



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

For Private Circulation Only

प्रागाश
پراگاش



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture

Snowcraft
by Tahir Bin Ghulam



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

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Editorial - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

There are different arts that we appreciate and enjoy. Some of these are co-related. A drama, for example cannot be appreciated well by reading alone unless it is staged. Thus, the stage craft, theatre and drama writing are closely inter-connected. Similarly, a piece of poetry is better enjoyed if it is sung by a good singer in the accompaniment of musical instruments. We, in Kashmir have a rich heritage and tradition of music. In the beginning of Sufiana Kalam our reputed singers used to sing the Vakhsh of Lal Ded. Apart from Aka Nandun and Heemal Naigrai, our musicians would sing the compositions of poets like Wahab Khar, Nyama Saeb, Ahad Zargar, Krishna Razdan and Mehjoor. Naatia Kalam and Bhajans were also very popular.



We are fortunate to have a rich galaxy of poets, past and present, Azad, Masterji, Naadim, Rahi and a score of others. We are proud of their contribution to Kashmiri literature. It is the need of hour that our present-day singers, both in the valley and outside, sing and popularise the writings of these great sons and daughters of Kashmir. Their poems, ghazals and other forms of writings should be sung in musical concerts as also on important occasions like festivals and marriages. That will create liking and interest for our rich literature among youngsters and the new generation. We hope that our singers will appreciate this suggestion and serve our mother tongue by implementing this suggestion in a big way. Radio and television will supplement this effort by broadcasting and telecasting these concerts.



Inspiration : Late Shri J.N.Kachroo ~ Guide & Consulting Editor : Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' ~ Editor : M.K.Raina
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واخ - लल दद

शुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

परु तॉय पानु येम्य् सोम मोन
येम्य् ह्यू मोन द्यन क्यो राथ ।
येमिसुय अद्वय मन साँपुनुन
तमी ड्यूंटुय सौर गुरुनाथ ॥

कॉम नय आसि तु कानथ कशी
लूब नतु आसि तु ज़ी कथ आये ।
दुय नय आसि तु सकली रेशी
स्वर नय आसि कुस कस दिये ॥

پر تائے پانہ یمیں سوّم مون

یمیں ہیو مون دین کیو راتھ

یمیں سے ادوے من سائپنن

تمی ڈیوئے سؤر گرو ناتھ

کام نے آسہ تہ کانتھ کشی

لؤب ننتہ آسہ تہ ذی کتھ آئے

دے نے آسہ تہ سکل ریشی

سور نے آسہ کس کس دیا

مے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال راجش رینا

مے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال
 حھیم نادر دیوان نوند ریش بے یی لال
 اَسس حکرانو ااموٹس ڈوس جगतस
 जिंदु रोजुन यिथु कति ओस सहल
 असि सायि पनुन कोर दस्तगीरन
 मदुतस रेष्य मोल तु दीवी बल
 चलि अनि गोट फवलि नोव गाश वतन
 नोन नेरि यिथुय बے یی शंकर पल
 येलि वॅम्युलुय गांगल करि सोंतस
 दछि रॉठ खसन ना हापत फल
 अज कुनि छुनु नेब निशानु तॅमिस
 युस राथ वनान ओस रल या चल
 गरु वातव शेरव बाग पनुन
 नाकाम करव दुशमनु सुंघ छल
 मے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال
 حھیم نادر دیوان نوند ریش بے یی لال



راجش رینا

مے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال

mé chhí dràmûts béyí garû gatshnûch kal
 chhím nàd dívàn nûndû rësh' béyí lal
 às' chhàkranû àmû't' drús zagtas
 zíndû ròzún yíthû katí òs sahal
 así sà'yí panún kór dastgíran
 madûtas rësh' mòl tû diví bal
 tsalí aní gót phôlí nów gàsh vatan
 nón nèrí yúthúy béyí shankar pal
 yé'lí kâmyúlúy gàngal karí sòntas
 dachhí ràth khasan nà hàpat phal
 az kúní chhúnû nèb nîshànû tâmís
 yús ràth vanàn òs ral yà tsal
 garû vâtav shèrav bàg panún
 nàkàm karav dúshmanû sùnd' tshal
 mé chhí dràmûts béyí garû gatshnûch kal
 chhím nàd dívàn nûndû rësh' béyí lal

گر واو شیرو باغ پٹن
 ناکام کروڈ شمنہ ہندی ژھل
 مے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال
 جھم نادر دیوان نندریش بے یی لال

ژلہ اندہ گوٹ بھولہ نووگاش وتن
 نون نیریتھے بیہ شکر پل
 بیہ کھٹلے گانگل کر سونتس
 دچھ راتھ کھسن ناہاپت پھل
 از کھنہ چھنہ نیب نشانہ ٹس
 یس راتھ وان اوس رل یاٹل
 مے حھی ڈراموچ بے یی گارو گاتشنوچ کال
 جھم نادر دیوان نندریش بے یی لال
 اَسس چھکرنہ آہتی دزس زگتس
 زندرورن بیتھ کتہ اوس سہل
 اسہ سایہ پٹن کور دستگین
 دپتس ریش مول تہ دیوی بل

*Language - Er. M.K.Dhar***International Mother Language Day**

Language is an important part of any society, because it enables people to communicate and express themselves. Languages are the most powerful instruments of preserving and developing our tangible and intangible heritage.

International mother language day is celebrated every year on February 21, after the declaration by the united nations, on Nov.17, 1999, to recognise the sacrifices of people who lost their life for the sake of their mother tongue in Bangla Desh. To every one of us mother language is one of the most precious gifts that we have in our lives. Each and every language spoken throughout the globe represents a unique and distinct cultural heritage, melodious songs, colourful environment, tasty food and a healthy

society to live in, where people express their feelings and emotions without any hesitation.

UNESCO has encouraged mother tongue instruction in primary education since 1953. Mother tongue is the language which a child starts hearing after being born. Learning in mother tongue is crucial in enhancing other skills such as critical thinking and prowess to learn a second language.

Mother language plays an essential role in establishing our identity. History and culture is inherent in language. Learning the mother language signifies learning the same history and culture of our parents, relatives, and even the generations before and after. Language is the essence and identity of culture, and is a major tool for communication for exchanging ideas, emotions and feelings. To know our language is the key way to keep and preserve our culture. In recent times, the idea of linguistic and cultural



awareness has increased, thus allowing the mother tongue to be more culturally accepted. The use of one's mother tongue for communication at home allows the children to know their roots as a result they will be able to pass it on to their children, thus securing their culture for the future generations. To preserve our linguistic and cultural diversity, we must encourage the use of mother tongue as much as possible.

According to Leanne Hinton, professor of linguistics at the university of california, the loss of language is part of loss of whole cultures and knowledge systems, including philosophical systems, oral literacy, music traditions, medical knowledge and important cultural practices and artistic skills. The world stands to lose an important part of human knowledge whenever a language stops being used. Children learn the best in a language they understand. A strong foundation of reading and learning in the mother tongue even improves acquisition of second language and contributes to a student's long-term success.

Jim Cummins, professor at the university of Toronto says that, research has clearly shown that mother tongue has very important role in children's overall development. According to Pof. Cummins, the stronger the children's mother tongue, the easier it is for them to learn new languages.



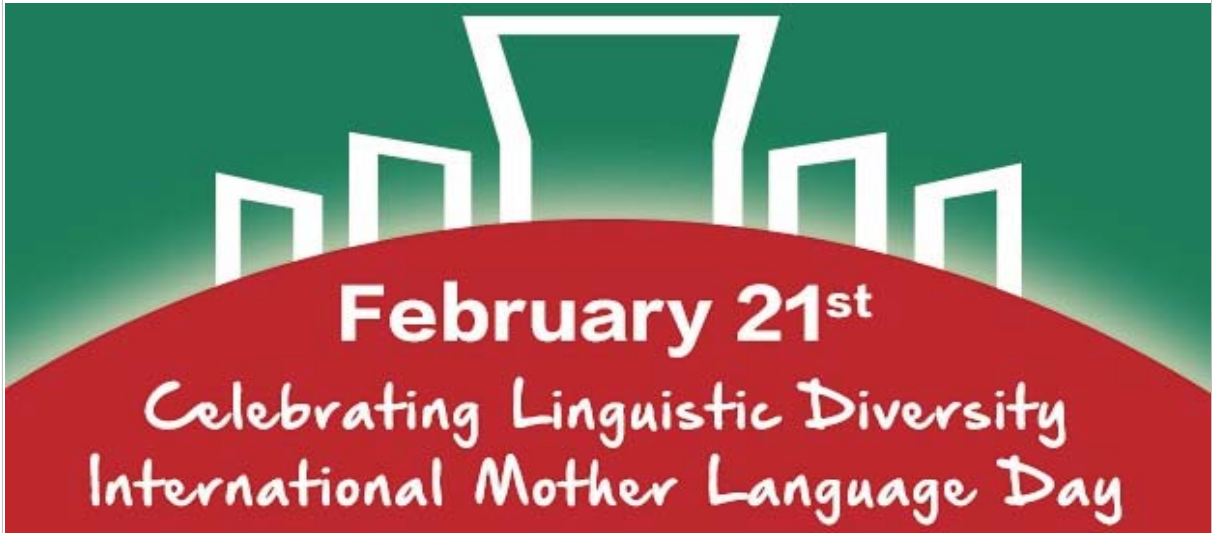
There are various official languages in India at the state/territory level. However, there is no national language in India. The Kashmiri language is one of the 22 scheduled languages of India. Kashmiri or Koshur is a language from the Dardic subgroup of Indo-Aryan languages, spoken by around 6.8 million Kashmiris, primarily in the Indian union territory of Jammu and Kashmir. Most Kashmiri speakers are located in the Kashmir Valley and Chenab Valley of Jammu and Kashmir. Due to terrorism in the Kashmir valley more than 5 Lac Kashmiris migrated outside the valley since 1990 and settled in Jammu and other parts of India where the survival of their mother tongue was at risk. The children had to adapt to new environment and learn the language of the area at the cost of losing their mother tongue. Kashmiri is also spoken in Pakistan, primarily in the territory of Azad Kashmir, where the speakers are mostly concentrated in the Neelam and Leepa valleys and in the district of Haveli.

Kashmiri, the mother tongue of almost 7 million people across the globe, is on the verge of getting extinct because it is not being given preference as the first language by the people of Kashmiri origin. Indigenous languages are hardest hit since their speakers are a distinct minority. The communities speaking the indigenous language have to work on their own to ensure its survival and stop the language from dying. Language also acts as a cultural glue that binds the communities together.

There are various organizations which are tirelessly working to protect, preserve and promote the Kashmiri language for posterity. One such forum is 'Project Zaan' where numerous on line programmes like 'Váliv Zán Karav' are conducted across the globe to teach, promote and propagate the use of Kashmiri. The monthly net-journal of

Project Zaan 'Praagaash' is also a headway in this direction. The pioneer behind all this is Sh M K Raina from Mumbai who has been very enthusiastic in working on such projects for the last 25 years.

While such organisations are working at their level, the people who love and adore their mother tongue should rise to the occasion and take a step forward by encouraging younger generations to speak their mother language as they grow. This can be achieved when parents and grandparents speak their mother tongue at home and support their children's learning of the language. Story telling, discussions and offering support and encouragement in learning their mother tongue will aid children on their journey to become multilinguals.



زُو چھ اور دُنیا چھ اور زُو چھ اور عَالَم چھ اور
 سَے بناں اُون کول تہ زور دَادی کورِیس کہ کبرِ مَور
 تالہ گلی لُدی لُدی دَدان " دُوہی مَے گورھ اور زُو تہ جان
 زُو چھ اور پَھے مول موج لَانہ مَنسز اولانہ فوج
 زانہ سَے یس پینوویہ بوج پورہ پَچھی از کھیون کوچ
 وودنہ دُتھی دُتھی چھے مَنگان " دُوہی مَے گورھ اور زُو جان
 صِحتِ سَہن بے غمی صِحتِ سَہن عَاشقی
 صِحتِ کَامل یس نہ پَھے نَسخہ تَس لہہ وَن چھ ہی
 خولہ شَنگر، کہہ زبان " دُوہی مَے گورھ اور زُو جان
 ڈاکڑ تے گلی فقیر چھس لگاوان گیل تہ تہر
 اکھ دواں چھس اونگجہ چہر بیاکھ لاگان خام سہر
 چھک دنان پوز کوزہ نمان " دُوہی مَے گورھ اور زُو تہ جان
 اکھ دنان چھس چوب چہن بیاکھ تھیکر وَاں پین شلین
 ہمی لگاوس دُور پین بیٹی کورس اک دوتہ پین
 اتر چھ سورے دُسی پوان " دُوہی مَے گورھ اور زُو تہ جان



بیمار نامہ

حضرت مغربی

Continued on next page

Continued from previous page

خضر مغربی

بیمار نامہ



اکھ دوان چھس تھپھ کٹس بیاکھ موکھ ڈچھنس نلس
 دود دپان کوت نلس؛ ہیور تہ لون سورے ولس
 دادی لد تلیہ پدی تھان ”وہی مئے گوڑھ اور زو تہ جان

اکھ دوان چھس آس جو بیاکھ ”وہی مئے پزون گہو“
 ہی وونس ”وہی مئے براند لہو“ ہی وونس ”ان براری زہو“
 دادی لد بس کن لوان ”وہی مئے گوڑھ اور زو تہ جان

حفظ صحتہ تھو خیر معد چھا غدریح قبر
 رتی تہ پتھی فاقا تہ کمر روز اور گوٹھن د و
 صحتہ ڈول ”تلی“ پھان ”وہی مئے گوڑھ اور زو تہ جان



شوکت شفا

شعر تہ غار شعر

1. نثرس تہ شعرس یس بنیادی چیز الگ چھ کراس سہ چھ وزنک اہتمام۔ ردیف قافیہ یا بحر بنز پابندی چھنہ لازم مگر اگر آسہ سہ چھ اکس عام قاریس تہ یہ پتہ لگاونس منز مدد کران ز زیر نظر فن پارہ چھا نثر کنہ شعر

2. شعر تہ غیر شعر یا کلام موزن چھ اصطلاحن الگ۔ یلہ کنہ چیزس غیر شعر چھ یوان وننہ، تمیک مطلب گو نہ زہ سہ چھ نثر یا یہ ز سہ چھنہ شعر بلکہ چھ یہ ز سہ چھ قدرے کم درجک شعر، مگر شعر چھ ضرور (اگر چہ اصطلاحی زبان منز چھنہ کینہہ)

4. موزون آسن چھ شاعری بند بنیادی صفت تہ یس کلام نہ موزون آسہ تہہ بیکو نہ شعر وننہ تہ نہ غیر شعر

کلامس اصطلاحن شعر و ان، احر نہ بیلہ عیر شعر

5. شاعری بند دویم بنیادی وصف چھ اجمال۔ اجمال وننہ گو زہ اگر تمے لفظ یم شعرس منز استعمال چھ گمت ین کنہ کمی بیشی ورائی مگر بیرے فیر کرتہ اکس جملس منز لیکھنہ تہ جملہ چھنہ مکمل سپدان تہ جملہ مکمل کرنہ باپتہ چھ بیہ کیننن لفظن بنز ضرورت محسوس گڑھان۔

اگر نہ تہ چھ تیلہ وونو ز کلامس منز چھ اجمالک فقدان۔ چونکہ وزنہ پتہ چھ اجمالی سہ چیز یس نہ نثرس منز چھ آسان لحاضہ یتھ فن پارس اصطلاحن شعر ونو تہہ منز گڑھ لازمہ وزنک اہتمام پتہ اجمالک تہ اہتمام آسن۔

6. اصطلاحی شاعری بند بیاکھ اہم وصف چھ استعارہ، تشبیح یا اہتمام۔ چونکہ یمن چیزن بند اہتمام چھ تخلیقی نثرس منز تہ آسان لحاضہ چھنہ یم موزون کلامس اجمالچہ عدم موجودگی منز شعر بناوان مگر جان کلام موزون یا رت غیر شعر چھس بناوان ضرور۔ یہ ونن تہ چھ اہم ز اگر کنہ فن پارس منز وزن تہ اجمال آسہ مگر استعارہ یا اہتمام آسہ نہ (کم سے کم گڑھ دویمو منز اکھ آسن) سہ تہ چھنہ اصطلاحن شعر یوان ماننہ۔

7. اصطلاحی شعرک ژورم وصف چھ برجستگی یا وٹ یا چابکدستی وغیرہ۔ البتہ یہ چیز چھ تخلیقی نثرس منز تہ آسان۔ لحاضہ موزن کلامس منز اگر استعار سازی ساتی ساتی برجستگی تہ وٹ تہ آسہ مگر اجمال آسہ نہ، سہ چھ اصطلاحن غیر شعر روزان۔



