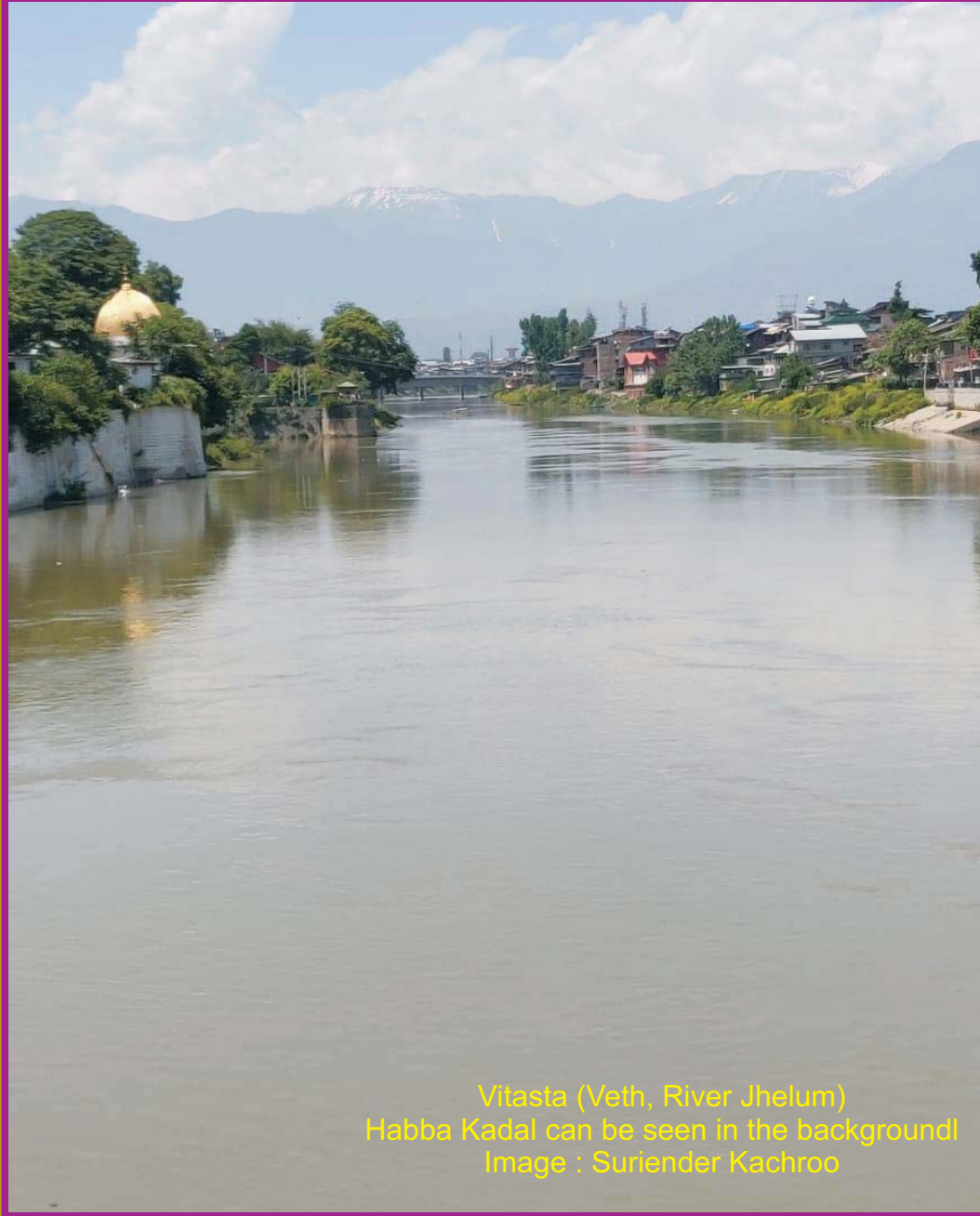


Praagaash
Net-journal of 'Zaan'



प्रागाश
'ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



Vitasta (Veth, River Jhelum)
Habba Kadal can be seen in the background!
Image : Suriender Kachroo

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

वर्ष ४ : अंक ७ ~ जुलाई २०१९ Vol 4 : No. 7 ~ July 2019



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Editorial

- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

We have had a great pleasure to know that a workshop on Kashmiri language is being held at Srinagar in the month of August. We hope that a large number of writers, poets, dramatists and linguists will participate in the workshop and come up with proposals to further enrich this sweet mother tongue of Kashmiris. There are two major concerns in this regard. The first is that there is a large scale of neglect in using this language in conversation and writing. We have to popularise this mother tongue and encourage youngsters to use it just as other language groups use their mother tongues. The second is deliberate bias towards the words derived from other sources. I remember long back a poem of mine was published by the Academy in one of its anthologies. The editor had changed the word 'Shabda' and replaced it by 'Lafz'. I pointed it out to late Amin Kamil and explained to him that the word used was to convey sound and not word, which the replaced word connotes. Similarly, I once attended a Kashmiri Mushaira in Kashmir University. Believe me the first line of the Ghazal read by the first poet itself was beyond my comprehension, because of the deliberate use of Persian words uncommon in our language. We have also observed that some short-sighted persons replace some Persian and Urdu words also, even though these are very common in our day to day conversation like Ijaazat, Meharbani etc. There is no harm in adopting vocabulary from other languages, but their use should be commensurate with the subject and context of the text being written. I hope the workshop will deliberate on these aspects too. I personally have used words like Aab and Ponya, Duay Khaer and Aahi, Kak ded and Kakanya,



Continued on last page

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History - M.K.Parimoo

From the Pages of Ancient History – 3

In the bright fortnight of Ashaadha month, three festivals are being celebrated by the Kashmiri Hindus as documented by various Samhitas, Nilamat Purana and Kalhana Pandit's Rajatarangini.

According to various Hindu religious books, Kashmiri Hindus have been praying before the rising Sun every day in the morning hours and paying obeisance to the Sun God. According to the ancient Indian astronomers such as Aryabhatta and others Sun transits through twelve constellations every year. On Makar Sankranti Sun transits into the Makara sign (Zodiac) and thus the transition is called Uttarayan (Summer Solstice). After six months, the Sun transits from Cancer sign (Zodiac) to Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius sign (Zodiac). Makar Sankranti is celebrated in the Kashmir valley from the ancient times as Shishar Sankranti.

During the month of Ashaad (according to the Hindu calendar also known as Vikrami Calendar) the transition of the Sun begins from the Cancer sign (Zodiac) to Leo, Virgo, and Sagittarius sign (Zodiac). This transition of the Sun has been the festival of celebration and obeisance to the Sun God among the Kashmiri Hindus from the ancient days. This festival is celebrated on the consequent three days starting from the 7th day (Saptami) of the bright fortnight of Ashaad month of Vikrami (Hindu) Calendar. Starting from the Saptami i.e. 'Haar Satam' in Kashmiri, a rangoli (called Haara Mandul in Kashmiri) is laid in every household of Kashmiri Hindu using different colours, usually corresponding to the seven colours of the Sunlight. These Rangolis are drawn on the ground (one in the courtyard, one in the common room and the one on the floor of the kitchen, thus saying 'Good Bye' to

the Sun God, but with prayers and a wish for the transition next year towards north. The Rangoli is usually drawn artistically by the unmarried girls of the Kashmiri Hindu families or the married lady



of the household. Cooked rice is also first offered to the Sun God by placing it on the Rangoli (i.e. the Haarmandul) and on the Ashtami called Haar Aetham in Kashmiri, the Kashmiri Hindu families go to Mata Kheer Bhawani for prayers taking kheer, milk etc. to offer at the Holy Spring of Mata Raginya, and on Haar Navmi, Kashmiri Hindus celebrate this auspicious festival at 'Chakreshwar' temple also called 'Sharika Devi Temple' on the western slope of Hari Parvat in Srinagar Kashmir. The temple has centuries old history and is dedicated to the Goddess Sharika Devi. The Sharika Devi Temple is called the Sharika Peeth.

According to various religious scriptures, Sharika Bhagwati is also a manifestation of Mata Durga. Sharika Peeth i.e. the 'Sanctum Sanctorum' of Sharika Temple has been from times immemorial the 'seat of the universal creation' and that is why a Rangoli is also drawn by Kashmiri Hindu ladies on the 9th day of bright fortnight of Ashaad (Har Navmi) to propitiate Sharika Devi as well as the Sun, as both are involved in the creation at the universal level.

According to various chronicles including Pt. Kalhana's Rajatarangini, Sharika Peeth on Hari Parvat is also called Pradumana Peeth. In accordance with the various Samhitas such as Sharika Samhita, Rajatarangini of Kalhana and other historical



and religious books on Kashmir, Sharika is also known as Sharika Shukabhashini meaning 'the bird Sharika who sings melodious songs'. According to Mahatmyas, the indistinct but sweet note of a particular bird Sharika (Haer in Kashmiri and Myna in Hindi) is compared with the melodious note sung by Parvati (a manifestation of Durga) for invoking Shiva who had been in deep Samadhi.

Spiritually this note refers to the power of 'will to create i.e. the first step in the process of creation', also called 'Pashyanti'. Pashyanti is followed by the second state of consciousness, also known as 'Vaak'. It is also called 'Madhyama' but is less subtle than Pashyanti. Pashyanti as well as Madhyama, though being the two states of 'Vaak', are indistinct or inarticulate. Both are within one's own self and this is how Sharika Bhagwati bestows the power of divine speech on Her devotees and vanquishes all evil as she does in Her 'Matangi Form'.

With reference to the Power of divine speech, I am reminded of a Spiritual incident which had taken place during the fifties of the last century at PokhriBal temple Shrine within the complex of Hari Parvat with two Sharika Devi devotees namely Pt. Jia Lal Dhar (Saraf) of Alikadal in the down town of Srinagar Kashmir and his close friend Pt. Jia Lal Trisal. Both of these Kashmiri Pandits were the pioneers of 'Prabhat Pheris' which included 'Long Parikramas' around the Hari Parvat everyday in the early hours of mornings. Moreover, these two Kashmiri Pandits used to organize a yagnya every year at PokhriBal temple followed by distribution of Prasaadam, which usually consisted of cooked rice, moong dal and two seasonal vegetables. According to my first Mentor Prof. Mohan Lal Raina, who was teaching Physics at various degree colleges in the Kashmir valley, once Pt. Jia Lal Dhar (Saraf) and his friend Pt. Jia Lal Trisal had a glimpse of Ashta Dush Buja

Devi Sharika, while the devotees were enjoying the Prasaadam and Pt. Jia Lal Dhar Saraf was distributing Daal (as ordained) by Devi Sharika and Pt. Jia Lal Trisal was standing nearby. Suddenly Pt. Jia Lal Trisal cried aloud and fell down unconsciously on the ground. Pt. Jia Lal Dhar with the help of some other devotees present there, carried Mr. Trisal to his home and it was only with extreme penance offered by Pt. Jia Lal Dhar that Pt. Jia Lal Trisal got recovered after a few months. Pt. Jia Lal Dhar had penned down several 'Leelas' in Kashmiri in the praise of Sharika Devi, which are still sung on various religious celebrations in J&K and also in other parts of the world by Kashmiri Pandit ladies. It was Pt. Jia Lal Dhar, who had for the first time translated Panchastavi (all the five Tavs) in Kashmiri.

Next I would try to summarize some historical anecdotes about Goddess Sharika as described in various religious and historical books:

On the basis of Devi Bhagwat, to make Shiva active, Sati was born as the daughter of Dakshsha Prajapati. Shiva and Sati got married but Dakshsha, developed hate for Sati and also for her husband Shiva. After sometime Dakshsha conducted a Yagna and didn't invite either of the couple. Sati, however, attended the Yagna uninvited and she was insulted. That insult made her to commit suicide by leaping into the sacrificial fire. Her ashes were floated in Satisar (Kashmir) by Shankara himself, but Sati remained floating on water out of devotion for Shankara.

One day, Mina, the wife of King Himalaya saw the ashes floating in the huge lake of Satisar, while bathing and she started calling 'Sharika, Sharika' meaning 'that which floats on water'. Thus Sati in the form of ash came into the hands of Mina. As ordained, after some time, Mina gave birth to a girl child called 'PARVATI', who then got married to Shiva. This is how Sati got the name Sharika and then



became Parvati i.e. Sharika Bhagwati of Kashmir.

According to Nilamata Purana (V. 147-221), Nagas, one of the original inhabitants of Satisar reared a demon 'Jalodbhava', who was born in the waters of Satisar. The demon was the constant threat to the peaceful life in the region. To get rid of this demon, Kashyap Reshi prayed to Vishnu and Shiva and the water of Satisar was drained out near Varahmula (Present Baramulla) by Lord Vishnu who had manifested as Varah and Lord Shiva killed the demon and the Daityas came out through a water pool in the centre of the present city of Srinagar (Kashmir). According to Sharika Mahatmya, Goddess Durga manifested as Sharika (also means Maina or Haer in Kashmiri) and carried a pebble from the Mount Meru and dropped it at the place so as to close the gate of Daityas. Subsequently, the pebble got enlarged to the size of a hill and the Daityas could not escape through the gate. Goddess Durga (Parvati) made her abode on the hill, which took the name Sharika Parvat or Hari Parvat. Thus Durga Bhagwati is being worshipped since ancient times on the north western side of the hill, lying in the north of the central part of Srinagar (Kashmir). According to Shakta Shastra, Sharika Parvat is also called Sharika-Shaila (the hill of Sharika), where the Goddess Sharika is recognized in a sandy rock, as it bears regular Geometrical lines representing Shri Chakra, the shakt symbol of worship. The deity is anointed with Sindur (Red lead) and because of the Svayambhu formation of ShriChakra, the Goddess is also called Chakreshwari.

Regarding the Svayambhu formation of ShriChakras on the Shaila, I am reminded of two incidents. One during my service at A.I.R. Srinagar, in early eighties, I once invited the famous Tantrik Painter (as he was known popularly) Ghulam Rasool 'Santosh' for

participation over his Trantrik paintings in a non-formal educational programme 'Praagaash' in Kashmir. While discussing the requisites of the subject for Radio Programme Praagaash, Mr. 'Santosh' showed me some black and white photographs snapped by him with his camera and explained to me that how the Svayambhu formation of ShriChakra takes place automatically on the Poonamashi mid night, when full moon light gets reflected from the Sharika Shaila. Then he showed me some of the Tantrik paintings, which were later exhibited in different parts of our country at various Art Exhibitions.

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हे ईश

दीना नाथ नादिम



तन्हा होता है वह जो मरता है
रुई के गाले में लिपटा लिपटा सा
तेरा अन्तस्तल चोट नहीं खाता
फिर भी सांगोपांग है तेरा अन्तस्तल
वह देखो सुन लो हूक है उल्लू की
वीराने में - यह हूक मुझे देती है
कचोका -
मैं बुझा देता हूँ लाईट
हे ईश्वर -
तुझे शैतान दुआएँ दें
जहाँ भी अब तुम हो



वाख लल द्यद

जनुनि ज़ायायि रुत्त् तॉय कुती
वॅरिथ व्वदुरस बहु कलीश।
फीरिथ द्वार बज़नि वाति तॅती
शिव छुय क्रूठ तय च़ेन व्वपदीश।।



ज़न्म प्रॉविथ व्यभव ना छोंडुम
लूबन बूगन बॅरुम नु प्रय।
सोमुय आहार स्यठाह ज़ोनुम
च़ोलुम द्वख-वाव पोलुम दय।।



ज़नम प्रॉविथ कर्म सोवुम
धर्म पोलुम स्वय छम सथ।
नेत्रन अंदर प्रेयम दोरुम
च़ोरुम तु मोनुम योहय अख।।



श्रुख

शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

अॅलिम परन तु पॅरिथ नु पालन
प्यनख पॅह्य लालन गाश कति आसे।
मीठि तु मद् अन्तु बरन
परन अमि सुत्त् रजवा आसे।।
हचि मंदोरि गच्छि सुत्त् वलन
स्वंदरन सुत्त् च़्यथ तिमन आसे।।।



अॅशदर वसनम कुनिस जानस
मॉदु करन वुसखानस मे।
हिसाब ह्यनम दानस दानस
क्या तति पाय हॉरानस मे।।
अॅशदर वसनम कुनिस जानस
मॉदु करन वुसखानस मे।।।



आसु तु दिवुर छुय जोरमुतुय
रुशि तु ब्वगज़ु छुय बोरमुत पान।
दुहुल्य बतु छुय होरमुतुय
कवु ज़ानु अथु कति लगी ईमान।।





Our Heritage - Er. Manzoor Nawchoo

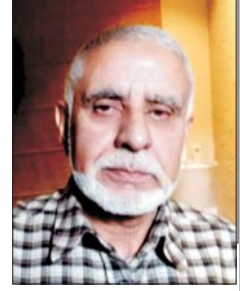
Why I Love Kashmiri Pandits? – 2

After I got admitted to then REC Srinagar (Now NIT Srinagar) in the year 1970 where we had many Kashmiri Pandit batch mates among whom some had become more like brothers than classmates, with whom I still have brotherly relations though remaining at a distance due to compelling job and political circumstances. But the mutual love and affection between us never got diluted. I still keep Er. Sharda Nandan, Er. Mohan Razdan, Er. M K Dhar, Er. Ashok Kachroo, Er. Ajay Kuchroo, Er. Roshan Lal Raina, Er. Ashok Darbari and Er. S K Jalali close to my chest. It is the severity of such an affection that a chance meeting with Er. Sharda Nandan in an official meeting at Srinagar brought us to tears, emotions and nostalgia as we were meeting after a decade or two, amidst peak of militancy. We hugged each other so tightly that others had to get us separated. Er. Sharda was kind enough to accept my invitation to my home on a lunch where I brought him in my own car and he was amazed to see Srinagar city having grown so vast despite abnormal life conditions in which Kashmiri still live.

