

**Praagaash**  
Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



**प्रागाश**  
'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



Kashmir - Gorgeous Icicles  
Image : Asif Iqbal Burza

ॐ नमामि त्वा शारदा देवी, महाभारगी भगवती कार्श्योर पुरवासिनी  
विद्या ज्ञानिनी रक्ष माम् रक्ष माम् । नमामि त्वाम् ।

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## Editorial

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M.K.Raina

**L**ifting of total curbs on internet in Jammu & Kashmir did not happen on New Year day as we had hoped. On 26 January the Republic Day, 2G services were restored but it didn't help Praagaash much because we can not reach our readers in absence of social media. We have our fingers crossed.



Despite the social media being out of bounds for the masses, especially our readers in the State, we are encouraged to receive lot of content for publication in the e-journal from our readers worldwide. This has resulted in considerable increase in the number of pages of Praagaash and we are thankful to all our contributors for this.

Some time back Dr. K.L.Chowdhury sent me a manuscript for Praagaash. It was a write-up by his brother, Shri Chaman Lal Chowdhury. On reading it through I realized it was rather long for inclusion in a regular issue of Praagaash which has already swelled from 40 pages to more than 60 pages with the start of new year. More importantly, it proved to be a moving memoir woven around a bicycle, unfolding a kaleidoscopic vision of the times he lived in Kashmir in the forties and fifties of the last century, of the people and places he describes with passion, of close-knit families, and of the social, economic and political milieu of that time. I felt it deserved to be published separately as a supplement to the monthly issue of Praagaash. I was sad to learn that Shri Chaman Lal had passed away in 2017. I requested Dr Chowdhury for his pictures and other information relevant to the memoir but unfortunately he had lost most of the early photographs during the mass

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### वाख - लल छद

दमी डींठुम गँज दज़वनी  
दमी ड्यूंठुम दुह न तु नार ।  
दमी डींठुम पांडवन हुंज मॉजी  
दमी डींठुम क्रॉजी मास ॥

★ ★ ★

द्वह तारु दुनियहस लोल बोरुम  
पतव ज़ोनुम केंह नतु क्याह ।  
हावसु ललि मे अँलिमाह पोरुम  
पर पर कौरुम, पूरुम नु ज़ांह ॥

★ ★ ★

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पर पर कौरुम, पूरुम नु ज़ांह

### श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

काम क्रूद लूब मुह तु अहंकार छुय  
दोज़खु नार छुय दिवान ब्राय ।  
क्रय तु कारन उन्दु आदार छुय  
चंदस द्यार छी मो कर ज़ाय ॥  
हज़रते मुहम्मद हवादार छुय  
यथ व्यचारस बिहि पानु खुदाय ॥ ॥



काम क्रूद लूब मुह तु अहंकार छुय  
दोज़खु नार छुय दिवान ब्राय  
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यथ व्यचारस बिहि पानु खुदाय





## Episode

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Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

## Aranimal

## The Kashmiri Ancient Poetess of Lyricism, Love &amp; Optimism

*Abdul Majeed Dar*

**A**rnimal was born in the picturesque village of Palhalan, thirty kilometres away from Srinagar, in 1737, nearly two hundred years after Habba Khatoon. She was brought up in the charming surroundings of broad leafed Chinars, tall, slender poplars, calm lakes and majestic mountains at her father's place. Daughter of a respectable family and

tormenting for Aranimal and her emotions were terribly stirred. As a result of this sorrow and unhappiness was born the most melodious poetry full of pathos and grief. Munshi Bhawani Das kachroo, a learned Persian scholar in the court of Jumma Khan, was the Afghan Governor of Kashmir from 1788 to 1792 AD. Aranimal was a talented, sensitive and

sophisticated girl, deeply devoted to her husband. Apparently, she was quite happy in the new surroundings and had a carefree time throughout her childhood days before attaining adolescence. But just before flowering into full womanhood, she got a feeling that her husband was too preoccupied with his literary and other pursuits to pay proper attention to her. She tried hard to draw him towards



Image : Ghazal Qadri - 2019 Calendar

wedded to a person of a great family, Aranimal was pretty, imaginative and accomplished, but all through her life she suffered pangs and torments of separation. As a common practice in those days, Aranimal was married in her childhood to Munshi Bhawani Das kachroo, but before attaining the bloom of her youth, she was deserted by her poet husband for some unknown reasons. The separation from her husband proved painful and

her, but fate had planned it otherwise. Munshi Bhawani Das, for some unknown reasons ignored her, tortured her and tormented her. His husband who was an important person in the Darbar fell into bad company and deserted her. Due to this, Arinimaal's heart broke and she became dejected and forlorn. Possibly due to this painful separation, she must have taken to poetry. Aranimal sang of love, beauty

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## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

and sorrow. Her poetry speaks of agony, dejection, pathos and disappointments. Her poetry melts the people's hearts. Through her poetry, one comes across how she loved her husband. After the separation, she returned to her parents' house who were kind and sympathetic towards her. After some time, Bhawani Dass realized that he had been unkind to his wife. He decided to be with her again. He proceeded towards her village, and when he reached Palhalan, he saw that she was being carried for cremation. And it was too late.

**Arnimal as a Lyrical Poetess:**

Arnimal's lyrics are masterpieces of Kashmiri language. The word pictures of delicate sentiments drawn by her are so vivid, real and charming that very few Kashmiri poets have reached the standard set by her. Most of these lyrics have been set to music and are sung even now by Kashmiris. Arnimal lived during the tyrannical and barbaric rule of Afghans when girls for fear of being lifted away were married off before the onset of puberty. The social structures of that period were very iniquitous and discriminatory. The status of women was worse than what it was in the Mughal rule. Their life and living with in-laws was a woeful and ignominious saga. They were treated as lifeless commodities by a male-dominated society and were fraudulently posed as models of renouncement, patience, piety and love when actually they were subjected to untold oppression and exploitation and were ruthlessly traumatized and rejected.

The importance of the love-

lyrics written by Arnimal lies in this, that they reflect the sorrow, sufferings, passions and longings of common Pandit women of the valley of Kashmir. Lamenting the absence of her beloved husband, Shri Bhawani Das, Arnimal said:

*(Owing to the pangs of separation)  
my complexion "Which was like July  
jasmine*

*Has assumed the pallor of the yellow  
rose*

*O, when will he come to let me have  
A look at his beloved face!"*

The animal thinks that people, devoid of fine feelings and sensibilities, cracked jokes at her expense. She has become the object of taunts. But all this does not change her mind. The intensity of feelings made her complaints deeply touching. She continues to long for her beloved husband with great devotion and love. She says:

*I have filled cups on cups for love*

*Go and cry out to him*

*Across hillsides and meadows green*

*I send him tender thoughts*

*Like deer he roams the woods afar*

*And leaves me here to grieve*

*Go and cry out to him*

Arnimal's lyrics are musical; it has melodious music with its musical rhymes and ever-recurring refrains, its alliterations and its assonances that come most spontaneously from the depth of her heart. All her songs deal with human emotions and are intensely subjective. Arnimal uses images and settings most familiar to her. "Arnimal" for instance, literally interpreted, means in Kashmiri "the garland of Arni rose," the wild pale rose common in the country side. She weaves a delicate imagery out of her

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own name when she says:

*A summer jasmine I had bloomed  
But now have turned a yellow rose  
When will my love come unto me?*

All her songs have been set to music and their imagery and pathos are moving to the extreme. The music and pathos in the following lines are very touching:

*When will thy feet touch lay courtyard  
I will place them on my head,  
O come!*

*For love I left my home and hearth  
And tore the veil,  
O come!*

*Again she says  
May Love, my jasmine, I long for thee  
Come O come, I long for thee  
I plighted when young my troth to thee*

*Why didnt thou break thy plighted troth?*

*O sweet, O dear, I long for thee*

Genuine love is abiding and perennial; it can never die or disappear; it knows neither dismay nor frustration. The sole desire of the lover is that the beloved may be happy wherever he is. The hope that both will be reunited sustains Arnimal through thick and thin. The thought of such future re-union gives her joy and courage to endure the mocks of friends and sneers of foes. She says :  
*"My rivals are throwing taunts at me  
Since the beloved has ceased to talk to me  
Won't he come for a short while and show me His face, so that I should offer My arterial blood as sacrifice for his safety?"*

The poetry of Arnimal is devoid of the mystic touch and of religious experiences. It speaks of the heart of the human soul. After separating from her husband, the spinning

wheel became her constant companion and she composed her songs in tune with the sound of the revolving wheel. Its sound could not but remind her of the tragic story of her own life. She sang:

*Murmur not my spinning wheel,  
Thy straw-rings I will oil  
From under the sod,  
O Hyacinth,  
Raise thy stately form  
For look, the narcissus is waiting  
With cups of wine for you  
The jasmine will not bloom again  
When once it fades away*

Arnimal's songs are poignant in their pathos, helplessness and resignation to one's fate but there is no malice found anywhere in them. There is an undercurrent of quiet fortitude which is characteristic of the age-old suffering of a Kashmiri Pandit woman, especially when she is unhappily married or due to ill luck separated from her beloved husband. There seems to be little doubt that Arnimal, deserted and maltreated by her husband, lived at her father's home for long spells of time. In most of her songs, therefore, she expresses frustration. She always craved for the nearness of her husband. She pleaded him with all sweet things in life, but he always duped her. She pleads:

*I treated him to candy sweet  
He took my heart and I was duped  
Now he is gone, and I am made  
A laughing stock for an to see  
Will no one tell him what I feel?  
Let us arise at early dawn  
And seek my love  
On hills and mountains high  
I wait and wait expectantly,  
When will my love come unto me?*

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## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

Besides fortitude and resignation, these lyrics breathe a note of dissatisfaction if not revolt against the age-old custom which condemned the Hindu woman of Kashmir if she experienced unhappy marriage and unfaithful love. Thus her lyrics give voice to many voiceless Kashmiri women of her time and these lend the same musical and spontaneous voice to all such women who suffer silently in all ages. Composition of songs became a spontaneous mode of expression with Arnimal. Gradually she acquired mastery over words and invented a unique style of expression. Some of these lyrics have become classics in Kashmiri language. She surpasses some of the most talented English poets in the use of alliteration and imagery. Just listen to the lyric she wrote:

*Tell me, O Friend, who can trust whom? What deception he worked on me! Pulling at my wrists in deep sleep, He hurt my very vitals. Taking away, all my gold, What deception he worked on me!*

In English poetry one comes across instances of such intense emotions coupled with an intense display of imagery and alliteration. John Keats, a great poet of the romantic era of the nineteenth century scintillates his odes with many verbal gems. Like Arnimal, he experienced frustration in love and knew the pain and fever of passion. In his Ode to Autumn, he makes use of alliteration spontaneously. He writes :  
*Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness*

*Close bosom friend of maturing sun*

In his book 'Gems of Kashmiri Literature', Shri T. N. Kaul writes, "As

was the common practice during the Afghan rule, Arinimal too was married in her childhood to Munshi Bhawani Das Kachru, a renowned Persian poet, scholar and servant. He belonged to a respectable family settled in Rainawari, Srinagar and held a position of honor in the court of Jumma Khan, who was the Afghan governor of Kashmir from 1788 to 1792". Elaborating about Arinimal's compositions, Shri Kaul says, "Arinimal excelled in Vatsun, the genre originally evolved by Habba Khatoon 200 years earlier. Several of her delectable creations are extant. All that she had written, has not been retrieved so far. Only about two dozen lyrics have passed to the successive generations by word of mouth." Arinimal is the composer of the 'komal' poems. These poems have a special 'color' - a deep anguish and the simplicity & influence of folk songs which has made an inherent place in the people's mind. In spite of the neglect and disgrace, she continued to consider her husband as her beloved, and believed that one day he would come back to her. Having waited for him all through her life, she died at a young age of 41 years. This may only be a heresy, but the agony of her wounded love, and the restlessness on account of her desire for proximity to her lover, became the main theme of her poetry. The beauty and intensity of her thirst for love and the painful manifestation of craving in her poetry, made considerable impact on the people's mind. Arinimal had herself also recorded a large number of her poems while she remained separated from her beloved at Palhalan village. After her death,



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these creations were handed over to the old man's ancestors who kept them in safe custody. But in view of the atrocities perpetrated by the Afghans in the closing years of their rule on the civilian population and the consequent risk of damage to the invaluable poems, the Kachrus were obliged to deposit this treasure in a 'Chah' (dry well) near the Hari Parbat hill.

**Arnimial as a Love-Lorn Poetess:**

It is a pleasing yet strange coincidence that Lal Ded (14th Century), Habba Khatoon (16th Century) and after a lapse of two hundred years Arnimal adorned Kashmiri literature through their poetical geniuses.

Arnimial spared no effort to establish an emotional bond with her beloved husband. She picked up the tunes of music and tried hard to acquire the graces behaving Muslim court ambience. But, to her ill-luck, she failed to achieve much of a success. Burning in the agonising fires of separation, Arnimal in all disgust and melancholy returned to her partents' living at Palhalan, a hamlet (in Baramulla district). A line from her sufficiently supports it:

*O golden Jasmine,  
you blossomed in jungles,  
bushes and shrubs  
but Palhalan is your parental abode.*

Her captivating songs ooze out varied shades of pain and agony. Separation from her spouse was what tormented her. Rejected love was what agonised her. Here is a lyric soaked in pain and agony-

*Wreaths of flowers I wove for my  
husband Would that he were to*

*accept it Cups of wine I filled for him  
Would that he were to come I yearn to  
clasp him in my arms.*

Stung by intolerable pangs of separation, she is deeply pining for her husband who is distances away from her. In agony she addresses her friend:

*O friend, tell him about my agony  
I know not what my fault is  
Repaired he to my cruel co-wife -  
He is hers, since I learnt it  
My whole being is set afire  
I lost my appetite*

*I am eagerly waiting for him  
How I wish he were with me*

Despaired and forsaken Arnimal expresses her pathos:

*Soaked in tears  
my hem is awaiting you  
my days drag on  
Why this futile vanity*

She again sings in melancholy :

*When will your soft feet  
touch our threshold.*

*I place them on my pate*

*In agony I came out searching for you  
removing veils and barriers all  
Pray come to me*

The marital life of Arnimal Kachru was seething with pain and anguish. Says she:

*O friend,  
why my husband separated from me  
I bathed clean for him  
All adornments went useless,  
he did not come,  
O loveless,  
I can't bear with your separation any  
longer  
Without you I shall fade away  
Now no more can  
I wait even for a short while*

Arnimial has sought ample succour from nature to ventilate her



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heart-ravaging pain and anguish. The creepers (hiya), yellow roses (arni-posh) and narcissuses (nargis) have oft found a mention in her lyrics. Multifarious manifestations of nature like vast green fields, flowing rivers and murmuring rivulets, awesome mountains and snow-capped peaks have deftly been delineated in the context of her gloomy moods and pathos-laden feelings caused by separation from her husband.

*For him have I filled brimful cups of wine*

*O friend, could you go to summon him  
On way to meadow, back from peaks  
O friend, take my blessings to him.*

*Rendering me hapless  
he frisked away like a deer*

*Call him,  
platefuls of sweets & candies are  
awaiting him*

*Tears are dribbling incessantly from  
my eyes*

*How to bear with pain and agony  
Call him loud and clear*

Again she says :

*I am a youthful beauty,  
abandoned my abode for him  
whole day passed awaiting him  
His gnawing indifference has  
rendered me mad*

*I bear with taunts flung by one and all*

Addressing her husband she in  
all despair busts out :

*O, my love,  
You were the friend of my youth  
Initially I knew not how to value it  
Wasted it away,  
Now I am pining and withering  
Show me your countenance,  
I am dying for a mere glimpse  
O, friend of my youth.*

Arnimol as an Optimistic  
Poetess: There is an exemplary

confluence of hope and despair in the love-laden lyrics of Arnimol. Helplessness, unfathomable perseverance, endless wait and incessant agony are the emotional states that weave the warp and woof of her lyrical orchestrations. But the world of her intense emotions is lacking in a broad sweep. Her lyrics limpid mirror the mind of a deserted woman who is in deep despair, lonely and yearning for a rendezvous with her spouse distances away from her. She is in anguish, yet she is hopeful and optimistic. She is a broken reed, yet she yearns for a concourse with her husband who has forsaken her. Malice and ill-will never come her way. She could have screamed fire and fury at her husband who has cruelly left her high and dry. But she maintains her calm and poise. Says she :

*Your love impelled me to abandon my  
abode  
you knit up your brows and frowned at  
me*

*I wished you long life as that of  
Lomesh Rishi  
Who ill-advised you not to return to  
me?*

Pouring out her heart Arnimol  
says :

*Would that he were to come once  
I would sacrifice my life for him  
Why he trampled me,  
a creeper that has fully bloomed  
O friend, I have none to confide  
I am teased and mocked at  
What if he does not talk to me  
Let him live long and be happy  
Let him be with my co-wife*

Arnimol is tormented by pangs  
of separation and is in hell-fires of  
despair, yet she sings of hope and

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happiness :

*O hope of the hopefuls!  
enliven my heart with hope  
Remove dark despair from it  
He repaired to Lahasa for benefits  
I am eagerly awaiting him  
Sow the seeds of warm friendship  
And wish no hurt even to enemies*

She is under the perpetual grip of blues and greys. She is wretched and forlorn. Says she:

*He never stood by his promises  
He bewitched me & went away  
O friend, can you manipulated his return?  
Everything in this world is fleeting and transitory  
Flowers bloom and soon fade away*

Memories of her spouse cause her pain and anguish. She weeps and wails for his quick return. In pain and grief, she sings :

*When will he return to me,  
a woman in bubbling youth? I  
am shedding tears endlessly  
Can I ever forget the deep craving for him?  
My whole being is afire like a  
coniferous twig  
My pains know no end, tears in  
torrents  
Go on dripping from my eyes.*

Despite her husband's indifference and sullenness, Arnimal never ceased to yearn and long for his close companionship. A lyric of hers opening with the yellow-hued rose (arin) is highly popular with lovers of Kashmiri poetry and music. She sings :

*Mine is a life  
brimming with pain and agony  
you got my heart perforated  
by the taunts of others  
You got it burnt like a half burnt cloth-*

*piece*

*Who will convey my wretchedness to him*

*When will he turn up to show his countenance to me*

*Cheating me he stole away*

*He mocked at me in presence of strangers*

*When should I expect him back?*

This is quite a popular lyric, almost on the tip of every Kashmiri's tongue. Mehmood Gami, impressed so much by the lyric, has in one of his lyrics immortalized the refrain. 'Arnirung gom shrawn'. The famous and quite popular lyric of Arnimal is that of 'spinning wheel' which became her inseparable companion after separatism from her spouse. The lyric is bequeathed to us from our mothers and grandmother and is typically Arnimalian in content and style :

*O spinning wheel!*

*do not murmur and grumble*

*Thy straw-rings I shall oil*

*Raise thy head from under the earth,  
O! hyacinth*

**Conclusion :**

Arnimal is a master craftsman of simple, bewitching and melodious language, which is not excessively burdened with Persian and Sanskrit vocabulary. Each word of hers is natural, plain, musical and lilting. Her love-lorn mindscape is deeply touching and pathetic. The lyrics of Arnimal are suffused with an optimism as she never let go hope about the return of her husband. As per an oral tradition, Bhawani Das Kachru having been tired of ostentatious court life returned to

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

## Cutting Prescriptions To Size

*If we can't make life better for a patient, let's not make it worse.*

**P**reamble: Scientific advances combined with modern technology have revolutionized medical care. We are making rapid advances in the treatment of diseases heretofore believed incurable. We know how organ transplants and artificial prosthesis, robotic aids and chips inside the human body not only give a fresh lease of life to millions around the world but also make lives worthwhile. As a result, life span has risen dramatically in the last four decades. But, as goes the maxim, there is a price to pay for every blessing. Ageing too brings with it several degenerative conditions and other afflictions, what we call co-morbidities in the medical lexicon that necessitate several medications.

Here is a case in point:

**Case Report:** A 70-year man sought my advice on June 1, 2018. He had diabetes of 20 years, hypertension, coronary artery disease, bronchial asthma, and hypothyroidism. He had sustained a heart attack after which a stent had been placed in his right coronary artery.

He had come to seek my advice for a drop in hemoglobin which had been detected on a routine blood examination; it was a self ordered test.

Except for the anemia he seemed reasonably fit despite his multiple morbidities.

When I asked what drugs he was currently taking, the patient pulled a diary out from his handbag, and placed it on my table. It was a unique specimen; the whole page was filled with the prescription from top to bottom by his consultant, a senior medical advisor, under his signature and seal.