نوٹ (یہ مضمون لیکھنس منز چھ میہ شمس الرحمان فاروقی صابنہ مضمون) شعر تہ غیر اور نثر) نش استفادہ کورمت

فیاض تِلگامی

غزل

گزل

فَیاض تِلگامی



نظم لیکھنس پواں عنوان مسافر
 روپش غزلہ پنجم کریشاں مسافر
 بلم داراں غم کانہہ آلو رواں از
 قلم کارں گمر ژحاراں مسافر
 پرژھاں واؤس تہ کاؤس ناو کُکُ سُنَد
 سہ نِس گنہ ساجو بو رُژھراں مسافر
 تہ کسھ طرفں لوگس کُکُ وچھ نئے ڈائم
 پتھ اند گن گئے سوچیاں مسافر
 پھ سونرووم تہ چکروروم نئے واؤن
 چھ اوٹھ قظروپہ سیر باداں مسافر
 کھوٹاں پرچھ گمہ پنم ہمیں آہم ناوَن
 شہر گھنٹس تہ پنجم بہراں مسافر
 چپین جاين تہ تھاؤکھ پنہرہ در دوڈ
 چھ از لڑ تراؤس کھوٹاں مسافر
 لکھس کینہہ پوکھچھ چھ از لور ڈکواں
 خبر کسھ گن قدم تراواں مسافر
 اُپورڈ تھوڈ ہنڈو پچھ لوکو دار نہ وچھ
 نچرڈ آواپ وورڈ پچیراں مسافر
 پھ کینہہ اوٹس تہ ہے کرتام روؤس
 چھ کیا اتھ ہولہ مخر ژحاراں مسافر
 دپاں شاعر چھ وچھ پنجمس آپ پنجمن
 فیاض از تہ گنہ سسکھاں مسافر

نجم لیکھنس ییوان انانوان موساؤفیر
 ردیفس گزلی چھم کیشنان موساؤفیر
 ہلم داراں نو کاہ آلالو دیوان اچھ
 کلامکارس مگر چھاران موساؤفیر
 پڑھان واووس تو کاووس ناو تہمیسوند
 سو یوس کونی ساو بو رچھاران موساؤفیر
 یی کتھ طرفس لوگوس وکھم وکھ ڈوچیم
 بیہتھ اند کون کونے سونچان موساؤفیر
 یی سونبرووم تو چھکرووم مے واوان
 چھ اوٹھ کتارو یی سیر باوان موساؤفیر
 خوچان پرتھ گامو پاننننن اچھناوان
 شہر گچھنس تی چھنو بھران موساؤفیر
 چھپن جاین تی تھوویکھ پھروردر وونن
 چھ اچھ لار تراوانس خوچان موساؤفیر
 نرکس کتھ بکھکھ ہاتھ اچھ لور ڈکھوان
 کتھ کون کدم تراوان موساؤفیر
 اُدری تھوویکھ لوکھ داریر بر دیتھ
 نبرور آوارو ہیکھ فیران موساؤفیر
 یی کھہ اوٹس تی ہکھ کرتام روووس
 چھ کتھ اٹھ جولی منچھ چھاران موساؤفیر
 دپان شویر چھ وونی چھس آاب چھشمن
 فیاؤس اچھ تی کونی سامخان موساؤفیر

آنگن کی نڈیا

پریم ناٹھ شاد



آاڱن کی نڈیا

پریم ناٹھ شاد

دور اُس یربٹ سے علی آئی
 ٹھکی باری
 کل کل کرتی
 من کی شانتی
 میرے آنگن کی بہتی نڈیا
 میں تیرا آبخاری ہوں
 تو گھر کے گڈانوں میں
 کھلتے غلابوں کو
 پلائی امرت جل
 پیاس بُجھاتی پیاسوں کو
 دودھ پیتے بچوں کو سُناتی لوری
 نہلاتی تپتی دھوپ میں
 مَنہ کھولے چڑیا مینا کو
 ہریالی دہتی کھیتوں کو
 میرے آنگن کی بہتی نڈیا

دور اُس پربٹ سے چلی آئی
 ٹھکی ہاری
 کل کل کرتی
 من کی شانتی
 میرے آاڱن کی بھتی نڈیا
 مَنتَرا آاہاری ہوں
 تو گھر کے گولدانوں میں
 کھیلے گولابوں کو
 پلائی امڑت جل
 پیاس بڑجھاتی پیاسوں کو
 دودھ پیٹے بچوں کو سوناٹی لوری
 نہلاتی تپتی دھوپ میں
 مَنہ کھولے چیڈیا مَنا کو
 ہریالی ڈتی کھتوں کو
 میرے آاڱن کی بھتی نڈیا



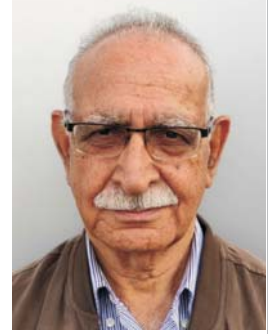
*Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul***Will Antarctica survive the Climate Change?**

Antarctica is the southernmost continent and site of South Pole. It is virtually uninhabited, ice-covered landmass. Most cruises to the continent visit the Antarctica Peninsula, which stretches toward South America. It is known for the Lemairr Channel and Paradise Harbour, iceberg-flanked passageways and Port Lockroy, a former British research station turned Museum. The peninsula's isolated terrain also shelters rich wildlife. It covers an area of 14.2 million square kilometres and has a 3000 km. long coast line.

The countries closest to Antarctica are South Africa, Australia, Newzealand, Chile and Argentina. Ushuaia capital of the Argentinean province of Tierra del Fuego with a population of 67,600 is the closest inhabited area near Antarctica and south Atlantic Islands. It is the southernmost city in the world.



Antarctica was not unknown till Russian expedition led by Fabian Gottlieb Van Bellingshausen discovered it on January 27, 1820. The expedition discovered it as an ice shelf at Princess Martha coast that later became known as Fimbul Ice Shelf. Although not hospitable Antarctica has abundant resources. There are massive mountains and hidden lakes. The tallest mountain called Mount Vinson has a summit 4892 metres above the sea level. Although Antarctica is more than 1000 km from the nearest neighbouring continent yet it can be visited by a cruise.



Antarctica is a cold desert. It does not rain or snow much there. When it snows, the snow does not melt and builds up over many years to make large, thick sheets of ice, called ice sheets. Most of Antarctica is covered in ice 1.6 km thick. It contains 90% of all the ice and 80% of fresh water on Earth in an area about 1.5 times the size of United States.

Antarctica does not have any native human population but it is home to about 500 scientists and researchers of different nationalities



annual ice loss increase more than six times between 1979 and 2017. While between 1979 and 1990 it's yearly ice loss averaged 40 gigatonnes, between 2009 and 2017, it was a whopping 252 gigatonnes per year on an average. Antarctica has also seen a thinning of its ice sheets of up to 122 metres in some places. It is feared that the entire ice sheet could become unstable by the end of the 21st century. It is indeed alarming.

Shall we lose Antarctica soon. Not really. It is still a massive sheet and losing it completely may actually take tens of thousands of years if we really accelerate global

warming. It may not be possible for us to predict now how much time it will take to reach a point of no return. The effects of climate change takes years, or rather decades and even centuries to play out. For example, the environment witnessed today is the result of climatic changes that occurred 50 or 100 years ago.

speaking different languages English being one of them. However, Antarctica abounds in wildlife mostly consisting of seals, whales and penguins. Emperor, Adelie, Chinstrap and Gento penguins the most common species and are friendly to humans.

Human interference in nature has not spared even the Antarctica. 200 years of discovery of Antarctica on January 27, 2020 should have been a celebration but it was a sombre occasion amidst the realisation that the continent is fast approaching its climatic precipice, beyond which, nothing - not even an overnight cutting down of greenhouse gas emissions to nil - will prevent its glaciers from shrinking and sea ice from melting.

Were all the ice in Antarctica to melt, the world's oceans will rise by 60 metres and drown low lying areas including many metropolises and cities of the world like the legendary Dwarika. We need not be pessimistic about the fate of Antarctica now, but sooner we reduce carbon emissions the better it would be for the mankind and other life forms that took millions of years to evolve on this beautiful planet called the Earth.

The melting of ice sheets of Antarctica will account for the biggest share in sea level rise. There has been

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بَتولُ

رَتَن لَال جَوہَر



خَم حُی مِوَحِی مَنجَ جَمَانُ بَوَرِثَن
 بَرَم حُی سَورِی پَتُ پَتُ پَکُنَی
 کَرِکی سُتِی مَآ گَی جِی
 حُی حُیخ اَفَلَاتُون !
 کَیَمبُ وِونِیس آبی هَیَاَت وَنَخ
 کُتِیس کَالَس
 سَکی سَهَرَاوَن گُیَلَجَار وَونُث
 فَرِطِو مُونُ حُی
 مَجَورِی بَرِیَمَجَن بَوَنِ دَپِیث
 شِیَتَل شَهِجَارُک بَتولُ حُی
 هَی هَی اَفَسُوس !
 کَڈُورِی دِیوَان حُیخ بَی پَرِتِیث نَگَارَن پِیٹ
 یِ حُی سَورِی اَفَجُیو ک آڈَنبَر
 تُولُ کَتَرُی اَوَت

نَظْم بَتولُ
رَتَن لَال جَوہَر

خَم حُی مَوِجَ مَنزَمَانِ بَوَرِثَن
 بَرَم حُی سَورِی پَتِی پَتِی پَکِنِ
 کَرِکی سَی مَآ گَی
 کُتِیس اَفَلَاطُون !
 کُتِیس وِونِیس آبی حَیَاَت وَنَخ
 کُتِیس کَالَس !
 سَکی سَهَرَاوَن گُیَلَجَار وَونُث
 پَہَرِیو مَونُ حُی
 مَنزَارِی بَرِیَمَجَن بَوَنِ دَپِیث
 شِیَتَل شَهِجَارُک بَتولُ حُی
 ہَی ہَی اَفَسُوس
 کُتِیس دِوَان چَکُہ بَی پَرِیٹھ نَگَارَن پِیٹھ
 یِ چَہ سَورِی اَفَجُیو آڈَمبَر
 تُولُ کُتِیس اَوَت



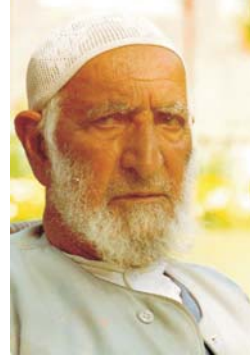
زردپینکی ڈیر

نگہتِ صاحبہ

طوق، طالع، سنگساری، زرد پن
 طور، طالب، پاکبازی، زرد پن
 پوش، آنگن، اول، چری گیش، آئپ، خواب
 بونہ گوڈ، کشلول، اہی، زرد پن
 پوت نظر، الزام، دنیا، آخرت
 دل، قلم، کاغذ، خدائی، زرد پن
 ساڑگر، اچھ دآر، وردن، ماڑراتھ
 دوہ، دگر، اندر گوت، جدائی، زرد پن
 تر، کانگر، بوسہ، تیونگل، برز پیش
 سونچہ مٹ، اڑد دکر، وُجاری، زرد پن
 ناگہ بوٹھ، وُشنیر، سوڑول، تاپھ، رُود
 شاندر، اوش، تارکھ شماری، زرد پن



رُبا یہ میر غلام رسول نازکی



کوڑکھ کنٹرول، کس کپرسال، کیا گوم
 وں کتہ شردہ پراو ملک مال کیا گوم
 انان اُسی پونڈین کینہہ تھہ زھنگ ڈوٹھ
 دپان کس تاں روٹکھ ٹیکسال کیا گوم



کوریخ کنٹرول، کس کر سال، کھیاہ گوم
 وں کتی شروپارو ملک مال کھیاہ گوم
 انان اُسی پونڈ ہن کھہ، تھ چنوخ ڈوٹ
 دپان کس تاں روٹوخ ٹیکسال کھیاہ گوم



Interaction - Mushtaque B Barq Gulab Saifi – A Groundbreaking Poet

An interaction with well-liked song writer and a groundbreaking poet of our Valley Jinab Gulab Saifi on **Treyout** with Mushtaque B Barq

'Gulab' by any name is Gulab, so odoriferous, so influential and so dainty to touch. But when the same is shrouded in mystery, the aroma, the grace and the dearness find a space in the recesses of the mind. As a matter of fact the Bard of Kishtiwari district of Chenab Valley Mr. Gulab Saifi Kraipak got his title 'Gulab' before his birth by a saint popularly known as Kani Baba of Shopian Kashmir. The saint, as Saifi was told by his parents took him in his lap and sang:

Kar Phalihamo Lo Gulabo Lo
(When shall Oh ! Rose Ye bloom)

Later on Jinab Janbaz Dolwal Sahib mentioned in one of his songs in praise of



Saifi in a Sufi congregation *Tchete Ma Janbazini Tari Wolukh, Kem Wari Pholukh Gulabo lo.*

The story doesn't end here, a famous poet of Chenab Valley Jinab Rehmat Ali Rehmat insisted the then a science student Saifi to write something on the given copy in Kashmiri which he did with Roman English and just then after an incubation period, Gulab Saifi gave vent to his feelings in the form of poetry. Son of a civil engineer Mr. late Saif-ud-din Kraipak, a close friend of famous duo Mr. Janbaaz Kishtawari and Rassa Javedani. After completing his schooling from Kistawari, he graduated from Jammu University. His mother Naseema Akhtar, a house maker has been an inspiration for the reason she has always encouraged the poet to write. As a poet, his canvas of poetry came to limelight when for the first time he wrote his Ghazal:

Zuv Jaan Wandeyo Pott Tchaie Lo Lo
Dil Ha Nuotham Keme Maie Lo Lo

(Let me offer to thy silhouette my entire me
My heart you seized out of what
adoration!)



Taking off from the rough ground, Gulab Saify proved his grits, both as a songwriter and undoubtedly as Ghazal writer. His famous songs have not only lured young singers to perform, but also the subtlety of his verses has moved many hearts. His songs like *Nigar wallo*, *Hawaawo heut karun gun gun*, *Swandar kya maleun meon*, *Mouj*, *Dubrai*, *Hayatek silsillan pakwun chhu Rouzun*, *Shroni gome kanan waani goum kanan*, *Amarat Mohabbatich*, *Sabar Rowoum*, *Saruk Shamm Baguk*, *Takdeeras Tadbeer banan*, *Shabe aki Gamatch*, *Karnai Safar karnai saffar Mokleo kithken* and his *nazam Koorti Moul and Akh Basti aes yath basti manz* have raised his poetic excellence to new heights hither to unexplored.

For last two months there has been a ripple in the river of art. The source of the ripple is Saify Sahab for the reason that the poet has introduced *Treyout* for the first time in Kashmiri poetry. In English there are forms like tercet, which is a poetic triplet in which three lines follow the same rhyme scheme AAA. The other forms of tercet are Haiku which is an example of an unrhymed tercet poem. Enclosed tercet where the ABA pattern is followed. William Carol Williams created Triadic-line poetry or stepped line which is a long line divided into three parts. He used this long-line poetry as a "variable foot", a metrical device to resolve the conflict between form and freedom in verse. Each of the three staggered lines of the stanza should be thought as one foot, the whole stanza becoming a trimeter line. A trimeter, which is meter of three metrical feet per line, is



another form of the same genre.

But in Kashmiri poetry the ripple is felt. There has been a mixed reaction. To many this form is just another scale to restrict free flow of ideas and for many this innovative form is acceptable for brevity and wit. *Treyout* is different from Hiaku and tercet in terms of number of lines. *Treyout* is not restricted to three lines. It provides a platform to go with the flow and as such one can add binaries to expand its canvas.

As for *Treyout* is concerned, Saify sahib has employed both forms in his newly introduced genre in Kashmiri Poetry i.e, *Treyout* can be written as minimum three line poem each carrying three words or a three syllables per verse. What is more interesting in Saif's *Treyout* is that a stanza either carrying three words or three syllables must have three intricate interlocking words/syllables to convey a story.