My wife welcomed him just like she welcomes her own brothers and we enjoyed very much while taking lunch on one Dastaarkhan and recollecting old memories besides inquiring about our then mutual life status. We still cherish that meeting with the unending taste of Haak–Maaz, Mutton Kufta, Yakhni, Doune Cheut (Walnut paste) which my wife had prepared, adding the flavor of respect and mixing the love with it along with other spices. I am sure Er. Sharda must also be remembering it still.

Immediately after I graduated from REC Srinagar in the year 1975-76, I was engaged with a girl (who subsequently became my wife) whose elder brother Mr. Ayoub Kanth was an

officer in J&K Bank and there were many Kashmiri Pandit officers with him. Worth mention is one Mr. P K Bhat who is so close to my this brother-in-law and his family that he always treats me more than his own Jija in all respects.



It was so amazing and astonishing for me to see them taking Wazwan feast in one plate in many marriage functions. Bhat Sahib had so much of respect for my father that he would treat him as his spiritual guide and would act upon his advices. Bhat Sahib still call my wife as Behna and me as Mana Saeb with love and affection. I admire his personality to the hilt which is full of etiquette and affection.

Since my first posting in Govt. Service was in Ravi Tawi Canal Project at Kathua Jammu, it was there I came in contact with many Kashmiri Pandit engineers who were among the dedicated lot of engineers with respect to their competence, knowledge and deliverance. Though all of them were like my elder and younger brothers but one Er. Vijay Thusu and his wife were outstanding in treating me as their brother though it had become a riddle, both of them treating me as their brother. However, I solved this riddle by making Mrs. Thusu my sister and Er. Thusu becoming my Jija Ji. The severity of our relation was so strong that Mrs. Thusu would send Rakhi to me by post after I departed from Kathua because of my transfer to Kashmir after about four years. It was at the residence of Er. Thusu that I relished 'Tot Batae tae safeed Munji Ras' even during very hot summer Sundays, which was not less than



Chicken or Mutton soup. Alhamdulillah, our this relation still goes on undeterred.

At Kathua there was one Mr. Pandita who was posted in Sheep Husbandry Deptt. And was residing in a rented accommodation in Kathua town along with his wife, daughter and son (who were just siblings that time). Though we had met for the first time in Kathua market, we immediately became friends and they would make me part of every get-together party whenever arranged by them. Later on we remained family friends in Srinagar also for quite sometime but got separated with the sudden death of Mr. Pandita and by the migration of his family from Kashmir. May he rest in peace.

I cannot miss one Respected Janki Nath Shalla (lovingly called Jan Kak) whose firm was the executing agency in the canal project with me at Kathua who would take all care of me especially during harsh summer months. He would keep an ice box containing water bottles and vegetarian lunch for me at site. Often he would bring Roganjosh dish for me from his Jammu residence in his Ambassador car, treating me like his son. In between, when my marriage ceremony fell, I invited him to Srinagar but due to his old age and preoccupations he could not attend. He sent a sum of Rs.5000/- by a money order to me as 'Das boos or Guli Muet' which in early 80's was a big amount. It depicted his love and affection for me. Really INCREDIBLE, HEART TOUCHING and UNFORGETTABLE for me. He was very noble and pious by his intent and deeds. Must be resting in peace.

After graduating from REC Srinagar in the year 1975-76 we applied for the post of junior engineer and were called for an interview to Jammu where I met one Er. Naresh Kumar Dhar who too had come from Bhopal Engineering College as a graduate and was among other interviewees. It was a coincidence that he hailed from Safa Kadal Srinagar, my inlaws' place, where he knew all

my brothers-in-law with whom he had close association and affiliation through the game of Cricket which they would play together at Eid Gah. This proximity took us close to each other instantaneously which became an unbroken relations for all times to come. Since then our relations went stronger and stronger despite not working together at any place of posting except at Dul Hasti Project, Kishtwar. It was in this project, I discovered another Pandit sister in the wife of Er. Naresh Dhar who would take care of me like her brother in absence of my family.

Our relations became so intense and strong that one of my daughters did her professional coaching courses at Jammu while residing with Dhar family who made her a member of their own family in all respects besides taking care of her both outside and inside their Jammu home. We would feel marriage ceremonies of our children incomplete without the participation of either of our families. That is why my this daughter treats Mrs. Dhar like her own mother even sharing her good and bad with her from abroad also. Mrs. and Mr. Naresh Dhar would travel from anywhere outside Kashmir to attend the marriage ceremonies of my children for showering good wishes and blessings besides offering precious gifts. Probably we could not match them on the occasions of marriage ceremonies of their children.

During his short visits to Jammu, my father would stay with Dhar family who had reserved a small room in their house for him to offer prayers (Nimaz) which was exemplary on their part by all human standards. Though I got very less time to sit with Late Prof. L N Dhar Sahib, respected father of Er. Naresh, I had found him a visionary and learned man par excellence. May he rest in peace.

During the period 2002-04 I was posted in National Highway Subdivision Srinagar one of the prestigious subdivisions of R&B Deptt. Kashmir and Er. J L Kaul was its Chief



Engineer. Due to the prestige of this subdivision which was under the watch list of Ministers and higher officers, Er. Kaul would keep me on tenterhooks round the clock but always give wise bits about how to tackle higher officials and public pressures. It was so encouraging and result oriented which I could not sustain with any other Chief Engineer. Er. Kaul was so patient and diplomatic even to defeat very harsh then PWD Minister, by his such virtues. In case of not being able to sustain pulls and pressures he would advise us to act upon an old Kashmiri saying viz 'Pooshuk ti naye, Tchuluk ti naa' meaning if not being able to face a tough situation, better run away. I admire Er. Kaul also for his humane nature and very successful and honourable tie up with us which is also exemplary. It proves that human relations are over and above all other relations.

When one of my friends urgently required a housing loan we approached State Bank of India in Srinagar for the same. Though most of the officers there were from outside state, a few were Kashmiri Pandits also. Luckily our case was entrusted to one of the Pandit officers namely Mr. Yogesh Munshi who went extra mile to expedite the processing of the case on war footing basis after he was moved by the miseries faced by my friend, being homeless, his family comprising of his wife and three daughters. Imagine we had not to attend the SBI office till the loan was sanctioned on war footing basis after my friend furnished all the required documents along with sureties and guarantees in which Mr. Munshi accepted some documents which were not to the mark as per bank requirements. He pleaded with his officers out of human sympathy for us. Mr. Munshi became my latest friend remaining very much connected with me by phone and through Facebook as he lives outside valley doing a business after relinquishing his bank job.

Of late, my love and respect for Kashmiri Pandit Community got more intense and strong by the advent of Dr. U Kaul an imminent Cardiologist in my life, who is a symbol of true humanity besides being a very competent doctor of international repute. As I watch him very closely both as our neighbor in our residential colony in Srinagar, and as a friend, I find Kashmiriyat imbibed in his blood and soul by his birth which makes him a Kashmiri par excellence. His love for Kashmir can be gauged by his newly constructed house in our colony which he has named as Gouri Manzil in the memory of his late mother Gouri. I have no reservations in committing that whenever I enter this sacred house, I feel some spiritual and eternal solace. Dr. Kaul has kept a painting of his late mother which welcomes every visitor with smiles and love. Whenever doctor visits his home here, he ensures that I take dinner with him every time which gives him equal happiness like me. His treatment as a doctor to his patients in general and to Kashmiri patients in particular is so humane and accurate which I believe is God given to him.

Similarly I feel proud in getting a very new friend in Er. Maharaj Krishen Raina Sahib, the Editor of Magazine 'Praagaash' published from Mumbai, Maharashtra which is exclusively meant for Kashmiris irrespective of caste, creed, color and religion.

Though I knew Er. Raina Sahib from the days of my inception into govt. services in the year 1976-77 but got reconnected with him through the present era best medium called Facebook. It was again astonishing for me to know that he is the same Er. Raina with whom I had started my Adhoc Service in Civil Investigation Dept. Kangan where he was a member of Survey team for the then Proposed Upper Sindh Hydly Project Stage 2nd. It is this team comprising of very dedicated and competent civil engineers who taught me surveying in the field, recording field datas, framing estimates and project reports which



paid me in my regular services later on.

Engineering apart, it is heartening and soul searching for me to have found Er. Raina working on preservation and promotion of Kashmiri language and Kashmityat even away from Kashmir by thousands of miles for our new generation who are originally Kashmiri but away from Kashmiri Culture and language. It is these virtues and qualities by which I rediscovered Er. Raina as an extraordinary personality full of human values and having very deep pain for preserving and promoting Kashir Zubaan through his group on WhatsAap called Waliv Zaan Karav, leaving a big legacy for both present and future Kashmiri generations. I have no reservations in telling that where many Kashmiri intellectuals, scholars, poets and writers have failed in preserving Kashir Language, Er. Raina has become a pioneer in this field by having such a concern and love for Kashmir and Kashmityat including Kashir Zubaan. I salute him and wish him all the success with a happy and healthy long life.

My good wishes and regards to all my Pandit Brothers wherever they are living.

Though I have much more to say about my relations with Pandit brothers but time constraints stop me here. I may do that again in the near future, God willing. My apologies for the mistakes or misquotes if any done by me inadvertently in my this write up.



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असव नय तु लसव किथु

पताह कॅर्यतव

अँकिस जवानस कुन इसारु करान करान वोन अफसरन सारजेंटस कुन 'पताह कॅरिव, यि नफर क्याह ओस फौजस मंज यिनु ब्रॉठ करान ?'

'जिनाब, क्याह दॅलील ? अँम्य क्या कोर ?' सारजेंटन प्रुछुस ।

'यि येलि ति निशानु लगावान छु, पतु छु बंदूकु प्यठु पनुन्यन आँगुजन हुंघ निशानु साफ करान ।'



सवाल

रन आऊट गछनु पतु येलि बैट्समैन वापस फ्यूर, अँक्य दोस्तन प्रुछुनस 'चु कूताह दूर ओसुख क्रीज़ु निशि ?'

'बराबर अख मीटर तु कुनत्रुह सेंटीमीटर', द्युतुस बैट्समैनन जवाब ।

'यूत बराबर किथु कॅर्य छय च़े पताह ?', वोनस दोस्तन ।

'वुछिथ तु मीनिथ आस । मे आँस पताह चु करख युथुय बेवुकूफी हुंद सवाल ।' वोनस बैट्समैनन ।





मन सरु च्युनुम - सुनीता रैना पंडित

गज़ल



येति शाफ वलनु आमृत्य तति सेदि ति कांह करामथ
येमि शहरुकिस मिज़ाज़स या गॅछ तसुंज़ इनायथ

येमि सादुगी कोरुम छल नतु आसिहेम अँछन तल
सौंतुच स्व तेज़ वुज़ुमल स्वय प्रॉन्य हिश फरागथ

नु छु म्यानि जुवनु मतलब नु छु म्यानि आसनुक नेब
नु सबूत म्यानि कतलुक नु वॅकील नय शहादथ

मे छु म्यूठ ख्वाब रोछुमुत चेश्मन ति ताब रोछुमुत
क्रेछर अज़ाबु रोछुमुत मे छु बख्शुनुक ति ताकथ

नु रॅफीक ज्यूनमुत कांह युस नाव ह्यथ बु ह्यमु शाह
यिछि सादुगी ति खोत राह गॉरन हुंज़ुय हकूमथ

काँशिरि सुत्यन काँशिर्य साँरी, नतु वॉरानुक्य हॉरान काव
- अमीन काँमिल



TÒTÛ SÛNZ KATH

bòz vaphàdàri ankà



*Original : Hatim's Tales
Sir Aurel Stein
Re-written & Transliteration
M.K.Raina*

dapàn múlkè ìranas manz òs akh bàdshàh hakùmat karàn. nàv òsús bahàdúr khàn. tàmì òs zanànan hùndí khàtrû akh bàg banòvmút. ath bàgas manz òs nû kànsí gâr zànís atsùnúk ijàzath. dapàn akí dòh àv akh phàkìr tû tsàv ath bàgas andar. bàgùkèv ràchh daran péyí nazar tû tím gáyí yí khabar hêth bàdshàhas níshí. bàdshàhan túl panún vâzìr sûtì tû vòt ath bàgas manz. phàkìr vùchhíth vón bàdshàhan tas kún:

"hà phàkìrò, yòr kòr àkhò

katíkù chhúkh, katí pèthû àkhò?"

phàkìran vónús dar javàb:

"kór mé sàlàh, túhúnd khêv mé kyàh?"

bòz vaphàdàri ankà

dapàn bàdshàhas brònthû kaní às akh pòshí thâr. tath pòshí tharí talû kaní òs akh búlbúl mùdùmút. yúthúy bàdshàhan tû vâzìran àmís vâzìras bévàri kâr, phàkìr àv pathar làyínû tû dràs zúv. amíy vakhtû gav búlbúl zíndû. phàkìran hòv yí panún kamàl bàdshàhas. búlbúl dràv bàgû nêbar tû àv nàtsíth phìrìth vâpas. amí patû pèv sù pòshí tharí níshí béyí môrdû báníth, tû phàkìr gav zíndû. phàkìran yúthúy bàgû manzû vâpas hyót nèrún, bàdshàhan tû vâzìran hyót tas zàrû pàrû karún:

"hà phàkìrò khàzmàth karäyò

dòdû harúkíy khàsì hò baräyò

khàsû pòláv machàmû khêkh nà"

bòz vaphàdàri ankà

phàkìran bòv panúní kamàlúk ràz bàdshàhas. bàdshàhan bòv yí ràz títhû

pàthì vâzìras zí sù gav ath síras pùrû pàthì vâkùph.

dapàn bàdshàh tû vâzìr dràyí akí laṭí shíkàras. janglas manz vâtíth vùchh tímav àkís jàyí akh tòtû mùdùmút. bàdshàhan vón vâzìras:

"hà vâzìrò àsìhè shùbàn

zúv àmís manz thàvtan sàthhàh"

bòz vaphàdàri ankà

vâzìran vónús vâpas:

"pàdshàham, yí chhú yàts kòl mùmút

phakh chhús yívàn,

khabar kar chhú gòmút

chhús nû tàhràn, vantû bú karû kyàh"

bòz vaphàdàri ankà

bàdshàhan kór vâzìras zàrû pàrû, zí bú vùchhùhàn yí tòtû kyúth àsìhè zíndû pànû shùbàn, magar vâzìr gav nû panún zúv tòtas manz tràvûnas àmàdû kénh. vâzìras òs dílas manz khòchar. amí patû gav bàdshàh pànû amí khàtrû tayàr. tàmì tshún panún jísùm tràvìth tû tsàv tòtû sùndís jísmas manz. tòtû gav zíndû tû tsól vùph díth.

vâzìran vùchh mòkû jàn. sù tsàv bàdshàh sùndís jísmas manz. yì òs sù yatshàn tí. tòtû rùd vùḍav karàn. vâzìr, yús vònì bàdshàh sùndís jísmas manz òs, vóth thód. amí patû khót sù bàdshàh sùndís gúris tû gav lùkan níshí. tíman vónún:

"vâzìr hò mârìth gav

gúrí pèthû vâsìth pèv"

yélí vâzìr bàdshàh sùndís jísmas manz òs tsàmút, tamíy vakhtû àsì tàmì panúnì



talvãri sût' panûní jísûmûk' túkrû kãr'mût'. amí patû dyút tãm' panûnên tîr andàzan tòtû màrnúk hókúm. dópna kh yús akhàh tòtas màríth yíyí, tas mèlí yanàmû. dapàn yúthúy yí kath tòtan bùz, sú gav vúðàn vúðàn phákiras níshí. phákir òs amí vakhtû tãth' bàgas manz. tòtas manz òs asli bàdshàh. sú rùd phákiras sûtíy, amí kín' hyók nû sú kãnsí màríth.

akí dôh drãv vãzîrû-bàdshàh shíkãras. atí vúchh àm' akh sônû súnz rùs'kãt. patû làríth vátûnãv vãzîrû-bàdshàhan panûnís lashkaras níshí, tû tíman dyútún hókúm zí yús akhàh rùs' kachí tsalnas vath díyí, tas yíyí kalû tsãñû. magar rùs' kachí díts vãzîrû sùndíy kalû péth' vôth tû tsãj. sãríy làrèyí tas patû, magar sô àyí nû athas manz kénh. phákiran vón bàdshàhas, yús tòtas manz òs, zí vôn' ròz tsû tayàr. tsû chhúkh jaldûy panún asli jísûm laban vòl.

húpãri vúchh vãzîran, yús rùs' kachí patû òs davàn, akh mùdûmút hàpút. sú tsàv àmísúy hàptas manz, tû bàdshàh sùnd jísûm tròvún pathar. hàpút, yémís manz vôn' vãzîr òs, làrèv rùs' kachí patû. bàdshàh, yús tòtas manz òs, òs yí sòrúy tamàshû àkís kúlís patû kaní rùzítth vúchhàn. sú gav jal tû tsàv panûnís jísûmas manz. tòtû sùnd jísûm pèv pathar. húpãr' òs vãzîr vúní tí hàptû sùndís jísûmas manz. asli bàdshàh khót gúrís tû dyútún lashkaras hàpút màrnúk hókúm. tímav kór hàpútas pèth' hamlú tû phútûràvûhãs zang. amí patû ónúkh sú bàdshàhas brònth kún. bàdshàhan vón vãzîras, yús hàptû sùndís jísûmas manz òs:

"tsé kórúth mé sût' dagã. màrath nû tû adû kyàh karay? lùkh vanûnam nà hàpút

chhús vãzîr. tsé tshúnúth pãnay panún pàn zálíth. vôn' mà hêkan bú hàpút thãvítth vãzîrû sùndí badlû. amí kín' chhúhãm tsû màrún sèthhãh zarùrì."

amí patû àv hàpút zínís manz trãvítth zínday zàlnû, tû àth' sût' môklèv makàr vãzîr tí.



