



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

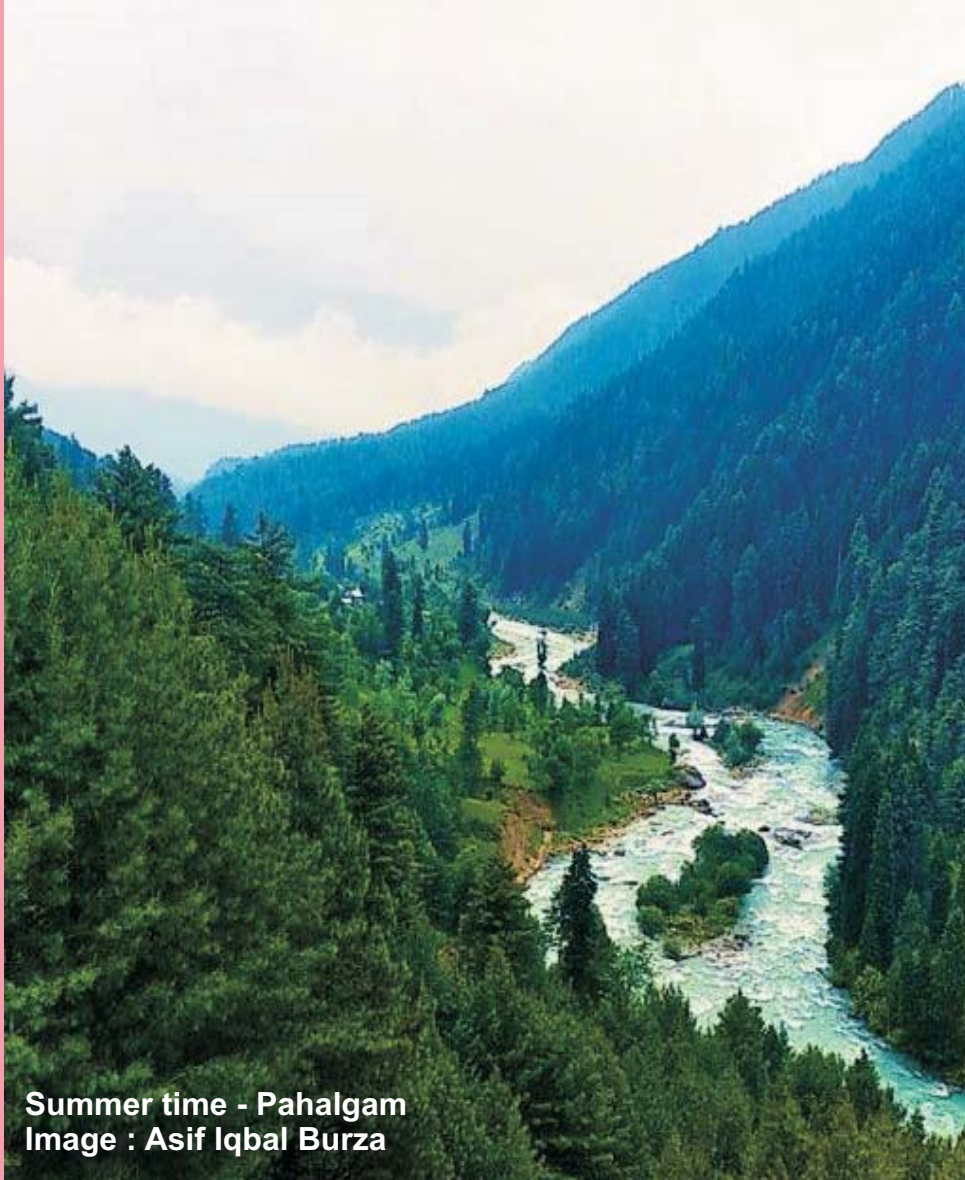
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प्रागाश
प्रागाश



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



Summer time - Pahalgam
Image : Asif Iqbal Burza

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

वर्ष ५ : अंक ७ ~ जुलाई २०२० Vol 5 : No. 7 ~ July 2020

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Editorial

...

M.K.Raina

It is encouraging to see many of our young readers inclined to write poetry, and many of them, let us admit, write good poetry. We at Praagaash congratulate all of them and wish them bright future. We are however dismayed that not many people (except those of our committed writers) are into writing short stories, essays on important issues, write-ups on scientific advancements, our cultural heritage, famous or yet to be explored beautiful spots of our motherland, and so on. We wish our readers, and of course celebrated authors and writers to write on these issues for Praagaash and share their knowledge with all of us. Praagaash is your own journal and who will not wish it to beat all comparable journals as far as content is concerned. We also wish Kashmiris living overseas to write for Praagaash and let those living in India know them.