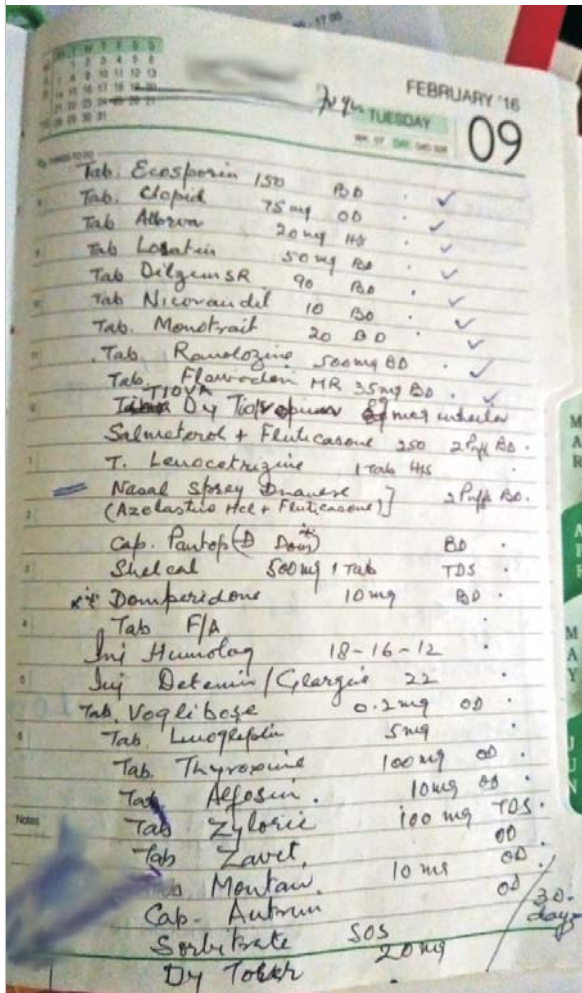
“Are you taking all these medicines at this point of time?” I asked in utter

amazement.

“Yes, sir,” he sighed. “In fact, I have come to ask you if I need all these drugs. You see, my whole day is spent fishing the medicine cabinet for the pills and capsules; I often miss or repeat a dose I have already taken. I am confused which medicine to take at what time, whether before or after food, with water or milk or tea, whether together or one after the other. I have to drink a lot of water to swallow the pills some of which are so large they stick in my throat. I feel as if the pills and capsules I consume everyday clash with each other inside my stomach that often gets bloated up. I don't get enough time for my routine work, for newspaper or TV, and hardly any for a walk or for socializing. I can't go anywhere for any length of time because I have to carry my medicine baggage or I will miss a dose. I am not just a prisoner of my afflictions but worse, a prisoner of the medication that has been prescribed. I carry this diary with me to check what I have taken and what remains; it is like the holy commandment signed by my doctor, which I study more carefully than I ever studied my books when, and more intensely than I ever read the Gita or any scripture. I have come to you with one hope, the hope of liberation from the numerous pills and capsules. Can you please *cut this prescription to size?*”

I liked that expression. In fact, I have been cutting prescriptions to size ever since I observed the pervasive predilection of medical professionals to over prescribe, often





**Fascimile of the Prescription (Doctor's and patients names have been withheld)**

unnecessary drugs or drugs without authenticated benefits, even drugs that are counter productive or cross reacting and potentially harmful in different settings, and drugs for symptoms caused by other drugs.

**Polypharmacy:** I studied the entries in the patient's diary. It was like a mini pharmacopoeia reproduced on that page. There were 30 drug items for daily consumption that included three injections of

short-acting insulin and one of basal insulin, a total of 36 tab/capsules per day, two inhalations twice a day for asthma, and a nasal spray for allergic rhinitis. It was mind boggling. I pitied the patient who spends a whole day sorting out which drugs to take at what time in what manner; I pitied the doctor who must have taken a full twenty minutes just to write down the prescription. I pitied me for getting dragged into a breach of faith between a patient and his doctor. I said so to the patient but he pleaded with eyes that sought *liberation*. Yes, liberation from the burden of a humungous prescription.

I have often wondered about, and loudly decried (at the risk of annoying fellow medical professionals), the subtle and sometimes explicit compact between the medical fraternity, the pharmaceutical industry, the labs and imaging centers, each seeking their pound of flesh from the unsuspecting patient. In the process, doctors order (and some patients also self-order) a battery of tests even for trivial afflictions or no afflictions at all, prescribe a long list of unwarranted drugs, and perform unnecessary interventions, flagrantly flouting the Hippocratic Oath, often exposing the patient to harmful, and potentially dangerous, consequences including death. Even in advanced countries like the USA, mistakes in the treatment of patients are the third leading cause of death. Though we have no definite statistics in India, I am afraid we fare a lot worse.

The present case is illustrative of polypharmacy that is the curse of current medical practice. I prefer to call it hyperpharmacy. Does a fellow need the entire pharmacopoeia to live and sustain life? At what cost?

**Risks and benefits:** The most commonly reported definition of polypharmacy is five or more medications daily. But with longer life spans and multiple morbidities of ageing, like the case under review, more and more drugs



need to be prescribed, so we are yet to evolve a consensus on the distinction between appropriate and inappropriate polypharmacy. However, polypharmacy is associated with adverse outcomes including gastrointestinal upsets, falls from orthostatic hypotension (fall of BP on standing up), adverse drug reactions, and mortality. It is no brainier that the risk of adverse effects and harm increases with increasing number of medications. Older patients are at greater risk due to decreased kidney and liver function, hearing and visual impairment, reduced cognition and limited mobility and unpredictable drug responses. Often, an adverse drug reaction is misinterpreted as a new medical condition, for which another drug is then prescribed, placing the patient at risk of developing additional adverse effects. This is a cascading effect.

One of the primary goals of the doctor must be to institute rational polypharmacy after a careful and detailed assessment of the various afflictions of the patient, of current medications and all recent medication changes. A new medication should be added only when there is a clear indication for its use, keeping in mind that polypharmacy can adversely affect the ability of an older adult to adhere to his or her medication regimen. All medications should be assessed for risks and benefits and the final combination of medications should be based on benefits outweighing the risks. Most importantly, the doctor needs to look at the patient not merely as a sum of his afflictions, not merely as a vehicle of his organs and systems, but in totality – body, mind and spirit – as a whole, a dynamic human being, the central focus being on improving the quality of life and not merely prolonging the misery.

**Epilogue:** So what about the patient who came to seek my guidance? Well, he was anemic, which on investigation was the result of occult bleeding from the stomach caused



by the use of twin blood thinners in his prescription. His blood pressure was low from three blood pressure drugs. He gave history of frequent hypoglycemia (low blood sugar) because, besides the four insulin shots a day, he was also consuming three oral drugs for diabetes. He was receiving too many anti-angina drugs (four items) even as he hardly complained of angina; he was also taking a diuretic (that causes increase in uric acid) at the same time receiving a drug for lowering uric acid. He was also taking drugs (three tablets and a capsule) for 'gas', besides large doses of calcium and multivitamin supplements which he had been taking ever since he remembered. His asthma was seasonal, yet he was on large doses of inhalers and nasal sprays.

I clipped his prescription and reduced it to eleven items that I thought absolutely necessary. It is more than a year since the patient saw me the first time. He has been reporting regularly, is fairly well controlled in all parameters, happy with life that has been *liberated* from the slavery to medications and frequent testing; now finding enough time for his family and friends, for prayer and recreation.

“I am a changed man,” he remarked when I saw him last September.

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*Language & Scripts - Dr. P.L.Ganju*

## In Praise of Sanskrit

### Living Repository of Indo-European Vocabulary

*The Sanskrit language, whatever may be its antiquity, is of wonderful structure; more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either; yet bearing to both of them a stronger affinity, both in the roots of the verbs and in the forms of grammar, than could possibly have been produced by accident, so strong indeed that no philologist could examine them all without believing them to have sprung from some common source, which perhaps no longer exists. There is a similar reason, though not quite so forcible for supposing that both the Gothic and Celtic, though blended with a different idiom, had the same origin with the Sanskrit, and the Old Persian might be added to the same family.*

- Sir William Jones (1786)

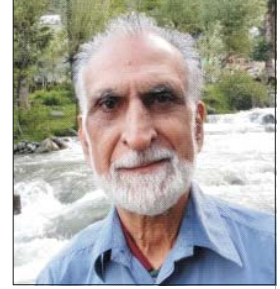
**S**ir William Jones (1746-94), an English jurist, was a linguistic prodigy and Orientalist. Besides his native languages, he had learnt Greek and Latin, Persian and Arabic, etc., in his early years. The British East India Company appointed him as a judge in the Supreme Court at Calcutta. While in India, during the last eleven years of his short life, he acquired a thorough knowledge of Sanskrit, translated a large number of Hindu scriptures and acquainted himself with the ancient culture of India. In 1784, he founded the Asiatic Society of Bengal. In 1786, he spoke to its members, all Europeans then, on the culture of Hindus. Here he praised Sanskrit to the hilt, pointing to the richness of its vocabulary and grammar, in comparison with those of Greek and Latin. He also pointed out that the two classical European languages, as well as Gothic, Celtic and Old Persian bore a genetic relationship, in their verbal roots and grammar, to Sanskrit. Above all, Sir Jones postulated that all these languages had a common origin with Sanskrit and formed a 'family', which, on the basis of comprehensive research work of the later philologists, came to be known as The Indo-European.

According to the evolving Indo-

European hypothesis, most of the languages of Eurasia, from Himalayas to Atlantic, existing or extinct, constitute a large family of languages, having descended from a common ancient dialect of some of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia.

For a long time, the speakers of this legendary language were believed to be Aryans, a myth largely propagated by Max Muler (1823- 1900). Nevertheless, the racial term Aryan is attested in the ancient Indo-Iranian literature, in the Indo-Aryan Rigveda and the Iranian Gathas of Zoroaster, while the original dialect of the so-called Aryan tribes of Central Asia is extinct. In 1808, Friedrich von Schlegel, a great German critic, poet and philosopher, postulated in his famous work (in German) "On the Language and Wisdom of Indians" that all the Indo-European languages might be derived from Sanskrit itself.

Soon after the establishment of the IE hypothesis, a new group of ancient Anatolian languages was discovered in early 20<sup>th</sup> century





A.D. during some excavation work at Bogazkoy, in the Asian part of Turkey. These languages were found to be inscribed in wedge-shaped characters on thousands of excavated clay tablets now kept in a museum. Amongst this group, Hittite is by far the best attested one. It however chiefly dealt with the trade and commerce in the Hittite Empire, spanning a period from 1650 B.C. to 1200 B.C. Hittite, however, soon after, disappeared from the scene along with the Hittite Empire, for ever. On dating, Hittite was found to be a few centuries older than Sanskrit, pushing the latter to second place in the antiquity of IE.

Webster's Encyclopedic Unabridged Dictionary of English Language (1994) lists eleven language families in the IE Family They are: Hittite (extinct), Indo-Iranian (Sanskrit, Persian, etc.), Greek (Greek), Italic ( Latin, French, etc.), Germanic ( Gothic, Icelandic, English, German, etc.), Slavonic (Russian, etc.) etc. The genetic relationship of these families is indicated by the presence of many common words in their component languages, with, more or less, similar sound and structure. On the basis of these genetic characteristics, they are called cognates.

All said and done, Sanskrit continues to be of central importance to the student of IE, being the oldest extant IE language, older than both the classical languages of Europe, e.g. Greek and Latin and having vastly preserved its ancient vocabulary and grammar. As compared to Sanskrit, Greek and Latin, English is a recent language, hardly 500 years old in its modern form, Yet, in it, we find many Indo-European cognate words, exhibiting an unmistakable genetic relationship with Sanskrit. A list of many of these Indo-European cognate words of English, compiled by the writer, is presented here, under different categories. They are followed by the cognate words of the other Indo-European languages, ending with the ancient Sanskrit word.

### Age and abbreviations of the languages treated in the article:

(i) Sanskrit (Sans.), c 1500 B.C. (ii) Latin (L.) 75B.C. to 200 A.D. (extinct), (iii) Greek (Gk.), c 100 B.C., (iv) Gothic (Goth), c 100 B.C. (extinct), (v) Old English (OE), c. 450 to 1100 A.D. (extinct) (vi) Middle English (ME), c 1100 A.D to c 1475 A.D. (extinct), (vii) English (Eng), modern (viii) German (Ger.), modern, (ix) Icelandic (Icel.), modern

### I Kinship words:

**mother** : ME *moder*, OE *modar* c. L. *mater*, Gk. *meter*, Ger. *mutter*, Sans **matr**

**father** : ME *fader*, OE *faeder*, c. Ger *Vater*, L *pater*, Gk. *pater*, Sans **pitar**

**brother** : ME; OE *brother*, c. Icel *brothir*, Ger *Bruder*, L *frater*, Gk *phrater*, Goth *brothar*, Sans **bhratr**

**sister** : OE *sweaster*, Ger *Schwester*, Rus *sestra*, L *soror*, Goth *swistar*, Sans **svasar**

**daughter** : ME *doughter*, OE *dohtor*, c. Ger *Tochter*, Gk *thygater*, Sans **duhitr**,

**nephew**: ME *neveu* < L *nepos*, akin to OE *nefa*, Icel *nefi*, ,Ger *Neffe*, Sans **naptr**

### II. Numerals:

**two** : Ger *zwa*, OE *twa*, L *duo*, Gk *dyo*, Sans **dva**

**three** : Icel *tre*, L *tres*, Gk *treis*, Goth *triu*, Sans **treys**

**third** :ME *thirde*, Ger *dritte* Goth *thirdja*, Gk *trittos*, L *tertius*, Sans **tritiya**

**four** : ME *four*, *fower*, OE *feower*, Goth *fidwor*, akin to L *quattuor* Gk *tettares*, Sans **catur**

**five** : OE *fif*, c.D *vijf*, Ger *fumf*, L *quinque*, Gk *pente*, Sans **panch**

**six** : Icel *sex*, L *sex*, Gk *hex*, OE *six*, Sans **shas**

**seven**: Ger *sieben*, L *septem*, Gk *hepta*, Goth *sibun*, OE *seofer*, Sans **sapta**

**eight**: Icel *atha*, OE *eahta*, L *octo*, Gk *okto*, Goth *ahtam*, Sans **ashta**

**nine**:OE *nigon*, L *navam*, Sans **navam**

**ten** : *tien*(e); c. Ger *zehn*,Goth *taihun*, L



*decem*, Gk *deka*, Sans. **dasha**

**hundred** : ME, OE ; equi. to **hund**: c. Goth *hundert*; akin to L *cent(um)*, Gk (*he*)*kat(on)*, Avestan *sat(em)*, OSlav *seto*, Russ *sto* ; Sans **shatam** ( *hund+ red (to count)=hundred*).

### III. Body parts:

**brow** : OE *bru*, Sans **bhrus**

**nose** : Ger *nase*, OE *nosu*, L *nasus*, Sans **nasa**

**nave** (hub) OE *nafu*, Ger *nabe*, Icel *nof*, Dutch *naaf*, , Sans **nabhis**

**navel**: OE **nafela**, Dutch *navel*, Ger *nabel*, Icel *nafli*,

**foot** :OE *fot*, Goth *fotus*, L *pes*, Gk *pous*, Sans **pad**

**hoof** : OE *hof*, Ger *Huf*, related to ON *hofr*, Sans **sphasd**

**chin** : ME,OE *Cinn*, D *kin*, L *gena*, Gk *genu(s)* jaw, Goth *kinnus*, Sans **hanus**

### IV. Common nouns:

**nest** : ME,OE c. (cognate with) D, Ger *nest*, akin to L *nidus*, Sans **nida**

**yoke** : OE *jeoc*, *geoc*, L *jugam*, Ger *joch*, Sans **yugam**

**foam** : OE *fem*, L *spuma*, Ger *Feim*, Sans **fena**

**tree** : OE, ME *treo(w)*, Gk *drys*, Icel *tre*, Avestan *dru* and Sans **drumah**

**twig** : (originally something divided into two) OE *twig*, *twigge*, akin to Ger. *zwig* Dutch *twig*, Sans **dvikas**

**birch** (tree): OE *berc*, *bierce*; Sans **bhurja** :

**ginger**: ME *gingiveru*, Late L *gingiberi*, perhaps Sans *sring* (horn), or *shrigveram* (ginger)

**pepper**: OE *pipor*, L *piper*, Gr *peperi*, Sans **pippali**

**sweat**: OE *swat* (noun), *swaetan* (verb), Sans **svid** (noun)

**hero**: OE *wer*, Gr *heros*, akin to L *vir*; Sans **vira**

**boat/ship**: L *nav(vis)*, Gr *naus*, Sans **naus**

**naval**: <L *naval(is)*, Sans **navy**

**sugar**: ME *sugre*, *sucre*; ML *succar(um)*, Sans **sarkara**

**end**: OE *ende*, c. Ger *Ende*, Goth *endeis*, akin to San **anta**

### V. Pronouns:

**that** :ME; OE *thaet*, cog with Ger *das(s)*, Gk *to*, Sans **tad**

**thou** : ME,OE *thu*, cog with Ger *du*, Icel *thu*, L *tu*, Lith *tu*, akin to Sans **tvam**

**who** :OE *hwa*, cog with Goth *hwas*, L *quis*, Ger *wer*, also with Sans **kas**,

**whom**: OE *hwam*, what; ME,OE *hwaet*, Ger *was*, D *wat*, L *quad*, Sans **kas**

**it** :OE *hit*, akin to Goth *ita*, Ger *es*, L *id*, Sans **i** ( *i* is a pronominal root = here).

### VI Adjectives:

**sweet** : OE *swete*, L *suavis*, Gk *hedus*, Sans **svadu**

**young**: OE *geong*, Ger *jung*, Icel *ungr*, akin to L *juvenis*, Sans **yuvan**

**thirsty** :ME *thirsti*, OE *thyrstig*, akin to Ger *durstig*, Sans **tristitas**

**new**: ME *niwe*, OE *neowe*, Ger *niu*, Goth *niujis*, Gk *neos*, akin to L *nov*, Sans **navas**

### VII. Verbs:

**is**: ME,OE; Icel *es*, *er*; akin to Ger, Goth *ist*, L *est*, Gk *esti*, Sans **asti**

**am**: ME; OE *am*, *eam*, *eom*; Goth *im*, Icel *em*, Gk *eimi*, Sans **asmi**

**be**: ME *been*, OE *beon*, ( *beo* akin to Ger *bin* (I am), L *fui* (I have been) Sans **bhavati** (he becomes, is)

**bear** : ME *bere(n)*, OE *beran*; Icel *bera*, Goth *bairn*, L *fer(re)* Gk *pher(ein)*, Sans **bhar(ti)**

**stand**: ME; OE *stand(an)*; Icel *standa*, *standan*; akin to L *sta(re)*, Sans **stha**

**weave**: OE *wefan*, Icel *vefa*, Ger *weben*, related to Gk *hyphos*, Sans **vabhis** (web, weevil, wasp may also be akin)

**eat**: OE *etan*, c. Ger *essen*, Goth *itan*, L *edere*, Sans **ad**

**bind**: ME *bind(en)*, OE *bindan*, Icel *binda*,





Goth *bindan*, Sans **bandh**

**go:** ME *gon*, OE *gan*. Ger *gehen*, Sans **jahati**

**wit:** (to know), OE *witan*, Goth *witan* (to observe), Ger *wissen*, compare L *videre* (to see), Gk *oida* I know, Sans **ved** I know.

#### VIII. Prepositions and Adverbial Prefixes:

Like the words given above, many of the Sanskrit adverbial prepositions or prefixes have also their cognates in the classical European languages of Greek and Latin. Sanskrit prepositions are called *upasargas*. Macdonell has listed 15 such *upasargas* in his book *Vedic Grammar* (1900), These appear to be original to the sacred language, being the oldest in the Indo-European family. The Panini's Classical Sanskrit has inherited many of these prepositions. When prefixed to the verbs, they intensify, modify or even change the meaning of the verb completely.

Some of the prepositions and prefixes of Sanskrit are : **apa** away from, **adhi** upon, **abhi** towards, **anti** near, **api** upon, **upa** to, **antar** between, **pari** around, **upari** over, **pra** before, **ati** beyond, etc. Most of them have cognates in other Indo-European languages including the ancient classical languages of Europe, e.g. the Greek and the Latin.

English has a limited number of typical prepositions, like *in*, *on*, *by*, *to*, *since*, indicating the spatial relationships, etc. of the words in a clause or a sentence but possesses a large number of prefixes derived from classical Greek and Latin. They are present in their loan words from these classical languages and are incorporated as such, or in a somewhat modified form of the word. These loaned prefixes are: *a-*, *ab-*, *abs-*, *ad-*, *epi-*, *anti-*, *hemi-*, *inter-*, *peri-*, *super-*, *pro-*, etc. If we compare them with the Sanskrit prepositions, they appear, more or less, similar to them, in both sound and structure. As with the other categories of words, given above, we will begin each column with the

prefixes of these English loan words and follow them with the corresponding words in the other languages, ending with that of Sanskrit.