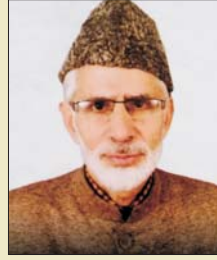
روسل میر شر مے جگرس دزاونے

تھر تھر چھم پر شاید شر مے جگرس دزاونے
خوش یون نمنہ بون ویسی یے مینون دلبر آونے
وعدہ کورٹ یاد چھے ناسا دکشرا زانہ نفس
آونے اڈ کو تھو تھو تھو مینون دل سنبہ لاونے
یاد اکھ ارمان روم عشقہ پچائس پر شھوم!
بوزی تھے زریان کھولن آوزن اباونے
رہا یہ روم ضایہ کر نفس کو رنے مٹھے مے میناؤ
تیلہ رنے پھیری نامنے و نتم سید مے سیر تل ساونے
گل و چھتہ بلبل چہ توشان اکھ اوس روم تھو ومان
مینا تہ یار و چانہ بانگ روم مے گلزار چھاونے
سے مے روم آس نیم ستر ستر مے اوس تھو دلس
ونہ روم سلیوکس شر روم تھو وونہ کھونہ ناونے



बूजुय नु काँसि ज़ॉरी - ज़रीफ अहमद ज़रीफ

ग्राव



मतु तुलतम ज़ख्मन क्रॉल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो
डोल्य दस्तार कोरुहम नॉल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

नॉन्य यार आम तमि विज़ि कुटवाल ज़न
थफ वॅरुहम दौपुहम महाराज़ु बन
काँद गछुनस दिचुहम डॉल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

जाँन्य यारव वोनुहम मे गोब बोज़
ज़न तमि विज़ि काड्यन नट गॉम लूज़
मतु अनतन ख्वशक्यथ साँल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

येलि अज़ुलय नॉल्य गछि पॅटु हांकल
कुनि अस्तानु च़लि कति यछ गांगल
कॅटु दरवेश ग्वफि बेहि त्रॉल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

शूबि नेथुर आसि युस ख्वश गुज़रान
नतु शिटुनस सति दौह्य लॉव्य अरमान
बनि पाँकार्य कनि अलु काँल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

यी गुदरान ती छुस त्वहि बावान
यॅच कालस ओसुस बु ति रावान
कथु यिनु विज़ि गरि मे ति टॉल्य मत्यो
सुलि नेथुर कोरुनम मॉल्य मत्यो

काँशुर छे साँन्य माजि ज़्यव ।

असि पज़ि पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य अँथ्य ज़बाँन्य मंज़ कथ बाथ करुन्य ।



My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

What Makes A Legend? Remembering Dr. Ali Jan



I don't know what makes a legend in medicine except one who has spent a lifetime in research and invention, made a remarkable discovery, or worked in communities to bring succor to a large number of patients. There are no such doctors in Kashmir that I know of. When I was much younger, father would relate the stories of a few Christian missionary doctors, and of some local physicians and hakims, known to have performed miracles, so to speak. These were anecdotal cases, nothing on a major scale to create a difference in the lives of people or their health.



Yet, there was a physician who was neither a researcher nor a missionary nor a community activist. He was an astute clinician who sharpened his clinical skills as he grew in stature with time, and went about his work with dedication. He never compromised with quality, abhorred mediocrity, and set a trend that the doctors of J&K still follow. It was to write a brief clinical note of the patient on the prescription, followed by the medication that he prescribed. It was the briefest clinical file of patient, a guide for others with whom the patient might land. It was no substitute for a proper medical file that doctors maintain for every patient in the west but it did not miss the salient points. It is difficult if not impossible for a busy doctor in India to maintain a proper file, what with the lack of infrastructure and the pressure of large number of patients that need to be examined everyday. We had the poorest doctor patient ratio in Kashmir, not to speak of specialists who could be counted on fingers. I remember patients falling prostrate in front of the car of this doctor not allowing him to move unless he agreed to examine them. His name: Dr Ali Mohammad Jan (Fazili), Ali Jan in short.

I had the good fortune of working with him for a year and half before he took premature retirement. Sitting in outpatients together, I mustered courage to ask him why he was retiring early. He was a man of few words; he just smiled.



Much later I realized that he felt shackled by the changed administration that had taken cudgels with him.

I asked him (and this was deep from my heart), "Sir, whom will we turn to for guidance now?"

"I am not going anywhere; I will be in town," he replied.

And true to his word, whenever in difficulty about a patient he gave me his opinion and advice ungrudgingly.

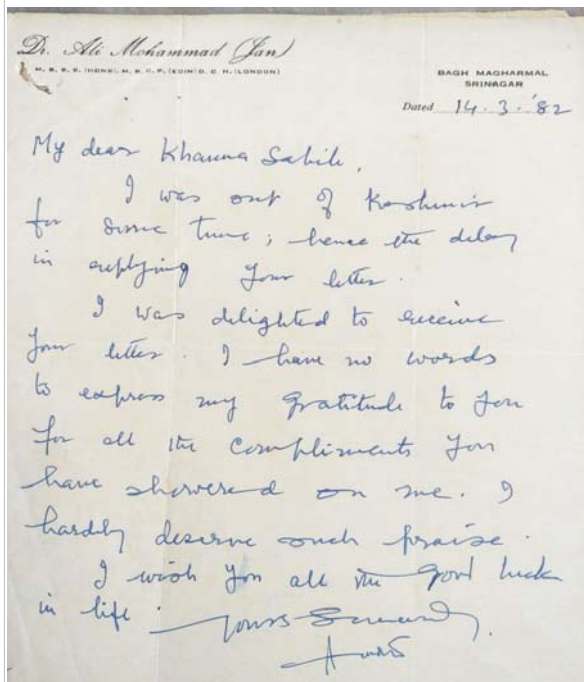
I didn't see him performing any miracles but I saw perfection. Frankly, there are no miracles in medicine except when you make the right diagnosis where others have failed. Dr Ali Jan was an ace diagnostician, a keen listener, a keener observer, quick-witted, and highly intuitive, he possessed that extra sense - the common sense. That made him the miracle man.

Short in size but handsome, he had an

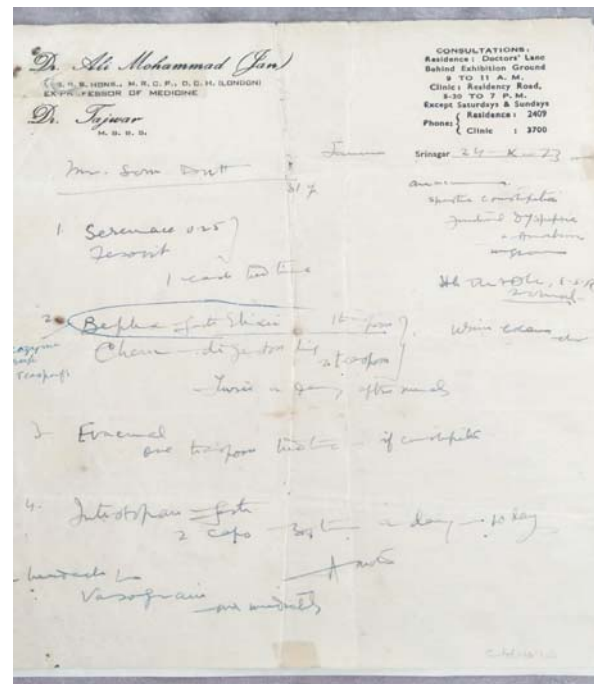
intelligent look and exuded hypnotic charm that mesmerized his patients. A doctor of few words, his answers to questions that the patients asked were brief, terse and metaphoric. He was updated with the latest advances in medicine, and subscribed to medical journals. He was a great learner and appreciated the worth of colleagues and juniors. When he realized my aptitude for neurology, he started referring most of the neurological problems for my review - he didn't have the time to perform a detailed neurological examination in his private clinic - and we would discuss the cases on every Friday in my room in ward 3 which he used to grace with his august presence.

People would travel from distant villages of Kashmir, even from Jammu, to seek his consultation. His prescription was a document of faith with his patients who preserved it at all costs and valued it more than any other

Letter to his patient Mr Somdatt Khanna



A Prescription by Dr Ali Jan





material possessions. I have two personal stories in this regard that might give the reader an idea.

The first is of my grand aunt. She had gone for a wedding and on her return found to her shock that her pocket had been picked by someone. The pheran pocket of a Pandit woman used to be a veritable treasure trove, a depository of almost every item of daily utility - coins and currency; buttons, thread and needles; wicks and matchboxes; *teknis* (astrological chart) and other vital documents. My grand aunt cried foul. She said she wouldn't mind the loss except for a missing prescription by Dr Ali Jan that she guarded with her life. She wouldn't rest quiet for days together until my father (a friend, neighbor and contemporary of the famed physician), accompanied her to the doctor, who wrote a new prescription for her. I was still a medical student then and wondered about this celebrity whose prescriptions mattered like life and death to his patients, not knowing one day I would get to know him personally, closely.

I have been blessed with the guidance of wonderful teachers all through my school years and in the medical colleges where I obtained my degrees. I adored them. Ali Jan was not my formal teacher in that sense; he was a senior doctor with whom I worked. But I took instant liking to his style and he turned out to be my best mentor in the short span I worked with him. I can't forget his mannerisms, his soft speech, and the shrug of his neck, nor his intelligent looks and sharp intellect.

The second instance came to light much later in my life, when Ali Jan was no more, and I had moved to Jammu in the mass exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from the Valley. I had taken up residence at New Plots where I happened to see a patient, Somdatt Khanna, who suffered from migraine that was resistant to many of the established anti-migraine drugs.

Over the years, our acquaintance grew and he is now like a family member. His migraine attacks have subsided to a large extent, partly because migraine tends to diminish in frequency and intensity with advancing years, and partly due to the new drugs that have come in the market.

The other day, while I was speaking with him about my association with Dr Ali Jan he gave me a meaningful smile and said, "I have been to him once for my headache and he was the first to diagnose migraine. In fact, I have preserved his prescription in my file and also his letter."

I was surprised. "Really? When was it?" I asked.

"Way back in 1973," he replied. That was 46 years ago! And next day he came with both the letter and the prescription. My heart jumped with joy to look at the familiar handwriting, the brief clinical note on the right upper corner of the prescription and the prescribed medication and his signatures. But I was even more surprised with the letter he had found time to reply that revealed him in new light to me."

There are many facets of legends that unravel only with time. When history of icons and legends is written it is the archives that we fall back upon to tell us a lot more that has remained unrevealed about them. I am in possession of the two documents that are a prized archive on the legendary doctor.



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काव्य - फैयाज़ दिलबर

ज़ु गज़ल

लुकु अरुसातस मंज़ लबुहन ना
 ड्यकस प्यठन तस चँद्रम ओस
 कथन अंदर स्वय ख्वशबू ऑसुस
 अथन ति ओसुस सुय वुशनेर
 स्योद ओस बासान वुन्य वुन्य आमुत
 पथ वनु छॉविथ शुहुल तु ताफ
 पतु छा पानस तामथ रोज़ान
 सारिन्य थी मे ति लॉयिस क्रेख
 हे जिगुराह, हे जानानाह !
 च़ेय हसॉ वोनूमय, व्वलु योकुन
 वन कांह ताज़ु शेछाह पॉगामाह
 तति क्युथ सना अज़ कल मोसम ?
 ज़ून पछ शब छा ? नबु दैर्य दूह ?
 तेलि हय आसन सरख खांदर
 हे जिगुराह हे जानानाह
 तलु सॉ पोज़ वन'

रॉचन अस्य यिम डबि प्यठ यिकुवटु बोज़ान ऑस्य
 दूरि गछ़ान छा वुनि तिम तुम्बक नारि सदाह ?
 शेख़ वाज्यव व्वन्य छा वायान त्रामुव्य नॅट्य
 वॅहवु समावारन छा नेरान
 ही किन्य वुनि तिम तॅत्य तॅत्य शाह
 ही मालय छा वुनि ह्योर खालान
 कुलचु तु कतुलम मजुमन क्यथ
 शाह येलि नेरान शाहानु पॉक्यन होवुर कुन
 महलुचि सारेय कोरि ग्यवान छा ?



निचि गाडु खचुमो हलुमस क्यथ
 हे जिगुराह, हे जानानाह
 'व्वश कथ त्रोवुथ ?'
 बदलुय रंग कथ रोयस फ्यूरुय ?
 यामथ प्रुछुमस
 नज़राह त्रॉविथ असुनाह कोरुनम
 चँद्रम नहनोवुन अथु सुत्यन
 तु बिरि मंज़ु चलुवुन चलुवुन वोनुनम
 तति हय शोवय च़ेय छुथ वोनुमुत
 यिनु कांह यूसुफ नामु गेविव



हिजुरतन चॉन्य वुछतु क्याह क्याह न्युव
 दिल ति बासान छु बटु मकानाह ह्युव
 ज़ूनि खोतमुत बुथिस यि क्युथ व्वशुलुन
 मॉज़ि अथु वॅक्य यि आसमानस ल्युव
 व्वन्य शुर्यन कुस दियम कलम गॅर्य गॅर्य
 कति सु न्यरु काक कति सु क्राँदिर जुव
 आसि ख्वश-बोय यथ बुज़र्गन हुंज़
 काँसि निश मा सु प्रोन पलुवाह छुव





कहानी - अर्जुन देव मजबूर ललक परिवर्तन की

आज जब वह काफी समय के बाद आई तो मैं ने उस में एक विशेष बदलाव का अनुभव किया। निर्भीक तो वह थी ही, किन्तु लग रहा था कि आज वह कुछ कहना चाहती है - कुछ खास।

शुभा कश्मीर से आकर यहां एक विस्थापित कालिज में बी०ए० में पढरही थी और तीन वर्ष तक उसे प्रथम वर्ष की परीक्षा देने का अवसर नहीं दिया गया। कद लम्बा, रंग श्याम और बोल चाल में निर्भय। एक बार बस में बैठा था मैं उस से अगली सीट पर। सम्भवतः किसी पास बैठे व्यक्ति ने उस से बदतमीजी की थी और वह अपना चप्पल निकाल कर उसे तडातड मार रही थी 'साले तेरी बहन नहीं घर पर?' सभी सवारियां चुप होकर भीगी बिल्ली की तरह अपनी अपनी सीटों से चिमट गई थीं। वैसे यहां यदि कुछ गडबड हो तो सब चुप होकर देखते रहते हैं। बस धीरे चल रही है, देर से पहुंचाती है, ओवर लोडिंग करके सवारियों की जान खतरे में डालती हैं, कोई भी इस प्रकार की हरकतों पर किसी को कुछ कहने को तयार नहीं। यदि कोई हिम्मत वाला कभी कभार दबी आवाज़ में कोई विरोध करे भी तो सवारियों में से कोई उसका साथ न देगा और उसे ड्राइवर की झिडकियाँ खानी पड़ेंगी। लडकी ने शिकार को छोड दिया था और चण्डी का रूप धारण किए बस में बैठी थी। बस से उतर कर मैं ने उसकी हिम्मत को सराहा था और उसने मेरा पता नोट कर लिया था। धीरे धीरे वह खुलती गई और पांच छः मास पश्चात मुझे मालूम हुआ

कि वह कुछ लिखती भी है - गज़ल आदि। यद्यपि वह इस क्षेत्र में नई ही थी, किन्तु मुझे लगा कि वह आगे बढ़ने के लिए परतोल रही है।



हम कश्मीर, जम्मू, भारत और अन्ततः विश्व की ज्वलंत समस्याओं पर बातें करते। उसकी आदतें अजीब थीं। जिन बातों से एक महिला खुश होती है, उन से उसे नफरत थी। उसके हर काम में सादगी थी किन्तु मुझे लग रहा था कि उस में आगे बढ़ने, कुछ कर गुजरने की दबी इच्छाएँ धीरे धीरे जागृत हो रही हैं। मैं उसकी गज़लें सुनता, कहीं कहीं कुछ संशोधन के सुझाव देता और वह उन्हें मान लेती।

एक दिन वह आई और उसने कहा, 'मैं अब जवाहर लाल नेहरू विश्वविद्यालय से पत्र व्यवहार द्वारा बी० ए० करने जा रही हूँ, कहां तक सडती रहूंगी यहां एक ही श्रेणी में?' 'बहुत ठीक किया है तुम ने शुभे', मैं ने उस की हिम्मत बंधाते हुए कहा। वह अब परीक्षा की तय्यारी के लिए मुझ से उर्दू के लिए कई प्रश्न पूछती और खूब जी लगा कर पढती। उसके पिता रिटायर हो चुके थे। एक अवकाश ग्रहण किए पिता के लिए पांच व्यक्तियों का परिवार चलाना और वह भी केवल दो हज़ार मासिक पेंशन पर कितना कठिन था!