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بشرف کلرفم



کرفوں هوفئف تم بئف وفا مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 درء کو مفں نف سها مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 بئول گئف وءءوں کو تو بفار کف گفئوں کو تو
 بئف کو بفوں ئفکرا ءفا مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 بئ رفئف کف آئفف الزام ٲر بئف ٲر لگا
 بفوں بسفا بئفرفا مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 طئفئف ءئف بئف آٲ نف هئس کف کئف برءاشء بئف
 ئفکوه بئف ٲئفر تئف هف هف وفا مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 سو هو ءءا سف مفرف ءعا هو نف بئف مفرف طرف
 بس رف هف مفرف ءعا مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف
 عزء شبرء ٲائف بئف ئفک م رفں مانءء اءر بئف
 وه کلرفم اب مر بئف مفں نف وفا تئف هف هف کف

روزہ ہفتہ **سبزار** By arrangement with Weekly Sabzar

گزل

بشرف کلرفم

کفوں هوفف ءوم بئففا مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 درء کو مئف سها مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 بئول بئف واءوں کو ءو ٲفار کف گفئوں کو ءو
 ءو بئف کو بئف ءو بئف مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 بئف-رئفئف کف آٲنف بئف بئفم ٲر مئفم ٲر لگا
 بئف بسافا ءر نفا مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 ءانف ءفبف بئف آٲنف هئس کف کفبف برءاشء بئف
 ئفکوا بئف بففر ءو بئف هف مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 سو هو بئف سف مفرف ءو بئف هف ن بئف مفرف ءر هف
 بس رف هف مفرف ءو بئف مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف
 بئف بئف شوهرء ٲائف بئف ئف بئف مانءء ءء بئف
 وه کلرفم اب مر بئف مئف نف وفا ءو بئف هف کف



Boombbox inside a Trash Can - Sunil Fotedar

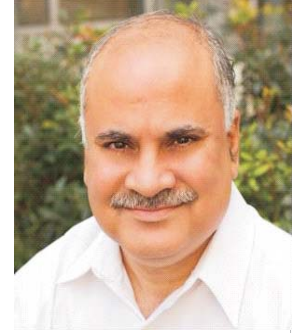
First Kashmiri Songs Online

I grew up in Srinagar listening to Kashmiri music, and thoroughly enjoying it. I remember my paternal grandfather, Pitaji, and his younger brother, Bobhuji, play radio program every morning that played the likes of Ghulam Hassan Sofi, Raj Begum and Asha Koul. When I left Kashmir in August 1984, in addition to my textbooks, I brought along a few cassettes (pre-CD days) containing Kashmiri songs that Daddy had meticulously recorded from Radio Kashmir program every morning. In fact, when I returned to Kashmir for vacations in 1986 and 1989, Daddy had recorded songs on a few more cassettes. Every time my US-based KP friend would visit Kashmir, I would request them to visit my home and collect a couple of cassettes from Daddy.

I came straight to Houston and lived there for 7.5 years. When it comes to weather in Houston, it is not Srinagar. In Houston we have only two seasons – Hot, and Hot-n-Humid, more like Mumbai. And when it rains, it is like a sheet of water falling from the sky. I would listen to my personal collection of these Kashmiri songs on a boombox on a regular basis, especially the beginning when I missed my home. Because of heat and humidity, and wear-n-tear, the recordings on these magnetic cassettes started deteriorating with the passage of time. I moved quite a

few times, from one place to another, always carrying my prized collection with me.

When I moved to Dallas area in late 1994, I got exposed to internet. After scanning literature for the website for most part of 1995 through 1998, I realized that technologies to record audio and video were maturing. In July of 1997, I attended KOA camp at Hershey, PA where I met Suresh Sus ji



who had visited the camp from North Carolina. We exchanged pleasantries only to find that his wife's nephew Naveen Dhar had just moved to the US from India (it was pre-Y2K bug days), and he was living in Irving, Texas, which was about 45 minute drive from Allen, a city north of Dallas

where I lived. I immediately asked Suresh ji for his contact information which he wrote down on a napkin as we could not find a piece of paper to write on. I called Naveen the very first day after returning from the camp, and we decided to meet over the coming weekend.

When the weekend came, I drove up to his apartment and we built a wonderful friendship henceforth. Later on, I found out that he thought I was an Amway salesperson (who usually target single Indian men for recruiting), otherwise why would I be so anxious to travel 45 minutes one way to meet him? Naveen had come here as a software engineer, who had grown up in Karnataka, and was proficient in 4 languages, including Konkani (hence my nickname 'Konkani bhaTkoT' for him). He had spent only 2 years at REC, Srinagar when the exodus of the Kashmiri Pandits took place, only to finish his degree at NIT, Karnataka. He is currently Digital Transformation Advisor at Microsoft.

Naveen saw my keen interest in website development. I quickly realized that he was proficient with software tools and the web technologies available at that time. So, I asked for his help to digitize and put Kashmiri Music online. Please note that there was no YouTube, MP3 was relatively new, and to my knowledge there were no Bollywood songs online. When he was ready to help, he asked me to make another trip to his apartment one particular weekend and bring along a boombox and some cassettes to try it out.

This particular Saturday was a sunny day. I was so excited. History was about to be made, as Kashmiri Music was about to be launched online for the first time ever. I carried a boombox with me, as instructed, with two cassettes that Daddy had recorded for me – one each of Ghulam Hassan Sofi and Raj Begum, my all-time favorites. For those of you who are not familiar with Kashmiri music – the songs usually carry deep spiritual meaning, that are written by Kashmiri Muslim and Pandit saints. You will not have that many romantic songs in Kashmiri – there is no such thing as a song and dance by a boy in a garden trying to impress a girl, as you usually find in Bollywood. When I arrived, we immediately drove to his office. We had picked Saturday to avoid his colleagues, mostly Indians like him.

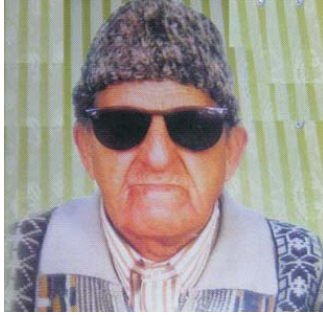
Naveen installed *RealPlayer* application software on his desktop, that he downloaded from real.com website. It provided several file formats to record in, with such extensions as “.ra” to record an audio clip, “.rv” to record a video clip, and “.ram” which was a text file to allow for streaming of the audio or video clip (later on the audio and video clips had one extension “.rm”, and the *RealPlayer* application software is still available). It was years later that I converted these *RealPlayer*-supported audio and video clips to MP3 and MPEG formats respectively.

We did not have any audio cable to connect the boombox directly to the desktop, but a microphone was connected

to the desktop's 'audio in' jack, so it was open air transmission. Just when we started recording the audio clip, a few of his Indian colleagues started showing up to work. We did not want to disturb them with our Kashmiri music being played for this recording session. Naveen is very innovative by nature. He quickly took his trash can (waste bin) and covered the boombox and the microphone with it, and we continued to record. On that particular day, I remember that we recorded the following four classic songs, 2 each sung by Ghulam Hassan Sofi and Raj Begum:

·Ghulam Hassan Sofi:

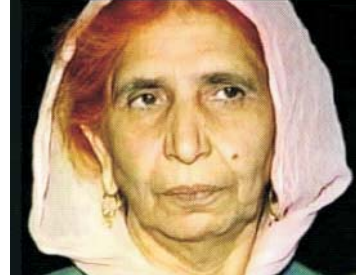
- ❁ *Chyaana'e bar tal raavam haa racha'e, aawaaz vaech'e no*
- ❁ *Che logath soram chachman , me koratham dil*



·Raj Begum:

- ❁ *maer manzi yaaro maenz chyaen*
- ❁ *maeshra'vthas jaanaan tche kath yaad pyaamai bu*

When I shared these clips with my fellow Kashmiri Pandits on our shared mailing list, named KPnet, the first of its kind (in a



separate writeup), everyone was excited.

This was by no means a small feat. All I can say is that I found myself at the right place at the right time in the right company of friends. A few friends, Vijay Parimoo and Lalit Koul and a fellow Fotedar (name withheld), came forward to help. I sent at least 2 cassettes to each person with instructions on how to record and upload to the website. Before you know it, I uploaded songs from most of my cassette collection, hundreds of them if not all, and even created a website RadioKashmir.org. It did not have only songs, but additionally carried bhajans, albums of various well-renowned singers (Kailash Mehra Sadhu, Vijay Malla, Arti Tickoo Kaul, Neerja Pandit, Girja Pandit to name a few), literature connected to our culture, and last but not the least, a whole bunch of video clips (a separate writeup). I recall going to Kailash ji Mehra Sadhu's home at Jammu in 1999 and introducing myself and my internet passion. I also visited Vijay ji Malla's residence who was Daddy's student back home. Both were gracious enough to provide their albums, several press clippings as well as CVs for the website without expecting anything in return.

RadioKashmir.org was not affiliated with Radio Kashmir. It was my individual initiative that was meant for entertaining Kashmiris all over the world, as evidenced by numerous e-mails I received from all across the globe. In absence of any other official Kashmiri music outlet, it became extremely popular among the masses. It was not a business venture, as I paid from my own pocket for its maintenance without taking a penny from anyone else, but this troubled a few back home who started complaining to the directors of Radio and TV stations. On the advice of several trusted and respected friends, I removed most of the songs from the website. It still carries bhajans and albums of several singers that have given me their permissions.

In my humble opinion, the music that was aired from the 1950s till 1980s on Srinagar Radio station belonged to a golden era. During the mayhem in the late 1980s and early 1990s, tentacles of Islamic fundamentalism had run far and wide and deep in almost every sphere of life in Kashmir. I am told that most of these songs were deemed as un-Islamic and their master tapes destroyed. Alas, the locals will not realize the treasure that they have lost forever.

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हना सूचिव!!

शुर्यन कथ छु राह

खारुन ?

तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य

कॉशिर्य पॉठ्य कथ

करान ?

शुर्यन सुती योत क्या ?

तोह्य छिवु पनुनि वाँसि

हुंघन सुत्य ति कॉशिर्य

पॉठ्य कथ करान ।

हना सूचिव !

कॉशुर ज़बान किथु

पॉठ्य रोज़ि ज़िंदु ?

پراگاش

آپکا

اپنا

جریدہ ہے

اِسے

مقبول

بنائیں

میون وجود کلینڈرے

دپان

”ڈیٹھ کپس نوکلینڈر“

(Death Keeps no Calander)

مگر.....!

پہ چھس ونان

”کلینڈر کپس نَن“

(Calander Keeps None)

بہن رتن لولہ مِتہ لایہ

وچھس منز، اُچھن منز

دیوارن پٹھہ، دیباخان منز

ڈرائنگ رومن تہ بڈر رومن منز

رچھنہ تہ خاصہ پٹھہ تھاونہ پوان

مگر.....!

باہر تھہ گرتھہ تھہ پٹھہ یہ کلینڈر

رڈی پٹھہ تھوٹے بڑگتھان

سوچھان چھس.....!

میون وجود تہ ماوس کلینڈرے

استعمال گنہ.....

تہ رتہ رتہ بہیون تھوٹے بڑگتھان

نو ووری و اُتھہ چھس پھری پھری نی سوچھان

تہ تہ ماوس کلینڈرے.....!!

ڈاکٹر رفیق مسعودی



مجید مسرور

بڑے محلوں میں کیا جانے وہ دلبر آ نہیں سکتے
 مری کُنیا میں کیا آئیں، قلندر آ نہیں سکتے
 ہماری تنگ نظری میں سمٹ کر رہ گیا سارا
 نگاہوں میں ہماری اب سمندر آ نہیں سکتے
 پرستار محنت عاشقوں کی ٹھہریں گم ہیں
 جگہ اُن کی تو پُر کرنے کو بندر آ نہیں سکتے
 مجید سے محبت بھی نہ جانے کیا ہوا مسرور
 بکھر جاتے ہیں کانٹے جو گل اندر آ نہیں سکتے

مجید مسرور

بڈے مہلوں میں کیا جانے وہ دلبر آ نہیں سکتے
 مری کُتیا میں کیا آئیں، کَلندر آ نہیں سکتے
 ہماری تنگ نظری میں سمٹ کر رہ گیا سارا
 نیگاہوں میں ہماری اب سمندر آ نہیں سکتے
 پرستارے مہنات آشکوں کی ڈھرمٹے گم ہیں
 جگہ اُنکی تو پُر کرنے کو بندر آ نہیں سکتے
 مَجیدے مہوے ہیرت بھی ن جانے کیا ہوا مسرور
 بیکھر جاتے ہیں کانٹے جو گل اندر آ نہیں سکتے



ایم کے بھان تمنا

اُٹتی تھی جس طرف بھی لگا ہیں مزار تھے
 اِس راہِ زندگی میں فقط خار زار تھے
 اُن کی یہ آرزو تھی خوشی سے ہوں ہمکنار
 جو لوگ زندگی میں غموں کا شکار تھے
 یہ اور بات ہم کو ہوا ساتھ لے اُڑی
 حق بات یہ ہے ہم کبھی خاک مزار تھے
 اِس زندگی میں رنج و الم کی کمی نہ تھی
 ورنہ ہمارے چاہنے والے ہزار تھے
 کیا کیجئے تمنا نہ پورے ہوئے کبھی
 اُس نے کیے ہوئے کئی قول و قرار تھے

By arrangement with
 Weekly Sabzar

ایم.کے. بھان تمنا

وُتتی تھی جس طرف بھی نیگاہیں مَزار تھے
 اِس راہِ جِندگی میں فِکرتِ خِزار تھے
 اُنکی یہ آرزو تھی خُوشی سے ہوں ہمکنار
 جو لوگ جِندگی میں گموں کا شِکار تھے
 یہ اور بات ہم کو ہوا ساٹھ لے وُڈی
 حَق بات یہ ہے ہم کبھی خِاکِ مَزار تھے
 اِس جِندگی میں رنج و اَلَم کی کمی ن تھی
 ورنہ ہمارے چاہنے والے ہزار تھے
 کیا کیجیے تمنا ن پورے ہوئے کبھی
 اُس نے کیے کئی قول و قرار تھے

Society - Ashish Dhar Teachers ya Guru

Who are teachers / Guru? A human being, A male or A female. No, they are persons who mold a human being into intellectuals.

And this Pandemic has shown us to respect the teachers more than what we used to do earlier.

An old Hindi proverb is

गुरु ब्रह्मा गुरु विष्णु गुरु देवो महेश्वरः
गुरुः साक्षात्परब्रह्मा तस्मै श्री गुरुवे नमः

For the first time ever, schools in India had to move to online classrooms. It was a struggle for both the students as well as the teachers.

While my wife is a teacher for Primary Section in one of the reputed schools of Mumbai, and during the first online class, a student asked that he is fearing that they all will die due to Corona. And hence he is not going out and not even opening the window. And then one of the students asked "Ma'am, are we all going to die?" This was a first hint to me to handle the situation as even a kid was at my home as well. While we were watching the news every day and then doing "Thali Bajoo, Shankh bajoo" and then thanks to the corona warriors, I started speaking to my kid and asking her what she feels of the situation. And while we were confined to our homes, I started speaking to few of my society friends and asked them to share their feedback. With each day passing found that day by day situation was getting worsen and with schools

getting into Online mode it was a nightmare for the teachers to start the online education system. I remember that there was a time when one used to say, "Teaching can never be online".



Teachers have been facing such instances for some time now and as part of their efforts to overcome the hurdles presented by the lockdown from counselling students and their parents to keeping them engaged amidst the lockdown. Teachers are the next level of COVID warriors, fighting for the nation and shaping the future of tomorrow. I still remember that while it was a new animal for my wife to start the lessons on MS-teams and my daughter's classes were on Google Meet. And I had to console them don't worry things will be alright and you will get used to it. I made it a point that whenever they were facing difficulty in understanding the use of technology, I made it simple for them by introducing to them how to make Laptop work for them instead of feeling that laptop is a curse. Few teachers with whom I interacted had a same story as to how they are interacting with kids. How they are trying hard to learn new ways of teaching and how they are exploring new things to teach kids. One of the teachers who had worked in corporate

world earlier said remote working was never a challenge, but remote teaching is challenge. He also said that as a teacher today, this difficult situation has taught him to unlearn a lot of things and learn some more. Having been in the education sector for the past 15 years, he finds taking online classes challenging. he says, "In spite of the availability of the content, its application, how to use it and deliver it to the students in the right manner is the real deal. He said when one meets a student physically, a connection is established, and it becomes possible to deal with or clarify any situation immediately. Whereas In online classes somewhere, the connection gets lost. But he also believes that over a period, teacher must build that connection with way the interaction delivery happens to the students. While few of the teachers have started teaching kids through Microsoft PPT and some YouTube videos. Some have even gone a step further in procuring the white board and marker Pen and explaining the subjects over the video tutorials. Few of the teachers even said that they are still not aware as to when things will be back to normal. So, instead of leaving everything to the future, teachers should plan and keeping one thing in mind — that learning should not stop. It has been a constant struggle for teachers to maintain work-life balance while there isn't even a light of normalcy around. And with the new stent around in the news it seems difficult for teachers to bring back normalcy. Teaching in this atmosphere has proven to be extremely challenging. Most of us have had to adapt to technology that we weren't familiar with,

overnight. And as a result, the working hours have increased. Our phones never seem to stop buzzing. Along with being the authority on their subjects, teachers have had to play technology trouble-shooters also at times. Have seen the disturbed or nervous teachers when a student/ non tech savvy parents asks them "ma'am how do we scan and upload the sheets". That time it is a struggle for the teachers as well how to deal with that situation, but most of the teachers as a torch bearer comes out guiding them, although they themselves not have been doing the same. In the earlier days of lockdown, teachers were deeply involved with research on online classes and training practices, day and night. The only challenge, and the biggest one for teachers, was that they were unable to see the reactions of the students when the first online classes started. The pandemic has radically changed the concept of traditional education in the past few months and changed into virtual learning which will be the new future of education. Before the pandemic, technology was just considered as a means of entertainment, now it is the enablement of education. There appears to be no dearth of online resources of academic value. And therefore, online teaching is more an opportunity than a challenge for teachers today.

