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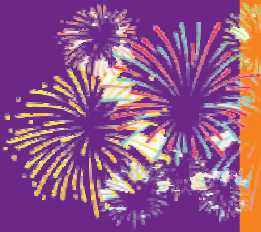
प्रागाश
प्रागाश



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture

Wishing all our readers A Very Happy New Year 2021



Mount Fuji, Japan
Painting by Shiban K Nagri

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

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Editorial

- M.K.Raina

At the outset, let me wish you all a Very Happy New Year 2021. I hope the new year brings us peace and prosperity and gives us relief from the dreaded COVID-19. Let us all pray for it.



Koshur Saman-bal, a literary platform and a joint venture of Project Zaan (Mumbai) and KashmirAsItIs (Singapore) is doing good work by promoting and popularising Kashmiri language, our mother-tongue by organising various contests for our children. Recent contest to sing a Kashmiri-Vowels specific Rhyme 'Rāni Gāyī Mālyūn' has been a great success. While Shivani Dhar of KAIL is doing a fantastic job and deserves all kudos for spending her time and energy on bringing our children closer to our language, let us also thank Kashmir Harvard, Srinagar, an educational institution of repute for collaborating with Koshur Saman-bal by roping in its students and their parents to sing the rhyme for promotion of the Kashmiri language. Mr. Tariq Ahmad Baktoo, Chairman, Kashmir Harvard and Mr. Mushtaque A Barq, English author and Columnist who is also associated with the Kashmir Harvard deserve a special mention. They have been instrumental in bringing Koshur Saman-bal to the Valley.

Let us hope Kashmiri language is revived through our common efforts and every Kashmiri works for it.



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Coordinating Associates ~ Kashmir Valley : Kaleem Bashir ~ Jammu : Er. M.K.Dhar ~ New Delhi : Rajinder Premi ~ Overseas : Dr. Zarka Batul
Editorial Office : 104-B, Galaxy, Agarwal Township, Kaul's Heritage City, Babhola, Vasai Road (W), Dist. Palghar 401 202, Maharashtra, India.
E-Mail : rainamk1@yahoo.co.in ~ Cell : +91-9422473459 ~ Website : kpmumbai.org/pragaash/ ~ mkraina.com/category/pragaash/
Layout & DTP : Ashwin Raina

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वाख - लल द्यद

परान परान ज्यव ताल फॅजिम
 च्ने युग्य क्रय तॅजिम नु ज़ांह।
 सुमरन फिरान न्योठ तु ऑगुज गॅजिम
 मनुच दुय मालि चॅजिम नु ज़ांह।।

श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

क्या कॅर्यज़ि मरनस मॅर्यनुन्यन वकानन
 गौव कमन जानन छांगुर कॅरिथ।
 पोन्य ज़न चॅमिथ गव नव्यन बानन
 गॅय वॉन्य ज़न वानन फालव दिथ।।

کیا گرمی زمرنس مری بنین وکانن
 گو وکمن جانن چھانگر کر تھ
 پونی زن ژمٹھ گونین بانن
 گے وانی زن وانن پھالو دتھ

پران پران زیوتال مچم
 ژے ٹیگرے ٹجم نہ زانہ
 سمرن پھران نیوٹھ تہ اونگ کجم
 منج دے مالہ ژجم نہ زانہ

Cartoon
by
Sujood Sailani

*Sad
but
true*



Reproduced from the Kāshīr Asan Trāy - Ed.1995,
Published by J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages

*Poets & Poetesses - Dr Arif Maghribi***Khazir Maghribi – My Father As I Know Him**

My father is well known for his pioneering work in poetry, literature, education and fight against social evils and nepotism. November 30, 1999, was the day when he left this world after a brief illness at home. Up to his death he was as agile as ever and making people smile.

Many people do not know that my father's real name was Ghulam Mohi-Ud-Din Khan. As a young child he visited a hakeem sahib for severe respiratory infection. Along with other advices, he was given the ill advice of using a hookah to get the sputum out. After years of use, he gave it up in his late fifties with his sheer will power. Anyway, the hakeem sahib misheard his name and wrote Khizer Muhammed. When decades later he began writing humorous poetry in Kashmiri language, other poets gave him his pen name, Khazir Maghribi.

There were many dimensions to my father. I hope I will be able to cover all. Born in a humble family at Chotta Bazar, Srinagar in late thirties, his siblings rose to high positions, like his elder brother Shehzore Kashmiri or Muhammed Shafi Khan, known as a great administrative

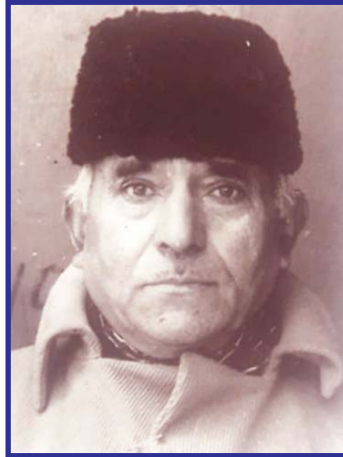
officer. My father was not initially sent to school but to a tailor's shop. One day he was seen in this shop by authorities who wanted to promote education and my grandfather was asked to send him to



school, to which he reluctantly obliged. This shows how sincere were the authorities in promoting education.

My father learned some skills at the tailor's shop and would sometimes sew his own clothes, to our astonishment, at home. When we asked him why he did so, he would talk about the dignity of labor. After receiving a scholarship for his school education, he passed Class 10

examinations with merit from Lahore University. He would say that among Muslims he secured the second-highest marks, and that only a girl secured more marks than him. But he would always say that passing examinations was not important; hard work and a relaxed mind would always get better results in life.



After his schooling and graduation in Geography, Persian and Urdu, my father was struggling to get a job. He would always make us burst with laughter when we asked about his job search. He would say that he ran so many kilometers and climbed so many mountains to get a job as a forester or as a policeman, but each time he was denied the job because he did not pay 5 rupees as bribe. Yes, 5 rupees. Finally after much struggle he got the job of a teacher, where he made his mark with his unique style of teaching.

My father wrote many books on Geography, History, Maths and English. He also opened a publishing house by the name of Ali Mohammed and Sons. His books sold like hot cakes, and till 1990 remained a big source for all students, especially those facing Class 10 exams in J&K. He would tell us that when he writes a book on Mathematics for a student of 10th grade, he thinks like a student of 10th grade. His fight against nepotism and corruption led to his frequent transfers, the most famous being the ones to Rajouri and Poonch. He accepted them with grace and during his stay there, learned the Pahari language.

The life story of my father is incomplete without my mother. He always told us how they fought the battles of life together and remained steadfast during various testing times. My mother also started her career as a teacher and is from the Khan family of Gojwara. Much to the discomfort of society which believes in rituals and customs, their marriage was

held in a simple way. Actually, my father had rented a car with a loyal Sikh driver who was told to be ready to go back if there were any signs of rituals or feast-like arrangements. Thankfully, all was done simply and as per the real traditions of Islam. But I do remember my relatives showing displeasure even after decades of the marriage.

We lived in Balgarden/Nursingharh since my birth. This locality consisted of people of all faiths and religions, Kashmiri Pundits, Muslims, Sikhs and many from outside state. We used to visit each other on Eid, Herath, Diwali, all our joys and sorrows were together. In our colony it was unconditional love for each other. There were reforms in education which started from 2010 nationwide, one of which was that no student will be declared as failed till Class 8. My father initiated this way back in the late seventies in a Batamaloo school, where on the result day it would be said, "Awli Peth Eethmis Taam Sarey Pass (From Class 1 to 8, all are declared passed)". Whenever he was questioned about this, he would say, "Show me even one student of mine who is not doing well in life. My pupils include doctors, engineers, researchers, bureaucrats, businessmen."

After getting married, my father was briefly transferred to one end of Kashmir and my mother to the other end. One day, much to the blushing of my parents, I discovered their love letters sent by mail or hand. One letter reads: "How I wish I become a singing bird and tell about my

love". We had preserved all these love letters and books till the 2014 floods razed our house to ground and nothing could be retrieved.

Talking about the books my father has written, a famous one is "Baaghi Arooz". It is the first book published of its kind which talks about writing poetry and correct usage of grammar in Kashmiri poetry. It was published way back in 1970 and sold at Ghulam Ahmed book sellers, Zaina Kadal, and Kapoor brothers at Lal Chowk. His other books which became famous include Moti-Maala for children, and Gulshan-i-Khizer.

My father was known for his humorous poetry. When asked the reason for it, he said, "In Kashmiri poetry except for Laddi-Shah, we do not have humour. It is mostly sad, or bitter. So I thought of including humour to make people laugh as well as to motivate them to do well instead of lamenting for the past." My father regularly featured in radio and TV shows including Natiya Mushayras (poetic tribute to Prophet Muhammed – peace be upon him). Most people do not know that my father has written a series of books on Sir Muhammad Iqbal – the series is known as 'Gufto-Shineed'.

I end with the hope that the J&K Cultural academy will be interested in further publication and circulation of his books. Some of them are already in libraries but now with internet and digital formats we need to move in that direction as well, not only with books of my father but also of other poets and literary figures

of J&K whom youngsters or new intellectuals do not know. I assure you, the list of such unsung literary heroes is long.

[The writer is the youngest son of Khazir Maghribi and can be mailed at arifmaghribi@yahoo.com

Some lines from Khazir Maghribi's famous humorous poem 'yuhus os vandah ti zyaaday pahan'

(If anybody has this full poem, kindly mail it to Praagaash)

दर्जु हरारत मन्फी त्रुवाह
अचू अचू जुवाह, तु नेरु नेरु जुवाह
कोर हा गप शपाह ति ज़्यादय पहान
युहुस ओस वंदाह ति ज़्यादय पहान

درچہ حرارت منفی تزواہ
اژو اژو زواہ تہ نیرؤ نیرؤ زواہ
کوہاگپ شپاہ تہ زیادے پیمان
یہس اوس ونداہ تہ زیادے پیمان



نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 کھووم تہ دے یر دل تری تری
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 دِزوم سجدہ مے بوہن تام
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 سہ درج ہیو پان ہو کھووم
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 ہو کھین روین دیتم ووز جہاد
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 دوہے کھولہ آم نصیبک در
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 تہ وپرین تام کھالم تنگ
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 تہ ہیو تنم مکی تہ بھتہ کر کن
 نہ چھم خَر خوش نہ خوش خَر وول
 نہ موبی خوش نہ از خوش مول
 نہ لندا از خوش نہ خوش از اول
 یمن ہندی کھور مے چھے پھلی پھلی
 دوہے تلہم مے زخم کول
 مے رو پھمت دل چھہ بوہن تام
 مے کو کرین تام برے یوم لول
 مے پانس دالہ ڈو کر دم
 تہ پنی یڈ بنووم ڈول
 دوہے رو دس یہ دیانتدار
 پوتس بر سر مے کو رہم گول
 ووے یوم خا لوتم شر
 اٹس ہاتھ مے پانس کھول
 نصیبس سستی لوگم جنگ
 بنیوس قومک بے "تو تو وول"
 وچھم وولی مغر بیس کن
 مے ہیو ہیو پان اچھین بیٹھ کھول



خضر مغربی

غزل

गज़ल - खिज़ुर मगरिबी



न मोजी ख्वश न अज़ ख्वश मोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 न लँड अज़ ख्वश, न ख्वश अज़ ओल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 यिमन हुँद्य ख्वर मे च़ेय छँल्य छँल्य
 थोवुम तिमवुय यि दिल च़ैल्य च़ैल्य
 द्वहय तुलहम मे ज़ख्मन क्रोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 मे रोछमुत दिल छु होन्यन ताम
 दिच़ोम सँजदा मे बोन्यन ताम
 मे क्वक़ुर्यन ताम बरेयोम लोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल

मे पानस दालु डोक़ुरोवुम
 सु द्रज ह्यू पान होख़ुरोवुम
 त् पनुनी यड बनोवुम डोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 द्वहय रूदुस बु द्यानतदार
 होख्यन रोयन द्युतुम व्वज़ुजार
 पौतुस बिसतर मे कौरहम गोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 ववेयोम खॉर लूनुम शर
 द्वहय दवलि आम नँसीबुक वर
 अटस हापुथ मे पानस खोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 नँसीबस सूत्य लोगुम जंग
 तु वीर्यन ताम खॉलिम टंग
 बन्योस कोमुक बु तू तू वोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल
 वुछुम व्वन्य मगरिबीयस कुन
 तु ह्योतनम तँम्य ति बुथ च़करुन
 मे हुट्ट मुट्ट पान अँछन प्यठ खोल
 न छुम खर ख्वश, न ख्वश खर वोल



Classics - Ashok Razdan Lala-Vakh and Bhagvat Gita

Lalleshwari or commonly known as Lalded was a 14th century famous Kashmiri Pandit Shivate saint respected across religious lines. She spoke in Vakhs (in verses) much like saint Kabir of Hindi heartland.

Lalleshwari who was commonly known as Lal-ded was born at Pandrethan, a village in Kashmir in the year 1355 AD. The exact date of death is unknown but it is believed she died in Bijebehara when she was in her seventies. Lal-ded is today celebrated as a literary giant who defined the modern day Kashmiri language but for Kashmiri Pandits she is a spiritual master whose Vakhs have been revered for 700 years. Lal-ded lived in turbulent times when thousands of local Kashmiris were massacred and converted under the rule of Shams-ud-din Mir, an invader who had come from present day Swat, in Pakistan. More than 250 Vakhs of Lal-ded are in circulation in folk traditions and popular culture. Her Vakhs were written many years after her death and it is also believed that some of the Vakhs in circulation are falsely attributed to her.



These later Vakhs have been attributed by elements who have tried to appropriate her.

Born in a Kashmiri Brahmin family, was married at the age of 12 into a Brahmin family at Pampore in Kashmir.



Her mother in law was very cruel and her husband was indifferent to her problems, which resulted in her quest for spirituality. In later years she roamed from one place to another almost naked, singing praises of Lord Shiva. She was a strong supporter of Hindu-Muslim unity, she said in one of her Vakhs :
"Shiva abides in all that is, everywhere,

then do not discriminate between, a Hindu or a Mussalman, if thou art wise, know thyself, that is true knowledge of the Lord"

Nunda Rishi a muslim Kashmiri sufi saint was greatly influenced by Lalleshwari. He has expressed his reverence for her in these famous lines of

his :

"Just as you bestowed your grace on Lalla of Padmanpur, grant me the self-same boon, O God"

Some of her Vakhs are mysterious and difficult to understand and others are simple and direct. However, analysis of her Vakhs shows deep influence of Srimad Bhagwad Gita. In one of her Vakhs she says :

*"Ah me! the Five, the ten, And the Eleventh,
scraped this pot and went away,
Had all together pulled on the rope,
Why should the Eleventh have lost the cow?"*

The numbers in this Vakh and what they refer to can be understood in the light of Verses 6 and 7 of chapter 13 of Bhagwad Gita which reads :

*"The five great elements, false ego, intelligence, the un-manifested, the ten senses,
mind the eleventh, the five sense objects, desire, hatred, happiness, distress, the aggregate, the life symptoms, and convictions-all these are considered, in summary, to be the field of activities and its interactions."*

In another of her Vakhs Lalded says :

*"By pandering to your appetites, you get nowhere,
By penance and fasting, you get conceit,
Be moderate in food and drink and live a moderate life,
The gates of Heaven will surely be, thrown open wide for you."*

This Vakh echoes the sentiment

expressed by Sri Krishna in verse 16 to 20 chapter 6 of the Bhagwad Gita which reads as :

"Arjun, those who eat too much or eat too little, sleep too much or too little, do not attain success in Yog,

But those who are temperate in eating and recreation, balanced in work, and regulated in sleep, can mitigate all sorrows by practicing Yog,

With thorough discipline, they learn to withdraw the mind from selfish cravings, and rivet it on the unsurpassable good of the self,

Such persons are said to be in Yog, and are free from all yearning of the senses,

In another of her Vakhs she says :

"In time past we were, In time future we shall be, throughout the ages, we have been,

*For ever the sun rises and sets,
For ever Siva creates, dissolves and creates again."*

Above Vakh is influenced by verse 12 chapter 2 of Bhagwad Gita which reads as :

"Never was there a time when I did not exist, nor you, nor all these kings; nor in the future shall any of us cease to be."

Lalded was exponent of Kriya yog and in verses 29-30 of chapter 4 of Bhagwad Gita Kriya yog is briefly described :

"Still others offer as sacrifice the outgoing breath in the incoming breath, while some offer the incoming breath into the outgoing breath.

Some arduously practice pranayam, and restrain the incoming and outgoing

*breaths, purely absorbed in the regulation of the life-energy,
Yet others curtail their food intake and offer the breath into the life-energy as sacrifice,
All these knowers of sacrifice are cleansed of their impurities as a result of such performances."*

Laleshwari describes the process of Kriya yog more explicitly in one of her Vakhs :

*"Oh Guru, you are as a god to me,
Tell me, you know the secret truth,
Both Praana-s rise from 'Kandapura the "place of the Bulb", the navel region,
Why is haah hot, why is huh cold?"*

Another of her vakh where she speaks about Kriya yog :

*"At the navel region is the Place of the Sun,
Where Prakriti glows as hot as fire,
From here hot breath rises to the throat,
At the crown of the head is the Place of the Moon,
From here cool nectar down the naaddis flows,*

Thus haah is hot, and huh is cold "

In her twenties, Laleshwari renounced her family life and became a disciple of Sidh Srikanth. In one of her Vakhs she talks about importance of Guru:

*"He who has faith in Guru's word,
And with true knowledge for the rein guides aright the seed of mind,
And holds his senses in control,
"Tis he enjoys the peace of mind,
He will not die, nor be slain"*

In verse 34-35, chapter 4 of Bhagwad Gita talks about Guru :

"Just try to learn the truth by approaching a

spiritual master (Guru), inquire from him submissively and render service unto him , render service unto him.