एक दिन वह आई ओर उसने ऐलान करते हुए कहा, 'मैं अब कमाने लगी हूँ।' 'क्या मतलब?' मैं ने



हैरान हो कर पूछा। 'जी मैं एक प्रायवेट स्कूल में पढ़ाने लगी हूँ।' प्रायवेट स्कूल की बात सुन कर यद्यपि मुझे सन्तोष न हुआ फिर भी मैं ने उसे शाबाशी दी और उसके मुख पर आशा की स्वर्णिम रेखा सी खिंच गई, जिस से उसका चेहरा निराशाओं के घेरे से निकलने का प्रयास करता हुआ दिखने लगा।

उसे साहित्य में खासी रुचि पैदा हुई थी। मैं उसे अपनी प्रकाशित और अप्रकाशित कविताएँ और कहानियाँ सुनाता और वह बड़े शांत भाव से मन लगा के उन्हें सुनती। इस प्रकार मुझे लगा कि वह इन्हीं के कारण मुझे आदर और प्रेम की मिश्रित भावनाओं से देखने लगी है। जाने इसके बाद क्यों मुझे उस में दिलचस्पी रहने लगी।

अब वह मेरे साथ खुल के बातें करती। कोई बात मुझ से न छुपाती। मैं ने देखा कि उसमें एक क्रान्ति की भावना जग रही है। वह बिना किसी खौफ के हर जगह जाती, सब को परखती और घर आकर सोच की अथाह गहराइयों में खो जाती। अब उसके कहने पर मैं ने भी कभी कभी उसके घर जाना शुरू कर लिया था। वह कश्मीर के एक बहुत ही पिछड़े गाँव में जन्म लेने पर श्रीनगर में रहने के कारण काफी समझदार हो गई थी। इसकी वजह उसके माता पिता का निर्मल और उदार स्वभाव था। उसकी माँ कुछ अधिक पढी न थी किन्तु जीवन के विश्वविद्यालय में उसने अमूल्य अनुभव प्राप्त कर लिये थे। स्पष्टवादिता, हिम्मत, दुखों को हंसते हंसते झेलना और इनके सम्बन्ध में शिकवा न करना, उसके प्रमुख गुणों में शामिल था। उसका पिता हंसमुख और गृहस्थी को सोच समझ कर चलाने वाला व्यक्ति था। दोनों पति पत्नी कश्मीर में सुखी थे। अपने हाथ से खेती करते थे। कुछ वर्षों में

ही उनके लगाए गए सेब के बाग से उन्हें एक लाख तक प्रति वर्ष आय की सम्भावना थी। दोनों ने दिन रात एक करके गरीबी की दीवार फाँद ली थी और अब उनके लिए सुख के दिन आने वाले थे।

नीलनाग के समीप उनका गाँव था। इस चश्मे के बारे में कहा जाता है कि यह काफी गहरा है। यह कथा भी आज तक सब कहते हैं कि एक दिन चश्मे के किनारे पर एक साधू आकर रहने लगा था। वह इस जगह से काफी अभिभूत हुआ था। एक दिन उसके मन में यह बात आई कि वह नीलनाग की गहराई मापे। उसने घास की एक मोटी रस्सी बटना आरम्भ किया। कई सप्ताह तक वह रस्सी बटता रहा। लोग देखते रहे। एक दिन उसने रस्सी के साथ एक लम्बूतरा पत्थर बाँधा और चश्मे में डाल दिया। रस्सी नीचे खिसकती रही और वह रस्सी को सरकाता रहा और अन्त में हुआ यह कि उसके हाथों में रस्सी का अन्तिम छोर आ गया और वह उसी के साथ चश्मे में डूब गया। यह किस्सा आतंकवाद के शुरू होने के बाद भी कुछ आधुनिक तथ्यों को उधेडता जीवित है।

साधू की तरह उम्र भर जीवन की रस्सी बटता प्रेम नाथ आतंकवाद के पत्थर से नीलनाग के सुन्दर क्षेत्र और अपने भरे पुरे गाँव से दूर फेंक दिया गया था। निराशाओं के गहरे चश्मे में बहुत दूर जहाँ उसके हाथ न सिर को छू सकते थे और न पाँव तक पहुंच पाते थे। इसी प्रेम नाथ की पुत्री थी शुभा। शुभा की माँ अपने दुखों की लम्बी दास्तान केवल मुझ को ही सुनाती थी। उसका पति उस पर इस लिए बेहद खुश था कि उसने प्रेम नाथ का हर कठिनाई में साथ दिया था। प्रेम नाथ का अपना एक बेटा भी था जो अचानक घर त्यागने के झटके से अभी उभर नहीं पा रहा था। वह कमरे में गुम



सुम बैठा रहता। प्रेम नाथ ने जैसे तैसे अपनी बड़ी लडकी का विवाह एक अच्छे घर में कर लिया था। शक्ति म्यूज़िक में एम० ए० करना चाहती थी किन्तु माता पिता के सिर से एक लडकी का बोझ उतरे, इसी लिए उसने उनके सामने अपना शीश झुका लिया था। उसने पढाई जारी रखी किन्तु जिस चित्रकारी की ओर वह खिंच गई थी, वह विवाह के पश्चात जारी न रख सकी।

एक दिन मैं शुभा के घर गया तो उसकी माँ ने कहा, 'आप से कहना चाहती हूँ कि शुभा कुछ चिंतित रहती है। रात रात भर सोचती है।' 'कोई परेशानी की बात नहीं। वह एक सुलझी लडकी है। आप उसकी चिन्ता छोड़ दें', मैं ने उत्तर दिया। शुभा अब एक एक दो दो मास पश्चात मेरे पास आती। उसे देखते ही मुझे लगता कि उसके मन में कुछ पक रहा है। पर स्त्री चाहे कम आयु की हो या प्रौढ़, उसके मन की बात जानना बहुत कठिन है। मैं ने उस से कुछ प्रश्न किए किन्तु वह कुछ खुली नहीं। मैं चुप हो गया।

एक दिन वह आई। सजी संवरी और गम्भीर किन्तु अत्यंत सुंदर मुद्रा में वह मेरे समीप ही बैठ गई। मैं ने उसे अपने कुछ नये प्रकाशन दिखाए। फिर एक कश्मीरी लेखिका की, जो आतंकवाद के बादलों तले कश्मीर में रहते हुए लगातार सत्य की खोज में रचना कर्म में मस्त है और समस्या की जड़ों को खोज रही है, कुछ कविताएँ और लेख भी सुनाए। उसे एक झटका सा लगा और वह कहने लगी मुझे इस लेखिका का पता चाहिए। मैं ने उसे ला देने का वायदा किया। उसका दूसरा प्रश्न था कि वह महिला विवाहित है? मैं ने कहा 'अभी नहीं।' वह कुछ अचम्भे में पड गई। उसने एक और प्रश्न उछाला 'उसकी

आयु क्या होगी?' 'होगी यही कोई अडतीस वर्ष', मैं ने झट से उत्तर दिया। यह दो उत्तर सुन कर वह जाने कहाँ खो गई। 'शुभे, तुम क्या सोच रही हो?' मैं ने उसे चेताया। 'कुछ नहीं, कुछ भी तो नहीं। ऐसा कैसे हो सकता है? तुम्हारी मुखाकृति?' इसके पश्चात मैं ने कुछ प्रश्न उछाले, 'नोकरी की चिन्ता?' 'नहीं तो।' वह प्रायवेट नोकरी छोड़ आई थी। 'किसी से प्रेम?' 'प्रेम वेम मैं कुछ नहीं जानती।' 'घर का कोई प्राब्लम? भाई वाई का।' 'नहीं तो।'

वह कुछ कहना चाहती थी किन्तु कह नहीं पा रही थी। मैं उसके मुख पर उभरे भावों को पढने का यत्न कर रहा था, किन्तु वह अपना मन खोल नहीं रही थी। मैं ने रोज़ की तरह उसे प्यार से कहा, 'शुभे, तुम एक लेखिका बन सकती हो, एक अच्छी लेखिका।' वह चुप....

अन्त में वह जाने लगी। मैं खडा हुआ और उसे रुखसत करते हुए कहा, 'शुभे, फिर कब आओगी?' उसने पहले की तरह गम्भीर हो कर कहा, 'मैं आऊंगी किसी रोज़।' शुभा के जाने के पश्चात मैं पुनः सारी बातचीत पर गौर करने लगा। मैं कुछ कुछ समझने लगा था। एक बार शुभा ने कहा था, 'मैं शादी नहीं करूंगी।' किन्तु मैं ने उसकी इस बात को गम्भीरता से नहीं लिया था। आज उन बीजों से किल्ले फूटने लगे थे जो न जाने शुभा के मन में कहां से आ गए थे। मुझे उसकी कल्पनाओं की एक विचित्र दुनिया बुलाने लगी। शुभा क्या करने जा रही है? मुझे उसका यह वाक्य याद आया 'मैं कोई बहुत बडा फैसला करने वाली हूँ।' आखिर शुभा का फैसला क्या हो सकता है? मैं ने उसकी मुलाकात के गणित पर पुनः सोच विचार किया। शुभा साफ साफ क्यों नहीं कहती? वह तो मुझ



से कोई बात छिपाती नहीं। कहीं वह कुछ खतरनाक कदम उठाने तो नहीं जा रही? मैं ने उस के भावों और मुद्राओं की रेखाओं को पुनः जोडा। 'कश्मीरी महिला अविवाहित है और निर्भीक ढंग से रचन कर्म में मस्त है।' इस बात पर वह फडक उठी थी। मेरे प्रश्न का उत्तर मिल गया था। शुभा के मन में अविवाहित रहने का फैसला हाँ और ना के खम्भों के बीच झोल रहा है। माता पिता पहली लडकी की तरह अब शुभा के हाथ पीले करने की चिन्ता में हैं। वह बी० ए० पास कर लेगी और उसे नोकरी मिले चाहे न मिले, उनके आंगन में पहले की तरह शहनाइयां बजेंगी, बाराती आएंगे, दूल्हा आएगा और दूल्हा सजी धजी शोभा को अपने साथ ले जाएगा। वैसे ही जैसे शक्ति के विवाह पर हुआ था।

इतना खतरनाक और अविश्वसनीय फैसला लेने वाली है शुभा। मैं इस फैसले के परिणामों पर गौर करने लगा। क्या शुभा सचमुच यह पग उठा रही है? उसका यह फैसला सुन कर उसके माता पिता पर क्या गुज़रेगी, जो अपना पेट काट कर शुभा के विवाह के लिए पैसे जोड रहे हैं।

मुझे लगा कि वुलर झील में एक आंधी उठी है, जाने कब थमेगी और मैं इन ही विचारों में खोया जाने कब तक बैठा रहा और कब मैं ने अनमने में उठ कर खाना खाया और सो कर इस आंधी के अच्छे बुरे परिणामों के स्वप्न देखने लगा।



[From Zaan Archives]



काव्य - त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

अँछन मंज़



अँछन मंज़ चानि रूपुक अख
 नोवुय संसार आसुन गोछ,
 दिलस मंज़ चानि बापथ अख
 यि ठोकुरदार आसुन गोछ।
 चोपासे माय मोहबत गोछ,
 अमुन शाँती तु ख्वशहाँली,
 दिलन मंज़ जाय करिहे युस,
 तिथुय दिलदार आसुन गोछ।
 अती गोछ रंग रुफा नोव,
 अती ख्वशबो अती ग्यवुनाह,
 ज़्यवन मोदर्यर, कथन मेछर,
 दिलन शहजार आसुन गोछ।
 सुबहन संद्या, दोहस पूजा
 तु शामन गोछ बजन आसुन,
 यिथी हिवि श्रोचि कर्मुक वोन्य
 नोन व्यवहार आसुन गोछ।
 मे गँछ मूजूद रोज़ुन्य पननि
 पज़रुच्य श्रोचरुच्य मँस्ती,
 अदय बुति काँछुहा ज़गतस
 युथुय अनहार आसुन गोछ।



My Study Desk - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'
Aesthetics & Vulgarly

There was a feature, sometime back, in a Crest edition of the Times of India under the heading 'Shock Value'. It comprised two articles, 'Vice Verse' and 'Xtreme Folk' and an interview. The topic of discussion was vulgarity in film songs. The authors had made some categorical statements. It was noted that the Bollywood is not unused to ribald lyrics. After all, who can forget the heaving wantonness of early (name omitted) chartbusters? But the current crop of raunchy numbers goes beyond metaphors and innuendos – straight to body parts and functions. Again, it was observed that the Bollywood loves to use the faux folk style when it wants to set the screen on fire with those raunchy item numbers. There is nothing even vaguely authentic about them, say poets and folk musicians from the Hindi heartland. The new crop of song writers, it has been noted, is offering the stuff as it is, the film-makers want it. They go all out using words which earlier would politely get beeped out.

The discussion is about aesthetics and vulgarity in film songs. This discussion is not new. It has been there in the past and shall continue in the days to come. Social outlook and the set of values keep on changing generation after generation. What was a taboo yesterday may be easily acceptable today. Yet there are certain limits which must not be crossed and therefore, much can be said for and against the views expressed in this feature. Those who oppose the trend cite our cultural norms, morality and aesthetic values in denouncing the brazen vulgarity in

these songs. They also criticize the overlooking of technicalities while forming these songs. In one of the two articles referred to above, for example, the rhyming of 'banda' and 'nanga' has been criticized as unusual. Here I would add a point as a poet myself. At one time rhyming of say 'Karta' and 'Kahta' was not considered proper as 'Karta' and 'Darta' was. Be that as it may. Let us take the broader issue at hand for consideration. What is aesthetically correct and what may be treated as vulgar.



Whenever there is a song seemingly vulgar, the protagonists immediately refer to our historical monuments, Ajanta & Ellora, the frescos, the old sculptures and sometimes even ancient Sanskrit literature to justify that. Often our folk songs, marriage songs and labour dirges are also cited to justify nudity in literature. Description of a beauty in all its grandeur and narration of provocative visual props are two entirely different things. One creates a feeling of divinity and devotion and the other arouses animal passions. You may not agree with my views and may dub me as an old-fashioned conservative. But believe me when I say that celestial beauty, spiritual love and divine emotions in poetry make it universal, immortal, lasting and aesthetically attractive. I say this on the basis of my experience of writing poetry in Kashmiri, Hindi and Urdu over a period of half a century or more. Gone are the days when one would



fondly listen to a film song like '*Jyoti kalash chhalke*' or '*Jise tu Qabool karle who ada kahan se lavoon*' or '*Karvaan guzar gaya ghubar dekhte rahe*'. Nowadays songs with naked vulgarity steal the show. I have nothing against songs like '*Sheela ki jawani*' or '*Munni badnam hui*' but for God's sake where does the line '*Main jandu bam hui tere liye*' fit in except to make a rhyming music.

But why blame film songs and their poets alone? The literature that is being churned out day in and day out these days defies all logic. Any form of literature, particularly the poetry has two dimensions, the form and the content. The form includes diction, language, metaphor, simile, meter and the like whereas the content refers to the message conveyed through it. Both are important and need a deft handling. The language has to be polished and no offensive vulgarity can be allowed. The subject matter has to be one that reflects the aspirations and expectations of the society. It has to give vent to the troubles and tribulations of the down trodden and express the feelings and emotions of the mankind. A small variation changes the whole character of a composition and either raises it from low level to sky height or brings it down from apex to grounds. An Urdu poet had written a verse which read, '*Haath phialaye musalman bura lagta hai* - It looks very bad to see a Muslim begging'. I thought if he were to change the line slightly to read as, '*Haath phailaye koi insaan bura lagta hai* - I do not like to see any person begging for alms', it would raise his level sky high. Now compare this with the immortal lines of yet another Urdu poet, who says, '*Lamhon ne khata ki thi, sadiyon ne saza paayi* - an indiscretion of a moment makes centuries

suffer.'