We have an exclusive **Your Own Page** in Praagaash to highlight achievements of your children, whether in India or abroad. Please help your children to exhibit their worth and their laurels.

Covid-19 is still around, continues to pose great threat to our lives. Please take care. We request our reader-doctors to continue writing on this pandemic and let us know more about the threats and precautions.



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وَآخ - لَل دَد

ن پْیَاس تُو ن جْآس
ن خَیَم ہَند تُو ن شَوت
شَن عَس تُو تَی
سَتن عَس بْرَوت ۱۱



نفسُی مْیون عْیو ہوستُی
اَمْی ہَسْی مَونِگَم رَری رَری بَل
لَحْی مَنجُ سَاس مَنجُ اَخَا لوستُی
نَتُ ہَیتِنَم سَوری تَل ۱۱



نہ پیاس تہ نہ زایس
نہ کھیئیم ہند تہ نہ شونٹھ
شَن چھس پتہ تے
سَتن چھس برونٹھ



نفسے میون چھے ہوسٹے
اَمْی ہَسْی مَونِگَم رَری رَری بَل
لِچھ مَنجُ سَاس مَنجُ اَخَا لوستے
نپتہ ہیتنم ساری تل

شْرُخ - شَیخ نُور-وَد-دِیَن وَلی

کَچ تُو چَولْی خْیث خْیوَان بَلی
تِیَم سَورْخ مَورْخ وَجَولی عْی
شَوتَونْی تَی کَورْخ اَکُ خَلی
تِیَم سَہجَ لَبَن نَتُ بَلی عْی ۱۱



کَچ تُو جَولُ مَنجَی دَدی
کَچ تُو فِریث آی اَنگُ سَورْپُ
کَچ تُو آرُوبَل لَآل لَبی
کَچ تُو چَری آی سَگَل دُپُ ۱۱

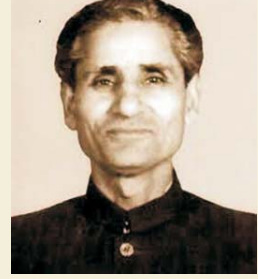


کینز تہ رُل کھیٹھ کھیوان علی
تَم سَکھ مَکھ ووزالی چھ
شِطَآنْی تے کَورْکھ اَکھ کھلی
تَم سَہز لَبَن نپتہ علی چھ



کینز تہ زلہ منزے ددی
کینز تہ پھیرتھ آے اگنہ سوزوپہ
کینز تہ آپلہ لال لُبی
کینز تہ رُھری آے سَنگَل دِپہ

जानानु म्योन सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी



हाय वेस्य मे वारु वन वॅग्म्य वरगुलोव जानानु म्योन
कन बॅरिथ वॅग्म्य डोल वति वॅग्म्य छँदुरोव जानानु म्योन

नाज़ बरदौरी करान रुज़ुस वुन्युक ताम दिलबरस
कमि सना पितरुनि म्याने रोशिनोव जानानु म्योन

रायि वॅग्म्य सुंज़ि पोक अमा वॅग्म्य कल कॅडुस वॅग्म्य मस द्युतुस
शॉल्य तारक हॉविनस वॅग्म्य ब्रॅमुरोव जानानु म्योन

छुम नु मोलूम यूत कोताह खोत तॅमिस चेश्मन खुमार
प्यालु युथ वॅग्म्य म्यॉन्य शॅत्रन चावनोव जानानु म्योन

बुलबुलाह ओस रात तामथ गथ करान यथ गुलशनस
फुलयि हुंद व्यूर तुलनु ब्रॉह वॅग्म्य मॅचुरोव जानानु म्योन

आम खंजर याम बूजुम म्यानि स्वनि वॅग्म्य शेछ वॅनिथ
लोल मॅशुरॉविथ वरुक क्युथ फिरुनोव जानानु म्योन

यक कलम मॅशुरॉव्य तॅम्य सॉर्य वादु इकरार आदनुक
बे-वफॉयी हुंद सबक वॅग्म्य परुनोव जानानु म्योन

डलु सॉलस द्राव क्याह शिकारि पानय नम रॅटिथ
होश रोवुस दिलबरस वॅग्म्य तंबुलोव जानानु म्योन

आदनुक यार म्योन ल्वकुचार पेश थावुन वायि रोस
वनतु प्रेमी ऑखुरस वॅग्म्य दूरुरोव जानानु म्योन