(i) **ab-** (L) 'away from', as *absent*; cognate with Gk *apo*, Ger *ab*, Eng. *of*, 'off'; Sans **apa** as *apasar* 'go away'

(ii) **ad-**, (L) 'to, at', as *adhere*, *adapt*, cognate with Goth and Eng 'at', Sans **adhi** as *adhiruh* 'to ascend'

(iii) **ambi-**, **amb-**, (L) 'round about', as *ambidextrous*, *ambition*, etc; cognate with Gk *amphi*, Sans **abhi** as *abhigam*, *abhishap*

(iv) **anti-** (Gk), 'opposite to, against', as *antipathy*, connected with L *ante*, Ger. *ant-*; Eng *an-*, *a-*, Sans. **anti**, 'near', as *antik*

(v) **epi-** (Gk), 'on', as *epitaph*, cognate with Sans **api** 'upon,' as *apidhanam* 'covering'

(vi) **hypo-**, **hyph-**, **hyp-** (Gk), 'under, near' as *hypotenuse*, *hyphen*, cognate with L. 'sub', Goth. *uf*, Sans. **upa** to, as *upasad*, 'to sit near'

(vii) **inter-** (L), 'between', as *interval*, *intermarry*, cognate with Eng. *under* and Sans. **antar**

(viii) **peri-** (Gk), 'round' as *perimeter*, also allied to Ger. *Para* Sans. **pari**,

(ix) **super-** (L), 'over, above, beyond,' as *super-structure*, *superman*, cognate with Ger. *hyper*, Sans. **upari**

(x) **pro-** (Gk), 'before' as *prologue*, cognate with Eng *for*, Sans **pra** as *pranam*, *bow down*, *prebuddh* 'wise'

(xi) **endo-** (Gk), 'inside, within', used in the formation of compound words as *endogamy*, *endodermis*, Gk *endon*, akin to Sans **antar**, between as **antargat**

(xii) **an-**, **a-**, (Gk), 'not, without', as *anarchy*, *ambrosia*; cog. with L **in-**, Eng. **un-**, not, as *unable*, Sans **an-**, as *ananta* endless; and *a-* as *arupa*, formless

(xiii) **n-** (OE and L), 'no, not', as *never*, *null*; OE *ne*, cognate with Goth *ni*, and L *ne*, Sans **na-** as *na na-ciren*

To cap the above categories, a *mantra* from the Rig Veda, used by J. P. Mallory in his



book 'In Search of the Indo-Europeans, 1991)', is also presented below, to show the genetic interrelationship of the ancient Vedic words with the corresponding words in other Indo-European languages:

#### The Vedic hymn:

*Indrasya nu viryani pra vocam*

*yani cakara prathmani vajri*

*ahann ahim anu apas tatrada*

*pra vaksana abhinat parvatanam.*

Mallory's translation:

I shall proclaim now the heroic deeds of Indra, the first ones which the club-wielder performed.

He slew the serpent, he made a breach for the waters,

he split open the bellies of the mountains.

The opening line in the passage, given above, contains many words with cognates in other Indo-European languages:

*nu* (now) is present as such in Greek, Old Irish, Lithuanian and old English.

*viryani* (manly deeds) : this word is derived from root word *vir* (man) , through *virya* (prowess); *vir* is also found in Latin, it is changed to *fer* in Old Irish, to *vryas* in Lithuanian, and *wer* in Old English; *wer* still survives in the compound *werewolf*

(iii) *pra vocam* (speak forth) is cognate with Latin *pro voco*(I call forth)

#### Some Indo-European Grammar:

The Indo-Iranian is one of the oldest members of the Indo-European Family. On the basis of its large, common vocabulary and grammatical forms, it is a well-defined family, encompassing both the Indo-Aryan languages (e.g. Sanskrit) and the Iranian languages (e.g. Old Persian ), The hymns of the Rig Veda and the hymns of the Gathas ( the latter believed to have been composed by the Iranian Prophet Zarathustra), are considered as cognate literature. For example, the following Vedic and the Gathic

hymns are almost identical in their structure and have the same meaning:

#### The Vedic hymn:

*tam amavantam yajatam, suram dhamasu savistham, mitram yajaai hotrabhyah*

#### The Gathic hymn:

*'tem amavantem yazatem, surem damohu sevistem, mithrem yazai zaotrabyo,"*

**Trans.** This powerful strong god Mithra / strongest in the world of creatures / I will worship with libation. (J.P.Mallory)

Next to Indo-Iranian, Sanskrit appears closest to the Lithuanian (a Baltic language of Eastern Europe). There is a proverb in this language which is translated into English as : "God gave teeth; God will give bread." When the Lithuanian proverb is translated into the much older languages of Latin and Sanskrit, all of them show a remarkable phonetic similarity, as given below:

Lithuanian: *Dievas dave dantis; Dievas dous dunos*

(God gave teeth; God will give bread)

Sanskrit: *Devas adadat datas; Davas dat dhanas*

Latin : *Deus dedit dentes, Deus dabit panem*

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*Environment & Life - Prof B.L.Kaul*

## The Bird Song

**B**ird song is as much enchanting as it is interesting. The sound producing organ of a bird is called "syrinx" which is located at the bottom of the wind pipe (trachea). Sound is produced at the syrinx in an air stream whose speed and volume is controlled by muscles in the trachea. The sounds are emitted through the bird's mouth with little or no modulation. Some birds with more rudimentary syrinxes than their cousins can become more proficient in creating sound. This fact becomes especially notable when it is realized that the



Kostur (Tikellish Thrush)

syrinx at its best is far complicated than the human larynx (voice box) for voice production. Human vocalizations originate in the larynx situated at the top of trachea. The larynx is roughly similar to the bird's syrinx but more complex and produces relatively simple sounds. But then important changes in timbre occur because of the position and articulating movements of the tongue, cheeks, mouth and lips and the resonating effect of the hollow sinuses in the facial structure.

It must be, however, remembered that birds make better use of the syrinx than humans do of

the larynx, to produce their various and elaborate sounds without the facilities available to humans. The syrinx does have two resonating membranes, and in many birds they can be independently controlled, enabling the birds to produce two different notes simultaneously. But this factor does not account for the ability of parrots and mynas to so precisely imitate the human voice.

The abilities of some birds to imitate human speech with uncanny precision is now the focus of attention for zoologists and ornithologists in many parts of the world. How is it, they want to know, that these creatures, in captivity and in the wild, can accomplish such precision with a primitive apparatus and a brain about the size of the grape? What is it that enables some kinds of birds, in particular the family *sturnidae* of which the myna is the most famously talkative, to learn to speak more than 50 words in some cases and utter as many as 20 sentences?

A new understanding of how this is accomplished is beginning to evolve. It was previously thought that a bird's vocalization repertoire depend on how sophisticated its syrinx was. In reality however, most song bird's syrinxes are the same. Thus there are other factors which determine how, when and where a bird can vocalize.

Recent studies show that the part of a bird's brain that controls its vocalizations is in the front



Bulbul





Robin

and corresponds roughly to the human cortex. The males of almost all song bird species are the principal vocalizers and the male forebrains, which control their song output, have been found to be larger than the forebrains of females. The work of Fernando Nottebohm and others shows that larger the forebrains, the larger a bird's song repertoire tends to be. They have also found that the forebrain expands in size just before the arrival of the mating and nesting season, when extensive singing and calling are necessary for identifications and to attract mates, establish territories and warn of possible dangers.

It is now known to ornithologists that most song birds do not have innate genetically derived song patterns but learn song patterns, their songs and calls at an early age from their parents or members of the same species.



Kukil (Dove)

As a general rule, most species in the wild will not respond to or learn the vocalizations of other species. Yet several species of song birds including mocking birds, starlings, thrushes, cat birds, wrens and sparrows imitate the calls and songs of many different kinds of birds they encounter or hear. And some birds like starling learn to imitate other environmental sounds like Car horns and iron smithy sounds.

Captive mynas and parrots might imitate the cat's mew, dog's whine, human laughter,



Tsani Hangur (Starling)

the neigh of a horse as well as human speech. Some exotic birds, such as the birds of paradise and bower birds of New Guinea and Australia, can imitate automobile horns, taking off aeroplanes, the sound of falling gravel and the sounds made by axes of wood cutters felling trees.

Researchers have now found enough to show that birds that are unable to mimic others have a kind of filter in their brain that keeps them from learning or imitating alien vocalizations. According to them there appears to be a brain mechanism for selective learning.

Although scientists still do not know why





Tulari-Khaav (Bee-eater)

some birds are mimics and others not, they think there may be practical reasons for such behaviour. David Dobkin a Zoologist opines that a mocking bird may mimic a blue jay's calls for just a special purpose. Blue jays are highly aggressive predators on the nests of many song birds. By simulating their calls the mocking birds may be excluding potential competing species from their nesting sites. Another possible use for mimicry, especially in thick woods where it is hard for one kind to see another bird could be to use the call of a more aggressive bird to establish territorial rights, protect food sources and deter rivals from courting a mimic's mate.

Recent research on animal behavior has thrown some new light on the ability of some birds to mimic sounds. Even though the



Poshnool (Golden Oriole)

parrot can mimic the human voice, it seems to need a motive for doing so. Mailer and Evan Balaban of the Rockefeller field station have found that social stimulation is part of a bird's



Parrot

learning process. Without it, birds will not learn other species sounds and utter them. According to them mynas and parrots only begin to learn human speech sounds under certain social relationship. In order to get them to talk one must intrude on their social life. Such intrusions might include feeding the bird by hand and, in effect, having the bird



Myna

imprinted with its owner almost as if the owner were its parent. The owner confuses bird as to its own identity.

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## Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites & Rituals

### Birth Rituals of Kashmiri Pandits

- Vishal Raina

**P**re-natal: Few months before arrival of the baby, a function called ‘Dodh’ is held. It is a formal announcement of the event to come. The mother to be is given presents and there is feasting. Similar function ‘Godbharna’ is known in other parts of the country.

As the period of mother’s pregnancy advances, she is not allowed to move out from her residence during odd hours. She is asked to remain indoors during lightening, thunder and eclipses (both sun & moon). There is a superstitious belief that the pregnant lady must remain completely calm and motionless during the eclipse otherwise the newborn bears the mark of her actions if done knowingly during the eclipse periods of her advanced pregnancy.

On arrival of the baby, ladies of the house offer good wishes ‘vadav’ (greetings) to each other. the word ‘vadav’ appears to be a derivation from the Sanskrit root word ‘vid’ meaning ‘to know’.

With the coming of the new born, whether male or female, the whole family including all cousins (from father’s side) excluding daughters and sons who are without the Holy Thread Ceremony



commonly known as the ‘Yegneopavit’, including the daughters-in-law and the lady concerned, are all considered impure for a period of ten days from the date

of delivery. This is known as ‘hontsh’. The scriptures say that even the married and the un-married girls of the family have this ‘hontsh’ for a period of three days.

During the celebrations of the newborn, an elderly lady of the house brings a ‘kaangdi’ (fire-pot) filled with live charcoals and starts burning ‘isband’ (Niger) after touching the forehead of each person present with just a few seeds of ‘isband’ with the finger tips of her right hand and then throwing it into the firepot. This is also the appropriate time when the head of the family or an elder member is asked to recite the ‘Gayatri Mantra’ into the right ear of the baby. A tentative family name is given to the baby which is either retained or changed by the family priest after he prepares the horoscope of the baby. The name given to the baby should corroborate with the position of stars at the time of its birth.

[Source: Kashmiri Hindu Sanskars - A Study by S.N.Pandit & Zaan Archives]

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## Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites & Rituals

### Birth Rituals of Kashmiri Muslims

- Zarka Batool

**T**he rites and rituals for welcoming a child among Kashmir Muslims is not that different from other Muslims outside Kashmir.

The Muslim call to prayer or azaan are the first words a newborn Muslim baby should hear. They are whispered into the right ear of the child by his or her father.

There are a number of events that take place within first few weeks of birth.

After seven days the baby's head is shaved and then some weigh the hair and give the equivalent weight in silver to charity.

Ideally, Muslim baby boys are circumcised within first 10 days although it can take place any time after that.

The aqeeqah is also traditionally carried out after birth. This is a celebration which involves the

slaughter of sheep usually. Sheep are sacrificed and the meat is distributed to relatives and neighbours and also given to the poor. If one

is not capable of doing so, then a person may slaughter any time before the puberty of the child.

Kashmiri Muslims mostly give their children an Arabic name.

Relatives and friends come and visit the new born and give blessings, gifts or wartaav to the new born and mother. It's a way of welcoming the child into this world.

Kashmiri Muslim women are encouraged to give their children the nourishment of breast milk and can carry on breastfeeding up to two years.



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## Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites & Rituals

### kāvû púnim - The Festival of Crows

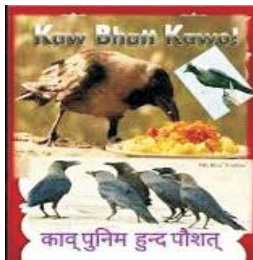
- Kapil Bhat

**H**aving been born in 1982 and the mere eight years spent in the motherland, I have very faint memories of days spent in the valley. As what I recollect, the life in my village (small one with 14 pandit families in Anantnag) life was simple with plenty of activities both in social and religious spheres that added color to it.

Festivals were part of our culture which were celebrated by all with lots of enthusiasm and fervor. **kāvû púnim** is one of such festival which I very vividly remember of celebrating both pre and post exodus.

**kāvû púnim** is observed on Full moon day of lunar month of Magha (mid February). On the day each household prepares a square shaped structure of two sticks (3-4 Ft & 1-2 Ft each) with paddy hay used to hold the sticks together in a manner to be able to hold cooked yellow rice (tâhâr) over it. The structure then with tâhâr over it is kept on the window bracket specially made to feed the birds each. The yellow rice this way is offered for the consumption of crows. A small melodious rhyme is sung while performing the ritual. It is:

kàv bata kàvò, khétsrè kàvò  
kàv tû kàvín' sût' hêth  
vôlû bà sàné naví larè, vèrè batû khé



*[O clever crow,  
O the lover of  
khichri crow  
Come to our new  
house  
Along with your  
loved one  
Be seated on our  
roof  
Enjoy your share  
of Taher*



The festival signifies the love and care about other creatures that our culture emphasizes. 'hùn' mét' the practice of leaving a portion of rice to be consumed by the stray dogs is another such example of generosity towards the animals.

However, the exodus from the homeland has forced us to think about the future of the rituals and festivals. Life in metros and suburban where most of us are settled makes it difficult for us to follow many of our age old rituals that added to the richness of our culture. The way forward is to make a resolve to celebrate all the festivals involving all generations to ensure the legacy is passed on to the next generation who have to be flag bearers to ensure our survival as a community in coming years. The KP associations world over can play a very critical role. The onus is on us, for, if the culture is lost, the identity is lost. Celebrating the festivals with the younger ones will go in a long way in preserving our culture and identity.

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*Language & Scripts - Ashok Dullu*

## Kashmiri Language Script : Synchronic Digraphia

**W**e, as a community have been forced to take an inventory of our lives especially after the recent dispersion. We find ourselves lost in so far as our Culture is concerned .

The pangs of separation from homeland may perhaps have subsided but the burden of assimilation in societies where we had to settle down has put extra pressure on the diaspora. Thus traditional continuum is challenged. The fact (or a myth) that all our heritage and its associated literature is somewhere stacked in the homeland, for us to access anytime we feel the need, is busted.

Communities, in normal circumstances, do ponder over state of one's culture every now and then, but it is always perhaps a natural and slow process. It manifests itself in terms of reforms that could be ushered in to suit the changing times .

Elders who in normal times have the responsibility of passing on the traditions et-al to gen-next are confused to say the least. Liberal traits in our community had already caused the rot to set in, but now, the fear of losing our cultural roots is real and we have become very sensitive about it.

While each of us is concerned, but many of us are in a state like the blind men & the elephant. It is a story of a group of blind men (or men in the dark) who touch an elephant to learn what it is like. Each one feels a different part, but only one part, such as the side or the tusk etc. They then compare notes and learn that they are in complete disagreement.

Some of us who have the luxury of time and urge to be part of a rebuilding exercise as a community, are finding it hard to lay their hands on authentic records and literature concerning our Culture and its substratum. Nobody can question the rich tradition of

writing by our scholars, but the sad fact is that it was perhaps limited to one's own gratification and not with an aim of preserving it for future. That is why we do not see compendiums like Encyclopedias for our culture & traditions. We

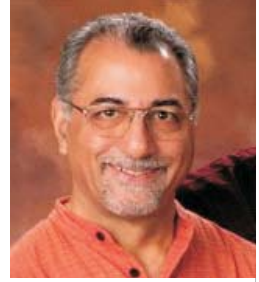
find a lot of written material in the form of Books and Articles, Blogs on the Net. But it looks like a huge library without indexing. There is a need to build an Encyclopedic corpus for our Cultural fund in Kashmiri language.

Let us now take up one of the substratums of these Markers we are considering in this write-up, based on excerpts from various articles and information available: Language

**Language: Kashmiri** (कॉशुर / کٔشُر)

Kashmiri or Koshur is generally accepted as a member of the Dardic subgroup of the Indo-Aryan language. In my opinion, a serious academic research, without any bias or pre-conceived ideas is needed, to put the issue of origin of Kashmiri language, to rest. Six million Kashmiri speakers scattered in India, Pakistan, UK, USA and Gulf Countries as in 2018, is a fair indication of the numbers.

Let us briefly trace the historical passage of our Mother tongue with regard to our script. This issue unlike the issue of Origin has an important bearing on our efforts to preserve and nurture this cultural marker. There are now four orthographical systems used to write in the Kashmiri language : the Sharada script, the Devanagari script , the Perso-Arabic script and lastly the Roman script which started informally but is gaining currency especially





with dispersed Kashmiri Pandits.

Kashmiri first appeared in writing during the 8th century AD in the Sharada alphabet. This script has evolved from Brahmic family of languages. Gurumukhi script is derived from the Sharada script.

As Mr. K N Pandita in one of his write-ups on Kashmiri Script writes, "Sharada script, that was in vogue in Kashmir a couple of centuries before Kalhana (1149 AD) wrote his chronicle. The manuscript of Rajatarangini on which Stein worked and is preserved in Germany, is in Sharada. Stein had to study it and perfect it with the learned Kashmiri Pandits in Srinagar of whom he is highly appreciative."

The Encyclopedia Iranica describes the impact on the Kashmiri language through contacts with Persians as follows:

"The influence of one language on another primarily takes place as a result of linguistic contact. It is always the dominant language that influences another language or languages on different linguistic and literary levels. Main contacts between Kashmir and Persia were both political and cultural."

With the establishment of Muslim rule in Northwest India towards the middle of the 11th century, Perso-Arabic words made their way into native Indian vocabulary of the languages spoken at that time. Kashmir is said to have had cultural and trade relations with Persia from ancient times, but the influence of the Persian language and culture did not dominate until the introduction of Islam during the middle of the 14th century. The pace of Perso-Arabic influence in the valley was accelerated with the immigration of Sayyads, nobles, and other scholars from Persia and Central Asia. Persian began to be studied in earnest by Kashmiri scholars in the educational institutions founded by the rulers and presided over by eminent scholars from Persia.

As a result of foreign invasions, Muslim rule, and the spread of Islam in Kashmir, the

Persian socio-cultural patterns had a profound influence on Kashmiri art, language, and literature. According to Prithivi Bamzai (p. 422), "the impact of the Arabic and Persian cultures which followed the wholesale adoption of Islam in Kashmir, produced profound and far-reaching effect on diet, dress, marriage and morals, art and literature, which is discernable among the people even today. The profound and most important influence was that of Persian language and literature on Kashmiri language and literature. Mr. K N Pandita further elucidates this point. "With the advent of the Muslim rule in about AD 1339, Sharada continued to be in use for a number of years. But simultaneously Persian Arabic script was also introduced. Down to the times of Zainu'l-Abadin, both scripts continued to be used, Persian by the ruling class and the elite that had converted to Islamic faith and Sharada by the plebeians and particularly the Purohit class who were most concerned with theological and astronomical literature. Though Sharada remained the script for writing Kashmiri for many years after the rise of the Sultans, yet Sanskrit continued to be the mainstay of Kashmirian literary and historical scholarship. The Brahmans and the Purohit class, if they meant to maintain their reputation as the custodians of ancient Hindu Kashmirian lore, had to perfect their knowledge of Sanskrit language and literature. The fact of the matter is that not only during those early days of transition, even in later times and also now, when we talk about the Kashmiri Pandit scholarship, we unmistakably mean Sanskrit scholarship. In this scenario, Sharada remained limited to writing some of the Kashmiri texts and recording such matter as had liturgical content. In this sense it is not perhaps very safe to say that Sharada script is perfect to represent all vowel and consonant sounds of Kashmirian language."

Iranian Encyclopedia further elaborates, "After about a century of Muslim rule, Persian became the official language of Kashmir. With



the patronage of Muslim rulers, the Persian language became popular with the educated people. Instead of writing in their mother tongue, Kashmiri creative writers considered it a matter of great honor, pride, and dignity to write in Persian. The Kashmiri language in the 14th century had proved itself a successful medium for the Vakhs (poetic renderings in four-line stanzas mostly related to Kashmiri Shaiva philosophy of the poetess Lalla) and šruks (poetic compositions in four-line stanzas mostly related to Sufi philosophy of Shaikh Nur-ul-Din Wali). Later it became dominated by the Persian language and its literary styles. Kashmiri continued to be used as a medium by semi-literate creative minds, such as the 16th-century poetess Habba, in their compositions. Persian continued to be the official language during the rule of Mughals and Afghans.”

Explaining the transition, Mr. K.N.Pandita further explains, "With the rise of the Sultans followed by the Sayyids of Baihaq and then the Chaks, only Persian language received full patronage from the royalty and acceptability with the common Kashmirian literati. I don't think any of the Muslim rulers ever felt the necessity of evolving a script for Kashmiri or reviving the Sharada script of olden days. It is true that a bias against Sanskrit and Sharada developed, and the small Pandit community continued for some time to record their liturgical fund in one of the two languages/scripts viz. Sanskrit and Sharada. Persian flourished for a long time, from 1339 to 1846, a period of nearly five hundred years. I am not going to deal with this aspect except to reiterate that Persian being a very sweet language with very simple grammar and almost musical intonation supported by very rich prose and poetry genres of literature, became very quickly acceptable to the Kashmiris. Perhaps the humanistic teachings of stalwarts of Persian poetry and prose writings left a deep impression on the minds of Kashmiris. The Pandit Karkuns had to learn Persian in order

to earn a living by doing clerical jobs. In the process, the major segment of Pandit Karkuns lost touch with both Sanskrit and Sharada and when the Afghans seized power in Kashmir in the early decades of 18th century, the remnant of the Pandit community identified itself with the new and imported cultural ethos. The Muslims of Kashmir, if and when they needed, began adopting Persian script for Kashmiri idiom. It was not a policy matter with the contemporary government for the government never needed it. It was only on personal level.

