्मीश्वरी कांदू द्वारा लिखित ‘हंजरे वनवुन’ उल्लेखनीय हैं। लेकिन इन्होंने केवल संग्रह कार्य ही किया है। व्याख्या विश्लेषण, ऐतिहासिक पृष्ठभूमि या सांस्कृतिक स्रोत को ढूंढने का, प्रस्तुत करने का इन्होंने प्रयास नहीं किया है।

Regarding content and worth of the publication, I fully agree with Prof. Kaul Sahib, who says: वनवुन गीतों में प्रयुक्त विशिष्ट शब्दावली या पारिभाषिक शब्दों को अर्थ सहित एक क्रम में प्रस्तुत किया गया है। वनवुन गीतों के भावार्थ को समझाने में विशिष्ट पारिभाषिक शब्दों के अर्थ की जानकारी प्रस्तुत कर लेखक ने गीतों को सर्वग्राह्य बनाने का कार्य किया है और यह प्रशंसनीय भी है।

There are three distinct parts of the book. The first part contains 'Vanvun' with regard to 'Livun' (Cleaning and mud-washing of the building), second part is for 'Vivah' (marriage ceremony) and the third part relates to 'Yegneopavit' (thread ceremony). There are hundreds and hundreds of Vanvun verses, spread over 55 pages and covering all the ceremonial stages of a marriage or a Yegneopavit.

In order to preserve our culture, we need to preserve our great traditions and in this context, Shri Pushkar Nath Raina's work will prove to be of great value.

Coming to script part of the above two books, the author has given keys to enable readers to read Kashmiri text and pronounce the peculiar Kashmiri vowel sounds correctly. While I hail the work done by the author in producing such valuable publications, I am slightly pained to see the author using old, now redundant diacritical marks for writing Kashmiri text. The books have been printed and published in late 2006 and late 2007 respectively, whileas the Devanagari-Kashmiri Script was standardised in the year 2002 after a new set of diacritical marks was introduced and approved by an expert committee. This Standardised Script has been in use since then though its commercial usage started in 2003.

It is unfortunate that many authors still use the old script with sets of diacritical marks varying from

person to person. It is high time that we take note of the latest developments and implement one and the only Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri script for writing Kashmiri, for which the members of the expert committee have toiled hard over the years. It is also a matter of satisfaction that we do have a modified software for this script namely *AkrutiKashmiriArinimal* Software available now. This software is distributed free of cost by All India Kashmiri Samaj (AIKS), New Delhi. One may also refer to Prof. Roop K. Bhat's 'Primer' and 'Reader' and M.K.Raina & Neelam Trakru's 'Basic Reader for Kashmiri Language', to get acquainted with the Standardised Script.

Here, I would also like to reproduce a para from the Preface of 'Henze Vanvun' which needs attention. Prof. B.L.Bhat writes:

मै इस तथ्य की ओर पाठक वर्ग का ध्यान आकर्षित करना चाहता हूँ कि लेखक ने देवनागरी लिपि में कश्मीरी भाषा लिखने के लिए सर्वस्वीकृत मानक लिपि का प्रयोग नहीं किया है। दुर्भाग्य यह है कि जम्मू में एक दो व्यक्तियों के पास ही उनके कम्प्यूटरों में मानक लिपि का फॉन्ट सुरक्षित है और वे बन्धु शुद्ध कश्मीरी लिपि टंकन के हेतु दुगना, तिगना, चौगुना दर वसूल कर रहे हैं और ऐसे महापुरुष साधारण लोगों की पहुंच के बाहर हैं।

I would like to add to the knowledge of Kashmiri language authors that the software for Kashmiri language known as 'Arinimal' Software, was developed by Sandeep Bhat of Pune in the year 2002, free of cost. This software was put on net for anybody to download and install on computers, all free of cost, and it continued to be on net till 2006, if I am not mistaken. In the meantime, another software was developed by Cyberscape Multimedia, which had some advantage over Arinimal. This software is available with the AIKS for free distribution. Kashmiri writers like T.N.Dhar 'Kundan', Dr. B.K.Moza, H.N.Kaul Rind and scores of others have been using these softwares on their computers for a long time now. There is no monopoly. Anybody can get and install the software on his/her computer.

I think, Mr. Raina has approached wrong persons for DTP of his book. There are two other people namely Shri Rinku Kaul and Shri Kampasi at Jammu using the modern softwares for Kashmiri language on commercial basis and their charges, as per my knowledge, have always been reasonable.

I would request Shri Pushkar Nath Raina, the author of 'Param Sant Param Dayal Swami Govind Kaul' to switch over to Standardised Devanagari-

Kashmiri Script while doing another edition of the books, which I am sure, he will have to take up soon.

- M.K.Raina, Editor 'här-van'

Reshi Peer Padshah ... From Page 26

and progressive Kashmiri Pandits with western ideas under the leadership of Pt. Brij Narain Chakbast dubbed this caste festival as dogmatic and emphasized the need for bringing reforms in the community to enable it to face the fast changing social scenario. Since then no caste festival could be organised at Lucknow on such a massive scale till date.

The famous Urdu poet of Lucknow Pt. Ratan Nath Dar *Sarshar* composed the following couplets in the honour of Rishi Peer as his tribute to that great saint.

Maddah-e-janab- e-Rishi Peer aiya hai
Darbar mein shahon ke fakir aiya hai
Khursheed ki aankh kyon na jhapke Sarshar
Ek zarra-e-khak- e-Kashmir aiya hai

After the mass exodus of the Kashmiri Pandits from the Valley in 1990 due to terrorist's violence a new trend has started of building replicas of various Kashmiri shrines in different parts of the country outside the Valley. A replica of Rishi Peer's shrine has been built at Palora Top, in Suraksha Vihar, Jammu, whose foundation was laid by Padma Shree Pt. Jagan Nath Kaul on 24th April, 2006. The white marble statue of Rishi Peer was installed in this shrine on 21st March, 2008. Rishi Peer's one wooden sandle was brought from Ali Kadal, Srinagar to be kept in this shrine as his relic.

Before the mass exodus every year on the birthday and *nirvan divas* of Rishi Peer a big *Mela* used to take place at Ali Kadal. A large number of devotees used to come at this shrine to pay their obeisance to the holy relic of Rishi Peer. *Kulcha* and black seeds of *Ishband* after touching them with the holy relic used to be served to the devotees as *naveed*. Rishi Peer left this world about three centuries back, but the fragrance of his aura still continues. A spoon does not know the taste of the soup, an ignorant does not know the pleasure of the supreme bliss.



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बॅरती हुंद दफतर

इन्सान येलि तथ अवस्थायि प्यठ छु वातान येलि तसुंघ अवयव ह्यवान छि तस च़ेनुनावुन जि सु छु व्वन्य अख फज़ूल तु फालतू इन्सान समाजु तु पनुनि गृहस्तु खॉतरु, अद वख्तस कुन छु आसान वुछान तु पानस सुती वनान, “अज़ दूह म्वकूल्यव, पगाह क्या आसि वुछुन ज़ानि सुय।” गाह बे-गाह वख्तस दकु दिनु खॉतरु ज़िंदगी हुंज़ि किताबि हुंघ वरख फिरान तु पनुन्यन कर्मन प्यठ गराह असान तु गराह त्राहि त्राहि करान। वरख फिरान फिरान पेयम तँथ्य वर्कस प्यठ नज़र येलि बु १९४४हस मंज़ श्रीनगर बॅरती हुंदिस दफतरस मंज़ कॉम ओसुस करान। कॉशुर आसनु किन्य वॅरहम दिलि प्यठ श्रीनगर बदली। म्यॉन्य कॉम ऑस दफतरुक हिसाब किताब लेखुन तु परुन।

अंग्रेज़न हुंद राज ओस। हिटलरन ओस अंग्रेज़न पनुनि ताकतु तु खोफु सुत्य लरज़ु बेहनोवमुत। मतलब यि जि ओश तु बतु ओसुनख कुनुय कौरमुत, तवय ह्यँचुख हिंदुस्तानस मंज़ ति बॅरती करुनु, हावनु किन्य ऑस्य रज़ामंदी सुत्य बॅरती करान मगर अँदरी अँदरी ऑस्य सेद्यन तु सादन हिंदुस्तान्यन सबुज़ बाग हॉव्य हॉव्य वर्गुलावान तु मोमूली ट्रेनिंग दिथ दुश्मनन बुथि सोज़ान तु मारुनावान। सिपुहस ऑस्य शुराह र्वपयि तनखाह दिवान, अमि बावुनायि सुत्य जि यिमव शुरहव सुत्य छि कम से कम दुश्मनु सुंज़ अख गूल्य ज़ायि करुनावान।