Not that poets have not sung of and described beauty, both human and of nature. A great poet distinguishes himself from an ordinary one by refraining from writing slang and vulgar and maintaining highest norms of aesthetic values. For him the beauty lies in describing the most delicate issues in refined manner. He makes a deft use of metaphors, suggestive expressions and shades of colours in order to gloss over anything that might be rejected as vulgar or unethical. After all an artist has a responsibility towards the society of which he is a product and the aspirations of which he intends to highlight in his creativity. He has to be original in his style, in the subjects he handles and in the manner he puts forth his views. Originality is the hall mark of a good artist and this takes him to immortality. I am reminded of an old experience that I have had in this regard. I was once invited to participate in a poetic symposium on the occasion of the Independence Day at Meerut. On the dais were many poets including one whose book, a collection of Hindi poems, had just been published. He was proudly referring to the foreword of the book written by Sh. Harivansh Rai Bacchan, which was an honour indeed that any budding poet would cherish. When I read the foreword, I noticed that Sh. Bacchan had remarked that the 'reader would feel bad about the absence of any originality in this collection'. Publishing a collection of poems with this remark was indeed a matter of great courage, but then in the commercialized world of literature the name sells not the stuff.

I have always maintained that the description of beauty and love is quite different from the description of body and lust. A romantic poet of Kahmiri language has written



this verse in praise of his beloved, '*Raza henziani naaz kyah aenzni gardan, ya illahi chashme bad nish tachhtan* - The queen-swan like damsel has a sleek neck, God! Save her from evil eye'. The second line wherein the poet prays for her well-being has raised the verse from mundane levels to higher plan. Take the case of this verse written by me, '*Palav tsaet tsaet jawaeni drayi tas naeny, gharibas chha bicharas kanh patsyomut* - Her bubbling youth was visible through her torn clothes. Nobody takes pity on a poor person (even her own youthful body did not spare her). Here the intention was to project compassion for a poor youthful woman rather than describe her body-bulges. The idea is to refrain from vulgarity and obscenity and maintain highest forms of aesthetic values. Our society cannot and should not give licence in the name of realism, progressive trends or experimental writings.

In the background of the feature referred to in the beginning of this article one more thing has to be underlined. The print literature has lesser impact on the readers than the visuals on the film screen or the television channels have on the viewers. The film songs or the songs included in soap operas become popular sooner than a poem or a ghazal printed in a book of poetry or sung by a singer or recited by the poet in a poetic symposium. It is all the more incumbent on the writers of these songs to take note of the influence these will have on the society particularly the unripe mind of the young ones. I could cite scores of examples but I do not want to make this article an instrument of attack on any writer who may have fallen prey to indiscretion, knowingly or unknowingly, for cheap popularity or for earning a quick buck. It

can be argued that a poet is not a social reformer or that this stuff is liked by the masses. But then a poet has not to become a social deformer either and he has a duty to ensure that his writings influence the society to think and act on right lines.

To conclude let me cite a Persian couplet written by Shams, which conveys a lot. Writes he, '*Na shabam na shab parastam ki hadeese khwab goyam - chu rafiqe aaftabam hama ze aaftab goyam* - I am not a night nor a worshipper of one that you should expect stories of dreams from me. I am related to the Sun; whatever I will say will be in relation to the Sun.' The poet has to be a torch bearer and he has a duty to enlighten and to spread light all over. He has to expose the forces of darkness and liberate the society from ignorance. This can be done only if he himself cares for ethics, morality and high values. Our classics on '*Soundarya Shastra*' allow aesthetics and beauty and not vulgarity and nudity.



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سُعد صابنه ڈیڈتل
 سُعد صابنه ڈیڈتل و آنتھ
 چھم نہ کا نہ دشمن یادیدہ ان
 پرتھ نہ زینہ ملا یکھ باسان
 پرتھ تن، تملی ژا در ہش باسان
 پرتھ من، زمزمہ چھو لمت باسان
 سُعد صابنه ڈیڈتل
 ڈاکٹر رفیق مسعودی

سائد سائبُنی ڈیڈی تال

ڈا. رفق ماسودی

سائد سائبُنی ڈیڈی تال وائتھ
 છુમ નુ કાંહ દુશમન યાદ પ્યવાન
 પ્રથ બુથ જન તુ મલોયિચ બાસાન
 પ્રથ તન મખમલ્ય ચાદર હિશ બાસાન
 પ્રથ મન, જમજમુ છોલમુત બાસાન
 સૌદ સૌબુનિ ડેડિ તલ



خالی ڈیپ

خالی ڈیپ، چھتھ چھ اکثر
 لرزان مپون وجود
 سوچان چھس
 امہ کی پاٹھو چھ مینا نرس پانس
 رنگ تہ روغن
 سوچان چھس گا ہے
 خالی ڈیپ چھ ٹھوٹہ بڑی سپدان
 بیلہ تہ امیک اندرم مال پھ ختم گڑھان
 ٹھوٹہ ور اے چھس نہ جائے گنہ دووان
 بہ تہ چھس خالی ڈیپ ہی برابر اللہ
 روچ مشاگر گر نہر کڈم کاٹھہ
 بہ لو کیاہ خدا یا!

ڈاکٹر رفیق مسعودی

खॉली डब

ڈا. رفق ماسودی

खॉली डब वुछिथ छु अकसर
 लरज़ान म्योन वजूद
 सोंचान छुस
 अमि की पॉठ्य छु म्यॉनिस पानस
 रंग तु रोगन
 सोंचान छुस गाहे
 खॉली डब छु छवट बुज्य सपदान
 येलि ति अम्युक अंदरिम माल छु खत्म गछान
 छवट वरॉय छिस नु जाय कुनि दिवान
 बु ति छुस खॉली डब ह्यू बराबर वल्लाह
 रूहुच मशॉल्य अगर न्यबर कड्यम कांह
 बु लवु क्याह खादाया!





परमानंद - वृत्त

क़रान मातृग्री ग्रीम त्ति माक़ारी
 यिम क़हिले क़मो ड़ाये लोलो
 च़ ऱच़्छो च़ोपान्नी याते त्थमारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो

दाते ना दास सु स़ाद म़क़ारी
 दाये अक़े त्थले हम दाये लोलो
 दुप़िम त्थ ब़ल्क़े त्थालक़े भेमारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो

मर ऩे क़ुन्त़हा ऩे ब़लन यिम स़ारी
 मोत़हाव़ व़ुन्दस क़्राये लोलो
 परमानंद भ़त्ते च़्छे स़ारी त्थारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो



अ़ारी य़प़ारी प़ाने त्थोप़ारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो
 शाह प़ान्नी प़ानस शाह त्थे क़्क़ो क़हारी
 ब़िज़्ज ग़्क़िस त्त्राये लोलो
 त्थे च़्छे च़्छे ब़ाप़ारी ब़ारत्ते च़्छे त्थारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो

हर्द क़ियाह क़ोर त्थे याते भेमारी
 यिम त्थे त्थे ग़े त्थे लोलो
 यिम आ त्थे आ त्थे त्थे क़्क़ो म़ारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो

सुं देप़े प़ाच़्छे माक़सम ब़ारी
 य़ये देप़े ग़्क़े लाये लोलो
 देप़े लोन व़ुन्नी म़ो य़े म़रुम य़ारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो

सुं ल़ोब त्थे त्थे य़े त्थे क़ारी!
 न्ते च़्छे अन्दन ये न्नाये लोलो
 रुद क़ियाते मुद, सुद ऩोक़्सान क़्क़ो त्थारी
 ये प़ारी ल़्क़स ऩाये लोलो



Viewpoint - Prof R.N.Bhat

Gandhi – His Relevance in the Contemporary World 2

Relevance of the Gandhian thought in the Present era :

Gandhi stood for modification and re-assessment of his principles and strategies. The world might benefit by attempting to study Gandhian thought with an open mind and by keeping in view the local requirements, problems and Social strains.

Gandhian thought on 'non-hurting', 'truth', and '*panchāyati*-democracy' may seem utterly utopian in a changed world but one must not undermine or ignore his own submission that there is ample scope for modification in his principles in accordance with the requirements and social realities of time. Hence in the present scenario, the avaricious people, self-seekers, murderers, rapists, thieves, beggars, idlers, smugglers and the like may require stiff treatments under law. The police play a vital role in maintaining tranquillity and public order, and in preventing and detecting crime, and bringing to book those who violate societal norms. Police play a pivotal role in economic and cultural field too.

Seventy odd years after the Mahatma's passing, the world has changed, colonialism is nearly forgotten; Information-technology has shrunk the temporal distance among nation-states, the world witnesses knowledge-explosion and inexpensive access to knowledge, on the one-hand , and 'peripheralism', intolerance, violence,

on the other; hence, the Mahatma's ideas of *Satya* [truth] and *ahimsā* [non-hurting] have attained greater significance and relevance. The world could resolve complicated problems in a peaceful manner, by dialogue, by sacrificing ego, by exhibiting mutual-respect in letter and spirit, and by banishing avarice. *Satya* [Truth] ordains that one has to accept the reality, and with mutual-trust and mutual-respect, the concerned parties are required to be ready for a dialogue and to make compromises. No harm is to be done to the evil-doers; with the end of 'evil' there will be no losers. Dr. Ravindra observes that the Mahatma was a strong votary of socio-economic freedom and socio-political justice. If these basic tenets of human existence were endangered, Gandhi advised to protect them, if necessary, by momentary and focused 'non-violent' means. Gandhi adopted *Satyagraha* 'insistence on truth' as a method to tire the evil opponent. By inflicting suffering on one's self, *Satyāgrahi* [the person insisting on truth] empties or eliminates the idea of an-eye-for-





an-eye. Satyāgraha is thus a struggle from within, that purifies mind and body and leads to *a-himsā*. Universal, pure *Satyāgraha* can do away with despotism and militarism (*Harijan*, 1940).

Modifying Gandhi's Thought for security and prosperity :

The Census of India, 2011 reports that there are 35 States and Union Territories, 640 Districts, 5961 sub-districts, 8001 towns and 640852 villages in India. Metros, like New Delhi, Kolkata, Mumbai, and Chennai are growing vertically as well as horizontally exerting severe pressure on essential civic amenities. India is home to nearly 1250 million people. Economic disparity and greed on the one hand, and sickening caste-system and other social-ills, on the other, play havoc with life, especially in the rural localities. The entire population can be extended economic, educational, health/medical benefits if the fifteen thousand odd existing district level, sub-district level towns and other towns are developed with proper planning into modern townships with schools, hospitals, colleges and other basic facilities, and the entire populace is relocated there; each such town may house a hundred thousand heads or less, which is a manageable figure. The educational, health-related facilities can thus be meaningfully planned; the backward 'tag' as well as 'illiterate figures' will disappear, caste-sickness will disappear in another fifty odd years.

The 'emptied village lands' can be put to planned use for agriculture, forestation, horticulture, floriculture, dairy, wild-life care, micro-food-processing units etc. Each such township can have a *panchāyat* after every ten thousand heads; thus there will be ten odd *panchāyats* in each such town whose members can jointly elect Town-*Panchāyat* which can then indirectly elect the provincial assemblies whose members will thereafter

elect the Supreme Central Executive.

An Indian agricultural scientist believes that agricultural residues [800 million tons], if scientifically processed, can produce, via '*lignocellulosic*' conversion, about 150 billion litres per year of ethanol which equals about 50% of India's total oil demand. Alternatively, he suggested that if these residues are burnt in the biomass-based power plants, they can produce close to 80,000 MW of electricity or nearly 50% of India's total installed capacity. Biomass power plant technology is very well developed all over the world and there are close to 91 plants in India with installed capacity of about 500 MW. Presently these residues, which constitute 60-75% of total biomass produced, do not fetch any money for the farmers. Since these residues can produce very high-quality energy like electricity and chemicals, they should be properly priced. With such pricing the farmer can easily get an extra income of INR 5000-7000 per acre of land, per season. This extra income can make farming remunerative and change the face of India. Besides easing India's present energy crisis it can be an INR 2 trillion per year industry. At the same time the use of biomass for energy production can also produce about 50 million jobs. Thus farming for energy will lead to a prosperous India. It can happen if each one turns spiritual to follow the Gandhian maxim of 'simple living and high thinking'. The mantra of development ought to be 'spirituality with high technology'. Both these things allow us to reduce our greed for resources and live in harmony with nature - something that Gandhi preached all his life.

Preserving Diversities :

India is home to scores of languages and their sub-regional variants. India's multilingualism becomes multifarious with her multi-ethnicity, multi-religiosity and plurality of seasons, terrains and historical events of the last 5000 odd years of her known history. It is quite normal for such a diverse region to present before the administration tensions and strains,



which may develop into conflict or violence. The causes of such 'strain' could be economic, faith-related, ethnic, geographic, territorial, lingu-cultural, and historical and so on.

These strains can be settled through democratic ways. It is the duty of the state machinery to control the tensions and regulate them in positive direction by facilitating interactions among various groups. The administration, police, judiciary, Press, and the legislature should help. Ensuring literacy for one and all would help contain strife and develop understanding. In such an exercise, caution has to be taken to prevent idlers, criminals, or smugglers from becoming champions of any segment or group. The attitude of the administration should not be prejudiced in favour of any segment so that no group feels deprived or avoided. Administration must ensure free and unbiased flow of information to prevent 'rumour' mongers from creating chaos. It is also necessary for the government in power to ensure across the board a system of grievance redress machinery, be it for the peasantry, the labour, workers, or other sections of society, so that their frustration is contained, and it gets channelized for possible remedial measures. India has since time immemorial enriched and preserved diversities among people, languages and

cultures. People of different faiths, languages, climes and cuisine have co-existed in harmony and peace. The transition in space, from one culture to another and one language to another is smooth and gradual, although the diversities appear to be of continental dimensions. One can notice the presence of a shared heritage, culture and values across the sub-continent. Modern age facilitates people to travel widely, and interact with people from distant places. During the colonial period the Christian missionaries used the Roman script to translate Bible and other religious texts into the languages of the peoples of the hills and forests. Presently, various revealed scripts, discovered scripts and constructed scripts are proposed for some of these languages. Preservation of these languages is very important. Preservation and digitization of the 'endangered languages' is equally important. Andanamese survives with just 43 speakers, Onge has 95, Shompen 200, Jarwa 200 speakers only; and reliable information is not available with regard to the number of surviving Sentanalese speakers. The latter are biologically endangered. There are other minor languages too that are endangered because they are not taught and/or learnt in education. In order to promote pluralism and enable people to coexist, it is necessary to promote a sense of common destiny among people and it is equally necessary to

disseminate scientific and technological knowledge at local, regional, national and international levels. These objectives can be achieved through value education, availability of low-cost and





quality books, the use of media and educational technology, mathematics and science education, sports and physical education etc. De- racination, and alienation lead to strains and violence which is detrimental to National integration. Nation-building is a continuous and gradual process.

The internet has brought the world to a single Window; it has rendered knowledge and its acquisition inexpensive and it has made it readily available. But most of the sites on the worldwide web [www] disseminate knowledge in English and a few other 'rich' languages. Accessing internet thus becomes an elitist exercise and the web-sites turn into elitist platforms; the masses of people who do not know English are denied the opportunity to participate in the free flow of knowledge and information. It is, therefore, imperative to enrich the 'peoples' languages' and disseminate information to the common masses. Lingui-cultural awareness should become a part of curriculum in education at different levels.

Language is the repository of history, culture, ancestral wisdom and way of living of a community of speakers, and it marks one's identity. Government of India has been pursuing 3-language formula for nearly fifty years now; education is a part of the 'concurrent-list' of the Constitution of India'. Broadly speaking, the 3-language formula is aimed at bringing about national integration.

However, the policy has not been found to be flawless as the following note demonstrates: C J Daswani (2001) is a rich resource documenting the Language Education Policy being practiced by various States of the Union of India. The scholars who have contributed to the said Volume include LM Khubchandani, DP Pattanayak, Omkar Koul, K. Vishwanath, among others. The three language formula, as it is called, came into force in 1968 after the Indian Parliament approved it. Broadly, it aims at enforcing the three-language formula as follows:A- Hindi,

English and a modern Indian language [preferably a South Indian] in Hindi speaking areas/States; B- B- Regional/State language, Hindi and English in the non-Hindi speaking areas/States.

It is assumed that such a policy would bring about national and emotional integration among India's diverse linguistic communities. The ground reality is different. The linguistic minorities either find their mother tongue [MT] being totally ignored or they end up learning four languages! In several Hindi speaking States Hindi and English are taught, with provision to teach Urdu or Sanskrit as the third language. In such cases the level of difficulty for the learners is minimal as compared to the learners from a Southern State where English, Hindi, State language (say, Tamil) have different structural-lexical characteristics. The indigenous languages [read languages of the forest and hill people] stand isolated and ignored, so do the regional varieties [sub-languages] of a 'Standard' language. The 1991 Census of India recognizes 114 languages and 216 mother tongues [MTs] that have ten thousand or more speakers, but 22 languages only stand included in the 8th Schedule of the Indian Constitution.