With Sikhs assuming power in Kashmir, Persian continued to be the official and formal language of Kashmir. Historical record available to us today of that period is all in Persian, especially historical fund. Birbal Kachroo, a Pandit scholar of the day, wrote the history of Kashmir in Persian. Many Pandit Persian versifiers earned a name during this period.

During the later period of Maharaja Ranbir Singh, Urdu gradually began to replace Persian. I have myself examined minutes of cabinet meetings of Maharaja Pratap Singh written in Urdu. We can find these reports in the archives department with J&K Government. The reason for this shift was that at that point of time, interaction between the State government and people, with the Punjab government and people received a strong boost. In other words, this was the beginning of exposure of Kashmir to the world outside.

As Urdu grew to replace Persian and interaction between Kashmiris and outsiders increased phenomenally, some literate Kashmiris with taste in letters, began to use Urdu script for writing Kashmiri. They had no innovative skills to adapt the Urdu script because the complexity of Kashmiri pronunciation defied such attempts. We can say that every writer adopting Urdu script for Kashmiri had his own methodology and a uniform code of scripts was totally absent”.

Persian was replaced by Urdu in 1907, and the latter continued to be the official language of the state of Jammu and Kashmir



even after its independence in 1947. The scene, post independence left the script issue veering towards Urdu even if it was not found suitable to Kashmiri language. There was also not even a feeble attempt to revive Sharada as a script.

It is important to revisit History, as it helps indicate a path for future progress. This Cultural marker, for both the communities, has unfortunately got entangled in the larger context of 'Kashmir problem'. This is one of the main obstacles in going forward in so far as script issue is concerned.

Kashmiri Muslims in Kashmir write their language with the Arabic script. Kashmiri as a language was introduced in the curriculum with this script in seventies and has found a place in regular curriculum in University of Kashmir. The fact remains that Kashmiri as a language got the state patronage. The State by recognizing it as a state language and the Center by putting it in the Scheduled list would mean that it will evolve as a powerful competitor to Urdu or English and eventually replace it. This perhaps, has not happened.

Sadaf Munshi in her blog in 2016 laments thus, “Many factors continue to be hurdles in efforts towards the promotion and revitalization of the Kashmiri language, the biggest among them being the choice of script. A socio-historical account of the situation can help clarify some of the complexities in understanding the controversy around the question of the Kashmiri script, which has become the focus of intense debate between Muslim and Hindu Kashmiris recently following the HRD Ministry's proposal to introduce an 'alternate' official (Nāgri-based) writing system for the language. Many Kashmir-based writers, language activists and critics are threatening to launch a protest in opposition of such a move.” MHRD has indicated it as an alternative script and not as a replacement of State's official Perso-Arabic script.

How do we preserve our Cultural inheritance – by written literature as it can then

get to our next generation. Written in what language - Kashmiri, in scripts that will make it read widely. Both communities need to concentrate sincerely to tackle the problem of preservation of our language amongst new generations and not bicker over script.

Common sense will dictate that Muslims should use Perso-Arabic script as Pandits will use the Sharada/Devanagri/Roman script. Script is not the problem but sincerity in preservation of Kashmiri language as a Cultural marker is.

Sadaf Munshi has bared open the reality which both communities should give a heed to. The status as per her blog is : “Today, when the Kashmiri language has been introduced into the school curriculum of Kashmir after efforts by various local non-government organizations, there has been an enormous dearth of qualified teachers trained to teach it. Many 'teachers' have been assigned the job of teaching the language without a background check on their qualifications, eligibility and proficiency levels. In some cases, even non-native speakers who have very little proficiency in spoken and/or written Kashmiri are assigned to teach the language. What is extremely unfortunate and ironic is that often the medium of instruction in the classrooms, even during a Kashmiri language class, is a language other than Kashmiri. Under these circumstances it is hard to imagine how successful the attempts to revitalize the language will be unless effective measures to promote it are taken in time.” “With globalization and the dominance of English all around the world, the status of Kashmiri was relegated to the bottom of the language hierarchy.” Because of the dominance of languages other than Kashmiri and lack of institutional support, younger generations are rapidly shifting to other prestige language.

Dr K N Pandita reflects on this issue too. “Children of the Kashmiri diaspora - Hindus and Muslims - have little or limited exposure to their heritage language, and speak languages other than Kashmiri as their primary medium of





communication. Native language literacy is dismally limited.”

Pandits, dispersed as they are, are trying to revive the Sharada script within the confines of the community. Devanagari and Roman script are currently favored and understood by most Kashmiri Pandits. Whether alternative scripts get a nod from MHRD eventually, should not distract the Pandit community from going ahead with adopting script of their choice. I earnestly wish that this issue be dis-entangled from the Kashmiriyat, 'Kashmir Problem' and allow us to progress on preserving it for gen next.

A Standardized Devanagari-Kashmiri script is already in place, developed by the Northern Regional Languages Centre, Patiala. An Indo-Roman script for the Kashmiri language has also been evolved by the Lalla Ded Educational and Welfare Trust under its prestigious Project Zaan. Rationalized Roman for Kashmiri devised by Dr R L Bhat is a pioneering work to transmit Kashmiri to the young generations.

Advocating the need for a rational script for gen-next of Kashmiri Pandit community, Dr. Pandita makes his point thus: “Our children in exile speak all the local languages except their original mother tongue. They need a language that brings them closer to the environs and social milieu surrounding them. They need a language that will open the doors of livelihood upon them. Kashmiri language is least qualified to address these imperatives. Therefore those who are fanatically committed to a search for a scientific script for Kashmiri should not overlook these harsh realities on the ground. Now supposing that we have to develop a script in any case for Kashmiri either for the preservation of our cultural fund or for prompting our futuristic aspirations for cultural advancement, then, in my opinion the time is ripe that we come out of emotions and sentiments and begin thinking like cool and considerate scientists”.

Modified on scientific lines, the

Romanized script will give great advantages in preserving this Cultural marker, Dr. Pandita postulates. In conclusion, both Kashmiri speaking community activists should focus sincerely on preserving the corpus of our literature, liturgical fund and future writings in the scripts of our choice. Muslims can go ahead and focus on Perso-Arabic script and use the existing agencies to promote our language and its corpus of literature. Kashmiri Pandits should go ahead and use any or all of the scripts including Perso-Arabic which will support to preserve our language and also help us preserve our Cultural and pass it on to gen-next.

We have a lot of Kashmiri Pandits who have a considerable contribution in the existing corpus of Kashmiri literature in Perso-Arabic script. I would like that this, as well as that of Muslim writers be translated in other scripts under consideration for wider readership and also for preserving it for gen-next.

It will be a loss to all of us, if we build walls and not bridges, to harness all writings in Kashmiri irrespective of which religion the writers belong to. It is our common cultural heritage that we should focus on instead of cribbing about a common script. We should channelize our energies for a Synchronic Digraphia i.e., the coexistence of two or more writing systems for the same language. False narratives that MHRD is going for a Diachronic Digraphia i.e., the replacement of one writing system by another for a particular language should be avoided and resisted by both communities. After all we shall not be an exception, Nationally or Internationally in this domain. Have a look at the following:

#### In India:

Kashmiri (written using Devanagari, Perso-Arabic, Śāradā scripts, Roman); Konkani (Kannada, Devanagari, Malayalam, Roman (Romi Konkani) and sometimes in Persian scripts); Pali (Brahmi, Sinhala, Devanagari, Khmer, Burmese, Thai, Mon; Punjabi



(Gurmukhi and Shahmukhi); Sanskrit (originally unwritten, it started to be written using Devanagari, Brahmi, Tamil, Malayalam, Kannada or some other Indian language script depending on the author's first language); Saurashtra (used its own script, but largely uses Tamil and occasionally Devanagari these days); Tulu (Kannada, Tulu); Dogri, The language of Jammu (not Kashmir), spoken by about 5 million people in India and Pakistan, mostly around the Jammu region and has historically been written in at least four scripts - Dogra Aakhar (adapted from the Takri scrip, which itself is closely related to both the Sharada script for Kashmiri and Gurmukhi script for Punjabi) Devanagri, Roman, PersoArabic.

#### International:

Serbian, which is written both in Serbian Cyrillic alphabet and Gaj's Latin alphabet; Malay, which is written in both the Latin alphabet and Jawi alphabet; Ladino (aka Judaeo-Spanish), which is written both in the Hebrew alphabet and the Turkish variant of the Latin alphabet; Inuktitut, which is written both in Inuktitut syllabics and Latin; and Japanese is a language which uses multiple scripts. There are minimum three different character sets used in the language.

In the end, I shall put a Vakh in different

55. Div vaṭā, divar vaṭā,  
Pēṭha bōna chuy ikavāṭh:  
Pūz kas karakh hūṭ bhaṭā,  
Kar manas ta pavanās sangāṭh.

दीव वटा दीवर वटा  
प्यठु - ब्वनु छुय ईकवाठ  
पूज कस करख हूठु वटा  
कर मनस तु पवनस संगठ ॥५५॥

Idol is but a stone, so is the temple,  
Above and below it is joined in one mass;  
O ignorant Brahmin! Whom would you offer worship to?  
Bring about the communion of the mind and the vital airs  
(Prāṇa).

56. Kush, posh, tel, dip, zel na gatshe,  
Sadbhāva gwara kath yus mani heye,  
Shambhuhas swari nēth panani yatshe,  
Suy dapize saha akriyi, na zēye.

कुश पोश तेल दूप जल ना गछे  
सद्भावु ग्वरु-कथ युस मनि ह्ये  
शो-भुहस स्वरि न्यथ पननी यछे  
सुय दपिजे सह-जु-अकयी ना ज्ये ॥५६॥

Kusha-grass, flowers, sesame-seeds, a candle and water are not essential (for worship);

Adopting the Guru's word with all one's heart,  
One who daily meditates on Siva voluntarily with genuine faith,

Verily becomes actionless and is not born again.

scripts. I urge all readers of this write-up to try and realize that if you are looking for some meaning, script does not matter. Cynics may, no doubt, split hairs but essence remains the same in any script.

“Preservation of one's own culture does not require contempt or disrespect for other cultures” - Cesar Chavez (American Activist and Labor Organizer, Founder of the National Farm Workers Association 1927-1993)

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#### About the author:

Born in 1949, Shri Ashok Dullu is a qualified Electrical Engineer, having left Srinagar in 1982. He retired in 2011 after working for J&K for 9 Years & MNC's for 31 Years at various places across India. Shri Dullu is engaged in researching History, Ancient as well as Contemporary about J&K and Kashmiri Pandit Community. He is settled in Baroda, Gujarat. Shri Dullu is also engaged with the community through Kashmir Sabha, Baroda and edits its community magazine 'Kongposh'.





*From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo*

## Srinagar In The Historical Perspective - II

**I**n the ninth century A.D, the king Shankar Burman established Pattan in Kashmir. Inderkoot also regained importance due to the regular visits of various kings of Kashmir. Inderkoot had also a fort in it and it was made a refugee camp by the then ministers during the revenue crunch felt by the state of the then Kashmir.

The years 902 A.D. to 1028 i.e. 126 years saw a huge number of temples constructed during the century in Kashmir during the reign of the king Khemgupt and Did Rani. Srinagar city was abuzz with various political activities.

During the period stated above, some areas named Bredimar and Dedimar were established in Srinagar city. During the reign of Khemgupt (951- 960 A.D.), Khem Gauri Shoar Mandir was got constructed in the market place of the city. The idols of the temple were lifted and carried from the Jenenedra Vihar. King Anantha (1035 to 1065 A.D.) got constructed his palace near Sada Shiv Temple. It clearly indicates that the city of Srinagar got extended up to the left bank of the river Vitasta, thus paving a way for the transaction of business across the river Vitasta with the help of the bridges made of boats on the river.

In the year 1323 A.D., Renchan Shah (Sultan Sadar Uddin) got established Renchan and in 1345 A.D. Alladduin established Alladduin Pur as the capital of Kashmir near Hari Parvat. During (1420-1470 A.D.) Badshah (King Zain ul – Aabuddin) got constructed Nowshera. During the reign of the Mughal King Akbar, a 20 feet high wall erected over an area of three and half square miles (sq. Km ) around Hari Parvat in Srinagar and the area was named Nagar Naagar. The

purpose was to make the area fortified, so that huge cannon guns could be got mounted on the Fort of Hari Parvat by the Army of the Mughal King Akbar. During the Mughal period, Nishat, Shalimar and Chashme Shahi gardens were got constructed along the foothills of the Zabarwan range.



The area between Tchoonthi Koal and Maisuma was a small island. According to various historians there was a cremation ground on this small island. The island was later connected with the city of Srinagar during the period of Salaateen Kings and up to the Dogra period this stretch of land was used for orchards and grasslands only. However, during 1890 A.D., Narsingh Garh, Rambagh and Magar Mal Bagh were also established and connected with the city of Srinagar.

The ancient monuments of Srinagar are still found in dilapidated conditions near Haarvan and its surrounding areas. According to Pt. RC Kak and Percy Brown the ancient monuments have been Bodh Vihars constructed during Kushan (king Kanishka's) period. The architectural designs of these monuments were same as of those monuments constructed those days in Gandhaar and North Western part of our country.

Soura was established towards the west of Hari Parvat during 4th century A.D. Baked clay idols were found in abundance in the area of Soura. During the fifth century A.D. various constructions usually the temples were



constructed using huge pillars and slabs of stone. From the archaeological findings some such pillars were up to a length of 16 feet. No binding material such as cement or mortar etc. was used in the construction of such huge monuments. King Jaloka had also got constructed some Bodh Vihars and there was also a pilgrimage centre constructed and dedicated to Mukshak Swamin. A temple of Lord Vishnu was also got constructed by the king in the area, as stated by professor (Dr. M A Stein) in his book 'Ancient Geography of Kashmir'. According to the Chinese traveler Yuvan Chwang (631 A.D.) there has been a Stupa near Moakhta Pokher in which the tooth of Gautam Buddha and also a golden idol of a Bodh follower Tathaa Gata was also found.

During the time of the king Gopaditya Hindu religion got again revived in Kashmir. The famous monument of that time is the Gopadari Temple, which according to Cunningham was an eight cornered monument constructed during the reign of the king Jaloka, who took our Kashmir immediately after the king Ashoka of Mauryan dynasty.

Renaissance, in the art of various forms of constructions has taken place in Kashmir during 8th and 9th centuries A.D. During these two centuries, two famous kings of Kashmir namely Lalitaditya and Avanthi Verman got constructed various temples and palaces but all of them were established in their respective capitals berefting Srinagar from such magnificent monuments. No doubt there are certain historical evidences about Khem Gupt, Dida Rani, Kalash and Jaisimha who have got constructed some temples and palaces also in Srinagar.

Sultanate period started in Kashmir during 14<sup>th</sup> century A.D. Muslim craftsman used wood for their constructive works and some of them used stones and bricks also. Inscriptional work on tiles and stones also started in this century. The graveyard of

Sultanate also came into existence popularly know in local the dialect “Budshahun Dumath”. According to some archeological researchers and historians, “Budshahun Dumath” and the mosque of Madin Sahib are both constructed on such basis which were started during the Hindu period in Kashmir. According to various historical references, Jama Masjid was constructed in Srinagar towards south-west of Hari Parvat during the reign of Sultan Sikander (1389 – 1413 A.D.) but it was burnt many a times and then again reconstructed right from the base.

During the Mughal period various constructions in Srinagar have been almost of the same style as those constructions made during the same period in Delhi, Agra and Lahore except the marble stones, may be due to non-availability or higher cost. Various stones other than marble have been also used during the Mughal period in certain constructions in Shalimar garden and the mosque of Mallashah. Hot water bathing facilities were also initiated by the Mughal rulers and the first such facility called “Hamaam” in Kashmiri was got constructed by the Mughal Emperor 'Daara Shuko'. Two forts one atop Haari Parvat and the other in Sherigarhi were constructed during mid 18<sup>th</sup> century by the Pathan rulers, but the remains of the Sherigarhi fort are not visible at present.

During the Sikh rule in Kashmir, Guru Dwaara Chatti Paadshaahi was constructed outside Kaathi Darwaaza in Srinagar. The shrine of Dastageer Saheb also was first constructed at Khanyaar Chowk in Srinagar, which got destroyed some years back by a devastating fire. During the Dogra period various constructions took place according to some European styles. Constructions at Taale Manzil, Museum at Lal Mandi Srinagar, Emporium, Hari Singh High Street, Boulevard and local colleges like S.P.College, Amar Singh College and later Women's College and also some personal Hindu temples, and





churches etc. have the constructional designs according to mixed designs of Indian, Iranian, European, Chinese and local patterns. Various patterns have been used in wooden work for the constructions of certain high class ceilings for use in house boats and also some official and private constructions.

During the 20<sup>th</sup> century, some concrete structures have been made in the city of Srinagar namely New Secretariat at Suthra-Shahi and shrine of Hazratbal along the bank of Dal Lake opposite University Of Kashmir and also National Institute of Technology. The renovation and construction of Hazratbal shrine was got made under the supervision of a renowned, efficient and honest civil engineer (retired) named Pt. Nilakanth Hakhoo, who was a resident of Srinagar. Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah the then Chief Minister of J&K state had assigned the supervision work to Pt. Nilakanth Hakhoo,

The construction of bridges over the

river Vitasta (Vyeth) in Srinagar has also their own history before Shahmiri rule, the boats were used to connect the two banks of the river at various places in Srinagar. The construction of the bridges took place first time during the Sultanate period as detailed at the end.

In addition to these major bridges some small bridges in the Cantilever design were constructed over and across certain water ways inside Srinagar city also.

During the 19th and 20th centuries A.D., some buildings that include Shergari, Residency, Hari Niwas, Museum, Hari Singh Hospital, Amar Singh College, High Court Building, S.P.College and Maharaj Ganj were constructed and established. The architectural designs of such constructions were a combination of Indian and European designs. During 1960, a stadium was constructed for the first time in Srinagar and later an indoor games stadium was also constructed.

S. No.	Name of the bridge	Year	Name of the ruler
1	Alikadal	1415 A.D.	Sultan Alishah
2	Zainakadal	1427 A.D.	Sultan Zain-Aabuddin
3	Fatehkadal	1500 A.D.	Sultan Fateh Shah
4	Habbakadal	1573 A.D.	Sultan Habbid Shah
5	Nawakadal	1666 A.D.	Nooruddin Khan
6	Safakadal	1671 A.D.	Saifuddin Khan
7	Amirakadal(Old)	1774 A.D.	Amir Khan Jawansher
8	Zero Bridge	1957 A.D.	Bakshi Ghulam Mohd.
9	Badshahkadal	1957 A.D.	Bakshi Ghulam Mohd.
10	Cememt Bridge	1975 A.D.	Gh. Mohd. Sadik
11	Amirakadal(New)	1982 A.D.	Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah
12	Bisco Bridge	1983 A.D.	Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah

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*Short Story - Parineeta Khar*  
**Granny's Pilgrimage**

**H**e knocked everyday at a given hour and she, his granny, rushed to answer, with the agility of a young girl. He smiled his toothy smile and walked in with his wobbly gait, lost his balance and tripped. His lower lip turned even pinker. The round eyes welled up with tears. Everyone jostled to lift him in their arms and clasp him. But - but he was not there - not really. His baby moans were heard and seen- but it was like seeing him in a bubble. They gave airy kisses; he rubbed his eyes and gave a grin. Like a bird he chirped a 'hi'. Then folded his little hands in a namaste. He was hugging his new toy doggy. A real show off, he tried to comb his baby locks. Granny tried to remove a strand from the ivory brow, but could she touch; he was there, he was not.

And then came the most waited for day; Redhu's first birthday. At dawn the kitchen was cleaned to glint, to start the cooking of



delicacies of damaloo, chaman and yellow rice seasoned with hot mustard oil - taker. The yellow rice augered the auspiciousness of the occasion. A silver plate was filled with this sumptuous rice, a dot of thick creamy yogurt accompanying. They waited for him to appear with that cherubic little face. There was a

knock again and this time a high pitched hi - his blue grey eyes glowing with fervent importance. All of them gave a concerted "happy birthday", he clapped his little hands.



"Come let us assemble in the Puja room- But look at your beautiful outfit; A so small white Pashmina Pheyran with golden embroidery. You look like a little prince. Your father was also called one."

Granny was ecstatic and the baby stroked the soft surface of his dress and quietly remarked "wa-wa"- the baby expression for fresh outfit. Granny held the puja thali in her right hand and in the left one was the yellow rice. Suddenly there arose a wall of flimsy barriers. She waded unsteadily towards these curtains of myriad hues- azure, blue, orange and more. Her eyes could locate the hazy diminutive figure beyond, through the gossamer wall- giggling and clapping his hands. She wanted to put a blob of this auspicious yellow rice dipped in yogurt in his little mouth. She struggled with all her energy to catch this angelic body but in vain.

And then, she heard her husband shaking her hand "Why are you wrestling with the pillow?" and chuckled.

Granny shook herself out of her dream "Oh I was dreaming. He was back, Redhu came. Oh, these dreams leave me strangely exhausted. This little one's glimpses online make me crave for more." She smiled and wiped the unshed tears. Her inner mother wanted more than these abstract glances without any earthly touch.