खॉर, यीतव व्वन्य पनुनि कथि प्यठ। बॅरती हुंद दफतर ओस हज़री बागस सुत्य। अम्युक थोद अफसर ओस करनल हमीद युस ज़न प्रथ विज़ि ओस दफतरुक्यन बटु मुलॉज़िमन दोलु वुछान। अँमिस वँसिथ ओस शाबान मीर, युस ज़न अमि ब्रॉड रेज़िडेंट सुंद ड्राइवर ओस। रेज़िडेंट बाय ऑसुन डल गाड ख्यॉव्य ख्यॉव्य पानस कुन वॅरमुच। तसुंदि खॉर सुत्य सूज़ुख ओर अफसर बनॉविथ। कम कासु अंग्रीज़्य ति ओसुन गगरिबलुक्यन हाँज़न निशि ह्योछमुत। बेयि ओसुख रंगरूठ पँसरानु खॉतरु अख दलाल थोवमुत, येमिस ज़न तनखाह अलाव ओस रंगरूठ अनुनुक वॅमिशन मेलान। मतलब यि जि पनुन कचुल बाह त्रख करनु खॉतरु ऑसिख नफर ति पनुनि हिसाबु थँव्यमुत्य। यि दलाल ओस गामन गँछिथ

सेद्यन सादन ग्रेसत्यन वरगुलॉविथ बॅरती करुनावान। तिमन ओस नोकरी दावनुक्य पाँसु ह्यवान तु सरकारस निशि वॅमिशन ति ख्यवान। बु ओसुस तस च़ेनुनावान तु ख्वदायि सुंद खोफ ति हावान, युस नु ज़ांह तस ओस श्रपान। बु ओसुस कॉत्याहि फिरि सॉचान जि अँमिस निशि आसिहे शेतान ति ज़ेर आमुत, तवय सेज़ुरोवुन बॅरती हुंदिस दफतरस कुन।

अकि दूहन वोन कर्नलन दलालस जि हेरि प्यठ छु आमुत टेलिफोन। वातुलन हुंज़ छे स्यटाह ज़रुरथ। चु अनुख जल वातल, तम्युक मेली दूगनु वॅमिशन। सलाम वॅरिथ वोननस, “हज़ूर, अँज्य गछन हॉज़िर।”

सोन दफतर ओस बर लबि सडक तु अपॉर्य ऑस्य गामुक्य ग्रीस्य अमूमन बडगोम गछान। यि दलाल द्राव सडकि प्यठ तु च्वन ग्रेसत्यन वॅरुन च़ादरि थफ तु चॉनिन अंदर। तिमव वोनहस, “कोत हज़ छुख निवान?” दलालन वोननख, “तुहुंद स्यज़र तु पज़र वुछिथ आव ख्वदायस आर तु सूज़ुनस बु त्वहि निश। सडकि प्यठ ऑस्य स्यटाह पकान, इशारु कोरुन त्वहि कुन तु अँनिमवु तोह्य। हमुद वॅरिव तस ज़ाति पाकस कुन, येम्य त्वहि प्यठ मेहरुच नज़र त्रॉव। पिलुनॉव्यतव च़ादर मे कुन तु करनॉव्यतव डाक्टरी।” तिम ति ज़न आयि माँत्रावनु। च़ादर पिलुनॉवुख अँमिस तु यी तँम्य वोननख, ती कोरुख तु गँयि बॅरती। यिमन किच़ अनुनॉवनु चाय। यिम छि चाय चवान तु दलाल छुख वनान, “व्वन्य हबा बनेवु तोह्य साहाब। योत यिम सोज़ुनवु, तति गछि नु तिमन फिकरी तरुन जि तोह्य छिवु जॉहिल तु बेज़ॉन्य ग्रीस्य। म्यानि कैह कथु थँविव याद। कम कासु उर्दू छिवा ज़ानान।” “आहन हज़, पुंच्यमि जमॉच़ ताम।” “बस, तेलि गव जान। तिम पृछनवु तोह्य क्या कॉम जॉनिव, यकदम वँन्यज्योख ‘स्वीपर कॉम’। तलु बा दहि लटि वँनिव ‘स्वीपर’, युथ ज़न याद रोज़िवु। युथ ना बेयि कैह वँन्यूख तु गँछिव खराब।” तिमव कोर ती तु थोवुख याद। “तोर युथुय वॉतिव, वँनिज्योख बाथ रूम कहाँ, बाथ करना है। तिम हावनवु ल्वकुट कुठ। अंदर दिज़ि नज़र, योदुवय साबनि वोर आसि नु, दँप्यज्योख



सोप लाओ। ख्वदायि सुंदि खॉतरु, यिना तिछ कथ वॅरिव तु तिमन तरि फिकरी जि तोह्य छिवु तलु फाकय।”

अक्य जॅन्य वोनुनस, “असि हज्ज छांडन मोल मॉज तु गछन परेशान।” “बेकल छिवु ना, तवय छिवु यिछु कथु करान। तला च्यथ दियिव, येलि पंदाहि दोह्य पतु तोह्य साहब बॅनिथ छुट्टी प्यठ यियिव तु तिम कोताह ख्वश गछन?” दूनवय लॅग्य असनि।

बस आयि यिमन निनु खॉतरु। नेरान नेरान मॅज यिमव दलालस पनुन्य चादर। तॅम्य वोनुनख, “पनुन शिकस ना चलिवु नु ज़ांह। तति दिनवु तिम नवि अंग्रीज्य चादरु, साहब टूप्य, पतलून तु वॅमीज़, युस नु येति ज़ांह खाबस मंज़ ति वुछमुत आसिवु। चला वन्य मॅशिराविव यिम जंदु पलव तु बॅडिव ख्वदायि सुंद नाव ह्यथ।” बु रूदुस यि नाटुख वुछान तु त्राहि त्राहि करान। नेरान नेरान मॅज यिमव दलालस पनुन्य चादर। तॅम्य वोनुनख, “पनुन शिकस ना चलिवु नु ज़ांह। तति दिनवु तिम नवि अंग्रीजी चादरु, साहाब टूप्य, पतलून तु वॅमीज़, युस नु येति ज़ांह खाबस मंज़ ति वुछमुत आसिवु। चला मॅशिराविव यिम जंदु पलव तु बॅडिव ख्वदायि सुंद नाव ह्यथ।” बु रूदुस यि नाटुख वुछान तु त्राहि त्राहि करान।

अकि दूह कोर तॅम्य शेतान ति पथय। कथ सपज़ यि जि अख बुडु ग्रूस आव लूर डखरान डखरान दफतर तु वदान वदान वोनुन, “पांछ र्यथ गॅयि, म्योन कुन नेचुव गयोव येमि दफतरु प्यठु बॅरती। तनु प्यठु छनु तसंज्ज कॅह ति खबर। तसंज्ज मॉज छे वॅद्य वॅद्य मर करान।” दलालस कुन वुछिथ वोनुन, “येमी अन्योव गामु प्यठु वरगुलॉविथ।” दलाल आव तु कोरुनस तसलाह। दोपुनस, “वुन्य करव मोलूम, गाबर मु। क्या ओस चॉनिस नैचिविस नाव?” बुडन वोनुस नाव तु दलालन तुल अख पैफलेट तु हेतिनस वरख ओरु योर फिरुन्य। पानस सुती कोरुन असुनाह तु वोनुनस, “कथ छुख दर-बदर गोमुत? सु तति करान ऑश, ख्यवान तु चवान, मीमन सुती आसान फेरान, अफसर बॅनिथ होकुम चलावान, म्खसर बोज़, पनुन शिकस मॅशरिथ नबुक्यन तारुकन सुत्य यारानु करान। मगर तोति क्या गव? मॉलिस तु माजि छा यिथु वॅन्य मॅशरावान! वुन्य लेखोस थॅदिस अफसरस चिठ्य तु लदुनावोन क्वाटर गार्ड।” ग्रीस्य पृछुनस, “ति क्या हज्ज गव क्वाटर गार्ड?” “सु हा गव

मिलट्टी जेल। फिकरी तर्यस वॅह्य प्यव गज्ज?”

