

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

**här-van**

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

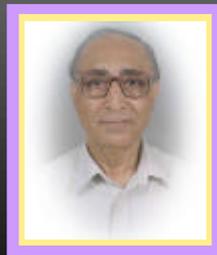


**हॉर-वन**

‘प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान’ की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

वर्ष २ : अंक ५ ~ Vol 2 : No. 5

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Special Feature ~ Life & Works of T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

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**Editorial****Kundan****Talking About Community**

'Many years back, there was a seminar at Delhi attended by a number of Kashmiris, both Hindus and Muslims, which I also had the privilege of participating in. Speaker after speaker emphasized the need to preserve our mother tongue Kashmiri, by using it in conversation and in correspondence. One of the participants from Srinagar posed a question. He said that Kashmiris had per necessity to learn Urdu, Hindi, English and other languages depending upon where they are. Under these circumstances why should we ask them to burden their children by learning their mother tongue additionally and if we do would it not be tantamount to linguistic fanaticism? This instigated a lively discussion where communalism, fanaticism and narrow outlooks were defined, explained and analyzed threadbare. The conclusion arrived at was that it was perfectly justified to lay stress on learning and using one's mother tongue. Considering our own language as superior to other languages or considering other languages worthless would, however, constitute fanaticism.

This discussion is widened further when people question the rationale of talking about communities, regions, language-groups and other compartments and thereby weakening the notion of one country one nation. These people cite the recent controversy of sons-of-the-soil that cropped up in certain states of our country as an example to denounce narrow partisan outlooks. They also emphasize that all the sections, groups and religious entities should come into the main stream and proclaim to be Indians without any discrimination. While there can be no objection to this view, laced with a sense of patriotism as it is, we have to understand that there is still a need to retain these sub-nomenclatures too without in anyway compromising with the ideal of one nation. In fact if we examine the issues closely we will be pleasantly surprised to observe that there is no conflict between the individualism and community-ism or between the community-ism and nationalism. Is it not a fact that the individuals form a community and the communities form a nation? This is nowhere truer than in our own country, where innumerable cultures, races and people of different hues have become one and today they are indistinguishable. The inter-group rivalry that we witness sometimes should be treated as an aberration since it usually is the outcome of the clash of interests. Of course there are instances wherein such clashes are either engineered from outside by our adversaries or are a part of global phenomenon.

In the west also there has been a lot of emphasis on individual liberty and freedom. We have, however, seen that wherever this principle is given prominence it conflicts with equality with the result that a middle path has to be found out. The middle path is a synthesis between individual liberty and equality where the liberty of one individual does not infringe upon the liberty of the other individual. Likewise in the societies and political set-ups where equality was given prominence, individual liberty got sacrificed. The systems eventually broke up and again a middle path was carved out where equality was implemented ensuring simultaneously individual liberty to some practical extent. In the post-independent era India became a pioneer in political and economic middle path when it led a non-aligned movement and adopted a mixed private and public control on economic activities. This adoption of the middle path has by and large avoided a third global war and given a meaning to the relevance of the United Nations. Unfortunately this organization has been controlled by certain powers with their own agenda and has suffered because of unequal representation otherwise much of strife and conflict that has taken place could have been avoided.

In this backdrop I have been thinking whether we are right in talking about our community, about safeguarding its interests and emphasizing the need to preserve its identity. I have been of the opinion that in order to preserve the multi-ethnic, multi-

*(Continued on Page 3)*

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religious and diverse cultural character of our great country it is essential that individual entities should be safeguarded and protected. Our country has the second largest Muslim population in the world. Muslims from Kashmir to Kanya Kumari profess and practise one religion but the life style of the Muslims in different parts of the country differs and each one has the luster and sheen of its own. We, the Kashmiri Pandits may belong to the religion of the majority of the country but our religious practices, life style, customs and traditions are unique as compared to the Hindus living in other parts of the country. Politically also we as Hindus may belong to the majority community in the country but in our state we are a miniscule minority because of which we have been facing a lot many problems, particularly after independence.

Recently I came across a beautifully written book by Charles Hampton-Turner and Fons Trompenaars titled 'Building Cross-Cultural Competence'. Although it mainly deals with business administration yet it bases its recommendations on the apparent conflicts between Universalism and Particularism, Individualism and Communitarianism, Specificity and Diffusion, and other such opposites. In our traditional parlance these opposites are called '*dvendva*' and we are asked to become '*dvendvaatita*' or rise above these opposites. Rising above these opposites implies following a middle path and creating harmony between them. In other words it emphasizes that we should adopt an attitude of equanimity or what is termed as '*Samatvam*'. It is very important to note that this equanimity has been identified with yoga as the Shrimad Bhagavad Gita says, '*Samatvam yoga uchyate*'.

It is, therefore, perfectly all right for us to show care and concern for our community, which has suffered time and again during the last eight hundred years and has been facing a serious turmoil since 1988. When we talk about our community we are talking about social concerns, cooperation and altruism. We are seriously conscious of the social evils dogging our community, which we want to eradicate with due regard to individual preferences and liberties. We are vividly aware of the political upheaval and the resultant problems faced by us collectively and want to cooperate with each other in solving these problems. We know that the mass exodus has affected all sections of the society but not in the same measure, thanks to the perseverance shown by every one of us. There are some sections, which have suffered more severely. In order to mitigate their sufferings we are appealing to the sense and attitude of altruism of our brethren so that we render them the necessary help and assistance collectively without infringing on their self-respect.

Let us continue to be good Indian citizens, as we have all along been hitherto fore, and show our patriotism by our dedication and commitment. Simultaneously, let us be good Kashmiri Pandits and strive to safeguard our heritage, our philosophy, our tradition, our language, our fairs and festivals and above all our distinct identity. May Goddess Sharika help us in this noble endeavour of ours. ☺☺

## Editors' Mail

Chamanlc@aol.com

Dear Editor

Confirming with thanks the successful download of yet another edition of 'här-van'. Wonderful to see the high standard of this unique e-publication. May it go from strength to strength to keep our Kashmiri culture alive.

Kind Regards

Chaman Chowdhury

बन तालाब, जोम

आदरनीय रैना साँब,

नमस्कार। असि छे खुशी जि 'हॉरवन' रिसालु छु चमु खमु सान नेरान। यि छु कुलहुम अदबी, अँलिमी, सकाफँती तु समॉजी हलकन मंज़ अख मोत्बर मकाम प्रावुनस कुन कदम बडावान। गॉर काँशिरिस फिज़ुहस तु माहोलस मंज़ रिसालस अंदर काँशुर बोग शॉमिल करुन छेनु सँहल कथ। कांह ति मैग्ज़ीन कडनु खॉतरु छु चुक्यदर तु अहले अँलिम अदारती बोर्डुक हाजथ आसान। यि छनु अँकिस या दून नफरन हुंज़ काँम आसान। योताम मे खबर छे, यि छु तुहँज़न काँव्यशन हुंद परिनाम जि ल्वकचि वाँसि हुँदिस अथ रिसालस छे काँशिर्यन हुँदि तरफु ज़बरदस्त पज़ीरॉयी सपदान।

'हॉरवन' बिस्वार पासल तु चोर मॉर्यमॉद बनावनु खॉतरु पज़न लेखकन पनुन्य रुत्य तु सेहतमंद मशवरु आयतन थावुन्य। रिसालन मंज़ छपान मवाद छु तहकीकी ति तु तखलीखीति आसान तु योहय छु काँशिर्यन अदबी ह्यस पाँदु करान तु पानस कुन मॉल फिरान। अँस्य वतु-व्यलॉय काँशिर्य, खासकर साँन्य नँव पुय छे माजि ज़ेवि निशि दूरेमुच। अगर अथ पज़ुरस तगोफुल गव, साँन्य पहचान रावि तु असि रोज़ि नु पानस काँशुर वनुनुक कांह हक। साँन्य यिनु वाजेन्य पोद करि नु असि ज़ांह माफ। 'हॉरवन' छु काँशिरि ज़बॉन्य अख शूबिदार तोहफु। दय दीनवु होसलु, ह्यमत तु अज़्म।

**अख शकायथ:** मार्चुकिस हॉरवनस क्याजि छु देवनागरी बजायि क्वसु ताम बदल लिपि छपेमुच। न पोर यि काँसि, नु तौर फिकरी। यि गोछ दुबारु नागरीयस मंज़ जॉरी करनु युन।

(Continued on next page)

**Editors' Mail**

**अख मशवर:** प्रथ र्यतु गोछ अँकिस या दून कॉशिर्यन लिखार्यन (शॉयिर, अफसानु निगार, ड्रामा नवीस, नावल निगार) हुँदिस कॉशिरिस अदबी सफुरस प्यठ म्खसर जॉयजु लेखनु युन, युथ ज़न आम कॉरी ह्यकुहन कॉशरि ज़बॉन्य हुँद्यन लिखार्यन ज़ॉनिथ।

सोन क्वहनु मश्क शॉयिर मक्खन लाल कंवल छु अमूमन हॉरवन रिसालस मुतलक मे सुत्य खयालातन हुँद तबादल करान।

रुत कांछन वोल

**प्रेम नाथ 'शाद'**

**(संपादक छु जवाब दिवान:** चित्त्य लेखनु खॉतरु शुक्रियाह। मार्चुकिस अंकस सपुज कँह तकनीकी गलती येमि किन्य स्यठुहन लूकन देवनागरी आव नु परनु। अमि गलती हुँद नन्यर गँछिथुय कोर असि नेटस प्यठ सुदोरमुत शुमारु अपलोड। अमि अलावु सूज असि तिमन परन वाल्यन ति मेलु ज़ेरियु नोव शुमारु, यिमव असि अथ कुन चेनुवन दिच। हॉरवनस मंज़ लिखार्यन हुँज ज़ानकॉरी दिनुक तुहुँद मशवरु छु गोर करुन लायक। अँस्य करव कूशिश अथ कुन द्यान दिनस। अथ मामुलस मंज़ हरगाह तोह्य ति असि कँह मदद हैकिव कँरिथ, सु गँयोव स्यठाह रुत।)

**Kolkata**

Dear Maharaj Krishen Ji,  
I received the April issue of the Haarvan few days back. Barring my poem it has come up well and I congratulate you for this hard work. God bless you and give you more courage and will to continue such a difficult job single handedly.

I can not hide my feelings that I have been distressed to read my poem. At the first instance I could not make out what had happened that everything had got jumbled in. However, on a second thought and on comparing with the draft, I could make out what had caused the distress. I had sent you the poem in two columns as you have been reproducing my poems sometime. The vertical column in my draft represented the flow as expected. There were eight verses, four in the 1st column and the remaining four in the second column. That is what makes a sense of this poem. What has got reproduced is one line from one column and the other line from the second

column and that has made one verse of my nonsense. I really felt distressed to see this. Anyway this has happened.

Please forgive me for my present disappointment and immediate reaction.

With best wishes, regards and love,

**Brij Krishen Moza**

**(Editor replies:** There was a data transfer error. Though none of our fault, yet we apologise for it. The poem is reproduced in this issue in the correct sequence.)

**Rohini, New Delhi**

My dear Mr. M.K.Raina,  
Namask ar. Though we never meet each other so far, yet I need no introduction, as I reach you through my write-ups which often appear in various community magazines, highlighting various man-made problems which surfaced and surged, causing havoc to my otherwise peaceful community of sages and savants. The unexpected turmoil has made us to rethink afresh, charter a viable path to escape atrocities and preserve community identity which was put to turbulence, testing our perseverance in exile.

I have seen this enmass exodus very closely when we had to flee, leaving behind all, to save honour from the indoctrinated Islamic fundamentalist, calibrated from outside, who coined excuses, invented tales of falsehood to provoke, instigate innocent peace loving Muslim brethren to rise in revolt with nefarious design to vivisect the state and bring an ethnic cleansing of our community. We had to bear all atrocities, torture and all sorts of jube, igonomy, crossing all limits, silently, looking for outside saviours, finding none, except God.

All these unexpected dramatic events, well manipulated and meticulously implemented phase-wise, brought a revolutionary change in my mindset. God had gifted me the ability to pen down the whole turmoil and think of its multiplier effect on my microscopic community. Rest is an open secret, known to all of us which needs no elucidation.

To be brief, I wrote number of essays, classified them under various categories. Part 1 contains political/social/religious/moral write-ups, general write-ups and Part 2 deals with a disease which afflicted most of our community elders. It is an assortment of essays, compiled in the shape of a book named 'Drishti - An Assortment of Essays' with a beautifully carved painted image of 'Mauj Kashir'. It is a complete reflective index of all eventualities which we were made to suffer. I am sure, this book will serve as a factual documentary evidence for the next generation to understand the conditions of our exodus, as it comes from the pen of an impartial viewer and sufferer. This book deals in detail, touching

(Continued on next page)

**Editors' Mail**

all aspects of our community. The enclosed index speaks in itself, its contents and its relevance, effecting my community.

I am searching a publisher who would venture to publish this book and if you are able to help me in materialising this dream. This will be the greatest service to the community and me in particular.

I am enclosing the dictated format, which I have downloaded from net. Along with it, I am sending six write-ups written recently to be included in your magazine 'här-van', if you deem it worth inclusion in subsequent issues as per space available. Waiting patiently for the response and closing with all love and regard.

**Jawahir Lal Sher**

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*(Editor replies: Thanks for your letter. We are including your write-ups in a series in 'här-van' under the column 'Fire in my Heart'. As far as publishing your work is concerned, we are not in a position to provide any assistance. About 2 years back, we had worked hard to establish 'VIKALP', a platform for KP writers (proposed to be headquartered in Jammu), with the active and whole-hearted support from Arjun Dev Majboor, Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, Bimla Raina and others. The platform was expected to provide a base for publication of literature authored by KP writers. This however did not materialise due to one or the other reason.*

*Please continue to write for 'här-van'. It is your own journal.)*

**Ajmer, Rajasthan**

Dear Shri M K Raina Ji  
Namaskar. I convey my best compliments to you for encouraging the budding artists through 'Your Own Page' column. This helps the school going children to express their feelings through their poems, and paintings.  
Regards,

**Dr Abhinav Kamal Raina**

*(In spite of our request, you have not sent us the photograph of Bulbul, the young artiste. - Editor)*

**Poetry**

...

**Prem Nath Shad****Pain**

(Translated from Kashmiri  
into English by **Arvind Gigoo**)



Fearful silence  
is  
all around.  
The pain grows.  
None hears the call.

The daffodil  
through pitiful eyes  
weeps  
blood.  
The rose  
out of pain  
is  
hysterical.

The dove,  
the pigeon,  
the swallow  
and  
the Kastoor  
cry  
pain.

The whole is condolent.

Seasons,  
days,  
nights,  
mornings,  
evenings,  
are alien.  
Even time lost balance.

The thievish key  
opened the lock  
in  
stealth.  
They stole  
our thoughts.

Our fellows  
turned callous.

Listen,  
Shad,  
since times cheated and flew  
repentance will rule man  
for ever.



काव्य

...

दलीप लंगू

## रंगुर तु क्राल



रंगु रंगुनाँविथ म्वलुवुन यि दुनिया  
 रंगरुनि कारय प्वख्तु छु दुनिया  
 कतरि तिकृतारय छलवुन यि दुनिया  
 क्रालु सुंदि कारय प्रज़लवुन यि दुनिया  
 रंग तु मेच मिलुविथ थुर्य तँम्य बानय  
 अथु लागुन ओस बस अख बहानय  
 येछि पछि द्विछि द्विछि क्यमखाब थुरिया  
 तसुंदी कारनाम नपुवुन यि दुनिया  
 रंगरुनि अनुमानु रंग चौर्य चौरि  
 क्रालुनि अंदाज़ु मेच छॉन्य छॉनी  
 छांयन तु ग्रायन वुछ्य वुछ्य द्वशुवय  
 मरज़ी तसुंज़ुय, तसुंदुय छु दुनिया  
 क्राल तु रंगुर शिव तु ब्रह्म पानय  
 कुनी छ्य शय तु कुनुय छुय दय  
 रंगुर किथुकँन्य करान रंगु मिलुवन  
 क्राल ति गरान छुय पनुनुय दुनिया  
 मान मान द्वशुन्य छ्य हर सातय  
 रंगुदार सृष्टि बानु छी प्वखुतय  
 सातु सातु च्यथ रंगु बानु पानय बो  
 रंग तु कतुर फुन्य प्वख छु दुनिया  
 म्वखसर रंगस फीरिथ छु गछुन  
 बानन ति मेचे मंज़ छु मिलवुन  
 न्यथ सातु च्यथ पनुन वेनुवुन छु दुनिया  
 नादु रुपु अँदुरय वज़ुवुन छु दुनिया

\* \* \*

## From the ZAN Archives QUESTION BANK

### FESTIVALS, RITES, RITUALS

- Q. In whose honour is Sahib Saptami observed?  
 (Rupa Bhawani - Her Maha Nirvan day)
- Q. Who is responsible for making vegetarian food a norm to serve Baratis on a KP marriage?  
 (Pt. Hargopal - in 1930)
- Q. With what ritual is Beebgaraz Maej associated?  
 (Pann)
- Q. On which ritual is an offering of rice & fish made to house deity - 'Ghar Devta'?  
 (Gadda Batta)
- Q. What does a 'Sanipotul' represent in Vatukh?  
 (Shivalinga)
- Q. 'Gora Trai' was basically the convocation day of an ancient university. Name the university?  
 (Sharada University)
- Q. What does a 'Mananmaal' signify in a KP's marriage?  
 (Agreement of marriage - unlike Jaymala. 'Manan' means by consent and 'Jay' means by conquest)
- Q. What is the 'Gurumantra' conveyed on Yegneopavit?  
 (Gayatri Mantra)
- Q. What does 'nethar' in Kahnethar signify?  
 (Nakhshetras)
- Q. On or about 6th day of the birth of a child, the mother and the child are given a ritual bath. What is this ritual known as?  
 (Shran-Sondar)



## My Medical Journey

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury



### MY FIRST CASE OF HEAT STROKE

#### (A DATE FROM MY DIARY)

Jammu 7<sup>th</sup> June 1991

I started the day at 5 AM with a futile wait for water. Every time I went to the backyard to find out if the water was running in the supply line, every time the tap eyed me with sympathy. I thought I heard it give a dry laugh or two but not a drop of the precious fluid we took so much for granted back home in Kashmir. We were left with just a bucket of water from yesterday. I spared that for drinking, not knowing if and when we would receive today's 40-minute supply that is pumped in the water pipes at 5-30 every morning. I washed my face and decided to forgo the shave and bath.

It was a busy morning with patients, most of them suffering from fevers, skin diseases, heat exhaustion, dehydration, anxiety, apathy and depression. Lunch had no attraction for we kept worrying about water but the tap remained dry as ever. Barley had I rested on my bed for a mid-day nap, when the door bell rang. It was 2-30PM. I went outside in my shorts, my torso bare. It was burning hot, the temperature in mid forties. There were two men requesting me for a home visit.

I do not go for visits, I told them, and going out in this heat was, in any case, out of question. They begged of me. Their mother was in deep coma, they were new to the town, and they did not know where to go. Their lodgings were not far off; it would take a few minutes in car.

Reluctantly, I slipped into a bush-shirt and trousers and sat in the car which had turned into an oven from the ruthless sun, parked in the open. The steering was hot like live coal and singed my hands and I ran inside the house to wet my handkerchief with which to cover the steering. The melting tar macadam had turned into paste and the road spewed venomous vapors as we drove past closed shops through a ghost town, from where the denizens had fled from the terror of heat, like rats into

their holes.

Nearly a mile away I was asked to stop near the back door of a one-storey ramshackle house that led into a dark, dingy room closed from all sides - no window, no ventilator, just three blank walls and the door through which we entered. It must have been a stable or a store room that was rented out to this family. The room was unbearably hot and suffocating. The temperature inside must have been much higher than the ambient temperature outside and living here seemed suicidal. There were a few utensils, cups and glasses and a gas cylinder in one corner which served as the kitchen; beddings, trunks, boxes, bric-a-brac in the other corner; some books strewn in the third, probably belonging to a student. This was clearly a multipurpose dwelling for a large family. In the middle, on the cement floor, on a tattered bed cover was sprawled a human figure surrounded by two ladies and a couple of young men. They made room for me to examine her.



She was a middle-aged woman, lying limp and unconscious, breathing shallow and fast, froth drying at the corners of her mouth leaving crests on her cheeks. Her pulse was rapid 110 per minute and the blood pressure 105/68. She was hot and dry; her armpit temperature was a whopping 107 degrees Fahrenheit!

The attendants told me that she had gone out to submit her photograph and ration card of Kashmir to the relief counter in order to complete her documentation for registration as a 'migrant'. She had to wait for 2-3 hours for her turn. There was a long queue in the open, the sun beating on their heads. When she returned she was feeling exhausted, dizzy and drowsy. She drank a glass of water but soon lapsed into coma.

This was my first case of heat stroke in my 29-year experience as a doctor. Would come across an occasional case of heat exhaustion in Kashmir during summer months but heat stroke was unknown. Yet, there was no doubt about the diagnosis; it was an open and shut case, so to speak:

A middle-aged woman  
going out in the hot summer sun  
without water to drink  
waiting long hours in the open  
and returning to a dungeon  
hotter than an oven.

It was an invitation to disaster. In fact disaster had struck.

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury is a renowned physician and neurologist, based at Jammu. He has very kindly, not only agreed to write permanently for the 'Health' column of 'här-van', but also volunteered to answer health-related queries from the readers. We invite readers to send their queries to the editor 'här-van' at [editorharvan@yahoo.co.in](mailto:editorharvan@yahoo.co.in) to be passed on to Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, or send them directly to Dr. Sahib at [kundanleela@yahoo.com](mailto:kundanleela@yahoo.com)

The lady had been in coma for three hours. Her attendants did not know where to go. They were new to the city. Their neighbours discouraged them from taking the patient to the hospital. There was no doctor around. Someone informed them that I was in town for the last 5 months and they rushed to me.

There was no time to lose. Every minute of delay would send her nearer to the cremation ground. Taking her to the hospital was no use. It would waste another couple of hours getting there, checking in, shifting to the ward and starting the treatment for which there was no special arrangement.

I looked around and saw a bucket of water nearby. "Give me a towel or a sheet of cloth," I said, and dashed towards the bucket, "this lady needs cold sponging at once." But before I could lift the bucket near the patient a young woman, possibly her daughter-in-law, sitting nearby, seized hold of it and dragged it back. She was alarmed but apologetic. "Doctor Sahib, this is all the water we have for the family to drink for the day. We will die without water if we spend this last bucket sponging her."

"Can we get ice somewhere?" I asked.

"Yes, there is a shop just outside," someone amongst the crowd ran out and returned with a slab of ice soon after.

I asked them to break it into small pieces. The patient was stripped off her dress except for her underwear. Each of the attendants was given a piece of ice and directed to rub it into the skin. Four of them took charge of the four limbs and I took charge of the torso. We rubbed and rubbed. The ice slabs in our hands melted fast and evaporated, almost vanishing on the burning body of the unconscious patient. She remained amazingly dry and hot as before even as another ice slab was brought in.

I could not see a fan anywhere. Flies buzzed around the patient like vultures on a corpse, sticking at times on my face and arms; cockroaches darted from different directions; an odd mosquito stung my bare arms and the air was rife with fumes and fulminations of man and beast. "Can we move her to a cooler room, a room with some ventilation? I asked.

"We arrived in Jammu only a couple of months back. We have scoured the whole city. Every nook and corner has been rented out. This is the best accommodation we could get after a long search."

Could they arrange a fan?

"I will try and see if the landlord loans one," one of the men ran out of the room and returned with the landlord. He seemed visibly annoyed for having been disturbed at this unearthly hour when the sun beats people unconscious. He wondered why the tenants were making such a big fuss just because a lady had swooned due to heat.

"They are not making fuss, sir. Can't you see this lady is dying? If you have a spare fan kindly loan it to them and we will be grateful." I said it rather tersely and

he not only mellowed down but also went away to return with a table fan which, however, gave out more noise than air. I discarded it soon after for it was standing in the way.

The rubbing went on for half an hour but the temperature refused to come down. I could not stay there all the time. I asked them to buy a Ryles tube (stomach tube) and introduced it into her stomach to feed her chilled water in order to provide internal cooling. I passed on this function to one of the men and departed, asking them to report after 2 hours.

I drove back only to find water running away from the tap we had left open in the morning. Running away literally, for here was the life fluid we were thirsting for since morning, the fluid that sustains life and provides the boon of washing, cleaning, bathing. The lady I had examined was dying because she had not had enough of it to drink and because there was no water to sponge her. I rushed inside to wake up my wife and daughter from their midday siesta and we all gathered the buckets and pots and pans and filled them with water, carting some to the coolers, and the two pitchers for the patients. We were tenants in the ground floor. My landlord upstairs was also stirred into wakefulness by the cling and clang of the buckets and utensils and wondered why I had not called him down earlier to collect water rather than having it all to myself. His family members trooped down with pitchers buckets and started filling them, pushing us in the rear while we strove hard to get some more. It was a dingdong battle for water. And soon the tap started gurgling and spluttering and gassing and finally stopped dry in 20 minutes. Water must have runoff for 10 or 15 minutes before I saw the taps running – a precious waste indeed.

By that time it was 4 PM and I sank in my bed, feeling wretched and shaken to the core from the experience, and revulsion for existence. Was this going to be our destiny – to be driven from paradise, to live a beastly existence and to die unheard and unsung in a dungeon from stinging sun and dehydration? But there was to be no respite today, not even time to brood and cry as patients started pouring in for my evening clinic. Water was selling five rupees a bucket during the day. We came to know that because of gross fluctuations in the voltage the PHE pumps had broken down and they could not lift the water in the morning. That is a usual story and our electric appliances had burnt down due to voltage surge only last week.

At 6 PM the son of the heat stroke victim reported that her temperature had come down to 103 but she was still unconscious. They were pushing chilled water and fruit juices through the stomach tube. At 8 PM they returned again. The temperature had come down to 102 but she was still comatose. I asked them to keep sponging her to maintain the temperature at 101-102 and report back in the morning.

**9<sup>th</sup> July:**

The attendants did not turn up again. I presumed the lady

was dead. Today I saw her picture in the obituary column of the news paper.

●●●

**H**eat stroke killed more than a thousand Kashmiri Pandits in the first two years of exile. It continues to take precious lives even as people who were totally ignorant about the harsh weather conditions of Jammu, have now partly acclimatized to the new environment.