"Come on" her husband expressed,



“You should be thankful to these electromagnetic waves - which cause this serendipity of images, to see him hugging his toy doggy and pointing to his crib.”

Yes, she thought, these hundred hued curtains, which stood between her and her Redhu manifested the aspirations they had spun for their son to have sent him thousand miles away.

“And are your expectations effected?” he questioned.

“Not at all”- she had read somewhere that children are like trees, let their roots be fixed in firm ground and grow to spread their branches in every direction to breathe the scent of all regions. Still thinking about the vast expanse of sky - she would at times look up and feel the distance that divided her and her loved ones. From years now, the only occupation that filled their days - even if outwardly they were quite busily occupied was a never ending longing. Longing that broke the heart. First it was for their own offspring. But, once Redhu took birth, the habit of yearning became a need. At times she would find herself crooning while going through her chores. *Thanae yelli piyohom adae raatan, zatuk chone lyukh Bhagwanan* - you were born at the stroke of midnight, God came from heavens to write your horoscope. Then she would swallow hard to remove the knot in her throat.

And then one day, he came, real Redhu, not the one on the monitor. Everyone wanted to touch him to assure his being with them with a frenzied zest. So many hands vied to cuddle the little bundle, caress the soft pink cheeks and run their fingers through the silky tresses. The jet lagged baby piqued at the overly eager petulant crowd, tried to disentangle and wrench his little body away from the mob. In the process Granny's ear ring got stuck in a spangle of her Redhu's dress and the pinna got cut into two halves. His presence,

however trivialized this episode. She forgot the pain and deformity later when he pranced the room with his baby fists full of rice grains stolen from the plate. She deliberately conquered her vanity; every time she looked into the mirror, the weird looking ear took her to her Redhu - the animated expression of his sweet face, thus never tried to do something to mend the obnoxiousness.

Redhu went back to the adopted home of his parents. The serendipity of images followed again. Everyone followed Redhu's actions on screen. What exactly forced the parents over there to tie a 20 month old baby with belts and buckles while being fed, was beyond comprehension of the grandparents. The food becomes insipid stuff, the whole procedure, an ordeal for the baby and a difficult chore for the parents. As if the baby was sent on a tedious journey. Granny longed to take the little seraphic being on her hip and show him the colourful patterns on the wings of butterflies flitting from flower to flower. And while he opened his round mouth in surprise, Granny could deposit the dollop of mashed kaliya and rice into it. Or she could put him onto his tricycle, point to a chirping bird, perched on a bow. And yes, the next step – the morsel in his little mouth. That is how feeding a baby became an enjoyable exercise. Granny remembered the way she had introduced the alphabet to Redhu's father and uncle. An onion or potato was a zero or 'O', with peapods she would shape 'A', 'T', 'F', etc. How they would clap their baby hands on accomplishing the feat.

Oh! What would not she give to savour





some moments beyond her stipulated time. She would love to pass on - yes, give little of herself to this child. Was she being selfish? Why did she crave to see herself in him? Perhaps a universal intense desire to see the continuation of life in the forthcoming generations. Was she being inane?

Baby turned into a child. Each visit started with euphoric welcomes and ended in heart-aching adieus. And then he reached an age of understanding. His growing up was typically mixed-up, he ate Indian Kashmiri food and coined strange names for different items. His demeanor, language and mannerism were disparate but not disparaging. His "I don't care" conveyed he is not interested or he wanted a little. Granny and others would be sent into peals of laughter. He enjoyed the little games those short stays would enable him to have with his grandparents.

"Let us dress you like a Yotch (*Yaksha*) today - Grandpa knows what a Yotch looks like. On a *Yaksha Khetchi Mavas*, waxed moon night, a *Yaksha* with his special head dress - comes stealthily to eat the lentil rice. And if a little boy like you succeeds in stealing his cap, he is a real 'winner'.

"Oh yeah?" the little boy's eyes shone with joy.

Grandpa turbaned his baby head in a



red pashmina sash and adjusted some green leaves on the edges. A longish vermilion dot completed his costume.

He looked every inch the mythical ogre, "Where is my *Kheychari*?" Redhu repeated in a hoarse demonic voice, but in English. Granny and grandpa, uncle and his mom and dad came in mock fear and offered a plateful.

"Hey folks, this is what we call Halloween. We had it at school - I was a 'jack-o-lantern'. The six year old was evincing enthusiasm, interlinking civilizations, he was growing up in. It was fun, great fun, his granny enjoyed, his phrased sentences. Children over there even prattle in full phrased sentences.

One evening enjoying the mutton balls fed by his granny, he asked in the same adult/child tone of reproach "Hey granny! Why do you cry your eyes out on our every departure? You almost create scenes and we feel sorry". "I am sort of hurt ....you see it is like when one's body part is severed".

Granny was half amused but eyes were brimming. She did not tell him that once they leave, every time it felt like the whole house had been plundered by robbers of even to a last spoon. The walls and floor looked bare-an emptiness of vast magnitude pervaded for some days.

"Oh! Poor poor you, that is why you have not mend your ear. OK, I will mend all these hurts when I grow up". Then suddenly he added "but why don't you guys come with us, we have quite an ample space".

"But this is our home" grandpa said quite matter of fact.

"Tell me why did your son, my papu, go therein the first place?" This, six year old wanted an explanation of this life in parts.

"He went for a more sophisticated education" grandpa boasted.

"And moreover", Granny added "we are happy that you were born in that land of lakes and meadows, wild flowers and cherries and





walnuts of opulence and beauty - just like the land of your ancestors”.

“Who are my ancestors - where is that land?”

Granny pondered a little and did not find any logic to let this six year old's growing pschye carry the burden of bruised ancestry. Let the verbal prowess, which he possessed sufficiently, be devoid of the words like exile, migration, terrorism, violence, death and debacle. He should grow in a prevailing mood of security of parental care, affection of grandparents, attention of aunts and uncles - of neighbours and friends.

“Grandpa and granny, your dad's and mom's grandparents are your ancestors”. His little face cupped in his hands, he listened with rapt attention.

Granny asked “you do love me and grandpa”?

“Yes sure I do”. His voice was serious, as if something was bothering his little mind. Meanwhile granny got a phone call. Her friend was going on a pilgrimage, visiting all holy places across the country. Redhu overheard the term pilgrimage being repeated. He pulled granny by her hand and took her aside.

“What is a pilgrimage?” He asked inquisitively.

“Why, it is a journey to a holy place”. She replied pinching his nose.

“Which is a holy place?”



“A place where God resides or is supposed to reside”.

“Thank you granny”.

Then came the eve of departure. The visits always felt shorter. In the bustle of packed suit cases, bags and weighing balance Redhu asked his Grandfather, “why don't you go on a pilgrimage, we can avoid her creating a scene”.

Pointing to his granny, Grandfather explained that people took hazardous journeys to reach the abodes of God, because they love God. They would take a journey to come to Redhu. Their salvation and bliss came from listening to his talk, his play and feeding him meat balls. Redhu was silent.

After some time he came running, “I think I have a solution - I have a great plan - a very capital plan - listen both of you”.

They sat flanking the child. “How old will you be granny - say when I am 20?” She would be 77, she said.

He brought a sheet of paper and a pencil. “See, this is the terrace of your building”. He drew it on the paper and then a neat arch joining the other point.

“This joins with our deck there - I will construct a huge real long bridge towering over mountains, plains and oceans. You will not even need a visa. You can drive across and reach us. But, Grandpa drive carefully otherwise you will fall and float like drift wood”. They clasped his little body and kissed his little hands for having settled for an innocently innovative solution.

Now Grandmother dreams that she is running barefoot crossing bridge after bridge to reach the visible silhouette of Redhu on the other side. But actually she had nodded in the plane. She was crossing the mountains and oceans to reach Redhu.

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*Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'*

## Autobiography

I have been writing since my childhood. The interests shown by my readers and listeners encouraged me to author twenty odd books. Although my main interest has been in writing poetry in my mother tongue Kashmiri as also both in Hindi and Urdu, I have written only prose in English. I had the privilege of editing our community prestigious journals published from Delhi and Bangalore and I have been writing for various community magazines and News Letters for many decades. For being able to keep this writing on for such a long time I must give credit to the appreciation I got from my readers and the love and regard showered on me by my friends and admirers. Lately some of them have suggested that I write an autobiography too. I gave this suggestion a serious thought and decided not to do so for some good reasons. In this connection I must mention that the first section of five chapters of my book, 'Philosophy of a Common Man' is completely autobiographical. Besides all my writings, whether in the form of articles or books are based on my personal experiences in life and influenced by the environment in which I have lived and worked. So, all these are virtually in the form of an autobiography. The poetry that I have written is purely an expression of my thoughts, of whatever I have observed and perceived and my reaction to the times and events of my contemporary world. That also is predominantly autobiographical, for a creative poet or writer cannot but express his personal feelings and views.

Even then if I decide to write a formal autobiography, that has to be faithfully written based on facts and figures of actual happenings. This is fraught with a good many problems. I will write about my successes and

failures. I will describe events as I saw them. I will make mention of all those people whom I dealt with and characterize them in the manner I evaluated them. I will give my account of happenings and see everything from my perspective. Now it is not necessary that others will agree with me in all this description. If they agree with me they will say, 'well, no wonder, we thought so and this writer has stolen our ideas and views.' If they do not agree with my views, they will say, 'this man has gone crazy. What does he know? It is not like that at all.' I shall unnecessarily become a cause of big controversy. About my successes they will ascribe it to chance and good luck. They will say, 'fortune favours foolish' and will never give credit to me for my perseverance, hard work and dogged resilience. About my failures they will hold me responsible and categorize me as an unwise, unintelligent lazy inert man.

When I write about men and women I shall obviously write about their vices and virtues, their good side and bad side, their qualities and shortcomings. When I faithfully write about their qualities and virtues they will feel that I am flattering them for some personal gains and favours. If I point out their shortcomings and follies, they will feel annoyed with me and my relationship with them will be affected adversely. If some of them are no more with us, it is all the more inappropriate to write about their bad side, after their death and if I stop at writing about their good side only the auto biography will lose the basic character of being a truthful account that it should be. About me, if I write of





my own qualities which I deem good, the readers will say I am proud arrogant and indulging in self-praise. Even Bhartrihari has disapproved of self-praise. Says he, '*Ameeshaam prananaam tulit bisnipatra payasaam krite kim naasmabhih nija guna katha patakam mahat* - For this life's breath, which is as fragile as a drop of water on a lotus pod, we have committed every possible sin, even the greatest of them all- the sin of self praise.' And if I state my own shortcomings, everyone will believe in it, condemn me without examining the circumstances that gave rise to those features and without appreciating my efforts to overcome those or avoid them. I will be an object of ridicule. Again I cannot hide these failures and shortcomings, the bad side of me, for the same reason that I have to be faithful while writing the autobiography. After all I have to write facts not fiction, true occurrences and happenings and not imaginary events.

There is yet another aspect to this writing a story in which one has to sit on judgment on others. It is ethically and morally improper for me to pronounce judgment on the conduct of others. I may think something they did was good and some other thing was bad but is my decision final? Are my self-made scales of evaluating others words and deeds perfect? There may be different view points on the same behavior. There could be valid and compelling reasons for someone to behave in the manner he actually did and these may not be within my knowledge or apprehension. If I do not like others to judge my actions how can I justify my sitting on judgment on their conduct and behavior? There are always news behind news, reasons for views and causes for effects. Unless one knows the background of every occurrence it is futile to examine and evaluate it. We have quite often seen that some criticism is made at the face of something. The action or statement is condemned. Subsequently when the reality of

the matter unfolds the person making the criticism is put to shame and he has to regret for his hasty remarks. The only way out would perhaps be to write diplomatically in a veiled and camouflaged manner. That I feel is against the very soul of writing an authentic autobiography.

I know all the great men Gandhi, Nehru, Subhash Chandra Bose, et al, have written their autobiographies. Many other lesser known persons too have done so. The autobiographies of great men are historical documents. They throw light on the events that changed the history of the countries. They tell us the story behind the story. They are no doubt faithful accounts of their lives but are meant to give details of various happenings that made them take a stand on various matters or forced them to reject certain things which at hind sight might appear to be follies. These biographies uncover many a fact, which gives the rationale and justification for them to have acted in the way they did. It throws light on their thinking, their ideologies and the purpose of all their actions. The posterity is able to evaluate and understand better the historical events by reading these intricate details. On the other hand some lesser known persons too write their autobiographies either for the fun of it, or for earning money or sometimes to settle scores with people who have not favoured them or have not acted at their behest and in their interests.

I for one am neither a great person so that my autobiography can be treated as a historical document, nor do I have any score to settle or any personal interest to achieve. Why then should I write an autobiography? I have been all through a common man, who has had ups and downs in life. I have had to struggle. I have seen good times and bad times. I have worked hard when it was needed. I have enjoyed when I got the opportunity. I have met successes which



pleased me. I have had some failures too which saddened me. All this is usual for any person of ordinary life span. What is the big deal, therefore, to write all this and waste the reader's time? I have been God fearing. So are millions of people on this globe. I have tried to be ethically and morally on the correct path. I have faithfully executed my duties, personal, social, official as also as a human being. That I believe is again true of every average person. There may be many persons who hold me in esteem and consider me to be reasonably a good person. There may be some who are not happy with me for some reason and feel that I am not a good person. This situation too is true of any person in this world. After all we have our interests and our individual way of looking at people. Normally those who favour us are good and those who do not are bad. This evaluation is subjective and not objective. Then there are different ways of reacting to a situation. Some people may be magnanimous enough to ignore my shortcomings and may still hold me dear. Some others may be narrow-minded to carry a personal grudge with me for a long time and, therefore, they would naturally carry a different opinion about me. Because of all these factors of subjective assessment my autobiography may not be that appealing to many of my readers. I have gained some goodwill with my writings all these years and would not like to spoil it by writing an account of my life for the aforesaid reasons.

I have all along treated my life as a constant journey where there have been many a mile stone and a well thought of destination. I have made it a point to derive maximum satisfaction and pleasure from this journey itself rather than after reaching the desired destination. I have enjoyed the various mile-stones of whatever worth they were, for I always believed that one has to learn from every inch of this journey of life. I have largely been influenced by the doctrine of 'Nishkama

*karma'* of Bhagavad Gita and have believed in action without bothering for the fruit; of course the actions have to be noble, with purpose and in the right direction. I have also experienced that the Divine takes care of all those who are constantly in touch with him through an undivided unflinching devotion and faith. This can be treated as sum and substance of my autobiography. God bless all, 'Sarve bhavantu sukhinah – May everyone be happy'.

[Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' is the Guide and Consulting Editor of Praagaash]

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## 30 YEARS OF EXILE

Vineet Kaul



It's been 30 long years  
Time tested us breath by breath

Many died, few were born  
Hope remained, to always be torn  
Lies were spread to hide the shame  
We won't die even as  
our bodies don't remain

Truth fights and one day  
the sun will rise  
That day Vyeth will shine







त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

छाया



कौन कौन दर्पण के अन्दर ?  
मेरी आकृति, मेरी छाया !  
क्यों तुमने मुझको भरमाया,  
आकर्षित करके ललचाया ।  
कभी हंसाया, कभी रुलाया ।  
मुझमें जो भी दर्प कहीं था,  
थोड़ा सा जो गर्व छिपा था –  
चुटकी में सब कुछ झुटलाया ।  
सत्य प्रकटकर आंखें खोलीं ।  
जो सच्चाई है जीवन की,  
उसे उजागर कर दिखलाया ।  
तुमसे जो सहमति भी मांगी,  
तुमने उलटा रूप दिखाया ।  
मैंने कितने यत्न किये पर,  
तुमने मुझे नहीं अपनाया ।  
मैं तो तेरा उद्गम ठहरा,  
तुमने समझा मुझे पराया ।  
क्या तुम भूल गई हो छाये !  
कौन तुझे दर्पण में लाया ?  
किसका तुम प्रतिरूप सखे हो ?  
अपने उद्गम को पहचानो,  
वरन् रहोगी बस इक छाया ॥

ظریف احمد ظریف

غزل



پتھ کالہ یہ ویوڑاوس تہ مولو پٹن آے  
یَمْسُند تہ تمسند اوس تہ خرچو پٹن آے  
فرییز کران اسی بہتھ لوگ نہ قرارے  
کاٹھہ اوس اگر وڈنہ سہ بیہنو پٹن آے  
سبزار، سہ وروار، سہ بیٹھا کھ پری کتھ  
شپنس تہ تنونگل ہوو سہ ووزلو پٹن آے  
سنیاسی مژر تروو، وٹھن ماچھ لوگس تیٹھ  
تم کیٹھ ہارچری گیش تام تہ مشر و پٹن آے  
آشن تہ لاش ڈیر گمتی خون گو مت دل  
گل پوش باغن بنگہ اسہ وو پدا و پٹن آے  
اسی کیا سہ ونو کانسہ زون کو ت چھ آسان  
گر وول گری روو تہ منسو و پٹن آے



*Pilgrimages - Prof R.N.Bhat*

## Dwarkeshwar Dham

**D**warka : Western Dham

Dwarkeshwar is a sacred 'Dham' for the Hindus. It is located in the Western Indian State of Gujarat. The Temple has been built over a millennium ago with sand-stone. The stone-work and the Architecture are breathtaking. My wife, our daughter and I flew to



Delhi where we spent a night in a hotel near the airport. Next morning, we boarded Delhi-Mumbai flight at 7 a.m. We changed the flight at Mumbai, took another Air India flight to Jamnagar, Gujarat from where a waiting Taxi drove us to Dwarka. We spent the night in a pre-booked Hotel at Dwarka. Early in the morning next, we went to Dwarkeshwar temple to have a darshan of the Lord there. There were long queues of men and women who would go inside the temple after security check. The temple compound was less crowded. The devotees bowed to Lord Krishna and moved ahead. We came out of the Dham at around 10 a.m. After break-fast, a Taxi drove us to Nageshwar Mahadev temple and Bhent-Dwarka temple. Nageshwar Mahadev is a modern temple devoted to Shiva. It has a huge Murti of Shiva

in the compound, a shiva-lingam inside the temple, and a silver-colour Nageshwar Mahadev inside, which can be worshipped by wearing a 'dhoti' which the temple management provides.



Bhent-Dwarka is an island not far from the coast. Steam-boats ply between Bhent-Darka and the main coast. Bhent-Dwarka is the place where Sudama and the Lord Krishna met after a long period of time. We returned to Dwarka in the afternoon. Next morning, a Taxi drove us to Somnath temple complex. The temple is located on the Sea-coast with a huge compound that can house several thousand people at a time. An older Shiva Temple is located to its right.

Both the temples have Shiva-Lingam in the sanctum-sanctorium. Older Shiva temple is equally worth seeing. The pillars of the magnificent Somnath temple are of golden-colour. From Somnath we drove to Jamnagar via Junagarh and spent the last night in Gujarat at a Jamnagar hotel.

Next morning we came to the Jamnagar Airport where from an Air India flight brought us to Mumbai where we changed the flight to reach New Delhi in the evening. Delhi was foggy and cold. Our Air India flight to Varanasi the next day was cancelled. We spent another two nights at the airport hotel and returned to Varanasi by Vistara Air.