“हतु हज्ज, बलायि लगय, ति मतु करतु। सु छु ऑव्युल तु माजि हुंद टोट। सु छु ख्वश, बस ती ओस असि बकार। स्व बोज्जि तु मुकदम सॉबस खारि नियाज्ज। करख ना हज्ज खॉराह, यि फोटू दिहख मे। मॉज वुछस तु तसलाह गछ्यस।”

“अथ हबा लगान छि द्यार।” ग्रीस्य वॅड चंदु मंज़ ग्वचुर तु थॅवुनस ब्रॉठ कनि। पाँसु गॅज्जरिथ वोनुनस दलालन, “यि हबा छु स्यठाह कम, कॉम चॉन्य अंदि नु कॅह।” “हतु हज्ज कॅछा कर तु, तसंज्ज मॉज मंगी ख्वदायस अथु तुल्य तुल्य चोन रुतुय रुत। बेयि वन्यस “ख्वदावंदि वॅरीमा, येम्य असि यि खॉर कोर, तस दितु दहन हजन हुंद सवाब।” “मगर फोटुवस मंज़ छुय सु असि कुन थर वॅरिथ। निनुक छुय नु कांह फॉयद।”

“अँस्य हज्ज लगेस थरिय बलायि, मॉज आस्यस रातस तु दूहस थरिय माह तु मीठ्य करान।”

“अदु बा त्राव यि ग्वचुर तु चादर येतिय तु रठ फोटू। यिना काँसि वनख यि फोटू कति ओनुथ। अगर वोनुथ, च्चु ति जेल तु बु ति जेल। ख्वदायि सुंद नाव ह्यथ कड स्योदुय गर कुन टुख।”

तॅमिस नेरनु पतु गव दलाल पनुनि जॅलील हरवॅक्य प्यठ कामयॉबी वुछिथ स्यठाह ख्वश। अंग्रेजव ऑस सॉन्य वग रॅटमुच। तिमन ऑस खबर तिहँज्ज वाह वाह तु पाँसु हेकि हिंदुस्तॉनियन अथि कॅह ति करनॉविथ। यिहोय ओस यिहँज्जि कामयॉबी हुंद राज्ज।

बस, अज्ज गव युतुय। येलि ज़ांह कॉल्य जिंदुगी हुंजि किताबि मंज़ युथ वरुख वुछिथ तछुन व्वथि, कलुमस ति व्वथि सुसर तु हेयि लेखुन।



About the author: Born in 1922, S.N.Gurtoo, son of Late Dina Nath Gurtoo, who was known as Dina Nath Gandhi due to his Gandhian following and honesty, was resident of Nai sarak, Srinagar. His grandfather Pt. Mukund Ram, who was a Sanskrit scholar and had inimitable style of Sanskrit calligraphy, launched an Urdu Paper 'Akhbar-i-Aam' from Lahore in 1868. Shri Gurtoo served in Indian Army from 1942 to 1954, after which he joined civil services due to having met with an accident. He played a drama 'Zai Gabar' in Sapru House to collect funds for construction of Kashmiri Bhawan in Delhi. After retirement, Shri Gurtoo started writing stories and poetry in Kashmiri and Hindi. Shri Gurtoo presently resides at Kashmiri Apartments, New Delhi.

Short Story

T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

HIS PLIGHT

Ramesh is a good friend. He is a known short story writer, an ardent reader and a thorough gentleman. He is a proud Kashmiri, always full of praise for the rich culture, age-old tradition and lofty ideals of his community. Whenever he comes across a good piece of writing or a short story with something new in it, he immediately comes over to my house and asks me to read it. Thereafter he analyses and explains the beauty of the said writing to me with a crusader's zeal but child-like simplicity.

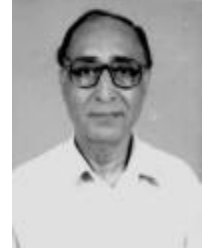
Today's visit of my friend was rather different. He dashed into my room with a gloomy face and a deep pain written all over. At first I thought he must have come across some short story with a tragic plot or gruesome ending, which he wants me to read and then discuss its literary worth with him. In every previous meeting he would begin the conversation by asking me, 'have you read so and so, or such and such story?' Today also he started by asking me, 'have you read Somerset Maugham's story captioned?' I cut him short and replied, 'is it the same story where this rich man's son is embarking on a visit to the continent for the first time? His father advises him that during his stay there he should observe certain do not's strictly lest he gets into trouble. He wants him not to trust any stranger, not to gamble etc. etc.' 'Yes, yes, the same story,' Ramesh replied and asked me if I remembered what had happened to him. I told him, 'yes, I remember. At the fag end of the visit the rich man's son was left with very little money. He broke his vow and did all that he was asked not to do. He gambled, trusted a stranger and got involved with an unscrupulous lady. But in the end he was richer by many times more money than he had started with.'

Ramesh asked me, 'do you know how his father had felt on knowing the details of his adventure?' 'Of course, he had been proved wrong and appeared to be foolish and naive. He could not raise his head in such a situation. But why are you asking me?' Ramesh heaved a sigh and replied with a broken heart, 'because I myself experienced the same predicament and awkward situation today.' Then he narrated to me all that he had gone through in these words: 'you know I am an ardent believer in the purity of our race and culture. I feel proud to belong to a community which is rich not in wealth but in knowledge, not in pomp and show but in morality

and ethics, not in life's wherewithal but in life and its essence. I have been grooming my grand daughter Veena on this belief right from her girlhood. I had been bringing home to her the virtues of marrying within the community in order to preserve our great tradition, our lofty ideals of sage-hood, truth and spiritual values. I was also underlining the superiority of arranged marriage over the so-called love marriage. She did her graduation and then successfully passed a professional course in journalism. In her college and the institute she had innumerable occasions to interact with brilliant students of other castes and other states. She did not get involved with any one of them, as she was almost brain washed by me in favour of an arranged marriage, that too in our own community.'

He added, 'She had good reasons to select a partner of her choice. One, she got an exposure of the type where any girl would have fallen for any attractive, handsome qualified young boy. Secondly her two cousins from her mother's side had gone in for love marriages outside our community. One had selected a Bengali groom and the other was married to a boy from Punjab. Both were happy with their partners, had sound relations with the parents and relatives of their husbands and were leading a harmonious life. No doubt they had got cut off from the roots of our culture and tradition. I was glad that my teachings, reasoning and logic in favour of an arranged marriage within the community had influenced her so much that she left the whole matter to her parents and to me. We gave a matrimonial ad in our community journals, solicited horoscopes and family details and specified our preferences. There was a good response. Horoscopes were matched and family details were evaluated. Enquiries were made through common acquaintances and finally a couple of well to do boys from respectable families were short-listed. Final choice of selection was left to the girl. Meetings were organized between her and the two boys. She liked one of them and the matter was settled.'

He went on to say, 'after the initial meetings an appropriate engagement ceremony was held where people from both sides met and had a sumptuous dinner. In consultation with the family priest we fixed



an auspicious date, on which the marriage was solemnized on a grand scale but with a typically Kashmiri fervour. Marriage over, Veena went to her in laws and we felt relieved that our duty towards our daughter was performed in a befitting manner. I personally felt elated that my grand daughter had fulfilled my desire and respected my conviction; she had married in our own community and the match was fixed by the parents. Whenever I was in the company of my friends I could not help show my pride and some of my friends candidly acknowledge that I believed in example and not in precept and that my child had upheld my principles.'

Now he sighed and said, 'after a month of the marriage today when my grand daughter came from her in laws, she put me to shame. She narrated to me the life style of her in laws and there was nothing Kashmiri about it. She was asked to converse in English, dress in an ultra modern way and there was a derisive contempt towards Kashmiri tradition, which was dubbed as archaic and decadent. She told me in a remorseful tone that there she had all along felt in an alien environment. She even told me certain facts about the boy and the family that were cleverly concealed from us and my conviction about the morality and ethics of our community was shattered into pieces. Virtues of arranged marriage were thrown into wind.'

Ramesh lamented, 'my dear friend! I am feeling humiliated before my child. I have been proved wrong and my conviction has been proved hollow just like that of the father of that boy in the story written by Somerset Maugham long ago. Like him I had to hang my head in shame as I was proved a foolish and a naive old man who is living in a make believe world of his own.'

I listened intently to his tale of plight and predicament but had nothing to say. Even then involuntarily these words escaped my mouth, 'Ramesh, times have changed and people like you and I are perhaps poor judges of the situation or may be we are pure idealists far removed from the ground realities of our community.'