#### Some tips for the prevention of Heat Stroke:

- Drink lots of chilled water, lemon juice, lassi (butter milk).
- Eat fresh fruit like cucumber, water melon, musk melon etc.
- Serve food cold where possible.
- Wear white or light colored dresses - loose and sleeveless or half-sleeve shirts, and shorts.
- Take frequent cold showers. In case water is short in supply, sprinkle a little every time into your arm pits and on the limbs.
- Do not go out in the sun. Avoid going out during the noon and afternoon. Use an umbrella if you have to go out.
- Remove all carpets and rugs and let the floors of your rooms bare.
- Use coolers and, if possible, ACs. If you must use fans, run them at lower speed during the hot dry months of May-June and faster during humid rainy season.
- Half-close the windows at daytime during a hot spell, and pull the curtains down till the sun sets, to prevent hot air coming in from outside.
- Stay in the ground floor or basement during summer. Do not go out for games or long walks or runs when the sun is up. Prefer a morning walk to an evening one.
- Aged and sick people, diabetics, alcoholics, heart patients, renal and hepatic failure patients etc. are more vulnerable to heat stroke; Patients taking medications which decrease sweating and precipitate heat related situations - All these categories should plan their summer sojourn in a hot place with care.

### HEAT

O wind

Rend open the heat  
Cut apart the heat  
Rend it to tatters

Cut the heat

Plough through it  
Turning it

On either side of your path

- Hilda Doolittle

### Poetry

...

Sunil Bhan

### HOPE



I left the paradise,  
For a temporary phase.  
I was heartbroken,  
My faith was shaken.  
Those who were with me,  
Wanted to throw me out.  
They dreamt of freedom,  
I had a dream of peace.  
Their words spew venom,  
I was soft spoken.  
I tried to bear that all,  
But one thing I always feared off.  
How could i trust now,  
the gun-weilding person and his vow.  
Vow to kill all innocents,  
Sidelining his religious commandments.  
However I stood up and faced hard life,  
but circumstances hanged on like a knife.  
Still the life is going on,  
Waiting for a sunny storm.  
I HOPE of going back,  
But I don't know what I lack.



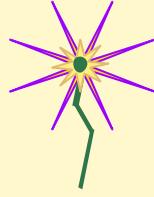
### शुद्ध और अशुद्ध

एक महिला दुकान में जाकर दुकानदार से कहने लगी, “कल आप ने यह स्वीटर शुद्ध ऊन का कह कर दिया था। मगर इसमें चिपके लेबल पर तो अशुद्ध ऊन लिखा हुआ है।”

दुकानदार बोला, “आप इस लेबल पर विश्वास मत कीजिये। यह तो केवल कीड़ों को धोखा देने के लिये लगाया गया है।”

दास्ताने  
गुले-बकावली

३



Daastaane  
Gul-e-Bakawali

3



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

(A publication of J&K Academy of  
Art, Culture & Languages, Srinagar.)



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

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली - ३

### पादशाह छु ओन गछान

पादशाहस पेयि अँकिस हरुनस प्यठ नज़र मगर हरन च़ोल। पादशाह छु दवान तस पतु। हरन छु तँथ्य तरफस कुन दवान यर्पोर्य शाहज़ादु ताज-उल-मलूक शिकार गिंदान छु। ताज-उल-मलूक छु पनुनिस शिकारस पतु लारान लारान पादशाहस कुन दवान तु पादशाह छु हरनस पतु लॉरिथ ताज-उल-मलूकस कुन दवान। अचानक गव मॉलिस तु नैचिविस पानुवँन्य मुलाकाथ। अमि ब्रॉह न ओस ज़ैन-उल-मलूकन पनुन नैचुव अँछव वुछमुत तु न ओस ताज-उल-मलूकन पनुन मोल वुछमुत। ज़ैन-उल-मलूकस युथुय शाहज़ादस प्यठ नज़र पेयि, तस गव अँछन गाश खत्म तु सपुद ओन।

यि तकदीरनुय आसि कोरमुत रकम  
छु ताकथ कँमिस डालि तथ प्यठ कलम

पादशाहस सुत्य यिम अँमीरो वँज़ीर ऑस्य, तिम सपुद गीर। तिमन आव नु कँह समुज ज़ि पादशाहस क्याज़ि गव अँछन हुंद गाश खत्म। अँमीरव वँज़ीरव वातुनोव पादशाह मँहलु खानस मंज़। तति प्यव मातम। यीतिस कालस अँन्य खबरदारव खबर ज़ि शाहज़ादु ताज-उल-मलूक ति ओस शिकार करनि अँथ्य जंगलस मंज़ गोमुत। यिथु पॉठ्य लोग यिमन पय ज़ि पादशाह सुँदि ओन गछनुक वजह क्या छु? अमी वख्तु छु होकुम नेरान ज़ि ताज-उल-मलूक गछि युन जलावतन करनु तु तँम्य सुंज़ मॉज गछि शाँही महलस डुवनु खॉतरु थवनु यिन्य।

छु लॉज़िम ब-मनहूस बद-बख्त मन  
करुन गछि इखराज अज़ तख्ते मन  
ज़ि मुल्को वरासत यि कँरिवून बदर  
कँर्यून जलुद येमि शहर मुल्कु न्यबर

होकुमस सपुद तॉमील। शाहज़ादु ताज-उल-मलूक आव जलावतन करनु तु तसुंज़ मॉज आयि महल खानस डुवनस लागनु।

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### हँकीम छि पादशाहस अँछन गाश यिनुक न्वसकु वनान

यर्पोर्य आयि पादशाहस यलाज करनु खॉतरु बँड्य बँड्य वैद्य तु हँकीम बुलावनु। तिमव कँर्य पादशाहस रंगु रंगु दवा मगर काँसि हुंद ति कांह यलाजा सपुद नु कारगर। ऑखुर आयि तनजीम दान अननु।

वेंजीरव, अँमीरव तु तनजीम दानव कोर पानुवँन्य मशवरु। यलाजन हुंजु किताबु आयि परनु। अति वुछुख जि पादशाहस यिधि अँछन गाश मगर कशाल छु। तमि पतु वोन तिमव पादशाहस कुन “हज़ूर! शहरे पॅरिस्तानस मंज छे अख पॅरियाह बसान। नाव छुस बकावुल। तस छु तति अख लूबुवुन तु शूबुवुन बाग। तथ बागस मंज छु नाग तु नागस मंज छु अख पोश यथ गुले बकावली वनान छि। बकावुल पॅरी छि अथ पोशस दूहय वुछान तु लोल बरान। योहय पोश छु तुहँजि ब्यमारि दवा। सु पोश अगर अननु यिधि तु त्वहि अँछन डालनु यिधि, त्वहि यिधि बेयि गाश।” सुती वोन तनजीम दानव जि यिधि पोश हॉसिल करुन छु स्यठाह कुडुर, तिक्याजि तथ बागस ताम छे द्यवव तु द्रेठाकव मँज्य वथ।

बादशाह ज़ैन-उल-मलूकन कॅर च्वपॉर्य मनाँद्य। लुकन आव वननु जि युस अखाह सु पोश मे निश अनि, तस दिमु बु पनुन ताजो तखत तु करन पनुन वॉरिस मुकरर। बादशाह सुंद यि फरमान बूजिथ द्रायि स्यठाह लूख कमर गँडिथ सु पोश छांडनु बापथ मगर वख्ताह रावुरॉविथ ति सपुद नु कांह अखाह अथ मंज कामयाब। पादशाह सपुद स्यठाह मोयूस। सबरो करार रोवुस तु वँद्य वँद्य सपदेयस चेश्मु सफेद। आँखुर आव नु तसुंद यि तकलीफ वुछिथ तसुंदन च्वन नेचिव्यन ताब। तिम सपुद्य पादशाहस ब्रॉह कनि हॉजिर तु वोनुहस, “बाबु जानु! दाना तु कदुर करुन्य लायक छि तिमय औलाद आसान यिम मॉलिस माजि हुंजु खँदमथ करन। तिमय औलाद छि जिंदगी मंज मुबारकुक मकाम ति लबान। हरगाह हज़ूर इजाज़थ दिन, अँस्य च्वनुवय नेरव पानु सु पोश छांडनि।” पादशाहस रोव करार। दोपुनख, “बु दिमुहा इजाज़थ मगर तुहँदि दूर गछुनु सुत्य नवि मे ब्याख दोद दिले जिगरस। बु किथु करु तुहँजु जुदॉयी बरदाश? यथ हालतस मंज छु तुहुंद मेय ब्रॉह कनि रोजुन लॉजिम।” मगर शाहज़ादव कॅर नु तसुंज कथ मंजूर। दोपुहस “तोह्य मु हेयिव कुनि कथि हुंद वसवास। तोह्य थँविव पनुन दिलि शाद। अँस्य गछव ज़रूर सु पोश छांडनस मंज कामयाब।” मजबूर सपदिथ द्युत पादशाहन तिमन नेरनुक इजाज़थ।

यिथु पॉठ्य द्रायि ज़ैन-उल-मलूकन्य चोर नेचिव्य पादशाहस इजाज़थ ह्यथ गुले बकावली छांडनि। ग्वलाम तु कॅनीज़ु, ख्रुमु, नकद व जिन्स तु फोजु लशकराह तुलुख सुत्य तु सपुद्य शहरे इरमस कुन रवानु। वति युस अखाह समख्योख, तस वोनुख अँस्य छि गुले बकावली अनुनि द्रामुत्य।

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## ताज-उल-मलूक ति छु गुले बकावली अननि नेरान

यपॉर्य ओस पादशाह ज़ैन-उल-मलूकन पुंच्युम नेचुव ताज-उल-मलूक युस मॉल्य गरि ओस कँडिथ छुनमुत, गरु न आसनु किन्य रेगिस्तानन तु जंगलस मंज रोजान। अँम्य येलि दूरि हुम चोर बारुन्य लाव लशकर ह्यथ पकान वुछ, यि प्यव सॉचस। अकि अंदु सपुद ख्वश तु बेयि तरफु गव जंगलस मंज यँचकॉल्य आबॉदियाह वुछिथ हॉरान। कारवानु किस अँकिस जवानस पृछुन जि यिम कम छि तु कोत छुख गछुन? तँम्य दोपुनस, “यिम छि शहरे पूरबु प्यठु आमुत्य। ततिकिस पादशाह ज़ैन-उल-मलूकस छु ओन प्योमुत। यिम च्वनुवय छि तसुंदन नेचिव्य तु यिम छि तसुंजन अँछन बेयि गाश अननुक दवाह छांडनि द्रामुत्य। यिमन छु पॅरिस्तान गछुन येति बागस मंज अख पोश छु। सु पोश अँनिथ छु यिमन सु पादशाहस अँछन डालुन युथ

जन तस गाश यियि।”

देलील बूजिथ प्यव ताज-उल-मलूकस खयाल जि गछु ना बु ति यिमन बायन सुती तु करु तमि पोशुक जुस्तजू। दोपुन अज करु पनुनिस बख्तस बु ति आजमाँयिशाह तु कुल जहान छोरिथ करन सु पोश वसूल। ताज-उल-मलूकन सूच जि पोश अननुक म्योन मुराद छु पादशाहस अँछन गाश वापस अनुन, मगर अमी सुत्य लबु बु ति पनुन दीन दुनियाह। यी सोंचान सोंचान वोट ताज-उल-मलूक बायन निश तु लोगुन तिहँदिस कॉफिलस सुती पकुन। कॉफिलस मंज ओस अख बुजर्गाह। नाव ओसुस सईद। तस कॅरुन सलामाह तु लोगुन तस सुत्य यारानु। सईदन वुछ यि ख्वश लोठ नवजवानाह तु पृछुनस, “ऐ नवजवानु! चॉन्य शक्ल सूरथ वुछिथ गोस बु स्यठाह ख्वश। पोज वन, च्च कुस छुख तु कोत छुय गछुन?” ताज-उल-मलूकन वोननुस, “बु छुस अख मुसाँफिर, जायि जायि आवारु फेरान। गरु बाराह छुम नु कँह। न छुम कांह मददगार तु न कांह गमगुसार।” सईदस गव ताज-उल-मलूक वुछिथ ज़रु ज़रु। तसुंदि कथ करनुक तँरीकु गव तस दिलस सँनिथ। दोपुनस, “मे ज्ञान च्च पनुन यार। बु छुसय च्चै मॉलिस बराबर तु अवु किन्य छुसय चोन गमगुसार।”

म्वखसर छु ताज-उल-मलूक कारवानस सुत्य सुत्य पकान मगर काँसि द्युतुन नु पनुनि ताज-उल-मलूक आसनुक बास। कारवान गव ब्रोंह पकान तु वातान वातान वॉत्य तिम फिरदोस शहरस नखु।

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## त्रोर शाहज़ाद छि बीसवायि हुंद गरु अज्ञान

शहरे फिरदोसुकिस पादशाहस ओस नाव रिज़वान शाह। अथ शहरस नज़दीखुय द्युत यिमव अँकिस दँरियावु बँठिस प्यठ डेरु। ख्रुमु आयि गंडनु तु राथ गँछिथ द्रायि च्वनुवय शाहज़ादु गुर्यन ज़ीन कँरिथ शहर वुछनि। शहरस चकर करान करान वुछ यिमव अँकिस जायि अख थोद मकानु। मकानु ओस शानदार तु अथ ऑस्य दार्यन दरवाज़न शूब्वनुय परदु त्रॉविथ। अँकिस बेयिस पृछिथ लँज यिमन पताह जि यि मॉर्य मोंद मकानु छु पादशाह सुंजि कोरि हुंद यस बीसवा नाव छु।

बीसवा ऑस बोज़नु तलु ज़बरदस्त हुस्नो जमालुच मॉलिक। तसुंज काँम ऑस दूह राथ नरदस गिंदुन तु लूकन हुंद माल लूटुन। तमि ओस यि शर्त थोवमुत जि युस तँमिस नरदस गिंदान गिंदान होरुनावि, तँमिस सुत्य करि स्व नेथुर। दपान बीसवा ऑस नरदस गिंदुनस मंज ज़बरदस्त मॉहिर तु तस ब्रोंठु कनि ओस नु कांह अखाह ति दरान। युतुय योत नु, यस स्व होरुनावान ऑस, तस ऑस पनुन ग्वलाम ति बनावान। दपान यिथु पॉठ्य ऑस अमि पनुनिस मकानस अंदर बेशुमार दौलथ जमाह कँरिथ थँवमुच।

शाहज़ादव येलि यि बूज, तिमन कथ हालस रोज़िहे मोल याद ? तिम वँल्य तमुहन तु बीसवायि सुत्य नरदस गिंदनुकि शोक वॉत्य तिम तसुंद गरु। अति वँथ्य गुर्यव प्यठ ब्वन तु वोयुख नकारु। युथुय बीसवायि नकारुच आवाज़ कनन गँयि, तमि दिन्न नज़र। त्रोर शाहज़ाद वुछिथ पोर तमि ख्वदायस कुन हमुद। दोपुन अज आयि वारियाहि कॉल्य नेक बख्त कम ताम। अज गछि बेयि म्योन महल खानु ताज़ु तु बु ज़ेनु स्यठाह

माल जादाद। अमि पतु त्राँव्य बीसवायि पनुनिस पानस म्वलुल्य पारचु तु लाल व जवॉहिर नॉल्य। साज़ो सामानु कोरुन तयार तु बीठ तख्तस प्यठ। कॅनीज़ु बेछस अँद्य पॅख्य रॉछ। अमि पतु द्युत तमि होकुम जि शाहज़ादु त्राँव्यूख अंदर।

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## शाहज़ादु छि नरदस गिंदप्रन तु बीसवायि हुंघ ग्वलाम बनान

शाहज़ादु चायि इजाज़थ रॅटिथुय आदाबु सान अंदर तु वॉल्य बीसवायि निश। बीसवायि बेहनाँव्य तिम पानस निशी यज़तु सान। तसुंघ लाल जवॉहिर वुछिथ सपुद्य शाहज़ादु हॉरान। बतु ख्यनुक वख ओस वोतमुत। बीसवायि द्युत होकुम तु न्यामचु हा वाचु ब्रॉठ कुन यथ मंज़ नान तु कबाब शॉमिल ऑस्य। ख्यन आव यकजा ख्यनु तु अमि पतु आव कुस्मु कुस्मुक शराबु चनु। यीतिस कालस वोत न्यस्ब शब। शाहज़ादव वोन बीसवायि वुन, “असि छु बूजमुत च्छु छख सख नरुद बॉज़ी करान। बोज़ख ना असि सुत्य ति गिंदख बाज़ाह।” बीसवा गॅयि ख्वश। स्व ऑस दिलु मँज़्य ति यी मंगान जि शाहज़ादु गॅछ्यमे सुत्य नरुदस गिंदुन्य। तमि द्युत कनीज़न होकुम तु नरुदुक तख्तु आव अनुनावनु। बीसवायि थँव पनुनिस कलस प्यठ अख ब्रॉर। यि ब्रॉर ऑस तस ज़ेनुनावनुच व्वस्ताद।

अमि पतु गव नरुदस गिंदनुक दोर शरु। शाहज़ादव लोग ग्वडु अख लछ। येलि सु बीसवायि ज़्यून, तिमव लोग ब्याख लछ। दपान यीतिस कालस सुबहुक गाश आव, तीतिस कालस ऑस्य शाहज़ादव पंचाह लछ हूर्यमुत्य। गाश यिथ आव नरुदस गिंदुन बेयि शामस ताम मुलतवी करनु। बीसवायि वोट तख्तु तु शाहज़ादु द्रायि शामस यिनुक वादु कॅरिथ पनुनिस डेरस वुन।

शाम गॅछिथ आयि शाहज़ादु वापस। नकारस कॅडुख चँड तु चायि दरवॉजु अंदर। कॅनीज़व बेहनाँव्य पथर तु कोरुहख शराबु पेश। अमि पतु सपुद बेयि ख्यना चना तु शाहज़ादु सपुद्य स्यठाह मसरर। बीसवायि वाहरोव नरुदुक तख्तु तु शाहज़ादव लोग दँहन लछन हुंघ ग्वडनुक शर्त। बाज़ गिंदनस सुती ज़्यून बीसवायि शर्त तु अमि पतु यि कॅछा शाहज़ादन निश ओस, ति सोरुय ज़्यून तमि। शाहज़ादु रुद्य नु पथ कॅह। तिमव लॉग्य पनुन्य वूठ, हँस्य, खचर गर्ज प्रथ कांह चीज़ दावस तु हूरुख। मगर शाहज़ादन ऑस वुनि तेह बरकरार। तिमव मोन नु बीसवायि हुंघ कॅह। तिमन ऑस वुनि ति व्वमेद जि तिम ज़ेनव। अमी किन्य लोग तिमव ऑखुरस पनुन पान ति दावस।

मगर शाहज़ादव ह्योक नु बीसवायि सुत्य ज़ीनिथ कॅह। शर्तु मुताँबिक बनेयि तिम बीसवायि हुंघ ग्वलाम तु ग्वलाम बॅनिथ प्यव तिमन बीसवायि हुंदिस काँदस मंज़ रोजुन। शाहज़ादन वोल बद-कुस्मती नाल तु त्युहुंघ पॅरिस्तान गॅछिथ मॉल्य सुंदि खाँतरु गुले बकावली अननुच कथ ति म्वकलेयि।

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(ब्रॉह वुन जॉरी)

## कश्मीरी राईम्स फ्राम डिस्टेंट डाइस्पोरा

डा. बी.के.मोज़ा

## स्वागत कॅर्यतोसे



हॉर आयि असत्वथ कति प्यठु कोतुये  
असि निश असत्वथ वुफ दिथ योतुये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये

ऑलिस नॅव्यसुय पर्वतस दूरे  
सँदरु बँठिस प्यठु दूरि दूरे  
फाह आयि पनुने शोकय दिनुये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

होश आव गोशन अँम्यसुंदि यिनुये  
ग्रख गॅच चमनुचि स्वनु पोशि फुलुये  
शुहुल शेहजार पोक ब्रॉठ पथ जाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

ऑल्यचे कुल्यनुय तु बादाम फुलुये  
आश आयि फलुची ब्यालि प्यठु ताले  
जॅगतुचि मायायि ज़ोन मंत्र शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

बोलबोश बुकि खोत कुक्यलि तु कुमुरे  
पाँपुर नचनि लॅग्य लंजि प्यठु लंजे  
आबुशार श्वन्य श्वन्य छि स्वरान शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

कॅत्यजि हुंज़ कू कू तु चरि चिरुवाये  
हारि सुत्य छि ज़ान पॅज़ मनुची त्राये  
बूल्य छनु बँदिश छि त्रायु-ज़ान शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

गटनुय प्रागाश ओन कोहु पॅत्य ज़ित्यने  
मनुकुय गाश फोल कति प्यठु कोतुये  
नूर नोप कर्मन तु मनु खोत शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

ऑही कॅर्यतोस तु हॉर फ्वलि फुलुये  
वॉर गछि अँम्यसुंदि त्रायि मूलु मँलिये  
लोलु मँत्य रँछुरन यिछ त्राय शिवाये  
नमह शिवाये ओम नमह शिवाये  
स्वागत कॅर्यतोस नमह शिवाये

**नोट:** इस कविता के पद अप्रैल २००८ अंक में गलत क्रम से छपे थे, जिस के लिये हमें खेद है।

**SEARCH FOR ULTIMATE POWER**

[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 post Vedic practice of worshipping gods with form lead to representing every imaginable object worth worship with a form. Thus besides the main gods called Trimurty (Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh or Shiva) every conceivable object was given a form and a name irrespective of the fact whether it has life in it or not. Some were identified as male gods and others as female goddesses. Thus earth Prithvi is female goddess while sky Dyo is male god. Similarly we have Annapurna goddess for food. All the rivers have been identified as goddesses with definite name and form (*Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati, Vitasta etc*). And similarly all mountains have male names and forms (*Kailash, Mahadev, etc*). As stated earlier, each form of god or goddess has certain powers and thus receive worship separately on various occasions when their blessings are sought for achieving success for the chosen goal.

Over a period of time, the quest for knowing the ultimate power behind the manifested gods and goddesses griped the human mind . The search started right from Vedic times. Thus while they called all manifested gods as *Devas*, they named the ultimate god behind the powers of *Devas* as *Prajapati, Vishvakarman, Loksha, Syambhu, Vidhi etc*. The urge to understand the ultimate power received great attention during post Vedic times. Now the focus shifted from personal god with form to universal god without form. Many view points have been given by the learned scholar-rishis from time to time but two view points have received greater attention which forms the main divide of Hinduism now - Vaishnavism and Shaivism. Thus *Vaishnavite* recognized the ultimate god as *Brahman* while *Shivites* called Him by the name *Parmshiva*. Both define the ultimate god as *Sat, Chit, Anand* (Truth, Consciousness and Total Bliss). He is beyond description. The difference lies in the way of the manifestation process. While *Vaishnavites* believe that manifestation of the cosmic world is a game plan (*leela*) of Lord which takes place through the immanent aspect of *Brahman* called *Ishvara*, the *Shivites* believe manifestation of cosmic world takes place through the will (*iccha*) of *Parmshiva* and takes place through His

dynamic energy called *Shakti*. Again while *Ishvara* is a male god, *Shakti* is a female goddess. There is other difference in the thought process of manifestation which are summerised as follows:

- 1) While *Vaishnavite* view the world as cosmic illusion (*maya*) which is caused by *Ishvara* Himself. *Maya* is an inexplicable power inherent in *Brahman*, just as heat is inherent in fire and is inseparable from it. *Shivites* do not believe this. They view the world as real, the illusion (*maya*) is due to limitations of human mind in knowing the real truth about Supreme god *Parmshiva*
- 2) While *Vaishnavites* believe that the goal of human life is *moksha* (liberation from the cycles of life and death), the *Shivites* pray for Divine grace of Lord called *annugraha* to awaken the sleeping energy in the human body (*kundalini Shakti*) to merge with the ultimate power
- 3) *Vaishnavites* believe that all souls are held in the cosmic womb called *hiranghrbha* and they come into being when manifestation takes place and go back to womb at the time of dissolution of the manifested world. *Shivites* believe that all manifested beings are not different from *Shiva* Himself but they have lost this knowledge due to ignorance. When real knowledge about this truth is revealed, the individual soul attains the status of a *Bhirwa* - next to *Parmshiva*.

The Philosophy behind *Vaishnavism* and *Shaivism* has lead to different traditions of worship among Hindus. Kashmirir Pandits are *Shivites* and carry out extensive worship of Lord *Shiva* along with goddess *Parvati*. *Shivism* is extensively practiced in Bengal and Southern India. Central parts of India in which Kashmiri Pandits live now are mainly *Vaishnavites*. This has added to our confusion or worshipping gods.



**तोह्य छिवु  
पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य  
काँशरि ज़बाँन्य मंज़ कथ करान?**

**Fire In My Heart**

Jawahir Lal Sher

**AN OPEN LETTER TO MY YOUNG TURKS OF THE COMMUNITY**

**D**ear Young Turks - Hope of tomorrow,

I salute with reverence my youngsters, who have been showing their quality of control, forbearance, broader vision, understandability of carrying ahead the rich culture of our ancestors. Your parents had to flee, carrying their kids at a tender age, leaving aside physical wealth which they had accumulated to save honour, proving their credentials as patriotic Indians. They have exhibited broad-mindedness and an exemplary courage to face jube in spite of all provocative slogans and pugnacious attitude of the tormentors, who chose violent means to create a situation of ignominy calibrated from outside.

**a) Youngsters tolerance:**

Our young kids, in their formative age had to face unexpected miseries much against their wishes which culminated into countless miseries. They never forgot that the wisdom lies, bearing all atrocities, in silence, but continued the pursuit of education under turbulent conditions of scorching heat, learning in makeshift tents, rented accommodation, camp dwelling facing all odds. It speaks in volume of their rich culture which they inherited and the broader vision they had conceived, believing that 'knowledge is light, knowledge is might'. Wherever they had to sojourn, they maintained a balanced thinking, reason, logic and proved their mettle for being called worldly wise. They kept at a distance the path of confrontation and preferred to forget past temporarily for the sake of their career which was in the making. Usually such turmoil is an enough ground to fall in evil trap and create havoc by engineering negative thinking.

**b) Instrumental Parental Role:**

Equally parents faced all odds of exodus, never faltered in the deliverance of their social accountability. They calmed down the tempest by their sagacity, broad vision to reshape the destiny. They adjusted themselves with the prevailing compulsion and never allowed negative thought to supersede the balanced mind. Parents preferred to come out of their cage in search for their physical survival facing all odds, trials and tribulation, besides insecurity. They continued their struggle in establishing supremacy and elevating self, socially, morally and economically. They continued exploiting channel of diversified educational fields and never thought of falling in the trap of evil designers. These sensitive, responsible parents need all credit and praise who

nurtured their kids in such conditionality, braving all odd situation of hostility.

**c) What opinion makers want:**

The think tanks, elite members of the community, saner elements who matter in the community are of the firm opinion that there is a need to have a change in our attitude towards our children, in particular, sensing the radical change needed for preparing our budding youth for a global placement. We should arrest the trend of turning our future generation only of engineers, which is not enough. We should be capable to produce out of our lot, more doctors, scientists, cricketers, singers, bureaucrats, business magnates, academicians, politicians, military generals and more to fit in other diversified field, in whatsoever field they opt to excel.