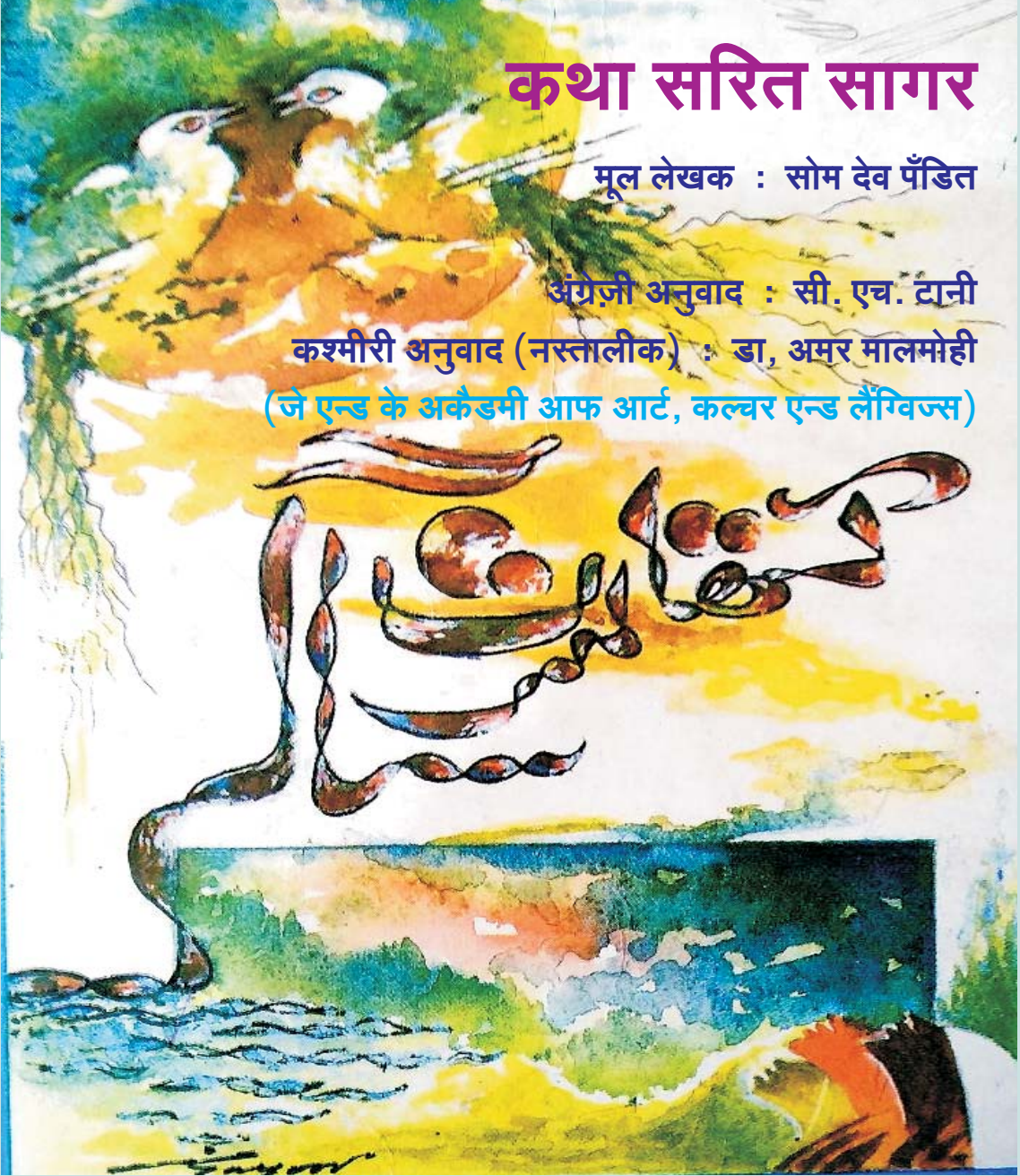
The 22 scheduled languages, it is claimed, encompass more than 95 % of the total population [1250 million] of the country; the speakers of the regional sub-languages of a 'standard' language are included in this count. In Meghalaya, Khasi, and Garo, for instance, are spoken by over three hundred thousand speakers each; both the languages fall outside the list of 'scheduled' languages.

[To be continued]



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कथा सरित सागर

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पण्डित

अंग्रेज़ी अनुवाद : सी. एच. टानी

कश्मीरी अनुवाद (नस्तालीक) : डा. अमर मालमोही
(जे एन्ड के अकैडमी आफ आर्ट, कल्चर एन्ड लैंग्विज्ज)

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कथा सरित सागर - ६

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पंडित ●●● अंग्रेज़िय अनुवाद : सी.एच.टावनी

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असुवन्य गाड :

अकि दूह वुछ यूगानंदन पनुन्य रॉन्य दारि किन्य अँकिस ब्रह्मनस सुत्य कथ करान। यि वुछिथ गव राजु नारो नार तु तँम्य द्युत ब्रह्मन फहि दिनुक होकुम तिक्याज़ि रकाबत छे अक्लि हुंद चोंग छ्यतु करान। ब्रह्मन आव रटनु तु येलि तस मारनु खॉतरु पकुनावान आँस्य, बाज़रु मंज़ु त्रोव अकि मूमचि गाडि ठाह ठाह कँरिथ असुन। येलि राजन यि बूज़, तँम्य करनोव ब्रह्मन मारुन मुल्लती। मे प्रुछुन जि गाडि क्याज़ि त्रोव असुन। मे वोनस जि बु दिमु सूंचिथ जवाब। बु वोटुस गरु तु कँरुम सरस्वती हुंज़ आरधना। स्व गँयि प्रकट तु वोननम 'काँसि पनुन पान हावनु रोस्तुय खस च्चु राथ क्युत खँज़ुरु कुलिस तिहरिस ताम। तँती तरी च्चे पानय फिकरी जि गाडि क्याज़ि त्रोव असुन।' यि बूज़िथ द्रास बु राथ क्युत तु खोटुस खँज़ुरु कुलिस तिहरिस प्यठ। पनुन पान थोवुम गुपिथ। कँह काल गँछिथ वुछिम अख हॉबतनाक राक्षसेन्य पनुन्य शुर्य ह्यथ यिवान। तिमव मोंग तस कँह ख्यन तु तमि वोनख 'ठहरिव, पगाह सुबुहन ख्यावुनावोवु बु तोह्य अँकिस ब्रह्मनु सुंद माज़, युस नु अज़ मारुनावनु आव।' तिमव प्रुछ माज़ि 'सु क्याज़ि आव नु अज़ मारनु।' तमि वोनख 'सु आव नु अज़ अमि किन्य मारनु तिक्याज़ि अकि मूमचि गाडि त्रोव तस कुन

वुछिथ असुन।' नेचिव्यव प्रुछुस 'गाडि क्याज़ि त्रोव असुन?' तमि वोनख 'राज़ु संज़ु सारेय आशेनि छे बदकार। तिमव छे मँहलु किस प्रथ हिसस मंज़ु मर्द ज़नानु पलव लॉगिथ थॉव्यमुत्य। यिमन छुनु कांह प्रुछान तु अख बेकसूर ब्रह्मन छु मारनु यिवान। अँथ्य प्यठ त्रोव गाडि असुन तिक्याज़ि असुर छि कुनि नतु कुनि शक्लि मंज़ु चूरि रूज़िथ हमेशु राजन हुंज़ि कम अक्ली प्यठ असान।' राक्षसेनि हुंद यि तफसीर बूज़िथ वोथुस बु ब्वन। सुबुहस वोनम राजस जि गाडि क्याज़ि ओस असुन त्रोवमुत ? राजु गव मँहलस मंज़ु तु तति कँडिन तिम मर्द यिम ज़नानु रख्तस मंज़ु आँश करान आँस्य तु बिचोर बेकसूर ब्रह्मन त्रोवुन यलु।

रानी हुंदि बदनुक लखचुन :

राज़ु संज़ु यि गॉर ओसूली तु गॉर काँनूनी काररवाँयी वुछिथ ओसुस बु परेशान। यिमनुय दूहन आव राजु दरबारस मंज़ु अकि दूह अख चित्रकार। तँम्य बनावि अँकिस म्वचि दजि प्यठ राजु संज़ु तु तँम्यसंज़ि पट रानि हुंज़ु शक्ल। यिमु दूशुवय तसवीरु आसु तीचु शूबिदार जि दूशुवय आँस्य जिंदु बासान। यिमन ओस हरकँच तु ज़ेवि रोस सोरुय। राजु गव ख्वश तु तँम्य द्युत चित्रकारस काँफी यनामु। कुठिस मंज़ु थोवुन यि कारनामु अवेज़ान। अकि दूह च़ास बु अथ कुठिस



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मंज। खबर क्याजि आम यि खयाल जि रानि हुंजि शक्ति मंज छिनु तिम साँरी निशानु यिम रुत अजल लोन हावान छि। दौयुम निशानु वुछिथ द्युत मे पनुनि जायि च्यथ तु वोतुस अथ नँतीजस प्यठ जि रानि गछि हँलिस प्यठ ति लखचुन आसुन। यि सूचिथ बनोव मे अथ जायि लखचुन। येलि राजु यूगानंदन यि वुछ, तँम्य कोर मोलूम जि ओर कुस ओस चामुत? तँम्य बूज जि बु ओसुस तोर चामुत तु मेय ओस सु लखचुन बनोवमुत। यूगानंदस खोत सख खश्मु तु सु लोग सोंचुनि 'मे रोस छनु अमि निशानुच काँसि ज्ञान तिक्याजि बदनुकिस अथ हिसस छु परदु आसान। तेलि किथु पॉठ्य लँज वरारुचीयस अमिच खबर? शायद छु तस म्योन जनानु खानु आयितन तु तवय वुछ तँम्य तिम मर्द यिम तति जनानु रखतस मंज आँस्य।' अहमकन छि हमेशि यिथी हिशर वनि यिवान। तँम्य अनुनोव शक्तल नाद दिथ तु वोनस 'चु मारुन वरावुची तिक्याजि तँम्य छि म्यॉन्य पटराँनी फसाँवमुच। शक्तलन वोनस 'महाराज, होकुमस सपदि ताँमील।' सु द्राव तु ओस साँचान 'मे पजि नु वरारुची मारुन तिक्याजि तस छि दिवतुहन हुंज ब्वद्धी। तँम्य म्वकुलोवनस बु कँदिलु मंज। सु छु ब्रह्मन। बेहतर छु जि बु करन सु पनुनि तरफु तु थवन गुपिथ।' यि फाँसलु कँरिथ आव सु मे निश तु वोनस मे राजु संजि नाराजुगी मुतलिक। पोतुस वोनस 'मगर मे पेयि बेयि कांह मारुन युथ राजु शेछ बोजि। मगर चु बेह म्यानि गरि युथ ब्रॉह कुन चु मे अँमिस वासुनायि मँतिस निश बचॉविथ ह्यकख।' तँम्यसुंद सलाह माँनिथ रूदुस बु तँम्यसुंदि गरि। रोटुलि मारुनोव तँम्य बदल

कुसताम। मे वोन तस लोलु सान 'चे कोरुथ पनुन पान अख महान मंत्री साँबित तिक्याजि चे मारुनोवथस नु बु। वं गव यि वनय जि मे हेके नु कांह मॉरिथ तिक्याजि मे छु अख राक्षस दोस, युस महज खयाल करनु सुत्य मे निश वाति तु म्यॉनिस वनुनस प्यठ करि साँरिसुय डास। राजु छु चकि ब्रह्मन, म्योन दोस यँद्रदत्त, तु बु छुस नु यछान जि सु ति गछि मरुन।' यि बूजिथ वोन तँम्य 'मे ति हावतन सु राक्षस।' मे कोर राक्षस सुंद द्यान तु सु प्यव वाँतिथ। तस वुछिथ गव शक्तल हाँरान तु खौफजदु। राक्षस द्राव तु शक्तलन प्रुछ मे जि सु किथु पॉठ्य ओस मे दोस बन्योमुत? मे वोनस 'वारियाह काल गव तनु जि शहरस मंज लँग्य रौंदु वॉल्य गाँब गछुनि। यि हाल वुछिथ द्युत राजन पुलसु म्यानि मातहती मंज। बु द्रास राथ क्युत पानु ति गशत करनि। गशत करुनस दौरान वुछ मे अख राक्षस ओरु योर फेरान। तँम्य प्रुछ मे जि शहरस मंज क्वसु आँस हँसीन तँरीन जनानु माननु यिवान। यि बूजिथ चोल मे ठाह ठाह करान असुन नीरिथ तु वोनस 'चार्याह, युस ति मर्द काँसि जनानि लोल बरि, स्व छे तस हँसीन तँरीन बासान।' यि बूजिथ वोन तँम्य 'चुय योत छुख सु इनसान येम्य बु पोज वँनिथ हारुनोवनस।' तँम्य सुंदिस सवालस जवाब दिथ ओस मे पनुन पान बचोवमुत तु तँम्य वोन मे 'बु छुस चानि अक्लि ख्वश। अँज्यकि योर गोख चु मे दोस। येलि ति चु मे याद करख, बु वातु चे निश।' यि वँनिथ गव सु गाँब तु बु आस वापस। अमि पतु करुनोव मे शक्तल माता गंगायि हुंद इनसाँनी शक्ति मंज दर्शुन, तु अति ओर बन्यव सु म्योन काँबिल



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एतिमाद दोस।

गुपिथ रूज्य रूज्य आस बु तंग तु अकि दूह वोन मे शक्तलन 'यूत ज्ञानी ऑसिथ क्याजि छुख चु ना-व्वमेद ? चे छुय ना मोलूम जि राजन हुंद मन छु चंचल आसान। अँती तोलु, अँती माशु। मे छु वेश्वास, कमय कॉल्य यिन चॉन्य सॉरी इलजाम छलनु। बोज, बु बोजनावथ अख दँलील।

शिव वर्मन :

दपान प्रानि वख्तु ओस अख राजु यस आदित्य वर्मन नाव ओस। अँमिस ओस अख ऑकुल वँजीर यस शिव वर्मन वनान ऑस्य। अकि दूह बूज राजन जि तँम्यसुंज अख आशेन्य छि बँरुच। यि बूजिथ गव सु नारो-नार। तँम्य अँन्य मँहलु खानुक्य रॉछदर सॉबरिथ तु वोनुनख 'त्वहि छु मोलूम, जु वँरी गँयि मे अँमिस रानि हुंदिस हर्मस मंज अचुनस। तेलि किथु पॉठ्य छे स्व ग्वबि ख्वर ?' तिमव वोनुस 'महाराज, मँहलु खानस मंज छुनु शिव वर्मनस बगॉर कांह अचान नेरान। तस प्यठ छनु ओर अचुनस कांह पाबंदी।' यि बूजिथ लोग राजु सॉचुनि 'यि फ्यार करुन छे शिव वर्मनुन्य गदॉरी। मगर सु छु लुकन मंज मकबूल, अमि किन्य रोजि नु सु ननिवानु मारुनावुन जान।' यि सूंचिथ सूज राजन शिव वर्मन बहानु वँरिथ कथ ताम कामि पनुनिस हमसायि राजयोग वर्मनस निश। पतु सूजुनस अख र्वकु यथ मंज शिव वर्मन मारनु खॉतरु वोनुनस।

यापॉर्य लँज ग्वबि ख्वर रानि पनुन राजु नोन गछुनुच फिकिर। तमि वँर अँकिस ज़नानि सुत्य

चलनुच कूशिश मगर दूशुवय रँट्य पँहरु दरव। यि आव वुछनु जि दौयिम ज़नानु ऑस चकि ज़नानु रख्तस मंज मर्द। पज़रुक एहसास सपदिथ गव राजु पनुनिस कॉबिल वँजीर सुंदिस मारुनस प्यठ दिल मलूल। यपॉर्य वोत शिव वर्मन योग वर्मनुनिस दरबारस मंज। अकि दूह वोन तस योग वर्मनन जि आदित्य वर्मनन छु तस शिव वर्मन मारनु खॉतरु वोनमुत। यि बूजिथ वोनुस शिव वर्मनन 'मे मार। अगर चु मे मारख नु, तेलि मारु बु पानय पनुन पान।' यि बूजिथ गव योग वर्मन हॉरान तु प्रुछुनस 'ऐ ब्रह्मन, यि क्या दँलील छे ? चु क्याजि मारख पनुन पान ?' ऑकुल शिव वर्मनन वोनुनस 'राजु, यथ मुल्कस मंज ति बु मारनु यिमु, तति पेयि नु बाहन वँरियन रूद।' यि बूजिथ वोन योग वर्मनन पनुनिस वँजीरस 'राजु आदित्य वर्मन छु चकि बद-खसलत। सु छु यछान जि म्यॉन्य राजुसी गछि बरबाद सपदुन्य। नतु हँकि हे ना सु शिव वर्मनस पनुनिस मुल्कस मंजुय ल्वति पॉठ्य मॉरिथ ? असि पजि नु शिव वर्मन मारुन।' तँम्य कोर शिव वर्मन पनुनि मुल्कुकि हदु न्यबर। शिव वर्मनन बचोव पनुन पान पनुनि अक्लि सुत्य। यपॉर्य ऑस्य तँम्यसुंद्य इलजाम ति छलनु आमृत्य। पज़रस छुनु कांह ज़वाल आसान। ऐ कात्यान (वरारुची सुंद दौयुम नाव)! रोज आरामु सान। वुछ यि राजु ति किथु पॉठ्य पछतावि ? शक्तलुन सलाह मॉनिथ रूदुस बु बैयि कँचस कालस तँम्य सुंदि गरि खँटिथ।