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काव्य

कथ खसु ललुनाँव



तोतन वॅन्य वन हारि ति स्वय कथ
 कुमर्यव खसु कथ कॅर कुल्य लंजि प्यठ
 बुलबुलनुय कॅर छॉगिस ज़ीराह
 कॅत्यजि ति गिलुनाँव लॅट ल्वति पॉठ्यन
 यिथु वॅन्य कोर आंकार यिमव तथ
 जाफुर्य वॅन्य पॅज़ीनस स्वय कथ
 पम्पोशन लीछ ख्यलु वॅथुरस प्यठ
 यँबरज़लि वॅन्य सोम्बुलस टॉठिस
 ही वॅन्य अॅर्यनि तु बेयि ट्यक् बटुन्यन
 कोहु बालव वॅन्य ओबुरस स्वय कथ
 चँद्रमनुय वॅन्य तारख नबुसुय
 आरन क्वलि वॅन्य, क्वलि वॅन्य सोदुरस
 बोम्बुरन पोशन वॅन्य म्यूठा दिथ
 पनु पोंपर गॅयि मॅत्य ती बूज़िथ
 सुबहुक्य शबनमुनुय वॅन्य वॅथुरन
 गाशन गटि वोन संद्या समयस
 मूलव ग्वडुसुय, ग्वडुनुय लंजि लंजि
 लंजिवुय पॅत्रन, पॅत्रव फुलुये
 फुलय वनान गॅयि दुस्तिस ज़गुतस
 कथ ऑस यीचुय, ऑस मगर कथ
 'लोल तु माय छु आगुर ज़गतुक
 डखि डोख छुय यथ सृष्टी अमिकुय
 अॅथ्य मंज़ लीन गछान पतु सोरुय'
 अॅथ्य कथि वखुनय कॅर फनकारव
 व्यछुनाँव म्यान्यव शॉयिर यारव
 'कुन्दन' वनुवान अमिकुय वचुनाह
 रछि करि अॅथ्य म्यान्यव दिलदारव।।

BOOK REVIEW

Name of Book : Linguistic Traditions of Kashmir: Essays in Memory of Pandit Dinanath Yaksh

Edited by : Mrinal Kaul & Ashok Aklujkar, New Delhi & Jammu

Published by : DK Printworld & The Harabhata Shastri Indological Research Institute.

Price : Rs. 1250; US\$ 62.50.

Pages : xxxiii + 609.

Review by : Raj Nath Bhat, Professor, Dept. of Linguistics, Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi.

Torella, C. Rajendran, P. Visalakshy, Bettina Baumer, HC Patyal among others. Mrinal Kaul- one of the editors- has given a thoughtful introduction to the linguistic traditions of Kashmir, besides providing, in the appendices, a very rich list of Sanskrit manuscripts from Kashmir that are available across the country and abroad.



Prof. R.N. Bhat

The world of scholarship has maintained for quite some time now that Patanjali, the author of *Mahabhashya*, was a native of Gonda- east-central India, but Ashok Aklujkar in the present Volume argues that Patanjali was a native of the region between *Madra* and *Punjab* i.e. Kashmir. Despite being a grammatical text, *Mahabhashya* for several centuries occupied a pride of place with the kings as well as scholars in Kashmir. The rulers ensured continuation of its study which was linked to the welfare of the region and royalty. The *Mahabhashya* provides ample geographical details that can relate it to Kashmir. Aklujkar's meticulously worked out essays cover nearly two hundred pages of the Volume.

Of the eight grammatical schools of ancient India, namely *Indra*, *Kashakrtsna*, *Apishali*, *Shaktayana*, *Panini*, *Amara* and *Chandra*, the Paninian grammatical thought has pervaded the linguistic scholarship in Kashmir and there have been scholars who went on to modify, reinterpret, even differ from the dominant Paninian tradition on several occasions. *Rajatarangini* testifies to the fact that "Kashmir has played a key role in the preservation of the commentatorial tradition associated with the *Mahabhashya*" (p.278). Two kinds of Paninian grammarians co-existed in Kashmir- the orthodox who followed Patanjali and Bhartrihari rigorously, and free thinkers who proposed altogether different interpretations of *Astadyaya* where this seemed useful. Udbhata (8th cent.CE) belonged to the latter class. Sadly, the free

Sanskrit scholarship suffered a sudden break and a loss of momentum when Persian came to occupy her place as the language of administration and royalty in the sub-continent. The tradition of a continuous flow of commentaries and treatises on earlier knowledge texts either slowed down or stopped. Even the preservation of knowledge texts became an uphill task. The destruction of libraries added a new dimension to the colossal loss of the knowledge and tradition of a civilization. A revival of Sanskrit learning made a second beginning during the British rule and a huge corpus of manuscripts has been procured and preserved.

For over two millennia, 'Sanskrit-Kashmir' has been a major center of learning and scholarship in almost all branches of knowledge. During the last century or more *Kashmir Shaivism* and *aesthetics* has engaged scholars' attention in a noticeable way, but very little has been done to explore the linguistic traditions of the region. The present Volume brought out in memory of Pandit Dinanath Yaksh- one of the doyens of Sanskrit scholarship of the twentieth century- is a noble, rich, refreshing and scholarly tribute to the great Pundit. The Volume comprises twenty one essays authored by nineteen eminent scholars including such stalwarts as George Cardona, Johannes Bronkhorst, VN Jha, Raffaella

BOOK REVIEW

thinkers could not last longer and their texts were subsequently lost. *Katantra*, a pedagogical grammar of Sanskrit, introduced by Sharvavarman shows a very strong dependence on Panini and Katyayana despite differing from Astadhyaya in its treatment of some phonological rules and derivational processes. Uvata, a predecessor of Mahidhara, for the first time makes a distinction between *Shiksha* texts and *Pratishakhyas*- the former is a text of phonetics and the latter that of phonology.

Chandra vyakarana does not discuss Vedic Sanskrit, hence the Vedic portion of Panini is absent in it. Chandra vyakarana and *Katantra* have impacted *Kashika* in a significant way. *Kashika* is believed to be a joint work of the king Jayaditya and his minister Vamana and it is an “excellent aid for understanding the pithy sutras of Panini” (p.560). The grammatical thought pervades monistic Shaivism in a very subtle way. In Trika singular, dual and plural numbers are analogous to Shiva, Shakti, and *nara* respectively (p.215). Shaivas do not believe in any unrelated components of a sentence. For them all syntax is related through the agent (p. 468). Utpaladeva, a disciple of Somananda, in his masterpiece *Ishwarapratyabhijnakarika* overwhelmingly appropriates Bhartrhari’s epistemology to oppose the Buddhist notion of depersonalized universe made up of discrete and discontinuous realities, and to establish the Shaiva doctrine of absolutely unitary universe. The strong influence of Paninian thought can be gauged from the fact that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century Pandit Ishwara Kaula authored the first ever grammar of Kashmiri in Sanskrit which was published by the Asiatic Society under the guidance of Sir GA Grierson.

In her **Foreword** to the Volume, Kapila Vatsyayan rightly observes that the vigorous intellectual tradition of Kashmir in varied fields exhibits an interdisciplinary or multidisciplinary epistemological base. She believes that the Volume shall persuade scholars in future to undertake elaborate analyses of texts and commentaries from Kashmir preserved in different parts of India and abroad. The Volume indeed provides ample material for researchers to be motivated and persuaded to undertake research on a massive scale on the philosophical and linguistic heritage of the subcontinent- Buddhist, Vaishnava, Jain, Shaiva etc. I wish the editors bring out a series of Volumes in the years to come where all schools of thought get plenty of space and exposure. The editors deserve all admiration and praise for conceiving and subsequently working out a Volume of such superb merit and scholarship. The publishers deserve a word of admiration too for the care and attention with which they have brought it out. I could find just one singular error in the whole text on p. 30, para 1, line four *classifieas* in place of *classifies*.