**d) What we expect from young Turks:**

In order to materialise this dream, the youngsters have to play an instrumental role in bringing a radical change in the mind set of their parents who need proper educational counselling to allow their children to go out of the den in search of green pastures, try new avenues, exploit their mental capabilities to shine in light of new political, social, economic scenario. It is only the young blood which can bring a wanted change in the mind set of elders. This is to be seen in a wider spectrum taking holistic view but with a myopic vision where vision of parents and dedication of children matters. We are no more caged in bondages but can move freely and fearlessly and experience God's given gifts of nature thrown open to us.

**e) Where lies community's well being?**

We have faith which can move the mountain and rich heritage, which we value more than our lives. Let us try to constantly hold aloft the flame of our distinct culture, religion and identity, when our existence and identity is going through a turmoil.

Hope to hear the saner advice from an elder son of the soil.



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**VISHNU SUKTA (HYMN TO VISHNU)**

*"KaayenaVacha Mansyar indriyar Vaa  
Budhyaatmana Vaa Prakritir Svabhavat  
Karomi Yat Yat Sakalam Parasmai  
Naarayanaya Iti Samarpayami"*

Narayana is Vishnu, and Vishnu is adored by His Shakti, in the form of Purna Prakriti, who is Lakshmi. His Vahana is the Ananta--serpent, His bode is VaikunTha, but he sustains the world, through his Yoga Maya, while he sports with Lakshmi, sitting on the coach of Ananta, through His Lila, which is cosmic play, thus is adored as the Jaganatha.

The devotee of the Vaishnava tradition is firm in his/her belief that all the actions done by the devotee are directed to the Supreme Being of Narayana. All the actions done by our physical body, or through speech, are directed to Vishnu. Through mind, or through Karma - indriyas/ motor-organs of the body, or through intellect, what so ever a devotee might do, are to be placed at the lotus feet of Vishnu. Any action done through the influence of innate nature is to be dedicated to Narayana.

What does this Stuti-adoration suggest. The answer is within the Stuti itself. A Vaishnava or the devotee of Vishnu should be cautious enough while doing his/her actions and must perform his duty through his/her Nishkama Karma, which is the quintessence of the Gita.

**Who is Narayana?**

Narayana is Maha Vishnu, the consort of Maha Lakshmi, as described in the first chapter and the eleventh chapter of the Sapta shati. The Bhagawat Maha Purana is filled with the sports--Lila of Vishnu, in the incarnation of Shri Krishna, Valmiki's Ramayana and that of Goswami Tulasi das ji speaks about the glory of Shri Rama. The Matsya, Kurma, Varaha Puranas describe the evolution of the Prakriti.

Vishnu is the Devata--the Absolute cause, who sustains all the creation. Vishnu is both Vedic and the Puranic Devata/God. Literally, Vishnu means, what is manifested and Sukta is the Vedic hymn. Any Stuti/glory sung in praise of the Divine is Sukta. The Vishnu Sahsranaama glorifies Vishnu with One Thousand Names, revered as the Sahsranaama. Sahsra is not limited to One thousand names only, but it suggests that the Divine has been adored, and can be adored with all the possible means, transcending the number thousand as well. A devotee can take the name of Vishnu in one way or the other. He can do the Japam, Homa or read the Bhagwad gita or do some selfless work, in the larger interest of the humanity, is virtually, doing the action devoted to Shri Krishna.

Draupadi of the Mahabharata is seen praying, when all her robes were taken out by the evil Dushasana, in the

court of Dhritrashtra:

*Ha Krishna Mansir Vaasi  
Kvasi yaadava Nandana  
Imaam Avastham sampraaptam  
Anatham Kim Na rakshasi*



She prayed to Lord Vishnu, in the Naam Ruupa --name and form of Shri Krishna through her inner voice at the peak hour of Adharma, which is injustice done to her. But, this injustice to the woman hood of Bharata is the voice of every chaste woman, who has her faith in the divine. There and then the Yogi Raj Krishna came to her rescue in the form of robes. This is how Vishnu manifests at every time. That is termed as the Bhaagwata Muhurta, by Sri Aurobindo, in his "Essays on the Gita".

The devotee needs to be conscious of the fact that Vishnu abides in all souls. That is why, the Dasha--Avataras/ten incarnations of Vishnu are adored in the manifestation of Matsya to Kalki Avatara.

**Om Shri Vishnave Swaaha!**

This is the popular Swaha Mantra in the Puranas. Shri Vishnu incarnates time and again, for establishing the Dharma Chakra and Vyavahaara Chakra. In that Chakra/ cosmic cycle, he assumes various names and forms. The prominent being the following Ten Avataras:

1. Matsya is the Fish,
2. Kurma is the Tortoise,
3. Varaah is the Boar,
4. Narsihma is Man with lion's head,
5. Vaamana the Dwarf,
6. Parshu Ramah--Rama with axe,
7. Shri Rama for upholding Maryaada/ethical code,
8. Shri Krishna the Yogi Raj with all majesty and action
9. Buddha the Compassionate One
10. Kalki incarnation has yet to be born.

In the Vedas, Vishnu Sukta has been visualized by Dhirgatama Rishi is the seer of the Vishnu Sukta. Vishnu is the Divine Being, who sustains. He has many names and forms. Being the all pervading Divinity, he is also adored as the Maha Vishnu. He is the Yajnya Purusha / Lord of the sacrifices and the Surya Narayana. He is the Puratana/ the Primal one and the Eternal. He is always assuming new forms, to establish the DHARMA, as explained in the Bhagawad Gita. and is helped by His consort -- the Lakshmi. Lakshmi is the coordinating factor between the Bhakta and the IshTa.

1) All manifesting Vishnu has enveloped the whole of the universe. It is he, who holds Bhumi/ the earth in his first

pace of his foot and Antriksha/ the space in the second and Dhyu/ the heavens in the third space. The whole universe is all assimilated in him. We do offer Homa/ sacrifices with Svaha, to propitiate him.

2) The Prithvi for the sake of the welfare of all the beings produces the food stuffs. Milk giving cows move over it. O Vishnu! You have held this Prithvi with your radiant beams all around. We do offer our Homa sacrifices to you. It is said the Bhudevi and Lakshmi are the two consorts of Vishnu. Prithvi is Bhudevi. Om Shri Prithvayai Svaha is the fire oblations for Prithvi, which is Bhudevi.

3) You speak in the assembly of the Devatas, who are wise and learned in the Vedas. Erect the higher Homa pillars in the eastern direction. Make your abode in the cow stall, those are in the Devaloka. Make the world filled with riches. Bless the progeny and make an ever resting abode on the beautiful Prithvi.

The devout Hindus revere the cow as Gau Mata - the Kaama Dhenu. The cow is the celestial treasure, and deserves all respect, as the COW is the basis of all Krishi -the agricultural assets.

4) What can be said about Vishnu, who is all manifesting every where? It is he, who created the whole universe with his own force. It is he, who is being adored in the three worlds and makes his own realm as superbly lustrous. He is all compassion and establishes himself in the Vishwa Roopa Darshana, as described in the Gita.

5) O Vishnu! Be pleased and bless the whole universe! Provide all the embodied souls with the plenty of food, which are produced in the Prithvi and the required elements which are produced in the space. We make our obeisance to you as you provide us with your both hands. The two hands of Shri Vishnu is both Daya - compassion and Dhriti - sustenance.

6) O Vishnu! You roam like that of a terrible lion in the mountains. You have the incomparable prowess and are thus adored. All the beings living in the three Bhuvans/ earth, mid space and beyond, are in your vast expanse of the Three Bhuvans. That is why, the Maha Vishnu is said to be the Triloki Nath and the Jaggannath.

7) O Vishnu! Your constant effulgence is extended everywhere in the universe. It is because of you that the universe is sustained and manifested every where. You are in every atom of the universe. We make our obeisance to you!

A full description of Shri Vishnu is found in the Vishnu Sahsrnama, which happens to be the section of the Mahabharata.

The Shakti of Vishnu is known as the Vaishnavi Shakti, and is revered as the Varahi, Narayani, NaaraSihmi and other such Shaktis. She is verily, Sita and Radha, much adored in the Vaishnava sects of the Sanatana Dharma.

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## Editors' Note

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**Zaan - the literature from 'Project Zaan'****PECULIAR & UN-COMMON KASHMIRI WORDS & PHRASES - 9**

bùtìmàr

**बूतीमार**

(melancholic person ~ one who always has a weeping face)

bútùràth

**बुतुराथ**

(the earth)

búzûmór

**बुजुमोर**

(burning ~ scorching of garments as also the human body, especially the belly or other part of the trunk ~ reduced to ashes)

chabà chòr

**चबाचोर**

(extremely foolish)

chakû chakh

**चकू चख**

(argument ~ grumbling)

chandàl chùnkhûr

**चंडाल चूंखुर**

(a group of persons meeting usually for planning or discussing a misdeed ~ a group of persons with destructive mind set ~ unwelcome gathering)

chàpâr<sup>i</sup>**चापर्य**

(one who is in the habit of excessive but vain talking ~ prig ~ charlatan)

chaph

**चफ**

(backbite)

charàg bèg

**चराग बेग**

(diarrhœa of cattle ~ this word is generally used for cursing)

charanḍ

**चरंड**

(a woman who after maturity resides in her father's house, and owing to her being free from control, waxes fat and wanton)

chàṭṭh

**चाठ**

(joke ~ humorous talk)

chéṭṭ<sup>i</sup>**चेट्ट**

(loss suffered because of some one else's fault ~ fine ~ tax ~ compulsion to work for others without any personal gains)

chíkû chàv

**चिकू चाव**

(show off)

chílû gaz

**चिलू गज़**

(four stumps, which are fixed at the four corners of a house while laying its foundation)

chíran

**चिरन**

(the fat surrounding the entrails)

chírgyúsh

**चिरग्युश**

(pleasure caused by vocal exercise)

chòb chìn

**चोब चीन**

(a herb used for purifying blood and treatment of joint pain)

chókhtû

**चख्तु**

(roasted mutton ~ spicy and well cooked mutton)

chórtû, chóρθû

**चरतु, चरथु**

(helpless)

chóṭû

**चट**

(a handsome young man with good physique)

chùn phyór

**चूण फ्योर**

(a hypocritical tear drop forced out from the eyes to exhibit feigned sorrow or trouble ~ crocodile tears)

chhambû túlûr

**छम्बु तुलूर**

(bee from the table land, which stings or chases without provocation ~ persistent wasp ~ a woman of that character)

chhalû chhàngûr

**छलु छांगूर**

(separation ~ reduce to bits and pieces)

chhalû phól

**छलु फोल**

(to make wild allegations ~ accusations ~ wrangle)

**ERA ABBERRATIONS BY KALHAN IN RAJATARANGINI - 3**

**Mystery of Kali Samvat 653/2526 Pre Saka Samvat:** Verse 82 Taranga 1 states; "When six hundred and fifty-three years of the Kaliyuga had passed away, the Kuru and Pandava's lived on the earth". The date of Yudishthir's coronation is given as 2526 before Saka Samvat (653 Kali Samvat, 628 Laukika Era (Verse 56 Taranga 1)). Nowhere in the entire eight Taranga's, directly or indirectly, the basis of for quoting this Samvat (653 Kali Samvat) has been explained, which has been used as the beginning era of the chronology of Kings of Kashmir. Brhatsamhita of Varaha Mihir is referred to and apparently the dates of Bharata War (Mahabharata) have been taken as 2449 BC, as propagated by Varaha Mihir in 6th Century AD, which corresponds to Kali Samvat 653. Strangely 'only' this aspect of Varaha Mihir's composition has been taken; Sapatrishi's moving from one Nakshatra to another in 100 years and commencement dates of Laukika era and Kali Samvat have been taken from age old astronomical works of Arya Bhatta and others. The result has been post dating of chronology in Rajatarangini by the author by more than 653 years, starting with Gonanda I.

**Erroneous Dating of Gonanda I and Chronology:**

Verse 16 Taranga 1 mentions that the details of four Kings of Kashmir viz Gonanda I and his successors have been taken from Nilmat. Puranam; a sacred composition dated around 600 Century AD. First 10 Verses of Nilmat Puranam mentions Gonanda and his successors, as an enquiry conversation between King Janmejaya (Great Grandson of Yudishthir) and Vaisampayana (Pupil of Sage Vyasa). Though characters from Mahabharata are quoted, like Madhava, Vasudeva etc, no names of Kings of Kashmir except male child Gonanda are quoted. This conversation briefly wants to find as to why 'Kings of Kas'mira' did not participate in Bharata War of Janmejaya's forefathers and why Pandu's or Dhritshtara did not chose King of Kashmir for their support'. This query follows with an explanation that 'King of Kas'mir' went to Suyamvara to fight Madhava, son of Vasudeva. A fight took place between Vasudeva and the King of Kas'mir, in which latter was defeated. Out of respect Vasudeva coronated pregnant queen, so that the posthumous son might rule and was named Gonanda. Being a child, he was not asked for either by Kaurava's or Pandava's for participation in Bharata War. The query is about non participation of 'King of Kas'mir' in Bharata War (Mahabharata), assuming Kings name was Gonanda, Nilmat Puranam indicates this event of Pre Bharata War. It also talks of coronation of pregnant queen being coronated and Gonanda (II) being a child at the time of Bharata War and that is the reason his support was not asked for by either side. Damodara as King and son of King Gonanda (I) and father of Gonanda (II) and listed by Kalhan, is not talked about.

Immediately after mentioning coronation of Yudishthir, Kalhan talks of glory of 'King Of Kas'mir (Verse 57 Taranga 1)' and gives the details of the event as enumerated in Nilmat Puranam but with different contents and characters (Verses 59 to 70 Taranga 1 and 3407-3409 Taranga 8). These verses state that King Gonanda of Kashmir had been invited by his relative Jarasandha, King of Maghada, father-in-law of Kamsa (Krishna's maternal uncle), to help him in a war against Krishna (Krsna). Gonanda complied and was slain on the battle field by Balabhadara. Gonanda's son Damodara then ruled earth (Kashmir) and later went to Gandhara, when he comes to know that Vrsnis (Yadava's) had been invited to attend Suyamvara on the banks of Indus (Sindhu). Damodara was killed by Krishna, but taking into consideration the high sanctity of 'Kas'mir', Krishna coronated his rival's pregnant widow Yasovati (Verse 70) 'till her child is born and then takes over the throne'. The child takes the name of Gonanda after his grandfather. Kalhan in Verse 82 Taranga 1 too confirms that Gonanda II's being a child, his support was not sought in Bharata War (Mahabharata). In Nilmat Puranam as well as Rajatarangini, these events are pre Bharata War, including Gonanda II being a child at the time of War. Assuming Gonanda II was roughly ten years old at the time of Bharata War (Mahabharata), Gonanda I being roughly around 60 years old when killed and his son Damodara around 30 years old on taking over. This would date Gonanda I going to Mathura around 12-13 years before Bharata War ( 47/48 years Pre Kali Samvat, 72/73 Years Pre Laukika Era and around 3149/50 BC). Assuming that Gonanda I had been King roughly for 30 years at the time of his death, Gonanda's I reign would start around 77/78 years Pre Kali Samvat ( 3179/3180 BC, 3258 Pre Saka) as against 2526 Saka Samvat ( 2449 BC ) given by Kalhan; a difference of around 730 years, from quoted era of 653 Kali Samvat. The miscalculated dates from Gonanda I could be as under:-  
Gonanda I Coronation Roughly 77/78 Years Pre Kali Samvat, 102/103 years Pre Laukika Era (Sapatrishi Samvat) (3257/58 Saka Samvat; 3179/3180 BC).  
Gonanda I killed and Damodar's Coronation roughly 48 Years pre Kali Samvat, 73 Years Pre Laukika Era (Roughly 3149 BC; 3227 Pre Saka Samvat).  
Yasovati also coronated around the same time. It can be assumed Damodar's death took place 2-3 years after his coronation. Gonanda II assumed to be around 10 years old at the time of Bharata War can be dated as coronated around as 6 years old in 40 years pre Kali Samvat, 65 Years pre Laukika Era (3142 BC and 3220 Pre Saka Samvat). Even if Rajatarangini reference taking 653 Kali Samvat as base,



dates of King Gonanda I would be at least 42-43 years before the era mentioned (Around 611/610 Kali Samvat). Thus the Chronology of the Kings of Kashmir should have started from 77/78 Years Pre Kali Samvat, 102/103 years Pre Laukika Era (Sapatrishi Samvat ) (3179/3180 BC ; 3257/58 Pre Saka Samvat). Historical narrations by our scholars have so far been quoting 653 Kali Samvat of Kalhan in all references to the Kings of Kashmir; out by nearly 730 years.

#### **Bharata War (Mahabharata) Dates Mix Up:**

Mahabharata War lasted a fortnight plus but has been quoted differently in the verses. When Yudishtir's coronation is mentioned, it is assumed that it was Yudishtir's second coronation after the Bharata War. Gonanda I's rule is also placed around same time after Bharata War (Verses 56/57). Rajatarangini goes along with the narration of 'Gonanda's help' to 'Damodar's coronation' followed by his killing, Yasovati's coronation and finally her son Gonanda II being a child at the time of Bharata War (Mahabharata). These are contradictory with the dates/timings and sequence of events connected with the King's of Kashmir. Kalhan does not recognise the time elapse between the four rulers and brackets it at the same time and that too with the coronation of Yudishtir, which happens immediately after the war. Is there a mix up?

#### **Lost Kings – King Ashoka and Kanishka:**

Kalhan quotes that fifty two rulers from Gonanda I up to Gonanda III have not been recorded. Nineteen names of Kings in the narration in Taranga 1 are given and thirty five Kings after Gonanda II placed in lost kings, whose record of names and deeds have perished (Verse 83 Taranga 1). Rajatarangini, counts Huska, Juska and Kanishka as one entity, actually making the total to fifty four Kings. As per narration in initial parts of Taranga 1, these fifty four Kings reign for a total of 1266 years, starting from Kali Samvat 653 (Laukika Era 628). From Gonanda III onwards the number of years of the rule of the Kings (Verse 191 Taranga 1) is given (The era details have been calculated backwards from the Laukika Era given in Verse 703 Taranga 4). With this calculation, Gonanda III's reign begins in Laukika Era 1894 (1182 BC, Pre Saka Samvat 1204). Taking revised calculated dates of Gonanda I (3179/3180 BC ( 77/78 Years Pre Kali Samvat, 102/103 years Pre Laukika), total years of reign of these Kings, up to Gonanda III, totals to around 2000 years as against 1266 years given by Kalhan. We also know for sure that King Ashoka (304 -232 BC) ruled from 273 – 232 BC and taking the average rule of these fifty four Kings and working on Kalhan's dates, Ashoka's rule is placed fully thousand years before his real known date. Similarly Kanishka's reign is dated as 78- 144 AD and as per Rajatarangini calculation Kanishka's rule has chronological error of about eleven hundred antedated years. If we take the Kashmir Kings chronology from 3179/3180 BC, as deduced, this gap increases to seventeen hundred years plus in case of Ashoka and nearly eighteen hundred thirty years in case of Kanishka. Also as per re-worked chronology, the reign of fifty four Kings spans nearly three thousand one hundred years up to Kanishka,

at an average of fifty eight years plus per King, which is very high as compared to normal averages in the complete book. The difference between actual dates of rule of Ashoka and Kanishka is one hundred fifty four years, in which only two Kings have been shown (Jaluka son of Ashoka and Damodara II) at an average of more than seventy years. This average too is rather very high. Damodara II's name akin to Damodara I appears to be from a different dynasty than those listed prior to him (Mauryan Dynasty), possibly this King could be from the same old Gonanda dynasty (restored). This could also indicate that after the rule of Kushans (Kanishka, Huska, and Juska) the same dynasty was restored in the form of King Abhimanyu I, a known name from Mahabharata (Son of Pandav's, killed during the Bharata War during Chakravayuh). Even after Abhimanyu I, the Gonandiya Dynasty, whether it is the same as initial Gonanda Dynasty is difficult to assert and as per Kalhan's Rajatarangini rules Kashmir till about 2861 Laukika Era (180 BC) It is known that dynasties, after coming to power again, named King's on the lines of earlier ones. It is also known that Ashoka and reign of his successors in the region continued till 185 BC, when last in the line of Maurya Dynasty, King Bhadrata, was killed.

The period after Mauryan Dynasty up to Kushan King Kanishka (Coronation 78 AD) was known to be part of Indo Greek Kingdom, which has not been listed. Even after Kanishka, the line of successors as listed in History of Bharatvarsha are Huviska, Vasudeva (Juska), Kanishka I and Vasishka; in that order. Except Huviska (Huska) and Juska, who have been identified from places named after them in Kashmir. Kanishkpura named after Kanishka is Kanispor, a village between Vitasta and road from Baramulla (Varhamulla). The locals treat it as a Tirath and attribute its founding to King Kanistharaja (King Kanishka). Husakpura (Ushkar) in Varahakshetra (Baramulla) is named after Huviska. As far as Juska is concerned, founding of Jusakpura (Zukur) a large village North of Srinagar (6.5 Kilometres from Hari Parvat) is attributed to him. No connecting artefacts or coins of later Kushan Kings other than mentioned have been found in Kashmir and it is impossible to clearly define whether any of the other Kushan rulers reigned over Kashmir. As per mythology Harandev, second son of Parikshit (Yudishtir's grandson) is termed as first Pandav King of Kashmir, after Gonanda II, followed by another twenty three in the line. This may well fit into the Kalhan's assertion (Verse 51) that '653 years of the Kaliyuga had passed away when the 'Kurus and Pandav's' lived on the earth'. On a fair estimate names and deeds of nearly other fifty Kings, totalling nearly eighty five Kings has been lost. These could well be distributed; more than thirty five Kings after Damodara II (including Harandev and twenty three of Pandav lineage), between Kings Surendra and Godhara (later belonging to another family indicating change in dynasty), in the list of Kings recorded by Helaraja, Chavillakara and finally Indo Greek rulers after Ashoka's Maruya Dynasty and before Kushan rule.

(To be continued)

**THE HAUNTED HOUSE**

Once, when I was in the seventh grade, I, with my classmates went for a camp to a forest somewhere to the south of Mumbai. We enjoyed singing, dancing and telling jokes to one another in the bus. But after sometime, everyone was quiet as we had entered the forest. Four of my friends, Dhruv, Saurabh, Yash, Keval and I were looking out of our windows when we suddenly saw a board saying, 'KEEP OUT'. We found it to be strange and got a little bit curious. After we passed the board, we saw a huge house and a man standing at its entrance with an axe in his hand. When he saw us, he smiled and threw his axe in the bushes nearby.

We passed the house and stopped near an open place suitable for camping. We had a guide, named Ramu, with us too. We erected our own tents. After having built our tents, we were sent to collect some wood for the camp fire. Dhruv, one of my friends, told me that he had seen the house once again while collecting wood. After the camp fire was ready, we talked to each other. Ramu was telling us not to go far away from the camp site. He also warned us about the house and the ghosts and evil spirits trapped inside it. We took it as a joke but many of us seemed to take it seriously. Then we had our dinner. While having our dinner, Keval told us about his plan to visit the house. No one in our group was ready to go with him. But then we agreed to him and decided to visit the house after midnight.

Keval got up at around 2a.m. and woke all four of us. Then as per his plan, we started walking towards the house with just a torch in our hands. It was so dark that we could not see anything even in the bright torch light. We got very much frightened. Saurabh whispered, "Let's go back. It's too dark and scary." But Keval did not listen to anyone. He continued walking towards the house. We thought that someone was following us, but when we looked back there was nothing but darkness. We got so tired that we could not even walk anymore. So, at last, we decided to go back. As we turned back, we saw a very ugly man who was looking to us with a very cunning smile. He was the same man whom we had seen at the entrance of the house with an axe in his hand. We were so scared that it was hard even to scream. We thought that he might be one of the ghosts about whom Ramu was talking to us.

He spoke to us very softly and asked us, "Who are you? Why are you so frightened?" Our mind changed as he was speaking to us so politely. We told him everything about ourselves. He told us that he was a very rich man and the house they had seen belonged to him. So, we told him what our guide had told us. On hearing this, he told us that ghosts exist only in stories and imagination and that our guide was a liar. We started believing him. He took us to his house and gave us water to drink. It was

a huge house and was very clean. He introduced us to his family.

We talked to each other for a while. After some time, he asked his servant, "Did we have our dinner?" "No sir", replied the servant. To this, the master said, "No problem. We will eat these children for dinner today." Saying this, his family and he himself stood up and opened their big mouths. As soon as they did this, their teeth and nails grew longer and longer and they pounced on us. But we were quick enough to escape it. We ran towards the door and tried to open it. But the lock of the door was too high for us to reach. The house suddenly turned into a very dirty place full of garbage and broken pieces of wood were scattered here and there.

Yash fainted as he thought that we would not be able to escape. Saurabh, being strong, held him in his arms. Keval found some axes on a broken chair besides him. I took one of the axes and broke the door. Till that time, Keval protected the four of us. As soon as the door broke, we began to run. As I turned back, I saw that they had caught Dhruv as he could not run fast. So I ran back to save him. I cut the ghost's hands with my axe and freed Dhruv. But suddenly a new pair of hands grew. We threw our axes away and began to run faster than before. But they were still following us.

We, at last, reached the tent and hid in it. The camp fire was still burning. Seeing the fire the ghost family ran away. We could not sleep for the whole night due to fear. Dhruv had developed marks on his hands because of the man's long nails. The next morning, when the teachers woke up, we went to them and told them what had happened last night. First, they did not believe us, but when we showed them the marks on Dhruv's hands, they believed us and told the other students to quickly pack up everything and get ready to go back. After packing our things, the goods were loaded in the bus and we left the place. While crossing the house in the way, we saw that same man standing at the door with an axe in his hand and waving the other hand to us.

We took a sigh of relief as we left the place at last but the bus suddenly stopped. As I turned back, I saw that there was no one except me inside the bus. I saw the man standing in front of me and he threw his axe towards me. It hit me on my head and I fell down and started bleeding profusely. This shook me immensely and the very next moment I suddenly opened my eyes and found that I was in my bed room and realised that it was just a dream.