(क्रमशः)





Grandma's Stories

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

शुर्य आयि बराबर वख्तस
प्यठ। काकन्य जिगुर ति
ऑस तैयारुय। राथ ऑस
तमि शुर्यन बोज़ुनॉवमुच्च बद्
खॉही हुंज़ कथ कॉशिरिस
मंज़। अँज़िच कथ ऑस
बेयि कॉशिरिस मंज़ुय।
कथि हुंद नाव छु
दाना वँज़ीर। शुर्य बीठ्य
घान दिथ बोज़ुनि।



दाना वँज़ीर

ऑ किस शहरस प्यठ ओस बादशाहा अख हकूमत करान। सु ओस दान दर्म करनु किन्य मशहूर तु पनुनि जायि ओस तँमिस येमि कथि हुंद फख्र जि सु छु दान दर्म करान, येमि सुत्य दान निनु वॉल्य पनुन तकदीर छि बदलॉविथ ह्यकान। अमा तस ओस स्यठहुय अक्ल मंद वँज़ीराह अख तु सु ओस कथि कथि प्यठ वनान जि प्रथ काँसि चु पनुन्यन कर्मन हुंद

फल मेलान। बादशाह ओस नु तसुंदिस अथ वनुनस सुत्य कुनि रंगि ति इतिफाक करान।

दुहु अकि वोन बादशाहन पनुनिस तस वँज़ीरस जि म्यॉनिस खॉरात करनुस ब्रॉह कनि क्याह करि चान्यन कर्मन हुंद ज़ोर। वँज़ीर रूदुस योरु बार बार वनान जि प्रथ काँसि छु पनुन्यन कर्मन हुंदुय फल मेलान। बादशाह सलामतु सुंदि खॉरात करनु सुत्य



हेकि नु कांह ति पनुन्य हालत तोताम बदलॉविथ योताम नु सु पानु पनुन्य हालत बदलावनु बापथ पनुन्यन जंगन प्यठ थोद व्वथि। अथ कथि प्यठ सपुद बादशाहस तु वॅज़ीरस पानुवॉन्य बहस व मुबाहसु, तु छेकरस वोननस बादशाहन जि पगाह रुज़िज़ि च्चु नेह पवलनु प्यठय मे सुत्य, तु युस ति कांह शख्स सारिनय ब्रॉठ मे निश दान निनु बापथ यियि, तस दिमु बु तीचाह मोहरु जि तिमु निथ हेकि सु ति च्चे सुत्य बराबरी कॅरिथ। वॅज़ीरन कोरुस अर्ज़ जि बादशाहम! मे छु यि मंज़ूर।

‘यि नेह पवलनु क्याह गव?’ राजूहन प्रुछ काकन्य जिगरि।

‘नेह गव नॅदुर। नेह पवलनु गव येलि नॅदुर म्वकलि, मतलब गाश पवलनु।’

दोयिमि दूह सुबहॉय आव बादशाह सुंदिस खॅदमतस मंज़ जिन्य मोज़ूराह अख तु कोरुन तस अर्ज़ जि ‘नम च्चम च्चॅटिथ ओसुस जंगलु मंज़ु ज्युन च्चॅटिथ अनान। सु ओसुस बाज़रु कुनान तु यिथय पॉठ्य ओस शोठ दूह दूह कडान। अमा व्वन्य गोस बुडु तु ह्यकथ ति रुज़ुम नु कॅह जंगलु मंज़ु ज्युन च्चॅटिथ अनुनस। अज़ छुस स्यठाह नादार सपद्योमुत। बॉचन छिम फाकु लगान। तवय गोस अज़ त्वहि निश यिनु खॉतरु मजबूर। कॅछा वॅर्यतोम अथु रोट।’

बादशाहन ज़ोन मोकु गॅनीमथ तु दिचन तस तीचाह मोहरु, यीचाह तॅम्य निथ हेचि। गरु युथुय वोट, आशेनि दिचन नेबरु प्यठय क्रख जि ‘दोपुमय व्वलु यूर्य। वुछ अज़ सुबहॉय क्याह गॉबी खज़ानु सूज़ दयन। व्वं करव अॅस्य ति ऑशाह अशरथाह तु अथु

दारनु निशि लबव नजाथ।’ मगर अति क्याह जवाब यियिहेस? आशेन्य ऑसुस कथ ताम गरस अंदर दूगु मुनवॅन्य करनु बापथ गॉमुच़।

‘यि दूगु मुनवॅन्य क्याह गव? स्व कोत ऑस गॉमुच़?’ प्रुछ पिंकी।

‘दूगु मुनवॅन्य गव स्व ऑस कथ ताम गरस गॉमुच़ कंज़स मंज़ दानि मुनुनि।’ द्युतुस काकन्य जिगरि जवाब।

येलि नु अति आशेन्य वुछिन, यिमु मोहरु थाव्यन कुठिस अंदर तु द्राव तस छंडनि। आंगनु मंज़ु न्यबर नीरिथ वुछिन स्व लॉचि अंदर तोमलु सेराह ह्यथ ओरय पकान तु दोपुनस, ‘व्वलय अॅज्यकि प्यठु ह्य द्युत असि दयन नजाथ।’ अमा युथुय गरस अंदर आशेन्य ह्यथ च्चाव, अति वुछन नु कुनी तिमु मोहरु यिमु बादशाहन दिचमच़ आसुनस। यि वुछिथ गोस पॅतिम शाह पथ कुन तु ब्रुहिम ब्रॉह कुन। स्यठाह पान जान मोरुन पनुनि अथ बद नॅसीबी प्यठ। दोपुन ख्वदायन दिच़ाव, अमा ग्रट वॉलिस आव नु ख्वश। सूचुन जि दर अस्ल छुनु कोठन हंडिस कुसमतस मंज़ बे-गम रोजुन लीखिथुय।

‘यि ग्रट वोल कुस ओस?’ प्रुछ कल्हनन।

‘ग्रट वोल गव अत्यथ येम्य माल च्चूरि न्युव’। वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

दोयिमि दूह वोट बेयि बादशाह सलामतस निश तु लोग पनुनि बद नॅसीबी प्यठ पॅरियाद करनि। वदान वदान वॅनिनस पनुन्य सॉरुय लॉल तु बादशाहस ति गव अथ प्यठ सख सदमु। ऑखुर तुल तॅम्य अख म्वलुल लाल तु दितुन तस यि वॅनिथ जि गछ छुन पनुनिस शिकसस लार कॅरिथ। मोज़ूर गव स्यठाह



शाद तु लोग गर कुन कदम दिनि। अमा खयाल वोथुस जि ब्रुह्यमि लटि बादशाह सलामतस निश मोहर रँटिथ पजिहे तस दयि सुंद शुक्र अदा करुन। ति कोरुम नु केंह। लिहाजा करव वुन्यक्यन तसुंद ग्वडु शुक्र अदा तु अदु गव गरु अचुन। यि वॅनिथ लोग अँकिस पां तलावस प्यठ अथु बुथ छलनि, तु यि लाल थोवुन पनुनि कपर च़ादरि प्यठ। दयि सुंद करुन जि अमि तलाव अँदरु खँच गाडाह अख तु छनुन यि लाल न्यंगुलिथ। जिन्थ मोज़ूर येलि अथु बुथ छँलिथ लाल तुलनि लोग, अति वुछुन सु गॉब गोमुत। यि वुछिथ ज़न पेयस नबु त्रठ। स्थठाह पान जान मोरुन, मगर अमि सुत्य क्याह बनिहेस। यि गछुन ओस, ति गव। पनुनि बद-नँसीबी प्यठ असिहे किनु वदिहे? फुट्यमुत्यव क्वठ्यव वोत गरु तु वोनुन आशेनि, 'अज़ गँयोव बादशाह सलामत बेयि मेहरबान। अमा सॉनिस शिकसस क्याह बनि? यि दियि नु असि व्वतलुनय। नतु हय बादशाहन ओतुरय मोहरु दिच़ायि तु अज़ दिन्नो अख कुमती लाल।' स्व वँछुस तोरु 'छनुस बलायि, व्वलु बेह पानस, वुछव दय क्याह करि?'

बेयि दूह गव जिन्थ मोज़ूर बादशाह संजि डेडि तल। अमि विजि ओस सु पनुनिस वँज़ीरस वनान जि जिन्थ मोज़ूरन आसि कुनि ति हालतस मंज़ पनुनिस शिकसस लार वँरमुन्न। वुनि ओस वँज़ीरस बादशाह संजि कथि जवाब दिनय जि जिन्थ मोज़ूर च़ाव वदान तु रिवा न बादशाहस निश तु लोग पनुन बिदाद वनुनि। बादशाह वोत वँज़ीरस कुन जि यि बुडु छु मुलु बेवकूफ लबनु यिवान। वँज़ीरन द्युत बादशाहस जवाब जि 'जहां पनाह! बेवकूफ छुनु। दँपिव पनुन्यन कर्मन हुंद

फल छु बुगतान तु बेयि नु केंह।' यि बूज़िथ खोत बादशाहस खशम तु बडि हटि वोथ पनुनिस वँज़ीरस कुन, 'लोगुथ च़े बेयि ती वनुन। व्वलु अज़ दिमोस कम कुमतुच कनि हेना, पतु वुछव क्याह बनि?' यि वँनिथ दिन्न बादशाहन जिन्थ मोज़ूरस कुन चमकूवुन्य कनि हेना अख। मोज़ूरन तुज यि म्वछि अंदर तु द्राव गरु कुन। अँकिस जायि लोग जिन्थ मोज़ूर म्वठ मुन्नरॉविथ वुछनि जि यि वँन्य मा गँयम अथु मंज़ु गॉब। वुनि ओस नु अँम्य शिकस लदन अथु पूर पॉठ्य मुन्नरोवमुतुय जि हेर्य किन्थ आयि अख गॉठ तु दितुनस कुनुय जॉटु तु च़ँजिस यि वँन्य ह्यथ।

'मगर तँम्य जिन्थ मोज़ूरन वुछ ना गॉठ यिवान?' बबलूहन प्रुछ काकन्य जिगारि।

'येलि कुस्मत खराब आसि, तेलि छुनु किहिन्य यिवान बोज़ुनु।' वोनुस काकन्य जिगारि।

'अछा, पतु क्याह गव?' वोन शुर्यव।

'ती वनोव', वोन काकन्य जिगारि।

जिन्थ मोज़ूरस गव यकीन जि काँसि हुँदि अथु रोट करनु सुत्य छुनु केंह ति बनान। बगुवानस येलि कांह थोद तुलुन आसि, तेलि छे कथुय बदल आसान। गरु वॉतिथ वोनुन आशेनि यि सोरुय कुसु तु दोपुनस व्वलु दि तबर, तु मरान जुवान अनव जंगलु मंज़ु बेयि स्वय जिन्थ ग्यँड ग्यँड तु करव वनु ज़वनु।

हुपॉर्य ओस बादशाह वँज़ीरस वनान जि मोज़ूर आसि ज़रु पनुन्यन क्वठ्यन प्यठ व्वदुनी गोमुत। मगर अक्ल मंद वँज़ीर ओस जिन्थ मोज़ूर सुंदि हालु निशि बा खबर तु सु वोथ बादशाह सलामतस कुन 'आलम पनाह! यि तोह्य छिवु वनान, ति सपुद नु केंह ति। बँल्यकि छु सु वुनि ति तिथुय छतीस। अवु व्वन्य



छु मुमकिन जि सु मा बदलावि व्वन्य पनुन्य हालथ, तिक्याजि सु लोग बेयि पनुन कार रोजगार करनि।'

अमि दूह द्राव जिन्य मोज़ूर तु ओनुन बोड बारु जिन्य बोराह तु अथ आस बाज़रु जान म्वल तु ह्योतुन ओट, गाडु बेत्रि। गरु वातुनॉविथ गॉस शुर्य बॉन्न यि वुछिथ ख्वश। अमि दूह ख्यव तिमव यड बॅरिथ बतु। दोयिमि दूह येलि जिन्य मोज़ूर जंगलस अंदर ज्युन चटनि लोग, क्वदरॅती वॅछ तसंज तबर कुलिचि तथ लंजि यथ प्यठ गाँटि हुंद ओल ओस, तु लँड पथर प्यथ प्यव सु लाल ति युस गाँटि ओस न्यूमुत। यि वुछिथ गव मोज़ूर स्यठहय शाद तु तसंजि खुशी हुंद रुद नु कांह ति हद। तबर तु ज्युन अँत्य त्रॉविथ वोट मोज़ूर गरु क्रकु दिवान जि चूर लोब, चूर लोब।

'चूर कुस लोबुन? यि ऑस ना गाँठ? कोर कल्हनन सवाल।

'जिन्य मोज़ूरन वोन तँस्य चूर। मतलब गाँठी ऑस चूर कॅरमुच।' वोन काकन्य जिगारि।

हुपॉर्य यिमु गाडु कालु मोज़ूरन अनिमचु आसु, तिमु फुहान फुहान द्राव अकि गाडि हुँदि शिकमु मंजु अख चमकुवुन लाल। यि ओस सुय लाल युस गाडि तमि वख्तु न्यंगलिथ ओस न्यूमुत, येलि मोज़ूर क्वलि प्यठ अथु बुथ ओस छलान। स्व ति दोरेयि खानुदारस कुन क्रकु दिवान जि चूर लोब, चूर लोब। अहँजु क्रकु बुजिथ चँज यिहँजि तस हमसाँय बायि ख्वरव तलु मेन्न नीरिथ, येमि जिन्य मोज़ूर संज तिमु मोहरु चूरि आसु नीमचु, यिम मोज़ूरस बादशाहन ग्वडनिचि लटि आसु दिचमचु। तमि हमसायि बायि ज़ोन जि शोठि मारटुनावन यिम बादशाह सुँद्यन सज़ोवलन हुँदि ज़ेरियु, तु अमि ब्रॉतुय तुजि तमि मोहरु तु वॉन्न चूरि पॉठ्य

यिमन बॉन्न निश तु करिनख तिमु मोहरु हवालु। दोपुनक 'बगवान छु बख्खान, तोह्य ति बख्खिव, मे दीतव यथ अतरिस प्यठ मॉफी तु बादशाह सलामतस मतु वँन्यतव म्यानि येमि चूरि हुंद।' यि वुछिथ गँयि यिम बॉन्न ज़ु स्यठहय शाद तु लँग्य ऑशु सान जिंदगी बसर करनि। यिहुंद हाल येलि बादशाहस वँज़ीरन बोव, तँम्य दोपुनस तोर, 'अवु चोनय ओस पोज़ जि इनसानस छु सोरुय पनुन्यन कर्मन हुंद फल व्यतरावुन प्यवान तु काँसि हुंद डोख थावनु सुत्य छुस नु कँह ति बनान।'

कथ म्वकुलॉविथ वोन काकन्य जिगारि शुर्यन 'वख वोट चेर। वँथिव साँ नीरिव साँरी पनुन्यन पनुन्यन कुठ्यन मंज तु शँगिव। पगाह छुवु सुली व्वथून। सोकूल छुवु ना गछुन?'

साँरी शुर्य द्रायि तु काकन्य जिगारि हेच पनुनि शौगनुच सखर करुन्य।





Your Own Page



प्रागाश 'ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका वर्ष ४ : अंक ७ ~ जूलाई २०१९

Your Own Page - Pushpa Koshal

Pushpa Koshal Honoured:
Pushpa Koshal, a member of the Mumbai biradari has been awarded by Asian African Chamber of Commerce in the Leadership Forum for her work in post production industry for doing hundreds of films in the last 25 years.

Pushpa has been in the post production of films since last 25 years and considering that she was an English lecturer in Women's College Jamna for few years, her journey has been from Shakespeare to Studios. Pushpa believes that if you want you can do anything. All you need is a strong will and hard work. So when this Kashmiri woman was offered to market the Post-production Studios, she just did it.

From first promo of Bobby Deol and Twinkle Khanna film Barsat to Ranveer Singh film Gully Boy, Pushpa has come a long way. You can say she is a pioneer in marketing of these Studios. The digitization of the films gave birth to her career and vice versa. Some of the highlights of her career are films with Shahrukh Khan, for whose film Main Hoon Na, Rajtara Studio got the best IFFA award for VFX in Amsterdam and Pushpa received it there.

After heading Studios like Crest, Rajtara, Avitel, Shemaroo, After Studio, Film Lab, Pushpa now heads the Operations of Pixel Digital Studio, a leading post production Studio. Its recent films are RAW, Gully Boy and many Marathi Punjabi and Gujarati films besides some good web series like Made in Heaven on Netflix. Pushpa recently got Panache Image award for excellence in post production for her work in the industry. And now Asian African Chamber of commerce recognized her work for hundreds of films and gave her the Trophy and Certificate. Since Pushpa couldn't attend the event in Delhi, the award was handed over to her in her Studios. Pushpa has a message for the young Kashmiri woman: "I just want to tell them, if I can, you can't just do it."