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پتار کے پنچے ❁ دیک بڈکی

اِحجاج

اس روز میں کار سے سفر کر رہا تھا۔ چنانچہ ڈرائیور کو اس بات کا احساس تھا کہ مجھے کانفرنس میں دیر ہو رہی ہے وہ بہت تیزی سے گاڑی چلا رہا تھا۔ دن کی شروعات ہی بدشگونی سے ہوئی۔ صبح ہی سے گھر میں کہرام مچا ہوا تھا۔ ایک طرف بیوی کی فرمائشیں اور دوسری طرف بچوں کی مانگیں۔ دو چار روز پہلے بیوی نے گھریلو کاموں کی لسٹ تھما دی تھی اور آج ہی حساب مانگنے لگی۔ بچوں کے فیس کی آخری تاریخ بھی آج ہی مقرر تھی اور پھر وہ ملوٹی کا یونیفارم بھی پھٹ چکا تھا۔ ادھر نوکرانی کا شوہر پہلیا کے باعث اسپتال میں بھرتی ہو چکا تھا اور وہ بھی ایڈوائس تنخواہ کا تقاضا کر رہی تھی جیسے یہ ذمہ واری بھی میری ہی تھی۔ یہی وجہ تھی کہ گھر میں اخبار پڑھنے کی فرصت بھی نہ ملی۔ میں نے اخبار اپنے ساتھ اٹھالیا تاکہ راستے میں پڑھ لوں۔

ایڈیٹوریل صفحے پر میرے چہیتے جرنلسٹ کا مضمون چھپا تھا۔ مضمون کیا تھا لکھنے والے کی انگلیاں چومنے کو جی چاہ رہا تھا۔ کتنا ڈراور بے باک جرنلسٹ تھا۔ کتنی سچائی تھی اس کی تحریر میں! اس نے اکیلے ہی حکومت کی بدعنوانیوں کا پردہ فاش کرنے کا بیڑا اٹھایا تھا۔ ورق ورق حکومت کو چھیلتا چلا جا رہا تھا۔ مجھے اس کی بے خوفی اور بے باکی پر ناز تھا۔

اندر کہیں سے آواز آئی۔ ”اگر ایسے ہی دس پندرہ کھوجی صحافی اس دلش میں پیدا ہوئے تو اس دلش کے بھاگ کھل جائیں گے۔“  
میں اپنے درون کو ٹٹولنے لگا۔

اسی درمیان گاڑی بے بے کالونی کے پاس اچانک زوردار جھٹکے کے ساتھ رُک گئی۔ جھٹکے کی وجہ سے میرا اخبار ہاتھوں سے چھوٹ کر فرش پر بکھر گیا۔

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”کیوں... کیا ہوا...؟“ رُک کیوں گئے؟“ اخبَار سَمیٹتے ہوئے میں نے ڈرائیور سے پوچھا۔

”سر، گاڑی کے نیچے ایک پلا آ گیا۔“

سامنے سے ایک بھری ہوئی کالی کتیا دوڑتی ہوئی چلی آئی اور اپنا خونخوار جبر اکھول کر سفید

ایمپیسڈر کار پر بھونکنے لگی۔ ہمارے ملک کی افسر شاہی میں سفید ایمپیسڈر کا خوب رواج ہے۔ ان ایمپیسڈر کاروں کے سامنے تو بڑے بڑوں کی بولتی بند ہو جاتی ہے۔ پھر کتوں کی کیا مجال۔ مجھے یقین تھا کہ کتیا خود ہی تھک ہار کر چُپ ہو جائے گی۔

”شاید پلے کی ماں ہوگی؟“ میں نے ڈرائیور سے پوچھا مگر اس نے سنی ان سنی کر دی۔

ڈرائیور نے پھر سے گاڑی کا انجن اشارت کر دیا اور پہلے کی مانند ہی اپنی گاڑی دوڑانے

لگا۔ کتیا وہاں اس جگہ پر بھونکتی رہ گئی مگر اس آہنی ڈھانچے کا کچھ نہ بگاڑ سکی۔

کانفرنس ختم ہونے کے بعد جب ہم اسی راستے پر لوٹ رہے تھے تو وہی کتیا نہ جانے کہاں سے پھر اسی جگہ پر آن واحد میں نمودار ہو گئی۔ وہ پاگلوں کی طرح مسلسل بھونک رہی تھی۔ نتیجتاً ڈرائیور اسٹینڈنگ پر قابو نہ پاسکا اور کتیا گاڑی کے نیچے آ کر لہو لہان ہو گئی۔

گاڑی تھوڑی دیر کے بعد قابو میں آ گئی اور خود بخود رُک گئی۔

میں گاڑی سے نیچے اُترا۔ اپنے پیچھے نظر دوڑائی۔ وہاں سڑک پر کتیا کی تڑپتی ہوئی لاش تھی، بہتا ہوا اس کا گرم گرم خون تھا اور پھر اس کی پراگندہ انتڑیاں تھیں۔ اس کے منہ میں ابھی بھی ارتعاش تھا اور جبرے سے خون بہ رہا تھا۔

کچھ راہ گیر میری طرف ایسے دیکھ رہے تھے جیسے میں ہی مجرم ہوں۔ ان کی آنکھیں خشک تھیں

تھیں۔ میں گھبرا کر واپس اپنی گاڑی میں بیٹھ گیا۔

”ان لوگوں کو ڈرائیور پر غصہ آنا چاہیے تھا۔ مجھ پر کیوں؟“ میں اپنے آپ سے سوال کر بیٹھا۔

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”ڈرائیور پر کیوں؟ کار تو تمہاری ہے۔ پھر دیر بھی تو تمہیں ہی ہو رہی تھی۔“ خود ہی جواب ڈھونڈ لیا۔

اس کالی کتیا پر، جو ایک ماں بھی تھی، مجھے بہت ترس آیا۔

”شاید اس نے ہماری گاڑی کو پہچان لیا ہوگا۔“ میں نے ڈرائیور سے پوچھا۔

”ہاں صاحب ایسا ہی لگتا ہے۔ جانوروں کے بارے میں یہی سنا ہے کہ ان کی یادداشت

بڑی تیز ہوتی ہے۔ ان کو ذرا سا زک پہنچاؤ تو پلٹ کر کاٹ لیتے ہیں۔ سانپوں کے بارے میں تو

میری ماں کہتی تھی کہ مرتے مرتے وہ مارنے والے کی تصویر دل میں اتارتے ہیں اور پھر ان کے بال

بچے اس شبیہ سے انتقام لیتے ہیں۔“

بھیڑ میں سے کسی کی آواز آنے لگی۔ ”نہ جانے کس اندھے نے صبح دم اس کے بچے کو اپنی

موٹر کے نیچے روند ڈالا۔ جب سے بے چاری باؤلی ہو چکی تھی اور دن بھر آنے جانے والی گاڑیوں پر

بھونکتی رہی۔“

حادثے کے باوجود سڑک پر رات بھر ٹریفک چلتا رہا۔ سبھی اپنی اپنی سمت برق رفتاری سے

گامزن تھے۔ سڑک پر نعش پڑی پڑی سرٹتی رہی۔ وقتاً فوقتاً گدھ اور کوءے اس میں سے غدود اور

مانس نکال کر اڑالے جاتے۔ راہ رو نعش کی طرف دیکھنا بھی گوارا نہ کرتے۔ اپنے منہ کو رومال سے

ڈھانک کر دوسری جانب دیکھتے اور تیز تیز قدموں سے آگے نکل جاتے۔

دوسرے روز میونسپل کمیٹی کی کوڑا گاڑی نعش کو اٹھا کر لے گئی۔

اسی روز اخبار میں بڑی ہی دلچسپ خبر چھپی تھی۔ میرے بطل صحافی نے کاہینہ میں وزیر کا

حلف اٹھا لیا تھا اور اب اسی نظام کا حصہ بن چکا تھا جس کے خلاف وہ برسوں سے آواز اٹھا رہا تھا۔





## Grandma's Stories

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

राथ ऑस काकन्य जिगरि  
बोज़नॉवमुच मनुट तु  
पांजुव कथ। अँज्यचि  
कथि ओस नाव द्यानथ।  
शुर्य बीठ्य काकन्य जिगरि  
अँद्य अँद्य। काकन्य जिगुर  
ति ऑस तैयारुय। दोपुनख  
'बिहिव साँ साँरी छ्वपु  
कँरिथ तु बूज़िव अँजिच  
कथ। कथि छु नाव  
द्यानथ।



## द्यानथ

प्रा नि ज़मानु ओस अँकिस जायि अख अय्यालबार  
शख्साह रोज़ान। गँरीबी सबबु ओस नु अँमिस राथ  
कुनि तु नु द्वह। लमान ओस रादस तु ज़ेठान ओसुस  
होंज़। होंज़स दिधिहे दरु तु छ्वटान ओसुस राद।

'ति क्याह गव होंज़ तु राद?' प्रुछुस पिंकी।

'होंज़ तु राद छु कपुरस आसान मगर येत्यथ  
गव अम्युक मतलब ज़ि कुनि तरफु ऑसुस नु बराबदी

यिवान। आमदनी ऑसुस कम तु खर्च ओसुस जादु।'  
वोनुस काकन्य जिगरि।

ऑखुर कोर अँम्य शख्सन पनुनि गामु मंजु  
चलनुक संज़। शुर्य बाँच तुलिन सुत्य तु वातान वातान  
वोत अँकिस जायि। ब्वछि ऑसुख सख लँजमुन्न।  
अमा ख्यनु बापत ओसुख नु केंह ति सुत्य। अनुहन ति  
कति? येलि आसिहेख, तेलि मा चलहन पनुन गरु



## Grandma's Stories

त्रॉविथ ? मगर शुर्य बॉन्न ऑसिस सख ताबेदॉरी करान। मानुनस ज्ञानुनस मंज़ वातिहेख नु कांह। खबर ति वॉरिथ ति क्याज़ि ऑसुख यि गॅरीबी बुड अगादि गॉमुन्न ? पनुन पनुन कुसमत। यपॉर्य ओस अमि विज़ि वाव ति वुडान। बीठ्य डेरु त्रॉविथ अँकिस कुलिस तल। गरुक्य खानुदारन त्रॉव कुलिस कुन



नज़र तु अति वुछुन अख ख्वश रंग जानावाराह अँकिस लंजि प्यठ बिहिथ, योहय पोशि तुल्य जोराह। वावुकि ज़ोरु सुत्य ओस यि जानावार ति योहय त्रॅहर्योमुत ह्यु। अमि गरुक्य खानुदारन वोन अँकिस नेचिविस जि तला यि श्राख दि यूर्य। तॅम्य वॉड यि बूज़िथ वॅल्य वॅल्य श्राख तु पिलुनॉवुन मॉलिस कुन।

‘हय हे ! तस ओसा यि ख्वश यिवुन जानावार मारथि छुनुन ?’ वोन राजूहन।

‘बोज्ञान गॅछिव, सोरुय लगिवु पताह।’ वोनस

काकन्य जिगरि।

मोल लोग श्राकि फश दिनि तु बेयिस नेचिविस कुन वोनुन, ‘तला मालि च़ु अन तु काठु थोपाह अख सॉबरिथ।’ सु गव ओरु योर दवान दोरान तु ओनुन काठ सॉबरॉविथ। त्रेयिमिस वोनुन ‘वलु सॉ च़ु लाग यथ जायि च़वल।’ सु ति वोथ दवान दोरान तु वॉरुन च़वल तयार। अमि पतु वोथ ज़नानि कुन, ‘हूँ, वलु यि ज़ाल नार तु लाग लेज यथ च़ूलस प्यठ।’ स्व वॅछुस बॅडिथ तु बूलिथ, ‘च़ु क्या छुख योहय पॉथुर ह्यु करान ? च़वल ति खनुनॉवुथ, काठ ति अनुनोवुथ सॉबरिथ, श्राक पुचिस ओसुख फश फश दिवान। अमा यि वनतम, च़े क्या छुय यि च़ु तैयार करख ?’

कुलि प्यठुक जानावार ओस यि सोरुय तमाशु वुछान। खानुदार वोथ ज़नानि कुन, ‘च़े क्या गम बोरुथ ? यि छख ना वुछान दयन क्या छु सानि खॉतरु यथ कुलिस प्यठ सानि योत यिनु ब्रॉटुय सूज़मुत।’ स्व वॅछुस यि बूज़िथ, ‘क्याह छुन सूज़मुत ?’ दोपुनस ह्योर कुन कर कुल्य लंजि कुन नज़र। तमि दिन्न नज़र तु अति वुछुन अख ख्वशनुमा जानावाराह अख युस नु





## Grandma's Stories

अमि अथ वख्तस ताम ज़हुन्य ति वुछमुत ओस। दोपुनस ‘योहय मारोन तु वुन्यक्यनुक डंग नेरि अँम्यसुय।’

‘पतु मोरा तिमव सु?’ बबलूहन प्रुछ काकन्य जिगरि।

‘बोज्ञान गँछिव, ती वनोवु।’ वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

अँम्य ल्वकट्य म्वकट्य जनावारन ज़ोन जि यिमन छु पानुवॉन्य सांपुत तु अनमॉनी। बु य्वदवय येमि कुलि प्यठ वुडव दिथ च़लु ति, यिम अनन मे पनुनि सांपति सुत्य प्रथ सूरतस मंज़ रँटिथ। ब-क्वदरत आयि अँमिस जानावारस ज्यव तु वोथ यिमन कुन जि ‘म्यानि मारनु सुत्य क्याह नेर्यव? बु छुस यिथॉय माज़ छटांग ड्वड छटांग वज़नु तु तोह्य छिवु ज़ु पांछ नफर। त्वहि क्या अंदि म्यानि ख्यनु या मारनु सुत्य? आ, बूजिव! हुथ कुलिस प्यठ छु कावु सुंद ओल तु तँम्य छि वारियाह सांतुनथ अथ अंदर जमह कँरमुच़। गँछिव तु योहय ओल वॉलिव तु अथ अंदर जमह करनु आमुच़



सांतुनथ पोशव वारियाहस कालस ताम।’ यि वँनिथ द्युत जानावारन वुडव तु द्राव बेयिस तरफस कुन।

अमि पतु वोन मॉल्य बँडिस नेचिविस कुन,

‘तलु बा च़ु व्वथ तु खस तु हुथ कुलिस प्यठ।’ तसुंद नेचुव द्राव अख ज़ु करान तु खोत कुलिस। अति वुछुन कावु ओल दजव सुत्य टिपिथ तु द्युतुन ब्वन कुन दॉरिथ। ब्वनु कनि ओस अँम्य सुंद मोल। सु लोग यिमु दजि तुलनि तु यिमव



मंज़ द्राव अख म्वख्तु हार युस ज़रक ओस त्रावान। यि वुछिथ आव अथ नादार गरुकिस गरस अन्यन अँछन गाश। मगर मोल वोथुख ‘यि म्वख्तु हार हबा छु बादशाह सलामतु सुंद। अज़ ब्रॉठ दाह काह वँरी रोव सॉनिस तस बादशाहस महलु खानु मंज़ु यि म्वख्तु हार। बिसयार छांडनु पतु आव नु कुनि ति म्वख्तु हार अथि, येमि खॉतरु तसुंद सॉरी नोकर चाकर तनु प्यठ कौद खानन अंदर दूदुरान छि। मे ति ओस अज़ ताम खयाल जि म्वख्तु हार अगर तसुंदव नोकरव तु दायव च्वंजव न्युव नु, अदु कोत गव असमान खँसिथ। अमा अज़ तोरुम फिकरि जि तिम सॉरी छि बे ग्वनाह बाँद्य वानन मंज़ बंद करनु





आमुत्य। बेहतर रोज़ि यी ज़ि बु गछु बादशाह सलामतस निश यि म्वख्तु हार ह्यथ, युथ बे ग्वनाह रिहा सपदहन तु बेयि चलिहा तिमन चूर दाग। सोन ति छु ख्वदा, करि कैह नतु कैह ब्याख सँबील। मारि मा?’

गुरु वापस वॉतिथ द्राव खानुदार दोयिमि द्वह सुबहॉय बादशाह सुंदिस मँहलु खानस कुन तु दुपहर डॅलिथ ह्यु वोत तोत। दरबानस वोनुन ज़ि मे ओस बादशाह सलामतस समखुन। अमा सु कति मानिहेस? दोपुनस नेरखु स्योद स्योद पनुनि वति किनु अंदर बरुनावथ? यि वोथुस, ‘हता यारु, बु ना छुस नु कांह बेछुवुन, तु न छुम तस कांह चीज़ मंगुन। मे हा छु दर अस्ल द्दुक द्दस तु आबुक आबस अँज़रावुन।

‘ति क्याह गव द्दुक द्दस तु आबुक आबस करुन?’ प्रुछ राजूहन।

‘ति गव पोज़ पज़रावुन तु अपुजिस फेश द्युन’ वोनुस काकन्य जिगारि।

यि शख्स गव दरबानस कुन वनान। ‘वॅरी दाह मरु गॅयि कॅन्नन गॅरीबन तु बे ग्वनाहन बाँद्य वानन मंज़ तु तिहुंदुय न्याय अँज़रावनु म्वखु छुम बादशाह सलामतस समखुन।’ यि बूज़िथ दोपुनस दरबानन ज़ि ग्वडु यिमु बु बादशाह सलामतस प्रुछिथ। यि वॅनिथ द्राव सु बादशाह सलामतस निश अँम्य सुंदि अंदर अचनुक इजाज़थ हेनु बापथ। कैह वख्त गुज़रनु पतु आव सु तोरु तु वोनुनस ‘वल्लु साँ।’

यि गॅरीब शख्स युथुय बादशाह सलामतु सुंदिस खँदमतस मंज़ वोत, अर्ज़ कोरनस, ‘बादशाहम! जान बख्शी गछ्यम करुन्य।’ सु वोथुस, ‘वन क्याह छुय

वनुन? च्चे छुय नु वनुनस कांह ति ठाख।’ यि वोथुस योर, ‘बादशाहम! त्वहि छवु ना-इनसाँफी कॅरमुन्न। स्यठह्य ना-इनसाँफी। ति क्याज़ि अज़ ब्रॉह दाह वॅरी



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येलि त्वहि मँहलु खानु अँदरु म्वख्तु हार रोव, तमिकिस जुर्मस अंदर छिवख त्वहि जँन्य दाह मरु बे-ग्वनाह बाँद्य वानन अंदर बंद थाँव्यमुत्य, येलि ज़न तिमव म्वख्तु हार चूरि ओस न न्यूमतुय।’ यि बूज़िथ गव बादशाह नारोनार। बडि हटि वोथुस ज़ि ‘च्चे निश क्या सबूत छु तिहँदि बे ग्वनाह आसनुक, तु अज़ आख दाह वॅरी गॅछिथ तिहँज़ वकालत करनि।’ अमि पतु कोड अँम्य गॅरीब शख्सन चंदु मंज़ म्वख्तु हार तु त्रुवुन बादशाहस ब्रॉह कनि। ‘अछा, गव यि ओसुय च्चे चूरि न्यूमत, तु अज़ ताम ओसुख सान्यव नज़रव



निशि छाया।’ येम्य कोरुस योर अर्ज जि ‘जहां पनाह ! मे येलि न्युमुत आसिहे, तेलि आसुहा बु यथ हालतस मंज ? तु बेयि अनुहा बु दाह वॅरी गुजरनु पतु वापस ?’ बादशाह वोथुस, ‘अद कति ओनुथ च्चे यि ?’

अमि पतु वॅनिस अॅम्य गॅरीब शख्सन सॉरुय दासतान तु सबूतस मंज होवनस कावु सुंद ओल ति तु दॅज ति। यि बूजिथ वोथुस बादशाह, ‘अछा च्चे क्या यनाम गछी आसुन व्वन्य अथ द्यानतदोरी प्यठ ?’ सु वोथुस तोरु जि ‘यिम बे ग्वनाह म्वख्तु हारुकिस जुर्मस मंज पॅतिम्यव दहव वॅरियव प्यठ कौद खानस अंदर द्दुरान छि, तिम गॅछ्य आज़ाद करनु यिन्य। युतुय छुम यनाम दरकार।’

बादशाहन कॅर अॅमिस शख्सस नज़राह तु वुछुन अॅम्य सुंजव अॅछव मंजु ओश वसान। वॅज़ीरस कुन वोथ जि अॅम्य सुंजव अॅछव मंजु वुछ कॅन्न अॅश फेर्य वॅथ्य ? वॅज़ीर गव गँज़रान तु अॅम्य अॅस्य चोर कतरु ओश हॉर्यमुत्य। अॅथ्य सुत्य द्युत बादशाहन होकुम जि कौदी वॅर्युख हमी दम दरबारस अंदर हॉज़िर। तसुंदि हुक्मुक आव फूरी तोर तौमील करनु।

बादशाह लोग अमि म्वख्तु हारुक्य दानु गँज़रावुनि। यिम अॅस्य काह दानु तु कुद्य अॅस्य सथ। फोरन द्युतुन होकुम जि यि म्वख्तु हार चॅटिव तु यिम म्वख्तु दानु दियिव यूर्य। तान्य दितिन यिमव मंजु चोर दानु म्वख्तु हार अनन वॉलिस तु अख अख दानु दितुन पनुन्यन प्रान्यन तिमन सतन नोकरन चाकरन यिम बे ग्वनाह कौद अॅस्य। सुती वॅगरिन तिम बहाल तु प्रान्यन दहन वॅरियन हुंद तलब ति कोरनख अदा। यि बुडु बनोवन अमि पतु मुशीरे खास। सु वोथुस तोरु, ‘बु करु जहां पनाह सुंद यि ओहदु कबूल, अमा अॅकिस शर्तस प्यठ। सु गव यि जि तोह्य हेयिव यिमन बे ग्वनाहन मॉफी।’ यि बूजिथ वोथ बादशाह फोरन तख्तु प्यठ तु हेचुन तिमन कुद्यन अकि अकि मॉफी तु यि बुडु ति गव पनुनि द्यानतदोरी सुत्य स्वनु सौव्य।

कथ म्वकुलेयि। शुर्य गॅयि कथ बूजिथ ख्वश तु द्रायि पनुनिस पनुनिस कुठिस कुन। काकन्य जिगारि ति ह्योत पनुनि शौगुनुक संज करनु।





## لل ديد : ايك عظيم صوفي شاعرہ

شاكر احمد نانگ

واڊى كشمير ہر لحاظ سے دنيا بھر ميں اپنا ايك منفرد مقام ركھتى ہے۔ وہ چاہے اس كى رعنائى، مذهبى روادارى، تابناك تاريخ يا پھر اس كى آغوش ميں كھلے شاعر، صوفى، بزرگ اور مذهبى شخصيات ہوں۔ اسلام ہوا ہندو دھرم، يہاں سينكڑوں تعداد ميں ولى، ريشى اور صوفى بزرگ پيدا ہونے لئى، جنہوں نے پورى دنيا ميں اپنى ساخت قائم كى، يہى وجہ ہے كہ كشمير كو 'پير و اريا' ريشى و اريا' بھى كہتے ہيں۔