## सिलसिलुवार - क्याह क्याह वनु?

म.क.रेना

### सुह शिकार



**क**थ ऑस स्यठाह सँगीनु। पज़र हय बूज़िव, मे ओस बुथ्युक रंग कर ताम ज़र्द गोमुत, मगर 'सिको दिल कर' याद कॅरिथ ओसुस बु बोहोदुर आसनुक बास

दिवान। सानि जमॉच मंज़ु सेहतु हिसाबु सारिवुय खोतु सरस ग्वलाम रसूल ओस अँदरी क्याहताम परान। मे युथुय तस ज़ीर दिच, सु आव हलकॉर्य हून्य सुंघ पाँठ्य मे चॅपिस। मगर ज़ेवि ह्योकुन नु कैह वॅनिथ। जलाल दीन तु राज नाथ ऑस्य अख अँकिस तिथु पाँठ्य थफ कॅरिथ, ज़न तु अलग न गछनुक कसम ओसुख ख्योमुत। जय कौल ओस ह्यमथ सौबुरावन बापथ सिग्रेटस दामाह दामाह दिवान, मगर यिनु खयालुय ज़ि सिग्रेट मा ओस ज़ालुनय। मुनीर अहमद ओस क्याहताम सौंचान, शायद हालातन साम ह्यवान। सु ओस टीम लीडर, अमि किन्य ऑस सॉरुय ज़िमवारी तँस्य। हनीफ खानस ओस बुथ व्वज़ल्योमुत मगर ज़्यव नदारद। यि ओस नु समजुय यिवान ज़ि सु छा फ़ट सुत्य व्वज़ल्योमुत किनु जोश छुस आमुत।

ख़ुम लूठ अकि अंद तुलिथ दिच मुनीर अहमद न बेयि नज़र। अजि बरि मंज़ु लोगुस बु ति न्यबर कुन वुछनि, मगर वॉलिंजि थॅवम चीरु थफ कॅरिथ। सुह ओस ज़ोतवनि अँछ कॅरिथ असी कुन वुछान। फ़ट सुत्य ऑस मे सुह सुंज़ अकॉय अँछ यिवान बोज़नु मगर मुनीर अहमद न वोन दूशुवय अँछ छस ज़ोतान। कथ करुनस ओस नु इजाज़थ काँसि, यि सोरुय ओस इशारव सुत्य यिवान वननु। मुनीर अहमदुनि वननु पतु वुछ मे बेयि अकि लटि वारु पाँठ्य। व्वन्य आयि मे ति सुह सुंज़ दूशुवय अँछ ठीख पाँठ्य बोज़नु। राज नाथन ति कोर अथ कथि तॉयीद। जलाल दीनस आसु नु अँछ यिवान अथी कैह, मगर तस ऑस सुह सुंदि त्रेश च्यनुच आवाज़ साफ कनन गछान। तँम्य वोन असि कनस तल, “बा ख्वदा छुव सुह आबस ख्वलुव कॅरिथ त्रेश चवान। बु छुसवु येत्यथ बिहिथ ति तसुंज़ु आवाज़ बराबर बोज़ान।” जय कौलस आयि नु तसुंज़ि कथि सुत्य बराबंदी कैह। दोपुनस मे छु फिलुमन मंज़ वारु वुछमुत, सुह छुनु ज़हुन्य ख्वलुव कॅरिथ त्रेश चवान। जलाल दीनन हेचोव तस सुत्य तकरार करुन मगर मुनीर अहमदस

कुन नज़र प्यथ वॅरुन छुवपु। अकि लटि त्रॉव असि बेयि बरि मँज्य नज़र। अनि गट ऑस ज़बरदस्त। अँछन मूरन मूरन दिथ ऑस्य अँस्य यि वुछनुच कूशिश करान ज़ि अमि पतु क्याह सपदि।

राज नाथस पथ कुन दकु दिथ आस बु ब्रॉह कुन। मे वुछ सुह वारु कारु त्रेश चवान। अमि पतु वोथ सु थोद तु कोडुन काड। तसुंद बाडव वुछिथ गव मे हॉबथ। हालांकि अनि गटि मँज्य ओस नु तसुंद पान यिवान बराबर बोज़नु कैह मगर तसुंज़ छाय ऑस साफ बोज़नु यिवान। छायि हिसाबु आसिहे सु शे फ़ट ज़्यूठ। मे युथुय तसुंदि काड कडनुच शेछ मुनीर अहमदस वँन्य, तँम्य ति दिच खोचान खोचान बेयि नज़र। ग्वडु ग्वडु आव नु तस कैह अथि। सु ओस वुनि ति वनान ज़ि सुह छु त्रेशुय चवान। मगर येलि तँम्य वारु साम हेच, तँम्य वुछ वारु कारु सुह खडा गोमुत। तसुंदि हिसाबु ओस सुह चोरुय फ़ट ज़्यूठ।

अचानक दिच ग्वलाम रसूलन क्रख ‘हयो मूद्य हा!’ अँस्य आयि अख अँकिस प्यठ लायिनु। काँसि आव नु समज ज़ि ग्वलाम रसूलस कथ प्यठ चँज क्रख नीरिथ। येलि मुनीर अहमद न पृछुस, तँम्य वोन हॉरान गॉछिथ, “त्वहि बूज़वु ना सुह सुंज़ ग़ज़?” मे तु मुनीर अहमद न हिलोव नकारस मंज़ कलु, मगर जलाल दीनन कोर तस तॉयीद। दोपुन, “बा ख्वदा बूज़ मे पानु सुह सुंज़ खतरनाख ग़ज़। मगर मे वॅरु अवु म्वखु छुवपु ज़ि त्वहि मा गछिथु फ़ट।” जलाल दीनुन्य यि कथ बूज़िथ द्राव असि न्यसुब जुव। अम्युक मतलब गव ज़ि सुह ओस वारु कारु व्वन्य असि ख्यनस ज़ागान। जय कौलन ओस व्वन्य सिग्रेट पथर थोवमुत। शायद ओस तस एहसास गोमुत ज़ि सिग्रेट छु ज़ालुनय।

मे ह्योत तथ गरि डाख करुन यथ गरि बु मुनीर अहमदुन्यन कथनमंज़ यिथ तस सुत्य ऐडवेंचर करनि द्रास। मे हेच अँदरी पनुनिस मॉलिस माजि मॉफी ज़ि मे ह्योक नु तुहँदि खॉतरु किहिन्य कॅरिथ तु पुंघुह वुहरि पानय लोगुस सुहस छेपि। मे ह्योतुन अँछव मंज़ ओश वसुन। अकि अकि पेयम पनुन्य सॉरी अंग ऑशुनाव तु यार दोस याद। वुछान

वुछान ह्योत मे टुंगि वदुन, तु मे वुछिथ ह्योत सारिवुय मे सुत्य सुत्य वदुन। व्वन्य ओस यि आँखुरी वख तु असि थँव सारिवुय अख अँकिस चिरु थफ कँरिथ। मे ह्योत मनु मँजी यँद्राँखी पाठ परुन।

अँस्य अँस्य कुल आँठ नफर टीमस मंज। शे ऐडवेंचर करन वॉल्य याने मुनीर अहमद, ग्वलाम रसूल, जय कौल, राज नाथ, जलाल दीन तु बु, बेयि ज़ु वुली हनीफ खान तु कसाना। दरअस्ल गँछय अँस्य कुल काह नफर आसुन्य, मगर म्यॉन्य बेयि त्रे यार, यिमहर हमेशु मे सुती अँस्य आसान, आयि नु येमि लटि असि सुत्य कैह। वननु पॉठ्य वोन तिमव जि अँस्य छि आवुर्य मगर मे ओस पूर येकीन जि तिम खूच्य जंगलस कुन नेरुनस। म्यॉनिस मिनतु करुनस ति आव नु हॉसिल कैह। तिमव कोर असि सुत्य यिनस साफ इनकार।

वति पकान पकान तु बालु डकरि खसान खसान आव असि पोग। अँकिस दु-वॉतिस प्यठ वॉतिथ गँयि कसाना तु हनीफ खान असि निशि छयनु। अँस्य द्रायि अकि वति तु तिम द्रायि रछाह वीर्य वॉतिथ बेयि वति। यि कथ लँज नु असि जलदुय पताह कैह। अँस्य येलि दुपहरस बाँग्य अँकिस ल्वकृटिस मरगस प्यठ वॉत्य, त्रेश च्यनु बापथ दिच असि सामानस छाँड। मगर अफसूस! त्रेश तु दूद ओस तथ सामानस सुत्य रूदमुत युस कसानाहस तु हनीफ खानस अथि ओस। अँस्य रूद्य प्रारान, मगर तिम आयि नु कैह। गंट जोराह प्रॉरिथ द्युत मुनीर अहमुदन होकुम ब्रॉठ पकनुक। असि ओस नु नर्यन जंगन जुवाह ज्यताह कैह, मगर टीम लीडर सुंद होकुम मा बनिहे टालुन? यिथु तिथु वॉत्य अँस्य पाँछ बजे बाँग्य बजि मरगि प्यठ तु द्युत अति डेर। अति ओस नागाह अख तु असि सारिवुय लॉज नागस प्यठ तिथु पॉठ्य त्रेश चैन्य ज़न नु बेयि अँकिस वॉरियस अँस्य पोन्व वुछुहॉव। रछाह गँछिथ पेयि कसाना तु हनीफ खान ति वॉतिथ। तिहंज्र हालत आँस सानि खोतु ति खराब। तिमव बिचार्यव आँस नु त्रेश सुत्य आँसिथ ति वति त्रेश चेमच। हनीफ खानन वोन जि तिम अँस्य वथ रॉविथ परेशान हाल तु सिरिफ असि छाँडनुच कूशिश करान।

ग्वडु लँग्य अँस्य साँरी खुमु गंडुनस। खुमु गँडिथुय बाँगरॉव मुनीर अहमुदन बाक्य कॉम। जलाल दीनस तु राज नाथस आव बतु स्युन रनुनुक चार्ज दिनु। ग्वलाम रसूलन तु

जय कौलन हेच खुमन अँद्य अँद्य नॉल्य बनावनुच मटिदॉरी। हनीफ खानन तु कसानाहन ह्योत नागु प्यठ पोन्व सारुन तु मुनीर अहमुदन तु मे ह्योत कैप फायर लागनु खॉतरु होख होख ज्युन छाँडुन। राज नाथ द्राव अँद्य पँख्य अलाकुच साम हेनि। गरज प्रथ कांह नफर गव पनुनिस पनुनिस कारस सुत्य आवुर।

जंगलस मंज छे सुली राथ प्यवान। बतु ख्यनु ब्रॉठ लँग्य अँस्य पानुवँन्य कथाह बाथाह करनि। हनीफ खान ओस पनुनि बहोदरी हुंज्रु दँलीलु बोजुनावान। बंदूक तु बंदूकच लासन आसनु म्खु ओस सु विजि विजि हाइकिंग पारटियन सुत्य गछान, युथ ज़न तिमन वख्ते ज़रुरथ जंगली जानवरव निशि बचॉविथ हेकि। अमि सुत्य आँस तस जान कर्मॉय सपदान, हालांकि तसुंदि वननु मुताँबिक ओस नु तस वुनिस ताम काँसि जंगली जानवरस सुत्य रू-बरु मुकाबलु सपुदमुत। हनीफ खान ओस सेहतु जान मगर शक्लि बद। बासान ओस जि तसुंज शक्ल वुछिथुय हेयिहे सुह तु हापुत पथ।

तकरीबन नव बजे राथ ह्योत असि कैप फायर करनु बापथ ज्युन आयि आयि लागुन। फॉसलु गव जि वैम्प फायरस ब्रॉह कनि ख्यमव बतु। वुनि ओस असि अथ चुख दिनय जि ग्वलाम रसूलस गँयि कनन क्याहताम आवाज़। दोपुन कुस ताम छु बासान दूरि पकान। असि दिच प्रथ तरफु नजर। अनि गट आसन म्खु आव नु कैह लबनु। पतु द्युत कन। मे बास्यव नु कैह मगर जलाल दीनस बास्यव साफ। दोपुन हँकीकतन छे ववसु ताम बलायि नागस कुन यिवान। यि बूजिथ कोर मुनीर अहमुदन असि बँडिस खुमस अंदर अचनुक इशारु। अँस्य चायि खुमस अंदर तु बीठ्य साँरी अख आँकिस सुत्य, यीतिस कालस मुनीर अहमुदन वारु पॉठ्य हालातन साम हेच। तसुंदि यि वननु पतु जि पँज्य पॉठ्य छे कमि ताम बलायि हुंदि पकनुच आवाज़ गछान, फँट असि तुर। यि कथ गँयि पतु सरु जि बुथि यिनु वाजेन्य बलाय ओस सुह।

यँद्राँखी परान परानुय बूज मे मुनीर अहमुदन्य कथ। सु ओस ल्वति ल्वती हनीफ खानस बंदूक कडनु खॉतरु वनान। हनीफ खानस प्यव व्वन्य याद जि तस ओस बंदूक ति सुत्य। तँम्य कँड पनुनि जोलनु मंज्रु दु-नँल्य। मुनीर अहमुदन त्रॉव तस जाय तु सु आव ब्रॉह कुन। जाय संबॉलिथ लोग हनीफ

खानन दु-नलि सुत्य निशानु गंडुन। हनीफ खान ओस तयार गूल्य चलावनसज़ि जलाल दीनन दिचक्रख। दोपुनस, खबरदार छुय, युथ नु गूल्य चलावख। असि दोप यि गव सह वुछिथुय पागल। मे ह्योत तस ड्यकस अथ लॉगिथ तफ वुछुन। तॅम्य द्युत मे दकु तु वोननु, “म्यॉन्त्य मॉल्य छु वोनमुत ज़ि हरगाह सह गूल्य लॉगिथ ज़ख्मी गछि तु मरि नु कैह, तेलि छु सु ज़बरदस्त खतरनाक सपदान तु युस बुथि पेयस तस छु ख्यवान।” असि सूंच यि आसि पोज़ुय वनान। मगर हनीफ खान ओस नु यि बोज़नु खॉतरु तयार कॅह। तॅम्य दोप मे छि सॉरुय खबर तु अथ मामुलस मंज़ छे नु मे काँसि निशि ति कॅह हेछिनुच ज़रूरथ।

अँदरु ऑस हमलु दमल चलान ज़ि सहस छा गूल्य लायिन्य किनु नु, नेबर्य ओस सह बे-वायि असि कुन वुछान। जलाल दीनन कॅर बंदूकस थफ युथ नु हनीफ खान गूल्य चलावि। मुनीर अहमद चाव मंज़। तॅम्य ह्योत जलाल दीन समजावुन मगर सु ओस नु बोज़नुस तयारुय। यीतिस कालस पेयि जय कौलस न्यबर कुन नज़र। दोपुन सह छु वारु वारु असि कुन पकान। कसानाहन दिच वॉलिंज अथस मंज़ रॅटिथ अख चूर नज़र। तस चॅज वदन बाख नीरिथ। दोपुन सह छु बिलकुल खुमस नेबरु कनि बिहिथ। सारिन्य चॅज खवरव तलु मेच नीरिथ। हनीफ खान व्शल्यव ज़्यादय पहान। दोपुन व्वन्य छु नु गूल्य चलावनुक मोकय। गूल्य चलावन्य गव साफ सहस हमलु करनुक दावथ द्युन। मे गव व्वन्य यँद्रॉखी परुन ति मॅशिथुय। अचानक गव जय कौल थोद वॅथिथ। दोपुन, “हयो, मे छुमवु अँकिस फिल्मि मंज़ युथुय सीन वुछमुत। सह ओस ब्रॉठ कनि ऑस वाहरॉविथ। हीरोयिन ऑस फ़टु सुत्य मूमच। स्व ऑस सहस निशि मसाह शे फ़टु दूर। हीरो ओस दूरि वुछान मगर सहस ब्रॉठ कुन यिनस बॅहर्यव नु कॅह। सह ओस अख नज़र हीरोहस कुन दिवान तु ब्याख नज़र हीरोयिनि कुन। तमि पतु पोक सु ज़ु कदम बेयि हीरोयिनि कुन। व्वन्य ओस सु तयार तस प्यठ जेफ्य मारुनस ज़ि हीरोहस प्यव ज़न। तॅम्य वुछ ब्रॉठ कनि अख गासु लोव। वुछान वुछान तुल तॅम्य सु गासु लोव तु द्युतुन लाइटरु सुत्य तथ च़ुख। गासु लॉविस लोग नार। हीरोहन तुज कुनी दव तु आव दज़वुन गासु लोव ह्यथ सहस कुन। युथुय सहस तस प्यठ नज़र पेयि, तॅम्य

त्रॉव हीरोयिन अँती तु चोल कुनी दव तुलिथ।” जलाल दीनन वोनसु, “चोन मतलब छा अँस्य ति ज़ालव गासु लोव। गासु कति छु?” जय कौलन वोनसु, “हता पागुलाह! लॅश छना?” यि वॅनिथ तुज जय कौलन अख लशि हॅट अथस मंज़ तु न्यून तथ च़ुख दिथ। पतु ज़ॉजिन ब्याख हॅट तु रचन दृश्य लशि अथन मंज़। अमि पतु तुजि बाक्यव ति लशि तु द्युतुख तिमन च़ुख। मुनीर अहमुदन तुल खुमस पर्दु थोद तु सॉरी द्रायि दज़वुनि लशि नचुनावान नचुनावान न्यबर। खोचु बुड आसनु किन्य रूद्य बु तु कसाना पथुय। मगर मे आव यकदम खयाल ज़ि यिम सॉरी द्रायि लशि ह्यथ न्यबर तु सह यीतन यपॉर्य तु नीतन असि ख्यथ। अँस्य दवेयि तिमन पतु पतु। तमि पतु यि सपद्यव, ति मतु पृछ्यतव।

अँस्य फीर्य लशि ह्यथ सारिन्य खुमन अँद्य अँद्य। तमि पतु गॅयि नागस ताम। न ओस कुनि सह तु न तसुंद कांह निशानु। असि दिच अनि गटि मंज़ुय सॉरिसुय अलाकस छॉड। कुनि गव नु कांह नज़रि। ग्वलाम रसूलन त्रोव असुन। अमि पतु आव नु समुज कॅह, वॅम्य त्रोव कस पतु असुन।

फ़टुतमस मंज़ुय ओस असि अडचन सह बास्योमुत तु अडचन तसुंज छाय, काँसि सु त्रेश चवान बास्योमुत तु काँसि असि कुन पकान। च़कि नु किहिन्य। वापस यिथ द्युत असि ज़िनिस नार।

कॅप फायर ओस तयस प्यठ दज़ान। ट्राईपाडस प्यठ ऑस्य सोबूथ क्वकर बुज़नु बापथ अलूद। जलाल दीन तु जय कौल ऑस्य ख्यनु चनुक सामानु सजॉविथ लागान। मुनीर अहमुदस प्यव ह्यस। यिनु कांह हंगु मंगु बंदूकस थफ दियि तु गूल्य गछि नीरिथ। तॅम्य कोर हनीफ खानस आलव तु दोपुनस बंदूक अन। हनीफ खानन ओन बंदूक तु द्युतुन मुनीर अहमुदस। तॅम्य मुचुरोव गोलि वापस कडनु खॉतरु बंदूकुक मैग्ज़ीन। मगर यि क्याह! दु-नॅल्य ऑस गोल्यव वरॉयी। मुनीर अहमुदस गव बुथ्युक रंग फॅक्य। हनीफ खान ओस कटु चेश्मव सुत्य गरा खॉली बंदूकस कुन वुछान तु गरा मुनीर अहमुदिस बुथिस कुन।

हनीफ खान ओस दु-नलि मंज़ गोलि त्रावनु वरॉयी सह शिकार गिंदनि ब्यूठमुत। अदु ख्वसु रुसवॉयी अमि पतु तस गॅयि, स्व मतु गॅछ्यतन काँसि।

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## Your Own Page

## ART IN EXILE



**Collaged Painting No. 10**  
**'Shri Raginya Bhagwati in OM'**

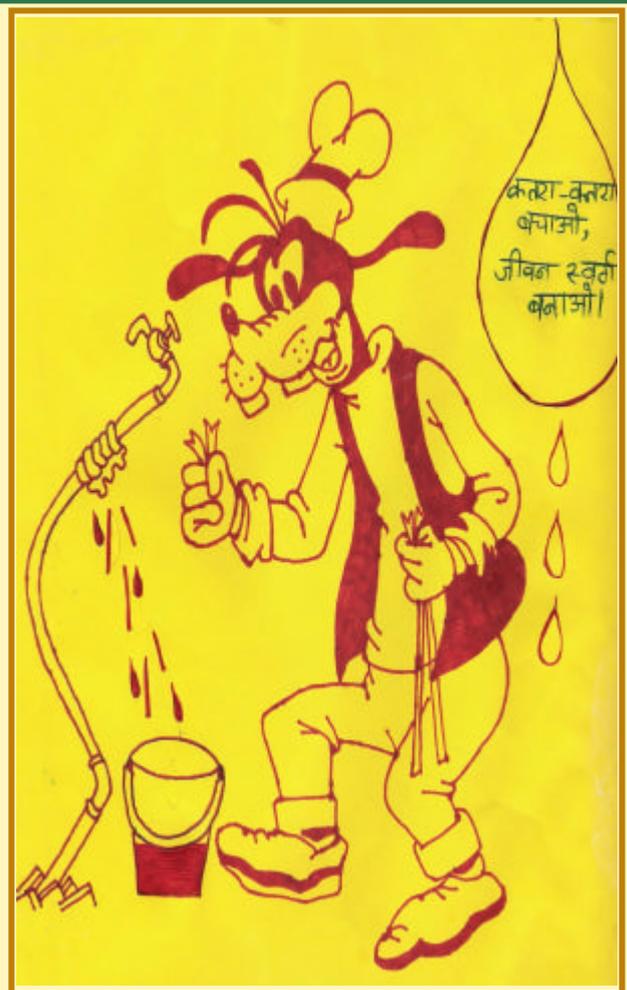
**Om Shri Maatre Namah!**

Shri Raginya is the Divine Mother, who abides in the sacred *KUNDA* at Tullamula. The Kunda is the Divine expression of AUM/OM, represented by the blue background. The rising Sun is known as the *Baalarka* and the crescent is the crown of Shri Raginya. all red collage represents energy within AUM. The *KAMAL*/lotus is the *Aasana* - celestial seat of the Divine Mother. The blue dot within the Shivalingam is the inherent energy of Shiva in the form of *MAHA BINDU*.

Shiva in the top is the 'Sada Shiva' aspect of the Kashmir Shaivism.



**Chaman Lal Raina, Miami, USA**  
[rainachamanlal@yahoo.com](mailto:rainachamanlal@yahoo.com)



**Qatra Qatra Bachaao**  
**Jeevan Swarg Banaao**

Painting by:

**Vitasta Bulbul Raina**

Vitasta Bulbul Raina, a 9th class student of Sophia School, Ajmer, is a budding artist. This painting drawn by her, shows the water scarcity in Rajasthan. Vitasta Bulbul Raina has so far drawn some twenty paintings in connection with preserving the environment.

SPECIAL FEATURE

**Life and Works**

**of**



**Triloki Nath Dhar 'Kundan'**

**Special Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**



## Kundan – A Perfect Example of a Great Litterateur

– M.K.Raina



*[Shri Triloki Nath Dhar 'Kundan' is the Consulting Editor of 'här-van'. He has been closely working with me since my association with 'aalav', but frankly speaking, this is not the reason inspiring me to carry a special feature on him in this e-journal. Kundan Sahib is a man of great repute, a knowledgeable person and a renowned writer. His contribution to literature, especially Kashmiri literature, has been immense. His lecture on the topic of 'Five Millennia old Culture of Kashmir' in Delhi, the text of which I had the chance of reading on net long back and which in fact inspired me to write about him, can undoubtedly be considered as a piece of great literary value. I consider Kundan Sahib a perfect example of a great litterateur and this 'Special Feature' on his life and works is a small contribution in recognition of that. - M.K.Raina]*

**B**ack in Kashmir, I used to write short stories and poetry in Kashmiri (occasionally in Urdu) as a good pastime. Though some of my poems got published in 'Srinagar Times', an Urdu daily of Srinagar, others never saw light of the day. My zest in writing fiction came to a grinding halt when the Daily editor published one of my poems 'Yaa Dekh Kar Woh Chup Hai, Ya La-Makaan Hai Khaali' with great hesitation, doubting it to be a plagiarized piece. That was in the year 1988. After our exodus in 1990, I got settled in Mumbai and subsequently, got associated with the 'Milchar', the quarterly community magazine of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai. My insatiate interest in the Kashmiri language got a boost with the encouragement I got from Shri P.N.Wali, the then Editor-in-Chief of the journal. It was then that I took up the pen very seriously and paid more attention to writing fiction. In due course of time, my short stories were also accepted by Koshur Samachar, which further encouraged me. In the process, it was clear to me that the fiction writing was not merely a leisure-time activity but a very serious assignment which needs one to tap all the wisdom at his/her command.

The 'Milchar' provided me a platform to publish and read other authors' works, as also to make my own writings public. As its coordinating editor, I tried to contact as many writers as I could, to get material for the magazine. Thus, I came in contact with some well-known names in literature and subsequently managed to meet some of them personally to acquaint myself with their personalities, their works and their passionate desire to serve literature and language.

During my frequent visits to Jammu in late nineties, I personally met some prominent writers like Arjun Dev Majboor, P.N.Koul Sayil, Bimla Raina, Dr. R.L.Shant, Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, to quote a few. In spite of my best efforts, I could not meet Dr. Amar Malmohi though I spoke to him on phone a couple of times. I could not however locate T.N.Dhar Kundan and Dr. Hari Krishen Kaul.

It was in the year 2004, when Shri R.K.Mattoo, Chief Editor of 'aalav', the monthly magazine of Kashmiri Hindu Cultural Welfare Trust, Bangalore rang me up and requested

me to take over the editorship of Hindi-Kashmiri Section of aalav. It was an honour for me, for not only to be the editor of a prestigious magazine, but also for being able to work with as knowledgeable a person as Kundan Sahib, who had by that time shifted to Bangalore and appointed as Consulting Editor of 'aalav'. Though Kundan Sahib hails from the same place in Srinagar as I hail from, I have never had a chance to meet him, may be because of my posting outside Srinagar for the entire span of my service career.



### **K**undan Sahib, as I know him:

Kundan Sahib's write-ups in community journals, which earlier I had access to, dealt mostly with the topics on Religion, Mysticism, spirituality and philosophy of life. I had, after taking note of his bald, his large glasses and face-contours in the black & white photographs published in magazines, combined with the themes of his write-ups, always thought of him as a reserved and less-sociable person. Before I actually took over as Editor, the news of my intent to join 'aalav' team reached Sunil Fotedar in Texas, USA. He immediately provided me a brief about Kundan Sahib. Sunil was so praiseful of him that I really got elated to think of working with him. And, when I read Kundan Sahib's letter published in 'aalav', wherein he welcomed me with open arms into the 'aalav' team, I was really elevated in spirit.

During the Annual Cultural Event of Bangalore Samiti in December 2004, I had the chance of meeting Kundan Sahib in person. Only after an hour of face to face and heart to heart interaction, Kundan Sahib shattered all my absurd notions and proved himself not only a loveable person but also a writer par excellence.