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ललु वाख

आयस ति स्योदुय तु गच्छु ति स्योदुय
सेदिस होल मे कर्यम क्याह ।
बो तस ऑसुस आगरय व्यञ्जुय
वेदिस तु वेदिस कर्यम क्याह ।

★ ★ ★

ऑरस नेरि नु मोदुर शीरय
न्यर वीर्यस नेरि नु शूरा नाव ।
मूर्खस पृनुन छुय हँस्तिस् कशुन
यसौ मालि दांदस ब्यहा च्चाव ।।

★ ★ ★

ऑसु बोल पँडिन्यम सासा
मे मनि वासा खीद ना हिये ।
बो य्वद सहज शंकर बँख्ख आसा
मुकरिस सासा मल क्याह पेये ।।

★ ★ ★

ऑसुस कुनिय तु साँपुनिस स्यटाह
नँजदीख ऑसिथ गँयस दूर ।
जॉहिर बॉतिन कुनुय ड्युंठुम
गँयम ख्यथ चथ चुवंजाह चूर ।।

★ ★ ★

आंचार हाँजनि हुंद गँयाम कनन
नदुर्य छिवु तु हेयिव मा ।
ति बूज त्रुक्यव तिम रूद्य वनन
चेनुन छुवु तु च्चीनिव मा ।।

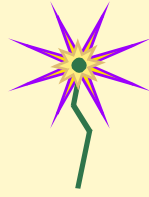
★ ★ ★

आंचार्य बिचार्य व्यचार वोनुन
प्राण तु रुहन हेयिव मा ।
प्राणस बँजिथ मजा चुहुन
नदुर्य छिवु तु हेयिव मा ।।

★ ★ ★

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली

६



Daastaane Gul-e-Bakawali

6



Source: Nyamatullah Parray's 'Gule-Bakawali'
Compiled by Moh. Ahsan Ahsan and Gulam Hasan Taskeen.

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Art, Culture & Languages, Srinagar.)



**Condensed and re-written in
Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script by
M.K.Raina**

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली - ६

शाहजाद छु बकावुलकिस दवस साल ख्यावान

शाहजादु गव जिनु संज दॅलील बोज़ान। तसंज हालत ऑस तिछ ज़ि जिन ति गव सोंचुनस प्यठ महजबूर। तॅम्य वोन शाहजादस, “कसम छुम ख्योमुत, अवु किन्य छुस मजबूर। मे छे अख वथ यिवान बोज़नु। हरगाह च़ु तिछय हिशि ज़ियाफतु बेयि करख तयार, यिछु च़े म्यानि खॉतरु तयार आसय करिमच़ु, बु करु ततिकिस अँकिस दवस साल। सु दव छु मे यार। हरगाह सु चानि ज़ियाफतु ख्यथ ख्वश सपुद, मे छु यकीन ज़ि सु करि असि मदथ।”

शाहजा गव ख्वश। तॅम्य कोर दवु सुंदि ख्वयनु बापथ तमाम माल सोगाथ जमाह। जंगल गॅछिथ ओनुन व्योठ द्रोठ वूँठाह अख। सु मॉरिथ कोरुन दवस क्युत ख्यन तयार। कसमु कसमुचि ज़ियाफतु बनाव्यन यथ मंज़ नान तु कबाब ति शॉमिल ऑस्य। येलि सॉरी चीज़ तयार सपुद, जिनस कोरुन आलव तु वोननुस, “मे करि चॉनिस दोस्तु सुंदि खॉतरु ब्योन ब्योन ज़ियाफतु तयार। कर व्वन्य तस जल जल आलव युथ नु यि ख्यन सर्द गछि।” जिनन ह्यँच ज़ियाफतन साम। दिल गोस ख्वश। ऑस मुच़रोवुन स्यठाह बोड तु शुमालुकि तरफ़ बुथ कॅरिथ दिच़न तिथु पॉठ्य क्रख ज़न तु गगराय गॅयि। वुछान वुछान गव ब्रॉठ कनि अख बोड दव नमूदार। तस वुछिथ गव शाहजादस वॅहशथ। जिनन रोठ दव नालुमति तु पानुवॉन्य कोरुख खॉरपाठ।

साल ख्यनु खॉतरु येलि दव पथर ब्यठ, तस पेयि शाहजादस प्यठ नज़र। शाहजादु गव दम फुट्य मगर दवस कॅरुन सलाम। दव गव आदम ज़ाथ वुछिथ हॉरान। तॅम्य प्रुछ जिनस ज़ि जिनस तु आदमस छुनु पानुवॉन्य कांह हिशर। यि आदम ज़ाथ कति छु आमुत तु च़े निश क्या छु करान? जिनन दोपुस, “चोन वनुन छु बजा मगर अँम्य छु मे प्यठ अख बोड बारु एहसान कोरमुत। अँम्य ख्योवुनस बु त्युथ लॅज़ीज़ ख्यन युथ नु मे वुमरि ओस ख्योमुत। अवु किन्य द्युत नु मे अँमिस कांह इज़ा। अँम्य छु च़े क्युत ति त्युथुय लॅज़ीज़ ख्यन बनोवमुत। येलि च़ु ख्यरख, पानय लगी पताह।”

अमि पतु कोर जिनन शाहजादस इशारु। शाहजादु वोथ थोद तु यि तयार ओसुन कोरमुत, ति ओनुन ब्रॉठ किन। जिनन कोरुनस मदथ।

युथुय दवन अमि मंज़ु ग्वडन्युकुय म्योड ख्यव, सु गव थोद वॅथिथ तु लोग अल्लाहु अकबर परनि। तॅम्य लोब ज़न आबे हयात। दोपुन युथ ख्यन करि पॅज्य पॉठ्य म्वरुदस ज़िंदु। शाहजादन वोनस, “यि सोरुय छु मे चानी खॉतरु तयार कोरमुत। च़ु बेह पथर तु खे यि सोरुय।” जिन गव ख्यवान तु सुत्य सुत्य दाद दिवान।

ख्यथ चथ सपुद दव सीर। खानुदारस याने जिनस कुन कोरुन शुक्रानु अदा तु वोननुस, “येमिस ह्यू मनूश छुनु मे कुनि जायि वुछमुत। च़े सुत्य सुत्य सपद्योस बु ति अँम्य सुंद नमक-खार। च़े कति छुथन यि ओनुमुत तु अँमिस क्या गरज़ छु?” जिनन वोनस, “अँम्यसुंद गरज़ छु त्युथ मुश्किल युथ नु म्यानि दॅस्य पूर सपदि। यि छु द्रामुत मुल्के बकावुलस सॉर करनस तु अथ मंज़ हेकि नु अँमिस म्यानि तरफ़ कांह मदथ मीलथि।” दवन वोनस, “ख्वसु कथ नु पूर हेकि सपदिथ, तम्युक नावय ह्योन गव गलथ। अँम्य संज

मुराद न हेकि चानि दॅस्य पूर सपदिथ तु न म्यानि दॅस्य।” जिनन दोपुस, “ति ओस पज़र मगर अँम्य छु जुव म्योन पनुनिस अथस मंज़ रोटमुत। अँम्य छुनस बु हज़रते सुलैमानु सुंद कसम ख्योवमुत। अवु किन्य छुस परेशान जि अँम्य सुंद मुदा गोछ कुनि तँरीक पूर सपदुन। अवय म्वखु ओनमख मे च़ु साल कॅरिथ योर युथ च़ु म्योन कॅह मदथ करख।”

द्यवन सूच, “पानु, क्याजि आयोख योर। व्वन्य सपदुख खरु संद्य पॉठ्य रबि मंज़ बंद। बतु गरदन लॅजी, व्वन्य छुख मजबूर। ऑखुर ख्योमुत पेयी ना नखु वालुन!” द्यवस ऑस अख बेनि यस नाव ओस हमालु। स्व ऑस बकावुल शहरस इन्तिज़ॉमी तु अरदाहन सासन द्यवन प्यठ। तस ओस बागे बकावुलस मंज़ अन्ननुक यख्तियार ति। द्यवन ल्यूख तस अख खत। ल्यूखुनस, “मे ओस च़े सुत्य मुलाकाथ करनुक स्यठाह शोक मगर छुस स्यठाह आवुर। व्वन्य करतु च़य बरादर-नवॉज़ी तु यथ खतस दितु जवाब। चोन जवाब वॉतिथ च़लि मे रंज-ओ-गम। अमि अलावु छु मे अख इल्तिमास। मे निशि छु वुन्यक्यस पूर्व मुल्कुक अख शाहज़ादु। सु छु आला नस्ब तु तस कुन वुछिथ छु च़लान दिलि जिगरुक गम। तस छु पॅरिस्तान वूछनुक तु तति फेरनुक शोक गोमुत। बु छुस ज्ञानान जि तसुंद तोर वातुन छु स्यठाह मुशकिल। मगर चूकि अँम्य छु म्योन दिल व जान ज्यूनमुत, अमि म्वखु छुसन बु यि च़े निश सोज़ान युथ ज़न च़ु अँमिस मदथ करख। मे छु पूर यकीन जि यि करुनावहॅन च़ु पॅरिस्तानुक सॉर। मे छु चोनय बरोसु तु यकीन छुम जि च़ु करख अँम्यसंज मुराद पूर। मगर यि कथ ति थॅविजि नज़रि तल जि अँमिस गछि नु कुनि कुस्मुक तकलीफ वातुन। यि जॉन्यज्यन च़ु म्यानि खोतु ति अँज़ीज़ तु अँमिस थॅव्यजि प्रथ कांह चीज़ मयसर।”