The self-realized souls can impart knowledge unto you because they have seen the truth"

"Having obtained real knowledge from a self-realized soul, you will never fall again into such illusion,

for by this knowledge you will see that all living beings are but part of the Supreme, or, in other words, that they are Mine"

Laleshwari was illiterate but she was wise and full of wisdom and discussed everything in her verses, from life, yoga, God, Dharma and Atman. In the following Vakh, Lalded talks about anger, lust and greed :

*"Slay the murderous demons, Lust, Anger and Greed, for aiming their arrows at you, they will, surely shoot you dead,
Take care, feed them on self-restraint, and discrimination of the Self,
Thus starved these demons will become, powerless and weak"*

and

*"Who slays the highway robbers three, Greed, Lust and Pride,
And yet, in utter humility, serve his fellow-men,*

He truly seeks out the Lord, disregarding as worthless ashes all other things"

In the above verses Laleshwari was deeply influenced by verses 21-22, chapter 16 of Bhagwad Gita which reads as :

"There are three gates leading to this hell- lust, anger, and greed. Every sane man should give these up, for they lead to the

degradation of the soul, those who are freed from the three gates to darkness endeavor for the welfare, of their soul, and thereby attain the supreme goal"

In another of her Vakhs Lalded says:

*"Realization is rare indeed,
Seek not afar, it is near, by you,
First slay Desire, then still the mind, giving
up vain imaginings,
Then meditate on the Self within,
And lo ! the void merges in the Void"*

The verses 20-22 of chapter 6 of the Bhagwad Gita reads :

*"When the mind disciplined, by the practice of meditation becomes steady, one becomes content in the Self by beholding Him,
With (purified) intellect "*

*"One feels infinite bliss, that is perceivable only through the intellect,
And is beyond the reach of the senses, after realizing Brahman,
One is never separated from absolute reality*

"After Self-Realization, one does not regard any other gain, superior to Self-Realization, Established in Self-Realization, One is not moved even by the greatest calamity"

Lalded was against Murti puja and she said in one of her verses :

*"The idol is but stone,
The temple is but stone,
From top to bottom all is stone,
Whom will you worship, Oh stubborn*
Pandit,
Let Praana and the mind unite "*



In Bhagwad Gita verse 3-4 chapter 12, Lord says :

*But those who fully worship the un-manifested, that which lies beyond the perception of the senses, the all-pervading, inconceivable, fixed, and immovable-the impersonal conception of the Absolute,
Truth-by controlling the various senses and being equally disposed to everyone, such persons, engaged in the welfare of all, at last achieve Me."*

So Gita is not against those who do not believe in Murti puja, yet Bhagwad Gita endorses the Murti puja in verse 2 of chapter 12 :

"He whose mind is fixed on My personal form, always engaged in worshipping, Me with great and transcendental faith, is considered by Me to be most perfect."



Lal ded was against animal sacrifice in temples and she said :

"It covers your shame, Saves you from cold,

*Its food and drink, Mere water and grass,
Who counseled you, O Brahmin,
To slaughter a living sheep, as a sacrifice
Unto a lifeless stone ?"*

In Bhagwad Gita chapter 9, verses 26-27, Lord makes it clear that worship is not about sacrifices but about devotion :

"If one offers Me with love and devotion a leaf, a flower, fruit a water, I will accept it. "

In another of her Vakhs she said :

*"My Guru whispered into my ear,
But one Guru shared,*

He asked me to seek myself'

Within myself, not without,

The magic worked'

I became free and began dancing in blissful state"

Lord Krishna echoed same sentiment in verse 24, chapter 5 of Bhagwad Gita :

"One whose happiness is within, who is active within,

Who rejoices within and is illumined within, is actually the perfect mystic, he is liberated in the supreme, and ultimately he attains the supreme "

Lal ded says in another of her Vakh:
"Whatever work I did became worship of the Lord, Whatever word I uttered became a mantra , Whatever this body of mine experienced, Became the Sadhana of Shiva, Illumining my path to Parmeshiva."

Same sentiment is echoed in Bagawd Gita verse 27 of chapter 9, Lord Krishna says to Arjuna:

"oh son of Kunti , all that you do, all that you eat, all that you offer and give away , as well as all austerities that you may perform, should be done as offering to Me"

Lalvakh verses have been perceived as mysterious and metaphorical. The metaphorical nature of her Vakhs can be understood if we interpret them in the light of the Bhagwad Gita. This author is not aware of any other study done on the influence of Shrimad Bhagwad Gita on Lalvakhs. Laleswari being a saint of Shaiva traditions and yet so much of influence of Gita on her Vakhs is interesting because she belonged to a time when Abhinavagupta had created strong influence of Kashmir Shaivism through the length and breadth of Kashmir. In future studies this author will attempt to explore influence of Shiva Sutras and Upanishads on the poetry of Lal-ded. There has been a tendency in the research community to portray Lal-ded against the grain of Hindu scripture and philosophy. The author feels that primary evidence in Lal-ded's own poetry does not support such a claim and she is rooted firmly within Indic spiritual traditions.

Contact author at :
ashok_razdan@yahoo.co.in

गज़ल

सुनीता रैना पंडित

غزل
سُنیتا رینہ پنڈت

ژھوپہ دوپہ کر کے تھے تری پیٹھر بالو
خاموشی دتی واراہ آلو

छवपु द्वपु कॅरिथुय तॅर्य पेठय बालव
खामूशी दित्य वाराह आलव

گہہ پیچھ راڈن سفرس دزائتر
مزلس داتھ زؤلا زالو

गट्टु पछि रॉचन सफरस द्रामुत्य
मँज़िलस वॉतिथ ज़ूला ज़ालव

وتہ ہاؤک اوس کتہ تام وطنگ
راود تینے دوئی راہ گس کھالو

वतु हावुक ओस कमि ताम वतनुक
रावौ तैय व्वन्य राह कस खालव

گلہ گلہ کلہ زبو پھیز لگہ پڑرس
چون گوہ اکوٹہ پیالو پیالو

गलि गलि कलि ज़यव फ्युर लागि पज़ुरस
चोन गछि इकवट्टु प्यालव प्यालव

یچھ ارمانس کھش گوہ گپے
کیاہ زائتھ سے دوئد اسی پالو

यथ अरमानस खश गछि पगहुय
क्याह जॉनिथ सुय व्वंदि अँस्य पालव



Short Story - Shafi Ahmad Naga Bal

Kanval Ji, his spouse and children arrived in Jammu late in the evening with a suitcase and a few bags carrying the essentials like clothes, some papers, bank passbook, testimonials and the land records. A day before, they left, they visited their neighbours, friends and acquaintances. Both sides expressed grief and even wept bitterly seeking each other's forgiveness. Kanval Ji and his family were against the migration, but other members of the community persuaded, even pressurised them to fall in line. A few of the essentials were packed by them thinking they will return to their native place very soon. On reaching Jammu they decided to spend the night in the open, on a footpath, near the temple where they were provided with some eatables by the temple management. Having travelled the cumbersome journey on the meandering road during the daytime, they felt exhausted and soon fell asleep, but Kanval Ji could not sleep and kept stirring his body. Occasionally, he sat lit a cigarette, trying to ward off evil thoughts. He remembered his childhood friend Akbar, who accompanied him to the bus station. From their hanging faces it was evident their hearts were bleeding as they had never thought of parting ways in such a manner. They would have cried loudly but the presence of people around

stopped them to obey their emotions. Before leaving, Akbar put some money forcibly into Kanval Ji's pocket as a mark of love.

"Take care lest someone should label you" Kanval Ji whispered in his ear.

"Don't panic, but keep me informed about your whereabouts so that we can meet again." Requested Akbar.

The Next day they were sent to a specific colony wherein, officials and NGO volunteers handed them some utensils. Life moved on despite hardships. Simmering heat started to tell upon them in tents. There was hardly any place for extra curricular activities for the children and young people. The kerosene stove was an additional heat in the tent during the cooking. A long queue near the water tanker in the morning and evening irritated Kanval Ji. Every other hardship was acceptable to Kanval Ji but Naga Bal would strike his memory and he, time and again, thought to kick the bucket far off, run away and reach Naga Bal.

Naga Bal was a colossal clear water spring in his village. A specific space was reserved for the idols - at the mouth of



the spring. The water gushing out at the spot was cleaner and nobody would be allowed to walk in with slippers on. The worshipers and the people of other communities revered the place. This spot was popularly called as *Bhagwan* (God) and all restrained themselves to go near the spot wearing boots or sandals. The idols would be sprinkled with water and showered with flower petals in the morning by the devotees. The remaining part of the spring was used for bathing and washing of utensils or clothes. The periphery of the spring was enclosed by a stone wall and a long stone slab was reserved for people who would like to offer *Salah*. Naga Bal, as such, was a symbol of common culture and religious tolerance. The children would jump into the spring and enjoy bathing. For Akbar and Kanval Ji it was a routine to reach early, indulge in gossip for some time and then plunge into the spring for taking bath. Nag Bal was a prototype of communal harmony, universal brotherhood and fellow feeling. A podium where Shank and Azan had dissolved all physical barriers. It was a raised part of the globe where 'form' and 'formless' had its devotees taking down the serenity of the stream deep into the very existence to unfold the wrinkles of heart. Kanval Ji and Akbar were the guardian of peace to safeguard the moral aspirations of two communities.

Post migration, the two friends separated and the living conditions changed. Kanval Ji had to rely on a limited supply of water, may be contented with a bucket or so.

“ Let me put some ointment on

your feet.” His wife would say while tending to the blisters on his foot soles.”

“The pain in my soles is too little, but remembering and remaining far off from Naga Bal kills me daily.” He would reply with sighs.

Around a mile from the camp runs a rivulet and to fetch water from there would inflict pain on his soles. The pain of separation from his friend was a setback for him, the memories of his friend would bore emotional wounds in his entire body. In the memory of his friend, Akbar safeguarded the idols. He would combat with the people who tried to disrespect them.

“If you don't respect their religious places, how can ours be taken care of”

He made himself a self appointed guardian of the place to stay loyal with the friend and his religion. He would say, “I am a friend and a friend is a one who stays loyal both to his ideology and region”

After some time Kanval Ji, his family and other members of the community were shifted to a five storey building where luxury was a next door neighbour. But for Kanval Ji Naga Bal was an echo vibrating in his ear drums like *Zunar* around his belly, which Akbar had many a time used as a string of a Rabab whenever Kanval ji and Akbar used take a bath and giggle each other to enjoy each other's company.

Life moved on till the children attained nubile age and they tried to live their life with own convenience. Life in college hostels and rented accommodations provided them the

opportunity to live separately. For them new ways of economic opportunities and livelihood provided newer pastures. With bigger companies offering jobs the economic contours widened, but there was little time for enjoyment and to develop human relations due to additional work load. They used showers and Naga Bal faded away from their memories. With their own families around, they rarely visited their own parents. As time passed troubles plan to follow him badly. His childhood friend Akbar got separated from him and so was Naga Bal. He faced the brunt of severe climatic conditions, but he succeeded in providing good education for his children who were moving far away from him. Losing affiliation with her children had a severe impact on her mother's life and finally she gave up her ghost. He continued to live in the government colony, but social life received a dent. He developed a habit talking to himself, but his whispers were neither audible nor understandable. He was reduced to a mere skeleton.

Akbar's life was not less tragic. First his son was devoured by violence and after bidding farewell to his daughter on her marriage, his life remained unstable. His sickness took a heavy toll on his mental health when he lost his son. He would scold the people approaching idols with slippers on.

With the directives reading 'Pandits must return', Kanval Ji was the first to board the bus. He yearned to meet Akbar and to have a bath in Naga Bal. He imagined and pictured Akbar and himself

involved in gossip and then a plunge into the spring.

"I came here with a hope but they have put us in a big jail. Fortified colony, gun toting security, no Akbar and no Nagabal.....I am a bird in a cage. I won't reside here." Kanval Ji often whispered.

One day, he left early in the morning without informing anyone and reached Naga Bal. He sat on the banks of the spring. Following his daily routine Akbar reached and he kept his eyes fixed on the revered area lest someone should walk with slippers on.

Sitting at some distance from each other, they kept on whispering which no one heard or understood. They occasionally gazed towards the sky as if seeking answers to intricate questions.

"Kanval Jia." Akbar shouted, his voice was feeble .

He did not receive any response, but at intervals he kept on calling the name of his friend.

"Ho..." Kanval Ji responded as if he woke up from deep slumber.

Kanval Ji and he continued for some time as a reverberation. Somehow the silent spark of emotions was stoked. Abruptly, both got up, ran towards each other, had a tight embrace and, with clothes on, jumped into Naga Bal!! The splashes broke the silence so their screams.



About the Author :

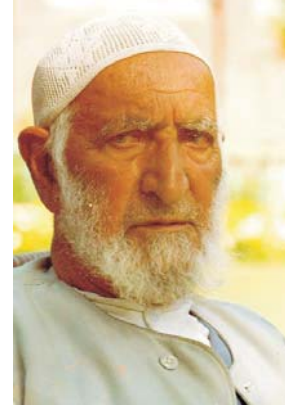
Shafi Ahmad (Shafi AAthar) is a prominent novelist, columnist and a short story writer.

His two novels: *The Half Widow* (English - translated into Punjabi also) and *Shadows Beyond the Ghost Town* (English) were much applauded. He is co-translator with Mushtaq Barq for *The Eternal Insight of Kashmir*. Apart from these novels, the author has in his credit *Lo Aaj Hum Bhi Sahib-e-Kitab Ho Gayay* (Urdu) and many short stories, both in Kashmiri and English (a few of them translated into Bengali). The author was **awarded Republic Day Award 2011** by Distt. Administration Kulgam. He was awarded in 2018 by Strategy and Tactics Executives for his regular Urdu Column in *Kashmir Uzma*. The author was also awarded **Ghulam Mohamad Dar Memorial Award 2019** by HF Foundation for his literary contribution. The author is a core group member of Jammu and Kashmir Fiction Writer's Guild.

Author can be contacted at
wanishafi999@gmail.com



رُبا یہ میر غلام رسول نازکی



اگر سس چھو بمبص سیمہ تہہ و نو خال
مہ آسین لچک، سیتارس و لوی شال
بجر کھاوو کھٹہ، مستس دیو رنگ
وڑی گو وانسہ کم، ہارن گرو سال



اگر سس छव बुधिस प्यठ तथ वॅनिव खाल
मँ ऑसिन लचकु, सेतारस वॅलिव शाल
बुजर थॉविव खॅटिथ, मस्तस दियिव रंग
वॅरी गव वॉसि कम, हारन वॅगरिव साल



Media - Sunil Fotedar

Social Media for our Community Blessing or a Curse ?

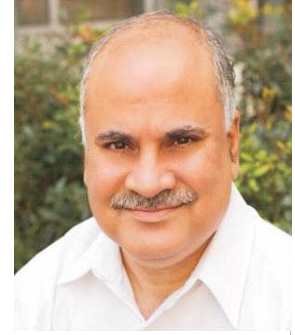
Background :

Ever since the advent of internet, sometime in early to mid-1990s when it became available to individuals in large numbers especially to those of us residing in the Western countries, several technological advances have taken place over the years. What was available to a few people is a worldwide phenomenon that is now used not only for personal communication or discussion between various individuals but has become a vehicle for e-commerce where a majority of commercial enterprises depend on the revenue generated through its platform.

This all started with one having personal e-mail ids and access to various bulletin boards, designed for any topic or region, where one could read and post messages freely. Here in the US, we also started a private e-mail group for our community members, where we would share details and discuss various issues on a regular basis. On one occasion when one member was attacked personally, we set a few guidelines for posting messages so that members are not offended. This was a huge learning curve back then. Soon afterwards, we had domain-based e-mail ids provided by hotmail.com, and later by yahoo.com and gmail.com to

name a few. The internet started mushrooming from that point onwards to other countries such as India. After this, the first few years in early part of this century saw

emergence of social media such as Facebook and Twitter that allowed individuals to connect with each other, even with those that they had not seen for 30, 40 or even 50 years.



Curse :

Internet is no doubt one of the biggest achievements in the history of humankind, other than landing a man on the moon in 1969. It is an extremely powerful tool that can be used to bring about positive changes to our lives. But it is a double-edged sword that can cut both ways, as its power can also be misused wittingly or out of ignorance. As far as our community is concerned, we are indebted to our ancestors for inculcating value of education that has been our ticket to freedom from dark ages of tyranny, discrimination and persecution at the hands of our adversaries in Kashmir.

However, just because we are an educated community, it does not make all of us net-savvy. Getting on internet and writing on several forums from our homes may give us some comfort, but this is false sense of security in this age of dark web. There are hackers and cyber-criminals out there watching for every single wrong move we make, using such techniques as social engineering, phishing and implanting malware on our computers, and one false step can potentially result in us losing life savings if we are not careful. Then there are netiquettes (proper etiquettes on using internet) that one must learn and adopt. I request members getting on to the internet first time around to familiarize themselves with netiquettes as there are many resources available on internet. One should not just assume that he knows everything. Because of our exodus from our homeland Kashmir, our community is scattered all over the world. We have truly become a global community, and as such we must make ourselves familiar with local laws and customs. Some countries enjoy more freedoms to express oneself than others. What we write on any social media platform can land us in trouble, legally or otherwise, depending on the place we live at.

In one particular instance, a professional from our community in India lost his job because of what he wrote against our adversaries on Facebook. People in several countries like India have

been thrown in jail for what they wrote on Facebook. Long before the advent of fake news and Russians being accused of sowing seeds of discord between various ethnic groups in the 2016 US presidential elections in order to discourage citizens from voting for a particular candidate, and in favor of the sitting president, our adversaries have used fake Kashmiri Pandit-sounding names on various discussion forums to initiate ugly debates and divide our unsuspecting community in several groups. As administrator of one popular Facebook group, we have kicked out several fake identities from our group over last several years.

Blessing :

If we are careful with using the internet as it was intended to be, everything about it is not all that gloomy. In fact, such platforms as Facebook and Twitter provide us with immense opportunities to do good to our community in many ways. Instead of wasting time and bandwidth in engaging with such endless debates as inter-caste marriage, unity in our community, whether we should be called Pandits or Hindus or Brahmins (several times discussed in the past on several forums without any end result, no matter how significant these topics can be to any individual), or using our enormous resources at our disposal for building '*hawans* and '*bhawans*' even though it may be important for some, we should think of ways to bring about positive impact to our community, especially to

those among us who are still in dire need. Our community has no dearth of ideas but expressing our idea on any forum expecting someone else to take up on our idea and run with it is not ever going to happen. If we have something positive to contribute, we should own it up, express our idea on a forum, engage in dialog with other members and convince them that your idea is worth pursuing.

Social media can be used as a platform not to only address several challenges our community faces but initiate several working groups that tackle these from various angles. Most of us have now well-settled professionally, but there are some of us who have fallen through the cracks and need our immediate help. I have identified the following areas:

- We have such problems as educational needs, as well as living conditions that need to be addressed. We have several organizations in India and Western countries doing their part but the fact that we still have some unfortunate brethren who are still in need to meet their educational expenses tells us that more is required. I am associated with Kashmiri Overseas Association (KOA), which is a charitable organization based in the US. A few individuals in our community soon after our exodus from Kashmir had the vision to identify certain problem areas and dedicated themselves to addressing those issues, not by using words but by action, such as financially supporting

young kids and professionals to pursue our greatest asset, i.e. education. These programs have been running flawless for the past 25 years and counting. India-based organizations should parallel the efforts of KOA in terms of raising funds from well-to-do KPs in India for educational needs of those children that are not covered by KOA. It is not only KPs outside India that should be expected to help, but as they say, charity begins at home.