Working for 'aalav' in close association with Kundan Sahib, has been a great experience for me. In his company, I did not only do my work as editor of the journal very smoothly, but also learned a lot from him. It was really a perfect mental connection between our thoughts, feelings, ideas, and above all, the craving concern for our fast-

**Special**  **Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N. Dhar 'Kundan'**

vanishing culture and language.

Editing the Kashmiri section of a community magazine is not a smooth job. It is laborious, stressful and time consuming, not because it is a difficult job and hard to work on, but because not many people come forth to contribute to this section. Most of the material sent by authors for publication, is old stuff already published in other magazines. In order to keep the section running, one has to approach authors at personal level, request them to send exclusive materials so as to keep interest of the reader intact. And when the material is received, it is generally in hard copies, hand written in Persio-Arabic or non-standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Scripts. The whole material is to be digitised in the Standardised Kashmiri Script, which in itself is a difficult job and can not be easily accomplished because there are not many DTP operators well versed with Kashmiri language and its Standardised Script. The result is that the editor is put to tremendous amount of pressure to keep the date set for release of the journal. For instance, from April 2007 to December 2007, I had to type 12 pages of Hindi-Kashmiri Section of 'aalav' every month all by myself as the boys who previously worked for me, left the job and opted for other assignments. Undoubtedly, the Hindi-Kashmiri Section of 'aalav' continued to be published gracefully and without any hitch, because there was Kundan Sahib at the other end of my phone line, ever ready with his suggestions, advices, input materials and all that I wanted from him to run the show. If ever I was short of material for a page or two, he would invariably get alerted on receiving my call, take his computer seat and compose a poem or write an essay or a short story and transfer it to me through mail, even if it meant spoiling his own engagements. He would also readily furnish references to some valuable writeups by other authors for reproduction in the journal. I pay my obeisance to him.

### **L**ife and Works of Kundan Sahib:

Kundan Sahib was born and brought up in Srinagar. He studied in National High School, S.P. College and Amar Singh College and graduated first with English Literature, Sanskrit and Economics. Afterwards he did his Honours in Sanskrit followed by Prabhakara in Hindi after a year, standing first in the University in both these courses. Later he did his I.C.W.A from the London Institute of Chartered Cost and Works Accountants.

From the early childhood, Kundan Sahib wrote poetry in Kashmiri and Hindi. In both the colleges, he was the editor of the Hindi section of the college magazines. Some of the distinguished teachers who taught him are Prof. Pushp, Prof Baljinnath Pandita, Prof S.L Sadhu, Prof T.N. Raina, Prof J.L.Kaul and Prof. S.L.Pandita. During his

student days, Kundan Sahib had the good luck of meeting great poets like Master Zinda Kaul, Gulam Ahmed Mehjoor, Ali Sardar Jaffri, Jagannath Azad, Makhmoor Dehlvi and Devendra Satyarthi.

After a brief stint as a teacher, Shri Kundan joined Radio Kashmir, where he wrote scripts, read news and took part in skits. There he came into contact with Pardesi Sahib and Nazki Sahib, as also with most of the contemporary writers, poets and dramatists of Kashmir. Kundan Sahib translated many of Pardesi's short stories from Urdu to Hindi. He got associated with Young Writers' Association and the Bazme-Adab, where he met almost all the great names in Kashmiri literature including Nadim, Rahi, Firaq, Premi and Almast. During this period there was hardly any Mushaira, which he did not participate in. He wrote under the pen name of 'Kundan' and soon was known in the literary circles. Later he joined Indian Audit Department and was posted first at Meerut. From there he was able to take part in the literary activities at Delhi, organized by Shri B.N.Kaul and Shri S.N.Bhat 'Haleem' and others.

Shri Kundan has written exclusively on Kashmir, its political scenario and religious practices of its original inhabitants, the Kashmiri Pandits. He was a regular contributor to 'Kong Posh', 'Pamposh' and 'Koshur Samachar'. After some years he was posted to Delhi where he had the privilege of editing all the three sections of the 'Koshur Samachar' sometime or the other. In January 1967, he represented the Kashmiri language on the national hook up on the AIR in 'Sarva-bhasha Kavi Sammelan' and his poem was rendered into Hindi by Bal Krishna Rao. Many of his Kashmiri Poems have been included in the anthologies brought out by the Sahitya Academy, New Delhi and The J&K Academy of Arts, Culture and Languages. For the last a few years, he has also been writing in English.

Shri Kundan got Pt. Prem Nath Bhat award for amateur journalism in the year 2000. Apart from being Editor of the Hindi-Kashmiri Section of 'aalav', he is the Consulting Editor of monthly 'harvan', the net-journal of Project Zaan.

Shri Kundan has taken part in the literary functions at Meerut organized by the local poets, at London, organized by the 'Bazme Tafrih', at Mainpuri arranged by Ekranand College and at Delhi organized by KECSS and other organizations. From 1980 to 1995, he had the honour of working in the apex body of Sanskrit Education, Rashtriya Sanskrit Sansthan, the Foundation for Vedic Studies, Rashtriya Veda Vidya Pratishthan and Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri Sanskrit Vidyapeetha - a Deemed University. During this period Shri Kundan was able to know and interact with prominent Sanskrit scholars, visit most of the traditional and modern Sanskrit Institutions and get to know the gamut of our rich spiritual and philosophical

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literature.

Kundan Sahib has the following published works to his credit:

**English:**

1. 'A Portrait of Indian Culture' published by Rashtriya Sanskrit Sansthan.
2. A Window on Kashmir
3. Bhagavad Gita, the Elixir of Life
4. Exploring the Mysterious
5. Understanding Education
6. Philosophy of a Common Man
7. Saints and Sages of Kashmir
8. The Saint Extra-Ordinary, Bhagavaan Gopinath
9. On the Path of Spirituality
10. Kashmiri Pandit Community - A Profile
11. Inner World Outer World

**Hindi:**

1. Main Pyasa Hun (I am Thirsty) - A collection of Hindi Poems
2. Main Samudra Hun (I am an Ocean) A collection of Hindi Poems
3. Guru Se Samvad (Dialogue with a Preceptor)

**Kashmiri:**

1. Sopun Tu Sonch (A Dream and a Thought) - A collection of Kashmiri Poems.

One more collection of his Kashmiri poems, a collection of his Kashmiri Short Stories, a collection of his Urdu Ghazals and a small collection of essays in English are in the pipeline and may see the light of the day in the near future. In addition two more books in English, 'Kashmiri Pandit Community - a Profile' and 'On the Path of Spirituality' are shortly being published by the Mittal Publishers, Ansari Road, New Delhi.

Apart from 'aalaav' and 'här-van', Shri Kundan contributes his articles to all other prominent journals brought out by Kashmiri organisations in the country. He says, "My endeavour has always been to maintain purity of diction and originality of thought. I have never bothered about name and fame or recognition because writing is my passion and it gives me a spiritual solace."

Shri Kundan has taken part in various seminars organized by KECSS, NCERT, JNU, Kalidas Academy and Himalayan Institute. He has read papers on various topics at various forums. He delivered a lecture on the topic of 'Five Millennia old Culture of Kashmir' in Delhi at the invitation of Ragnya Prasad Memorial Foundation. The function was presided over by the Chairman, Delhi Chapter of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan. The contents of this lecture, amply provide the proof of Kundan Sahib's high intellect and vast knowledge. In fact, it is this writeup, which in the year 2006, inspired me to bring out a special feature on him in the 'Milchar' of Mumbai, but limitation of

pages restricted me from doing so. Thankfully, the 'här-van' has provided me enough space to fulfil my long pending desire.

Kundan Sahib has a penchant for Sanskrit names. Many years back, he started contributing a monthly column in 'Koshur Samachar' and named it 'Anamika' meaning nameless (incidentally the fourth finger in our hand is called Anamika in Sanskrit). This column continued for about five years. It used to explain mythological, social and spiritual background of important festivals falling in the month and other connected details. It also gave the details of the life and message of sages and savants of Kashmir, whose birth or death anniversary would fall during that month. This was a very popular column with the readers and reactions from Kashmiris living abroad used to pour in frequently. Likewise he has been contributing a regular monthly column in 'aalaav' as well for many years now. This he has named 'Shuklam' meaning spotless white, the colour of the dress of Sharada, the goddess of learning. This again is appropriate because Kashmir is called 'Sharada Peetha' and the column is full of information about Kashmir, Kashmiris and their problems. He is an ardent advocate of preserving our language, culture, tradition, identity and customs with due regard to the changed circumstances. This is reflected in these monthly columns amply.

For nearly two years, Shri Kundan contributed a regular monthly column in the 'Naad'. This was titled 'About Ourselves'. This column also highlighted the characteristics and peculiarities of the Kashmiri Pandit community and brought out the features of their profile. These columns show not only his pride of belonging to an intellectual community but also his keen desire to know the rationale behind all our customs and their relevance and his unique way of sharing his findings with the readers, young and old.

On taking over additional assignment at Dubai, I had to, though with a heavy heart, opt out of the editorship of Hindi-Kashmiri Section of 'aalaav' with effect from January 2008, which ultimately Kundan Sahib himself took over. My association with him however, continues unabated for the 'här-van', the monthly net-journal of Project Zaan. When I started the journal in August 2007, I was not sure if I would be able to accord it the pace and grace it deserved as the first KP net-journal. I banked heavily on Kundan Sahib and I have no hesitation to say that I never got disappointed. With the grace of Almighty and continued support of both readers and the contributors, the journal is doing well and can undoubtedly be counted as one among the best community journals.

Kundan Sahib is proud of being a Kashmiri. His verse "बु छुस कौशुर, मे कौशुर आसनुच तेह" reflects his feelings

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in clear terms. He loves his motherland as much as anybody else and feels lacerated at being hounded out of the valley by terror. He expresses his pain in the following verses:

अँछ लँज अरुमानन असि स्रोत गव  
रेश्य वारि साने वोथ गटुकार  
अकोतुय वुन्यक्यन सोरुय कोत गव  
कोत गव तीजुक सुय वजुजार ?  
बूजिथ तु डीशिथ कुन्दन मोत गव  
फवलवुन बाग ओस, गोस वथुवार  
रोनुमुत सोरुय कवु सनु होत गव  
कोत गव तीजुक सुय वजुजार ?

Kundan Sahib is a copious writer, graced with abundant literary knowledge. In fact, he is an institution by himself. He can write in all the three languages i.e. English, Hindi and Kashmiri with equal ease. He is as comfortable with Persio-Arabic script of Kashmiri as with its Devanagari script. He can write on any subject, be it literature, religion, politics, mysticism, cultural heritage, language or worldly affairs. His essays are informative and provide lot of knowledge on varied subjects. His short stories are absorbing and meaningful. His poetry reveals that he is a person dedicated to great Kashmiri ethos and high values of life. His flight of thought combined with elegant diction and simple narration give credence to his poems and the reader is simply mesmerised. Sample the following:

माल फिरवान अख बुडाह अख  
लेफि गँत्यसुय मंज्र चँमिथ  
गाशि रछु चेश्मय अमा पोऒ  
तँम्य तिथय वँन्य ड्यूठ दय

And this:

चकुट्य चामुत्य परिन्य गँमुत्य मे अंदु वंद  
छि मा नालस अँकिस क्यथु बो ह्यमख ग्रंद  
चु सुवहख चाख जिगरुक्य ब्याख कथ अँस  
दिवान तुर तुर वपर सुवनुक्य करान फंद

The emotional substance in many of Kundan Sahib's simple verses, are reflective of his sensitive feelings. On reading the following verses, I was simply transported to my childhood era, when my mother would reprimand me for throwing pebbles into a nearby pond to splash

around:

दिवान ओस अख शुराह अख बतखनुय छग  
हता दिग हा दियी, थँच माजि हँट्य रग ।  
बनॉविथ लोरि वुकुटनस गुर, दवान शुर  
तँमिस गिंदु बाशि ज़न, हृति माजि डँब्य दग ।।

Shri U.K.Kaul thinks of Kundan Sahib as a protagonist of humanism, peace and love. He says, "I wonder why he has not been written about and why those who are knowledgeable and better qualified in this field, have not evaluated his contribution as a poet all these years."

Dr. Chaman Lal Raina of Florida International University, USA, enjoys reading Kundan Sahib's write-ups on Kashmiri tradition and culture. He congratulates Kundan Sahib for his dedication for preserving and documenting the cultural ethos of Kashmir. After reading Kundan Sahib's Hindi poem 'Kav' in January 2008 issue of 'här-van', Shri Raina recorded, "(The author) has put the essence of Kaavya Shastra in these Hindi verses though written in free verse. Me and Jaya ji discussed this poem, and really enjoyed the quitesentials of the poem. I would request (him) to render the same poem in Kashmiri."

Frankly speaking, I have myself been more often murmuring two lines of one of his poems, even unwittingly, **चे द्युतुथम दिलासा, योहय लसि गिलासा** and feeling cool, enjoying the company of some one very caring.

By quoting two couplets from one of his poems, I would like to endorse author's aspirations and look for that 'Aash' in this enlightened world:

व्वलो बागस अचव पोशन करव गँद्य ।  
व्वलो पेचानुनुय अँस्य वाँकु पारव ।।  
ओतामथ अँस्य गटि मंज्र गाश छारान ।  
वँलिव गाशस अंदर व्वन्य आश छारव ।।

It may not be out of place to mention that Kundan Sahib is one among a few KPs to write Kashmiri in Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri script on a computer, all by himself. Shri Kundan is now settled at Bangalore. His address is Villa No. 19, Vaswani Ashton Woods, Kariyamma Aghara, Bellandur, Bangalore 560103. His telephone number is 080-28540420. His profile can also be accessed at [www.ikashmir.net/kundan/index.html](http://www.ikashmir.net/kundan/index.html) and contacted through his e-mail [trilokinathdhar@yahoo.com](mailto:trilokinathdhar@yahoo.com)

I hope, Kundan Sahib continues to inspire us with his poems and short stories and also boost our morale with his soul-searching writeups on spirituality and religion, for a long time to come. I pray for his good health and long life.



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## शॉयिर

त्रिलोकी नाथ दर 'कुन्दन'

कुस गव शॉयिर, क्युथ ह्यू शॉयिर  
यस अँस्य रुत ग्वनुमाथ वनव ?  
कुस गव शॉयिर, क्युथ ह्यू शॉयिर  
यस अँस्य रुत फनकार वनव ?  
सु ति छुय शॉयिर अब्दी शॉयिर  
चु ति छुख शॉयिर शारुक रुफा  
बु ति छुस शॉयिर, मोत बाँतन पथ  
शार म्वलुल्य छिम दिल तम्बुलावान ।  
शॉयिर गव तखलीक करान युस  
शॉयिर यस नज़रन मंज़ सोरुय  
ज़नुम दिवान छुय कथ कथ शॉयिर  
डेशान, च़ेनान, सनिरन वातान ।  
हाँकिम शॉयिर, साँयिल शॉयिर  
हुकुम च़लावान लफज़न शब्दन  
मानेहन व्वखुरावान शॉयिर  
ज़िन्दगी हुन्द फलसफ़ सुय बावान ।  
साँरुय ज़िन्दगी छुय बदलावान  
कुनि तम्बुलावान कुनि ब्रमुरावान ।  
द्रीँठ्य यिवान छिस मंतुर कम कम  
वीदन ताम छुय साम ह्यवान सुय ।  
लफज़न छुय सुय शेरान पॉरॉन  
मतलब माने ब्योन ब्योन च़ारान  
ग्यवनुक सोज़ अनान बाँतन मंज़  
वच़नन हँज़ वखनय छुय व्यछ़नान ।  
नगुमन हँद्य सथ स्वर छुय बावान  
नच़नुक्य साँरी रुफ छु हावान ।  
कुलि आलुमस क्युत सुय ह्यतकाँरी  
रुच़ वथ हावान कॅर्यनस याँरी ।

लफज़न सुत्यन ग्युंदनाह कॅर्य कॅर्य  
माने मतलब थावान बॅर्य बॅर्य ।  
अँम्य सुंद दुनिया बदलय आलम  
द्वदु क्वल तथ मंज़ वसुवन्य पयहम ।  
ज़ानन वाल्यव रँट स्वय कालय  
मानन वाल्यन लोग तमिकुय पय ।  
शॉयिर असि कुन आँनु छु हावान  
यथ मंज़ अँस्य छी पान परज़ुनावान ।  
गेव्य गेव्य असि छुय नैद्रे सावान  
पगहुक अख नोव सोपुनाह हावान ।  
प्राँनिस पूज करान छुय शॉयिर  
रातुक्य गीत ग्यवान छुय शॉयिर ।  
पगहुक नूर छु शॉयिर हावान  
खसुवुन सिरियि छु असि प्रज़ुलावान ।  
शेछ़्य बाँविथ गॅयि शॉयिर काँत्याह  
तिहँदी आलवु बदल्यव दुनियाह ।  
ज़िन्दगी हँद्य वँन्य राज़ यिमव सँन्य  
छाय हटाँवख माय कॅडुख नँन्य ।  
दर्मुचि कर्मुचि कथु हेछिनाव्यख  
फरज़ुचि कथु असि बेयि याद पाव्यख ।  
येमि सुत्य इन्सान ख्वश रोज़ि आँखुर  
विज़ि विज़ि शॉयिरव पॅर स्वय माँथुर ।  
ओबरु लंग़ाह ह्यु शॉयिर मानुन  
शार तसुंद रंगु स्वंज़ुलाह ज़ानुन ।  
अज़ुलय आमुत शॉयिर ज़न्मस  
च्यथ छुय आमुत लोलुक सुय मस ।  
सिरियि छु वुछ प्रज़लान छु शॉयिर,  
र्यशुनुय हुंद संतान छु शॉयिर ।।



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**Life and Works of T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**

## Idol Worship

**T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**

I am an idol worshipper. I like idol worship. I am aware that the world is full of people who do not approve of this practice. I do not agree with them although I know that they are entitled to hold their views as they like. I also plead that they should also appreciate that I am entitled to hold the views I like. History tells us that there have been a number of iconoclasts, who have destroyed beautiful idols having a great value of art and the temples and shrines housing such things. These places were shrines of faith for many. I can, therefore, only pity them for they must have been not only intolerant but also must have lacked aesthetic sense because of which they were unable to appreciate beauty in art. They have also failed to realize that God has given nobody the right to interfere in the way of worshipping of others, least so to thrust his own belief on the people of other faiths. Marvellous pieces of art have been destroyed in this way and the seeds of animosity, hatred and enmity have been sown, which has resulted in strife, struggle and feuds in the world.

Before I proceed further to explain my point of view on idol worship, I would like to narrate an old story, only in good humour without meaning any disrespect to anyone following a different way of worship or opposed to idol worship. In Lucknow symposiums of Urdu poetry called 'Mushaira' were very common in olden days and prominent poets of Urdu language, both Muslims and Hindus would take part in these. One of the budding young poets was Pandit Daya Shankar Naseem, who was prolific in his writings and, therefore, envy for other fellow poets. Usually there would be friendly but terse exchanges between them. One day the Muslim friends threw a challenge at him and asked him to complete a couplet with the first line of the verse as 'Sheikh ne masjid banai mismar butkhana kiya' (The Sheikh destroyed a temple and constructed a mosque in its place). Actually no offence was intended to the religious sentiments of Shri Naseem; the idea was only to tease him in a jocular way and to see how he responds to this apparent offence. Naseem remained calm and composed. He completed the verse by adding the second line as follows: 'Pahle kuchh soorat to thi ab saaf veerana kiya' (Earlier there was something there to see but now the entire space is barren). Joke apart, there is some deep connotation to this verse, which may otherwise have been composed in light humour. It suggests an important fact of life that worship and meditation cannot be done without having something to concentrate upon.

Everyone knows that God is formless because had he any specific form He would not be God at all. His supremacy lies in His being without any form and devoid

of any attributes and in His defying description. Every one of us who believes in God conceives Him in his own way. He perceives Him to be of some form that appeals his imagination. He gives Him a form of his liking. Then he places Him on a high pedestal and worships Him with unflinching faith. He offers Him all that he himself likes. He makes an idol, a statue or a portrait of his beloved God and puts it at a place, which becomes sacred in his view by placing the idol there. Every morning he bathes his Beloved, dresses Him, decorates Him with ornaments and flowers and offers Him choicest fruits and dishes. He lights lamps and burns incense in front of the deity so that the whole atmosphere turns celestial. This daily routine gives him inspiration for the present, hope for the future, zest for action and direction towards righteousness. He treats all his actions as sacred duty ordained by God. He remains true to himself and true to others because he sees Him in everything, in himself as also in others. He uses all his faculties to please Him and in the process serves mankind in every way.

I also follow this very regimen. It has served me well all my life. It has kept me on the right track acting all the time with malice and hatred towards none. I see God in every one including myself. I take pleasure in playing with small children and see God in them. I feel as if I am in God's company when I am with these tiny tots, enjoying their frolics and innocent smiles. I see Mother Goddess in every small girl. I perceive every woman as the energy aspect of the Divine. The innocence and the simplicity of the kids fascinate me. I go back in the time by so many decades and relive my childhood when I used to listen to the stories of Sri Krishna's childhood and feel as if the whole scene is being enacted before my very eyes and I am part of the whole show. This imagination envelops me in a sheet of divinity and I derive immense pleasure and immortal bliss from it. I know that the idols I worship are not God yet I feel these symbols represent Him and through them I am able to communicate with Him at will, at any time, at any place. These idols help me concentrate, meditate and contemplate on the vexed problems in relation to God and His creation. These idols enable me to hold my mind under control. Without these, it is well nigh impossible to control this turbulent and defiant mind and keep it on the right path.

After all what do we do if there are no idols? There will be a vacuum, a typical nothingness. There will be either a closed compartment or an open space. There will be no object to concentrate upon. There will be nothing to attract our attention and keep us glued. This fact can be explained

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by an example. Take the case of music. It can be either audio or video. If it is only an audio, we may be listening to it and yet our minds may be miles away lost in the forest of ideas, crowded situations and waves of thought-currents. On the other hand, if it is a video presentation, we will hardly remove our gaze from the dazzle and radiance emanating from the visual while all the time enjoying the tune and rhythm of the sound. We will certainly get engrossed in the panorama of sight and sound and most probably become part of it. The same is the case with worship of God. If we try to search Him and meditate on Him in a vacuum, we may not be successful. It would be tantamount to groping in the dark. That does not mean it is impossible to seek God without a symbol but it is certainly difficult and the result is doubtful unless of course one is at a very high level of spirituality. In the case of audio presentation of a musical concert, at least there is sound to get attracted to but in the spiritual arena there is nothing like that to hold us if there are no symbols. The idol worship is, therefore, an ideal way of worship.

It is not necessary to have an idol, a statue, a portrait or a picture for the purpose of worshipping. One can take recourse to any other symbol of one's choice. Many a time I have tried to concentrate on the flame of a lamp. When I concentrate on it, I find a shining bridge-like ray of light connecting the top of the flame with my sight and it helps me meditate unhindered effortlessly. While meditating on a statue, a picture or a portrait more often than not we find a strange linkage between our eyes and the glare emanating from the eyes of the portrait and this helps a deep contemplation, which often turns out to be fruitful and result oriented. The idol worship lifts me from mundane to spiritual, from the limited to the unlimited, from the worldly to the esoteric. It takes me from the unreal to the real, from the supposed to the genuine and from the symbol to the essence.

The spiritual experience of knowing the self or realizing God is in effect a matter of rising in level. At the beginning of the experience we are at the base, at the foothills as it were. Thereafter gradually we make an ascent and rise to higher levels, as if trekking on a mountain to reach the summit. At the base camp something is needed to hold on to, so that the exercise that we embark on is undertaken in right earnest, in right direction and in right method, best suited to our acumen. Without this something, we are liable to get lost in the darkness of ignorance and this something certainly is an idol that we worship. People perform 'yajna' and make that a symbol. People place pictures and photographs of their holy places and shrines, of their prophets and holy men, of saints and sages in front of them and concentrate and meditate on them. This is a substitute for idol worship. They may not worship these things as God. They may only respect and

regard them and show reverence towards them. Yet in practice this reverence to these holy men and sacred places takes the form of idol worship, knowingly or unknowingly. People wear cross, crescent or 'OM' in their lockets. They make diagrams and different geometrical figures like 'Swastika' or 'Star' and use them in their daily routine of worship. This also constitutes idol worship. Of course when we reach the summit, all these symbols lose their significance but we cannot ignore the fact that these are instrumental and helpful in attaining the height where they became redundant.

There is yet another aspect to this discussion. Once we believe in God's omnipresence and begin seeing Him in everything, we automatically become idol worshippers. I for one admire (read worship) the rising Sun and it removes the darkness of ignorance from my intellect. I worship the ever-flowing river and it washes the malice and hatred from my mind. I worship the nature and it helps me maintain harmony, poise and a balanced attitude in my approach and behaviour. I worship a tree and it gives a soothing shade to my turbulent mind. I worship a mountain and it inspires me to have lofty ideals and firm resolve. I worship the dawn and it gives me zeal and zest and inspires me to embark on the path of action. I worship fire and it not only burns all my impurities but also gives me a lesson in sacrifice and renunciation. I worship an oblong shaped 'Shiva Laingam' and it gives me an occasion to relate to the cosmos. I worship four-faced, five-faced and six-faced idols and these give me an awareness of the multi-dimensional phenomenon. I worship 'Ardha narishwara' or a deity half male and half female and it puts me wise about the scientific reality of matter and force, which the Upanishad calls 'Prana' and 'Rayi' and the Chinese call Yin and Yang and the Hindu scriptures variously describe as Siva and 'Shakti' or 'Purusha' and 'Prakriti'. Under these circumstances how can I help not being an idol worshipper and how can anyone fault me for that?

I am so attached to idol worship that I cannot remain without it. I know my limitations. I can neither concentrate nor meditate without these sacred symbols. My mind will waver without them and my very spiritual exercise will be a waste like shooting an arrow in the dark. I know that these idols are man made but then God also is the creation of human mind and human imagination. Once these idols are shaped, carved and designed, they are placed on a high pedestal and they become sacred. A hand becomes sacred when it gives alms. A house becomes sacred when it gives shelter. A mouth becomes sacred when it utters words of love and affection. Limbs become sacred when these are used to serve others. Mind becomes sacred when it harbours noble thoughts and the intellect becomes sacred when it imbibes wisdom and discrimination. Self becomes sacred when it realizes itself. Idols become

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sacred when the devotees repose trust, faith and belief in them. That the idols give solace to millions who worship them, bring peace and tranquility to them, light the lamps of hope for them and give meaning to their lives is sufficient to justify their worship. Those who refuse to appreciate these facts can never approve of idol worship but then the idol worshippers are least bothered about their views. They love it, they do it and they will continue to do it because this has become their life's support. They have always

proclaimed, 'Ham ne patthar ko pooja khuda kar diya' [We worshipped a stone and made a God of it].