द्यव छु पनुनि बेनि हमालस चिठ्य सोज़ान

द्यवन युथुय खत लीखिथ म्वकुलोव, अकी आवाजि अननुवुन तेज़ रफतार द्यव अख बुलॉविथ। तस कोरुन पनुन खत तु शाहज़ादु हवालु तु वोनुनस, “यि खत तु शाहज़ादु छिय च़े पॅरिस्तान म्यानि बेनि निश वातुनावुन्य। मगर खबरदार छुय, युथ नु वति शाहज़ादस कांह तकलीफ वाति।” तेज़ रफतार द्यवन द्युतुस दिलासु जि बु वातुनावन यि पोशिक्य पॉठ्य पॅरिस्तान तु करन चानि बेनि हवालु। यि वॅनिथ द्राव सु आकाँशी वुडान शाहज़ादु ह्यथ। पॅरिस्तान वॉतिथ कोर तँम्य खत तु शाहज़ादु पनुनि मॉल्यकेनि हमालस हवालु। हमालन युथुय बॉय संज़ चिठ्य वुछ, स्व गॅयि ख्वश। खत पोरुन तु यकदम ल्यूखुन बॉयिस जवाब, “चोन र्वकु मीलिथ च़ोलुम सोरुय गम तु अँछन आम गाश। चोन शाहज़ादु ति वोत मे निश सही सलामथ। मे युस तमना दिलस ओस, सु ति कोरनम ख्वदायन पूर। दॅलील छे यिथुपॉठ्य जि अकि दूह गव मे शोक मनूशन हंज़ि बॅस्ती मंज़ गछनुक। बु फीरुस तति वारयाहस तु अँकिस जायि गॅयम अख शाहज़ादु अँकिस र्वपु सुंदिस मंज़लिस मंज़ नज़रि। मे लॅज स्व बडु टॉठ तु मे अँन्य स्व तुलिथ पानस सुत्य योर। अज़ गॅयि बराबर च़वदाह वॅरी मे तस रछान। नाव छुमस कोरमुत महमूद। बु ऑसुस दूहस रातस सौचान जि तस क्युत गोछ मे लायक पहान शाहज़ादु मेलुन युथ बु तस खांदर निमुहा कॅरिथ। अज़ बूज़ ख्वदायन म्योन तु शाहज़ादु प्यव मे ब्रॉह कुन वॉतिथ।”

हमालन द्युत खत द्यवस अथि तु दोपुनस यि वातुनाव जल जल म्यॉनिस बॉयिस निश। द्यव द्राव होकुम रँटिथय। हुपॉर्य गव शाहज़ाद ख्वश तु मुतमयीन जि बु वोतुस रुन्नि जायि तु पनुनिस मँज़िले मक्सूदस नँज़दीख।

शाहज़ादस वोत सख खॉतिर मदारु। तस आयि नवि नवि ज़ियाफतु ख्यनु खॉतरु थवनु। अमि पतु नियि हमालन शाहज़ाद तु वँरुन पॅरी कोनून मुतॉबिक शाहज़ादस हवालु। हमालु तु महमूद, द्वश्वय ऑस्य ख्वश मगर शाहज़ाद ओस नु ख्वश कॅह। महमूदन वुछ जि सु छुनु योरुकिस आलुमस सुत्य। येलि दूहा दूहा यिथय पॉठ्य रूद गछान, अकि दूह वोन महमूदन तस, “मे वनतम मे क्या कसूर कोर जि च़ु छुख मे निशि बुथ फिरिथ ब्यहान। हरगाह च़े कांह दोद छुय, सु बाव मे जि बु अनु तम्युक दवाह छॉडिथ।” शाहज़ादन वोनस, “च़ु छख म्यॉन्य माशोक। च़े छुय नु कांह कोसूर। मे छु पनुन अख गम, सुय बावय च़े। मे छु स्यठाह शोक बागे बकावुलस सॉर कनुक। हरगाह चानि दँस्य यि कॉम अंजाम यियि, मे सपदि दिल शाद।”

महमूद छि हमालस सिर बावान

महमूदन बूज़ शाहज़ादु संज़ कथ तु वोननस, “बस, यँहय छा स्व कथ येम्य च़ु परेशान छुनख कोरमुत ? अमि कथि हुंद यलाज छु मे पानस अथि। येम्य बु रँछमुन्न छनस, बु वनु तँस्य। तँस्य छु बागस मंज़ गछनुक इजाज़थ। बु हावनावय च़े सौरुय बाग, तमिक्य गुल, सुंबल तु पॅरी हुंद नाग।”

सुबहस येलि हमालु आयि तिमन बेदार करनि, तमि वुछ जि महमूद ऑस ड्यकस दूह खॉरिथ। तस ओस नु मिज़ाज़ ठीख। हमालन पृछुनस, “क्या दॅलील छे तु च़ु क्याजि छख यीन्न गमगीन। बु किथु ह्यकु चोन तकलीफ बरदाश वँरिथ। च़े कुस चीज़ गछी, बु दिमय सु ज़मीनो असमानु मंज़ु छॉडिथ। हरगाह च़ु पनुन तकलीफ मे वनख नु, बु गछय येती मँरिथ।”

महमूदन वोनस, “मे छुनु पानस कांह तकलीफ। सु कुस चीज़ छु दुनियाहस मंज़, युस नु मे मयस्सर छु। मगर अख हाजथ छुम, हरगाह सु कडुहँख, यि रंजीदगी च़लिहेम।” हमालन वोनस, “वनान क्याजि छख नु ? हरगाह आसमानु प्यठु तारख आसन वालुन्य, तिम ति वालु बु चानि खॉतरु। वन क्या गछी ! दुशवारु खोतु दुशवारु चीज़ ति दिमय अँनिथ।” महमूदन द्युतुस जवाब, “सु चीज़ छुनु त्युथ दुशवारु कॅह, मगर ग्वडु ओसुम च़े निशि सरु करुन। ताजुल मलूक छु यछान बागे बकावुल वुछुन। तस छु तत्युक तॉमीर तु नाग वुछनुक शोक। च़ु छख म्वख्तार तु च़ेय योत छुय तोर गछनुक यख्तियार।”

हमालु गँयि यि बूज़िथ परेशान। तस आव गश। येलि तस होश आव, तम्य वोन महमूदस कुन, “यि वँम्य शेतानन डॉजी च़े अक्ल। बागे बकावुलस अचुन छुनु गिंदुनँहना कॅह। तोत अचुन छु सख दुशवार। तथ छे पँरिथि तु जिन रॉछ वँरिथ। योदवय बु तिमन प्यठु छस, मगर मे ति छुनु तथ अंदर गछनुक इजाज़थ। मगर च़ु छख म्योन जिगर। अगरचे मे जानस तकलीफुय वाति, मगर चॉन्य मुराद करु बु पूर। गछ दफ शाहज़ादस शाद रोज़।”

(ब्रॉह कुन जॉरी)

सिलसिलवार - क्याह क्याह वन?