- One more thing that needs our immediate action – with a lot of medical cases like kidney, liver and heart failures, as well as life-threatening road accidents, it has become extremely difficult to raise money in large sums through appeals, primarily because of donor fatigue, and that too donations are collected on a short notice. Having some form of medical insurance in Western countries, with rising medical costs is an absolute necessity, without which we would be doomed financially should there be a medical emergency. Though we have organizations doing their utmost to cover for the medical expenses of those in need, but why leave it to chance and address it at the last minute? We have brought up the idea of making everyone in our community buy universal healthcare insurance that can be bought for peanuts, and those who cannot afford to buy premiums for their medical insurance can be supported financially by us.

- We need working groups of brilliant

minds to address such institutions as the UN to get our community declared as ethnic cleansed that led to our exodus from our homes and hearths of 5 centuries in the early 1990s, as well as build strong cases with witnesses to try all those with our blood on their hands with crimes against humanity in the court of law, if not Supreme Court of India, then ICC at Hague.

It is a given fact that we do not possess enough votes to help any political party in India. While delivering press briefs may be important, but it is not sufficient any more only to prove that we exist. It is high time we choose deeds over words. What better way of communicating and addressing our issues and coming up with collective solution in an expeditious manner than social media that provides us access to our *biradhari* anywhere in the world at a moment's notice! If we are careful in using social media, I see it as a blessing and God-sent for our community at large.

Disclaimer :

I am not being critical here, as my suggestions seem to have ruffled many feathers in the past within certain quarters but requesting everyone to look at these suggestions with an open mind. We all love our community in our own unique ways and hope and pray that every member prospers. We are in it all together. May our community achieve the heights of glory never seen before in our entire

history.

About the Author :

Sunil Fotedar has been interacting with several India-based KP associations and community activists in Jammu, Delhi, Mumbai, and Kolkata over the last two decades and more. He has created a variety of community websites for various organizations such as Kashmiri Overseas Association (KOA) and Panun Kashmir (PK) – the first Kashmiri Pandit to create what has been referred to as *Virtual Sharda Peeth* – an online Repository of a Kashmiri Pandit's culture, heritage, religious practices, language, music, history and political literature.

To recognize for his previous community efforts, Sunil was presented with the following awards:

- *KOA Plaque for Internet Activities* (1997), first of its kind given to any volunteer,
- *Special Zaan Award* by the Kashmiri Pandit Association, Mumbai
- Featured as an *Indomitable Personality* in *The Sharada Tarangini*, Vol. 1, No. 3, March/April-June 2004 issue, the Official Newsletter of Kashmiri Sewak Samaj, Faridabad
- *Maa Sharika Samaan* (2015) by Kashmiri Sewak Samaj, Faridabad
- *Advancement of Hindu Human Rights* (June 24, 2019) by Hindu American Foundation (HAF)
- *All Time Award of an Outstanding KOA Volunteer* (July, 2020) by KOA

Sunil's association with KOA has been since 1990-1991 when the Kashmiri Pandits back in Kashmir were driven out of their homes due to turmoil. Sunil was Houston chapter president for KOA in 1991 and served twice as KOA National President in 2007-2008 and 2015-2016. As KOA webmaster in 1996-2001, he developed and maintained web servers for KOA, and contributed to the development of several community fora, and incorporated KPnet as KOA's official communication platform to allow KOA members to communicate and discuss topics of mutual interest with each other. He is currently Program Director for KOA's *Sponsor a Child* (SAC) program that supported about 372 KP children in 2018 and 429 KP children in 2019 living at several refugee camps in India, primarily Jammu area, for their K-12 education.

During Sunil's first tenure as KOA president (2007-2008), KOA was bestowed with *Sharda Samman* by Panun Kashmir at the 3rd World Kashmiri Conference (delivered in 2009). During his second tenure as KOA president (2015-2016), Sunil created several Facebook and LinkedIn groups for US-based community to cater to the needs of youth and entrepreneurs; published second edition of *Poozai Posh* – a prayer and hymn booklet, Festivals of Kashmiri Pandits written by Sh. Omanand Koul, KOA Calendars for each year (distributed Vijyeshwar jantri), KOA Directory comprising US-, Canada- and Europe-

based membership information; organized art and talent competition for youth; and signed up exactly 100 life members (out of 265 total at the time). He was instrumental in creating *Standard Operating Procedures (SOP)* for the organization; and soon to be launched membership-based KOA website. He has helped the 2017 KOA administration with setting up Quickbooks to manage finances, and with defining the process for the entire lifecycle of KOA-sponsored education programs and developing requirements for an online application for the same.

Sunil holds a B.E. degree in Electrical Engineering from Regional Engineering College, Srinagar (India), an M.S. in Electrical and Computer Engineering from Rice University, Houston, and an M.S. in Applied Mathematics with emphasis on Probability and Statistics from University of Houston at Clear Lake. He was a recipient of two gold-medals in Srinagar for standing first in the 10th and 11th state board examinations. He has worked in several industries – in space industry working as contractor for NASA on Space Shuttle and Space Station programs, as well as an IT professional in Telecom, SSA, CMS, e-commerce and banking. He is currently working as a Reliability engineer for Oil and Gas industry in Houston.

Sunil Fotedar's full details are at <http://sunilfotedar.com>

मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम अय्यूब साँबिर



अखाह कथल अखाह चोर मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम
अखाह होर अखाह योर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

मे वुछ यिवान पहलवान, याशाह कॅरिथ करान दब
सु कॅम्य ज्यून, सु कॅम्य होर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

चु-पासे वोल ओबुरन नब, रूदस प्यनु तु प्योनुय ओस
गगरायव तुल कथ प्यठ शोर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

पानस वुछुम करान रॉछ, बँगुलस बिहिथ मदनवार
बर ऑस्य यलय दार्यन तोर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

मे कोर अमि येमि रोस्तुय गोर, खलकव योताम जहेज छोेर
मे करि तोताम ज्ञनानु चोर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

पैदल वुछुम मे अख दोस, ब्याखा कारि खँसिथ ओस
साँबिरस फेक्यन प्यठुय बोर, मे क्या ओर सनुन छुम

مے کیاہ اور سنن چھم

ایوب صابر



اَکھاہ کھتل اَکھاہ چور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 اَکھاہ ہور اَکھاہ یور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 مے وُجھی پواں پہلواں یا شاہ کُرتھ کراں دب
 سہ کئی زیون سہ کئی ہور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 ژپاسے وول اویرن نب، رُوس پینر تہ پیونے اوس
 لگرا یوتل کتھ پٹھ شور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 پانس وُجھم کراں رُجھی ٹنگلس بہتہ مدن وار
 بیر اسی یلے دارین تور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 مے کورامہ بیر روتے غور خلعو پوتام جہیز زھور
 مے کر توتام زنانہ زور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم
 پیدل وُجھم مے اَکھ دوس، بیا کھاہ کار کھستہ اوس
 صابر س بھیکین پیٹھ بور، مے کیا اور سنن چھم

Short Story - Mushtaque B Barq The Burden

This was supposed to be the happiest day of their lives. Happiness, that is but an orderly at the office of Time. Temporary and insignificant. Ajaz was waiting at Ghat 4 near Nehru Park, a temporary island at the end of Liquid Heart of the city to receive his friend. He had already packed his Tiffin, knowing that his friend was fond of dried brinjal cooked along with dried tomato and gourds, making it a tasty trio. They used to call it *TruKeit*, means three dried vegetables cooked together. It was now almost after a decade, the reunion was fixed. Poor men have their own way to celebrate, no restaurant and hotel stay, but wherever the day ends, their temporary home seems ready to occupy them. Ajaz was conscious of the fact that his friend would never come empty handed and the duo would eat and celebrate amidst learning about their progress. He was expecting that his friend would indeed carry his Tiffin box full of goat trotters, which he had not tasted from the day his friend had moved to a far off place where his father who was an employee of home guard was transferred. Eating his favorite dish without his friend would simply mean disloyalty. Poor men live with their own conviction and constrictions.

“Let that bastard come, I will peel his skin off for being too casual”, Ajaz muttered.

Well! Who can afford to be decent when friends are around?

The moon at the side of the river had put on the choicest of its gown to lure one and all. The two friends before their separation had left much of the things in the dust to seize their ideal territories. The boat that touched the bay had slowed down the pace of time machine and the currents were friendly, as much as necessary to let the ferryman relax.

Out of the boat, a man in his late forties stepped down, almost tumbled, but a co-passenger's shoulder came in between to prevent the fall. His face had already been overlapped by the streaks of the moon and one could hardly guess was it the romance whirling on his jaw line or a kind of fatigue that had put the sign on the sheen of his skin.

The man at the Ghat recognized his friend. He came forward and received him. Raised his Tiffin and laughed.

“Guess what is in it”, Ajaz asked. The man lowered his neck, perhaps he sensed what Ajaz had expected him to carry.

“Must be *Trukeit*”, the man replied.

“But where is your Tiffin box?” asked Ajaz.

“Oh ! Come on bastard, can you



think other than belly basket”

Ajaz was taken a back because his friends could have never let him down, but then he realised that he must not be in a position to carry the favourite food for his friend. He placed his hand on his shoulder.

“Don't worry, now that we have met, we can have buffalo trotters not to talk of goat or lamb.

The duo under the silver canopy of the full moon appeared like two angels roaming in human labyrinthine. One was trying to pull the other out of the mess, and the other moving too deeper into an undefined abyss.

“Time has been merciful to you”, said the man.

“I think Time spares none, but then one has to learn how to put a shield”, Ajaz responded.

The moon up under the starry roof of the heaven was chasing the friends like the fate.

“You talk of shield”, he asked.

“Come on”, Ajaz tried to evade the issue.

He knew it already that no shield has ever cosseted Time.

His friend was not a kid in the classroom who would take down anything and everything dictated to him, but he knew how to dig deeper.

He repeated, “What shield you were taking about.”

Ajaz knew he had to invent or recall a powerful reference to prevaricate the subject.

With head high, he corrected his posture, cleared his throat and just passed

his left hand over his head to enjoy the luxury of silk he was capped with. His attitude struck the cloud edges that were already bathed in the ocean of moonlight.

“Well, Art can triumph Time”, Ajaz finally turned the pages of his memory to reveal what the great Bard had described in his sonnets.

The expression buckled the man's mouth and the words just appeared ice blocks hard to reach to the desired location. He drooped his head and was trying to get something out of his own junk yard to beat Ajiaz. His exhaustion was apparent; Ajaz sensed it and he stopped. On the bank of Dal Lake the duo stayed for a moment and then the whiff of barbeques brought a smile on their faces.

Ajaz got up to invite his friend for their old love, but the man pulled him close and with tearful eyes, sighed and signaled, a wink and then a frown followed by another sigh. Ajaz was unable to decipher the underlying message of his gestures.

Ajaz smiled and announced, “ You don't need to pay, I will do the payment.” The man cupped his face.

“Listen Ajaz, don't waste your money, you may require it for something, wait”, the man shouted.

Ajaz turned back, leaned at his friend.

The man pulled him down and placed his head on his thigh and stared at the sky. He sighed, but Ajiaz was still unaware of his plight.

The man had fixed his eyes at the moon. “Ah! What a relief I have got after so

many years of suffering”, he announced.

“Suffering, what kind of suffering?”
Ajaz asked.

Ajaz turned his face and found the Dal Lake was already draining through his friend's eyes.

“No, no let me weep, don't stop me, your lap has warmth in it, let me enjoy it for some time”, the man requested.

“Come on let you open your Tiffin, I want to taste *Trunkeit*”, the man asked.

Ajaz sensed something which he was not able to decipher.

“Are you alright, my friend, please tell me why are you weeping”, Ajaz asked.

“I will tell you, but take an oath you won't weep”, the man begged.

Then the man placed his head on Ajaz's shoulder and amidst forlorn water of Dal Lake, Ajaz was already drenched.

“Can you marry Jamela”, the man asked.

“Who is she”, Aijaz asked.

“The same girl she was raped last year”, the man responded.

“ Why are you advocating for her?”, Aijaz asked.

“I am but a brother of that girl”, he cupped his face.

Ajaz passed a smile much against his will.

The man sighed and the burdened leaves on his limbs shattered all over and his light being touched the stars.

Just then a boatman shouted at the shore and the man was carried to his destination.

Contact author at :
barqz1@gmail.com

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



نِجْم

مُحَمَّد شَفِیْعِ اِیَاز

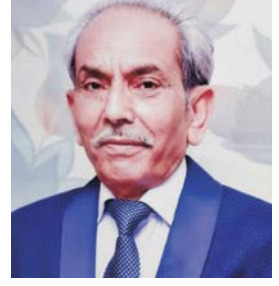
نِظْم

یَعلی جِاَہ سَے پْرانِی کِتاب پڑکھ
 لولس مِیانسِ حساب کَرکھ
 پْرث سوتری لَوگخ گَردانو کَرکھ
 اَکھرن اَکھرن پتو مانِی سرکھ
 چَشمو دَدراپی اوش نُون ہاران
 لاگھ تڑ لوس پھرنی وَرق
 وَق واتہ فلہ وائے گرتھ تیرکھ
 افسوس وَستو تڑ پان جُرکھ
 دَشہ گنڈنہ پھیرکھ تڑ آستان
 ہارس مَنزے یود روزِ دَرکھ
 وَنی دِنہ نیرکھ آدن یارس
 اچھ لوسنہ نا سُرری تڑ ہرکھ
 کرتام تراویو، شہر ایازن
 ہے ویسری وونی لول کَمس برکھ



पताह

पी. एन. शाद



बँस्यती बँस्यती द्रायि तु तँत्यथुय त्रोव पताह
 पर नँगरन मंज़ रॉव्य तु लूकन रोव पताह
 वेक्ती विह्य कॅर्य छायव तति गव बायन ब्रम
 कबरव गॅल्य मुच़रॉव्य ज़िंदय दफनोव पताह
 कॅम्य कति थख द्युत वति वति फीरिथ लोग नु पयी
 खुमु नम्बर ह्यथ बाँसु डंडस लाजोव पताह
 पदिनुय प्यठ यिस्तादु कलस प्यठ बानु बुहुर्य
 वाँगुज वार्यन कालु पगाह बदलोव पताह
 महशर अख अख साथ नँ बाकी जुवनुच आश
 बाकि ति वोद असि टूंगि ति असि वदनोव पताह
 ज़िंदु ओस रोज़ुन चंदु ओस खॉली करुहव क्याह
 ज़हरुक ग़ोख नँगलोव तु बस खरचोव पताह
 अज़ ति तिथय कॅन्य सरि सोबूत छु खाबन मंज़
 यिनु साँ हरगिज़ सूंचिव असि मनसोव पताह
 वॉरॉग्य मन ह्यथ वनवॉस्य सफरस पॅक्य पॅक्य 'शाद'
 तनहा वुनलि व्यचारस मंज़ ललनोव पताह



Koshur in Me - Kamal Hak Satydeev Pooja

Hey, talsa Yi gyav dabba di almari manz kadith (please fetch me a ghee carton from cupboard)".

My wife issues a farman while preparing Poodis for Satydeev Pooja in the evening.

This usually happens whenever she does so. I have observed her ghee always falls short. She usually measures pansch paw oatt (five paw atta).

I was the eldest of a third generation in our joint family. It meant certain privileges and entitlements. It also involved a flip side. If anyone in the family needed something from the market, I had to run the errand.

Like many families in Kashmir, we also had a tradition of doing Satydeev Pooja on every Sankrat. And the responsibility of procuring the ingredients always fell on my shoulders. Thankfully, Sham Kaw's shop was just hundred yards away.

I ran that errand so many times and after more than 55 years I still remember the list of ingredients that was required then.

5 paw-atta
5 chhatang - gyav. Dalda
5 chhatang- shakkar
Khashkhas and Budda Alla - 2 anna each.

My wife uses the same ingredients even now except Dalda has been

replaced with pure ghee.

There, however, is an intriguing difference. 5 chattang gyav has given way to 5 paw now. Also shakkar is no longer a preferred sweetner. She now uses crystal sugar. Of course chhatang is an unimaginable measure.

It is another matter the Poodis then, though inferior in quality to the present one's tasted much better.

At Sandhya time my grandmother would leave early for Bod Mander to attend the daily Katha by indomitable Pandit Pitambar Shastri. Any third generation child around at that time accompanied her to the temple with Prepun in a wicker basket.

After the pooja grandmother distributed the Naveed to everyone present in the temple and seeing the quickly emptying basket, the child accompanying wrung his/her hands in anxiety and disappointment. She would be deprived of extra pur back home.



Contact author at :
kamalhak@gmail.com

تے دیّت تھم دِلَاسا تے دیّت تھم دِلَاسا

تریلویکی ناٹھ دَر کنڈن تریلویکی ناٹھ دَر کنڈن

تے دیّت تھم دِلَاسا
 یوہی لسی گِلَاسا |
 تھو بچپن بے-فیکری
 جوائی پیپَاسا | |
 اَختو وون اَختن کون
 کر و اٹھواسا |
 مے اَوسی یاری جوائی
 کویڈخ لچی تاسا | |
 گھونڈن مامو یار ج
 پتیس کر تے تاسا |
 پنون واد مَشاریث
 لوبوٹھ کوس تے لاسا | |
 پنون گھ پنون پان
 ن مامنن ن ماسا |
 اپو ج تھو پ ج्ञان یو د
 چنڈس آس تاسا | |
 ونےمس مے پَ ج کتھ
 مے تروون تپاسا |
 تھو کونڈن تیس موت
 سہ کانہ آس خاصا | |



پن گوی پان
 نہ مائز نہ ماسا
 ایز چھے پزان یو د
 چندس آس ساسا
 ونیس مے پز کتھ
 مے تروون تپاسا
 چھ کنڈن تیس موت
 سہ کانہ آس خاصا

تے دیّت تھم دِلَاسا
 یے لے گلاسا
 چھ بچپن بے فکری
 جوائی پے پاسا
 اچھو وون اچھن کن
 کرو اتھ واسا
 مے اسی یاری جانی
 کوڈک لچ تاسا
 گوڈنی مامہ یارز
 پتیس کر تے تاسا
 پن وعدہ مَشر تھ
 لو بٹھ کس تے لاسا

Community Affairs - Jyotsna Fotedar & Ash Raina Global Kashmiri Pandit Business Foundation

The genesis of Global Kashmiri Pandit Business Foundation (GKPBF) is the vision its founders have for their fellow KP entrepreneurs. The Foundation is a unique platform that provides an opportunity to emerging KP startups and small businesses to receive guidance and support from a pool of profound experts and venture capitalists, and in turn provides such experts and investors with massive human capital as well as a medium of strengthening the KP community. Global Kashmiri Pandit Business Foundation ('GKPBF') was

launched virtually on 22 October 2020 by its seven founding directors – DK Bakshi, Ravinder Kachroo, Supriya Kaboo, Jyotsna Fotedar, Vidya B Dhar, Vinod K Pandita and Ash Raina. The founding members are based out of different parts of globe, with a common passion for the cause of creating sustainable ecosystem for Kashmiri Pandit business community. The launch, which was a historic step in bolstering the KP business community, was commemorated by the presence of esteemed KP dignitaries, Mr. Moti Kaul, Mr. Ashok Koul and Mr. Uday Challu. The



GKPBF team with Hon. LG Shri Manoj Sinha

Foundation strives to achieve:

- Up-Skilling and Up-Scaling up M S M E businesses;
- Building investment worthy business models; and
- Fundraising for the businesses on basis of equity model.