World Affairs : Er. M.K.Dhar

International Day of Justice

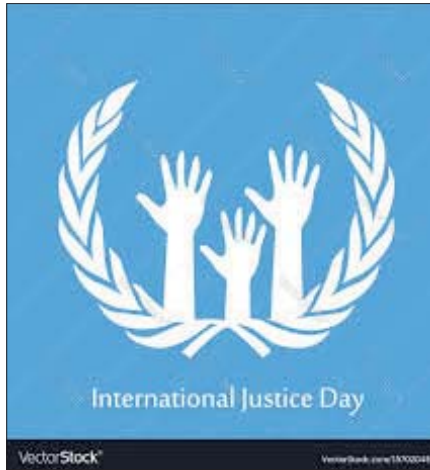
International Day of justice :

It is the General Assembly of United Nations Organisation that designates a particular date as an International Day. The themes of international days are always linked to the main fields of action of the United Nations, namely the maintenance of international peace and security, the promotion of sustainable development, the protection of human rights, and the guarantee of international law and humanitarian action.

International days are occasions to educate the general public on issues of concern, to mobilize political will and resources to address global problems, and to celebrate and reinforce achievements of humanity. The existence of international days predates the establishment of the United Nations, but the UN has embraced them as a powerful advocacy tool. Each international day offers many actors the opportunity to organize activities related to the theme of the day. Organizations and offices of the United Nations system, and most importantly, governments, civil society, the public and

private sector, more generally, citizens, make an international day a springboard for awareness-raising actions.

17 July is the Day of International Criminal Justice. It marks the anniversary of the adoption of the Rome Statute on 17 July 1998, the founding treaty of the international Criminal Court (ICC), which seeks to protect people from genocide, crimes against humanity, war crimes and the crime of aggression. 17 July unites all those who wish to support justice, promote victims' rights, and help prevent crimes that threaten the peace, security and well-being of the world. With accountability now firmly on the international agenda, impunity is on the run. But global access to justice remains uneven. Many governments continue to deny the ICC jurisdiction where it is most needed. The ICC must continue to evolve into the global court the world demands of it.



The aim of this day is to unite everyone who wants to support justice as well as promote victims rights. It is to help prevent serious crimes and those that put the peace, security and well-being of the world at risk. But unfortunately the international organisation created to deliver justice to the people globally has not stood up to its expectations and the injustice metted to the people throughout the world, particularly the developing nations, still continue to remain far from getting justice. For victims, recognition of their suffering and accountability for violations and abuses perpetrated against them can have immense restorative value. On this World Day for International Justice, we must remind ourselves of the importance of pursuing justice and accountability for all mass atrocities, not just as an institutional responsibility and legal obligation, but as a moral necessity.

Crime against humanity consists of various acts - murder, extermination, enslavement, torture, forcible transfers of populations, imprisonment, rape, persecution, enforced disappearance, and apartheid, among others. Many developing countries are plagued not just by ordinary volume crimes, but also by culturally-sanctioned violence against women and serious forms of transnational crime such as sex trafficking, drug trafficking, murderous incursions by militias, and theft of natural resources including valuable minerals.

Human rights abuses in Jammu and Kashmir state are an ongoing issue. The abuses range from mass killings,

enforced disappearances, torture, rape and sexual abuse to political repression and suppression of freedom of speech. Various separatist militant groups have been accused and held accountable for committing severe human rights abuses against Kashmiri civilians. Some rights groups say more than 100,000 people have died since 1989 while the official figures from Indian sources state the estimates of number of civilians killed due to the insurgency as above 50,000. Some national and international human rights watch dog state that Indian security forces have committed atrocities on Kashmiri civilians. Amnesty International also accused security forces of exploiting the Armed Forces Special Powers Act (AFSPA). But the army has rejected the accusations and claims that 97% of the reports about the human rights abuses have been found to be "fake or motivated" and that action was taken against those found involved in such cases. Due to insurgency more than 60 thousand families got uprooted from their homes and hearths and migrated outside Kashmir. This included some Muslims and





Sikhs also. But the victims of atrocities, whether at the hands of the militants or the security forces are still in waiting to get justice at hands of the powers that be.

"Justice delayed is justice denied" is a legal maxim. It means that if legal redress or equitable relief to an injured party is available, but is not forthcoming in a timely fashion, it is effectively the same as having no remedy at all. This principle is the basis for the right to a speedy trial and similar rights which are meant to expedite the legal system, because of the unfairness for the injured party who sustained the injury having little hope for timely and effective remedy and resolution.

Let us hope that this international organisation will rise to the occasion by creating opportunities for all those individuals or the communities who are still in waiting to see the light of the day as far as delivery of justice is concerned.