بزرگ، سنت يا صوفى خواہ كسى سر زمين سے اُٹھے ہوں سب ايك ہی بات كہے گے ہيں۔ جو كچھ انہوں نے بيان كيا ہے۔ اس سے پتہ چلتا ہے كہ باوجود مختلف انداز بيان كے ان كے حياالات ميں يگا نكٹ اور آہنگى ہے۔ اس يگا نكٹ كا ايك اہم اور قابل غور پہلو يہ ہے كہ اگر چہ دنيا كے سنت اور صوفى مختلف ممالك ميں پيدا ہونے اور مختلف زبانين بولتے تھے اور ان كا پيدايشى مذهب بھى ايك دوسرے سے مختلف تھا۔ ليكن زمان و مكان اور مذهب و زبان كا اختلاف ركھتے ہونے بھى ان كا ظہار بيان آپس ميں مشابہ ہے۔ اور ان كے مشاہدے ايك سے ہيں۔ اس لحاظ سے ماننا پڑتا ہے كہ ان كے نظريوں كى تہہ ميں ضرور كچھ نہ كچھ حقيقت ہے جو محض توہمات كى اُلجھن كا نتيجہ نہيں۔ اس لئے يہ كہنا غلط نہ ہو گا كہ ان كے مشاہدوں اور طرز فكر نے انسانى زندگى كو بلاوجہ متاثر نہيں كيا ہے۔

ايسى ہی بزرگ ہستیوں ميں لل ديد كا بھى شمار ہے۔ وہ چودھويں صدى ميں سرينگر سے لگ بھگ ساڑھے چار ميل دور پانچو رقبے ميں پيدا ہوئىں۔ ان كى شادى كم عمر ميں ہی ايك

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برہمن گھرانے میں ہوئی۔ سسرال کی زندگی تلخ گزری، اور آخر کار ازدواجی زندگی سے ناتا توڑ کر راہ حق کی تلاش میں محو ہو گئیں۔ انہوں نے اپنی شاعری اظہار حیا لات کا ایک بہترین ذریعہ بنایا۔ ان کے کلام مستی و سرمستی کے جذبات میں ڈوبا ہوا ہے اور اس میں تصوف اور معرفت کے رموز و اسرار کا خزانہ موجود ہے جو سنتوں اور صوفیائے کرام کے ریاض و عمل کے حسین امتزاج پر مشتمل ہے اور جو ان کی باہمی مطابقت اور مماثلت کا آئینہ دار ہے۔ ان کا کلام بصیرت، جذبات عشق اور خلوص و صدق کا ایک ایسا مرقع پیش کرتا ہے، جس میں حقیقت کی جھلک نمایاں طور پر نظر آتی ہے۔ بلند پایہ سنتوں اور صوفیوں کے کلام میں یقیناً یہی اوصاف پائے جاتے ہیں۔

لل دید کی مقبولیت اور ہر دل عزیز کی باعث ان کی شدید عقیدت، عملی تجربہ، صدق و خلوص، بصیرت افروزی اور روحانیت سے متعلق رموز و نکات ہیں۔ زبان کی مقبولیت کا اندازہ اس امر سے بخوبی لگایا جاسکتا ہے کہ ان کے بعض اشعار موجودہ کشمیری بول چال میں بھی مروج ہیں۔ ان کی شاعری کو ’واکھ‘ کہتے ہیں۔ ان واکھوں میں استعاروں اور کنایوں کی جوندرت اور تخیل میں وسعت پائی جاتی ہے وہ انہیں کا حصہ ہے۔ ان کی شاعری کشمیر کے ادب عالیہ میں ایک لافانی اور جاودانی مقام رکھتی ہے۔ استعارات کی چند مثالیں ملاحظہ فرمائیے:

ۛ آمہ پنہ سو درس ناو چھس لمان

کتہ بوز دے میون مہینہ دیہ تار

(میں کچے دھاگے کی مدد سے سمندر میں ناو کو کھیتی ہوں۔)

ۛ گیانہ مارگ چھے ہاکہ وار

(گیان کار استہ ایک ساگ زار ہے۔)

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ۛ لوکھ نارو اڈج بزم

(میں نے آتش میں اپنے دل کو جلایا۔)

ۛ لل بہ در ایس کپسہ پوشچہ سوے

(میں 'لل' کپاس کے پھول کی طرح کھلنے کی اُمید میں دور نکلی۔)

اُن کا کلام خونِ جگر میں رنگا ہوا ہے۔ اور اس میں وہ رموز و اسرار موجود ہیں جو پہنچنے ہوئے سنت یا صوفی ہی کے ہاں مل سکتے ہیں۔ ان کے من سے دوئی مٹ گئی تھی اور وہ اپنے اور پرانے میں کوئی امتیاز نہ کرتی تھیں۔ وہ محبت و آشتی کا سرچشمہ تھیں۔ وہ اپنی باکمال شاعری کی قابلیت سے مسلمان اور ہندو کو ایک ہی قطار میں کھڑا کرنے کی صلاحیت رکھتی تھی۔ اُن کی نظر میں ہندو اور مسلمان میں کوئی فرق نہ تھا۔ انہیں کھانے پینے کی چیزوں میں بھی کوئی پرہیز نہ تھا۔ جو کچھ وہ کہتی اور جس پر نظر ڈالتیں اس میں فقط جلوہ الہی دیکھتیں۔

ۛ گلن ژے بتل ژے

ژے چھکھ دین پون نہ راتھ

ارگ ژندن پوش پونی ژے

ژے چھکھ سورے نہ لاگی زکیاہ

(تو ہی آسمان ہے تو ہی زمین، تو ہی دن ہے ہوا ہے او تو ہی رات، تو ہی چڑھا ہوا اناج،

چندن، پھول اور پانی، تو ہی سب کچھ میں کیا نظر کروں۔)

کشمیر کی ملی جلی تہذیب کی درخشاں علامت لل دید کا وجود ہے۔ اُن کو یہاں روحانیت اور ثقافت کے میدان میں اہم ترین تعمیری رول ادا کرنے کا شرف حاصل ہے۔ انہوں نے اپنی

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شاعری میں انسان دوستی کا فلسفہ پیش کیا۔ وہ اخوت، مساوات اور عدل و انصاف کی پروکار تھیں۔ ان کا کلام حکمت و معرفت کا خزینہ ہے۔ وہ اعتقاد و ادب کے ایک مکتب کی پیش رو اور رہبر ہے جس نے عقاید کی دنیا زیر و زبر کر دی اور ایک بہت ہی معنی خیز انقلاب کی ابتداء کی ہے۔

کتابیات:

۱۔ لال دید، ترتیب: پروفیسر جلال کول، جموں اینڈ کشمیر اکیڈمی آف آرٹس کلچر اینڈ لینگویجز

سرینگر، ۱۹۸۴ء



۲۔ لال دید: وکیپیڈیا

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ہنا سوچو!!

شہین کتھ چھ راہ کھارن؟

توہی چھو۔ من سترے کاشری پاٹھی کتھ کران؟

شہین سترے یوت کیاہ؟ توہی چھو پنہنہ وائلہ ہندن سترے کاشری پاٹھی کتھ کران؟

ہنا سوچو!!

کاشری زبان کتھ پاٹھی روز زندہ؟



## Profile

*Our Shining Stars - Sanjay Pandita*

## Budding Artist Shivani Koul Bhat




**S**hivani Koul Bhatt, an Artist of Kashmir origin and based nowadays in Jammu, is motivated by the people around her and



newspapers of India. She creates Canvas Paintings, Handmade Collages, Handmade Nameplates and other craft works. She has participated in 7 National and 4 International Art Exhibitions. Her Art works have been given beautiful spaces in different parts of the world. Her aim is to create a new era of craft and cultivate a culture in kids especially those who have become prone to automated world which has paused their creativity.

absorbed by paintings and craft works that make this world a beautiful place to live in. She mostly loves doing the Abstract Art work which creates a story from colours of nature. She has done B.Tech from MIET, Jammu and M.Tech from Kurukshetra University. Art is her passion and according to her, everyday a new stroke of brush inspires her to work hard to create better and better works with each passing day. She also designs the cover pages of Magazines and has her Art works published in leading

**Kingdom of Art ,Chandigarh  
National Art Exhibition**



**Artist : Shivani Koul Bhatt**



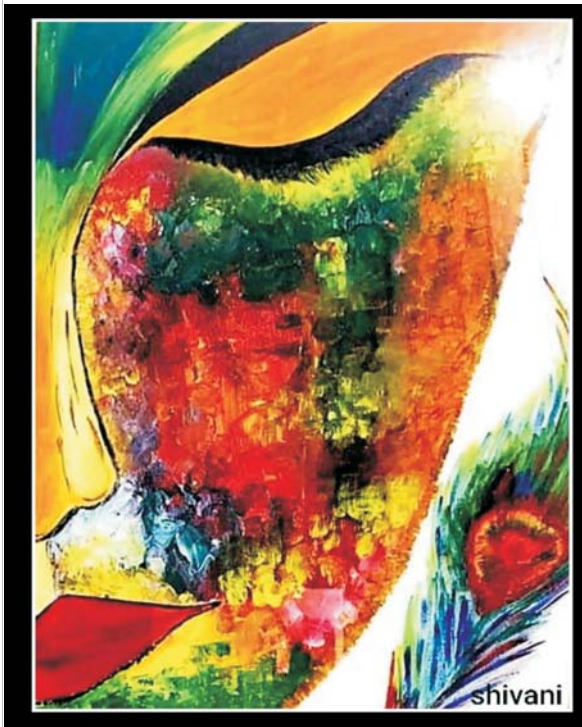

**20-22 December  
Venue: Govt. Museum & Art  
Gallery, Chandigarh**





Proud daughter of Mrs. Veena Koul (housewife) and Mr. Ashok Kumar Koul (retired SBI official) Shivani got all moral and physical support from her husband Mr. Ashish Bhat and his parents Mrs. Asha Bhat and Mr. Lenin Kumar Bhat who originally hail from Verinag, Anantnag.

Shivani believes in 'If you have dreams, gather the courage to pursue them and leave no stone unturned to make them reality. Taking first step is always important.' I wish her best of luck.







*Language & Scripts - Vidushi Dembi*

## Crossing The Language Barrier

“Kyazi”?

“Kyazi ki me chu byon nyerun!”

**M**e and my brother enacted this scene from the DD Kashir serial “*Haarmaa*” so often that for an extended time period everyone in my family would reply a “Kyazi” with a “Kyazi ki me chu byon nyerun”. It was especially amusing to hear my brother say it in his broken Kashmiri with messed up pronunciation. However entertaining listening to today's kids speak Kashmiri may sound, the reality of the situation is almost heart breaking.

I was the first-born of a typical Kashmiri household with parents and grandparents, fondly known as *Tathaji* and *Baibi*. (Derivative of it, but definitely not the Hindi *Bhabhi*; not even *Babi* -- it has to be *Baibi*) Because I spent majority of my time with and around my grandparents, the only mode of communication I learnt as a kid was the Kashmiri language. My dad had this habit of recording my voice secretly while I blabbered around, so listening to the recordings of my conversations, limericks and *Koshur leelas* with the childish innocence sounds surreal to me today. I was famous in my extended family as the kid who knew *shlokas* and *Koshur bhajans* by heart. What exciting times. It is almost unbelievable for me to imagine a time when Kashmiri was the only language I knew.

As I grew older and went to school, I started indulging more in English and Hindi and consequently the fluency of my Kashmiri started getting corrupted. So much so that I almost entirely started conversing in Hindi at home. My parents had also entirely shifted to Hindi with me; and even though *Tathaji* and *Baibi* continued speaking in Kashmiri, I started replying to them in Hindi. When my brother came along, he grew up with the foundation of

Hindi being the staple language of the household with sporadic bouts of Kashmiri by the grandparents. I think I was in 5<sup>th</sup> standard when I started reading a Kashmiri storybook written by Mr. M.K Raina who was and still is an active promoter of Kashmiri language.



Those days he had freshly published a Kashmiri storybook called “*Tsok Modur*” which found a curious reader in a 10-year-old child. One day my grandfather heard me reading one of the stories aloud while we were collectively basking in the sun on our terrace. He was so elated listening to me that he promised to pay me Rs. 10 for every Kashmiri story I read to him. Parallely, my dad also started a scheme for us siblings offering rewards for a full spoken day of Kashmiri. These new attractive proposals put me back on track. I participated wholeheartedly because of the sheer joy of being able to revive my lost language skills, and also because it was fun and easy way of making quick pocket money! My brother struggled a lot, but he tried his best. Subsequently the money rewards didn't last, but our habit of speaking in Kashmiri with elders of the family did; although we still laugh at my brother's pronunciation!

I was very jealous of my Kashmiri Muslim classmates who spoke Kashmiri with great clarity amongst themselves. On the other hand, I had some Kashmiri Pandit friends and cousins who were almost embarrassed of speaking in Kashmiri publicly.



Seeing other Maharashtra, Gujarati, Tamil kids speak to their parents in their mother tongue while Kashmiri kids fumbled even trying one sentence upset me. Today I see new age Kashmiri parents conversing with their children in nothing but English. Those kids can hardly speak fluent Hindi, let alone Kashmiri. Kashmiri mothers are proud of their kids these days, flaunting the fact that they can understand 5 instructions in Kashmiri. Personally, maintaining my fluency sometimes becomes a challenge when I go out of spoken Kashmiri practice for some time. I'm sure many other young Kashmiris must have experienced something similar, and we cannot really blame ourselves.

After 30 years of exodus and having to forcefully scatter all over the country, Pandits have arrived at a generation who is more comfortable in the respective local languages, somehow able to understand their mother tongue but unable to speak it. Seeing the current scenario, possibility of what might happen 30 years down the line makes me anxious. Luckily enough, many young KPs of today are taking initiatives in the form of newsletters, awareness campaigns and social media to preserve our beautiful culture. What we must also remember is that language is an important part of our culture which also needs to be nurtured. I hope more parents of today encourage their kids to speak in Kashmiri at home, and more young KPs make efforts to overcome this unfortunate language barrier between us and our motherland. For kids born post exodus, *Kasher zabaan* can be a soothing assertor of our otherwise messed-up identities.

(Vidushi is presently doing her Masters in Engineering in Germany)



## Arinimal ... From Page 09

meet Arinimal. But the pangs of protracted separation had seared her so much as to cause her death at a young age of forty-one in 1778.

[References: 1) *Daughters of Vitasta* by Prem Nath Bazaz Pamposh Publications, New Delhi. 2) *A History of Kashmir* by Prithvi Nath Koul Bamzai, Metropolitan Book Co (Pvt) Ltd. New Delhi ( 1st edition, 1962 ). 3) *Studies in Kashmiri* by Jai Lal Koul, Kapoor Brothers, Srinagar, Kashmir. 4) *Palgrave's Golden Treasury*. 5) *Four Famous Poetesses of Kashmir* by Jawahar Kaul Ganhar. 6) *Triloki Nath Dhar (1 January 2006). Kashmiri Pandit Community: A Profile. Mittal Publications. p. 7. ISBN 978-81-8324-177-9.*]

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# تبدیلی

سلسلہ وار کتھ

م-ک-رینہ

Episode

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گوگل ناٹھن رسوخ چلیو ونہ کینہہ۔ اُہرس گئیہ یہ کتھ سیکہ ز مہہ کاکس پیئہ ورمل گرہٹھن۔ گوگل ناٹھن نس ونہ نس پٹھ تھو و مہہ کاکن پائون دوہن دفتر روخت۔ گوگل ناٹھن سوئچ پیئہ نہ جلیہ ز مہہ کاک پیئہ امہ پھزہ مٹز کڈن تہ امہ خاطر چھ ضروری سہ اکہ لہ ورمل چکر کرناون۔ ژندروا دوہہ نیو تکر سہ پانس ستر پٹن گر، یٹھ گوڈ جلیہ بدلی ستر تس کینہہ سکون میلہ۔ امہ پتہ رُو دگوگل ناٹھ واریانس کالس تس تبدیلی متعلق درس دوان تہ پٹن تجزیہ ونان۔ مہہ کاکس ہیون وار وار دگ کم گرہٹھ۔ امہ پتہ دت گوگل ناٹھن تس صلاح ز سام ہنہ خاطر یو ورمل چکراہ کرتھ۔ مہہ کاک گو گو پے سانے تیار۔

یوموار دوہہ وٹھر تم دوٹوے ورمل تہ گئیہ گوگل ناٹھن نس اُکس یار سٹد گر۔ اُمس اوس ناو کاشی ناٹھ۔ کاشی ناٹھ اوس تھو دفترس مٹز نوکری کران یوت مہہ کاک سوزمت اوسکھ۔ شامس باگر دزایہ ساری بازرس چکراہ کرنہ۔

گوگل ناٹھ اوس گنہ طریقہ یڑھان مہہ کاکنہ دلہ مٹز سہ وسواس کڈن، یس انسان گنہ نو جلیہ گرہٹھ بڑوٹھ آسان چھ۔ یو دوے مہہ کاکس گنہ ستر تہ اوس نہ دل لگان، مگر تکر کر نہ گنہ کتھ مزاجتھ۔

پیئہ دوہہ نیو کاشی ناٹھن مہہ کاک پٹن دفتر۔ لتہ اُس سارنہ ملّا ز من تیسز تبدیلی ہنز گوڈے خبر، تکیاز آرڈر اوس اوت تہ ووتمت۔ مہہ کاکس

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Stories from National Book Trust's 'azayib kashir' afsānī Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L. Shant





کرنوؤکھ سارنِے سترِ تعارف۔ مُلازمن منز اُس زِ نفر تم تہ، یم مہہ کاکس گوڈے زانان اُس۔ تمو اُس بز وٹھتس سترِ کام کرہمز۔ مہہ کاکس وچھتھ گئیہ تم سبٹھاہ خوش۔ مہہ کاکس تہ گئیہ تمن وچھتھ خوشی، مگر تہز نہ کینہہ پیزتس صاحب وچھتھ گئیہ۔ صاحبس اوس ناو جلال صاب تہ تکر اُس پنز نوکری مہہ کاکس دترِ پٹھے شورؤ کرہمز۔ جلال صاب ووتھ مہہ کاکس وچھتھے پنہ گرسی پٹھتھ تہ دتہ کرن تس سترِ ڈس بوس۔ مہہ کاکس آہ نہ پڑھ زِ جلال صابس چھس بہ وُنہ تہ پور پٹھکی یاد۔

تھ دترس منز اُس اکھ نو کتھ تہ۔ لتہ کس ہبڈ کلارکس اوس صاحبس سترِ اکھ الگ کیمن پیٹہ جان فرنچرس علاؤ ٹیلیفون تہ اوس۔ تھ قصبہ اوس نہ مہہ کاکس پیٹہ گنہ جلیہ وچھمت۔ وونی ہیوٹن پڑی پٹھکی تس اور پیٹہ خاطر دل برمن۔ شامس لوگ کاشی ناتھنہ گر دربارہ۔ دترِ کر مُلازم تہ آہ۔ مہہ کاکس سترِ لوگ تمو ساروے دوستانہ۔ تس باسو وونی زِ نو جاعے چھنہ ناکار کینہہ بلو کہ چھ پزانہ جلیہ کھوتہ ہتھ درجہ بہتر۔ اکر کلارکن کورٹس تہ گوکل ناتھس پنہ گر سال تہ۔

کاشی ناتھن دت نہ بز سوہ دوہہ تہ مہہ کاکس تہ گوکل ناتھس واپس گزھنہ۔ جلال صابن تھتھے بوز زِ مہہ کاک چھنہ وُنہ گر گوٹ، تکر بلو وُسہ پنہ نس دترس منز۔ پزون ہبڈ کلارک اوس یڑھان جلد از جلد نیون۔ امہ ککر کر جلال صابن مہہ کاکس گڈارش زِ سہ گڑھ جلدے ڈوٹی پٹھ حاضر سپدن۔

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جلال صابن بِلَاو اکھتے اکھ مپنگ تہ، ہتھ مَنز کینہن ضروری کینن آہ سام ہنہ، تہ مہہ کاکن مشورِ آو حاصل کرنہ۔ مہہ کاکس باسو امہ پتہ سہ پورِ پاتھر پُن دفتر۔ نیران نیران دہت جلال صابن تس پُن نوو پارکر قلم، یس تہند مطابق سبٹھاہ پھرؤژ اوس، تہ ہیمہ ستر ستر مہہ کاک اوت وَا تہہ کام کرہے۔ مہہ کاکس آو دفترس ستر ستر پارکر قلم تہ ہڈ پسند۔

یس ہڈ کلارکہ ہسز جلیہ مہہ کاکس یس اوس، تس اوس ناو گاشہ لال۔ تس اُسکھ انتت ناگ تبدیلی کرہو۔ تس اوس شنیہ وِہرہ پنے نس علاقس واپس گدھن مگر توتہ اوس تس امہ دفترک پھیرن۔ تگر ہاو مہہ کاکس پنز روزنچ سرکاری جائے۔ اُتھر جلیہ اوس مہہ کاکس اوت ہتھ روزن۔ جائے اُس جان ہڈ تہ صاف سٹھر۔ خاص کر تھ اوس نلکہ چوکس مَنزے، تہ یہ کتھ آہ مہہ کاکس ہڈ پسند۔ تہسز زنانہ اوس ونہ راژن مَنز نیرمہ نلکہ پٹھ پونی اُن سخ کزؤٹھ گدھان۔ گاشہ لالن اُس پنز شری باژ تہ لگ بگ پُن سورے ضروری سامانہ گوڈے گر سوزمت۔ مسلہ اوس وونی صرف تمہہ ڈونی لگر ہند فرنچرک، یس تگر یمن اٹھن وِرن لتہ بنوومت اوس۔ تخت پوشہ علاو اُس ز ڈبل ہڈ تہ اکھ المارک۔ یہ سامانہ تھونس اُس نہ گاشہ لالس گر جائے۔ مگر مہہ کاکنہ اوت پنے ستر گوٹند مسلہ حل۔ مہہ کاکس آو فرنچر ہڈ پسند۔ اے وقتہ سپد سودا تہ یے پونسہ مہہ کاکس پر پیہ، تم دتی باسکر ناتھن ووزم۔ اکھتے آو یہ فرنچر مہہ کاکنہ منشاہ مطابق نو آہ لگا ونہ۔