Of course worship is powerful enough to move the mountains and bring about miracles. It is a passion that has its own manual of rules.

[This article appeared in 'Prakash', April-June 2007 issue]



पज़र

...

'कुन्दन'

**बु** तुम्योन मन, ब्वद तु अहंकार बीठच इकुवट द्रमुनिस प्यठ सोंथ छावुनि, लोल बावुनि, खेनि तु ख्यावुनि, चेंनि तु चावुनि। बु लोगुस वुछनि मुदय गँडिथ फुलयि कुन। आश्चर कोरुम क्वदरतुचि कॉरीगॅरी प्यठ। दयि संज दयि गथ वुछिम। अँछ नमेयम ब्वन तु कोरुमस नमस्कार। दोपुमस आश्चर छु चोन समसार।

ब्वद ति लॅज सोंचस, कथन वाश कडुनस, पज़र छारुनस तु पय कडनस। क्याह छु रोज़वुन तु पायदार, कथ छु गछान नाश। पज़र क्याह गव, अपुज क्याह गव, क्याह छु अस्ल तु क्याह छि छाय? म्वख्तु क्या गव, प्वख्तु कुस गव? क्याह छु प्रावुन, क्याह छु त्रावुन? क्याह लबुन असि, क्याह छु रावुन? अमा पोज़ कुनि ति नॅतीजस मा वॉन्न?

मन छु तोह फोल, रूद मा कुनि डंजि? गरा कॅडुन व्वठ, गरा हेचुन छ्यफ। अँती आस अख खयाल, अँती ब्याख, अँती रुत, अँती व्रुत। गरा नियन वुफ तु छँडिन सथ समंदर, गरा दिचुन त्र्यथ तु च्राव पनुनी ग्वफि अंदर। अँती कौँछुन आय, अँती थदन पाय। गरा बोरुन लोल, गरा गॅयस दुय। गरा सोदुर शांथ, गरा विजि वावुक मन्नर। गरा तुलुकतुर ह्यू यख, गरा हारुन तन्नर। करेमस लाकम करनुच कूशिश, मगर येल आव नु कॅह। अहंकार खोतुम कलस। दोपुनमः

बुय छुस मॉलिख, बुय छुस सोरुय  
बुय छुस खारान, बुय छुस वालान  
लुहरुन लदुन मेय ताम सोरुय  
म्यॉनिस गाटस वात्था चोरुय?

यछुनुच शक्ती, करनुक ताकथ  
जानान सोरुय, मेय मंज ह्यमथ

ताम दुनन दिन्न म्यॉनी होशन  
क्वदरतुची क्वदरथ मे डीशिम

दयि संज दयिगथ बेयि प्रजुनॉवुम  
बेयि नोमुरोवुम ड्यकि तस ब्रोंह कनि

बेयि गँडिमस गुल्य लोलु तु माये  
पॉर्य लगय ना चॉनिस बज़रस

रॉछ च्चु करतम म्यॉनिस स्यज़रस  
म्यॉनिस श्वज़रस, म्यॉनिस पज़रस

यॉरी करतम आशा चॉनी  
मन युथ रोज़्यम समु डंजि पॉठ्यन

बोज़ युथ मेल्यम तिछ पॉर्यजानाह  
ज्रांह युथ नो बनु बु ति अहंकारी

तिछ करतम जल जल च्य यॉरी



**Special**  **Feature**  
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## The Spirit That Moves Mountains

(In response to 'Idol Worship' by 'Kundan')

- **Patrizia Norelli-Bachelet (Thea)**

*'Being still the symbol to reach through it the thing that symbolises itself, to realise the symbol, is our fulfilment.'*

- **Sri Aurobindo**

I want a taste of the true Kashmir, I turn to 'Prakash' where I find its praises sung as nowhere else. From time to time there appear especially inspiring articles, and I am filled with gratitude at being given the opportunity to share the experience of Kashmir through the eyes of a Kashmiri Pundit. It is an Eye that cannot be closed.

Such has been the case with the last issue of Prakash, April-June 2007. Especially moving is 'Idol Worship' of T.N. Dhar. Few pieces of writing have captured the essence of what it is to be a Hindu better than this one. Shri Dhar carries us deeply into the atmosphere of the Sanatan Dharma in every paragraph, every line, and with every word. The message it conveys is that the Dharma arises out of the sacred Plenum and not from nothingness or voids. Therefore indeed everything, from the tiniest atom of matter to the highest mountain, from the rising Sun, heart of our solar system, to the distant galaxies, all is the Divine and cannot be otherwise. Logic alone, apart from the direct experience as Shri Dhar describes it, tells us this is so.

No other civilisation in the world today can boast of having maintained this pagan tradition that was once the culture of all civilisations across the globe. Today, only in India is a continuity maintained precisely because of the idol worship the author has so exquisitely described. For how can we deny to the Divine the manifest world as an intrinsic part of its Being? And why would we wish to do so? What do we gain by demanding that space be starkly barren and that the zillion forms that populate it be relegated to some inferior dimension at the behest of minds enjoying a less mature experience of Reality?

God is everything and everywhere. There is no separation between Manifest and Unmanifest. This knowledge of Oneness is the essence of the Sanatana Dharma, and we are blessed to live in this manifest 'body' of the Lord, every bit as sacred as the emptiness the spiritual seeker strives to attain by contemplating the Formless alone. The Sanatan Dharma lives on because this knowledge of Oneness endures. T.N. Dhar has beautifully reminded us of these sacred roots in the manifest Divine. Indeed, every now and then we are

reminded.

Recently I was brought to marvel at the ways of the Divine to bring to light how vibrantly the Spirit does move among us. It was a deep and silent night here in the mountains where I live in the Palani Range of South India, perhaps similar in many ways to the Kashmir springtime because snow never falls here as during winter there. My house is lower down the slopes on the banks of a river that runs through these mountains down to Palani below, one of the six sacred abodes of Lord Murugan. There are also various animal shelters along with my rooms. During the night an enormous boulder was dislodged in the upper reaches in a straight alignment with my house below. It proceeded to roll down the mountain, gaining momentum and force as it rolled. Nothing could stop its march, neither trees nor other boulders, nor anything it met on its downward plunge. Given its size and weight, perhaps two tonnes, it crossed over several loops of the driveway that winds down the hillside, crashed with apparent ease through each retaining wall blocking its path, to finally reach the last one some 30 metres just above my room. The roof of my house stood right below its downward path. But then it seems a miracle took place. A 'force' intervened. The manager of the estate rushed to see me as soon as he reached the site early the next morning. He had come upon the boulder and what he found left him transfixed. As a Hindu he stood in awe before the boulder when he saw that it had indeed crashed the last retaining wall, but that instead of continuing downhill, 'something' moved the boulder to one side. It seemed to have been gently displaced; its momentum was not at all broken by the fragile parapet wall, but by 'something else' which then set it to one side. It was as if a 'force' wanted us to see what could have happened, but which the 'force' had impeded by some deliberate intervention. The whole area which I visited later seemed to be permeated by a palpable stillness, an immense silence that brought a hush into everyone who approached the sacred Boulder.

Indeed, we were in the presence of something Divine in that inert mass. The Power of God had manifested directly in that block of the densest matter in such a

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manner as to leave all doubting aside. By all accounts, there was no scientific explanation for what occurred that night. It was simply a demonstration of a Grace divine.

What happened thereafter is equally interesting. The huge boulder had to be removed, but I did not want it dismantled. I had the manager gather some strong-bodied men to just roll it to one side. There were about ten. Since they could not budge it at all, being masons and stone workers, they set about breaking it up to then remove the pieces. This is something I did not want. When I heard that it was being broken, I made them stop. But what I then found was even more astonishing. There it was in pieces, exactly four, going from bigger to smaller in such a way that the shape of the pieces themselves confirmed the fourfold premises of my cosmology! Thereafter I had the masons inlay each of the four fragments in the mountainside slope, right there where the intervention had occurred. To this day when I go for my evening walks and pass that way, I pay homage to the Power that for one night manifested its Presence in this most inert substance of all as if it were light as a feather.

I was given a firsthand albeit dramatic experience of just what T.N. Dhar conveyed in his article. Idols are everywhere; the whole universe is itself the grand Idol. I understood how one cannot avoid worshipping these four fragments, not because my life was saved, but only because for a time that boulder had become the pulsating receptacle of the Spirit. This rendered it ever after sacred and worthy of our obeisance.

This apart, there is one element in the article that especially drew my attention. Shri Dhar wrote, "That does not mean it is impossible to seek God without a symbol but it is certainly difficult and the result is doubtful unless of course one is at a very high level of spirituality". It is strange how conditioned we have become to believe that the Formless is the higher experience of God. But Hinduism does not hold this to be true. What is different in the Sanatan Dharma and sets it apart from all other paths of wisdom is precisely the marriage of Being and Becoming it holds as its basic tenet. For that is what we mean when we refer to the Formless and Form. For the latter we need motion, without which no form can come into being. All spiritual paths find the two, Rest and Motion, incompatible and irreconcilable. Hence they all preach the glories of Permanence (Rest) alone; or of the Formless (read, static), while deprecating the truth of everything that moves. Shri Dhar's article is exclusively about that Truth in motion 'the truth of this magnificent universe ever in the act of Becoming, never separate from Being.' This is the

great secret captured by every idol.

In Vedic culture, there is no such separation. Oneness is its heart and soul. But there is an equally important aspect to this civilisation that was brought forward by another article in this same issue. On page 23 Autar Krishan Razdan reports comprehensively on the recently celebrated 'Navreh', first of all by drawing our attention to the meaning of the phrase itself. How appropriate it is to call the beginning of the year 'New Fire', as Kashmiri culture does, since the zodiacal sign that sets in motion the full 12 of the wheel from this point onward is precisely a Fire sign which the secret Tradition holds to represent Agni of the Gods. The author notes that this special day, according to the Bikrami calendar of Kashmir, is also celebrated in several States across India as the New Year. Since this is a topic I am especially interested in, I read on, wanting to discover just what the Bikrami calendar consists of. What I learned from the article is that there is a very ancient tradition behind this celebration, and though the writer seeks to ferret out from the distant past the ancient roots of the celebration, at some point one loses the thread. He writes, "New year of Kashmiris comes on the Amavasya of Chaitra which is called 'Nov-Reh' by the Kashmiris, according to the Bikrami calendar for centuries. I cannot say with authenticity that this day has been called by the people as 'Nav-Reh' from the very beginning". There is no mention of [its beginning] in Kashmir history. Secondly, the question appears here, why has been Bikrami calendar introduced for the people of Kashmir? Why not any other calendar?

The author then goes on to give a possible explanation for the adoption of this calendar, which sets Navreh on the lunation in Chaitra, now coinciding with the beginning of the 9-day Vasant Navaratri. In other words, the origin of this tradition on its own is not at all clear.

In my cosmological work I have come across the same nebulous background for the adoption of the Nirayana sidereal (constellation) system of astrological calculation, displacing the Sayana system, or 12 months according to the Earth's movement along the ecliptic around the Sun, together with all the planets of our System. Why would we eschew the time harmony of our System in favour of a measurement (in the constellations) that carries us many light years away from our home base on this Earth? We know very well that in the Vedic Age this was not the system the Rishis adopted. We know that the basis of all calculation was the determination of the shortest day of the year which ALWAYS fell on the December solstice, and which was celebrated as Makar Sankranti. In the same

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light, the proper new year indeed began in the month of Chaitra, even if we use the first lunation in that month/sign and start from there as per a lunar calendar; or else with the Sun making its ingress into that first sign/month of the astrological year, Aries, as per the solar calendar. Both are based on the same calculation; both are measured in the same single circle which forms the backdrop for the lunar and solar calendars.

The community should know that there has been a method to the madness of shifting to the constellations and measuring the start of the astrological year from some elusive zero-point beginning date, thousands of light years away from our solar system.

My investigations revealed that as late as the 12th Century, the Vedic method was in full use in India. Thus we find that the Islamic scholar-traveller, Al Biruni, came to India then and found the Pundits following the Vedic method. He is on record as critiquing Varahamihira for this practice when discussing his Brihat Samhita: 'The solstice has kept its place, but the constellations have migrated, just the opposite of what Varaha has fancied.' (India, II, p.7.) Obviously the Pundits were overawed and gradually Al Biruni's method was adopted, displacing the Vedic tradition.

Interestingly, Al Biruni had a great influence on astrology as it evolved in the West and remains in use there till today. For example, in astrological textbooks we find the 'Mansions of the Moon' whose authorship is attributed to Al Biruni. These are simply the Nakshatras, or a division of the zodiacal circle into 27 parts which the scholar brought from India to the west via Arabia in the 12th Century. More importantly, though Al Biruni advised Hindu Pundits to change their traditional ways, the western system he was largely responsible for creating has never adopted what he suggested for India! That is, the sidereal/Nirayana system of calculation based on the circle of the distant constellations thousands of light years away from our planetary home, far removed from the Vedic tradition. Pundits need to answer why they succumbed so easily to a practice the West never adopted.

According to the latter-day pundits of Al Biruni's persuasion, this means that the new year has to be celebrated as the author of the article reports on 14 April, along with other States in India, - but nowhere else in the world. Before the printing of Panchangs where these timings are listed, the author informs us that up to the 18th Century, meetings were held at Vicharnag by astrologers and pundits and their three-day deliberations resulted in the hand-written Panchangs that were passed

on to the faithful for use throughout the year, starting from the new year as per the Bikrami calendar. The author further laments that the preservation of these hand-written documents was not respected when invasions took place and "the accumulated invaluable treasure of learning started disappearing and mostly destroyed by these religious zealots. No religious, cultural and social discussions are taking place in Vicharnag any more. No meetings of Astrologers and Astronomers are being held here on the eve of Navreh these days but the name of Vicharnag is still alive."

I am given through this article a firsthand report on how the Kashmiri Pundit Community lost its hold on the true Vedic tradition of the new year that it had been preserving for centuries. This had always been calculated according to the Sun's balancing pillars of the Equinoxes and the Solstices, whether this be for a lunar or solar calendar. The March Equinox, falling on 21-22 March each year was then as today the true Vedic new year. The current April 14 date is simply a miscalculation following Al Biruni's advice, based on his wrong assumption that Astrologers should turn their eyes to the distant constellations rather than to the Sun that all Pundits worship as the Goddess that she is with each rising dawn.

But the method to the madness is that if disunity is to be spread among people, if a community's energies are to be dispersed and concentration of the Power is to be dissolved, then the best manner is to throw the new year out of alignment with the Sun. Nothing else need be done, for with each dawn and each ritual that is performed on this false basis, the community is drawn farther and farther away from the harmony and alignment it needs in order to refurbish its inner fortitude and to call down Mahakala's grace to find itself in a collective condition that will allow it to reclaim possession of what is rightfully its own. If the community understands the wrong that has been foisted upon it with these mis-measures, and why - above all why this has been perpetuated from a certain period in history onward - then the situation in Kashmir can change rapidly. Destructive forces can be cast aside with ease just like the boulder of my experience. The point is to know the secrets of Mahakala's Time. Unfortunately, the Pundits of Kashmir seem to have lost this knowledge that was theirs to preserve from the most ancient times for the entire Hindu Samaj.

*[The Writer is Director, Aeon Centre of Cosmology, Skambha, South India]*



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## Five Millenia Old Culture & Literature of Kashmir Some Landmarks

- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

### Culture Defined :

It is in the fitness of things that today when the twenty-first century is knocking at our doors and when our beloved Kashmir is undergoing an unprecedented turmoil for more than a decade now, we should be sitting back and reflecting on the five millennia old culture and literature of Kashmir, the land of our birth. Before doing so let us first try to figure out what the word Culture connotes.

According to Professor Terry Eagleton, 'Culture, etymologically speaking, is a concept derived from nature. One of its original meanings is husbandry. At first the term denoted a material process, which was then metaphorically transposed to the affairs of the spirit. The Latin root for this word is 'colere', which can mean anything from cultivating and inhabiting to worshipping and protecting. But 'colere' also ends up via the 'cultus' as the religious term 'cult'. The idea of culture signifies double refusal: of organic determinism and of the anatomy of spirit. It is a rebuff to both naturalism and idealism. The very word culture contains a tension between making and being made, rationality and spontaneity'.

S.T. Coleridge says that 'culture is what comes naturally, bred in the bone rather than conceived by the brain'. Raymond Williams is of the opinion that 'culture is the organization of the production, the structure of the family, the structure of institutions which govern social relationships, the characteristic form through which members of the society communicate and a structure of feeling'. T.S. Eliot, on the other hand, has defined culture as 'the way of life of a particular people living together in one place; that which makes life worth living; that which makes it a society - it includes Arts, Manners, Religion and Ideas.' After the mid twentieth century, culture has come to mean the affirmation of a specific identity - national, ethnic, regional rather than the transcendence of it. All these definitions make culture overlap civilization. In order to differentiate between the two, one could say that culture is the manner of our thinking and civilization the manner of our living. The former has a definite and telling effect on the latter and the two together give us our distinct identity. In effect culture of a society manifests itself in the form of its civilisation.

### Ancient Hindu Period :

If there is a single terminology that sums up the entire gamut of our culture as Kashmiris, it is the name 'Ryeshi Vaer' given to our land. 'Ryeshi Vaer' literally means a garden of sages. This land has produced an innumerable

number of saints and savants, sages and Sufis, who have always stood for the durable human goods of truth, freedom, wisdom, humility, simplicity, compassion, contemplation, worship and the like. The common Kashmiri has adopted these qualities and infused them in his thinking and actions. If I borrow the idiom of Mary Pat Fisher, I would say that the map of our Kashmir couldn't be colour-coded as to its Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist identity; each of its parts is marbled with the colours and textures of the whole. We have had Buddhist view of life and cosmos thrive in this land for many many years in the past. We have had a distinct non-dualistic ideology called the 'Trika' Philosophy shape the metaphysical thinking of this land. We have had the Vedic rituals of the Sanatana Dharma as the basis of our very existence.

There used to be an admixture of 'Shakta' and 'Tantra' in our way of worshipping and then, with the advent of Islam in fourteenth century we witnessed the rise of Sufi order in this land. All these in course of time got merged and produced a blend of culture, which is humanistic, pious and pure, yet very simple and straightforward. It has taught us to turn from the fragmentary to the 'total', from the superficial to the profound, and from the mundane material to the spiritual. Religion has never been an obstacle to this unique culture. I am reminded of a Sufi, Mohd. Sheikh, who lived in our neighbourhood at Chattabal in down town Srinagar. He used to say that the religion is 'Gaevgudom', the rope with which we tie a cow lest it should stray into the fields and eat the crop. Once the cow knows that it has to eat only the grass and walk only along the periphery of the field, there is no need for the rope any more. Similarly a man needs the religion only so long as he does not develop wisdom to discriminate between right and wrong and reality and falsehood.

Professor Timothy Miller, a specialist in new religious movements, has rightly observed that, 'Human culture is always evolving and reinventing its own past and present. There is no cultural vacuum from which anything truly new under the Sun could arise.'

We call our way of life 'Sanatana Dharma' or the eternal norms of Do's and Don'ts of life. Our belief is that God, Universe and the Vedas are eternal and co-existent. Strict adherence to the prescribed norms ensures cosmic harmony, order in the society and the welfare of mankind. Due to this belief Hindus, the original inhabitants of this land, were neither interested in recording their history nor inclined to force their way of thinking on any one. The basic ideology has been twofold. One, 'Ekam Sat Viprah

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bahudhah vadanti - the Truth is one and the learned describe it in many different ways' and the second, 'Aano bhadra kratavo yantu vishvatah - let noble and beneficial thoughts come to us from all sides of the world'.

John Renard, Professor of Theological Studies at St. Louis University, USA has said about Sanatana Dharma, 'I have been intrigued by the tradition's flexibility - some call it ability to subsume every religious idea. The larger Hindu tradition represents an extra-ordinary rich gallery of imagery of the Divine. It has encouraged visual Arts to match the Verbal. There is complete religious tolerance and it is free of large scale proselytizing.' This eternal way of life, this age-old culture of ours is said to be five millennia old on the basis of the Saptarishi Samvat adopted by us from time immemorial. Ours is perhaps the only almanac in the country, that gives this Samvat and the running year is 5076. It is a fact that the only recorded History in India, the 'Raja Tarangini' has been written by a Kashmirian, Kalhana. Yet ironically we do not have any record of our cultural heritage and historical events of the prior period and, therefore, we are unable to paint a correct picture of the life and faith of our ancestors who lived in this pious land. As in the rest of the country, we have to draw upon legends, fables and other types of literature, verbal or written, in order to visualize the picture of our ancient heritage. It is very significant that in the Indian tradition the two great epics, 'Ramayana' and 'Mahabharata' along with the 'Puranas' form the corpus of our history, from which we have to figure out what our past has been like.

Kashmir also has its own 'Purana' called the 'Nilamat Purana', which throws some light on our heritage. This 'Purana' vouches for the fact that after the water was dried from the vast area of Sati Sar, sages were invited to settle in the valley and do their penance in the calm and peaceful environment of this sacred valley surrounded by the western Himalayan ranges. The aborigines, Nagas, Pishachas, shvapakas etc. were assimilated and as tribes became extinct in course of time. During this period the rituals and the injunctions of the Vedas only were followed. The inhabitants today in effect are, therefore, the progeny of the sages who settled here for penance and eventual emancipation with a sprinkling of immigrant population.

### **B**uddhist Period :

The fact that an important congregation of Buddhists was held in Kashmir, during the reign of the King Kanishka, shows that this ideology had found favour with the peace loving citizens of Kashmir in course of time. It is from here that the ideology travelled as far as Japan via Tibet and China. This ideology had Tantrik philosophy as its background and focussed on 'Mantras' or recitation, 'Mudras' or physical gestures and 'Mandalas' or meditation. The Sanskrit word for meditation, 'Dhyana' became 'Gom'

in Tibet, got mixed with 'Jen' of China's Confucius and eventually became 'Zen' of Japan. In Kashmir, however, a strong non-dualistic philosophy, called Kashmir Shaiva Darshan, drove out this ideology but not before it had left an indelible mark on our culture.

There are a number of places, which are named after the 'Buddha Viharas' and are called in local language as 'Yar'. In Srinagar itself we have a locality named as 'Bodager' a corruption from 'Buddha Giri' or the Buddha's hillock. These together with the non-violent passivity of Kashmiris and their life style imbued with the tenets of Buddhism stand testimony to the fact that this ideology had sway on our thinking for a long time. Buddhism accommodated itself to the local ideas while revaluing them by changing the spiritual centre of gravity. Tantra was given the meaning of extension and interpenetration. The eightfold path of this theology, right view, right aspiration, right speech, right behaviour, right livelihood, right effort, right thoughts and right contemplation permeated into the life of the common man.

### **P**eriod of the Trika Philosophy :

It appears that while the Buddhist thought did shape the lives of the inhabitants, it did not quench their thirst for knowing the reality nor did it satisfy their spiritual quest. The genius of Kashmir evolved its own version of non-dualistic philosophy, which was an improvement on the philosophy of Shankara in as much as it did not accept the creation to be an illusion. This philosophy branched into two, the 'Spanda' or the vibration system and the 'Pratyabhijna' or the cognition system. This unique school of thought espoused that the Divine, which is pure light, of His own free will and by His own inherent powers, appears in the form of His creation and this is nothing but a play of His own free will. The creation gives an indication of the mundane, the spiritual and the ethereal existence, whereas the Divine indicates the light in the form of knowledge and manifestation in the form of action. This was the knowledge aspect of the Kashmir culture then and the ritualistic aspect was governed by the Vedic injunctions. Of course these rituals also were modified to suit the local conditions.

The 'Sanskaras' codified by Rishi Katyayana were in vogue in the rest of the country whereas in Kashmir those codified by Rishi Logaksha were implemented. It was the effect of this philosophy that spirituality and divinity was manifest in the life style of the common man. Although Sikander But Shikan, who ruled from 1389 to 1413, destroyed many Hindu holy places and temples yet the ruins of these temples at many places including that of Martand Temple stand testimony to the Sun worship also being prevalent here. There is a hill feature named as 'Aeta gaej' a corrupt form of Sanskrit 'Aaditya Guha' meaning the cave of the Sun. This corroborates the fact further.

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### Sufi Influence :

Towards the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth century Islam came to Kashmir. On the one hand the invaders came to conquer and rule the land and on the other hand this place attracted the Muslim Sufis also. These Sufis believed in 'Khalwa' or spiritual retreat and propagated going from the outer exoteric to the inner esoteric. This coincided with the prevailing tradition of 'seeking to refine deeper realization of the Divine within one's consciousness rather than engaging in critical theological discussions; realizing the possibilities of the soul in solitude and silence, and to transform the flashing and fading moments of vision into a steady light which could illumine the long years of life'. Thus came into existence a synthesized cultural framework that we proudly call 'The Rishi Cult'. Glimpses of this blended culture could be seen in the day-to-day life of an ordinary Kashmiri.

My father used to swear by 'Dastagir Sahib', a revered Muslim Sufi saint. Any Muslim passing by a Hindu shrine would bow in reverence and any Hindu passing by a Muslim holy place would fold his hands in obeisance. There are innumerable holy places and shrines where both Hindus and Muslims would go to offer prayers. Hindus and Muslims equally revered Lal Ded and Peer Pandit Padshah, and other Hindu sages. Both the communities likewise held Nunda Rishi, Bata Mol Sahib, Dastagir Sahib and other Muslim saints in high esteem. A Muslim lady, after washing her face at the river Vitasta called 'Vyath' in Kashmiri, would join her palms and pray thus, 'Afu Khodaya fazal kar, badas ta janas, Hyandis ta Musalmanas - God shower your grace on good and bad people alike, both on Hindus and on Muslims.' A Hindu woman, after pouring milk and water on the Shiva Lingam in the temple would pray thus: 'Sarve Bhavantu Sukhenah sarve santu niramayah sarve bhadrani pashyantu ma kaschit dukh bhag bhavet - Let all be happy, free of worries. Let all be met with beneficial and pleasant things and let no body meet with grief and unhappiness'. Salutations would be offered to Muslim elders by the Hindu youngsters and to Hindu elders of the area by the Muslim youngsters whenever and wherever they met. In return they would receive blessings in abundance.

### The Other Facets of Culture :

To sum up we can safely say that the origin of the cultural stream of Kashmir is Vedic. It has absorbed the influences from Buddhism. It has been shaped by the Trika philosophy of Kashmir Shaivism and it has drawn from the Muslim Sufism and in turn influenced it deeply. The enormous literature that has been produced by the sages and savants of this land portrays a picture of 'Jnana' or Knowledge dressed in 'Bhakti' or Devotion. The message has all along been one of humanism, simple living, high thinking,

altruism, contentment, purity and piety. The other facets of our culture are shrouded in mystery.