G K P B F has its registered

office in Sector 10, Noida (India), however the foundation has a clear roadmap to establish key offices in various parts of globe in the coming years. The foundation has a robust plan for next three years starting with on-boarding of advisors, mentors and investor panels. GKPF is a team of internationally acclaimed professionals and plan to have the best advisory support system for the businesses, in preparing detailed market & financial feasibility report and facilitate required due diligence. GKPF will be acting as facilitators throughout the journey from setting up of business venture in terms of developing business strategies, talent acquisition and establishing end-to-end operations. With its mentors, advisors and investors, GKPF will help businesses to achieve the desired growth. Vision of the Foundation The vision of our foundation is

GKPF team with Principal Secretary Mr. Nitishwar Kumar



to create a sustainable ecosystem for incubating start-ups, scaling up existing enterprises, restructuring stressed businesses and create new business ventures to create global success stories for Kashmiri Pandit business community and with a spirit of inclusivity of other business communities in the world.

Objectives of the Foundation :

- To nurture entrepreneurship among Kashmiri Pandits
- To guide aspiring entrepreneurs and existing businesses
- To create wealth and assets for Kashmiri Pandit community by building successful businesses
- To generate jobs through successful businesses Roadmap
- Empaneling a pool of Investors, Advisers and Mentors
- Maintaining Online Database of KP

Entrepreneurs

- Registration of Users (Aspiring, Existing)
- Webinar Series
- Program Management
- IT Infrastructure
- KP Manufacturing Cluster in Jammu
- Academic Institute Campus in Kashmir
- Skill Development Centre in Kashmir
- Online Training Portal (Pre-recorded LMS)
- Contributing to the Smart City in Jammu & Kashmir.

GKPBF, represented by Mr. DK Bakshi (Founder), Mr. Ravinder Kachroo (CEO), Mr. B.B. Bhat (Coordinator J&K) and Mr. Vinod K Pandita (Director), had a historical meeting with the Hon'ble Lt. Governor (LG) of J&K Union Territory, Sh. Manoj Sinha. The delegates apprised him of the vision and purpose of the Foundation, and how it aims to accelerate the creation of wealth, employment and economic opportunities in J&K and various migrant camps, and facilitate business ventures for Kashmiri Pandits. The Foundation believes that this development will function as a game changer for the Union Territory, and for the Community's honorable return.

Further, through this meeting, the team identified business opportunities for startups, aspiring and existing entrepreneurs among Kashmiri Pandit community in India and possible routes for Kashmiri Pandits living overseas to invest in UT of J&K. The members spoke with the

Hon'ble LG regarding special business zones, monetary & financial packages for businesses, concessional loans for NRI and KP investment (domestic and international), which was duly acknowledged by his Excellency, and that his office would revert with the necessary action in due time. GKPBF received best wishes from the LG and his support in ensuring its success, which will not only re-establish KP's as business professionals but also help with monetary and cultural connect with the roots of KP's Dev Bhoomi. The focused industry segments are Manufacturing, Agro based Commodity Trading, Travel & Tourism, Hospitality, Smart City, IT/ITeS, Educational Institution, Entrepreneurship Development Incubation Centres, et al. GKPBF followed it up with the 1st of multiple virtual "Digital Business & Investor Summit" and attended by GKPBF Board of Directors, 30 top businesses and investors, and government represented by the Principal Secretary and his team. Upcoming Events of the Foundation GKPBF plans to hold the 2nd virtual "Digital Business & Investor Summit" attended by GKPBF Board of Directors, businesses and investors and government represented by the Principal Secretary. This meet is to be held in December, wherein our tentative pool of investors and potential projects in the J&K Union Territory shall be discussed. The Summit aims to provide a common platform to further out roadmap, strategy, planning and implementation.



करनु फ्युर

रतन लाल जौहर

قرنه پھير
رتن لال جوهر

मसख गॅमुच वथ
शॉपिठ फितरत
दॅरियाव दोदसल
ह्यनर ग्रज्ञान सख
वख छु चलान त्वह तंबली अंदर
ज़न छस पतु पतु
बलाय दोरान
अनिगॅट्य बोरमुत
गाश बेबिस मंज़
वावु रिंगन बुथ
तमुन्य चोक ज़न
आवाज़न मंज़ हापथ टांग
ऑगजन छायाि खॅटिथ
अॅछ थॉविथ
ऑद पोक
न्वकुवार्यन प्यठ दजि दम
पनु वॅथरन फ्यम
नीजि तुल्यन क्रम
यार्यन जम जम

अलाव नु हमनुय
रुदु फेर्यन ताम
लॅजमुच लम लम
क्वह मालन क्वम चीरु
ज़ि प्यन मा!

اچھ تھاو تھ اوڈ پوک
لوكه وارین پیٹھ دجہ دم
پینہ و تھرن پھیم
نیچہ کلین کرم
یارین جم جم الاوینہ ہمینے
رؤڈ پھیرین تام بچم لم لم
کوہ مالن کوم چیر
زپین ما!!!

مخ گمڑ و تھ
شائپٹھ فطرت
ڈریاو دوڈسل

ہینر گزان سخ
وق چھہ ژلان توہ تمبلی اندر
زن چھس پتہ پتہ بلاے دوران
آنہ گمڑ بؤرمت گاش بیس منز
واپو رنگن بٹھ
تمیز ژوک زن
آوازن منز ہایتھ مانگ
او نگن ژھایہ کھٹھ



SPBB-SPRINGER Excellence Award (2020)

Translational Research



Dr. Surinder K Tikoo

Born on 23 March, 1948 in Delhi, Surinder Kumar Tikoo has over 51 years of experience as a successful vegetable breeder, teacher and research & development manager in public & pvt sector. Currently Co-founder & Director in Tierra Seed Science Pvt Ltd. Served in Asia Region and Global Breeding & Leadership roles in MNC's like Pioneer, Syngenta and Advanta since 1988 till 2013. Served in ICAR-IIHR, Bangalore as a tomato breeder initially and later as Chief, Solanaceous Vegetable lab between 1971 to 1988.

Developed, several nationally & internationally released multiple disease resistant varieties & hybrids as a breeder of Tomato & Okra many of which have been market leading ones in their respective segments. His first nationally released tomato variety Arka Vikas (Sel 22) was national best seller for over a decade. The best tomato and okra hybrids ruling the markets in India since last 15 years were developed under his research leadership.

Has served as FAO consultant to Myanmar in 1997&98. Member Steering team and Chairman Tech Committee first Asia Solanaceous Round Table(ASRT I -Sep 2014) under the aegis of APSA & ICAR. Member Supervisory Board Access to Seeds Index, sponsored by Govt of Netherland & Bill & Melinda Gates Foundations. Serving member of the Research Advisory Committee for vegetables for APSA, Thailand.

Recipient of four annual awards at Syngenta for leadership, innovation and product development. Elected as Fellow of the Society for Promotion of Horticulture Science, Bangalore in 2018. His international responsibilities have given him experience to study vegetable breeding programs in over forty countries.



Srinagar born doctor receives ACS's 'Heroes of Chemistry Award'

Excelsior Correspondent

SRINAGAR, Nov 23: Dr Anil Koul, the son of soil from Kashmir, has received this year's American Chemical Society's



(ACS) 'Heroes of Chemistry Award' for discovery of Bedaquiline (BDQ).

BDQ is the first treatment discovered in more than 40 years for drug resistant-TB and till date has been accessed by about 210,000 patients in 141 countries. The other members of his team who were recognized for this contribution are Dr Koen Andries and Dr Jerome Guillemont.

ACS is a one of America's biggest non-profit organization chartered by the US Congress and this award recognizes scien-

tists whose innovative work lead to products that benefit the world.

Dr Koul was born in Bana Mohalla, Srinagar, Kashmir in year 1972 and finished his school (Hindu High school) in valley itself. He was lately appointed director of India's prestigious Research Institute, Institute of Microbial Technology (IMtech) at Chandigarh, which is part of council of scientific and industrial research (CSIR), Government of India. Currently, he heads global public health discovery research at J&J and is also a professor at London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine.

This award for him is actually recognition to the outstanding work of his fantastic team of scientists at J&J, along with some of our amazing external collaborators/partners as well as number TB patients and doctors who made this a great success story.

ग़ज़ल

राँच पहरस तलान छुस सफर आंगनुक
दोदसु चेशमव करान छुस तर बँ तर आंगनुक

रुदु फेर्यन करान ग्रँद रटान तापु टेक्य
शाम तामथ बु सौबरान मचर आंगनुक

सोंतु क्या हर्दु क्या दँद्यवनुय दँद्यवना
ज़न नु कांह मोसमुय चारुगर आंगनुक

चाँन्य सौबरॉव्यनम ज़न तु वावन वरक़
ज़न तु वोनुनम सबक़ प्रोन पर आंगनुक

लॉलि हुंज़ि दारि तल - दारि शैदा हलम
नजदु मोत चालि कुस आहि-सर आंगनुक

चौंन्य सौबरॉव्यनम ज़न तु वावन वरक़
ज़न तु वोनुनम सबक़ प्रोन पर आंगनुक

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गज़ल

अली शैदा



राँच पहरस तलान छुस सफर आंगनुक
दोदसु चेशमव करान छुस तर बँ तर आंगनुक
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चाँन्य सौबरॉव्यनम ज़न तु वावन वरक़
ज़न तु वोनुनम सबक़ प्रोन पर आंगनुक
लॉलि हुंज़ि दारि तल - दारि शैदा हलम
नजदु मोत चालि कुस आहि-सर आंगनुक



World Affairs - Er. M.K.Dhar

विश्व हिन्दी दिवस



सभी पाठकों को हिन्दी दिवस की हार्दिक बधाई एवं शुभकामनाएं।

हिन्दी न सिर्फ भारतीय संस्कृति की अभिव्यक्ति का माध्यम है बल्कि ये पूरे भारत को एक सूत्र में बांधती है। दुनिया में हिन्दी के प्रचार और प्रसार के लिए पहली बार १० जनवरी १९७५ को नागपुर में विश्व हिन्दी दिवस का आयोजन किया गया था, जिसमें ३० देशों के ११२ प्रतिनिधि शामिल हुए थे। साल २००६ से हर साल दस जनवरी को विश्व हिन्दी दिवस मनाया जाता है। पूर्व प्रधानमंत्री श्री मनमोहन सिंह ने हिन्दी के प्रचार-प्रसार के लिए हिन्दी दिवस मनाने की घोषणा की थी। यह दिवस हिन्दी प्रेमियों के लिए बेहद खास है।



हिन्दी की लीपी देवनागरी है, इसे नागरी के नाम से भी जाना जाता है। देवनागरी में ११ स्वर और ३३ व्यंजन हैं। इसे बाईं से दाईं तरफ लिखा जाता है। हिन्दी यूरोपीय भाषा परिवार के अन्दर आती है। ये हिन्द-ईरानी शाखा की हिन्द-आर्य उपशाखा के अन्तर्गत वगीकृत है। हिन्द-आर्य भाषाएँ वो भाषाएँ हैं जो संस्कृत से उत्पन्न हुई हैं। उर्दू, कश्मीरी, बंगाली, उडिया, पंजाबी, रोमानी, मराठी, नेपाली जैसी भाषाएँ भी हिन्द-आर्य भाषाएँ हैं। हिन्दी शब्द का सम्बन्ध संस्कृत शब्द सिंधु से माना जाता है। सिंधु सिंध नदी को कहते थे। और उसी आधार पर उसके आस-पास की भूमि को सिन्धु कहने लगे। यह सिंधु शब्द ईरानी में जाकर हिंदू, हिन्दी और फिर हिंद हो गया।

भारत के संविधान के अनुच्छेद ३४३ के तहत हिन्दी भारत की राजभाषा यानी राजकाज की भाषा मात्र है, केन्द्रीय स्तर पर भारत में दूसरी आधिकारिक भाषा अंग्रेजी है। हिन्दी भारत की राष्ट्रभाषा नहीं है क्योंकि भारत के संविधान में किसी भी भाषा को ऐसा दर्जा नहीं दिया गया है ना ही इस में राष्ट्रभाषा का कोई उल्लेख है। हिन्दी एक भाषा ही नहीं बल्कि भारतीय संस्कृति की संवाहक भाषा है, जिसके जरिए व्यक्ति अपनी हजारों साल पुरानी संस्कृति और सभ्यता से जुड़ता है। हिन्दी भारत में सम्पर्क भाषा का कार्य भी करती है और कुछ हद तक पूरे भारत में प्रायः एक सरल रूप समझी जानेवाली भाषा है। हिन्दी का क्षेत्र

विशाल है तथा हिन्दी की अनेक बोलियाँ (उपभाषाएँ) हैं। इनमें से कुछ में अत्यंत उच्च श्रेणी के साहित्य की रचना भी हुई है। ऐसी बोलियों में ब्रजभाषा और अवधी प्रमुख हैं। सन २०२० में हिन्दी को नवगठित केंद्र-शासित प्रदेश जम्मू और कश्मीर की एक आधिकारिक भाषा के रूप में मान्यता मिली।

वैश्विक स्तर पर भी हिन्दी ने लोगों को अपनी तरफ लुभाया है और इसी वजह से हिन्दी के बहुत सारे शब्दों को अंग्रेजी शब्दकोश में समय-समय पर जगह मिलती रहती है। हिन्दी आज एक वैश्विक भाषा बन रही है और लगातार इसका प्रचार और प्रसार बढ़ रहा है। दुनिया में सब से ज्यादा बोली जाने वाली पांच भाषाओं में हिन्दी शुमार है। चीन की मंडारिन भाषा दुनिया में सब से ज्यादा बोली जाती है और उसके बाद स्पेनिश भाषा का नंबर आता है। अंग्रेजी दुनियाभर में तीसरे नंबर पर बोली जाने वाली भाषा है। इसके बाद हिन्दी का नंबर आता है। दुनिया में ८० करोड़ से अधिक लोग हिन्दी भाषी हैं।

हिन्दी दिवस भारत में १४ सितंबर को मनाया जाता है। इस दिन १९४९ को संविधान सभा ने पहली बार आधिकारिक भाषा के तौर पर हिन्दी को अपनाया था। वही विश्व हिन्दी दिवस का मुख्य उद्देश्य इसे विश्व स्तर पर पहचान दिलाना है। हिन्दी सिर्फ भारत ही नहीं बल्कि पाकिस्तान, नेपाल और बांग्लादेश में भी बोली और समझी जाती है। विश्वभर के करीब १७६ विश्वविद्यालयों में हिन्दी एक विषय के तौर पर पढाई जाती है। दक्षिण प्रशान्त महासागर के मेलानेशिया में बसे फिजी में हिन्दी को आधिकारिक भाषा का दर्जा दिया गया है। इसे फिजियन हिन्दी या फिजियन हिन्दुस्तानी भी कहते हैं। यह भारत में बोली जाने वाली अवधी, भोजपुरी और अन्य बोलियों का समावेश है।

राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर कई विख्यात साहित्यकारों, नाटककारों और कवियों का हिन्दी भाषा को प्रोत्साहित करने और उच्च स्तर तक पहुंचाने में बहुमूल्य योगदान रहा है। इनमें से कुछ उल्लेखनीय नाम हैं : भारतेन्दु हरिश्चन्द्र, राष्ट्र कवि मैथिलीशरण गुप्त, मुंशी प्रेमचंद, रामधारी सिंह दिनकर, वृंदावन लाल वर्मा, माकन लाल चतुर्वेदी, जयशंकर प्रसाद, सुमित्रा नंदन पंत, महादेवी वर्मा, हरिवंश राय बच्चन। इस के अतिरिक्त समय-समय पर और भी कई प्रसिद्ध लेखक और साहित्यकारों ने हिन्दी भाषा की वृद्धि और विकास के लिए अहम भूमिकाएं निभाई हैं।

१४ सितंबर २०२० को राष्ट्र हिन्दी दिवस मनाया गया। इस दिन देश भर में हिन्दी को लेकर तरह तरह के कार्यक्रम आयोजित किए गए। देश के कार्यालयों, सरकारी संस्थानों, शैक्षणिक संस्थानों में कार्यक्रम आयोजित किए गए और कई तरीके से हिन्दी को बढ़ावा देने और इसके विकास के लिए दवावे

भी किए गए। लेकिन इस बार कोरोना संकटकाल के कारण इन सभी कार्यक्रमों को आयोजित करने में बहुत बाधाएं भी आईं। इस अवसर पर प्रधानमंत्री नरेंद्र मोदी ने देशवासियों को शुभकामनाएं दी और हिन्दी भाषा में कार्य कर रहे लोगों को हार्दिक अभिनंदन किया।

विश्व हिन्दी दिवस मनाने का उद्देश्य विश्व में हिन्दी के प्रचार-प्रसार के लिये जागरूकता पैदा करना तथा हिन्दी को अन्तरराष्ट्रीय भाषा के रूप में पेश करना है। विदेशों में भारत के दूतावास इस दिन को विशेष रूप से मनाते हैं। सभी सरकारी कार्यालयों में विभिन्न विषयों पर हिन्दी में व्याख्यान आयोजित किये जाते हैं।

आम तौर पर देखा गया है कि हिन्दी को लोग कम महत्व देते हैं और क्षेत्रीय भाषा और अंग्रेजी को ज्यादा महत्व देते हैं। सरकारी संस्थानों, कार्यालयों कोर्ट-कचहरी में भी अंग्रेजी भाषा को महत्व मिलता है। लोगों ने अपने स्तर पर ही हिन्दी भाषा का महत्व कम कर दिया है। हमें चाहिए कि क्षेत्रीय स्तर पर क्षेत्रीय भाषाओं और राष्ट्रीय स्तर पर हिन्दी भाषा को प्रोत्साहित करें।

कुछ प्रसिद्ध लेखकों और साहित्यिकारों की कहावतें।

- हिन्दी उन सभी गुणों से अलंकृत है जिनके बल पर वह विश्व की साहित्यिक भाषाओं की अगली श्रेणी में सभासीन हो सकती है - **मैथिलीशरण गुप्त**
- जिस देश को अपनी भाषा और अपने साहित्य के गौरव का अनुभव नहीं है, वह उन्नत नहीं हो सकता - **डॉ. राजेन्द्रप्रसाद**
- हिन्दी स्वयं अपनी ताकत से बढ़ेगी - **पं. जवाहरलाल नेहरू**
- हिन्दी द्वारा सारे भारत को एक सूत्र में पिरोया जा सकता है - **स्वामी दयानंद सरस्वती**
- मैं दुनिया की सब भाषाओं की इज्जत करता हूँ, परन्तु मेरे देश में हिन्दी की इज्जत न हो, यह मैं नहीं सह सकता - **विनोबा भावे**
- राष्ट्रभाषा के बिना राष्ट्र गूंगा है - **महात्मा गांधी**

हिन्दी राष्ट्र की गरिमा का आधार है। चलो आज विश्व हिन्दी दिवस पर हम सब यह प्रतिक्षा लेते हैं कि अपनी मात्र भाषा के साथ-साथ राष्ट्रभाषा हिन्दी का भी गौरव और सम्मान बड़ाएँ।



Girl Child



A Girl is a Girl she is not a boy,
But she is the only giver of joy.
A Girl, is a mother,
For everyone she bothers,
But the challenges she faces,
There are parallel no others.