म.क.रैना

तालेह - २



बुह वॅरी ब्रॉठ येलि आलम दीन तु तसुंद्य यार गरि प्यठ चॅल्य, हॅबीबु डारन, युस तिमन वतु हावुक ओस, वातुनॉव्य तिम मुज़फ़राबाद। अति कॅरिन तिम अँकिस काँशिरिस हवालु यस चायि दुकान ओस। दुकानु वॉलिस ओस नाव मकबूल खान। सु ओस मुज़फ़राबादुकुय रोज़न वोल। दूहस दून दूहन यड बॅरिथ बताह ख्यॉविथ लॉग्य तॅम्य आलम दीन तु तसुंद्य यार कामि। बानु छलुनस तु साफ सफ़ॉयी करुनस। ग्वडु ग्वडु गव तिमन यि करुन सख बरतबाह, मगर वारु वारु लोगुख दिल। अथ अलाकस मंज़ अँस्य कॅशीरि प्यठ चॅलिथ आमत्य शुर्य आम तोर यी करान। वारु वारु गॅयि आलम दीनस तु तसुंद्यन सॉथियन बाक्यन काँशिर्यन सुत्य बरादॅरी। रॅशीदस म्यूल नु पनुन मामतुर बोय कॅह। हॅबीबु डारन कोर पताह तु नन्योस ज़ि सु छु मुज़फ़राबाद त्रॉविथ कराची गोमुत। यि बूज़िथ गव रॅशीदु स्यठाह मोयूस। तस ओस नु व्वन्य मुज़फ़राबादस मंज़ दिलुय लगान।

र्यथ ड्वड र्यथ गॅछिथ चोल रॅशीदु ति। आलम दीनस तु बाक्यन यारन लॅज नु पतहुय ज़ि सु कोत गव। सॉरिसुय अलाकस छाँड दिथ ति लोग नु तसुंद कॅह पताह। आलम दीनन सूंच ज़ि सु ति आसि करॉची चोलमुत।

आलम दीन रुद अथ चायि दुकानस प्यठ लगबग दून वॅरियन। रॅशीदुनि चलनु पतु गव तस ति शोख कराची गछुनुक मगर वथ हॉवुनस नु काँसि। ज़ु वॅरी गॅछिथ कॅर तॅम्य अँकिस खॅरीदारस सुत्य कथ यस सुत्य सु बडु अँज़्य मँज़्य ओस गोमुत। खॅरीदारस ओस नाव जमाल खान। जमाल खान ओस ट्रक चलावान तु अक्सर लोहूर गछान। सु ति ओस मुज़फ़राबादुकुय काँशुर। तॅम्य द्युत आलम दीनस दिलासु ज़ि करॉची नु कॅह, अलबतु ह्यकथ बु लोहूर वातुनॉविथ। आलम दीनन ज़ोन यि ति गॅनीमथ।

अकि दूह सॅबील कॅरिथ न्युव जमाल खानन आलम दीन पानस सुत्य पनुनि ट्रेकि मंज़ लोहूर। बाक्यन यार त्रॉविन चायि वॉलिस निशी। जमाल खानन प्रुछ आलम दीनस, “लोहूर वॉतिथ क्याह करख चु? च़े छुयि कांह पनुन तति?” आलम

दीनन वोनस, “कांह नतु कांह मेलि पनुन। सानि गामक्य छि वारियाह नफर योर आमत्य। मे छु बूजमुत ज़ि तिम छि सॉरी जान कारुबार करान। कांह नतु कांह रटी पानस सुत्य।” “मगर च़े क्या मजबूरी अँसुय गरि च़ेलिथ यिनुच? च़ु क्या ओसुख तति करान?” पृछुस जमाल खानन। “बु ओसुस स्कूलु परान। मे ओस सख शोख पाँकिस्तान वुछनुक तु येती रोज़नुक। रॅशीदस ति ओस मामतुर्य बाँय वोनमुत ज़ि पाँकिस्तान छु पँज़्य पाँठ्य जनथ। येतिक्य लूख छि काँशिर्यन सख माय बरान तु अथु रोट करान। यि बूज़िथ अँस मे ति सख कल द्रामुच।” जमाल खानन वोनस, “गोबराह, गरु गव गरय। गरु छुनु कुनि बनान। च़े वुछुथ ना येति किथु पाँठ्य छि काँशिर्य मोज़ूर्य करान तु यड बरान।”

आलम दीन गव जमाल खानुन्य कथ बूज़िथ सॉचस। कॅह काल ओस तस गोमुत गरु पनुन याद यिवान। मोल माँज, यार दोस, अँशुनाव रुशनाव मगर पाँकिस्तान वुछनुक तु अति रोज़नुक जनून ओस तस वुनि ति जॉरी। जमाल खानन वोनस, “च़ु छुख वुनि ल्वकुट। यीतिस कालस येति कांह नोकरी बनी, तीतिस कालस रोज़ मेय सुत्य गाडि प्यठ।” आलम दीनस आयि बराबॅदी। वैसे ति ओस तॅम्य सूंचमुत ज़ि मे ति छु अँखुरस करॉची गछुन, येति कस छु रोज़नुक?

जमाल खानस सुत्य कॅड्य आलम दीनन च़ोर वॅरी। जमाल खान ओस तस बाँय सुंद्य पाँठ्य रछान। यीतिस कालस हेछ तॅम्य गॉड्य ति चलावुन्य। जमाल खानन अँन्य ब्याख गॉड्य तु स्व कॅरुन आलम दीनस हवाल। अमि पतु गव आलम दीन नॅव गॉड्य चलावुनस सुत्य आवुर। जमाल खानन द्युतुनस तनखाह मोकूल। आलम दीनन कोर अलग डेर।

बेयि पाँछ वॅरी गॅयि। आलम दीनस गॅयि जान पाँसु हन जमाह। अकि दूह आव तस मोकु ट्रक ह्यथ करॉची गछुनुक। जमाल खान गोस सुत्य। तसुंदि दॅस्य गव आलम दीनस कॅहन काँशिर्यन सुत्य तारुफ। तिहुंदि ज़ॅरियि कॅर आलम दीनन रॅशीदु छाँडनुच कूशिश मगर सु लोगुस नु कुनि अथि। लगीहे ति कति? करॉची अँस थोडॉयी ल्वकुट जाय कांह? आलम दीनन त्रॉव तसुंज़ ब्रांथुय।

मगर आलम दीनस आयि करॉची पसंद। दोपुन असली पॉकिस्तान गव योहय। तॅम्य ह्योत अँती अख कमरु मॅल्य। सु ओस नु व्वन्य यछान गॉड्य चलावन्य। गॉड्य कॅरुन जमाल खानस हवालु तु करॉची मंजुय त्रौवुन अख ल्वकुट म्वकुट किरानु दुकान।

वारु वारु कॅरु आलम दीनन स्यठाह तरकी। ल्वकटिस दुकानस बन्वव बोड दुकान। दुकानस खोत बोर्ड “आलम किराना स्टोर”। दुकानस मंजु आयि नोकर चाकर। शेन वॅरियन मंजु सपुद आलम दीनस जान गुजारु। तॅम्य ह्योत दुकानस सुती अख ल्वकुट मकानु ति मॅल्य।

आलम दीननिस दुकानस ब्रॉठु कनि ओस अख ल्वकुट म्वकुट होटल। अम्युक मॉलिक ओस सरवर खान। सरवर खान ओस असली पुंछुक रोज़न वोल मगर पॉकिस्तान बननु वख्तु ओस सु अयाल ह्यथ लोहूर आमुत।

सरवर खान ओस रुत इनसान। वॉसि आसिहे योहय पंचाह दुवंजाह ह्यू। आलम दीनस सुत्य आयि तस सख बराबँदी। मंजु मंजु ओस सु आलम दीनस पनुनि अँकिस अँशुनाव कोरि सुत्य खांदर करनुक मशवरु ति दिवान। मगर आलम दीन ओस नु वुनि तयार। सु ओस यछान अयालुक बार तुलनु ब्रॉठु मॉलिस माजि समखुन।

सरवर खान ओस यछान पनुन कारुबार बडावुन। तस ओस शोक बोड होटल बनावनुक मगर सरमायि ओसुस नु त्यूत कैह। कथ कथ करान वोन तॅम्य अकि दूह आलम दीनस, “बु ओसुस सोंचान सॉन्य बरादँरी गॅछ रोज़न्य ता-हयात जिंदु। मे छु शोक पनुन होटल थदि पायि बनावनुक, मगर गुजारु छुम कमुय। छुना सलाह, चु रोज़ख मे शॅरीक तु दूश्वय करव रॅलिथ मीलिथ कार।” आलम दीनन वोनस, “बु कति हेकु ज़ु ज़ु चीज़ सम्बॉलिथ। चु छुख ना वुछान बु कोताह आवुर छुस।” सरवर खानन ओस ग्वडय सूचिथ थोवमुत। दोपुनस, “चे छुयि वुम्बरि व्वन्य नून तीलुय कुनुन ? अगर तरकी करुन्य छि, तेलि छु ज़मानस सुत्य पकुन। ख्वदा तालुहन हय योछ, बेयि दहि वुहुर्य आसि असि इन्टरनेशनल स्टैंडर्डस प्यठ होटल। लछि बँदिस आसव ऑगुजन प्यठ हिसाब करान।” आलम दीनस आयि कथ समुज। सरवर खान ओस यछान तसुंद किरानु दुकान कुनिथ होटलस मंजु शॅरीक बननु।