Aquote:

diya gyaan ka bhandaar hamen,
kiya bhavishy ke lie taiyaar hamen,
hai aabhaaree un gurooon ke hamen,
jo kiya krtagy apaar hamen.

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اسٹڈیو
روف قیاسی
چاپور

مُلّا زَمس پنیہ کینا ہتام ایمر جنسی۔ اُمی دیت گنیز کیو ڈ ٹمیلِس پٹھہ دَا رتھہ تہ ژؤل بانمیر
ہوڈے۔ ”بہ نض نیرے“ ونان ونان دزاو۔ نیلہ بیات بامبران و ہتھم، نے کر ژھو پہ۔ سہ ماہر ژھو ہس کیناہ
دلیل چھنے، مگر یہ ژؤل واو۔

خدا بہتر زمانان کیناہ دلیل چھس؟ بیات ہتھنہ زانہہ بامبریو مت۔

نیلہ اُمی یہ گنیز کیو ڈ ٹمیلِس پٹھہ تھہ دیت دَا رتھہ، اَتھہ گو و شز وڈی۔ یہ شز وڈی کو ژون نے خبر کینا ز
نوش۔ نیران نیران دیت مینا ز مین رردا ز چہر۔ تہ سارڈ ہے شیشہ پچاوس گئی گنی دخن۔ پدہ دخن اُس اَتھہ
نیلہ و ز گوہان نیہ۔ نیلہ زانہہ تیز واو کر ہے۔

اسٹڈیو کس فر شس پٹھہ اُس رنگ و ہر تھہ۔ ز ژور پینٹنگ آسہ لہن او یزان۔ تہ اُس پورٹریٹس اُس
کام چلان۔ اَتھہ اوس چار۔ خریدار اوس کالہ پگاہ فون کران۔ ز پورٹریٹ کو ت ووت۔

آز ایم کینو اس چارٹس منز ز بردس وقت۔ ملّا زم اوسم رنگ پلہ نانس، کینو اس چارٹس تہ برش چھلنس
منز مد تھے کران۔ یہ مینا بی بد قسمتی تہ پنیہ کینا ہتام بھاری!

یور اوس شو شس بجرن بٹھہ ہو و مت۔ توے رچوم ژا لہ کڈ ہن۔ بہر حال..... خار گوہس آسن۔

تھہ بز وٹھہ کینہ کس پورٹریٹس ہتھم چار۔ ہس فائل ٹچ چھس دین، بہت چھہ تیار۔ خریدار متھہ یہ اچھن

تہس چھا خبر ز فائل ٹچ کیناہ کو و پورٹریٹس منز۔ تہسزن نظر ن منز چھہ یہ تیار۔ تہس گوہہ ہس شکل رہنڈ۔

”رہنہ دامانہ بیوے، شز وڈی گوئے با لپے، شز وڈی گوئے با لپے“..... موبائلس دزلپہ ہل اے با تچ۔ نیلہ

نے فون اَتھس منز روٹ..... یہ اوس مینون ملّا زم۔ ہیلو ہیلو..... سر۔ یہ اوس سر و تھہ نے ناد ووان۔

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ہیلو..... وِن سا کِنیہ دِلیل؟..... کتہ چٹکھ؟

مُلا زَم وِو تھہ در جواب ”نہ کُض سَر مَوج ہمارہ ہبہو“ شفا خانہ یتیم کھانڈ۔

نہ وِو تھس ہنا دِلاسبہ دوان ”کِنیہہ ہٹھس نہ پرداے خداے کربس رحم۔ ضو تھہ ما چٹھہ کِنیہہ“ نہ
نہ تھس۔ اُک دِست اور جواب..... ”نہ کُض نہ ہُتس دُعاے خا رُکری زبہ.... اُک کُض چہہ ژور نافر ماہیہ مَتر“
ہیلو ہیلو..... یہ وِنان گِیہ کال دُزا پتہ سو کھہ مو کھہ گوو ناؤر۔

نہ زبہ چٹھہ ہاں پتہ نِس اسٹڈیوس منز وِپے لگان۔ اُز چہہ ژن ژوپا رُک دِیا پتہ دِیان۔
پٹھہ اوسم نا فائیل ٹُچ دِشَن۔ چہہ پورٹریٹس۔ اوس نطرس چٹھہ نہ ژبہ کا شَر شکل..... یہ چہہ باسان ژن
نمبر۔ رنگ تہ چٹھس ژن تے ہٹھتہ۔ نیہہ چہہ اُکثر نِس تہ پٹھہ آسان۔ یہ پورٹریٹ اوس نہ زبہ نہ کتہ۔
یہ اوس اُتھہ تھلہ تھلہ دُچھان.... زِلنا وا فونوس مَتر کتہ نہ۔ عام انساں گُوہہ فونوس مَتر فونورُن۔
..... پتہ گووَن، سہ چٹھہ الگ چیز۔

اُتھہ منز چہہ کُڑا کُڑا کو کُن کُنی دور..... یہ با مبریس زِلار ما گِیہ۔ ژکہ ہوو اُک زبہ نہ کتہ کس
ہوٹل و اُلس اڈکچہ دوہ مَتر چا پز ز گپ۔ نہ با سنیہ و سہ چہہ ژن ہاوان وی فارو کُڑی۔ اُک سُنڈ یہ آرڈر وِو مَتر
چٹھہ رنہ تہ چا پتہ مائل۔

ہٹھو دروازہ تھو وِن تہ وِو تھم ہوٹل و اُلس ز چا پتہ کپ اُکھ سو ژتھہ، کھنڈ کم پہن۔ اُز چٹھہ مڈریر کھنہ مَتر
مینا ژوکان۔ وِن اُنی نہ رنگ زبہ نہ گن تہ لو کس پورٹریٹس فائیل ٹُچ وِو۔ یہ پورٹریٹ چہہ فائیل ٹُچ مَتر
پز برلان تہ تھو دگھو حان و تھتھہ۔ نیلہ اُسہ پیٹرن شکل برابر فونوس مَتر زلان چہہ تہ بی ن بی ن رنگ چٹھس
ہوان، پورٹریٹ چہہ تھو دگھو حان و تھتھہ۔

”روہہ دامانہ چہہ نہ، شز وِو گونے با پتہ، شز وِو گونے با پتہ“۔ نیہہ دزلیہ موبائیس ہیل، ہُتس ژن
نہ زبہ نہ کتہ اوس۔ کامہ وز، چٹھس بہ موبائیل سائیلیٹ (silent) موڈس پٹھہ تھوان۔ نہ دُپ خبر مُلا زَم
ما کریم فون، سہ چہہ پریشانی آؤر مُت، تُوے اوس نہ از سائیلیٹ موڈس پٹھہ موبائیل تھو وِو ت۔ بہر حال نیلہ
نہ ہیلو کُڑا اور کُڑا ”ایرٹیل میں آپکا سواگت ہے، اب آپ جیت سکتے ہیں.....“ مینو کُتے یوت بوڈن تہ
نہ دِست جُزس ووزلس بٹنس تہ کُڑا موبائیل بند۔

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دو تھ چھ ٹکان نیم۔ مے گوو شکھ یہ ماچھ مینوں مُلا زم..... فون اوس بٹھو کئی..... نتیہ کر ہا پہ سہلو کپڑے بڑو نہہ کٹ۔
تانی تراو ہونل دول ”جناب رُبو چایہ کپ“۔ ہوں دو تھس یہ پورٹریٹ پٹھہ تھو د۔ اکھ تھس اتھ بھری بھری
و چھان تہ نیہہ تھس چوان چایہ داماہ داماہ تہ۔ چایہ دامو ستر آم بیوے جسس ہیو د۔ مُلا زم تہ آسہ پریشان۔
کوڈ چھ سہ مُنزی مُنزی اُپڑ تہ ونان۔ پتہ زانہ خدا۔ ویسے بیٹ با مہر ہے نہ۔

یوہ کو پورٹریٹ کمپلیٹ (complete)۔ مگر پہ کینا زہہ مُطمین گلا حان۔ ویسے آرٹس پٹھہ اند۔ پہ
تھس پورٹریٹ تھلہ تھلہ و چھان۔ بیک گز او فڈ تہ جسس زہہ کومت۔ پہ تھس کلہ پٹن گرا و چھس پھیکس
گن تو مروان، گرا کھوورس گن..... تہ..... چایہ دام دام تہ تھس چوان۔ از اوس اسٹڈیو ہس منزوم ہیو و
باسان۔ ترا او ہافین..... دپان تارچھہ ہیو۔ ہاے ٹینشن تار..... بد قسمتی..... تہ..... نیہہ کینا!
شکر مگر پورٹریٹ تروپنس پہ یلہ..... سپدیا و ووڈی۔ تھہ نیچس کینو اس پٹھہ تھم اکھ پینٹنگ بناوڈی۔
و ری وادو تھ سوچیان اُکس پینٹنگ تھلہ..... از آم مؤڈ..... اُز کر ہا تھلہ سہ فن۔ تھہ مصلق و ری وادو تھم
سوچیان۔ اتھ تھاس (thought) چھہ ووڈل رنگ زیا دے بہن لگان۔ ووڈل آسمان تھم ہاون۔ پٹن
آندریم مور کڈ ہا سوڑے کینو اس پٹھہ۔ یو تام نہ کینو اس پٹھہ تھلہ شہر تو تام تہم نہ قرار۔ بے قراری
موراوم۔

بے قراری تہند قرار اہ زیا تھہ اوس یارک چوونس زہہ پینالاہ میٹھہ اوس

یہ کینا وون مے؟..... شار.....! پہ تھس پونٹر..... شاعر نہ؛ افسانہ نگار نہ.....

ہاے ہے..... او وڈل رنگ ہے چھہ موکلہ کومت۔ ہوں کینا ہیو.....! پٹھہ تھم نا وڈل رنگ زیا دے ضو تھہ۔
ونہ ہا مُلا زم، سہ چھہ ماجہ ہنز پریشانی ستر آوڑ۔ بڑو نہہ کینہ کس ووزلس اسٹڈیو ہس منز چھہ شاگھ تہ
رنگ۔ پٹو کئی ڈرٹیا مس چار۔ پتہ تہ کومت نیر بس؟ از آیوم مؤڈ..... کس مؤڈ..... ثنے کینا وولے!
پورٹریٹ تھم تھہ۔ سہ کووتیار۔ سہ اوٹم نا آرڈرس پٹھہ ہاون۔ تھنا صلاح پہ وچھہ نیچس پینٹرس ما آسہ پہ
ووڈل رنگ، بس مے ضو تھہ چھہ۔ ہم ڈکاندار تہ چھہ یہ آرٹ مینٹیریل تھوان نیہہ۔ پہ کرے کوڈ فون نیچس
تھلہ کارس۔

ہیلو..... ہیلو..... ویس گاگ (van gogh) پھلکا؟..... یہ وٹم ووڈل رنگ ماجھی؟ گگنار رنگ ہا گگنار۔

Continued on Page 31

اور کہیے ہناڑھو پہ دیش تہ پتہ دنت وین گانن جواب۔ از ہتھ نہ رنگ کئے بنان بس ٹٹے ضو رتھ چھی نہ چھہ
از یادگار تھنن چہ ان۔ یہ ونان ونان تروون فون۔ پل گوس بہ زیا قے ہتھ نہ لد۔ آ..... نے جین و
یاد..... گر چھہ نے ڈزبنگ ٹیلہ کس ڈز اورس منز ثویت یو ڈوڈل رنگہ ٹیلہ۔ ہتھ اکر پینہ زبانی منز
اسٹڈ یو ٹیلہ ونان چھہ۔ گر کوتاہہ دوڑے پھٹ..... ہنٹ لگن وہ۔ ہتھ کہہ اسس تھا قے بہ آب ہتھ
تو تام گروہ نہ چھک تہ۔ یہ پھٹ کوڈ ڈپلی کیٹ کہیو اس باسان۔

کوڈ چھہ از سوڑے نعتی..... ڈپلی کیٹ ہسا ڈپلی کیٹ..... رنگ تہ..... برش تہ..... کہیو اس تہ..... تہ
پینر تہ..... سوڑے اپڑے۔ فضولس منز پانی پانس کھالان شار۔

خاریہ کہیو اس گو و حال تھا ون مہر تاپس، شیشوری پھاوس ہتر..... بینن چھہ کس تا پھہ۔ ہتھ کیاہ لگہ
ہو کھنس۔ اگر ووڈل رنگہ ٹیلہ آسہ ہے کس شاہکار پیننگ نہر ہے۔ یہ کیاہ وٹے ٹٹے؟

وٹل وٹس وڈن نے ہتھ کہہ اس تھا و نظر یہ چھی او ڈر۔ ہتھ نہ کانہہ ٹر نو قصان ولتہ ناو بس، یہ بیکے یوہر۔
گلاس تہ پلیٹ چھی ٹیلہ پٹھہ... سہ تہ ٹکو ز۔ نیلہ یہ اسٹڈ یو منز نہر دز اس۔۔۔۔۔ کئی پھٹک کہیے۔ یہ ڈوٹس گلی
کڑ۔ سہ کس روز اسٹڈ یو بند کرنگ خیال۔ گولہ وڑھہ..... دھما کہہ کہیے..... کانہہ پھٹہ کانہہ انہر یہ ان۔
نے بز و نہہ کہیے آسہ ز گولہ شرس..... یہ پیناس اتھن ہھو کہہ دو ان..... بینن گولہ آسہ شرس، تھنن وڈ تھہ ڈہہ تہ
ناہ بز نہہ دیش وڑاپہ۔ نے ترو و تھکھہ کرتہ پتہ نظر ڈر م تھی۔

کہیے ز کہیے کہیے، حالات آسہ واپر واپر معمولس پٹھہ۔ از کل چھہ اکہ لہہ دھما کہہ گو حان تہ پینہ لہہ چھہ آسان
لوکھ پکان۔ بس یہاے فرق آسہ۔ باپے چھہ تھہ کڑ۔

نیلہ دو یہ گنہہ پتہ یہ واپر واپر اسٹڈ یو بس گن آس۔ اتھس منز اوٹم ووڈل ٹیلہ۔ یہ اوس فز بش
..... استعمال گوہہ نے..... نیلہ یہ اسٹڈ یو بس نش وٹس اکھ نو جوان اوس ہتھ کڑ جین مت..... کہیو اس
اوس تاپہ تہ نو جوان ہنر لاش آس پٹھہ۔ مینا نہ ہتر ڈریو و لوکن دل امیہ آسہ تہ واپر واپر چھہ کہیو اسم پٹھہ لاش
تھو دتہ کڑ کہہ و اوشن حوالہ۔ او تام اوسہ کانہہ بہران اسٹڈ یو بس نش گھنس..... لاشہ موڈلہ۔ کہیو اس اوس
نو جوان ہنر خونہ ہتر تھہ آمت۔ نے دنت و وڈلہ رنگہ ٹیلہ ہور گن دا رتھ..... بس نے اتھن منز اوس۔
تہ کوڑم اراہ ز آسا لگ رنگ گو و وڈلہ بجالیہ نیلہ لے تھا ون۔ ☆☆☆



غزل

فاروق رفیع آبادی



گزل

فَارُوق رَفِیْعِ اَبَادِی

پَرِیْتھ طَرَفِیْ سَے پَرِیْتھ جَلِیْ سَے سَرْمَلِیْ دِلن سَے
 سَبْرار چَمَنن جَلِیْ جَلِیْ نَوِشَبُو تَہ نِگَلن سَے
 سَے آجِ سَرن تَے نِیْن مَرگن اِنْدَر رُوْزْتھ
 تَس آسَانَس پِیْٹھ نَظَر طاقْت تَہ نِشَلن سَے
 پَرِیْتھ مَوَس مَنز اَکھ نَوُوے اِنہار بَیْٹھ سَے
 رَنگ دَر رَنگن مَنز بَیْٹھ دَھرکَن تَہ دِلن سَے
 گاہے سَہ مَدَر سَاز بَیْٹھ مِیَانِ لَرے مَنز
 گاہے نَے لَگال دَر سَفَر دُاراک دِن سَے
 سَے گانِراواں تارکن پِیْہ زون آفتاب
 مَجْنُون دِنان لالِہ پَزَر نَجِد دِن سَے
 فاروق سَہ چَھس خاموس بس اَکھ یاد چَھم تَمُر سَہنر
 گاہے نَے فَرِیاد کُرتھ لَگال چَھ کَوہن سَے

پَرِیْتھ طَرَفِیْ سَے پَرِیْتھ جَلِیْ سَے سَرْمَلِیْ دِلن سَے
 سَبْرار چَمَنن جَلِیْ جَلِیْ نَوِشَبُو تَہ نِگَلن سَے
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 تَس آسَانَس پِیْٹھ نَظَر طاقْت تَہ نِشَلن سَے
 پَرِیْتھ مَوَس مَنز اَکھ نَوُوے اِنہار بَیْٹھ سَے
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 گاہے نَے فَرِیاد کُرتھ لَگال چَھ کَوہن سَے



From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo Lohar Koot

In the Southern end of Pir Panchaal is Lohar koot at a latitude of 33 degrees, 48 mints and a longitude of 74 degrees, 23 mints, between Trata-Kooti and Tosa Maidaan. This whole area falls within Poonch in the Jammu Province of Jammu & Kashmir at a distance of about 13 kilometers from Thana Mandi. The Lohar Koot has taken its name from Loharan river which flows through it and the whole surrounding area is called Loharan or Loren. According to a popular legend, Koot has been at a higher altitude. Sir Aurel Stein writes in his book 'Ancient Geography Of Ancient Kashmir', "Old heaps of stones and archaeological remains of a wall are seen here". According to a popular belief, there has been a fort, but nothing is known about the builder of the fort." According to various legendary tales, there is a treasure buried underneath in the area.