A Girl, is a sister
As a younger one, Oh! She can be a
twister,
The older one can be a goon,
but oh lord!
Thank you for giving me one, She is
still a boon.

A Girl is a Daughter,
She is as pure as holy water,
She is bliss for Mother and Father",
Brings them tears of Joy and Laughter

A Girl is a niece,
On her birthdays, she asks for her fees!
All she brings to the family is Peace, Peace and Peace.

A Girl is a Girl
I repeat,
She is NOT a boy,
She is only Giver of Joy.
"Save The Girl Child"

By Anjaneya Kaul
Class IV H
Scottish High International School



Anjaneya Kaul

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

According to some ancient historical records, Kapteshwar is a very old pilgrimage centre of a higher sanctity and was popularly called 'Paap Shodan Sthal' i.e. sins cleaning centre. Kapteshwar is at a distance of nine kilometers from Anantnag and three kilometers from Achhabal in the Kuthaer Pargana. Kuthaer or Kuther is actually an alternate name of Kateshwar. In some historical books on Kashmir, Kapteshwar is one among very famous pilgrimage sites of Kashmir & stands next to Shaarda temple in popularity.

This historical fact is supported by the historian Abu Rayham Baruni (Alberuni) 973-1025 AD. Another historical fact also supports the historicity of the site, when the king Bhoja of Malwa had got constructed a wall around the pilgrimage centre of Kapteshwar. Both the persons under mention had been contemporaries of Mehmood Ghaznavi. Kalhana Pandit also makes a special mention of Kapteshwar among other famous pilgrimage centers of ancient Kashmir.

The importance of this ancient pilgrimage site of Kapteshwar is evident from the fact that Kuthaar has taken its name because of Kapteshwar. Alberuni has mentioned the name Kodeshwar in his book Alberuni's India, which is the english translation of Alberuni's original text

'Tarikh-ul-Hind by Dr. Edward C. Sachau. According to some of the Linguists and historians, Kodeshwar is the Praakrat form of the word Kapteshwar.



According to a popular faith about the sanctity of this pilgrimage centre of Kapteshwar, is that a pilgrim who takes a dip in the Holy Spring of Kapteshwar, washes away all the sins and that is why it has retained its age old name 'Paap Shodhan Naag' from ancient times. According to Alberuni, "During the dark half of the Vaishaakh month of the Hindu Calendar, Lord Shiva manifests in the form of a wooden idol". This popular belief is supported by Nilamata Puraana as well as Har charitmaanas. A court historian of the Mughal king Akbar, Abul Fazl writes in his book 'Ain-i-Akbari', "A large stone wall is surrounding Kuthaer which has a very deep spring inside it. When the depth of the water falls down to a minimum, a manifestation of Lord Shiva takes place in the form of an idol of sandalwood." Abul Fazl's statement clearly shows that up to king Akbar's time, the Holy spring of Kapteshwar must have been in its original shape and size.

It is also worth mention that king Bhoja of Malwa (M.P.) had to assign the construction of the stone wall around Kapteshwar Spring to a person called Padam Raj, who used to supply betel leaves to the king of Kashmir named Ananta Deva, popularly known as King Ananta. Padam Raj being a businessman, also used to send the water of Paap Shodhani Naag of Kapteshwar to the King Bhoja as the king had vowed to wash his face daily with the water of Kapteshwar spring only.

From such references, it is inferred that during tenth and eleventh centuries (A.D.) Kashmir had its trade including the cultural trade with some other states of the country also. Due to the trade with some other countries, the architecture of Kashmir got thus influenced. An example of this cultural influence is found in the meditation rooms and prayer halls of various temples of Kashmir. According to an archeological survey during the eighties of the last century, some remains of the old stone wall and also some portions of the staircase of the ancient Kapteshwar Spring were found. The length of some of the parts of the stone wall were measuring 245 feet in length and two feet in thickness. According to an eyewitness water used to ooze from mountain side of the spring and to make a lake, a wall has been got erected on the western side so as to create a watery reservoir in the form of a small dam with a cross sectional diameter of sixty feet and it is deep also. On the eastern side of the

Holy spring of Kapteshwar are some archaeological remains of two temples. According to a legend, both the temples were got constructed by the king Bhoja. Attached to the temples were two meditation rooms also. One temple must have been facing west and the other temple must have Pagoda type roof.

The author can be contacted at
parimoo.mk@gmail.com



Kashmir Embroidery

हॉरिसाथ दीना नाथ नादिम

حاری شاتھ دینا ناٹھ نادیم

बूट खवरा अख वति प्यठ प्योमुत
 ऑसा वॅहरिथ छारान त्रेश
 हूना अख आव लमुनाह कोरनस
 फुचिमचि बुथ्य खंजि द्युतुनस फेश
 डाला दिथ न्यून नालि अँकिस कुन
 त्रेशि हँतिस मा फुटि अज़ त्रेश



Dina Nath Nadim

بُوٹِ کھورا اکھ وَتِ پیٹھ پیومنت
 اُسا وُہرِکھ تھاراں تریس
 ہونا اکھ آو لَمہ ناه کورنس
 پچھِ مَشرِ مَچھِ دیشس بھیش
 ڈالا دِکھ نیوَن نالہ اَکس کُن
 تریسہ ہتس ما پھٹِ از تریس

اُنہ کھٹا اکھ اڈگر مدگر
 تھوٹہ ڈیرس پیٹھ تراواں گاہ
 گاوا اکھ پیچ مدیا کورنس
 ہونیا اکھ پیچ دیشس باہ
 مَشرِ اکرِ مَچھِ تھوڑچہ تریسہ
 اُمہ اور کمی وچہ اَکس وَتِ کیسا

ऑनु खँडा अख अडुगँर मडुगँर
 छवटु डेरस प्यठ त्रावान गाह
 गावा अख पँच मुदया कँरनस
 हून्या अख पँच द्युतुनस हाह
 मचि अकि तुज, थँव ज़चि तुरि पुशरिथ
 अमि ओर कँम्य वुछ, कस वनु क्या

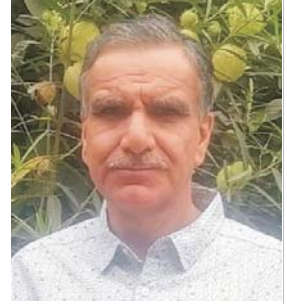
खवपरा अख ऑस लरि सुत्य डोख दिथ
 वंदु पतु वंदु गँजरावान शाह
 अकि वंदु शीनन टोप न्यूस काँसिथ
 बेयि वंदु रूदन कोरनस दाह
 लँर हेच मँल्य अँक्य, बोंगला खोरुन
 तेलि ऑस खवपरा, व्वन्य फुन्य फाह

کھوپرا اکھ اُس کِری سِتی دُوکھ دِکھ
 وَتِ پِترِ وَتِ گَنسِراواں شاہ
 اکرِ وَتِ مَشینن ٹوپ نیوس کاَسِثہ
 بیہِ وَتِ رُوَدَن کورنس داہ
 لُری مَشرِ مَلی اَکی 'بُونگلا کھورن'
 تیلہ اُس کھوپرا، وولنی چھنی چھاہ

कहानी - पवन जलाली दरबार-मूव

जम्मू कश्मीर राज्य में "दरबार मूव" अर्थात नागरिक सचवालय का शीत ऋतु में जम्मू और ग्रीष्म ऋतु में श्रीनगर स्थानांतरण डोगरा शासक महाराजा रनबीर सिंह के शासन काल से प्रारंभ हुआ। सत्तर के दशक तक 'दरबार मूव' कश्मीरियों के लिए किसी मेले से कम नहीं होता था। कश्मीरियों के लिए विशेष रूप से बुजुर्गों के लिए जम्मू जाना वदिश यात्रा समान ही था। लोग जवाहर टनल तक पहुंचने का बेसबरी से इंतजार करते थे। बसों का टनल में पहले प्रवेश करना और फिर टनल से बाहर आना बहुत आकर्षक दृश्य हुआ करता था। श्रीनगर के पर्यटक स्वागत केंद्र पर यात्रियों की गहमा-गहमी देखते ही बनती थी। वृद्ध महिलाएँ अपने परंपरागत कश्मीरी लबास फैशन तरंग और पूव में अपने बेटों के परिवार के साथ जम्मू जाने को बहुत उत्साहति दिखती थी। वह ज़माना रंग बरिगी सूटकेस ट्रालियों का नहीं बल्कि लोहे की चादरों से बने ट्रंको का था। ट्रंको और बसितर होल्डाल को बस की छत पर चडाना पहला और बडा कठनि कार्य होता था। जहां बस रुकी वहां बस की छत पर रखे अपने समान का नरिक्षण करना भी ज़रूरी था। और हां उल्टी की गोलियां साथ रखनी आवश्यक हुआ करती थी। सरकारी बसें दो श्रेणी में चलती थी ऐ-कलास अथवा बी-कलास और यदि आप की गाडी बी-कलास है तो उलटी आना लगभग नशिचति माना जाता था। यात्रा के पहले पडाव काज़ीगुंड में लपिटन चाय पराठों और आमलेट के साथ नाश्ता करना और दोपहर बटोट में राजमा-चावल के साथ खाना-खाना जीवन भर का अनुभव समझा जाता था। दो सौ चौरानवे किलोमीटर की यह यात्रा लगभग बारह गंटे में पूरी होती थी यद्यपि राज्य मार्ग में कहीं अवरुद्ध ना होता।

शूबावती अपने छोटे पुत्र शुबन कृष्ण के साथ पहली बार जम्मू जा रही थी।



शूबावती के पता का पछिले साल देहांत हुआ था। 'शुबजगिर' जम्मू कश्मीर राज्य परिवहन नगिम की ऐ-कलास बस में खडिकी वाली सीट पर बैठे राज्य मार्ग के प्राकृतिक सौंदर्य का लुत्फ उठा रही थी। अचानक अपनी मां की आंखों से आंसू टपकते देख शुबन कृष्ण ने इसका कारण जाना तो 'शुबजगिर' ने कहा काश आज तुम्हारे पतिजी 'टाठा जी' ज़िंदा होते तो कतिना खुश होते परंतु उनके नसीब में नहीं था। 'शुबजगिर' का पेट कुछ ठीक नहीं था लेकिन बेटे-बहूँ के कहने पर बटोट में राजमा-चावल का स्वाद चखा। शुबन कृष्ण जम्मू पहुंचे और अब शूबावती का उत्साह और बड़ गया। 'शुबजगिर' जो फ़ैरन तरंग पूछ में रहती थी अब बहूँ की साड़ी पहनने लगी और नतिय घर के निकट गली में एक छोटे से मंदिर में माथा टेकने जाती। भाषा कभी शूबावती के लिए बाधा नहीं बनी और वह अपना काम चला लेती थी। शूबावती हलवाई से घर के लिए दूध भी लाने जाती थी। "घर में मैज़बान आमृत के हैं थोड़ा मलाई ज़्यादा त्रावान के हैं" हलवाई समझ जाता था कि माताजी और मलाई मांग रही हैं और वह खुशी-खुशी देता भी था। बहूँ खुश माताजी दूध के साथ बहुत सारी मलाई लाती थी। एक बार 'शुबजगिर' घर का रास्ता भूल गयी। रोते-रोते एक सब्जी वाले से बोली "शुबन कृष्ण की मेज आसान के हैं रावान के हे-रावान के हैं" सब्जी वाले ने 'शुबजगिर' को पहचाना और उसे अपने घर तक छोड़ आया। एक बार बंदर 'शुबजगिर' के कमरे में घुसा और उसका एक केला उठा ले गया। 'शुबजगिर' को बहुत गुस्सा आया और मकान मालिक से बोला "रोशनदान कनि पोंज़ बच्च अचान के हैं म्येन के लहेन नवान के हैं रोशनदानस शीश-पोट लगावान के हैं" बस इतना बोलना काफी था मकान मालिक समझ गया माताजी रोशनदान का टूटा शीशा बदलने को कह रही हैं। 'शुबजगिर' का अपने बेटे साथ जम्मू जाना मात्र एक उदाहरण था बीते ज़माने का। कहने का तात्पर्य यह था कि ज़माने ने कैसी करवट बदली और अब हमारी माताएं पूरा विश्व घूमती हैं और राजमा-चावल को पीछे छोड़ 'पज़िज़ा' 'मोमोस' वगैरा-वगैरा अब उनके मुंह का स्वाद बन गया है।



From Here & There - Robin Chowdhury Memory of a Meeting at Ishber (1964)

Mother and grandfather Tathya made a plan,
Visiting Ishber to see Swami Lakshmanjoo.
The swami, a Sanskrit scholar and seeker,
Held a masterclass on Kashmiri Saivism.
This time mother was joining her Dad.
A day before, she invited me too .
"Receive Swami's blessing", she said.
"Tathya takes the Bus most weeks
Tomorrow you drive us in the family car'.
Out of crowded Srinagar city,
Along the bank of the beautiful Dal lake
A drive towards the Mughal Gardens,
Ishber was reached in less than an hour.
The house and Ashram were quiet,
A person in attendance, perhaps a caretaker.
Swami will come out soon, he said.
You can see him before his meditation.
A neatly-attired figure joined us,
A unique aura of tranquillity,
And a gentle smile.
He greeted us warmly
Tathya promptly introduced me
Please bless him, he simply asked.
The Swami looked straight into my eyes,
With consciousness of a troubled soul.
He raised his hand above my head
A gentle gesture, a mere instant in time,
A blessing requiring no words.



Then he moved to the meditation room
Tathya and other students joined him.
After a couple of hours
I drove us home to the city.
A duty fulfilled to my mother
Accepting her invite without question,
Rewarded with an experience.
Over the years I have pondered
The significance of that meeting
What did the blessing mean?
Face your life, such as it is,
Fulfil your destiny'.
So many years later,
I still retain the memory
Of that radiant face,
The light that shone in those eyes.



*My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury***Medical Sleuthing***Tracing the Source of an Epidemic of Virus Hepatitis*

Winter is not the usual season for waterborne disease in the Indian plains. Sporadic cases occur round the year, though. Epidemics of diarrhea, cholera, hepatitis etc are common in summer and rainy seasons. But when I took the monthly stock of patients in my clinic and counted 33 cases of jaundice from viral hepatitis in January and another 39 in February of 1998, I knew something was wrong with the water supply. Contaminated water or food supplies have been implicated in major outbreaks of Viral Hepatitis especially the consumption of faecally contaminated drinking water.

I wrote a letter to the editor of a daily newspaper and expressed my apprehensions about a breaking epidemic of hepatitis and pointed my finger of suspicion at the Public Health Engineering (PHE) department which provides water to Jammu.

Jammu, like many other towns in India, has the dubious distinction of the most dangerous layout of water pipes that provide the precious fluid to nearly a million mouths. In most of the neighborhoods, the pipes run along or inside the drains and gutters that line the lanes and streets, concealed in the muck that flows in them. Most of the supply lines are leaking somewhere so you have a heartbreaking scene of sheets of water running on the

streets when water is pumped in the pipes once a day or less often, for about an hour. More water leaks from the breaks and unions or from the holes people bore in the pipes to

tap water at unauthorized sites, than flows into the buildings and houses. The water tanks in which people store water are most often not fitted with the ball valve to stop the water once they fill up, further compounding the loss. It is painful to watch water running on the streets and into the drains in a criminal waste, when millions in our country have to trudge long distances for a bucket of this scarce resource. I call it the great water robbery.

Once pumping stops, a negative pressure develops in the pipes and sucks in the effluent from the streets, lanes, drains, gutters and cesspools through the leaks, faulty joints and ill-fitting unions. The sucked material is a source of all types of bacteria, fungi, viruses and other toxic contaminants that thrive in the streets and drains. Every time water is pumped again in the pipes the previously sucked-in material is washed into the recipient's houses contaminated by this rich culture of disease-producing vermin and toxic



waste..

My letter to the newspaper made no impact. Patients of hepatitis continued to pour in an unending stream. March brought a whopping number of 145 cases and there was now no doubt that an epidemic was on. I made detailed notes of the patient age, sex, addresses, clinical picture, complications, liver function derangements, progression, recovery and sequelae.

The patients who came to me were mostly the Kashmiri refugees, euphemistically called 'migrants'. They lived a cramped life as tenants and very few had their own dwellings. The patients were mostly from New Plots, Sarwal, Rehari, and contiguous localities. There were clusters in some areas and some families where many members had contracted the virus. It was a picture of a local epidemic, confined to this small sector. They were of all ages and both sexes. It had to be either Hepatitis A or E, both water borne diseases. Since young adults aged 15-40 years were hit maximum, it looked like Hepatitis E rather than A which is mostly an infection of children; but confirmation was necessary.

Testing for viral studies and their markers was not available in Jammu till then. I could send samples to Delhi but the cost was prohibitive. Asking indigent 'migrant' patients to spend a few thousand rupees for the test would be cruel especially when it was more of epidemiological and academic interest than of as a substantial tool in the treatment of an individual patient. The

illness was mild in most cases, and recovery uneventful. Fortunately there were few complications.

Both Hepatitis A and E are mild illnesses and mortality is much lower than Hepatitis B and C which are spread by a different route and do not present as epidemics except in institutions. Hepatitis E is bad on pregnant patients in whom high infant and maternal mortality has been reported. However, there were only 4 pregnant women till the end of February and fortunately there was no mortality. I still believed the cases to be E rather than A.

I dashed another letter to the newspaper, breaking the news of a full-fledged epidemic, outlining the geographic contours, the density, and the severity. I castigated the PHE for inaction since my last warning. Early in the morning of the letter's publication, I received a distress phone call from the Chief Engineer PHE.