Take the case of the Arts. The old Sanskrit and Sharada manuscripts are full of beautiful paintings and pictures of gods and goddesses. Picturesque flowers and petals are drawn on the margin of the pages and the text is written in beautiful hand in the centre. The colours used in drawing them have been made indigenously from natural material like leaves, herbs etc. They are so prepared and mixed that even the passage of time running into centuries has neither damaged nor faded them. The art is so prolific and profound that it indicates the existence of a well-developed system. Even today one can see samples of these paintings on the top of the horoscopes and on the margin of the manuscripts written on hand-made paper. The portraits and the figures are exquisite and amazing and a well-organised research will throw light on its origin and gradual development. No wonder that the artisans of Kashmir have made a name in embroidery, papier machie and the patterns woven on carpets. In modern times Kashmir has produced a good number of artists, who have experimented with traditional and modern techniques but have distinct styles of their own. Sarva Shri K.N. Dhar, Dina Nath Almast, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, P.N. Kachroo, Manohar Kaul, Bansi Parimoo and many other luminaries fall in this category.

Music is another area where very little is known of its past. Today we have almost identical marriage songs for Hindu and Muslim marriages. The difference is that whereas the Hindus sing them in 'vilambit' or elongated tune, the Muslims sing them in 'Drut' or fast tune. The effect of SamaVedic recitation is apparent from the former. If you listen to these songs from a distance you will mistake them for 'Sama gana'.

Kashmir has a tradition of very rich folk songs, which depict the emotions, feelings, and sensibilities of a common man as also troubles and tribulations faced by him from time to time. Floods and famines have been vividly described in these songs. Then we have a well-organized classical music called 'Sufiana Kalam' or the sayings of the Sufi saints. It has different 'Ragas' and usually the sayings of 'Lal Ded' the great poetess of Kashmiri language are sung in the beginning of each 'Raga'. In recent times we have had many a great exponent of Sufiana Kalam, Mohd Abdullah Tibbetbaqual and Ghulam Mohd. Qalinbaf being among the prominent ones. The former told me once that Arni Mal, another great poetess of Kashmiri language, has formalized all these ragas, which are in vogue these days. I have also heard Ustaad Bade Ghulam Ali Khan state in one of his interviews on the All India Radio about the origin of Ragas that the 'Rag Khammach' has originated in Kashmir and was derived from the voice of a parrot. While the 'Tumbakh Naer' and the 'Not' or the pitcher form important instruments of the popular folk music 'Chhakri'

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- a chorus, the multi stringed 'Santoor' is the soul of the Sufiana Kalam. It is well known that Pandit Shiv Kumar Sharma has successfully introduced Santoor into the film-music. Other musical instruments are also in vogue in Kashmir and a well-known name in Sitar recital is that of Pandit Shambhu Nath Sopori. Chhakri was given a new direction and lustre by the late Mohan Lal Aima.

As regards the festivals and the rituals, these are primarily religious in character and therefore, different in different religious groups. But there are some commonalities. Distribution of 'Tahar', the cooked yellow rice on festive occasions is common between Hindus and Muslims. Nightlong singing of hymns in praise of the Divine is another common feature. The annual 'Urs' or commemorative days of various saints are also celebrated jointly by all the ethnic groups with due reverence. The Hindus of the valley are called Kashmiri Pandits or 'Bhattas' meaning in Sanskrit the honoured one. The important festival that has become their identity is the celebration of Shiva Ratri in the month of February. Unlike elsewhere in the country, here the festivities are fortnight-long and this festival has the same importance for us as the Ganesh Puja has for Maharashtrians and the Durga Puja has for the Bengalis.

Not much is known about the tradition of dramas and dance of Kashmir. Many dramas have been written in Sanskrit. Obviously these must have been staged because Sanskrit plays have always been written for being staged on various festive occasions like the advent of the spring season. It is said that King Zainulabdin had patronized drama writing and theatre. He was himself fond of witnessing plays being staged and would encourage stage artists and actors. During his time, Yodh Bhat and Som Pandit had written some plays with serious themes. The existence of folk dance called 'Banda Paether' with a strong satirical accent and the melodious group dance called 'Rouf' as also 'Veegya Natsun' on the occasion of marriages and Yajnopa vit ceremonies indicates that there must have been a very well knit dance tradition in the valley. A unique and well-developed dance pattern with rhythm and synchronized steps accompanied by lively music is prevalent in Ladakh. It is, therefore, certain that there must have been a dance system in vogue during the Buddhist period in the valley also, if not earlier. This is a matter for future researchers to remove the veil of ignorance from this facet of our culture.

### **O**ur Language :

The inhabitants of Kashmir have a distinct language called 'Kaeshur' or Kashmiri. Although there are two different views about its origin, yet a dispassionate and scientific analysis will show that it has developed from the language of the Vedas. Thereafter the syntax, vocabulary and idiom of Sanskrit enriched it. During the Pathan and Mughal rule,

when Persian became the court language, it adopted a number of Persian words. During the rule of the Sikhs, the language of the Punjab also influenced this language and later, with the adoption of Urdu as the official language by the Dogra rulers, it had to borrow from Urdu language as well as from English. There are references in various chronicles that during the Buddhist period some religious books were written in local Prakrit, which has to be Kashmiri but these books are extinct although their translations are available. The initial glimpse of this language is had from the verses written about the love life of the queen of Raja Jayapeed during 8th century and in the Sanskrit work, 'Setu Bandh' of King Pravarsen, who incidentally established Srinagar as the capital of the valley for the first time. This language was then referred to as 'Sarva gochar Bhasha' or the language of the masses. The Sanskrit writers used to write in this language side by side with Sanskrit. But a systematic literature in Kashmiri starts from 'Mahanay Prakash' written in thirteenth century by Shitikanth in the same Vakh form, which was used later by Lal Ded.

Kashmiris had evolved a script of their own and this is called Sharada script. It largely follows the pattern of the Devanagari script in the matter of the alphabets and combination of vowel sounds with consonants and appears to have been developed from the old Brahmi script. Unfortunately this script did not get official recognition for obvious reasons and has gone in disuse. It may not be out of place to mention that even Ghulam Mohd. Mehjoor, the eminent poet was in favour of retaining the Sharada script. The official script is based on Persian script with some modifications. Because of a large number of vowel sounds and shades in this language this script hardly meets the requirement. It is time that the alternative script based on Devanagari alphabets, with two or three modifications is also given recognition. It may be mentioned that such a script is currently used by all the publications and journals issued from Jammu and Delhi.

### **L**iterature :

It is the rule of nature that a change in thinking results in the change in action, which in turn changes the environment. All these changes are reflected in the literature produced from time to time. The literature is the mirror of the culture and the civilization of a society. Kashmir was a seat of learning because of which it is called 'Sharada Peetha' or the seat of the Goddess of Learning. Just as the name 'Ryeshi Vaer' denotes the culture of this land, the name 'Sharada Peeth' indicates the greatness and vastness of the literature produced by the Kashmiris. Up to the time of Sultan Zainulabidin, known as 'Badshah', who ruled from 1420 to 1470, Sanskrit was the language of the elite. No wonder, therefore, that a galaxy of Sanskrit scholars hailed from Kashmir and their

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contribution to the Sanskrit literature is monumental.

### **S**anskrit Literature :

The literature in Sanskrit of this land can be divided into two groups. The first group relates to the Kashmir Shaiva Darshan. The prominent authors in this group are Utpala Deva, Somananda, Vasu Gupta, Abhinav Gupta and Khema Raja. The scholarly works include Spanda Karika, Shiva Drishti, Shivastotravali, Parmartha Sara, Pratyabhjna Darshan, Tantra Sara, Malini Vijaya, Rudrayamal and the monumental work, Tantralok of Abhinava Gupta Acharya. A number of treatises and commentaries have been written on these works in order to bring to light the true purport of this unique philosophy. It is a matter of concern that there is no effort on the part of the state government to preserve and develop this important and world acclaimed school of philosophy. Individual effort of largely those individual scholars who are 'Sadhakas' or the disciples of Swami Lakkshman Joo have preserved it. However, there is an 'Abhinava Gupta' centre at Lucknow established by Dr. Pandey where young scholars study this philosophy. Dr. Baljinnath Pandita and Dr. Neelkanth Gurtoo as also late Dr. Dwivedi of Rajasthan University, Jaipur have edited and translated some of the selected works of Shaiva Acharyas.

The second group comprises books on subjects other than Philosophy. The most distinguished name in this group is that of Kalhana Pandit, the author of the famous 'Raja Tarangini', the only book of chronicle written in Sanskrit. This book gives an account of the Rulers and the events from the 8th century to the 12th century. It was later extended and supplemented by Jona Raja, Shrivara and Prajna Bhatta and brought up to date till the reign of Zainul-Ab-din. There are a number of books in Sanskrit written by Kashmiris on a variety of subjects like Linguistics, Aesthetics, Poetics, Sexology and the fiction. Mammtacharya is a great name because of his work, 'Kavya Prakash'. It is said that the scholars would accept no work in Sanskrit unless it had the seal of approval from Kashmir. A very prominent poet brought his book to Mammata for approval after it had already gained recognition in the Sanskrit world. The Acharya said, "The book is very good but alas I wish you had brought it earlier. I have recently completed the chapter of my book on 'Kavya doshani' or the faults and flaws in poetry writing. I had to strive hard to find examples for different flaws but here in your work I could have got the examples for all the flaws at one place and it would have saved me a lot of effort." Such was the scholarship of Kashmiri Sanskrit luminaries.

'Dhvanyalok' of 'Anandavardhan' added a new dimension to linguistics and poetics. Earlier the definition of a 'Kavya' was 'Vakyam rasatmakam kavyam - any composition which gives tasteful pleasure is poetry'. With this work scholars were forced to change their opinion and define poetry as 'Vakyam dhvanyatmakam kavyam -

a piece of writing that gives a message by inference and suggestion is poetry.' The scholars of Sanskrit from Kashmir had always something novel to say and propound. They were multi-disciplinary scholars and respected in the entire country as geniuses. Kshemendra, the author of 'Kalavilasa', was another great writer who dazzled scholars with his writings full of wit and satire. Then there were host of others including Bilhana, Kaiyata, Udbhatta, Hayata, Koka Pandit, Jagaddhara whose literary, philosophical, devotional and authoritative works have made them immortal in Sanskrit world. The eleventh century poet, Bilhana wrote 'Vikramanka Deva Charitam' in praise of the Karnataka king who honoured him. Manakha wrote 'Shrikantha Charitam' in 12th century. Bharata's 'Natya Shastra' is an authoritative treatise on dramaturgy. During the reign of Badshah Bhatta Avatara wrote 'Banasur Katha' and 'Zaina villas' and Yodha Bhatta wrote 'Zaina Prakash'.

Another big name in Sanskrit literature from Kashmir is Gunadya, who wrote 'Brihat-katha Manjari'. It is felt that many of the stories from this book have been included in the great storybook 'Katha Sarit Sagar'. A Russian scholar of Sanskrit revealed during the World Sanskrit Conference at Varanasi in 1981 that the story of their famous ballet 'Swan Lake' also has been taken from this collection. There are modern scholars like Pandit Lakshmidhar Kalla, who have opined on the basis of the internal evidence that even Kalidasa hailed from Kashmir. However, let that be as it may.

### **C**ontribution to other Languages :

When Persian replaced Sanskrit as the court language, the local Kashmiris faced a serious problem of learning the language in the shortest of time. It is said that by-lingual and tri-lingual verses were composed, committed to memory and thus an effort was made to learn the new language. Two samples will show the ingenuity of the people. (1) Roni lagani Zongla bastan, Natsun hao raqsidan ast, banda paether murdami raqas sonth amad bahar. - Tying the jingles is called 'Zongla bastan', dancing is called 'Raqsidan', male folk dance is 'Murdami Raqas' and the advent of spring is called 'Bahar amad'. (2) The second is in the form of question and answer and runs thus: kuja budi, kahan tha, kati osukh? Dere tha, khana boodam, gari osus, Chi khordi, kya tse khyotho, kya khaya? Du nano, do rotian, tsochi jorah. The questions are in three languages about where the person was and what did he eat, and the answer also is in three languages that he was at his home and had eaten two loaves.

In the absence of any authentic information with me, I am unable to give an account of the prominent Persian scholars of Kashmir of the olden times. I would, however, make a mention of two very important names. The first is about a great poet Ghani, who lived during Aurangzeb's time. He is reported to have declined the invitation of the

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king to visit his court. His habit was to close all the doors and windows when he was in and leave them ajar when he was out. His explanation was that the most precious item in his house was he himself. The inscription on his tombstone is 'Chu Shama Manzile Ma ba Payi Ma'. It means that 'like a burning candle my destination is under my very feet'. This shows that he was a spiritual poet, who was unconcerned with worldly affairs.

The second name that I wish to mention is that of Pandit Bhawani Das Kachroo. He is known for his long poem 'Bahar-l-taweel' or a long meter. This poem is written in praise of the Divine and shows an extra ordinary control on Persian vocabulary that the poet had. His wife, Arnimal too was a great poetess of Kashmiri language in her own right. There are many devotional poems written in Persian with an admixture of Sanskrit. A great saint Krishna Kar has written in praise of Goddess Sharika in these words: 'Awal tui aakhir tui, batin tui zahir tui, hazir tui nazir tui, Shri Sharika Devi namah. Man az tu nadi chakri man, pran az tu pranayami man, Dhyān az tu japa malayi man Shri Sharika devi namah.'

Kashmiris within and outside Kashmir have written in Urdu also. The well known names include Pandit Ratan Nath Sarshar, Pandit Brij Narayana Chakbast, who wrote Ramayana in Urdu, Pandit Daya Shankar Naseem, Pandit Dattatreya Kaifi, Pandit Anand Narayan Mula etc. More recently we have had poets and writers like Prem Nath Dar, Prem Nath Pardesi, Ghulam Rasul Nazki, Ali Mohd. Lone, Shorida Kashmiri, Dina Nath Mast, Pushkar Nath, and others who have made a rich contribution to literature both in prose and poetry. Writers have not lagged behind in Hindi either. Dr. Toshkhani, Ratan Lal Shant, Mohan Lal Nirash, Madhup, Dr. Agnishekhar, Khema Kaul, Dr. Krishna Razdan, Haleem, Maharaj Krishna Bharat and many eminent scholars have contributed both in prose and poetry. Their language is Hindi but the aspirations and feelings projected are those of Kashmiris. I have also given two books, "Main Samudra Hun" and 'Main Pyasa Hun', both collections of my Hindi poems.

### **K**ashmiri Literature :

I am proud to say that my mother tongue is very rich in literature, particularly in poetry. The prominent forms in which poetry has been written have been taken from Sanskrit, Hindi, Persian and English. From Sanskrit we have adopted Vakh and Shruk or 'Vakya and Shloka' as also Vatsun or 'Vachan'. Hindi has given us Geet and Urdu Ghazal, Qita, Nazm and Rubai. From English we have taken sonnet and free verse. Lal Ded and Nunda Rishi of the fourteenth century are two great names who have written mystic and spiritual quatrains. Our poetry starts systematically from Lal Ded whose Vakhs were first translated into Sanskrit by Bhaskaracharya and then into English and many other languages. These Vakhs are

dipped in Shaiva philosophy and enjoin upon us to go inwards in order to attain the reality. 'Gorun dopnam kunuy vatsun, nebra dopnam ander atsun - my preceptor advised me in nutshell to go from without to within'. Nunda Rishi wrote Shruk, which are replete with Sufi mysticism. He has praised Lal Ded in these words; 'Tas Padman Porechi Lale, Yem gale amreth chyeve, Shiv Tshorun thali thale, tyuth me var ditam Deevo - Lala of Padmanpura drank the nectar and perceived Shiva in everything. O God, give me a similar boon (so that I see the Divine in the similar way).' These two poets are great names in our spiritual and mystic poetry. Whereas Lal Ded has propounded jnana and Shaiva philosophy in her Vakhs, Nunda Rishi has put forth the Sufi ideology in his Shrukhs. All the Kashmiris hold both in high esteem. During his itinerary, Nunda Rishi reached village Tsarar. He is reported to have spontaneously uttered these words at that place, rhyming with the name of the place, 'Vola zuva yati prar - let me wait here till the last,' and it is here that he left his mortal frame.

While this spiritual writing must have continued as a sub-stream, in the sixteenth century, we suddenly see emergence of a new theme in the poetry of Zoon, later known as Habba Khatoon. She has sung songs of love, separation, and ill treatment at the hands of the in laws and other human feelings. The Kashmiri poetry thus came down from the spiritual heights to the mundane human level. Her lament was, 'Variyan saet vara chhasno chara kar myon malino ho - I am not at peace with my in-laws, would somebody come to my rescue from my father's side?' Arnimal further strengthens this human romantic and love poetry in 18th century. Her diction and selection of words and the musical meters used by her are exquisitely beautiful. She had profound knowledge of classical music and is believed to have rearranged the Ragas in use for the 'Sufiana Kalam'. For the first time she uses what in Sanskrit are called 'Shabda-alankaras' or decoration of the words, like alliteration and internal rhyming. An example would show her master craftsmanship. 'Matshi thap ditsnam nyandri hatsi matsi, matshi matsha-band sanith gom, vanta vyas vony kus kas patsi, vunyub karith gom - I was in deep slumber when he caught hold of my wrist. The gold wristband cut into the very flesh of my wrist. Friend! Tell me who is to be trusted in these circumstances. He has left me crust fallen'.

Rupa Bhawani is another great name in the spiritual poetry. Her Vakhs are full of Shaiva philosophy and the language is sanskritized. She lived a hundred years in 17th century and is regarded as an incarnation of Goddess Sharika. There are a number of anecdotes about her interaction with Muslim Sufi saints. In one such encounter with 'Shah Qalandar' it is narrated that the two were on the opposite banks of a river. The Sufi called her, 'Rupa (literally Silver) come over to my side, I shall make you Son (literally Gold). She replied, 'Why don't you come

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over so that I make you Mokhta (literally a pearl as also emancipated).

By this time the Persian influence had gone deep into our literature. Poets started writing 'Masnavis' or long fables in verse. The prominent poet of this period has been Mohmud Gami, who lived during 18th and 19th centuries. The Persian stories adopted by him included those of Laila Majnun, Yusuf Zulaikha, Shirin Khusro, etc. Yusuf Zulaikha, which has been translated in German language, is the most famous of his compositions. He no doubt introduced the Masnavi style but it reached its zenith at the hands of Maqbool Kralawari. This 19th century poet has written a monumental masnavi, 'Gulrez', which has become very popular with the masses. From here onwards three distinct streams of poetry continued to flow unabated, the Sufi mystic, the devotional and the romantic.

There is a long list of Sufi poets, who espoused the cause of purity and piety as also mutual brotherhood between various religious groups. These included Rahman Dar, Shamas Faqir, Sochha kral, Nyama Sahib, Wahab Khar, Ahad Zargar and a host of others. Their philosophy was monotheistic and they laid stress on ethical and moral values. Their poetry shows a deep influence of Advaita Philosophy. 'Ognuy sapan to dognyar travo, pana nishi pan parzanavo lo - Trust in oneness and shun duality; try to know thy real self.' 'Ognuy soruy dognyar naba, haba yi chhui bahanay - Truth is one and there is no duality; all else is a fallacy.' In the second stream of devotional poets the names of Prakash Ram, Krishna Razdan and Parmanand are prominent. While the first two wrote devotional poems called 'Leela' in praise of Shri Rama, the last named was a devout of Shri Krishna. 'Aaras manz atsaevay, vigne zan natsaevay - Let us join the circle of dancers and dance like nymphs in ecstasy for Shri Krishna.

Parmanand, who lived in 19th century, has written a memorable long poem wherein he has compared the human actions with tilling of the land right from ploughing up to the time of reaping the harvest. 'Karma bhumikayi dizi dharmuk bal, santoshi byali bhavi aananda phal -your actions are the land where you must put in the fertilizer of righteousness. Sow the seed of contentment and you will reap the harvest of supreme bliss.' Prakash Ram wrote the first Ramayana in Kashmiri and captioned it 'Ram Avtar Tsaryet'.

In the romantic stream of poetry, the next important poet has been Rasul Meer. He has written beautiful love poems in musical meters. His famous poem starts with these words, 'Rinda posh maal gindne drayi lolo, shubi shabash chani pot tshayi lolo - My beloved has come out to play in an ecstatic mood, praise be to her shadow that follows her'. The description in the next line is noteworthy. 'Raza hanziyani naaz kyah aenzini gardan, ya Illahi chashmi bad nishi rachhtan, kam kyah gatshi chani

baargahi lolo - The gracious one has a neck like a swan. God! Save her from evil eye. By that your grace will be no poorer.' Rasul Meer was the first poet who addressed his poems to a female beloved. The earlier poets had made a male their love, perhaps because they were pointing to the Divine and not the human.

### Modern Period :

The twentieth century is the period when the Kashmiri language made an all round progress. The three streams that were flowing continued and some new trends also developed. Master Zinda Kaul is a great name among the mystic poets of this period. His book 'Sumran' won him the Sahitya Academy award. His suggestive poems are par excellence. A short poem of his reads, 'Tyamber pyayam me khaermanas, alava hyotun kanzael vanas, taer ti ma laej phaelnas, dil dodum jigar tatyom, krakh vaetsh zi naar ha - A spark fell on the haystack, the entire jungle caught fire. It didn't take long to spread. My heart burnt and the liver heated up - shouts came from all sides, Fire! Fire!' He has described God in these words: 'Kaem tam kar tamat bonah pot tshayi doorey dyuthmut, sanyevkanav tee buzmut, saenis dilas tee byuthmut - Someday somewhere somebody has seen His shadow from a distance. We have heard it with our ears and our heart is convinced of His existence.'

Ahad Zargar is another important poet of this stream who has written masterly poems on mysticism and spirituality. The immortal poet Mehjoor, who is called Wordsworth of Kashmiri language, has carried the romantic poetry to new heights. He was acclaimed by no less a personality than Rabindranath Tagore. The Hindi poet Devendra Satyarthi, collecting folk songs of different Indian languages was aghast to find that Mehjoor's poems were being sung by peasants in the fields just like folk songs during his lifetime. Another great name of this period is that of Abdul Ahad Azad. He did not live long but left an indelible mark on our literature. He was virtually the harbinger of the progressive poetry in Kashmiri. His long poem 'Daryav' or the river is a masterpiece. He has ridiculed romance in the face of poverty, want and hunger. 'Madanvaro lagay paeree, ba no zara ashqa bemari. Tse saet gaetsh fursatha aasen, dilas gaetsh farhatha aasen, me gaemets nael naadari, ba no zara ashqa bemari - My love! Romance is not my cup of tea. It needs leisure and peace of mind. I have none and I am crestfallen due to my poverty. So no romance for me please'.

Post Independence period is a period of renaissance for an all round development of literature in Kashmiri. Kashmiri poets were influenced by the philosophy of Marx and the progressive literature of other languages, notably that of Urdu. While Allama Iqbal was the ideal for many, Faiz, Jaffri and other Urdu poets were heroes for others and they took a cue from their writings. Whereas most of

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the mystic poetry was full of obscure and suggestive idiom, the poetry of this new genre of poets was frank and forthright; sometimes sounding like slogans.

In response to the Pakistani tribal raid, the writers formed Kashmir Cultural Front in defence of inter-ethnic harmony and as an affront to religious fanaticism. The literature created could not remain unaffected by the political and social uprising. Earlier in 1945 Mirza Arif had started a cultural organisation by the name of 'Bazme adab'. Many enthusiastic writers got involved with this organization. Mirza Arif himself is a well-known name for his Kashmiri Rubaiyas, which are crisp and meaningful. The prominent poets of this new movement are Dina Nath Nadim, Rehman Rahi and Amin Kamil. Nadim revolutionized the entire face of poetry. He used pure Kashmiri diction, gave expression to the desire and aspiration of the common man and raised his voice strongly in defence of peace. He wrote operas and sonnets for the first time and his poems have been translated into many languages. One of his immortal poems against wars and strife is 'Mya chham aash pagahaech, pagah sholi duniyah - I have full faith in tomorrow for tomorrow will bring new light to the entire world.' He is the trendsetter of progressive and humanistic poetry in Kashmir. His operas, 'Bomber ta Yambarzal' 'Neeki ta baedi' etc are the milestones in our literature.

Rahi is another Sahitya Academy awardee, whose 'Nav rozi Saba' shows the influence of Iqbal very clearly. He has also made a rich contribution to Kashmiri poetry. He sang, 'Yaer mutsraev taer barnyan, Maer maend phyr mas malryan, vaer zahir vaets aman ta lolo - The benefactor has thrown the doors open and filled wine into the big pitchers; It appears that the common man will get his share now.' Kamil has written short stories and poetry both. His diction is rustic and meters musical. 'Khot sorna sranjan tala razan bhav bahar aav - The price of the items of make-up for ladies and the ornaments have shot up, it appears the spring has arrived'. This period produced a galaxy of poets who contributed to the enrichment of our literature. Noor Mohd. Roshan, Arjun Dev Majboor, Ghulam Rasool Santosh, Moti Lal Saqi, Chaman Lal Chaman, Prem Nath Premi, Makhan Lal Bekas, Ghulam Nabi Firaq, Vasudev Reh, Ghulam Nabi Khayal were active within the valley, and outside there were B.N.Kaul, Shambu Nath Bhatt Haleem and myself who wrote on a variety of subjects.

Prose writing also got a fillip during this period and continues unabated to date. The master short story writers include Akhtar Mohiuddin, Som Nath Zutshi, Ali Mohd. Lone, Umesh, Banshi Nirdosh, Hriday Kaul Bharati, Deepak Kaul, Hari Krishna Kaul, Santosh and Kamil. They gave expression to the emotions and feelings of the common man and picturized the life of the inhabitants of the valley. Akhtar, Lone, Kamil and Hari Krishna have written novels

also and given a lead in this direction. Radio Kashmir and later the Door Darshan Kendra at Srinagar provided an opportunity and thereby played an important role in encouraging these writers. The Academy of Arts and Culture has also been publishing the works of these artists and anthologies, which inspires other young writers to try their pen.

Moti Lal Kemmu has been a pioneer in the field of drama and Pushkar Bhan in satirical radio plays. Hari Krishna Kaul is also a successful drama writer. There are a host of other writers whom I have not mentioned for fear of digressing from the central point. My apologies to them since I hold all of them in high esteem and recognize their contribution to the Kashmiri literature. I am trying to convey that our language is rich in literature. There have been some translations into other languages but it is not enough. Some of the names that come to one's mind, who have done pioneering work in popularizing Kashmiri literature are Professors Jai Lal Kaul, Nand Lal Talib, T.N. Raina, P.N. Pushp, K.N. Dhar, B.N. Parimoo, Moti Lal Saqi and R.K. Rehbar. There is a pressing need for translating the selected works from Kashmiri into other Indian and foreign languages so that the readers and scholars in the entire country will be acquainted with its depth and vastness. Kashmiri is the beloved mother tongue of all the Kashmiris irrespective of their creed or faith. Both the communities, the Hindus and the Muslims have produced poets, writers and artists of repute. It is, however, a pity that the language has not been receiving the official patronage that it deserves.