From the historical viewpoint, Lohar Koot had gained eminence during the downfall of Hindu Rule in Kashmir. The importance of Lohar Koot had been because of two reasons: 1) It had been a state and 2) the kings of both the states had developed matrimonial relations with each other.

According to Kalhana Pandit's Rajatarangini : "Rani Dida had adopted her nephew Sangram Raj and it is he who

had revolted against Rani Dida and Loren was merged with Kashmir and thus it had then become a border post for the rulers of Kashmir, thus gaining utmost importance. During

the king Harsha Deva's time, the king Uchhal had come along with his sympathisers through this very route to launch an attack on Kashmir and because of Harsha Deva's defeat, Loren got separated from the rest of Kashmir. Thus Uchhal became the king of Kashmir and Susal, the king of Loren. From Loren, Susal launched an attack on Uchhal but lost the battle and had to return from Sheela Pur. When Susal captured Loren, he got not only his treasury installed at Lohar koot but established all his near relatives also. During another revolt by Bekhyaachaar, Susal had strategically used the fort of Lohar Koot for the benefit of his kingdom.

Lohar koot was not serving as a fort only, but it was, so to say, serving as a huge wall also. Susal had kept some kings as hostages in the fort during the battle till 1130 A.D. The king Jai Simha of Kashmir had launched an attack twice on the fort of Lohar Koot. In the first battle, he had lost,



but he won the second battle and made his son Gilhan to occupy the royal throne. Thus Loren merged completely again with Kashmir and gained importance because of the matrimonial relations as well as because of the trade relations, as up to that time Kashmir had got connected by metal roads with the rest of the country. The then western Punjab (now in Pakistan) had a short route link to Kashmir via Loren, but during winter, there was no heavy traffic movement.

The historian Alberuni writes in his book, 'Alberuni's India': "I have not seen strategically power places like Loren and Raazveer any where." Raazveer is the ancient name of present Rajouri. No doubt, he names Lohar Koot as Laahaar & Tratta Kooti top as Kalaarchak. He writes, "The snow peaks of Kalaarchak (Tratta Kooti) are quite visible from Lahore also." Another historian and traveller Cunningham connects the Kalaarchak peak with that of Nanga Parbat, which is not correct. Nanga Parbat is situated in the North East of Kashmir, as such could not be viewed from erstwhile Punjab before 1947. Another historian H.W. Wilson takes Lohar as Lahore (before 1947), but Alburien's topographical evidences clearly show that the Lohar Koot Fort had been in Loren area only. However, Alberuni writes, "Mehmood Ghaznavi laid an attack on Kashmir but he was given a big setback because of the Loren Fort only. Another Persian historian Mohd. Qasim Hindu Shah with the pen name Firishta (born in 1560 A.D.) had settled in

India where he used to serve the then Sultans of the then Deccan. Historian Firishta writes about Loren: "Loren Fort is very strong and Situated at a strategic height."

King Jai Peda (751-785) A.D. had also come to Kashmir via this very route and after defeating the enemy again became the ruler of Kashmir. In 1815, Maharaja Ranjit Singh also attacked Kashmir via Tosa Maidaan, but was defeated. During 1947, 1965 & 1971, Pakistan also had violated the ceasefire to enter the valley of Kashmir through Loren only. Since 1990 Pakistan had again started creating trouble in the valley of Kashmir through this very route by proxy. It is also worth to mention that a Chinese Buddhist Monk Huan Tsang had also travelled to India in 627 A.D. to procure some precious manuscripts from India so as to translate them in Chinese. After visiting Kashmir Huan Tsang had gone out of valley through Tosa Maidaan and Loren to reach Poonchh.

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روزہ ہفتہ
دسبزار
By arrangement with
Weekly Sabzar



یہ کس کی نظر لگی!

مدثر لالی

وہ گھر چھوڑ کے بے حال ہوئے
ہم گھر میں ہی یا مال ہوئے
پھولا پھوپھی
جن کا گھر میرے باغ کا مسایہ تھا
جس کا بھائی اکثر میرے گھر آ کر
میرے ہاتھ کا قبوہ پیتا تھا
جس کو پاپا بہنا کہ کر سٹھ دکھ کے دن گھراتا تھا
جب وہ بھاگی، ہم سب روئے
بھولی بھالی پھنجرے سے لپٹی، بولی
نکھے سے بندھی گا مومج سے لپٹی، بولی
انجیر، انار کے پودوں سے لپٹی، بولی
شرمندہ آنگن میں بیٹھے کتے سے لپٹی، بولی
دیوانہ بنی مسجد کے دیواروں سے لپٹی، بولی
اپنے اپنوں سے پھنجر گئے
یہ کس کی نظر لگی!!!
ہم سب روئے

گاتے تھے
بل بل کے گلے
"ہندین کیا، مسلمان
کر بندن توشہ خودائے"
مانگا کرتے تھے
☆
یہ کس کی نظر لگی؟
سب کچھ اُلٹا
ایک دوسرے سے نظریں پڑانے لگے
ہم ڈرنے لگے
آشا اوشا ماتا دور چلے
عرصہ ہوا، ہم سے نہ ملے
گھر اُجڑے کھل کھلیان بچر ہوئے
ہم کھیلا کرتے تھے جس آنگن میں
وہاں گولی چلی
ماتا مئی دادا دادی بس دعائیں مانگا کرتے تھے
وہاں پھانسی پر لٹکا تھا کوئی ہم میں سے
دیکھا ہے میں نے

یہ کس کی نظر لگی!
سر پر اوڑھی ڈالے
ماتھے پہ بند یا سجائے
چلتے تھے دیکھا ہے میں نے سنگ سنگ
آشا انجلی اوشا لالی ماتا مئی دیدی دادی
ساگر انکل منزل بھائی
ہاتھ پھیلا کے مانگا کرتے تھے
آنچل پسا رے رویا کرتے تھے
ماتھا رگڑتے
ہراستانے کے چوکھٹ پہ
ہراستھاپن کے آنگن میں
شچی آنٹی، مئی میری صائمہ بہنا
دیکھا ہے میں نے
خوشیوں سے بھری جھولی جیسے گھراتے تھے
صدیوں سے پھرا ہوا جیسے پیارا سا کچھ پاتے تھے
پاپا مئی میرے، اکثر کہتے کہتے روتے ہیں
ہردیوالی، عید اور خوشیوں کے موقعے پر
کیسے ہم سب ملتے، گاتے کھاتے پیتے تھے

روزہ ہفتہ
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यह किस की नज़र लगी मुद्दसिर लाली

यह किस की नज़र लगी
सर पर ओढ़ी डाले
माथे पर बिंदिया सजाये
चलते थे देखा है मैंने संग संग
आशा अंजली ऊषा लाली माता मम्मी दीदी दादी
सागर अंकल मुज़म्मिल भाई
हाथ फैला के मांगा करते थे
आंचल पसारे रोया करते थे
माथा रगडते
हर आस्ताने के चौखट पे
हर अस्थापन के आंगन में
शम्मी आंटी मम्मी मेरी सायमा बहना
देखा है मैंने
खुशियों से भरी झोली जैसे प्यारा सा कुछ पाते
पापा मम्मी मेरे अकसर कहते कहते रोते हैं
हर दीवाली, ईद और खुशियों के मौके पर
कैसे हम सब मिलते, गाते खाते पीते थे
गाते थे
मिल मिल के गले
'हैंदैन क्या, मुसलमानन
कर बंदन तोशि ख्वदाय'
मांगा करते थे



यह किस की नज़र लगी
सब कुछ उलटा
एक दूसरे से नज़रें चुराने लगे
हम डरने लगे
आशा ऊषा माता दूर चले
अरसा हुआ, हम से न मिले
घर उजडे खल खलियान बंजर हुऐ
हम खेला करते थे जिस आंगन में
वहां गोली चली
माता मम्मी दादा दादी बस दुआएँ मांगा करते थे
वहां फाँसी पर लटका था कोई हम में से
देखा है मैंने
वह घर छोड के बेहाल हुये
हम घर में ही पामाल हुये
फूला फूफी
जिन का घर मेरे बाग़ का हमसाया था
जिस का भाई अकसर मेरे घर आकर
मेरे हाथ का कहवा पीता था
जिस को पापा बहना कह कर सुख दुख के दिन घर लाता था
जब वह भागी, हम सब रोये
भोली भाली बछडे से लिपटी, बोली
टिकले से बंधी गाव मोज से लिपटी, बोली
अंजीर, अनार के पौधों से लिपटी, बोली
शर्मदा आंगन में बैठे कुत्ते से लिपटी, बोली
दीवाना बनी मस्जिद के दीवारों से लिपटी, बोली
अपने अपनों से बिछड गये
यह किस की नज़र लगी !!!
हम सब रोये।



My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

Subdural Haematoma (SDH)

The Great Masquerader

Ghulam Mohammad, a young man of about thirty, worked in a timber saw mill in Chattabal, downtown Srinagar. One day, in mid-seventies of the last century, while he was moving a log from the timber lot on to the band saw for making planks, the log slipped from his grip and fell on his head. He concussed and fell down unconscious. His workmates carried him immediately to the nearby hospital, SMHS (attached to the Medical College). By that time he had recovered consciousness but complained of dizziness and headache. Since there was no neurology or neurosurgical section in the medical college at that time, he was examined by the doctors on duty in general surgery.

The resident surgeons did not find any evidence of external injury to the scalp nor anything abnormal on gross neurological testing. Plain x-ray of head was taken. There was no evidence of fracture. The patient was given analgesics (pain killers) for his headache and kept overnight. His

headache subsided by next morning and on re-examination there were no signs of any internal injury.

He returned after a week with a headache of mild intensity since a day earlier. His wife said he was behaving odd at times. The residents examined him, found no new signs, gave him headache pills, kept him under observation for another night and discharged him next morning, free from symptoms.

He returned a second time after another five days. His wife reported that he was drowsy the day before and became agitated when she urged him to lie down in bed after he staggered while going to the lavatory. He even abused her once, and that was unusual. But he had recovered next day. The doctors found him conscious, communicative and coherent.

There was nothing to go by from another examination. The chief of the surgical unit, Dr. Peerzada Abdul Rashid, during his rounds, asked his residents to send me a call for a detailed neurological examination and my opinion before they discharge him again.



By the time I came up to have a look at the patient, Dr. Peerzada Abdul Rashid was still in the ward taking round with his residents. He was a genial person, a good friend, and compassionate with his patients. He was one of those so called 'moderate' Muslim colleagues who would love to discuss the State politics with me even when we were on the opposite sides of the political philosophy and culture of Kashmiris. He thrived on India-bashing and on criticizing and ridiculing the Indian government for the imposition of its writ on unwilling Kashmiris while I retaliated and debunked the double speaks of Kashmiri Muslims, especially their politicians, who milked the Indian secular cow but swore by Islamic Pakistan. He had learned to be tolerant to differing view points because of his long stint in Edinburgh for his FRCS. Gossiping with him in spare time was a good retreat from talking shop which doctors invariably do when they sit together.

In his characteristic style, puffing away smoke from his cigarette, Peerzada addressed me, 'Chowdhury Sahib, you are the neurologist around here. Kindly examine this patient. He has been baffling us with his bizarre symptoms that come and go and we have no idea what is going. I would love you to join me in my room over a cup of tea after you have examined him?'

Yes, I was the only faculty member in Medical College, Srinagar with interest in neurology. Though I had no postgraduate degree in the specialty, neurology was my passion. My Professor, the legendary Dr.

Ali Mhammad Jan, having recognized my aptitude for neurology, would send the most intricate neurological problems from his private practice to me for examination and discussion with the residents and postgraduates. Tuesday of every week was the neurology day in my chamber in ward 3 of SMHS hospital and very special for me.

This was the first time I examined the patient, Ghulam Mohammad, under discussion. I have learned from my experience not to look at case notes from other doctors who might have examined and attended on a patient before I complete my own examination starting from the history. My philosophy in the practice of medicine is simple - Listen to the Patient. This has always stood me in good stead. I do not get biased by what the earlier physicians might have observed and recorded. Of course I do not discard that information; I look at it only after I have done my own study of the case. That is how I proceeded here. The patient's wife was quite helpful. She seemed intelligent and there was no reason to dismiss her observations about the patient's odd behavior and waxing and waning symptoms.

The patient was fully conscious, and I did a detailed neurological examination including a peep at his fundus (in the back of the eyes through an ophthalmoscope) to look for any evidence of raised intracranial pressure. There was nothing on detailed testing except very soft signs of impaired stearognosis (the ability to

recognize the size, shape, texture etc. of objects) in the right hand which appeared a bit clumsy and corroborated the wife's observation that the patient was unable to use his right hand right.

Going by the whole presentation I made a diagnosis of Subdural Haematoma (SDH) - collection of blood between outer two of the three sheaths that envelope the brain. I wrote my notes and my advice, suggesting exploratory burr holes in the skull to drain the collection. Then I joined Peerzada Abdul Rashid in his room and told him what I thought.

"But look we have no proof, no other way to confirm your impression and we have never ventured into this burr-hole business, you know. Look Chowdhury sahib, why invite a problem, why not send him to AIIMS (All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi)?"

Dr. Peerzada was a competent but conservative surgeon with no aptitude for innovation and experimentation. He was not prepared to jump his limits. I agreed with him. How could I force him to do something which I would not be able to prove before exploration? We had no wherewithal to investigate the patient further in our institution. The age of imaging was still in its infancy those days. We had just heard of Cat Scans while MRI was not even born then. The only way we could supplement our clinical observation would be Cerebral Angiography but we did not have the implements to carry it out.

Accordingly, we referred him to AIIMS

along with my detailed case report and made a case for angiography to confirm the diagnosis as a prelude to burr-hole exploration. And I forgot about the patient.

A month later, I was sitting in my lawn, flanking the S.P. College backlands, sipping a cup of tea when three people led a patient inside, holding him on either side and helping him limp towards me. Sunday used to be my off day. I was put off at this intrusion. They laid him on the turf disarming me before I could vent my annoyance, "We are sorry to have spoiled your Sunday, doctor sahib, but this is your case, the one you asked us to take to AIIMS last month."

I recognized him immediately.

"What happened; did you not take him there?" I asked.

"Yes sir, we did; we were in Delhi for a full month but it was all futile. He was examined the first day in the outpatients. The doctor said our patient was all right and there was no need to admit him. In any case no bed was available and we could watch him and report any development and come back after a week. We took a room near AIIMS and on the next examination, a week later, they performed an EEG and said there was no abnormality and left it to our choice either to return home or report after yet another week in case of any new developments. Meanwhile the headache went away with pills. We again reported a third time after another week. Our patient was asymptomatic and the neurologist gave us a clean chit. We returned last week, feeling

rather sore that you had sent us on a wild goose chase but happy that all was well with our patient. In fact, he resumed work in the saw mill soon after and was well till yesterday when he again complained of headache and developed weakness of the right hand and leg. His speech became slow and words hard to come. He drags his leg and can not hold objects with his right hand. He vomited this morning."

This was a fast and serious development indicative of a rise in the pressure inside the cranium (brain). I examined him quickly while in the lawn. There was a paralysis of his right side and he suffered from a speech disorder (dysphasia). I looked at his fundus. There was early papilloedema (swelling of the optic disc at the back of the eye - an indication of raised pressure inside the brain). It was obvious this patient had now accumulated a fairly large collection of blood inside his cranium and convinced me further of my initial impression that he had a Subdural Haematoma. I looked at the case note from AIIMS and found three entries on three different dates, the neurologist having found no abnormal signs each time and finally reassuring them that there was no cause for concern and that whatever had been the referring doctor's (mine) findings could not be corroborated or confirmed.