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لکریے ونے کیاہ چھ دربان وازہ محمود

سارا کرکھ پتہ نہر لکریے
تی پانہ نور مود شاہ سر لکریے
زینہ پانہ مرتے ہا ناز لکریے
راول تیر جاہ زبے در پھل لکریے
عاشقو عشقہ کراہیہ جگر لکریے
غار چھکھ ناکان چل پتہ تھل لکریے
یم کھتر داس تم کت لکریے
زندگی پنہنے چھکھ پوان لکریے
لالا تھ مشرا ناگ افضل لکریے
تمہ ناگرتن شے ناو در لکریے
تھینوک نم وارا ام جا لکریے
سویہ گئیہ غفلت تروا سو لکریے
نہ یوش نوریہ تم چھ وہ لکریے
عشرس نکھ جھی پردس لکریے
نوریہ کمر درک باو تروا لکریے
داو سو شمع تہہ پتہ لکریے
پان یس ہو واکم عشقہ سو لکریے
تس قیل و قال نوٹھ لو لکریے
دل سر کرکریے وڈا شانہ لکریے
لالا تھ سے گو منتر تھ لکریے
تہہ توراوان چھم حو لکریے
تمہ شاہ پلو طو جھی لکریے

تْرِیلوکی ناث دھر کُندَن
اَلَمَن آش خَچ



تْرِیلوکی ناث دھر کُندَن
اَلَمَن آش خَچ

نُک نُک گاش فوَل آش خَچ اَلَمَن، نُور نُور لُکھ سیرینُ کَلَمَن،
سَوتُچ فوَلُیاہ لَچُ بَرَجَسَتَی، مُشکُونُ اَمبَر بَرتُی ہَلَمَن |

نیک نیک گاش بھول آس کھڑا المن، نورے نور لیکھ سیرینی کلمن
سوچ پھلیاہ اچ برحتے، مشکنی امبر برتے بلمن

پْرِشَمُک وُشَنُیَار کَانُیَن مَوت لَچُ، وَدُکُی کُتُکَار دُہ تَی گُیَنُ چُجُ |

اَرَمَانُ وَ کُود چَچکَالُی وَ شَاہ، مَیُوسِی اَدُ پَانُی وَ تھ ڈُجُ |

گَرشَمک وُشَنُیَار کَانُیَن مَوتُ اُچ، وَ دُکُی کُتُکَار دُہ تَی گُیَنُ چُجُ |

اَرَمَانُ کُودُ یَہ کَالُی وَ شَاہ، مَیُوسِی اَدُ پَانُی وَ تھ ڈُجُ |

گُیَنُ وَ شَاہ کُور یَلی چَری وَ تھ ہَارُی وَ، کُتُکُی چَا وَ سُی بَر وَ تھ دَارُی وَ |

مَیُوسِی وَ تھ پِیَنُتِیَس کَالُیَس، لُتُپُتُی مَیُوسِی وَ تھ کَہ نَی لَارُی وَ |

گُیَنُ وَ شَاہ کُور یَلی چَری وَ تھ ہَارُی وَ، کُتُکُی چَا وَ سُی بَر وَ تھ دَارُی وَ |

مَیُوسِی وَ تھ پِیَنُتِیَس کَالُیَس، لُتُپُتُی مَیُوسِی وَ تھ کَہ نَی لَارُی وَ |

بُول بُوشَاہ کُور لَچُ پُتھ ہَارُی وَ، پُتُ پُتُ تِیَمُنُی وَ تھ اَخ لَارُی وَ |

پِشِی وَ تھ تِیَمُنُی وَ تھ پُتُی وَ تھ لُولَن وَ تھ دِچُ، سُتِی مَیُوسِی وَ تھ پُتُی وَ |

بُول بُوشَاہ کُور لَچُ پُتھ ہَارُی وَ، پُتُ پُتُ تِیَمُنُی وَ تھ اَخ لَارُی وَ |

دُشِی وَ تھ تِیَمُنُی وَ تھ پُتُی وَ تھ لُولَن وَ تھ دِچُ، سُتِی مَیُوسِی وَ تھ پُتُی وَ |