To be continued

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## Episode

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## सिलसिलुवार कथ

## तबदीली

म.क.रैना

गूकल नाथुन रसूख चल्यव नु कैह। ऑखुरस गॅयि यि कथ स्यकु ज़ि महि काकस पेयि वरमुल गछुनुय। गूकल नाथुनिस वनुनस प्यठ थोव महि काकन पांचन द्वहन दफतरु वखसथ। गूकल नाथन सूंच पनुनि जायि ज़ि महि काक पेयि अमि फ़ट्ट मंज़ु कडुन तु अमि खॉतरु छु ज़रूरी सु अकि लटि वरमुल चकर करुनावुन। चंद्रवारि द्वह न्युव तॅम्य सु पानस सुत्य पनुन गरु, युथ ग्वडु जायि बदली सुत्य तस कैह स्कून मेलि। अमि पतु रूद गूकल नाथ वारियाहस कालस तस तबदीलियन मुतलिक दरस दिवान तु पनुन तजरुबु वनान। महि काकस हेचुन वारु वारु दग कम गछुन्य। अमि पतु द्युत गूकल नाथन तस सलाह ज़ि साम ह्यनु खॉतरु यिमव वरमुल चकराह वॅरिथ। महि काक गव ग्वबिरु सानुय तयार।

बोमवारि द्वह वॅथ्य तिम द्वशुवय वरमुल तु गॅयि गूकल नाथुनिस अॅकिस यारु सुंद गरु। अॅमिस ओस नाव काॅशी नाथ। काॅशी नाथ ओस तॅथ्य दफतरस मंज़ नोकरी करान योत महि काक सूजुमुत ओसुख। शामस बाॅग्य द्रायि साॅरी बाज़रस चकराह करनि। गूकल नाथ ओस कुनि तॅरीकु यछान महि काकुनि दिलु मंज़ु सु वसवास कडुन, युस इनसानस कुनि नवि जायि

गछुनु ब्रॉठ आसान छु। योदवय महि काकस कुनि सुत्य ति ओस नु दिल लगान, मगर तॅम्य वॅरु नु कुनि कथि मज़ाहमथ।



बेयि द्वह न्युव काॅशी नाथन महि काक पनुन दफतर। अति ऑस सारिन्य मुलॉज़िमन तसंज़ि तबदीली हुंज़ ग्वडय खबर, तिव्याज़ि आर्डर ओस ओत ति वोतमुत। महि काकस करनोवुख सारिन्य सुत्य तारुफ। मुलॉज़िमन मंज़ ऑस्य ज़ु नफर तिम ति, यिम महि काकस ग्वडय ज्ञानान ऑस्य। तिमव ऑस ब्रॉठ तस सुत्य काॅम वॅरमुन्न। महि काकस वुछिथ गॅयि तिम स्यठाह ख्वश। महि काकस ति गॅयि तिमन वुछिथ खुशी, मगर तीच नु कैह यीच तस साहब वुछिथ गॅयि। साहबस ओस नाव जलाल साॅब तु तॅम्य ऑस पनुन्य नोकरी महि काकुनि दफतरु प्यठय शुरू वॅरमुन्न। जलाल साॅब वोथ महि काकस वुछिथुय पनुनि कुरसी प्यठ थोद तु कॅरुन तस सुत्य दॅस्य पूस्य। महि काकस आयि नु पछ ज़ि जलाल साॅबस छुस बु वुनि ति पूर पाँठ्य याद।

यथ दफतरस मंज़ ऑस अख नॅव कथ ति। अतिकिस ह्यड कलर्कस ओस साहबस



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सती अख अलग कैबिन येति जान फॅरनीचरस अलावु टेलीफोन ति ओस। युथ कसु ओस नु महि काकन बेयि कुनि जायि वुछमुत। व्वन्य ह्योतुन पॅज्य पॉठ्य तस ओर यिनु खॉतरु दिल ब्रमुन।

शामस लोग कॉशी नाथुनि गरि दरबाराह। दफतरुक्य कैह बेयि मुलॉजिम ति आयि। महि काकस सुत्य लोग तिमव सारिवुय दोस्तानु। तस बास्यव व्वन्य जि नॅव जाय छनु नाकारु कैह बॅल्यकि छि गीनि जायि खोतु हथ दर्जु बेहतर। अॅक्य कुल्लेकन कोर तस तु गूकल नाथस पनुनि गरि साल ति।

कॉशी नाथन द्युत नु बृसवारि द्दह ति महि काकस तु गूकल नाथस वापस गछनु। जलाल सॉबन युथुय बूज जि महि काक छुनु वुनि गरु गोमुत, तॅम्य बुलोव सु पनुनिस दफतरस मंज। गीन ह्यड कुल्लेक ओस यछान जल्द अज्ज जल्द नेरुन। अमि किन्य वॅर जलाल सॉबन महि काकस गुजॉरिश जि सु गोछ जल्दुय ड्यूटी प्यठ हॉजिर सपदुन। जलाल सॉबन बुलॉव अखतुय अख मीटिंग ति, यथ मंज कैहन ज़रूरी केसन आयि साम ह्यनु, तु महि काकुन मशवरु आव हॉसिल करनु। महि काकस बास्यव अमि पतु सु पूर पॉठ्य पनुनुय दफतर। नेरान नेरान द्युत जलाल सॉबन तस पनुन नौव पारकर कलम, युस तसुंदि मुतॉबिक स्यठाह फ्रूज ओस, तु येमि सुत्य महि काक ओत वॉतिथ कॉम करिहे। महि काकस आव दफतरस सुत्य सुत्य पारकर

कलम ति बडु पसंद।

यस ह्यड कुल्लेक सुंजि जायि महि काकस युन ओस, तस ओस नाव गाशु लाल। तस ऑसुख अनंतनाग तबदीली वॅरमुन्न। तस ओस शेयि वुहुर्य पनुनिस अलाकस वापस गछुन मगर तोति ओस तस अमि दफतरुक फेरान। तॅम्य हॉव महि काकस पनुन्य रोजनुच सरकॉर्य जाय। अॅथ्य जायि ओस महि काकस ओत यिथ रोजनु। जाय ऑस जान बॅड तु साफ सुथरु। खास वॅरिथ ओस नलकु चोकस मंजुय, तु यि कथ आयि महि काकस बडु पसंद। तसुंजि ज़नानि ओस वंदु रॉन्न मंज नेबरिमि नलकु प्यठु पोन्थ अनुन सख कूठ गछान। गाशु लालन ऑस्य पनुन्य शुर्थ बॉन्न तु लगबग पनुन सोरुय ज़रूरी सामानु ग्वडय गरु सूजमुत। मसलु ओस व्वन्य सिरिफ तमि डून लॅकरि हुंदि फॅरनीचरुक, युस तॅम्य यिमन ऑठन वॅरियन अति बनोवुमुत ओस। तख्त पोशु अलावु ऑस्य ज़ु डबुल ब्यड तु अख बॅड अलमार्मा। यि सामानु थवनस ऑस नु गाशु लालस गरि जायि। मगर महि काकुनि ओत यिनु सुत्य गव तसुंद मसलु हल। महि काकस आव फॅरनीचर बडु पसंद। अमिय वख्तु सपुद सोदा तु यिम पाँसु महि काकस परु पैयि, तिम दित्य बासकर नाथन व्वजुम। अख्तुय आव यि फॅरनीचर महि काकुनि मनशा मुतॉबिक नवि आयि लागनु।

(क्रमशः)

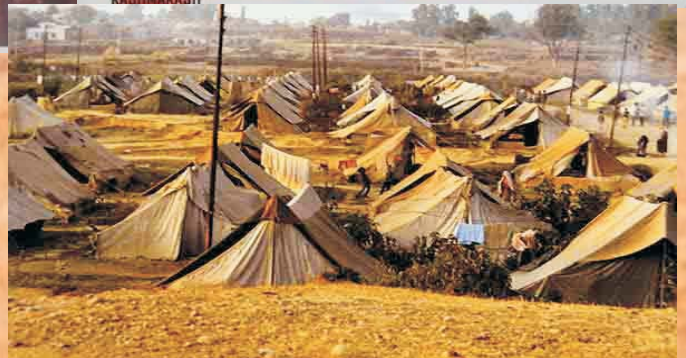
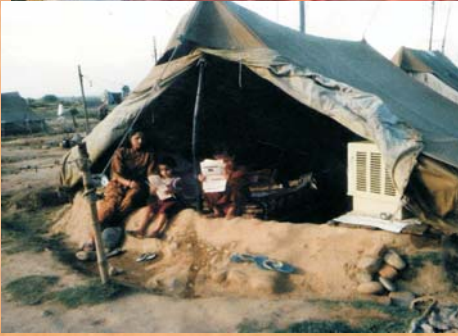




## Your Own Page - Holocaust Day - Rajesh Raina



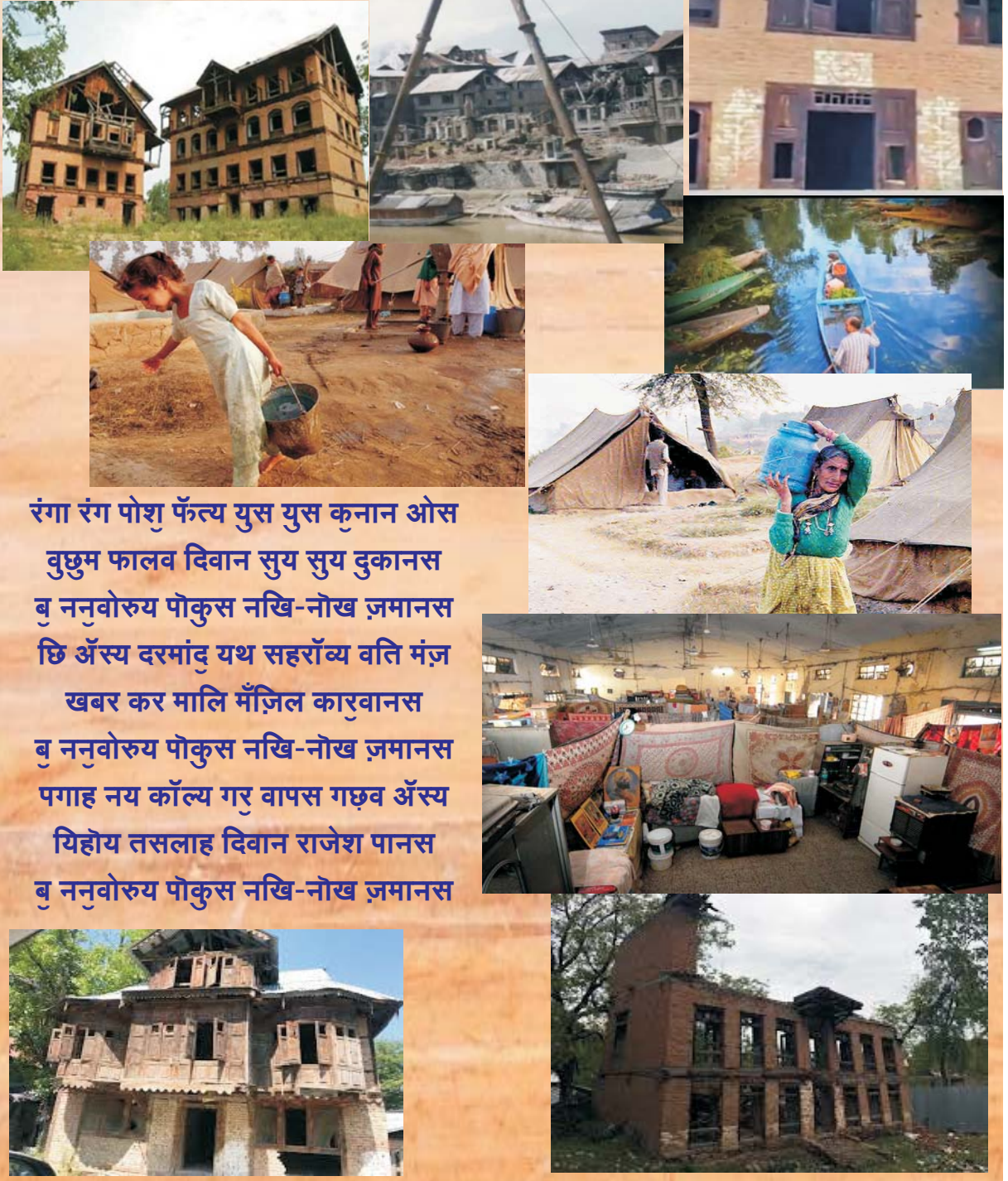
छर्यव अथवय मे क्वम्ब कॅर आसमानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस  
 नख्शा कौत्याह मिटावख म्यौन्य वनतम  
 छु खौरिथ क्रूल वुनि म्यौनिस मकानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस  
 दपान तथ गुरटि मेचि ज़न सूर फोलमुत  
 लिवान ऑस मॉज येमि मेचि सृत्य दानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस







## Your Own Page - Holocaust Day - Rajesh Raina



रंगा रंग पोशु फॅन्त्य युस युस कुनान ओस  
 बुछुम फालव दिवान सुय सुय दुकानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस  
 छि अँस्य दरमांदु यथ सहराँव्य वति मंज़  
 खबर कर मालि मँज़िल कारवानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस  
 पगाह नय काँल्य गरु वापस गछव अँस्य  
 यिहोय तसलाह दिवान राजेश पानस  
 बु ननुवोरुय पोकुस नखि-नोख ज़मानस

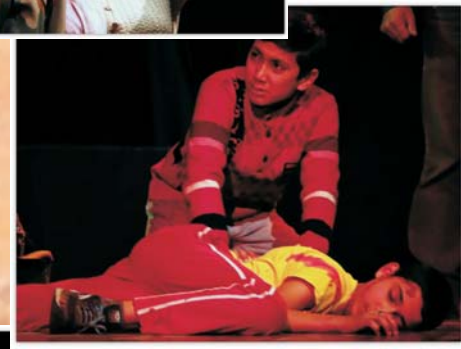




Your Own Page - Vomedh - Rakesh Roshan Bhat



Vomedh's Rohit Bhat receiving Mahabava Hari Singh Samman 2020 from Women Club Meri Pehchan for the Hindi Play 'Mar Kar Jeena' at Jammu.







## Photo Feature



Winter in Pahalgam  
Image : Asif Iqbal Burza



Haakh grown in Hyderabad  
Images : Rajesh Raina





## Photo Feature



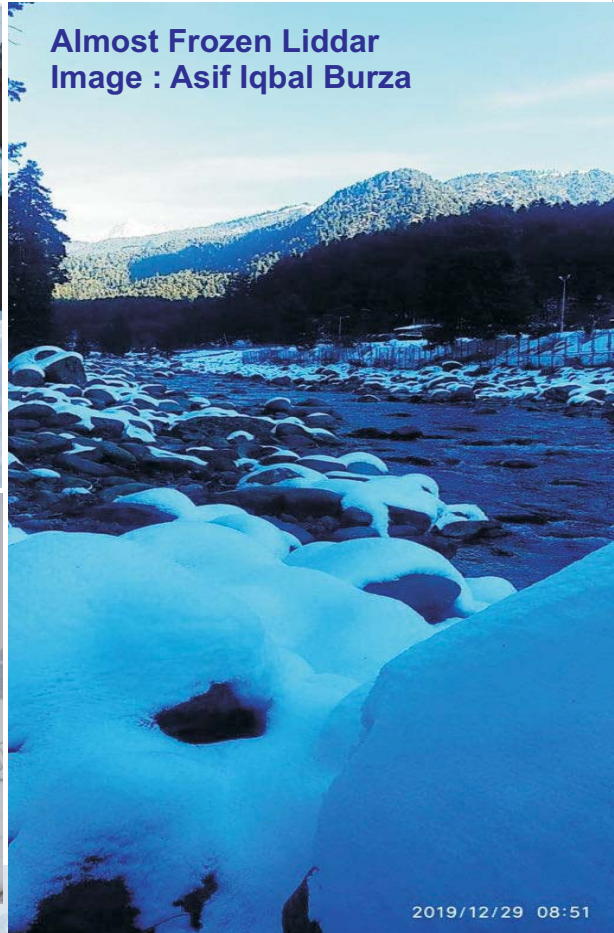
Snowfall in Kashmir  
Image : Syed B. Qadri



Snow clearing in Srinagar  
Image : Shahid Choudhary



Snow-clad mountain at Dal Lake  
Image : Driver Iqbali



Almost Frozen Liddar  
Image : Asif Iqbal Burza

2019/12/29 08:51

This shall bring you back to Kashmir  
Image : Asif Iqbal Burza







## Letters to Editor

**Namaskar,**

Namrata Wakhlu's Uzbekistan, nice write up, good pictures and reference points ... in language, food, culture, handicrafts ... excellent. Dr K.L.Chowdhury's one more story 'beyond medical profession'. God spoke through him. I remember one more story of him wherein a person had broken his ribs when another person had embraced him and Dr Chowdhury could find the reason of his ailment. Shrukh ta Vaakh, very nice.



**Naveen Kaul  
Mumbai**



**Dear Editor,**

Thank you for this write up (Praagaash, January 2020 : Profile - Our Shining Stars). As a Kashmiri, I want your readers to know that I truly feel the pain of Pandits who were unjustly removed from their homes in 1990 from Kashmir. It will always be a dark chapter in our history and I hope we live in peace together soon.



**Tony Ashai  
USA**



**Dear Editor,**

Your endeavor to bridge the cultural ethos between the Nastaliq and Devanagari through Praagaash is exemplary. The optimism in our upbringing and your



continued efforts to pursue the path of reconciliations is praise worthy. I congratulate you for your resolve to keep the strings of lively and lovely relations weaved like as smooth as Shahtoos. The variant content is reminiscent of the times we lived in the harmonious times.

Dr. Chowdhurys' story is very relevant to the psyche of the common people who follow that all that glitters can not be gold.

One thing for sure, I have picked to read the Devanagari-Kashmir script through your stories. Over all Praagaash is enlightening.

**Chand Bhat  
Navi Mumbai**



**My dear Maharaj Krishen,**

Thank you for Praagaash Januray 2020 issue. There could not be a better New Year gift. The intricately-designed colorful Shishur Kangri on the front cover is a fitting tribute to great artisanship nay, the artistic sensibilities, of Kashmiris. Besides being a symbol of Kashmir's composite culture, it speaks of our unique tradition of welcoming a new bride to a household with this delightful gift, warming the hearts of everyone in the cold season.



I much liked the essay on Habba Khatoon by Vargis Khan and the pictures therein. Didn't know the Chaks were such brave warriors from Gurez that the wily Moguls subdued them not so much with their power as by deceit and subterfuge, in the process breaking the heart of a beloved poetess of Kashmir. Naming the beautiful peak in Gurez after her is a fitting memorial to this jewel of Kashmir.

Namrata Wakhlu's narrative about her Uzbekistan travels and the close likeness she found in the cultural, artistic linguistic and



## Letters to Editor

other characteristics with Kashmiris is another welcome piece. There is no denying the strong influence of Central Asian culture and language on Kashmir. I had a similar experience in Iran during my stay there in 1978. There is a lot of Persian influence in our language and some cultural traditions. I remember, like us, they celebrate the New Year as Nau Roz (our Nau Reh) in March with new sprouts of wheat or some other grain sowed in pots by each family.

Equally interesting is your interview of Mr. Tony Ashai. While I am greatly impressed with the admirable achievements on the global stage of this son of the soil, I was poignantly reminded of his uncle, Dr Farooq Ashai, who was an unfortunate victim to militancy in our homeland. He was my contemporary in Medical College Srinagar, and a close friend, and we shared many things in common. He was brilliant and multifaceted, not just as an orthopedic surgeon but as an artist, a musician, a designer and innovator. No doubt some of his talents have rubbed into his nephew. A pioneering orthopedic surgeon of Kashmir, he single-handedly conceived, designed and supervised the construction of the Bone and Joint Disease hospital at Barzalla. I remember he also designed a stove for room heating which was certainly a great improvement on other implements extant in Kashmir. Peace be to his soul.

Let me also record my admiration for the write up by Prof B L Kaul on human evolution and the moving account by Deepankar Koul of the havoc wrought by the 2014 flood in Kashmir, ravaging homes and leaving behind mere fossils of family heirlooms. Thankfully, neither militancy nor the flood could take away memories of what used to be our dear homes and homeland.

Finally, I must thank you for enhancing

the imagery of my story “What Difference Does Dress Make” by inserting appropriate photos at different places in the narrative.

With my best wishes,

**K L Chowdhury**  
Jammu



**Editorial**

...

**From Page 01**

exodus of KPs from Kashmir. It took him some time to collect whatever could be retrieved from his siblings. In the process it evolved into a sort of a project in which they decided to chip in with some more material. The ancestral home of the Chowdhury family where they were born and grew up was on the bank of the Nālæ Mär. We chose the cover page picture of the Supplement as an emblem of that glorious past.



काँशरि  
शुर्ष लयि

म्योन माम

माजि हुंद बोय

म्योनुय माम

छुम अनान म्यवु डॉल्य

रोज़ान गाम

سکاشر  
شوری لای  
میان مام  
ماجی ہند بوئے  
میانوئے مام  
چیم انان مہوڈاکی  
روزان گام