How was I to proceed from here? In the absence of a neurosurgeon in J&K, I had to rope in a general surgeon to do a burr hole. But, before that I had to convince him about my diagnosis, now all

the more difficult because the patient had returned from a premier institution of the country with a clean chit!

I asked the patient to report next morning to my registrar in the Medical College with a note that the postgraduates examine the case and make a presentation to me after the rounds. I always slapped my postgraduates with interesting cases and challenged them to come up with a differential diagnosis.

Next day the presentation was done and the students agreed with my diagnosis. We decided to perform angiography on him even without the right tools to do so. Angiography involves the introduction of a long wide-bored needle in the carotid artery in the neck and injection of a radio-opaque dye at great speed and shooting a series of films. If we had a rapid cassette changer we would have to inject the dye only once and taken a series of pictures one after another to follow the flow of blood in the arteries and veins inside the brain. Any distortion, deviation, obstruction of the arterial system is noted and that gives an idea about masses, clots, tumors etc, inside the brain. In the absence of a rapid cassette changer, we had to repeatedly inject the dye, exposing ourselves and the patient to the risk of radiation and the possibility of the needle getting dislodged or cross-puncturing during the repeated attempts. But, we decided to take the bull by its horns, literally. My team of postgraduates and registrars joined me in this procedure; the radiologist, Dr. Shafat Fazili, cooperated.

He was my class mate from S.P. College days and now a dear colleague who encouraged innovation and enterprise.

We were lucky. The procedure went without a glitch. And lo and behold when we looked at the films there it was - a large Subdural Haematoma glaring at us, challenging us to drain it before it was too late. By now the blood collection was pressing on the left side of the brain and pushing it to right. Delay could mean death.

I sent my registrar to Dr Peerzada Abdul Rashid with the details of the patient, and a plea for exploratory burr holes. He came down to my ward along with his whole team. "Dr. Chowdhury you will have to explain us all the angiographic findings; we have never seen a case and have no idea how an angiogram looks in a case of SDH." Nor had I in my practical experience. I had only read about it from text books and journals.

I put up the x-rays in the view-finder and started tracing the course of the main arterial trunks inside the brain and how some of them had been pushed and displaced from the normal course because of the blood collection which showed a cutoff of the vessels.

"There seems no doubt, after what you explained, that this is a Subdural Haematoma, but we have never done a case. Is any of you prepared to take charge here?" he asked his teammates, looking quizzically at his assistant professor, Dr Abdul Ahad Guroo. The latter was a dynamic young surgeon,

always ready to have a go at difficult cases, always ready to try new things. Dr Guroo readily agreed. "I will try. It will be nice to have Chowdhury Sahib also with us in the theatre."

That was a clear call for moral support and I readily joined the team of surgeons. It is surprising how little physicians like me follow their cases into the operation theatre once we have diagnosed and handed them over to the surgeon. As an example, I must have diagnosed hundreds of acute appendicitis, yet, hardly watched an appendix being surgically removed!

The patient's head was shaved and he was taken immediately to the theatre and we marked the area on the scalp where a large hole was drilled in the skull by Dr Guroo. He punctured the duramater (outer covering of the brain) and dark blood started flowing out. Nearly 200 ml was drained. The hole was sealed.

The patient recovered fast after that. By next morning he was free of headache. The power of his limbs returned soon after. He walked unaided on the third day and was discharged on the 6th. He resumed his work after three weeks.

Subdural Haematoma can occur after any trauma to the head. But it may result in the elderly from a trivial trauma that may have been forgotten. Often such patients come with deceptive symptoms which wax and wane for weeks, and sometimes months, and remain undiagnosed and untreated. That is why I call it the great masquerader. In this case it presented

variously as headache, bizarre behavior, drowsiness, subtle sensory defects, weakness, speech disorder, alternating with periods of total normalcy. The doctors in AIIMS were deceived by the absence of signs when they examined him, did not seriously accept my findings nor entertain my suggestion for performing cerebral angiography. In the process they missed the diagnosis. One man's failure could be another man's challenge. In the cut throat competition of medicine, success is not measured by the number of cases a doctor has seen but the number of cases he/she has picked (diagnosed) correctly where others have failed.

After this landmark case, which was presented in a clinical meeting of surgeons and physicians of the medical college, a new awareness dawned about Subdural Haematoma (SDH) and more and more cases started being diagnosed and explored in our hospital. We started performing cerebral angiography routinely in suspected brain tumors, aneurysms and haematomas. The general surgeons were encouraged to explore patients with acute extradural and acute and chronic subdural haematomas and we stopped sending them all the way to Delhi, except the complicated ones. It was the beginning of a new era in neurology and neurosurgery in J&K, yet another frontier in the fledgling Srinagar Medical College.

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Editor's Note

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

We invite writers to write for Praagaash. Write ups can be in Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu or English, concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiri culture. Write ups on Science, Medical Science, Health, Humour and topics of general interest are also welcome.

Write-ups generating hatred, demeaning anybody or any religion, or with political overtones will not be accepted for publication.

We request writers in Kashmiri (Nastaliq & Devanagari scripts), Hindi, Urdu to send us their write-ups in a Microsoft WORD document or in a Cdr file. Also attach fonts wherever necessary.

'Your Own Page' is for you. Kindly don't hesitate sending us your or your children's achievements, in text and photos for publication in Praagaash. We also invite you to send us rare photos of Kashmir or Kashmiri life for wider publicity in Praagaash.



Articles can be e-mailed to
rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

Female Foetus

Kishni K Pandita



God had sent me to this earth.
It was He who wanted me to take birth.
On his most beautiful creation.
Wanted me to be a
part of this destination.
I was living cosily in my mother's womb.
But was waiting to be out of this tomb.

I wanted to be a part of green trees
and countryside.
I wanted to watch the seas
that are endlessly wide.
I had imagined my mother to be sweet.
I had also expected my father to greet
Me with a wonderful smile on his face.
I had expected to change my
mother's days.
From boring household chores to joy.
I thought I was going to be her living toy.

While I was dreaming about everything.
While I was planning what all to bring.
To my beloved parents and the rest.
My mother was asked to go for this test.
There was a conspiracy going on.
I was not supposed to
see the next dawn.
Of this beautiful earth, God's creation.

They were bent upon my elimination.
They didn't want a girl child.
Would rather have a boy even if wild.
I was taken aback and shocked.
I heard my mother would be mocked.
For being unable to bear a male child.
Is it her fault if she gets a female child?

Don't they know that
my mother is not responsible?
Don't they know that it is the
father who is responsible?
For determining the sex of the child.
That's the pattern followed by mankind.
What was my fault that
my life was nipped in the bud?
Why would you prefer a boy,
even if dud?
They may realise that one day.
The world will not be like this if they
Keep tampering with God's plan on
earth.
There will be no girls to give birth.
Boys' may be great and powerful too.



Poem
Gulab Saifi

دِیچ دھڑکن اگر کنبہ ونہ، تہ کیا بنہ؟
دِلی مانو اگر زیو بنہ، تہ کیا بنہ؟

اگر فرہاد لولس سام ہی از
ونک تَر اوتھ، منک کوہ کنبہ تہ کیا بنہ!؟

فَنک آزر سَنتھ ایسہ حَارتن منز
زُوک احساس کنہ منہ کنبہ تہ کیا بنہ!؟

چھ لایاں بے خبر لگھ کنہ جنونس
اگر مجلون کر کنہ کنہ تہ کیا بنہ!؟

خوداہ زن کڈ سہ ایسارچ رسم عی
پن لختے جگر دیئون ونہ تہ کیا بنہ!؟

شکر لچھ لچھ شکر تیسر کریمی
سو سانس کر تیس یودہ سنہ تہ کیا بنہ!؟



Translation
Mushtaque B Barq

The biorhythm if shall articulation be ,
what will come off

The heart if shall diction be,
what will come off

If Farhad will the love introspect today
Baring the hilllock if does self mount
excavation he,
what will come off

The craft of Azar dwells in our
wonderments

The feel of life if he from the stone in
possession be ,
what will come off

Ignorantly the people to passion pelt
stones

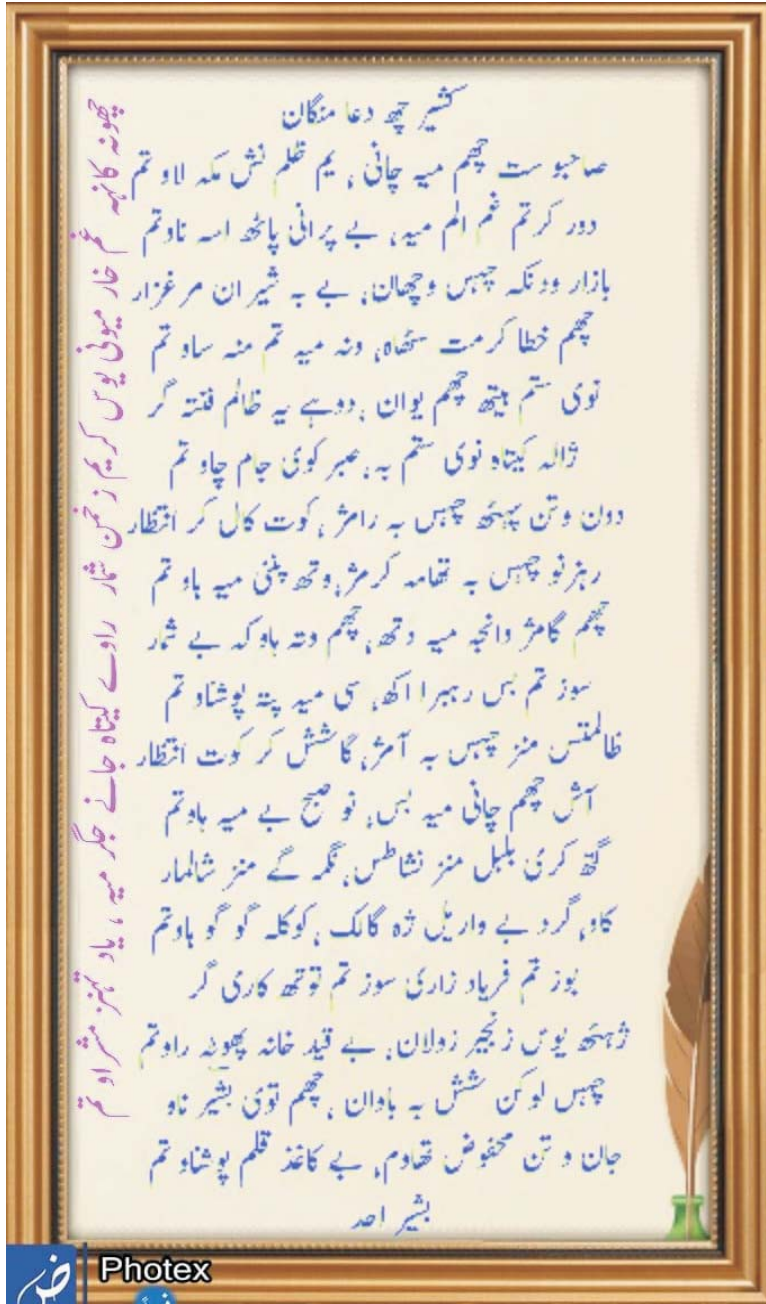
If Majnoon would in lipidation be,
what will come off

If the Lord the custom of sacrifice set
forth again

Shall ask for the darling one in oblation
be, what will come off

Thanks to The most gracious oft-times
If He to our deeds in inspection be,
what will come off.

کثیر پجہ دعا منگان



بشیر احد

Photex

Consecutive Serial - M.K.Raina Heaven & Hell

I died and soon thereafter two hefty young men appeared before me. They must have been the Yam-dhoots of modern days for they were bright-faced and devoid of any horns. One of them was clean-shaven and the other had a French-cut.

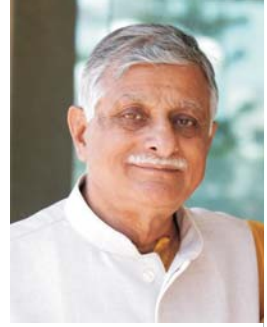
I was gauging their size and gait when they suddenly held me by my hands and lifted me up. Then they took towards the sky. I was stunned. I could hardly walk straight on the smooth earth and here was I flying as it were along with them on the sky path. My limbs were still but I was drifting like a fighter aircraft in the air without any strings. I realized that I had ceased to live yet I had aspirations ripe in my heart. I looked down. The cobra was coiled in the ditch. He was perhaps apprehending my return to usurp the treasure that he was guarding.



After traversing a whole world we reached some spot. Pardon me, where is the question of the world? That I had left behind on my death itself. Of course you can say that after traveling the whole length of the sky these Yam-dhoots carried me to a place. The clean-shaven Yam-dhoot took out some instrument from

his pant pocket and held it before his mouth. It resembled a telephone in our world. It was attractive no doubt. Perhaps it was also a telephone but a wireless one. I had heard that in foreign countries

there are wireless telephones. May be he had brought one from there itself. But why should I bother. I had desired to get a telephone installed at my house but that desire had remained unfulfilled. My father had deposited five hundred rupees in the telephone department ten years back but without any result. When I approached the concerned officers of the department they had this to say, 'Are you gone mad! People have deposited two thousand rupee each under the 'Own Your Phone' scheme some twenty years back and they are yet to get their telephones. Where do you stand with only five hundred rupee deposit?' I had no reply. Then with the grace of this mendicant, I had thought to go in for a telephone under the Immediate Installation



scheme by paying extra money but alas I did not live to see that come true. Had I been favoured by providence and got hold of the treasure, I would have been sitting at my window today with a telephone in my hand and calling Makhan Lal, my neighbour. He would get stunned but that was not to be. Obviously how could this happen with a luckless person like me? Who should I complain to?

I heaved a sigh and gazed at the wireless telephone of the Yam-dhoot. He was talking to somebody. In between he was looking to me and shaking his head and occasionally he would burst into laughter. The other Yam-dhoot continued to hold me by my hand. After a while he put his phone back into his pocket and asked me my name. I replied, "Back on earth people used to call me with my pet name 'Sahab' but in reality my name was Krishna Das or the servant of Krishna. I was my own servant more than that of Lord Krishna." He gave a stern look to me but did not respond. We continued our journey, aerial one at that. We got into deep clouds and that cooled me a lot. I tried to engage these Yam-dhoots in conversation but both of them were self-centered. They did not listen to me with the result I had to keep mum.

As soon as we came out of the clouds I spotted a wall, with two doors. On one was written 'Heaven' and on the other 'Hell'. With great enthusiasm I started proceeding towards Heaven but the Yam-dhoots forcibly turned my head towards hell. I protested but to no avail. My limbs



were numb. As I entered, my eyes became blank. The scene in the hell was exactly the same as I had heard down below on the earth. Fire was aglow at many places and the agents of death were singing and dancing in front of these fires. May be people of questionable deeds were getting burnt in it. At some places people were hanging on the branches of the trees. There was a crowd at one place and the people there were making a great noise. Dharam-raj was announcing punishments for these people sitting on a raised platform. When I reached near them I was stunned. I saw such persons there as were known for their charity and philanthropist deeds back home. To meet and see them, people would spend fortunes and traverse miles and miles of distance. I thought that all that appeared to be a falsehood. I realized that even what I thought in my mind only, was audible. The Yam-dhoot with French-cut was startled but did not figure out what I was thinking. Yet he told me, "Why are you repenting now? Why did you not think then?" I replied, "No, not at all. I am not thinking what you thought I was thinking. I am only at a loss to find even such persons here who had done

good deeds on earth.” The Yam-dhoot was perhaps knowledgeable. He replied, “That is not so. The fact is that people on earth are in essence different from what they appear.” I had got an answer to my question. As for myself I had no doubt that I had hell and only hell to go to. Whatever little good I might have done that I had advertised there and then. There was hardly any person known to me whom I had not narrated the details of the good deeds done by me from time to time. But I was surprised about these persons who were counted among noble souls on the earth. Before my very eyes there were almost a dozen of such people begging before the Dharam-raj with folded hands. Good that they did not spot me or else they would feel more humiliated and I would incur a sin for nothing.

The nature was in my favour. I had a booking for the heaven and the ticket was still with me. I pulled my hands off the grip of the Yam-dhoot and took a seat on a stone slab. There was hardly any grass where one could sit with ease. The Yam-dhoot with French-cut gazed towards me and asked, “Are you tired so soon; you have still a long way to go.” I replied, “No, not at all. Actually I have a booking done for the heaven from the earth itself. If you do not trust me I will show you the receipt.” He could hardly take my word for it. So he said, “You a weebegone person and a booking for the heaven! You must be joking. The tickets for heaven are not scattered like litter that you have picked up one for yourself. Let me see what ticket

you have got.”