आलम दीनन कोर सोंच। तस बासेयि सरवर खानुन्य कथ मोकूल। कैह वख्त गॅछिथुय गव सडकि चु-वँतिस प्यठ ‘होटल सरवर आलम’ खडा। दूशवन्य शॅरीकन यि कॅछा जमाह ओस, ति लोग अथ। होटल ओस नु त्यूत बोड कैह मगर अथ अलाकस मंजु ओस यि अमि कुस्मुक कुनुय। वारु वारु गव यि होटल दर्मियानु तबकुक्पन लूकन तु दपतरी मुलॉजिमन मंजु स्यठाह मँहशूर। दूह पतु दूह गॅयि आमदँनी हुरान।

आलम दीन ओस अकि दूह बाज़रस मंजु नचान जि तस पेयि अँकिस बुज़र्गस प्यठ नज़र। यि बुज़र्ग ओस तसुंदी अलाकुक। आलम दीनन कोर तस आलव। सु नफर आव ब्रॉह कुन तु आलम दीनन वोननस, “बु हज़ ज़ानथ चु। चु छुख ना कॅशीरि रोज़ान सलामाबादु ?” बुज़र्गन कोर यकरार तु वोननस, “मगर बु ज़ानथ नु चु कैह। चु कुस छुख ?” आलम दीनन वोनस, “बु छुस आलम दीन। बु ओसुस रामपोरु रोज़ान। बु छुस १८ वॅरी ब्रॉठु गरि प्यठ चॅलिथ आमुत।” बुज़र्गन वोनस वापस, “मे छु शख ह्यू गछान। चु मा गोख मुहम्मद दीनुन नेचुव ?” आलम दीनन कोर आंकार। बुज़र्गन वोननस, “बु छुस दह पंदाह दूह ब्रॉठु योर अँकिस अँशुनावस निश आमुत। बु ज़ानुहन चोन मोल वारु पॉठ्य। सु ओस स्यठाह जान इनसान। चानि चलनु किन्य वोट तस सख तकलीफ तु गव रहमते हक। मगर मे छु बूज़मुत जि च़े छय मॉज ति स्यठाह ब्यमार। स्व छि खबर कथ गरि प्रारान, शायद च़े बुथ वुछनस।” आलम दीन गव दिल मलूल।

कैह दूह गॅयि। आलम दीन गव गरु गछनु खॉतर सख बेताब। तॅम्य कॅरु सरवर खानस सुत्य कथ। सरवर खान ओस जान रसूखु वोल तु बड्यन बड्यन सुत्य अँसुस ज़ान। दोपुनस, बु करुनावय चानि कॅशीरि तरनुक इन्तिज़ाम।

दूह दूह गव गछान। आलम दीन ओस माजि हुंद बुथ वुछनु खॉतर तरसान। कॅशियन ओस नु सँहल सँहल कॅशीरि वापस तरनु खॉतर इजाज़थ मेलान मगर सरवर खानस ओस यकीन जि सोरुय सपदि ठीख।

(ब्रॉह कुन जॉरी)

PHOTO FEATURE

Material Courtesy: Kashi Akhoon & KP Network

Panun Kashmir Marches to PM House

Panun Kashmir presented a Memorandum to the Hon'ble Prime Minister of India, Dr. Manmohan Singh on 14th September 2008 at New Delhi, demanding Homeland among other things.



PHOTO FEATURE

Material Courtesy: Sanjay Moza & Rocky Pandita ~ Kashmir Interchange & KP Network



Kashmiri Pandits led by Panun Kashmir observing Balidaan Divas on 14th September 2008 in New Delhi



PHOTO FEATUREMaterial Courtesy: rajkoul@yahoo.com

Kashmiri Hindus in Chicago Rally Supporting Right to Practice their Religion in Kashmir, during IAKF India Day Parade on August 16, 2008.



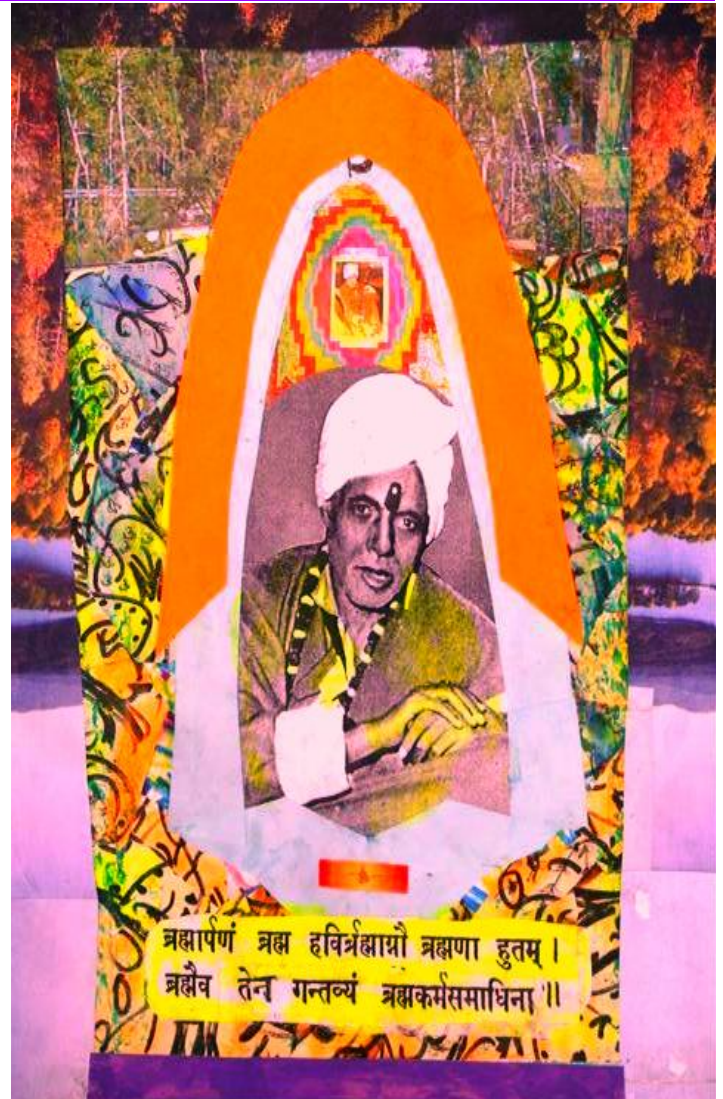
Your Own Page

ART IN EXILE



This Painting by **Kalhan Raina** (aged 5) of Miami, USA, dates back to 2004. In this painting he is learning the Devanagiri Hindi Alphabets. **Kalhan**

has drawn this painting as a project work from Bal Vihar of South Florida Hindu Temple.



COLLAGED PAINTING No: 13

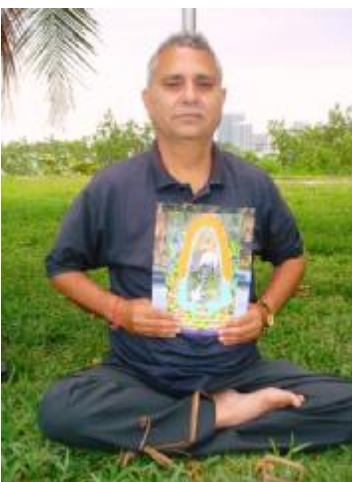
Title of the Painting:

Bhagawan Gopinath Ji and Samvit Shakti

This collaged painting represents the spiritual heritage of Kashmiri saints and sages in the context of the *TRIKA PHILOSOPHY* of Kashmir, popularly known as the Kashmir Shaivism. Shiva represents the SAMVIT Shakti, and this Shakti is attained by the saints and sages; the devoted persons alike through Sadhana and Bhakti. The "*Brahmapanam Mantra*" has been taken from the Bhagwadgita. The Mantra suggests that all the actions should be dedicated to the supreme Brahman, as defined in the UPANISHADS. The Brahman abides in the sacred Homa.

Chaman Lal Raina
Miami, USA

rainachamanlal@yahoo.com



C.L.Raina with Bhagwan Ji