He was sore that I had written the letter and not spoken to him directly about it. I did not know him personally, I replied, nor was I expected to remind him of his job. His department had ignored my warning. The cost of their negligence was colossal in terms of human suffering. If the first letter was ignored, I was not sure they would not snub me for interfering in their departmental work. A newspaper was, in my opinion, the best medium to inform people, who were my main concern. In any case, what steps was he going to take now that the epidemic was on?

The Chief Engineer was apologetic. He said he would do everything to help and

wanted to know what could be done to halt the epidemic. I replied that I suspected a major contamination of one or more reservoirs that supply water to the affected localities. We had to trace the source and that would entail a detailed inspection of the water reservoirs including a survey of the main feeder pipes, and the supply lines to the affected areas. The sealing of all the leaks everywhere in the town was obligatory. But tracing the local epidemic was urgent.

This was a tall order for a department notorious for indiscipline, disobedience and a culture of strikes and shutdowns in its cadres. But there was no escape. The chief requested me to guide his staff in tracing the epidemic and decided to send his deputy along with a team to discuss with me about the steps to stem the tide.

A team of five PHE officials reported in my residence same evening, headed by the SE. When I asked them if they could draw a rough sketch of the reservoirs supplied water to the localities under our scanner, they were not sure. When one of them said he would come prepared with the sketch next day, I produced my own from my pocket. I was ready with a rough sketch of the sources of water supply to the affected areas. This was provided to me earlier by a patient whom I phoned soon after the CE rang off in the morning. I knew he was a PHE official and he was glad to supply me the information. The team members were shocked and shamed. However, I put them at ease and outlined my plan:

□ Draw a detailed sketch of the

reservoirs and their areas of distribution after looking at the localities under the impact of the epidemic.

□ Determine the type of hepatitis - A or E. The tests are costly and not available in Jammu. The patients cannot afford the tests so the department has to bear the cost.

□ Scavenge all the reservoirs under the scanner.

□ Plug all leaks, rents and holes in the distribution pipes, not only in the affected localities but whole of Jammu.

□ Intensify surveillance against water poachers.

□ Inform public through posters, pamphlets and news papers in order to create awareness about the epidemic.

□ Outline the preventive measures against the infection like personal hygiene and the consumption of boiled water for drinking till the epidemic has died down.

□ Ensure supply of properly treated water through leak-proof pipes.

The team left with assurances to me that they would plunge into action next morning. They said they would send samples of blood from my patients by courier service for testing to be carried out in Delhi and the department would bear the cost. They would prominently advertise in the paper on a regular basis till the epidemic died down.

The next week brought a stream of patients from the same areas. I waited for the team to collect the samples from the patients to be sent to Delhi but no one reported. I sent the samples by courier service on my own hoping PHE would

reimburse later. The reports on viral markers confirmed my suspicion that we were dealing with hepatitis E. I had about ten reports on patients from different areas and there was no point pursuing with more testing once all of them proved to be Hepatitis E.

I sent two more letters in the paper with all the instructions especially to the residents of the areas affected. However, there were no advertisements from the PHE and on my evening walks I did not find any evidence that the leaks had been plugged in our area which, however, was not affected. I asked some patients and was informed that some workmen were closing the leaks at places.

I phoned the SE and he said they were on the job; they were plugging all the leaks in the area under scrutiny. He agreed that there were a few major leaks in some feeder pipes that supplied the affected arrears, two of them were passing through filthy drains. They were going for a total overhaul. He hoped the epidemic would soon be contained.

But cases continued to pour in from New Plots and Sarwal which had the maximum density of the cases. Even if all the leaks were plugged it would take 4-8 weeks for the epidemic to die down, that being the incubation period of the disease.

But there was a problem. If it were just the leaks in the feeder pipes passing through drains there should have been a parallel increase in other waterborne diseases in the affected places. But that was not so; there was no increase in typhoid, dysentery, diarrhea etc. The

increase was only in Jaundice and now we knew it was the hepatitis E virus. There had to be a single source of this virus from somewhere, most likely a reservoir. I phoned the SE again and insisted that he direct his team to look into the reservoirs that supplied the areas affected. Leaks in two feeder pipes of two localities could not explain the large areas involved nor the exclusive occurrence of only one waterborne disease. They must go to the reservoirs, inspect them, get samples for cultures and get them cleaned.

The SE reported back after a week and said they had looked into all the reservoirs supplying the localities and found nothing worthwhile; in any case they had got the cleaned.

The epidemic died down over the next 6 weeks. It could not have been just the result of my instructions to the patients and the letters in the news papers or the sealing of leaking points. There had to be a major contamination from the source of supply, I was sure of that. In any case it was a great relief to see the back of the virus.

My curiosity could not be satiated by that report by the SE that they had found nothing. I knew there was a skeleton in the cupboard. And I waited for my chance to find out.

Months later, another one of the PHE officials from the Team came to consult me for his mother. I complained that it was heart-breaking to find the water flowing over the streets whenever it was being supplied to our neighborhood, in spite of the epidemic a few months earlier. It was

sad that PHE had failed to ensure a proper leak-free supply. He looked at me almost in reverence.

"Sir, you came as a messiah to the people and saved our department from a terrible disgrace. You were right in pointing us to the reservoir, but we looked there last. That is why it took so long. We lost priorities and started randomly checking the leaking points rather than going according to the plan you laid out for us. We found a dead monkey in the reservoir which you had marked for us on the very first day we came to your home as a team. The reservoir was stinking and the monkey carcass rotten beyond recognition. How could the department acknowledge this gross negligence?"

There is no doubt the monkey was infected with hepatitis E virus and possibly drowned itself while trying to drink water from there. Primates like dogs, monkeys and rodents are known to harbor the virus. In fact, in a study conducted to examine whether Indian monkeys are infected with hepatitis E virus (HEV), serum samples from wild rhesus and langur monkeys were screened for anti-HEV IgG antibodies. The positivity rates were 36.7% and 19.1% respectively which goes to show how widespread the disease is in monkeys. No doubt the present epidemic was a result of the monkey which had found its watery grave in the reservoir.

Contact Dr at:
kundanleela@yahoo.com

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?

एक प्रश्न

किशनी पंडिता



उजाड़ वीरान घरों से रुआंसी आवाजें आती हैं।
 वह खुशियाँ भरे दिन, वह जगमगाती रातें कब आर्येंगी?
 गिरती दीवारें, धंसते फर्श अभी भी पूछते हैं।
 हमसे नाता तोड़ कर जाने वाले कब आर्येंगे?
 चरमराती सीढ़ियाँ, लटकती खिड़कियाँ अपनी दुर्दशा पर आंसू बहाती हैं।
 वह दनदनाती हुई बच्चों की फौज कब आयेगी?
 बंद अलसाये हुए किवाड़ों से भी सदायें आती हैं
 हमें प्यार से थपथपाने वाले वापस क्यों नहीं आर्येंगे?
 कहाँ गया वह शोरगुल, वह कुलांचे मारते बच्चे?
 उदास, उजाड़, सुनसान आंगन आजतक आंसू बहाता है।
 वह ठोकुर कुठ जो घर का केंद्र बिंदु हुआ करता था
 आज भी अपने मुँहे तुड़े चिन्नों को भीगी आंखों से देखता है।
 वह मेरा शिवलिंग, वह मेरी घंटी, मेरा शंख, मेरा चंदन
 क्या कोई मुझे यह सब वापस दिलायेगा?
 घर के दरवाजे की जंग लगी टूटी सांकल भी पूछती है
 वह मेरे परिवार वाले क्या कभी वापस आर्येंगे?
 परिन्यागी, सहमे, चिंतित, थके मांटे मंदिरों के घाट पूछते हैं।
 यहां पर व्यथ नयोदशी पर दिये बहाने वाले और फूल चढ़ाने वाले कब आर्येंगे?
 शिवालय की धूल धूसरित घंटी कितने दिन से चुप है
 खुद से ही पूछती है मुझे बजाने क्या कभी आर्येंगे?
 हम सब भी तो अपने आप से और एक दूसरे से यही पूछते हैं।
 कि आखिर हम लोग अपने घरों में वापस कब जायेंगे?
 शायद कभी ऐसा कोई युग पुरुष अवश्य आयेगा।
 जो कश्यप ऋषि की संतानों को फिर से अपनी जगह पर बसायेगा।

Poetry - Ali Shaida
Ghazal



*At night time an expedition (I) picked from the courtyard
From the drought eyes (I) over spilled the courtyard*

*In measure (I) do bring rain drops by holding sunny spots
Up to the dusk, I amass insanity from the courtyards*

*Fancy bangs and in fancy I peep through the window
Perchance someone opened the doorway of the courtyard*

*Into the shadows like contour, the moonlight has turned
Who through thy door passed from the alien courtyard?*

*What summer, what autumn, a deserted look allover
As if no season affords a remedy to the courtyard*

*Thy, the wind gathered round the folios all
As if to let me the old lessons read from the courtyard*

*At the window side of Laila, Shaida shall stretch his hem
Who could the death of Najd but bear the curse of the courtyard?*



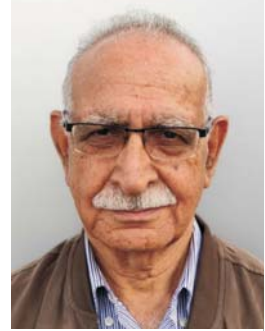
Environment & Life - Prof B.L.Kaul An Ecologist's Perspective on COVID-19

"The second man to die of COVID-19 in Spain was Antonio Viera Montiero Chairman of Spain's largest bank "Santander". He died alone in a hospital at the age of 73. After his death his daughter stated that they are a wealthy family and her father passed away alone, suffocating and looking for something free which is Air. His money stayed at home"- Sivaram Swamy.

These are revealing words of a knowledgeable Swami. The wealthy man died gasping for a breath of air which mankind has badly polluted. It reminds me of my own protected childhood in an unpolluted India of 1940's and early 1950's. As I grew up as an ecologist in 1970's I realized that things were changing fast. The quality of air and water were deteriorating everywhere in the world including India. We had started to pay a price for development. In the name of development there was rampant destruction of forests, grasslands, mountains and valleys. Roads and railways were being built, concrete jungle



had started coming up and black smoke was emanating from chimneys turning our skies dark. The developing world was blindly following the path chosen by the developed west. Human race was now following a self-destructive and suicidal course. There were words of caution coming from the wise and lip services paid by the capitalists and the politicians to rectify the damage that had already been done to the environment. The western world especially the Americans had already initiated damaging the environment.



Dr. Barry Commoner was an American Cell Biologist and a college professor. He was a leading ecologist among the founders of modern environmental movements. He published his book, "The Closing Circle", in 1971 which coincided with the very beginning of Earth Day on April 22, 1970. In his book he

warned the Americans that a society which does not follow the basic laws of ecology and nature is courting disaster and turmoil.

The world now is in an environmental crisis because the way ecosphere is being used to produce wealth is destructive of the ecosphere itself. The capitalist system of production, which the Chinese Communist Party and many others have blindly copied from the west is self-destructive and the human civilization is following a suicidal course. According to Dr. Barry Commoner "Capitalism is inherently anti-ecological." This line of thinking is being followed by most eco-socialists including Bernard Sanders and Naomi Klein who also believe that the capitalism is anti-ecological. India has had her own share of environmental activists notably Shivaram Karanth, Sunder Lal Bahugna, Medha Patkar, Maneka Gandhi, Sumaira Abdulali and Sunita Narain.

The now-famous four Laws of Ecology enunciated by Dr. Commoner are as follows.

1. Everything is connected with everything else.
2. Everything must go somewhere.
3. Nature knows the Best.
4. There is no such thing as a free lunch.

The last law is a quote that he has taken from nineteenth century Industrialist and philanthropist John Ruskin. It means there is a cost to everything and whatever appears free will be in a package (like buy one get one free).

The COVID-19 pandemic, also called Corona Virus from Wuhan, China was detected in late December 2019 and has affected the human population of the whole world.

At the time of writing there were 50.8 million confirmed cases worldwide: 33.1 million recovered cases and 1.26 million fatalities. In India there were 8.59 million confirmed cases and 126,621 fatalities.

Ironically COVID-19 pandemic presents us with an incredible example of how Dr. Commoner's all Laws of Ecology apply to this now- International health scare. As is well known now Chinese wet markets are according to Chinese scientist Zhenzong Si (as quoted on NPR) "the predominant food outlets for fresh produce and meat in Chinese cities. There are hundreds of such markets in large Chinese cities and a large variety of plants and animal products are for sale, including live animals kept in notoriously unhealthy spaces. Their excretions and illnesses are part of the overall market arena, which is visited by thousand of shoppers every day. Wet markets are an established and ingrained part of Chinese community and culture, and thus it is no surprise that diseases are now jumping from animals to humans and humans to humans." This is how exactly the SARS (Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome) appeared in 2002 in China. It spread world wide within a few months although it was quickly contained. It should have served as a notice to mankind that there is possibility that new

viral diseases are jumping from animals to humans. Surprisingly WHO did not take it seriously and the wet markets in China continued to function.

According to Dr. Zenzlog Si eating wild animals is considered a symbol of wealth in China because they are rare and expensive. Wild animals are also considered more natural and nutritious compared to farm meat. If anything, Chinese wet markets are the very antithesis of Dr. Commons laws of ecology. If "Nature knows best" then wild animals should be living wildly and not harvested en mass for consumption. "Everything must go somewhere" equates to the diseases, viruses, bacteria and blood which are produced by animals in captivity and being killed directly next to people working and shopping. "Everything is connected to everything else" sums up this whole truly unfortunate and inhumane situation resulting in illnesses, sufferings, scares, death and destruction of economies all over the world.

Although there is no treatment for COVID-19 yet most infected people are developing immunity and getting well thanks to the efforts of corona warriors which includes doctors, paramedics, nurses, ward boys, safai walas, police and para military forces. However, people who were already suffering from some comorbidities are finding it difficult to fight the infection effectively. Progress has been made in managing the disease since it was declared as a pandemic by WHO. The only hope to fight COVID-19

successfully is a vaccine. Efforts all over the world are on and it is hoped that a viable vaccine will be available in the first quarter of the next year. Till then we have not to lower our guard and will have to continue wearing masks, washing hands frequently and maintain social distance strictly. Most importantly as the festival season is arriving, we must abstain from using fire crackers and explosives etc which will further pollute the air. Our mega cities like Delhi are already heavily polluted.

Air pollution from an ecologist's perspective is seriously impeding to fight the pandemic. According to Dr. Maria Neira, WHO Director of Public Health high levels of air pollution result in premature death of seven million people every year. Air pollution increases susceptibility and vulnerability to COVID-19 infections. Exposure to air pollution of the people already suffering from chronic lung diseases, lung cancer, cardio-vascular diseases, kidney and liver diseases increases their chances of getting infected by COVID-19. There are lessons to be learnt from our experiences and the whole world must unite to reduce pollution levels, follow laws of ecology and fight against diseases like COVID-19, SARS, MERS, Bird flu and many other diseases unknown till recently. We have to find ways and means to stop viruses and bacteria from jumping from wild life to humans. COVID-19 is an awful example how easy it is to go off the rails when humans don't think and act like mother nature.



Flavour of Spice - Marryam H Reshii The Clash of the Kashmiri Ladies

For the last three decades or so, Delhi has been exposed to the glories of Kashmiri food. Or, to be more specific, *wazwan*. It is a banquet conjured up entirely of lamb and it is cooked by a community of caterers called *wazas*. Usually eaten at weddings and other celebratory occasions, it consists of gargantuan quantities of food – at least seven courses. In the last two or three years, food aficionados in the city have started to hear of the other side of the story: the Kashmiri Pandit cuisine, lesser

known, perhaps because the community is smaller. However, as many of them have settled down all over the National Capital Region, dishes such as *matsch*, *kaliya* and *dum oluv* are beginning to get their place in the sun.

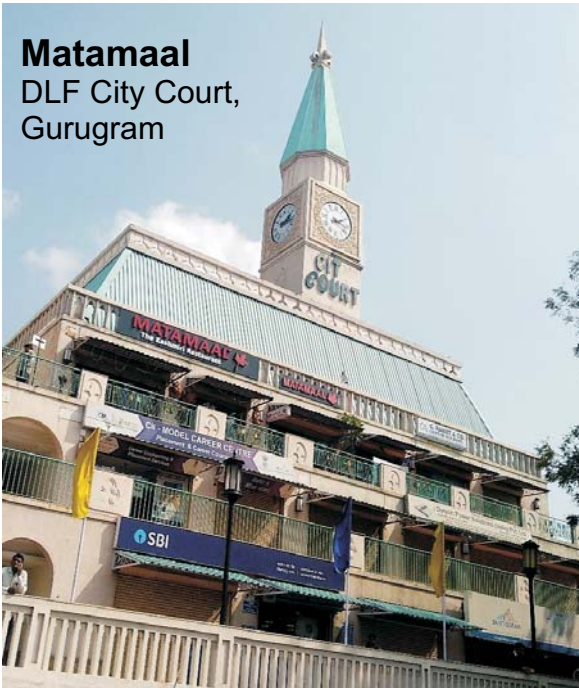


The most interesting aspect is that though there are Kashmiri Pandit caterers, it is the home-cooked food of the community what has become popular of late. So, it is a toss-up between the restaurants and take-aways that are *waza* dominated and the Pandit-centric eateries and catering services all of which have ladies at their centre. Thus, when *Matamaal* opened a few years ago, everyone sat up and took notice, because *Matamaal* means grandma's house (mother's mother). And although Nalini Moti Sadhu is absurdly young and glamorous to be a grandmother, the customers that flock to her restaurant-cum-bakery-cum-provision store feel as if they're being pampered by their own grandma.

Such a runaway hit was *Matamaal* that it has just undergone its third

Matamaal

DLF City Court,
Gurugram





extension of their home. The *thalis* do very well here.

In Kalkaji, Aanchal Pandita has named her home delivery service *Safapore*, after the small town on the banks of the superbly picturesque Manasbal Lake. *Safapore* is where her grandfather hailed from and though Aanchal has never actually seen the somnolent town, the very name had so much of a cachet for her that it has become her trade name. The

expansion, taking over the neighbours' space as well. You might find Nalini putting out jars of pickles in the sun outside her front door, or arranging her lovely display cabinet with its brass tableware that is for sale, along with Kashmiri spices and other ingredients. The menu is small and the couple – Surender Sadhu has been co-opted into the business – run it like an



a small menu that comprises of *Tchok Wangun* (aubergine soured with tamarind) and mutton *kaliya* in its trademark milk gravy, stained yellow with turmeric, and has to be ordered a day before: nothing is sitting around half-cooked, waiting to be finished *à la minute*. This is not only a hallmark of *Safapore* but also of *Matamaal*. It is probably the hallmark of all the lovely ladies from Kashmir who wield the

ladle: home-cooked food is famously fresh, healthy and tasty. And that is what Rajni Jinsi brings to her hotel festivals: planned menus with a sprinkling of popular preparations, plus a few home-style dishes or foods eaten at festivals or fast-days. Her *Khetchar with Lamb's Liver* soured with tamarind or *Modur Polao with Kabargah* (sweet rice with fried ribs) are never seen outside private houses, but homesick members of the community



cannot get enough of Rajni's home-style cooking. At her festivals – held in several Delhi hotels and Kolkata and Bikaner resorts – she brings along her own brass utensils, many of them over 50 years old, to add verisimilitude to the food. Her food embodies the elemental flavours of Kashmir's ingredients, cooked with precision and with the unmistakable buzz of asafoetida, the one defining spice of this tiny community who chooses the background rather than the limelight.