I took out the paper from my pocket and showed it to him. It was duly signed by the signatory authorized by the Dharam-raj. The Yam-

d h o o t became pale to see it. He showed it to h i s companion

and the two muttered something to each other in some alien lingua. May be they spoke Sanskrit but I could not fathom it at all. We never studied Sanskrit. As for the Bhagavad Gita, I could read maximum four or five initial shlokas or verses that too because I had committed these to memory. Sanskrit for us was a far cry because even our parents gave more prominence to English only. They would say that Sanskrit would be of no use in later years.

I was looking like a lamb towards them both. Yam-dhoot with the phone explained, “See dear, we have no axe to grind. We did what we were asked to do. Now let us show this paper to the Dharam-raj and ask him about the future course of action.” Now it was my turn to get rigid. I told him, “Look I am not going to take even one more step. You have to approach him go ahead. I shall wait for you here itself.” They allowed me to sit down and went to see the Dharam-raj. I took time to look around and all that was happening was quite grotesque. I prayed to Shri Krishna! “Please give me protection henceforth. I



may have my failings but your name is tagged with mine. If something wrong happens to me you will also get a bad name. People will say that Krishna was taken to the hell.”

My prayers were perhaps heard. After a while both these Yam-dhoots were coming towards me smilingly. They told me, “Look here, half the job is done for you. You owe a sum of eighty rupees still. But where will you get those? If you can pay this amount today itself we can take you to the heaven. Else you are where you are.” I had no money with me. I begged of them, “For God's sake, do me a favour and lend me this amount. You see, in the heaven I am sure to meet some rich acquaintance of mine. I will get this money from him and then repay you the amount.” They replied, “Where is the money? Do you think anybody gets his pay here on time? Believe us, it is three months now that we have not been paid our salary. You think that we are enjoying here. We only know the reality of our life at this place.” I was puzzled and asked them, “Don't you have a budget prepared here? Where does the money go?’ They sighed and replied, “Of course we have a budget here as well but the amount is entirely spent on the T.A. and D.A. of the gods.”

“What sort of T.A. and D.A.?” I asked with bewilderment. They explained, “You see they plan trips to the Earth and the plane below the earth very frequently along with their retinue. They do not stay there long but it takes a lot of time coming and going to these places. That costs a lot

and leaves hardly any money for us. We have to tolerate all this silently because there is no other way. We do not have High Courts and Supreme Court like you have on the earth. Here the word of the gods is the rule, a final rule at that.”

Listening to all this gave me a chill down the spine. I thought at this rate we have a heaven on our earth itself. Even if a person shouts for a short distance there, dozens of people will enquire of him what the matter is. Position here is quite the opposite. We have not seen any situation like this. On the earth stoppage of the salary for a day will drag the authorities to the courts.

However, this was not the time to discuss all this. It was time to arrange for eighty rupees. So I addressed the Yam-dhoot with the phone, who was senior of the two, “Please treat me like your younger brother. Why not you take me to that birch tree. May be the cobra has left the place by now and I am able to snatch the treasure. You could even strike a deal with me. I will take half the amount and you can keep the remaining half. If you apprehend that I may escape, you can even tie my legs.” This did not work. They told me that once a person is in that world it is not possible to revert to the earth. I begged of them to find a way out for me. After all, the amount of twenty rupees paid by me should not get wasted.

He consulted the other Yam-dhoot and then took out his phone from the pocket and spoke to someone. The expression on his face indicated that the matter was in my favour. After sometime he

put his phone back in his pocket and then told me, "There is a way out. If you have ever paid some money to some beggar or a needy person without making a fuss, that can be credited to your account." I remembered that I had given a crisp hundred-rupee note to the mendicant who had given



me the clue to the treasure. This secret I had divulged to nobody, as I did not want anyone to know about the treasure. I immediately told them, "Yes, I have. I have paid a good hundred rupees to that mendicant. But if you ask for a receipt I cannot produce one because I have not obtained the same from him."

The agent again had a telephonic conversation and then nodded his head. He told me, "You are very lucky. This is the only act of kindness, which you have done but not bragged about before any one. You have got its fruit now. Come let us take you to the heaven.

We were about to walk towards heaven that there was a commotion behind us. Some known persons chanced to spot me from the hell. They came running towards me and touched my feet.

They told me, "We are here alone and forlorn. You are the only one who can console us here. Please do not leave us and proceed to heaven. Stay with us. We were party to every good and bad of yours on the earth. Why should you turn your head away on seeing us now?" Gokul also was among them. It was the same Gokul whose possession and property I had usurped back on earth. He was rather more enthusiastic.

I thought if I pay any heed to their saying, I shall lose this golden opportunity of going to heaven. With great difficulty I earned an entry to heaven and here they are spoiling my chances. "Friends, I owe you nothing. Whatever account there had been between us, that stands settled on the earth itself. Better you leave me alone and go your way." I addressed them in an appealing manner, "I do not know you, why are you pestering me for nothing? Go and attend to your own chores." I signalled the Yam-dhoots to proceed towards heaven speedily. They caught hold of my arm and started flying up. Alas my bad luck, I was about to move forward that Gokul held me by my leg and pulled me down. I got tossed on to the stone wall and bruised my head badly.

With this bang I woke up. I observed that my mother was holding my leg and waking me. She was saying, "Get up, are you not going for a circumambulation to Hari Parbat? You are late. Your friends have been waiting for you for quite sometime now."



مختر شفیع ایاز

باغس سانس ہرڈ چھ لوگت

باغس سانس ہرڈ چھ لوگت زریا متی چھس پُوش
 بلبل نالان گتھ کر کر ڈچھ روومت چھس بول بوش
 آرمانن از نار چھ لوگت ریشی وار گتھ پامال
 جوین منز بس خون وسال از روؤ اسہ جس تے ہوش
 وزہ وزہ گل بیتہ آڈہ پھلی سپداں کانہہ پھنڈہ بوزاں سون
 یم برادیومت پُورس پُورس تھاوان پھنڈہ نہ کانہہ گوش
 رتہ داوی گوومت نب تے پاتھل سوچان کیاہ چھ ایاز
 دوکھ چھو کھ پنہ انس لانس لیکتھ غاآرس کیاہ دمہ دوش



باغس سانس ہرڈ چھ لوگت

مہممد شافی ایاز

باغس سانس ہرڈ چھ لوگت ججریامتلی خیس پوہ
 بولبول نالان گتھ کر کر وُخ روومت خوس بولبوہ
 ارمانن اچ نار چھ لوگت ریشی وار گتھ پامال
 جوین منز بس خون وسال از روؤ اسہ جس تے ہوش
 وزہ وزہ گل بیتہ آڈہ پھلی سپداں کانہہ پھنڈہ بوزاں سون
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 دوکھ چھو کھ پنہ انس لانس لیکتھ غاآرس کیاہ دمہ دوش



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Ghulam Nabi Aatash

An Accomplished Researcher and Writer

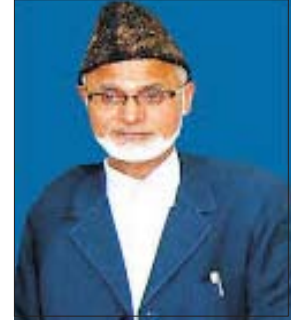
- Kaleem Bashir

Born on 27 April, 1949 at Nanil, Martand, Dist. Anantnag, Ghulam Nabi Aatash, the accomplished researcher and the writer is one of his kind. We hardly find a person of his caliber now-a-days or in the recent past. The kind of work Aatash Sahib has ventured in to, is unparalleled.

Aatash Sahib is an outstanding folklorist, a critic, a translator and a poet. He has been instrumental in reviving the Kashmiri folk tales, Kashmiri Talmih, folk songs, Children's literature and lot of such material and bring it before the new generations. With the support of J&K Cultural Academy, National Book Trust and Sahitya Akademy, Aatash Sahib has published scores and scores of books and enabled the Kashmiris in general and children in particular to be aware of the priceless Kashmiri literature which we have otherwise forgotten.

Having passed his MA in Kashmiri, Aatash Sahib did his B.Ed from the University of Kashmir and joined School Education Department of the J&K Government as a teacher. He retired from the service as a Lecturer in April 2007.

Ghulam Nabi Aatash is a well known Text Book Expert and researcher in children's literature. He has authored more than 40 books and has written a number of literary and critical essays. He has been a member of the jury of State and Central Award Committees, and has received and evaluated a number of books. His writings, features and talks have been published, broadcasted and telecasted on radio and TV from





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



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time to time. He has worked as Zonal Coordinator of the Cultural Education Wing and also as Provincial Level Teacher Trainer and Resource Person.

Aatash Sahib has worked as a member of the Expert Committee constituted by Board of School Education (BOSE) for preparation of syllabi of Kashmiri language from 1st to 12th classes. He has played a vital role in conceiving, compiling and drafting the school text books and has also worked as a Member of the Revision Committee of Urdu text books.

Apart from his poetry and stories for children, Aatash Sahib has to his credit, books on anthology, history, research and criticism, of children's literature. He has written Monographs on famous personalities like Shamas Din Ahmad, Iqbal Nath Vanpoh, Abdul Gani Thokar Mashhoor, Mohan Lal Aash, Sarvanand Koul Premi and Ghulam Nabi Nazir. He has translated into Kashmiria number of books including Russian poems of Alexander Pushkin, anecdotes selected from Rumi's Mansavi, Moulana Syed Abul Hasan Ali Nadvi's Seerat, Life and Deeds of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH), Hazrat Mir Syed Ali Hamdani's famous Persian book Zakheerat-ul-Malook, a Tamil novel of Jiyakanth, and so on.

Ghulam Nabi Aatash lives at Nanil, Mattan, Anantnag. He continues to work on his unpublished and unfinished works. We pray for his long life.





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



1st Death Anniversary of Makbool Veeray:



Today on 26th of Dec. 2020 a literary meet was held in Govt. Degree College for Women Anantnag on the 1st death anniversary of Makbool Veeray. Ali Mohammad Dar (Principal Govt Degree College for Women), Qasim Sajad, Zahid Mukhtar, Tasaduq Rashid, Riyaz Anzno and Shakeel Azad were in presidium and Zaffar Farooq Salati was in charge. Many writers, artists and poets from the valley graced the occasion with their presence. The function started with Quranic recitation and

supplication. Welcome address was presented by Raja Yousuf and a paper was also presented on Makbool Veeray by Imran Yousuf. Bashir Andrabi, Gulzar Ahmad Ganai, Zahoor Gulzar, Zahoor Rizvi, Hilal Ahmad Shah, Bashir Pahalwan and guests in the presidium paid rich and glorious tributes to Makbool Veeray throughout function.

Weekly Shaharbeen, which had published a special chapter on Makbool Veeray was also released, the chapter was compiled by Raja Yousuf and Shakeel Azad. A posthumous award was presented by Anantnag Working Journalists Association to late Makbool Veeray for his contribution towards the field of art, literature and journalism. In absence of his son Zamin Makbool, the award was received by his brother Ashiq Veeray.

The function concluded with a Mushaira presided over by Dr Shafi Ayaz and Tanha





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Shehelpori. Dr Shaida Bhat was dice incharge. Izhar Mubashir, Reyaz Anzno, Dr Showkat Shifa, Manzoor Khalid, Nadim Shoqia, Parvez Gulshan, Muyasir Nashad participated in the Mushaira.

The programme was organised by Maraz Writers and Artists Guild in collaboration with Maraz Adbi Sangam, AWJA and Govt. Degree College for Women Anantnag. The whole programme was webcasted by Sach News under the supervision of Bureau Chief Rizwan Mir and his team.

Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Cultural function at Tagore Hall, Srinagar

Today on 2nd January 2021, a grand cultural function was organised by the J&K Mahjoor Foundation in collaboration with J&K Cultural Academy at Tagore Hall Srinagar. Function was presided over by the noted Scholar Prof M. Zaman Azurda. Prof Shafi Shouq, well known writer and critic was the guest of honour, Others in the presidium included Rafeeq Raaz, Prof Neelofer Naaz, Dr. Rafeeq Masoodi, M. Ismail Ashina, Ranjoor Tilgami, Sofi Gh Rasool and Shahzada Rafeeq,

Function started with the welcome address of President, Mahjoor Foundation, Mr. Abdal Mahjoor, who welcomed the guests and appreciated their participation despite the chilli weather of chilai-kalan, thus encouraging the organisers to conduct such functions irrespective of weather conditions in future. The 1st session of the function was dedicated to a glorious poet 'Maqbool Shah Karalwari' whose masnavi 'Gulrez' was chosen for the discussion of the topic. Prof. Farooq Fayaz, Dr Gh. Nabi Haleem read out papers on the topic which were liked by the audiences. A Broadcaster Shamsad Karalwari added his valuable information about Maqbool Shah Karalwari.

Some well known singers sung the lyrics of Gulrez and other songs of the poet Maqbool Shah Karwari which were appreciated by the audience. The Gash Newspaper founded by Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor was released on the occasion in the shape of Gash Magazine which will now be quarterly published by Mahjoor Foundation as promised by its President and Editor. The Gash Magazine was beautifully styled and equipped with historical events and interesting poems. Other dignitaries who attended the function were Shakeel Azad, Editor Weekly Shaherbeen, Dr. Gulzar Rather, Syed Showkat Gayoor, Kaleem Bashir, President & General Secretary of Gayoor Foundation respectively, Writer & Film maker Mushtaq Ali Khan, Poet Ali Shaida, Anzar Hassan and others. The function was beautifully anchored by an Intelligent Broadcaster namely Rashid Nizami. The function ended with the vote of thanks presented by the



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Secretary of Mahjoor Foundation, Noor Din Hosh who thanked the guests for their participation which was a great encouragement for Mahjoor Foundation and Cultural Academy under the present circumstances.



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir





Delhi - Jammu Report

Rajinder Premi



Jammu Report

Rajinder Premi



J.K.Koul Bezaan's Book Release in Jammu

Shri J.K.Koul Bezan, who retired from Song & Drama Division has been an artist of repute, besides being a poet too. His Kashmiri poetry book 'Vechey Roozum' was released on 1 January 2021 in Sanjeevni Sharda Kendra, Jammu. The function was organised by J&K Bhumi Welfare Society. Swami Kumar ji was the chief guest while Dr. Agnishekhar ji, M.L.Dogra, Sudheer Mahajan, Ramesh Hangloo and Verinder Bangroo were guests of honour. Some bhajans and gazals from the book were also sung in the function. Bezan has been contributing in theater and acting also.





Jammu Report

Rajinder Premi



Delhi - Jammu Report

Rajinder Premi

व्यछय रूजुम



जय कृष्ण कौल वैज्ञान

Jai Krishen Koul Bezaan S/o Late Sh. Mahishwar Nath Koul is born and brought up in a beautiful village Sagam (Kokernag) Breng Kashmir valley in 28th of March 1953. He has done his B.Sc with Urdu Hon's from Aligarh (Dabir Fazil). He served first in the department of Food & Supplies upto Dec., 1978 and then J&K Forests Govt. department upto June, 1982 and retired from Song & Darama Division, Ministry of Information & Broadcasting Govt. of India on August, 2012. He has published his poetry collection "VECHAY ROOZUM" in 2020. He is presently residing at H.No.63, Sec-A/I, Laxmiporum Lane-4, Chinore Bantalab Jammu. His contact No's are 8716878154 | 9419133024.

Bezaan's Book 'VECHAY ROOZUM' Released

EARLY TIMES REPORT

JAMMU, Jan 1: Bezaan's 'Vechay Roozum' a book on Bhajans, songs and mystic poetry was released in a simple but impressive function at Sanjeevani Sharda Kendra Anand Nagar, Bohni, Jammu here today. The function was organized by J & K Bhoomi Human Welfare Society Cultural Organization.

Swami Kumar Ji was Chief Guest Dignities Dr. Agnishekhar eminent poet, writer, M. L. Dogra Chairman Bhartiya Lok Sangeet Sansthan, Dr. Sudhir Mahajan Senior Drama Instructor, writer, Director, Ramesh Hangloo Founder Radio Sharda and Verinder Bangroo Director IGAU Ministry of Culture were guest of honour.

They highly acclaimed the book saying Bezaan's Bhajans, Songs and poems are based on mysticism and have spiritual touch. Linking the poems with that of mysticism of Lal-Ded, he said they are full of philosophy and each stanza will take paragraphs to paragraphs for explanation. They said writers and poets of the community didn't give up and continued to write



Chief guest and others during a book release function at Jammu.

in exile and inspire the people. They added, Bezaan had also been contributing in the various fields like Theatre, Acting, magazines, his programmes had also been broadcast from DDK, Radio Kashmir Srinagar/Jammu and he is also famous for various talks broadcast from time to time on Radio Sharda Jammu.

An impressive musical program was also presented where in few lyrics from the book 'Vechay Roozum' were recited with the melodious voice of Sandeep Koul, Sumita Bhat, Usha Handoo and Anmol Raj and was very aesthetically and beautifully composed by Sandeep Koul

while Rajat & Suraj accompanied on Synth and Tabla.