Post 1990 period has been a period of turmoil, which brought shame to the composite culture of the valley. The Hindus had to migrate to Jammu, Delhi and other parts of the country to escape the wrath of the foreign provoked and controlled militancy. During the last decade of their exile, Kashmiri writers have authored a lot of literature. In this literature there is a lament of losing their hearth and homes, a craving to go back to their roots and pain and anguish at the way in which politics and narrow aggrandizement have cut at the very roots of their rich culture and shattered their proud tradition. The worst casualty have been the mutual trust, relationship and understanding between people of different faiths. I would like to conclude by reciting this verse of mine: "Byeyi vaeth deenaek ta dharmak fitnai, Byeyi gav byon alfas nish bey. Gotsh na yi ravun hasil kor yus, Dashi thae v thae v astanan manz." (Again we are witnessing conflict and confrontation in the name of religions. Again one is getting separated from the other. I am afraid we may not lose all that we had achieved after offering prayers repeatedly at the shrines and holy places.)



**Special**  **Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N. Dhar 'Kundan'**

**SHORT STORY**

**A TURNING POINT**

...

**T.N. DHAR 'KUNDAN'**

He was popularly known as 'Ari-Vokhul', Ari was the short form of his first name Arjun and Vokhlu was his surname. He belonged to a well to do upper class family. Everything was available in abundance. There was dearth of nothing and he was living a prosperous life. However, Arjun was very poor at studies. He studied in each class for two or three years before crossing over to the next class. Now he had reached B.A. third year. His cousin, Sham Lal, who was just his age, had in the meantime done his B.A. and M.A. and was now working as a lecturer in a college at Kanpur. He had got married and was leading a respectable and comfortable life. Arjun had remained only 'Ari'. He was only given to mischief, rowdiness, misbehaviour and misdemeanour. Barring his own friends all other students in the college were mortally afraid of him. Straight dealing was not his cup of tea. Teasing one and troubling the other, abusing one and cursing the other, slapping one and fisting the other was normal with him. He would topple anything and everything in the college lawns. He would tear pages from the library-books. His daily routine was to break the benches, topple the tables and hurl the chairs in the class to create terror among the students. He was the son of a rich person and, therefore, no one dared tell him off for his lawlessness. His nature was bad. No good and gentle student would escape his wrath and would get teased. Any well behaved shy girl student he would call names. Even the teachers were tired of him. He had nicknamed most of them. Someone he would call, brownie, some other stiff-necked; someone he would call shouting Tom and some other Mr. Moustache. He would put irrelevant question to these teachers in the class in order to tease them.

One day a professor while teaching said in some context, 'they are required to keep a suitable account of all these things', Arjun jumped up and asked, 'who is to maintain unsuitable account of all these things?' The entire class burst into laughter. This was his way of creating chaos in the class. The teachers and the students both were equally troubled by his conduct.

One day Arjun was talking to some of his friends in the garden of the college. There came some girl students and sat on the green turf near the flowerbeds. Arjun thought of some mischief. He approached them and started some loose talk. They did not like it. There was a new girl student among them. While others shivered with fear, she mustered

some courage and addressed him thus, 'Dear brother! Better you mind your own business and not interfere with our affairs.' Arjun was furious that some one should have the guts to address him like this and that too in the presence of his friends. He shouted back, 'Don't you know who you are talking to? Mind you, I shall pull out your tongue.'

The girl was brave and fearless. She did not think for a moment, took out her sandal from her foot and struck a good blow on his right cheek. Arjun was shaken. He felt as if the earth was slipping from under his feet. He just took to his heels from that spot. He took out his scooter from the stands, kick started it and drove it full throttle. In a time of just twenty minutes he was at his home. He could not sleep throughout the night. He got up early in the morning, filled a small bag with a few clothes, hurled a blanket on his shoulders and left his home. He purchased a bus ticket for Jammu and boarded the bus at the Bus Stand. In the evening he was at Jammu. Again he boarded a train for Kanpur and he was at his cousin's house the third day. His sister in law asked him the cause of his sudden visit but he preferred to remain mum. She prompted him to take a good shower and served him a cup of tea. His brother returned in the evening but the two had very little conversation. Even otherwise his cousin was not kindly disposed towards him.

For a full month Arjun did not step out of the house. In the meantime he spotted a bookshelf full of books in one of the rooms. He started reading these one by one, day and night without any let up. In a period of just three months, he read about hundred odd books. This not only enlightened him but also inculcated in him a lust for knowledge. He was a changed man and this gladdened his cousin, Sham Lal. He too became interested in him and in his career. He started guiding him on the right track. Under his guidance and direction he did first B.A. and then M.A. from Anamalai University. He got second position in the university and was awarded a silver medal. He was appointed as a lecturer in a college at Jhansi. In another two-year's time he did his Ph.D. and earned a doctorate. Now he was counted among able and efficient teachers. Ari Vokhul now became Dr. Arjun Vokhlu. He used to often confide in his close friends in these words, 'Friends, whatever I have achieved so far is all due to that blow of the sandal which that girl gave me in the college lawns.' After saying this he would burst into a great laughter.

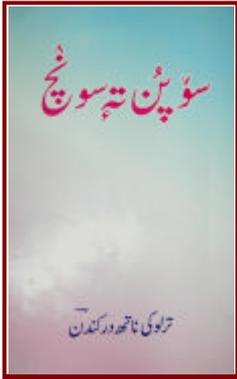


**Special**  **Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**

**BOOK REVIEW**

**Kundan's Collection of Poems 'Sopun Tu Sonch'**

- U.K.Kaul



A jewel had remained hidden, at least for me so far. That jewel is Pt. T.N.Dhar, Kundan'. The book 'Swapan ta Sonch', a collection of his Kashmiri poems has given me an insight into his depth and vision. I chanced to see a copy of this book with a friend of mine and I borrowed it from him. I was so thrilled to read this collection that I read it through non-stop over a few days. I enjoyed reading it in spite of some printing errors. It appears that the book has not been proofread properly.

The compassion seen in his poems written about fifty years back like 'Myon Lalaphol' and 'Rikshavole' shows the kind heart that he possesses. He has used different forms of poetry including Ghazal, Geet, Tukh, Vachan and Nazam – all with equal ease and perfection. The form chosen for each subject is perfectly appropriate and befitting. His diction is pure and the selection of words is superb. Both in the matter of diction and content Kundan has shown a distinct originality. He is a protagonist of humanism, peace and love and yet he is very different from his contemporaries. He has used the conventional forms of poetry but he has also made some new experiments with a great aplomb, like 'Yeli aes samkha', 'Kath hasa kath', 'Mye ma von apuz', 'Inkalab' etc.

I must confess that I had known him as a writer of regular columns in English in various journals about Kashmir, about our community and about our culture. That he was a poet of such a great stature dawned on me only after I read this collection of his. I wonder why he has not been written about and why those who are knowledgeable and better qualified in this field have not evaluated his contribution as a poet all these years. Or may be he himself is publicity shy. Whatever may be the case it is time that we recognized his great contribution to our Kashmiri language.

His poems show how proud he is of our rich culture, how concerned he is about the poor and how fond he is of the nature and its beauty. He is the poet of humanity, brotherhood and peace. He laments, 'Beyi vaeth deenaek ta dharmak fitnay, beyi gav byon alfas nish be, goch na yi ravun hasil kor yus dasha thaev thaev astanan manz'. He

is so deep-rooted in the Kashmiri culture that he has described birth of the poetry in these words, 'Mahryen yeli lagans pyath kharekh, aena aender hovukh tas noushah, athavasas manz atha yeli kumley, thana pyav tami vizi shrukah sharah'. At places he turns philosophical and gives out profound theories in the simplest words although he has said that truth and goodness alone are the greatest philosophies for him, when he writes 'Falsafan haenz cham na lal kenh khbar, rut yi basan chum vanan chus teeth zabar'. Look at this verse, 'Yeli manzluk shehjar hasil teli safraek kaend tam komal' or this one, 'Chi asan prath akis kathi rokh dutarfai, agar gashuk che sunchuth sonch barhakh, agar zan sonch gati hund teli nazar chot'. His expression of love and its intensity is subtle and delicate. Writes he, 'Masti mye cham tufanan chus dola nav travan, nata cha sahal katha kenh hyon chone nav yeseye.'

That his art is so delicate, innovative and unique is clear from his delightful poem 'Kath hasa kath'. See the artistry in these lines, 'hechh ta votleyi, rachh ta shehleyi, tachh ta tezeyi, ker ta mokleyi.' Or in this stanza, 'chaman zarah ta famvarah ta arah, shihij bunyah ta vanakuy devdarah, malakh dalaki nishatuk absharah, sangar phalmaet ta shamuk tez narah'. The idioms, metaphors and similes used by him are not only appropriate but also artistic and superb. For example, 'Raet ratas os tarakh nab pholan, bindri zan kuni dupta damanas jarith', 'Zeni akhar myani sarang saz tai setara myon, jan gachihe azkipethnay bozahak yod yara myon'. 'Yambarzal mokhta phot heth brontha drayas, dyutus myutha dekas aem navbaharan'. These examples can be cited in dozens.

Although Kundan has written beautiful and meaningful ghazals and geets yet I am of the opinion that his nazms are a class apart. Selection of subjects and their treatment is unique. He compares heart when it is soft with love and concern and that when it is hard with contempt and jealousy. He draws a painting of his beloved and unconsciously paints a bouquet of lotus. He describes various sources of light and various moods of the mind. He sees pearls in drops of water, dewdrops, tears and mercury and gives a graphic description of each in a distinct way. He is convinced of the greatness of a man but laments his destructive tendencies (Insana sund bajar). He has paid tributes to Mehjoor, Master Zinda Kaul, and Dina Nath Almast as also to Jawahar Lal Nehru and Indira

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**T.N. Dhar 'Kundan'**

Gandhi but these poems also are distinctive in literary content. When he writes a poem to hail the New Year, he requests his granny to cook something delicious without any limit so that everyone is satiated with a sumptuous feast, 'Navi varyuk ptev az partav tai, talai dedy chati voth danas pyav tai'.

One can go on and on in citing marvelous examples from this beautiful collection. Let me, however, close this review by reproducing this message of the poet: 'Yod cha hes tai hosh thavakh, dil rachak, boz kam hekh, yod kadam thavakh cha pazi vati zanh agar nai bambrakh, vechta teli yach chang cheti gayi teet tarakh sholanai, yeet bezyevkali sapan ada teet kostur bolanay.' The book has been dedicated to Moti Lal Saqi, another great name in Kashmiri literature and comprises more than two hundred pages of gripping poetry.

[This review appeared in the June 2007 issue of 'aalav', Bangalore]

**From 'Sopun Tu Sonch'**
**ज़िन्दगी हुंद सोथ**

ज़िन्दगी हुंद सोथ मो व्वन्य रावुराव  
 चाव मति अज़ चाव प्यालाह चावुनाव  
 आसि हय युद लोल बरुनस म्वल तु थाव  
 बिलुहनस यिथु कॅन्य दिलुक अरमान द्राव  
 पोशि टूर्यो! फ्वलनु रोस छुय क्या हसर  
 रंग रूपाह हाव नोन कड नेछुनाव  
 हवनुकुय होतुशीश ज़न लागन अँछन  
 वथ तिथय पनुन्यव अथव कॅह ख्यावुनाव  
 लोलु वछस तॅम्यसुंदिस वंदु जुव पनुन  
 दोलु वुछनस जिगरुकुय तोत आमताव  
 लालु सुंघ पॉठ्यन कोडुम मा दाग नोन  
 दोप मे व्वसतादन गमस खंगालु त्राव  
 वॅरी कौत्याह खँत्य मे अज़ ताम क्याह अँद्योव  
 चँद्रमय बेहतर दूहन मंज़ माह बन्याव  
 द्राव कुन्दन लोलु बाज़ुर्य चावु सान  
 काहवँनी आनन पेयस ग्वरदौल्य पाव

**From 'Sopun Tu Sonch'**
**यिमन रॉचन ति कांह**

यिमन रॉचन ति कांह प्रागाश छारव ।  
 दिमव ना ज़ॉन्य गाशस आश छारव ॥  
 अगर बुतरॉचन प्यठ स्वर्गस दिमव कुन ।  
 छु मा हाजत ज़ि अँस्य आकाश छारव ॥  
 खबर मोठमुत छु कवु पनुनुय तमहुन ।  
 वॅलिव बेयि रोवमुत यादाश छारव ॥  
 ग्रुहन च़लि ना तु ग्रहद्यन छाय डलि ना ।  
 नोवुय ज़ातुख लेखव नॅव राश छारव ॥  
 तिमन हॉसिल नु कॅह गाशी स्वतान छुख ।  
 यिमव दोप सूर मंज़ खशखाश छारव ।  
 व्वं गछि आसुन्य नॅवुय कहवॅट तिकुन्दन ।  
 सॅमिथ अज़ पासु स्वनुची चाश छारव ।

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**त्रे द्युतथम दिलासा**

त्रे द्युतथम दिलासा, युहय लसि गिलासा ।  
 छु बचपन बे-फिकरी, जवॉनी पेप्यासा ॥  
 अँछव वोन अँछन कुन, करव अथुवासा ।  
 मे आँस्य यारि जॉनी, कोडुख लचि टासा ॥  
 ग्वडुन्य मामु यारज़, पॅतिस करतु च़ासा ।  
 पनुन वादु मँशरिथ, लोबुथ कुस त्रे लासा ॥  
 पनुन गव पनुन पान, न मामन्य न मासा ।  
 अपुज़ छुय पज़ान योद, चंदस आसि सासा ॥  
 वनेमस मे पँज़ कथ, मे त्रोवुन टपासा ।  
 छु कुन्दन येमिस मोत, सु कांह आसि खासा ॥

**Special**  **Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N. Dhar 'Kundan'**

**KUNDAN'S POETRY**

**आशा**

पतझर में वसंत की आशा  
सूखे में पावस की चाहत ।  
ठंड में धूप, धूप में छांह  
शूलों में फूलों को खोजे ।  
दुख में सुख की करे कामना  
यही है प्रकृति मानव मन की ।  
पर तुम ने मृत्यु क्यों मांगी ?  
जीवन से क्या ऊब गये हो ?  
क्या कोई दुख असह्य हुआ है  
क्या कुछ कष्ट असाध्य हुये हैं ?  
जीवन तो इतना मादक है  
जीवन तो इतना मोहक है ।  
जीवन ही लालायित करता  
फिर इस से क्यों भाग रहे हो ?  
इस वृत्ति को बस अब छोड़ो  
जीवन से नाता मत तोड़ो ।  
माना अच्छा समय गया है  
बुरा समय भी टल जायेगा ।  
दिनकर की किरणों से क्षण में  
अंधियारा भी जल जायेगा ।  
सूर्य नई आशा लायेगा  
सर में सरसिज खिल पायेगा ।  
उद्यम करो आलस्य को त्यागो  
निराशा की निद्रा से जागो ।  
तुम शाश्वत हो और सनातन  
अमृतपुत्र तुम हो नित नूतन ।  
मृत्यु नहीं है तेरा गंतव्य  
शाश्वत जीना ही है मंतव्य ।  
अब से पहले भी हम ही थे  
अब भी है अस्तित्व हमारा ।  
अब से आगे भी हम होंगे,  
सत्य सनातन जीवन धारा ।।

**पुजारी**

न मैं ज्ञान योगी, न मैं कर्म योगी  
न मैं भक्ति योगी, न मैं राज योगी ।  
पुजारी हूं केवल पुजारी हूं यारो  
मुझे बस पुजारी ही कहकर पुकारो ।  
मगर मेरी पूजा भी बिल्कुल अलग है  
न मैं जल चढ़ाता न दीपक जलाता ।  
सुमन भी न करता मैं अर्पण किसी को  
न अक्षत न फल ही मेरे हाथ में हैं ।  
न गाता भजन मैं न ही नाम स्मरण  
मुझे मंत्र या स्तोत्र आता नहीं है ।  
न पूजा की थाली न फूलों की माला  
न चंदन न सिन्दूर न नैवेद्य कोई ।  
न मन्दिर की चाहत न तीर्थों को जाना  
मैं बस बैठता हूं कहीं पर कहां भी ।  
नयन पथ से अपने उतारूं वह मूर्ति  
श्रवण पथ से उसकी उतारूं मैं आहट ।  
मेरी घ्राण शक्ति वही गंध सूंघे  
रसास्वाद रसना में पादामृत का ।

मेरे अंग अंग में स्पर्श है उसीका  
मेरे पग उसी की तरफ बढ़ते जाते ।  
मेरे दिल की धडकन बजे वाद्य जैसा  
मेरे मन के अंतस्तल में वही है ।  
मेरी मूक वाणी मुखर ही नहीं है  
अनायास उसके विश्लेषण सुनाती ।  
मुझे हर समय उसका सानिध्य मिलता  
उसी से मेरा भी रोम रोम खिलता ।  
मुझे ऐसा लगता वही है वही है  
कभी ऐसा लगता नहीं मैं, वही है ।  
यही मेरी पूजा यही अर्चना है  
तपस्या यही है यही आराधना है ।  
वह है देव मेरा वह है इष्ट मेरा  
मैं उसका पुजारी उसी का उपासक ।  
मैं 'कुन्दन' अवश्य हूं मगर हूं पुजारी  
रहे मेरी पूजा सदा यूँही जारी ।।



**शबनम्य शोहजार**

पोशव बुथ छोल शबनमु सुत्यन, ख्यलु वॅथरव रोट सीनस सुत्य ।  
पम्पोशव कोर श्रानाह तमिकुय, दोदमुत तन मन शोहलोलुख ।  
गासन रोट तिहरिस प्यठ फेरि फेरि, वॅथुरव वॅथुरव दोरुस ऑस ।  
लंजि लंजि गव अँद्रेराह हेरि ब्वनु, दँजमुच वॉल्लिंज शोहलेयख ।  
चु ति छुख म्याने शिलुकुय शबनम, दरशुन दिथ शोहलावुम मन ।  
चॉनिस अथुसुय मंज अथु थवुहा, चोनुय करुहा द्यानाह बो ।  
चान्यन पादन प्यठ ड्यकु थवुहा, रुम रुम गछुनम शबनम्य सॅय ।  
अछुवुय चैमुहा दरशुन अमर्यथ, कनुवुय चैमुहा सोजुक मय ।  
**कुन्दन** स्वरिहा चोनुय नावाह, मेल्यस शबनमुकुय शोहजार ।

**Special**  **Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N. Dhar 'Kundan'**

**कहानी**

...

**'कुन्दन'**

**इ**स शहर का यह बगीचा बड़ा प्रसिद्ध है। यह काफी बड़ा भी है भव्य भी। यहां चारों ओर पेड़ पौदे हैं, हरियाली है और भान्ति भान्ति के फूल खिले हैं। लोग छुट्टी के दिन यहां सपरिवार आकर मौज मस्ती करते हैं। एक दिन मैं भी सायं लगभग पांच बजे यहां आकर एक बहुत बड़े पेड़ के नीचे बैठ गया। उस समय अधिक भीड़ भी नहीं थी। लोग इक्का दुक्का ही इधर उधर चहल कदमी कर रहे थे। अचानक मेरी दृष्टि पेड़ की एक शाखा पर पड़ी। दो पक्षी आपस में बातें कर रहे थे। इनमें से एक चिर परिचित चिड़िया थी जो प्रायः इस नगर में रोज़ दिखाई पड़ती है। दूसरा पक्षी जाना पहचाना तो था पर सद्यः याद नहीं आ रहा था। मैं ने अपने दिमाग पर बहुत जोर लगाया और तत्क्षण मेरे मुंह से चीख निकल पड़ी - अरे यह तो अपनी बुलबुल है जो श्रीनगर में हमारे बगीचे में किलकारियां किया करती थी, चहकती थी, फुदकती थी और गाती थी। तब मैं इसे देख देख कितना खुश होता था।

यह दोनों आपस में बड़े मज़े से बातें कर रहे थे। मैंने ध्यान लगा कर उनकी बातें सुन लीं। बुलबुल मेरी ओर इशारा करके कह रही थी:

“इसे देख रहे हो, यह कश्मीरी पंडित है। यह भी मेरी तरह कश्मीर में रहता था। इसका बड़ा भाई तबला बजाने में सिद्धहस्त था। यह स्वयं इकतारा बजाने का शौक रखता था। इसके गले में मोतियों की माला देख रहे हो ना? इसकी भी एक कहानी है। यह व्यक्ति बड़ा विचित्र है। इसका नाम रमेश है। यह अपने ढंग का निराला मनुष्य है - अपनी मरज़ी का मालिक। वसंत ऋतु और ग्रीष्म ऋतु में यह प्रायः हारवन जाया करता था। वहां पर्वत की तल्हटी में बैठ कर इकतारा बजाने लगता। कुछ देर में एक मृग न जाने कहां से आ टपक पड़ता और चुपचाप इसके सामने बैठ जाता और बड़ी तन्मयता से संगीत सुनता था। रमेश अपनी धुन में मस्त एक हाथ से इकतारा बजाता जाता और दूसरे हाथ से मोतियों की माला अपने गले से निकालकर उस मृग शावक के गले में डाल

देता था। जब भी यह हारवन जाता था मैं भी उड़ते उड़ते वहां पहुंच जाती और यह आश्चर्य चकित करने वाला दृश्य देखती रहती। यह क्रम कई वर्षों तक चलता रहा।

रमेश और मृग एक दूसरे के घनिष्ठ मित्र बन गये थे। जब संगीत का राग पूरा होजाता था तो वह मृग माला को वहीं भूमि पर धर देता और गहन वन में न जाने कहां अदृश्य हो जाता था। एक दिन कश्मीर में शोर शराबा मच गया। पंडितों को कश्मीर छोड़ने को कहा गया और धमकी दी गई कि यदि वे भाग नहीं गये तो उन्हें जान से हाथ धोना पड़ेगा। बेचारा रमेश डर गया। उसकी बूढ़ी मां थी, एक छोटी बहन थी। बड़ा भाई पहले ही नौकरी के लिये दिल्ली में रहता था और दो तीन वर्ष में एक बार छुट्टी लेकर घर आता था। उसे अपनी मां, बहन और अपनी जान की चिन्ता थी, बहन के सम्मान की रक्षा करनी थी क्योंकि हालात ऐसे थे कि कुछ भी सुरक्षति नहीं था। दूसरे दिन उसने अपने घर के द्वार पर एक नोटिस चिपका हुआ देखा। उस पर फिर कठोर भाषा में धमकियां लिखी थीं। वह घबरा गया। उसने किसी प्रकार से एक वाहन का प्रबंध किया। रात को चोरी छिपे उसमें घर का थोड़ा बहुत सामान लाद दिया और फिर घर में बड़ा सा ताला लगाके रात के अंधेरे में वे तीनों कश्मीर से भाग खड़े हुये।”

बुलबुल ने यह वृत्तांत आगे बढ़ाते हुये कहा, “मैं उन दिनों हारवन और शालीमार के बागों में ही विचरण करती थी। एक सप्ताह बीता, दो सप्ताह बीते, रमेश का कहीं अता पता नहीं था। मुझे चिन्ता हुई। मैं उड़ते उड़ते उसके घर गई। वहां दरवाज़े पर बड़ा सा ताला देख कुछ हैरान हुई। फिर भी मैंने सोचा शायद किसी रिश्तेदार के यहां शादी व्याह में गये होंगे।

कई दिन तक प्रतीक्षा की। फिर एक दिन दस बीस लोगों की एक भीड़ ने आकर रमेश के मकान में आग लगा दी। भीड़ में एकत्रित लोग चिल्ला चिल्लाकर कह रहे थे, ‘भाग

**Special Feature**  
**Life and Works of T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**



गया जी भाग गया, रमेश रैणा भाग गया, हिन्दोस्तान भाग गया।' मेरी समझ में बात आ गई। मैंने जाना अब काश्मीर बदल गया, वह पुरानी बात अब नहीं रही।

मैं उडते उडते हारवन पहुंच गई और बैठ गई पेड की शाखा पर। शाम को लगभग चार बजे वही मृग शावक कुछ अनमने भाव से लुढ़कते गिरते आता हुआ दिखाई पडा। जब वह निकट पहुंचा तो मैंने उसका अभिवादन किया और उसकी उदासी का कारण पूछा। उसने कहा, 'मेरा प्रिय रमेश बड़ी मुद्दत से दिखाई नहीं पड रहा है। ज़माना हुआ उसका इकतारा सुने, मेरा कलेजा मुंह को आ रहा है। जाने वह क्यों नहीं आता है।'

मैंने आह भरी और उसको यह सूचना दी कि उसका रमेश अब नहीं आयेगा क्योंकि उसे उसकी मातृभूमि से निकाल दिया गया है। वह न जाने किन अनजान नगरों में भटक रहा होगा। मृग शावक सक्ते में आ गया। उसके नयन भर आये। देखते ही देखते उसकी प्यारी सुन्दर आंखों से अश्रुधारा बह निकली। वह टूटे हुये कदमों से वन की ओर लौट गया।

दूसरे दिन मेरे साथियों ने खबर दी कि मृगशावक ने देह

त्याग किया और सदा के लिये यह नश्वर संसार छोड गया। मेरा हृदय दहल उठा। मैंने जाना कि काश्मीर अब रहने योग्य नहीं रहा। यहां से जाना ही श्रेयस्कर है। उसी दिन मैंने अपनी चिर परिचित भूमि से विदा ली और यहां की ओर प्रस्थान किया। मैंने रमेश को खोज निकाला। उसे यहां रहते हुये पाया। अब मैं यहां ही रह रही हूं इसी रमेश के जैसा घर से बेघर। यह जो इसके गले में माला है यह वही माला है जो वह अपने प्रिय मृगशावक को इकतारा बजाते बजाते पहनाया करता था।''

चिडिया ने उसे ढाढस बंधाई, "तुम चिन्ता मत करो। चैन से हमारे साथ रहो। यहां हम तुम्हें किसी प्रकार की तकलीफ नहीं होने देंगे।" मैंने सोचा काश कि कोई ऐसा व्यक्ति मिल जाता जो मुझे भी इसी प्रकार कहता 'तुम चिन्ता मत करो। चैन से हमारे साथ रहो। यहां हम तुम्हें किसी प्रकार की तकलीफ नहीं होने देंगे।'

यह सोचकर मैं वहां से उठ खडा हुआ और लौट पडा वहां जहां मैं अपने परिवार के साथ पिछले अठारह वर्षों से रहता आया था।।