It is a heartening sign that ITC



Hotels has appointed a Corporate Kashmiri Chef, who is not only from the Pandit community, but who is also female. You can enjoy Chef Suman Kaul's trademark *Apple Pakoras* and *Fish with Lotus Stem Gravy* every Wednesday at lunch in ITC Maurya.



Author can be contacted at :
marryam08@gmail.com





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پراگاشش تہ امیک دُیت (کلیم بشیر)

پراگاشش چھ گاشراوان کاشر ماجہ زیو ہند مؤڈر تہ مایہ یو رت پوت کال۔ امیک اوپ
ژوپ چھ ماسٹر جی ساسہ بدن کاشرین "ڈیو زان کرو" آن لائن کلاس منز کران۔ چلے تم
دنیا ہس منز گنہ تہ جایہ اُسرتن، امیک مؤدریر چھ تمن پر تھ ساتھ زیو روزان۔ یہ پروگرام چھ
سہٹھہاہ رت تہ زبر تہ اتھ منز شرکت کرن واکر چھ پنہ ماجہ زیو لول برنس منز پر تھ دوہ پنہن
احساسات تہ جذباتن ہند وونہ ہر تھ اظہار کران۔ یہاے جذبہ بروئہہ پکناونس منز چھ ماسٹر جی
پراگاشش میگزین کس رتھ وار شمارس منز کاشرین شاعرن ادپین تہ قلکمہارن ہند مضمون تہ فن پار
شامل کرتھ کاشر ماجہ زیو ہند بجز تہ تھز ربارس انچ کوشش کران تہ مختلف رسم الخطن منز امیک
ترجمہ کران۔

کاشر زبان یوس الہ پلہ پانز ساس وری پریانی اکھ باگہ پڑ تہ تاریخی زبان چھ۔ ل
دہ ہند واکھ تہ شیخ العالم شیخ نور الدین نورانی سہد شرو کر چھ امہ زبانی ہند مؤئل تہ مارک مؤند
سرمایہ۔ امہ سرمایہ رچھ کرنہ خاطر تہ زان دینچ چھ ماسٹر جی بیم شرو کر تہ واکھ پر کھاونچ تہ
وہہناونچ پر تھ ممکن کوشش کران تہ پنہ کو چھ منز لاناوان۔ کاشر زبانی ہند یوے بوگ چھ



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پراگاش زبانی ہندسں تھکی درن بطور ڈاکر پر ہتھ رہتہ سوزان ہر گاہ تم قبول کرن۔ ستی چھ کاشترہن
شاعرن ادبہن تہ قلم کارن یہ زبان نہ کہن تارکن تام واتناونہ خاطر اتھ میگزینس وژہ وانجہ لول
برنگ التجا کران تہ پیہ یہ یاد پاوان، "ساری سمہوا کس رزمہ ہو اہ ماراویا کاہن گاؤ۔"
کاشتر چھ گائل تہ اکر سند گائے جارک اعتراف نہ صرف ملکس منز بلکہ ملکہ مہر تہ کرنہ
یوان چھ۔ وونڈی گو وکاو گائے تہ چھ کیشہہ یمن نہ کانہہ تہ تار کھسان چھ مگر پو زچھ اتھ زبانہ کور
برٹر ریشیو، سنتو، عالموتہ منیوتہ یہوئے وجہ چھ وئے تہ چھ یہ زبان کاشترہن ہنز گوڈ انوار پیہ تہ
پڑھ سان باتھی، شرفو کر تہ وا کہ پر ہتھ خاندرس تہ کو میل زمینس کام کرنہ وز پنہن ستی باجن ستی
گوان۔ تہ وتہ پکے وونڈی لو کہ باتھی بو زتھ رو زتھ گزہان۔ کونگہ وارہن ژور دو ان چھ ژنہ ہارچہ
زونہ ہند وگنہ وون تہ کن گزہان۔ یہ زبان ہیکہ ہون نہ زانہہ تہ مشرأ و تھ تکلیازے چھ ونتہ یاد
پیلہ مے بڈ ببولہ منز گوہ گوہ کر تھ ونان اوس۔

گوہ گوہ کر یو کہہ کے دورو کہہ کے دورو

سلہ پہن پیہ ز ہے بشہ ہو ہدورو بشہ ہو ہدورو

بتہ کیاہ رنہ یو با سمتہ ٹورو با سمتہ ٹورو

سیون کیاہ رنہ یو ٹھولہ زنبورو ٹھولہ زنبورو



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پراگاش چھہ وری وادو پٹھ شری مہاراج کرشن رینہ جی سہندس ادارتس منز شالیج سپدان تہہ
 کاشتر زبانی لول بران۔ ماسٹری جی چھہ ہر وقتہ پرتھہ کانہہ نغمہ، مضمون تہہ پر پڑھ کہہ وجہ کھالان تہہ
 وچھان کانہہ ماما چھہ اتھہ ستر گندہ باشہ کر مڑہ۔ پز چھہ بیہوئے ز شری ایم کے رینہ جی ایم زن
 ماسٹری سندہ ناوستری مے توہہ برو نہہ کن پیش کر دی چھہ کاشتر ماجہ زیو ہندس عشقس منز اکھ دیوانہ
 تیجی ہندس خونہ کس قطرس قطرس امہ زبانہ ہند لول تہہ مایہ برتھہ چھہ۔ یہوئے وجہ چھہ اٹھمس
 دہلس منز قدم تراونہ باوجود چھہ تریبہ دہلکس جوان ہند پاتھکی یہ سورے بور نکھس تلنٹھ گاٹھ
 واتناوان۔ دے دی نس رومہ ریشن آئے تہہ تھادو نس پراگاش میگنرین دوہ کھوتہ دوہ تہہ بون تہہ
 ماری مؤفد بناونس منز آو ر۔ میون اتھہ واس چھہ تمس تو تام آہ تہہ یوتام کاشتر زیو بے لوٹ خدمت
 کرنس منز بھامل حال چھہ۔ خدائے دہن اسہ تہہ اتھہ پنہہ ماجہ زیو خدمت کرنک توفیق۔

کاشیر سوتین کاشیر ساری، نتو وارانوکھ ہوران کاو

- امین کامیل

کاشتر ستین کاشتر ساری، نپہ وارانکی حاران کاو

- امین کامیل



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Urdu Poetry Book 'MAQSAD-I-ZAAT' released in a function of Maraz Adbi Sangam at Anantnag.

Kashmiri Poetry book "MAQSAD-I-ZAAT" the debut book by Sufi Poet of Warsi thought, Machi Manzoor was released in a glorious function of Maraz Adbi Sangam, held at Baagi Nowgam, Anantnag, Kashmir on 28th of November 2020. The book comprises of Kashmiri sufi poems. The impressive book release function was presided over by well known writer Dr. Mohammad Shafi Ayaz and the program was conducted by Dr. Shaida Hussain Shaida. The book was released by Riyaz Anznoo, President Maraz Adbi Sangam. A paper on the book was read by famous Kashmiri and Persian poet Aejaz Ahmad Laloo. He described the book a voice of inner soul of the poet and described it as devotional poetry. He threw detailed light on various aspects of poetry presented in the book.

A Mushaira (Poetic recitation) was also conducted on this occasion in which various legendary poets of South Kashmir participated and recited their poems which soothed the audience magnanimously. The poets who recited their masterpieces of poetry were Dr. Mohammad Shafi Ayaz, Riyaz Anzanoo, Izhar Mubashir, Qamar Hameedullah, Nadir Hassan, Bashir Zayir, Abdul Ahad Wahid, Dr. Showkat Shifa, Manzoor Khalid, Mashroo Naseebabadi, Yousuf Jahangir, Prof. Nisar Nadeem, Parvaiz Gulshan, Raja Muzaffar, Sagar Qaiser, Manzoor Hashim, Haji Ramzan, Rasheed Sidiqi, Muntazir Yasir, Muzaffar Gazal, Muzaffar Dilber, Bashir Dilber, Machi Mamzoor, Nadim Shoqia and Dr. Shaida Hussain Shaida.

In his presidential address Dr. Mohammad Shafi Ayaz said that the book is a valuable addition in Kashmiri sufi literature as it has a sufi aroma and expressed his hope that the author will continue to contribute towards Kashmiri literature in his own specialized way of expression and aroma. He expressed his pleasure that the senior as well as budding poets are writing the poetry of time which shows their sensitivity towards condition of the society and present scenario which is a healthy sign.



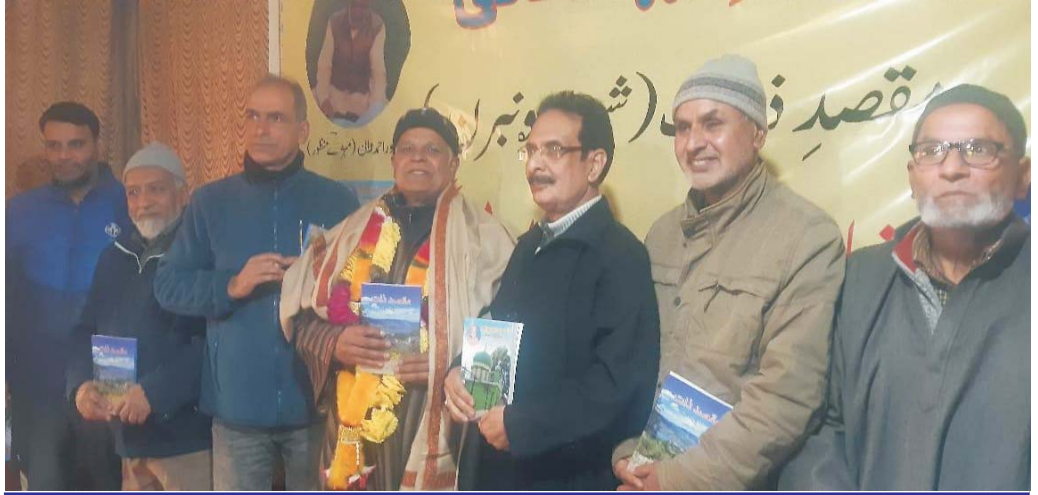
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شاکر احمد نایک

”ڈرتے ہاڑ“۔۔۔ اکھ تنقیدی جائزہ



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للہ وان۔ اتھ برعس پُھ بیا کھ طبقہ خدا لیس پان پتھر تھ پڑتال، مارداڑتہ خوف و ڈھتھلس ماحولس منز زوان۔ یہ دلیل پُھے کاشترن ہند بھکرا وچ تہ قدرن ہند رادیک احساس و دتلا وان۔ اگرچہ دونوں طبقن سماجی تہ ثقافتی سطحس پتھر مختلف رنگ و سگین مسئلہ درپیش رُو دے، تمہ باوجود پتھر تم پتھر تہذیبی قدر رُزھر اوچ کوشش کران۔ کُشیپر منز آس کاشترن ہن ہند کسبہ سکو آداب تہ کھنپہ جینکو طریقہ کاشترن مسلمان ستر واریا ہنس حدس تمام مشابہت تھاوان۔ کُشیپر ہن روزن واکر پتھر چھ تہن چیزن قائم تھا وچ کوشش کران۔ مگر بد قسمتی کز چھ تہ تہن پتھر مزاد کو تم ساری کھنپہ جینکو چیز تہ میسر۔ مثلاً ہاکھ، ہوگاڈ تہ ڈلکو بیدرک ہوی چیز پتھر تہ بازرس منز دستیاب۔ یہ کی پتھر تم شدتہ سان محسوس کران، تکیا زاتھ پتھر تھندس تہذیبس ستر سون واٹھ۔ ایم کو یہ پڑا کر تہ خاطر پتھر تم لو کچھ تہ کوششہ کران روزان۔ یہ احساس پُھ دلیلہ منز تُو پاٹھو بر دتھہن گن یوان۔ مثلاً

”پنیاس منز تہ پُھ ہاکھ بنان، تہ ہوگاڈ تہ تہ بیدرک۔
 دے گرن کا کاجیس رُت۔ تُو پُھ بھتس پتھر گملن
 منز ہاکھ لو گت۔ منز منز پُھ صحاے دروازس ٹھک
 دتھ سلام کران، ہاکھ ٹھیلیہ پنا وان تہ سار تہ ہنر نبر

”ڈرتے ہاڑ“ دلیل پُھے پروفیسر مشتاق احمد زرگر منتظر ستر ”خدا لیس حوالہ“ کتابہ منز درج۔ اتھ دلیلہ منز پُھے کُشیپر منز تہ کُشیپر ہن روزن والہن شترن پتھر پتھر واکر اثرات تہ نفسیاتی الجھن ہنر کامیاب عکاسی کر تہ آہو۔ یہ دلیل پُھے کہ کاشترن مخلوط معاشرہ ستر شمال، ہنر منز اکثریتی طبقہ تہ اقلیتی طبقہ لو کھ پانہ واکر ملہ تراسان لسان لسان آس۔ غار معمولی حالات کو پُھ اکھ طبقہ تہ آتھ اپور تران زتہ پتھر تھندری ہم مذہب تہ شاید ماگز اران سو کھہ سان زندگی ہندری دودہ مگر توت واکر پتھر تھن کر تہ ہوا توتہ ناقابل برداشت موسمی تہ سماجی حالاتن جُند مقابلہ کران پوان۔

ناسا یہ حالات کو ذرا یہ واریاہ کاشتری ہنر تہ گئے ملکہ کن مختلف شہرن منز آباد، مگر تہند خاطر گئے ٹوک مسئلہ یاد۔ مثلاً دُرر، پڑھنبر، شناخت راوڈی، زبان تہ ثقافتس ددار واٹن۔ تم پتھر نو رنگہ چن پربشائین منز پتھر یوان۔ تنیک کچھ پُھ الگ، ہنر منز تہ نوش کو رُو رمو رتھ پُھے ہکان تہ زمانن پُھ بازرس منز غار محفوظ آسنگ احساس گنان۔ تمن پُھ پان یان کاون منز بارک کا ویا سان۔ ہم توقعات ہنر تم کُشیپر پتھر ڈرتھ آتھر آس، تمن برعکس حالات وچ پتھر تم ہنگہ گوہان۔ تم پتھر پتھر وطنک ملہار، قدرن ہنر احترام تہ لحاظ داری یاد کرتھ پشیمان۔ اور واکر پتھر تم پتھر رسم و رواج، زبان، رواج، تہ ملہار کہ رواٹک غم

Shakir Ahmad Naik is Research Scholar, Modern Indian Languages (Kashmiri Section), AMU, Aligarh. He can be reached at : shakir.kmr@gmail.com



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



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Kaleem Bashir

ترومت۔ شرے کے جوان۔ ٹوپے آہے بارس، ہتھ کڑ آہے ہتھ من ترہن
ڈرک۔ من مزواریاہ تبدیلیہ۔ کاشترن ہن ہنوتھ پئے رۇز آس غار کاشترن ماحولس
منز پڑھان۔ نہ رۇڈ پانچہ ماجہ زو نہ نابلد۔ امہ کڑ چھے بزرگن نہ شرن
درمیان اکھ communication gap۔ اگرچہ شرن منز ماجہ زو راونگ
احساس پھنہ مگر بزرگ پئے چھے ماجہ زو راونگ کرب للہ وان۔ یہ کرب پھہ دلہہ
منز نمایاں:

”ہین نچان ہنر کتھ پتھے فکرتران۔ ہم رۇڈ ڈر اڈگلہ
صرف پچہ پآم دنان۔ واعر امہ رو پوک کتھ نہ
پئن بول بوش۔ دیوالا پئے پئے پوک پتھم پتھس
منزے ڈر کمپہ۔ ہین پتھنہ بوڈن وولے کانہہ۔ پئے
چہ اچہرہ بدلیہ۔“

کشیہ منز روزنس دوران کاشترن بے معاشرن منزیس پسند نہ ناپسندک
عصر تہند مزادک حصہ اوس، نہر نہر آہے تہ منز نہ تبدیلی، نہہہ کز تم نون
رسن آڈر۔ خاندن کر نہ بز ونہ اوس ذات نہ ذاتس سنو نظر و زول دیہ یوان۔
ٹوس ماحولس منز روزنہ تھس سوچس کانہہ اہیت نہ نہرود کانہہ مول۔ مثلاً

”نچہ پچہ یوان رشپہ۔ ازس پتھہ وونڈ ذات نہ ذاتک
ڈچھان۔ لڑکہ بے میلہ نہ پتھہ قسمت“

کشیہ منز پتھہ تقریباً سارے روزن والہن پئن گھر۔ نہ پئن گھر آس
پتھہ اکھ اعتماد۔ کشیہ نہر نہر تھہ پئے وکاشترن ہن وان وان رس روزن۔ نہہہ پتھہ
تہنر شناخت رآ و نہ نفسیاتی طورے تم احساس محرومی ہندر شکار۔ ٹوپے نہ پتھہ
امہ احساس محرومی نہر پتھہ۔ مثلاً

”مکان ما لک پتھہ نہ دروازہ تھوہہ دووان۔ تس اگر پتھہ لگہ
زستہ نہ پتھہ پتھن تران، نہ ہرا وکرا لیس رو پیہ ساس۔
ڈہیر واوک زن پتھہ شروہ نہ ہیہ تہمت۔ ودیہ منز پتھہ

بوڑ ماوتھ بز ونہہ کن ہیران۔“
دور گھنہ باوڈ نہ پتھہ کاشترن پانہ وانی دلہہ کز نزدیک۔ نہ رشتن ہنویہ
نزدیکی پتھہ کاشترن ہنر غلط تہنچ ڈر رو اہت قائم تھوہہ۔ مثلاً
”ڈر سوز بار سلام۔ ہار سوز کزس ڈوڈی۔ بام نہ نہر۔
منز منز آس باکھ، ڈر ٹوٹھ نہ نہر نہ سوزان“
کاشترن بے نہ مسلمان پتھہ نہ نہر اکھ آکھ سندس دیکس سوکس منز شریک
سپدان۔ تم پتھہ اکھ آکھ سندس پتھہ رت کا پتھہ ان نہ دہار نہ پتھہ زندگی گزار پوک
خواب ڈچھان۔ مثلاً