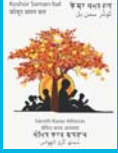
Earlier Jatinder Jotshi Director/Actor J&K Bhoomi HWS welcomed the invited dignities and audience

The whole programme was ably conducted by Sh. P. K. Raina. Programme was organized by Susheel Bhat

Kuldeep Handoo (Dronacharya Awardee sports) and Smt. Anita Chandpuri (Social Activist) were felicitated during the function, Vijay Raina President J&K Bhoomi HWS presented vote of thanks. The function was attended by galaxy of artists from various fraternity, besides J&K Bhoomi Parivaar and family of Bezaan Sahab.



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Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

(A Joint venture of Project Zaan and KAIL)



Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam



Koshur Saman-bal - Contest No. 3 : Tag-team Rhyme Contest - Rāni Gāyī Mālyún

Response to this Contest was overwhelming. We got 129 Videos, 70 from the Solo singers meant for promotion of the Contest, and 59 for the competition. It may be mentioned with pride that there were 31 entries from the students of Kashmir Harvard Educational Institute only.

First Prize was won by Sanjay Raina & Family from Jammu.

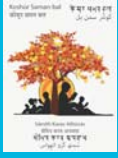
Second Prize was shared by two:

- 1) Ania Kachroo & Family from New Zealand.
- 2) Tooba Tariq and Family from Srinagar, Kashmir.

Third Prize also was shared by two:

- 1) Hasina Mufti and her mother from Srinagar.
- 2) Mohd. Hamaad and Family from Srinagar.

Aliza of Srinagar won Special Prize for being the Best in Solo Promotion



Koshur Saman-bal

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Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

It may be mentioned that Tooba Tariq, Hasina Mufti, Mohd. Hamaad and Aliza, all four are the students of Kashmir. Harvard Educational Institute, Srinagar.

Special Prizes were given to :

- 1) Mrs. Kanta Raina for reciting the Rhyme in traditional Classical Wanwun style
- 2) Siddharth Mani, non-Kashmiri to sing the Rhyme beautifully
- 3-4) Vihaan & Baby Garvita being two youngest performers below 5 years
- 5) B.K.Raina & Veena Raina for being the best couple to sing the Rhyme

Viewers' Choice Awards went to:

- 1) Most liked Sanjay Pandita & his wife Anita Bhat
- 2) 2nd Most liked Azhar Mahmood and Family
- 3) 3rd Most liked Arihant and his Father
- 4) 3rd Most liked again Mohd. Saalim with his Grandmother.

Here again, Azhar Mahmood and Mohd. Saalim are students of Kashmir Harvard Educational Institute.

Koshur Samanbal congratulates all Winners



[Photographs on next page]



Koshur Saman-bal

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Sanjay Raina & Family



Ania Kachroo & Family



Tooba Tariq & Family



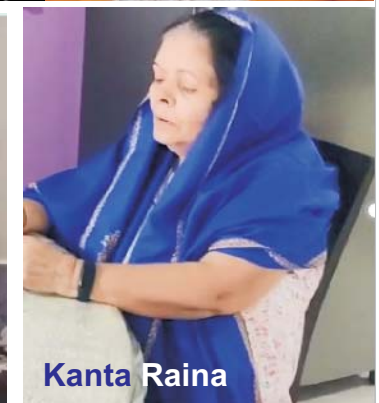
Hasina Mufti with Mother



Aliza



Mohd. Hamaad with Family



Kanta Raina



Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

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Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam



Vihaan



Baby Garvita



B.K.Raina
& Veena Raina



Sanjay Pandita
& Anita Bhat



Mohd. Saalim with
Grandmother



Mazhar Mahmood
with Family



Arihant with Father



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Contest No. 4 : Recitation or Singing of Poems - Contest closes on 5 February 2021.

Details at : <http://koshursamanbal.com/>

Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

Koshur Saman-bal کوشور سامن بال
Kosam کوشور سامن بال

Poem Contest
Reciting the given lines from two selected poems by renowned Kashmiri Poets

Our Respected Poets

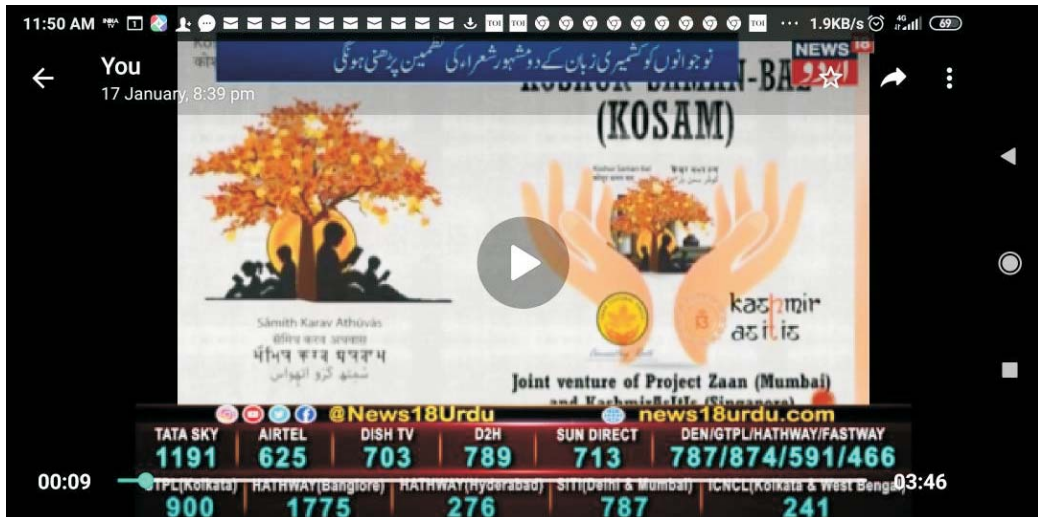
Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor (1887 – 1952)

Dina Nath Nadim (1916 – 1998)

Mahjoor is especially noted for introducing a new style into Kashmiri poetry and for expanding Kashmiri poetry into previously unexplored thematic realms. In addition to his poems in Kashmiri, Mahjoor is also noted for his poetic compositions in Persian and Urdu.

Nadim virtually led the progressive writers' movement in Kashmir. Rooted to the soil of Kashmir, Nadim's language was spoken Kashmiri, though he initially wrote in Hindi and Urdu as well. He influenced a large group of poets of his age as well as younger than him.

News was also covered on News 18 Urdu on 18 Jan, 2021



Your Own Page



NEW RELEASE

Reminiscence - My Seraphic Willows

by Omkar Safapuri

It is a natural phenomenon when a person takes birth in a place which is called Motherland, loves & admires it unknowingly and if one loses it, becomes cognizant of this real fact. Birth place means to a person not merely land but its people, vibrant culture and overall an environment which is inherited in the initial period of life when a person is free from inhibitions of life.

[Excerpt from the Preface]

About the Author :

Omkar Safapuri (Omkar Nath Safapuri Kaul / ONS Kaul) popularly known as Safapuri is fundamentally a precision engineering/ horological technocrat with an industrial managerial acumen switched over to knowledge management by choice in 2003 and continues to network knowledge resources to the desired seekers of knowledge by associating itself with DELNET a network resources sharing entity based in New Delhi, India, a major library net-work organization in south Asia, a non-profit institution bestowed with prestigious "IIPA- award for Excellence in Public service-2020". His objective is to help knowledge seekers especially in rural India where resources are scarce thus contributing to society in general in its own subtle & humble way.

Widely travelled in India and abroad has studied life from different perspective and believes a person is born to contribute back to society at some point in the best possible way one can, in any form, with a productive and positive mindset, in a pursuit of sustainable happiness.

Photo Feature

Winter in Kashmir : Snowcrafts circulating on social media
Sent to Praagaash by Mushtaq Jan of Srinagar



Photo Feature



Photo Feature



Photo Feature



Photo Feature



Letters to Editor

کاشِرِ ذبّانی تہ ادبِچ آش.....پراگاش

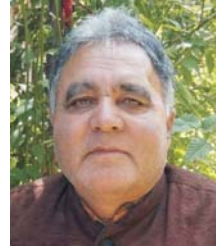
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محترم کلیم صابن واتناؤ مے پوین پننہ
ذبّانی...وژہہ وانجہ لول برن والین تام یہ
خوشخبری ذ پتھین ناساذگار حالاتن منز تہ چہ
سانہ ذبّانی ہندی نامور ہمدرد...ذبّانی ادبس
پوچھر نہ خاطرہ پئی قلم تہ آیتن تھاو تہ...
پئن تخلیقی سرمایہ تہ پئن سیٹھاہ مولل وخ
تہ...سانی پرذنتھ چہ... سؤن انہار... سؤن انہار
چہ سؤن اظہار تہ سؤن اظہار چہ سانی زبان...
کاشِرِ زبان...

پراگاش...ؤچھم تہ پؤرم تہ... یہ چہ سیٹھہ
خوشی ہنز کتھ ز سانہ ذبّانی ہندی قدردان
چہ پئی یہ پرذنتھ رڑھراونس ساتی تمن
قلمکارن تہ حوصلہ افزایی کران.. یمہ پئن قلمی
سرمایہ پننہ ذبّانی شوقہ تہ لولہ سان پیش چہ
کران...ذبّانی تہ پوچھر تہ بجر بخشان تہ ادبی
سرمایس تہ ہریر کران... پراگاش...ؤچھتھہ
باسیوو ذ سانین قلمکارن تہ چہ حوصلہ
افزایی پوان کرنہ... ادبی سرمایس ہریر تہ
سپدان تہ سانہ ذبّانی پننہ بجایی ہند حوصلہ
میلان...امید تھاوو ز ذبّانی تہ ادبس خدمت
کرٹک، لول برٹک تہ یہ میراث گاشراوتھ یہ
سلسلہ روز شد مد سان برؤنٹھ پکان.. تہ سانہ
ذبّانی ہند یہ...پراگاش... روز برؤنٹھ گن تہ بیین
ادارن ہندین پتھین ادبی کارنامن ساتی نہ نہ
کران...تہ کاشِرِ ذبّانی تہ ادبی تاربخس منز پئن
پرذلوں مقام حاصل کران.

بہ چھس ذبّانی ہندین یمہ رآچھدرن تہ دادی
کوٹھن داد دینس ساتی ساتی... پننہ طرفہ وژہہ
وانجہ...لولہ سان مبارک تہ پیش کران...یمہ
کشیر نیبرہ تہ پننہ ذبّانی لول بران چہ. تہ

پننیو ادبی خدمتو ساتی امیک دامن جران چہ
تہ پئی پرذنتھ گاشراون چہ..



اکھ کاشِرِ
فیاض تلگامی



نمسکار ماہرا،

Received January edition of Praagaash. Reading Praagaash is always like a treasure and I consider it my 'prescription' rather than a 'subscription'.... delving into the pages is like a dose of a good drug!



I have every issue of your wonderful magazine. I keep them all and reread them often.

No doubt that Praagaash has pioneered in conservation and protection of Kashmiri language, literature and cultural heritage and is channelising Kashmiri community into constructive and creative directions.

On the whole, the magazine is a great treasure for the community. I'm so overwhelmed for this opportunity to share

Letters to Editor

my views on appreciating your journal..

परम शवि की कृपा बनी रहे।।

Rahul Kilam

rahulkilam@gmail.com



Assalam aalikum

Thanks to Bashir Sahib for forwarding this piece of Kashmiri literature. Yes it is a great attempt.

I would only suggest that the editorial board makes all the attempts to see the content is totally secular and non partisan.

Regards

Dr. Mirza Ashraf Beg

Orlando USA



Dear Mr MK Raina,

Thank you very much for sending Praagaash Magazine January 2021 edition. At the outset I have liked this magazine & is quite elaborate and informative as well.

My sincere congratulations to you and your team for taking out this monthly magazine and more than that your efforts to preserve our language which is otherwise in doldrums, if we compare other Indian languages. Surprisingly we in general Kashmiris of all



the major religions have fashioned ourselves from 70's onward to train our children speaking preferably in Hindi or Urdu and now lately in English as their mother-tongue in a pursuit of gaining social status which could be farce as per my understanding.

Recently while watching a video clip on whatsapp in which a Kashmiri lady Naib Tehsildar was addressing a group of Soura-Srinagar residents in Urdu as a government official as they had grabbed some government piece of land and in turn residents were also arguing with her in chaste Urdu, not a iota of Kashmiri.

This has given me an impression that local Kashmiris are also now speaking Urdu in their homes especially with their children. Something nostalgic as per my observation especially after 1990. At least with your efforts it seems heartening!

Thank you very much for the description of my recent book on page No 76 (Your Own Page) in the Praagaash January 2021 edition. But unfortunately two typographical mistakes have happened. Anyway nothing can be done now. I am honestly thankful for this favor.

Kind regards,

Omkar Safapuri

Bangalore



Dear Raina Sahib,

Many Salute to you for such a marvellous effort (Information Digest Consolidated). Yes true, our younger generation will not

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be knowing History, Geography and Culture of Kashmir.

Shri J. N. Kachroo has been my teacher in National High School and my respects to him. I passed Matriculation in 1959 thru this school. Remembering those times, probably were Golden period we lived in.

Thanks and Regards to whole team involved in making this Epic.

Autar Krishen Durani

8800605791



Dear Raina Sahab,

Namaskar. Thank you for mailing the January 2021 issue of 'Pragaash' much before the dawn of 2021.

I have gone through some of the write-ups included in the issue.

Er. MK Dhar's recommendation on 'International Hindi Day' is appropriate and praise-worthy. His observation that Sub-languages ought to be used in their respective regions while Standard Hindi must be used in inter-regional, interstate domains is a valid remark. The other domains where the employment of Standard Hindi is necessary are Education, Media, and Judiciary.

Prof. Raj Nath Bhat
Varanasi



Dear Raina Saheb Namaskar.

Heartiest congratulations to all of you as well as to all the readers of Praagaash. For the first issue of the magazine during 2021, I again congratulate you for the literary platform Samanbal created jointly by the Project Zaan (Mumbai) & KAll (Singapore). It would definitely promote & popularize our mother tongue especially among the younger generation of Kashmiris in our country as well as abroad. My congratulations to Shivani Bhan also for her collaboration in this direction.

Sh. Ashok Razdan's write up 'Lala Vaakh & Bhagvad Gita' sustains interest till end. Mr. Shafi Ahmed's short story Naagabal with Nostalgic touch creates reading interest. Mr. Sunil Fotedar has made a comparative study on the use of social media by our community in his writeup. The humorous poem 'Mye kyah ore sanun chhum' by Mr. Ayub Sabir has taken me down my memory Lane, as during my tenure in the Srinagar station of A.I.R, I used to listen to his humorous poetic recitation in Kashmiri. He used to be very famous among the Kashmiri audience. The story 'Burden' by Mr. Mushtaq B. Burq illustrates the trauma which a Kashmiri girl had to undergo when militancy was at its peak in the valley for



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more than two decades. I'm also pleased to know about Dr. Anil Kaul being the recipient for the prestigious award from the Chemical Society of America for the discovery of Bedaquiline.

A very interesting & highly informative write up by Prof.(Dr.) B.L.Kaul regarding the ecology & environmental problems being faced by almost all the countries of the globe. I wish that the message communicated by Kaul Saheb be an eye opener for all human beings especially of those developed countries who pose to be the safe guardians of environment but go on fiddling with the Nature. 'Vishwa Hindi Divas' by Er. M.K.Dhar is an interesting write up in the historical perspective. But it is unfortunate that till date Hindi has not been given the National Language status, no doubt Hindi & English are in official use. Dr. K.L.Chowdhury's write up 'Tracing The Source Of An Epidemic of the Hepatitis virus' deserves a special mention. He has really done a highly commendable work for the safety of humanity.

Congratulations to Marryam H. Reshii for her illustrative write up under the title 'Flavour of Spices', highlighting the efforts & achievements of various Kashmiri ladies in the field of Kashmiri cuisine. I'm also pleased to read & know the valuable work being done by Mr. Kaleem Bashir in the field of Kashmiri Language.

M.K.Parimoo
Mumbai



Namaskar Mahra,

I have been following Pragaash from Jan 2019 when I was introduced to it by a friend. It is a well balanced and well-articulated journal that I enjoy reading every month.



Apart from the rich content, editorial is always an eye opener talking about the common issues and guiding us through them.

I love food and love to follow the articles on Kashmiri cuisines. From the last two months I have been reading the articles from Marryam Rishii and I loved those. Through her article, I got to know the benefits of Heeng (asafoetida) which was very well researched and written. It was interesting to find the connection of Heeng with Atham.

Her this month's 'Flavour of Spice' was full of all the flavours my mind could taste – I got to know so much more about the Kashmiri Chefs; which I did not really know. My warm regards to her. Hope to see more of her writeups.

Regards

Shivani Bhan Dhar
Singapore