प्रागाश May 2019 ~ जूलाई २०१९

Pushpa Koshal awarded yet again

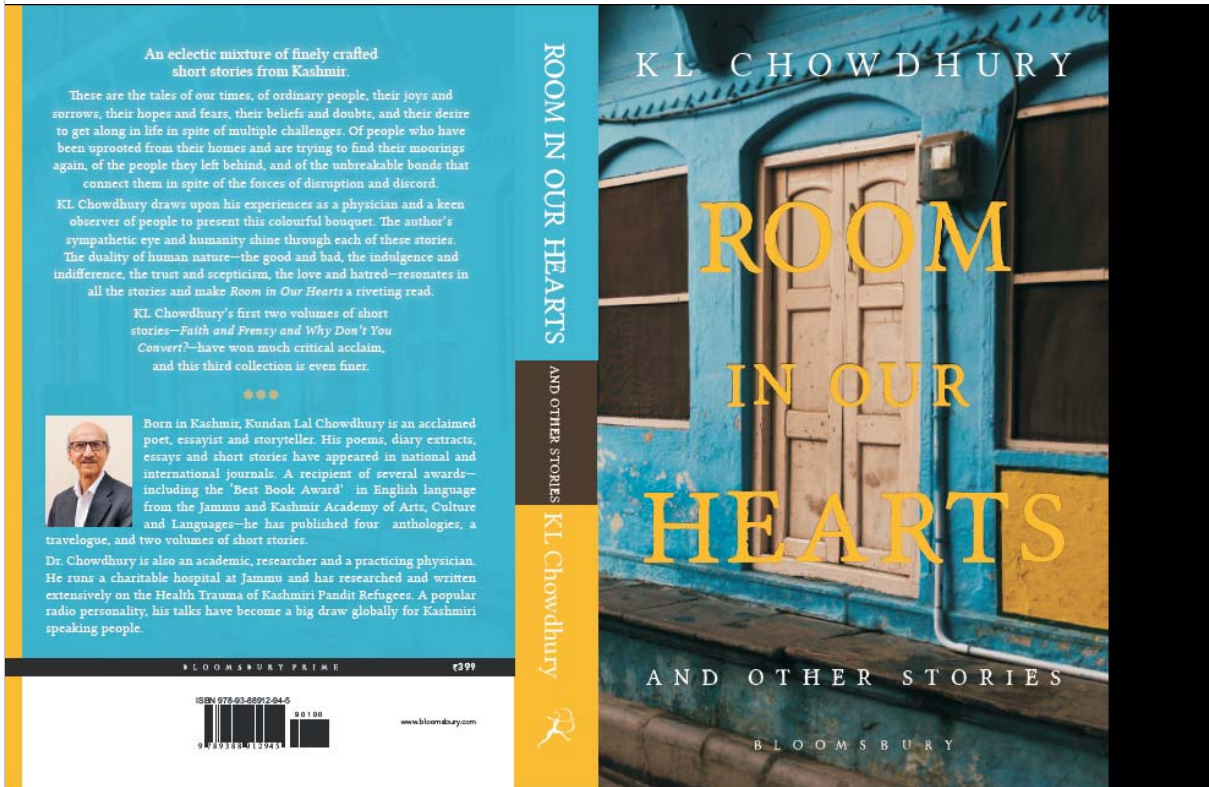
Pushpa Koshal is awarded yet again, this time by the FMBAF in the Season II, Global Excellency Awards series. Pushpa bagged the Certificate of Achievement for her absolute Dedication, Spirit and Professionalism.

This is the second time Pushpa has featured in the Praagaash pages in one year so far. She already featured in the May issue of Praagaash. We wish her to be featured for a third time in Praagaash.

Congratulations Pushpa



New Publications



An eclectic mixture of finely crafted short stories from Kashmir.

These are the tales of our times, of ordinary people, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and fears, their beliefs and doubts, and their desire to get along in life in spite of multiple challenges. Of people who have been uprooted from their homes and are trying to find their moorings again, of the people they left behind, and of the unbreakable bonds that connect them in spite of the forces of disruption and discord.

KL Chowdhury draws upon his experiences as a physician and a keen observer of people to present this colourful bouquet. The author's sympathetic eye and humanity shine through each of these stories. The duality of human nature—the good and bad, the indulgence and indifference, the trust and scepticism, the love and hatred—resonates in all the stories and make *Room in Our Hearts* a riveting read.

KL Chowdhury's first two volumes of short stories—*Faith and Frenzy* and *Why Don't You Convert?*—have won much critical acclaim, and this third collection is even finer.



Born in Kashmir, Kundan Lal Chowdhury is an acclaimed poet, essayist and storyteller. His poems, diary extracts, essays and short stories have appeared in national and international journals. A recipient of several awards—including the 'Best Book Award' in English language from the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Arts, Culture and Languages—he has published four anthologies, a travelogue, and two volumes of short stories.

Dr. Chowdhury is also an academic, researcher and a practicing physician. He runs a charitable hospital at Jammu and has researched and written extensively on the Health Trauma of Kashmiri Pandit Refugees. A popular radio personality, his talks have become a big draw globally for Kashmiri speaking people.

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AND OTHER STORIES

BLOOMSBURY

Dr KL Chowdhury's forthcoming book entitled

ROOM IN OUR HEARTS AND OTHER STORIES

Published by Bloomsbury will be launched on 10 July, 2019.

Here is the cover picture. And here is the Amazon link where you can order the book in advance. The publishers have been quite generous to provide a 25 percent discount on advance orders.

https://www.amazon.in/Room-our-Hearts-Other-Stories/dp/9388912942/ref=sr_1_fkmr0_2?keywords=room+is+your+heart+and+other+stories%25bloomsbury&qid=1559544546&s=gateway&sr=8-2-fkmr0

Other books from the same author: Faith & Frenzy, Why Don't You Convert, A Thousand Petalled Garland, The Final Frontier, Homeland after Eighteen Years, Of Gods, Men & Militants, Enchanting World of Infants



Photo Feature



Top Right: Gadadar Mandir, Sgr
Image: Suriender Kachroo
Top and Right: Dal Lake, Sgr.
Image : Shahid Choudhary
Bottom Right: Pahalgam;
Bottom Left: Somewhere in
Pahalgam. Images : Asif Iqbal Burza

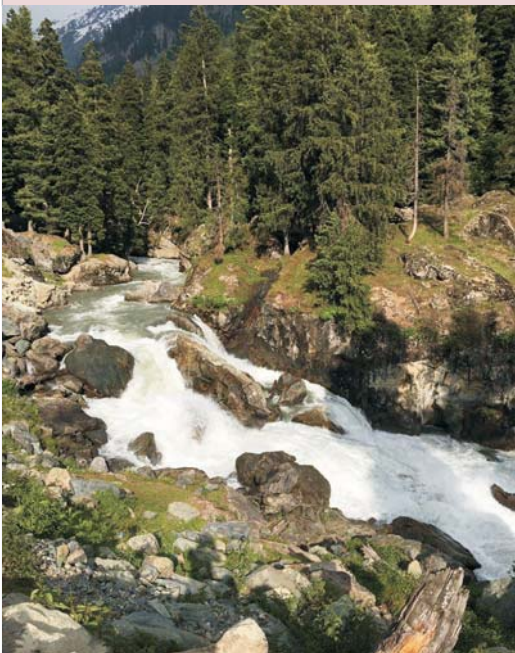
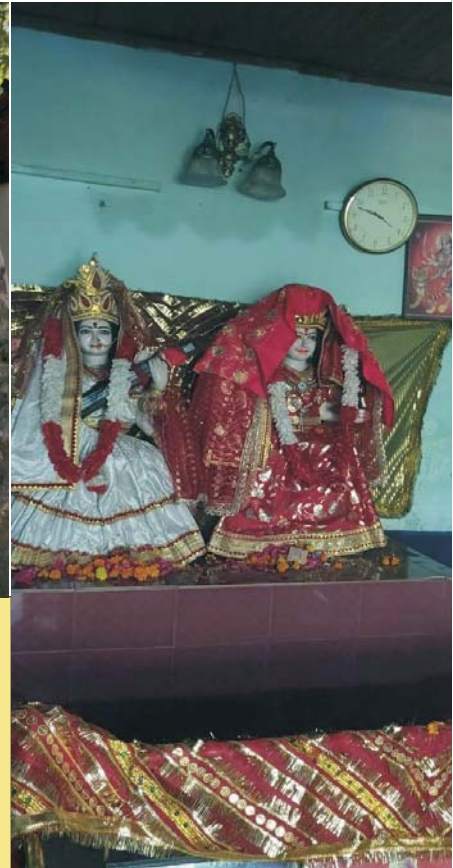
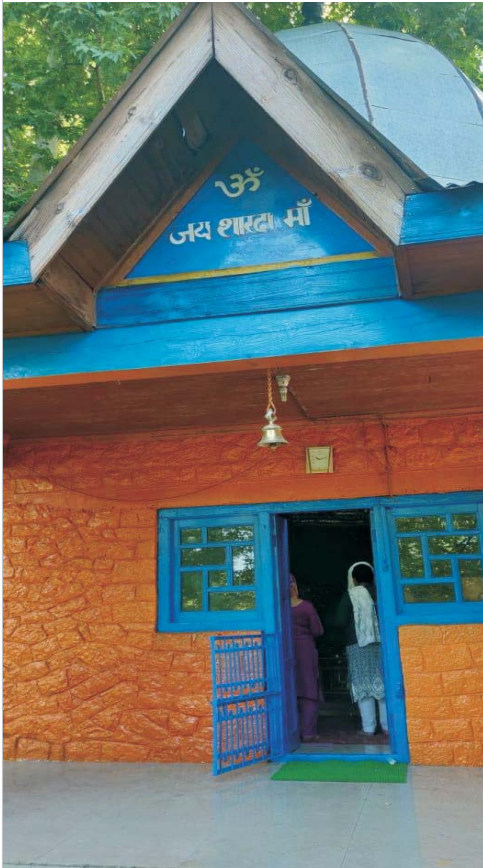




Photo Feature



Sharada Mandir
at Tikkar,
Kupwara

All Images :
Suriender
Kachroo

Nine Chinars representing
nine Grahas





Letters to Editor

Dear Editor,

Thank you for sharing June edition. Reading Praagaash is always a wonderful experience, Its a different kind of feeling which is difficult to explain as I personally feel connected to my roots while living outside our state. This time the wonderful article which mesmerized me is Our Heritage : Why I love Kashmiri Pandits by Sh. Manzoor Sahib.



Reading what Manzoor sahib has penned down was like reliving in kashmir. I pray to almighty that same old days could return back in our lives.

Grandma stories is a good initiative. We have already lost these stories to the hustle and bustle of the modern times. Now no mother or grandmother recites old Kashmiri folk story to her child or grandchild. I understand this is a great step towards preserving our heritage. We should all welcome that and possibly read these stories to our children to carry them forward.

Thanks once again for Praagaash. Eagerly waiting for next issue.

Sandeep Koul

Rupnagar (Punjab)

sandeepkoul79@gmail.com



Aadaab Mahra,

It was really pleasing and moving to read what all Nawchoo Saeb has put down. It relates to so many of us.



I remember my Pandit friends and neighbours with a similar spirit as expressed by Nawchoo Saeb. I must mention my teacher, respected Amarnath Peer Saeb, without whom my life

would have been very different from what it is right now.

We need more such expressions to exorcise the demons of that dreadful era. It was a dark period which continues to cast its shadow over our lives, decades later.

We need to shine a light, strong enough to kill those shadows. That light can only come from our own Miltsar and Kashmiriyat.

Praagaash is a very good platform to help unite us all. It has the power and potential to help shine the light I am referring to.

My compliments to team Praagaash.

Tahir Wani

Soura, Srinagar

tahir@live.in



Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed reading each and every page of Praagaash. It was kind of nostalgic. My mother's family used to live in Habba Kadal and while reading some of the pages from journal, felt like I was sitting on the window sill looking down at the busy street. Luckily I can read Hindi as well and relished reading Grandma stories section to my seven year old. Please do share future copies. It is a treasure to cherish in a foreign country.



Dr. Zarka Batool

United Kingdom

@Zarkabatul



Dear Editor,

I have been restless after reading comments regarding the Praagaash net-journal of Zaan and could not help to comment from my personal experience of my childhood, my upbringing, the friendships, the feelings, the emotions and thoughts, the harmony, love and affection we shared together.



Letters to Editor

To refer to the article written by Er. Manzoor Nawchoo 'Why I love Kashmiri Pandits?', I vouch for every word of it, affirm and testify the accuracy. Perhaps many from generations would support the facts.

Please note, this is the first time I am introduced to the Praagaash net journal of Zaan through a WhatsApp group. My best wishes.

Dr. Misra Mahro
England
+447799844934



Good Souls On Record On Twitter

We failed as a community to protect you (Kashmiri Pandits) but we are same as we were before 90s. I apologise on behalf of, not those who made this worst episode, but who were not involved but could not help you. Please come back as your brother is eagerly waiting for you.



Shahnawaz Sofi
Magam, Kashmir
@hyatt786687



Visited tullamulla today to pay obeisance to my estranged Kashmiri Pandit brothers and sisters. The similar feeling of helplessness ushered in my nerves which started in 90. Earnestly hope my dear Kashmiri Pandit brothers and sisters will pardon us. We all failed you.



Tahir Peerzada
Srinagar, Kashmir
@tahirpeerzada2



Selfies and statements during Mela Kheer Bhawani will not help. Only acceptance, a sincere apology and introspection followed by actions by the majority will change things, including returning their business, land, property and houses, which we occupied, sold and profited from.



Junaid Qureshi
Srinagar - Amsterdam
@JQ_plaintalk



On the auspicious occasion of Mela Kheer Bhawani, let me confess as an individual Kashmiri Muslim - I failed my Pandit community in 1990. I admit and I apologise. No Jagmohan Theories.



Bashir Manzar
Journalist, Srinagar
@bashirmanzar



The forced exodus of Kashmiri Pandits in 1990 and the events that followed thereof have put Kashmir into the brink of darkness and gloom. Pandits may have moved on with their lives but the pain they endured can't be compensated unless justice is ensured to them. Mata Kheer Bhawani is firmly reminding us for their right and return.



Javaid Trali
Srinagar, Kashmir
@Traluk



This kind of courage to put it straight (by Bashir Manzar) is a rarity these days. Bashir Sahab, please accept my respectful bow for this and



Letters to Editor

putting it in the right format. Yes, we failed them, we most certainly did and I therefore join in folding my hands in tendering a sincere apology.

Dr. Suneem Khan
Kashmir
@DrSuneem



Absolutely, some so called persons at that time put threat to KPs and fact that humanity failed at that time. We apologise.

Jigar Mairaj
Srinagar, Kashmir
@Mairaj62868224



It is already proven in court that Babri masjid was built over a demolished temple as the locals had always insisted. Babar's evil deed must not be owned by Muslims. This is the big error we also make denying Aurangzeb's evil acts of Krishna Janamsthan and Kashi Temple demolition.

Nissar Guru
Kashmir, India
@NissarGuru



The exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from their homeland is a blot on our history ... something that should have never happened. And it is sad that it was allowed to happen.

Samar Khan
@samarmumbaikhan



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





Editorial from Page 1

multiple times in my writings, depending upon what suited the situation.

We are also pleased to announce that a book titled 'A Dictionary of Peculiar & Uncommon Kashmiri words and phrases' written by our dear Editor Shri M.K. Raina will also be released on this occasion. Words are given in this book in three scripts, Roman, Nastaliq and Devanagari with translation in English. Shri Raina is dedicated to the service of our mother tongue. His, another important work 'How to read and write Kashmiri Language in Nastaliq script' is also finalised and the soft copy of this work will be released in the month of July itself. We congratulate him for his commitment and love for the mother tongue, which all of us should emulate. We may recall he has previously authored a similar work, 'How to read and write Kashmiri Language in Devanagari script', which was very popular among all Kashmiris who are not well versed with the Nastaliq script.

Let us all resolve to use our dear sweet mother tongue in a big way and feel proud of its richness both as a language and in its literature. There is no doubt that we cannot express ourselves better in any other language, however educated we may be. The love and anger are best expressed in one's mother tongue alone. Please begin using it here and now.



Kashmiri Language Workshop

A 2-Days Kashmiri Language Workshop is being organised in Srinagar on 24-25 August 2019, to find ways and means to popularise Kashmiri Language and to inculcate interest of our youngsters in the Kashmiri language and culture.

Remember Kashmiri language is dying fast. Do your bit to save it from a silent death.

All are invited. Kindly register your names by sending a message to Dr. G.N.Qasba, Convener, Workshop Organising Committee (Cell: 9419000493)

तोह्य छिवु पनुनिस गरस मंज पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य
काँशिर पाँठ्य कथ करान? करुन्य गछि।

توہی چھو پٹنہس گرس منز پننہن شربن ستر کا شہر پٹھی کتھ کران؟

کرئی گورہ