”ہار نہ تہند مول موج وانی طوٹس تتر ملاقاتہ خاطر
اپور۔ نہر نہر ہنہ پئے تم آتے تم باڈا نہر سمکھہ۔ اکھ
آکھ کتھ نالہہ کز۔ نہر نہ ہار اوس اوش پتھان۔“

تھو مسئلہ پتھہ شرن ہندس ذنس پتھہ نہ سوزان اثرن اووان۔ دلیل پتھہ
شرن پتھہ پتھہ والہن اثران ہنر دلچسپ عکاسی کران۔ دلہہ منزیہ احساس
بیان کر نہ آتھ۔ اپوک پتھہ یہ ہاون زاپار پور روزن واکشترن نہ پتھہ حالاتن
ہند کر پتھہ و نشہ پتھہ۔

دلہہ ہند اکھ ہم کردار پتھہ شائق یوسہ جو مکھن مختلف علاقن منز روزن
واہنن پریشان حال پتھن ہند خاطر اکھ سہار بنان پتھہ۔ سوچتھہ تم سارے ہند
سوکھ دوکھ کن دا تھہ بوزان نہ دلا سہہ تھن نہر روزنک حوصلہ دووان۔ مثلاً

”شائق دہنت لائے جواب زبیر کس بوڈہن۔ پتھہ
زبان، مزاز، لاکھ نہ آب و ہوا پتھہ بدل۔ ہیم پتھہ پتھہ پتھہ
تہ پتھہ امہ پتھن زانان۔ اگر آس نہ نہر دیکھ، ہم کت
گروہن؟ آس پتھہ ہین ہندک مسئلہ حل کرتھہ ہرکان۔

دول گروہن بوز نہ پتھہ پتھہ ہین دلک بارلوتان نہ
پتھہ نہر روزنک حوصلہ پتھہ اووان۔“

کشیہ پتھہ دراتھن ہن ہنر جوان پئے پتھہ وونڈ بجز منز قدم



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ویر
ویر وو باین
ژہٹ بھای صاحبن
لکر نین چھانس
بیٹ گورن پانس
زون دود دانس
بے کار خانس
منز وندہ راژن
سارنی باژن
کاگرن بور نا
پتہ کور وشہ نیار
ترشہ نی ہارے
تھاون پتہ دارے
کورنک اول گول
بناون ترشہ اول
ویر وو باین
ژہٹ بھای صاحبن
بشیر احد



اُس یوان، گرو جی اوس اوس پڑتھان زرام چندر
کیا دوز او گھر؟ لیکن دوپن کی آسہ ہے نہ کراہی دژہو۔“
کاشرن ہن بیٹ کاشیر نیر کنگم نے افسوس پُھر تہ پُھر تہ کاشیر ہندن پُ
آشوب حالات تہ تہ روزن والین مسلمان درپیش مشکلاتن ہند تہ شدید
احساس۔ مثلاً

” ڈرتہ ہے چھنے زہہ ڈھپہ ہُہو۔ کوسندری ماڈر وڈن
اُس ڈرتی ٹو پور۔ ووں گوا و شکر پُھر شامن چھہ ترہیہ
سنہ، ہتہ کھوان۔ شری تہ پچھہ سکول گوشان۔ جہندری
پاٹھری پچھہ دوہس دہہ مہر مران۔“

اتھہ دلہہ منز ورتا وہ آڈر مختصر لفظ پچھہ واریاہ کیئہہ ونان۔ ہم چھہ سانس
تہندیس تہ ڈرتی مول وٹھ، او کڈر چھہ پیرن و اُس دس سنان۔ ضرورتہ مطابق پچھہ
محاورہ ورتا وہ آڈر۔ مثالے ناگوار گوٹھن، کاڈ کڈن، دل ڈہہ پھیرن، بر اڈر
گوٹھن، ڈھپہ گوٹھن، دوہس دہہ مژن، تہ یہ سنہ ہتہ کھوان ہتہ۔ منز و منز پُھر
تخلیقی زبان۔ دلہہ منز ورتا وہ آڈر علاقہ انداز پُھر ڈرگی۔ اچھہ ڈرتی پچھہ یہ ز
شُر پُھر پندہ ضرورتہ مطابق امکو معنی سمجھان۔ بالغ شری پچھہ لفظی معنی علاوہ امکن
علاقہ معنی سن تہ و اُقف سیدان۔ ہتہ کڈر چھہ یہ علاقہ زبان اکس حسنس
منز اضافہ کران تہ پرن و اُس تخلیقی زبان پچھہنگ ہتہ پادکران مثلاً

” لکولہ چھہ دم پھٹھ،“ ” وٹن پٹھہ چھہ زہہ لاشہ پکان،“ ” وپتھہ
چھہ ہوکھان تہ ہہرگز بران،“ ” گامن تہ شہن منز پچھہ برمجہ کڈ کڈن“ ہتہ
” ڈرتی ہار، دلہل چھہ کاشرن ہن ہند کاشیر پچھہ نیرچ تہ تہ درپیش
مشکلاتن ہنز باوتھ۔ غار کاشرن ہند کلچر تہ قدر ہن آسہ کڈ پچھہ کاشرن ہن
نہرم ماحول راس یوان۔ تہن پُھر پندہ ماحول نہر دؤر سپدنگم و اُج کوران۔
اُس ٹوس سماجی ہوانو اہس منز چھہ ہنز زندگی کرہ شہ بنان۔ کاشیر تراویہ کڈ پچھہ تم
اک طرفہ جے گھر سیدان تہ ہتہ چھہ پندہ رسم ورواج، زبان تہ رو ایڈونہ تہ محروم
سیدان۔ احساس محرومی تہ غار متوقع حؤرتخاسل منز ہن پندہ سن پُھر تہن و اُراگ
ثان تہ تہندری شُر تہ پچھہ لہہ کہہ اچھہ پُھر رڈ وٹھ۔





Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

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Story Writing Contest - Nov' 2020



First Prize
Mimma Rehman
Ek Tare Ki Chah



Second Prize
Aishani Vadi
The GingerBread Man



Third Prize
Sanjita Upreti
Paid & Baccha



Third Prize
Ritu Upreti
Struggle for existence



Consolation Prize
Riddhi Raina - 3yr old
The Sad Moon, is the imaginary story madeup
by Riddhi and penned by her Mom.

** All Participants shall be given the certificate of appreciation for their efforts & winner will receive their Cash Prizes



Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

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Story Writing Contest was organised in the month of November 2020. Initially, the Contest was meant for Kashmiri children only but it was subsequently thrown open to all as not many Kashmiri children came forth. Finally 20 Children sent their stories. Following children won the Prizes:

First Prize : Mimma Rahman for her **Story Ek Tare Ki Chah**

Second Prize : Aishani Vadi for her story **The Ginger-bread Man**

Third Prize : Sanjita Upreti for her story **Paid and Bachcha**

Third Prize : Ritu Upreti for her story **Struggle for Existence**

Consolation Prize : Riddhi Raina (3 Years) for narrating her self-conceived story of Chanda Mama

Congratulations all.

Next Contest (already announced through social media) :

Group Singing Kashmiri Rhyme 'Rāni Gāyí Mālyún' written by M.K.Raina, by children with their parents and grand-parents.

This Rhyme contains all six peculiar Vowels specific to Kashmiri language. Rhyme is composed to let children master their Kashmiri pronunciation.

A prestigious educational institute of Srinagar '**Kashmir Harvard**' joined hands with the **Koshur Saman-bal** to promote and popularise Kashmiri language and encouraged their students to take part in the contest and sing the rhyme solo and with their parents. The result was astonishing. We received about 50 entries from small girls and boys of the School.

Koshur Saman-bal is thankful to the management of the Kashmir Harvard for their 'Cooperation for a Cause'.





Koshur Saman-bal

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Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam



Koshur Saman-bal

Sãmíth Karav Athûvàs

Dear Kids,

In this contest, we will give you a Rhyme. This Rhyme all six peculiar vowels specific to Kashmiri Language. This rhyme is composed to let children master their pronunciation in Kashmiri.

All you have to do is, Tag with your Grandparents or Parents, sing the rhyme in a creative way and send to us.

The winners (First best, Second best & Third best) will be awarded with cash prizes (Rs 1000, Rs 750 & Rs 500).

Last date for submission is 25th December and results will be declared on 1st January 2021

रँन्य गँयि माल्युन

रँन्य गँयि माल्युन पुरिथ शीरिथ
म्यॉनिस बॉथस बेयि लँज हँर
कूताह बॅर्य बॅर्य कोह अख खारख
व्वलु बेह पानस ख्यावथ वॅर

Rãni Gãyí Màlyún

rãn¹ gãyí màlyún püríth shìrith
myãnís bãthas béyí lãj hãr
kùtãh bãr¹ bãr¹ kóh akh khàrakh
vólû béh pãnas khyàvath vãr

ریتو گیچی ہانڈن

ریتو گیچی ہانڈن پوریش میریش
مینیم ہیشم بےچی لےک دیر
کوتاہ بےرے بےرے کوہ اکھ کھارکھ
وولہ بےہ پانس کھیواتھ وےر

رَني گَئي مَالِين

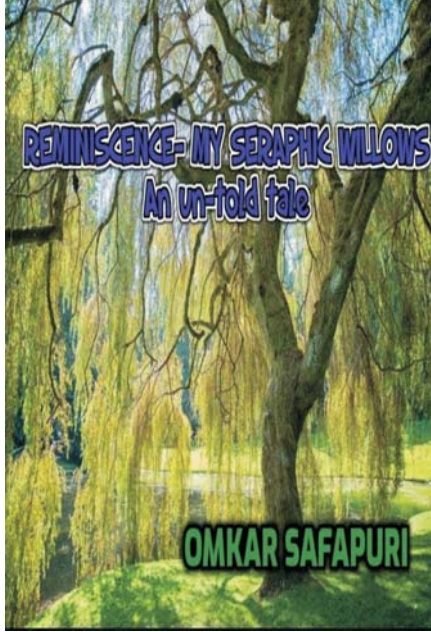
رَني گَئي مَالِين پُرتھ شيرِثھ

مِيَانِس بَاثَس بِيِي لَج ہر

کوتاہ بےرے بےرے کوہ اکھ کھارکھ

وولہ بےہ پانس کھیواتھ وےر

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.

Your Own Page

*Pushpa Koshal*

flaunting
Kashmiri Pheran

Pushpa Koshal is a rare Kashmiri who proudly flaunts her Pheran in Mumbai. The moment Mumbai weather turns a bit cold, out comes her beautiful Pheran. Pushpa says, "The amount of compliments I get from the people who see me carrying my legacy, is so heartening. My Pheran has always been my pride."

Here Pushpa is seen with her daughter Meeta. Pushpa recently recorded a small Kashmiri rhyme for Koshur Saman-bal in the traditional Pheran for promoting and popularising the Kashmiri language.

Pushpa Koshal started her career as Lecturer in English at Women's College, Jammu which she did not hold for long. Her journey has been from Shakespeare to Studios. She has been in the post-production industry for the last 26 years. After heading Studios like Crest, Rajtaru, Avitel, Shemaroo, After Studio and Film Lab, she now heads the Operations of Pixel Digital Studio, a leading post production Studio.

Pushpa has been awarded umpteen times for her work in the post production industry. She has featured four times in the Praagaash in the year 2019 showcasing her achievements.

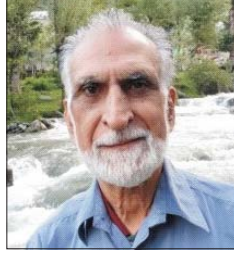


Letters to Editor

Dear Sir,

This has reference to the article 'Kashmir ki utpatti ka aakhyan' of our esteemed friend Dr. Agnishekhar, in the Nov. 2020 issue of net journal, Praagaash. After giving a comprehensive mythological account of the drainage of the water of Satisar, exposing the Valley of Kashmir including Hari Parbat, and the elimination of the demon Jalodbhava, the writer says that Emperor Ashoka had built modern Srinagar at the foot of Hari Parbat. I wish to point out that the referred city at Hari Parbat was built by King Pravarasena-II (A.D. 415-475) and not by Emperor Asoka. Pravarasena-II called his Capital Pravarasenapur or simply as Pravarapur. Thereafter, Pravarapur continued to be the Capital of the kings of Kashmir for many centuries. Poet Bilhana, who preceded Kalhana by 100 years praised Pravarapur to the hilt in his epic poem, *Vikramankdevacaritam*, a historical epic poem based on the biography of the 11th century Western Chalukya King Tribhuvanamalla of Kalyani (A.D.1078-1126).

Emperor Asoka (B.C. 286-B.C.231) had indeed built the first capital of the Valley called Shrinagari after he had visited Kashmir. In time, Shrinagari was called Puranadhishtana or the Old



Capital of the Valley. As for as its location is concerned, R.C.Kak, a noted archaeologist of Kashmir, says in his book 'Ancient Monuments of Kashmir' (1933) that the ruins of the Old Capital could be recognised in the level terraces, long lines of loose rubble walls and innumerable mounds of stone debris, extracted at the modern village of Pandrethan, which thickly dotted the mountain slopes from Panchchok to the Shankaracharya hill.

In Rajatarangini, it seems that Asoka's Shrinagari and Puranadhishtana were used synonymously. Kalhana used the designation Puranadhishtana for Shrinagari for the first time in the reign of King Shreshthasena (Pravarasena-I), grandfather of Pravarasena-II, many centuries after Asoka. He used it a second time in the reign of King Partha (A.D. 905-923) to indicate that his minister, Meruvaradhana, had built a Vishnu temple, called Meruvaradhanasvamin after his own name at that place. Cunningham recognised this temple in the small, well-preserved structure that still exists at Pandrethan.

I wish to state that by coincidence, my article "Shrines and Monuments of Hari Parbat" also appears in the Nov. 2020 issue of the net journal of Praagaash. Therein, I have given in its last paragraph, that Pravarasena-II had after due diligence selected a location in the vicinity of Hari Parbat and the shrine of Sharika (Chakreswari) for laying the foundation of

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his new capital. He had inaugurated the project by building a grand temple of Shiva, called Pravaresa at the chosen spot. In time, the temple and its Santum Sanctorum gave way to the Baha-ud-din's Ziarath and finally to his Cemetery, which still exists there.

Your editorial was an opener for seeking cooperation of both the Kashmiri Hindu and Muslim writers to tone down their religious vocabularies in their writings and adopt our Kashmiri vernacular speech for reconciliation.

Dr. P.L.Ganju
Vadodara



Namaskar Mahra,

This is the first time I am reading or even being aware of your wonderful e - m a g a z i n e , Praagaash. Please allow me to congratulate you on a wonderfully balanced, very interesting read about Maej Kasheer.



I am honoured that you have chosen me to be featured in it. I simply loved Namrata Wakhloo's write-up and the one about Kashmiri food!

Thank you very much for involving me in this wonderful initiative. God bless you

Marryam H Reshii
New Delhi



Dear Mr. M K Raina,

Thanks for the Praagaash, Dec. 2020 issue. Enjoyed reading it.

I was impressed by the article by B. L. Razdan. It is commendable that the descendants of Shri Krishna Joo Razdan are preserving and disseminating the information about the great Kashmiri poet. Keep it up Mr. Razdan.

Kamalji's article about our cuisine was very enjoyable . The pictures were mouthwatering.

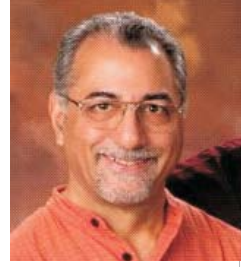
Mr. M K Parimoo's information was very interesting. I have visited Wular lake in 1960's and could not recall the island of *Zaena Lank*.

Namrata ji gave a beautiful tour of the important shrines. It was good to revisit our shared past.

Showkat Shifa's poem was very touching. His felicitation was quite impressive.

The best write-up in this issue was "*Saman Bal*" children's competition results. Such events will encourage all those trying hard to preserve our Kashmiri language. You are at the head of this project implementation. More power to the project.

Praagaash is fast assuming a position of a powerful tool for preserving



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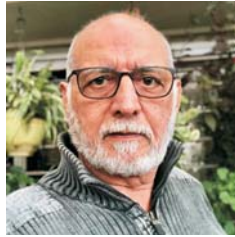
our shared cultural heritage.

Ashok Dullu
Baroda



Namaskar Mahra,

Pragaash edition is looking very interesting. Will go through. I see article on Kashmir religious places and cuisines. I want to write an article on common Kashmiri vegetables if you agree. Also I have a request . I need a full list of names of various samgri used for various functions poojas aratis etc. I want to find their botanical names. Where can I find these. Thanks.



Surender Tikoo
Pune



Dear Raina Sahib,

Namaskar.It was a pleasure receiving the December issue of 'Praagaash' on 30th of November . I congratulate you for your efficiency and dedication. Eng MK Dhar's write-up on 'Energy Conservation' is quite informative. It occurred to me that if Solar panels could be fitted on the roofs of KP houses in Jammu and elsewhere, they will be able to save on electricity bills!



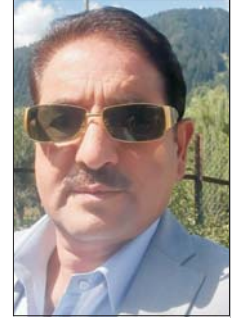
To this end, a group of dedicated youth needs to be given proper training in Solar panel installation and its later maintenance. It is an idea; I thought can be shared with you.

Prof. Rajnath Bhat
Varanasi



Respected Raina Sahib,

Aadab. I record my sincere commendation here for the work you are doing to promote Kashmiri language and culture through Praagaash and other notable activities. I must also thank you for releasing two special supplements on two leading and renowned Scholars, Syed Ghulam Rasool Gayoor Sahib in the Month of October 2020 and Sarvanand Koul Premi Ji in the Month of November 2020. People in the literary circles, who I met, have all praised your work and the kind of homage paid to great scholars through the special issues. I am also thankful to you for having nominated me as the Coordinating Associate of Praagaash for Kashmir and for adding the separate Kashmir Report Section in the magazine.



On the eve of New year, my sincere greetings to you and all others associated with Praagaash and its social media groups. Let me pray to Allah for His

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blessings upon you and your family.

In order to facilitate a living Scholar of Kashmiri language, Mr. Ghulam Nabi Atash Sahib, I would humbly suggest and request that a special feature may be carried in the prestigious magazine Praagaash covering his life and works. His contribution to Kashmiri language, art, culture, literature and folklore has been immense. Atash Sahib has written about 43 books so far and is presently a member of the Sahitya Academy. If you agree, I can

collect material on the renowned author's contribution to Kashmiri literature from some well known Writers and Poets. Kindly give it a thought.

Sincerely,

Kaleem Bashir

Praagaash Associate for Kashmir

Bijbehara / Pahalgam

[Editor replies: Suggestion is apt and welcome. Kindly go ahead.]



Pahalgam

Photo : Kaleem Bashir