Continued on next page

آلالو تَمّیسُوند گوم یَلی کَنونُی، مورلی وایان جِن کاہ وِنونُی |
 تَیجَیَم دِلوچی دُبرارَی، وُف دِیث گُٹھَا، وُوٹ وُکڈ مَنونُی |
 آلو تَمّی گوم یَیڈ کَنی، مورلی وایان زَن کانہ وِنی
 تیرِیَم دِیگی دُرارَے، وُچ دِتھ گُڑچ ہَا، وُوٹھ کُڈ مَنی
 یَیَم یَیَم کور یَلی تَمّیسُوند سُمَرَن، شَگَرَف پُیُورُس فوج تَس ہَن ہَن |
 پْرَاچَن پُٹ اَسُنَن کور گِندُناہ، اَٹھ گَیَی بون کون بُوٹھ گَو وُوشَلَن |
 یَیَم یَیَم کور یَلی تَمّیسُوند سُمَرَن، شَگَرَف پُیُورُس پُچُوج تَس ہَن ہَن
 پْرَاٹَن یَیڈ اَسَن کور گِندُناہ، اَچھ گَیَی بون کَن بُوٹھ گَو وُوشَلَن
 دِی سُنَج دِی گِٹھ وُٹھ مَے چُوپَری، اَٹھ دِی گَٹھ بُو لَگُہَس پَری |
 وُف تُولونوون چَریبَچِ پُٹَاہ، کَم کَم گونُمَاٹھ وُورُی تَمّی چَری |
 دِی ہَنز دِی گَٹھ مَے ٹُوپَری، اَٹھ دِی گَٹھ بُو لَگُہَس پَری
 وُچ ٹَیَنوون ٹُر بَچہ پُیُوتَاہ، کَم کَم گونُمَاٹھ کُری تَمّی چَری
 کُوندَن پْرَارَان چُوس بُو بَرَس تَل
 مُشاکِل سَری مَیَونُی چُو کَر ہَل ||
 کُوندَن پْرَارَان چُوس پَہ بَرَس تَل
 مُشاکِل سَری مَیَونُی چُو کَر ہَل



*From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo***Hari Parvat & Chakreshwar Temples**

As stated by Pandit Kalhana and Pandit Jona Raj in their Chronicles, up to the sixth century B.C., there was an ancient village called 'Shaaritaka' in the down town of present day Srinagar city, where the Goddess Sharika and also a Yaksha (a demon) resided. In the same century, King Pravarsena II had a dream, wherein he was directed by Vaital Bhairav to go to the village Shaaritaka, which was demarcated by Vaital Bhairav himself and the king Pravarsena II had to consecrate the lingam of Shiva Pravareshvara at an auspicious time (Muhurat). At that very time the image of Lord Vishnu seated itself of its own accord on the base (Peetha). The image of Lord Vishnu was named Jaya Swamin by the king Pravarsena after the name of an architect Jaya, who already knew the auspicious time (Muhurat) which Vaitala Bhairav had indicated in the dream to the king Pravarsena II. King Pravarsena II ruled over Kashmir from 530--590 C.E.

The purpose of the king behind the visit of the village Shaaritaka was in connection with the establishment of his capital under the name of Pravarapur. The king Pravarsena himself was a devotee of Vinayaka (Lord Ganesha) called Bhim Swamin. According to Kalhana Pandit, 'Bhim Swamin, of its own accord turned its face from West to East, in order to show that He was not averse to the city of

Pravarapur as planned by king Pravarsena.

Lord Ganesha (Vinayaka) is till date worshiped under the name of Bhim Swamin Ganesha in the form of a rock lying at the foot



of the Southern extremity of Hari Parvat (Sharikaparvat) close to the Bachha Darwaaza of Akbar's Fortress. The rock shaped Bhim Swamin Ganesha is under the thick layer of red lead (Sindhur) with which the rock is covered by the worshippers till date as it is supposed to have a resemblance to the head of a huge elephant in the seated posture. Another court historian of ancient Kashmir Shrivara mentions in his Rajtarangini about the erection of a new shrine temple in honour of Bhim Swamin Ganesha by the king Zain-ul-Abidin (king Badshah). The rock shaped Shilla is also referred by another writer Saheb Ram in the 'Tirthas'. Towards the southern end of Bhim Swamin Ganesha temple lies the Ziarat of Muqaddam Saheb, one of the most popular Mohammedan pilgrimage centre.

In the city of Pravarapura, the king Pravarsen II had established temple shrines of five Goddesses who, were designated by the word Shri as Sadbhav Shri and so on. From various historical records, we come to the conclusion that

Hari Parvat has held immense historical significance long before Christ. Also according to various historical records and legends, Goddess Sharika had to manifest Herself in the form of a bird called Myna to pick up a small hillock in the form of a pebble in her beak from Sumeru Parvat, and had to throw it on the demon Mund on the eighth day of the summer month called Ashaad Ashtami, because the demon was polluting the whole environment by casting huge clouds of smoke to create tremendous darkness in the whole area. At the same time the pebble went on gaining size & took the shape of a hillock and the demon next went on spinning the hillock till the Goddess Sharika, being a manifestation of Goddess Durga stayed at a particular place and that sanctum sanctorum became what is today's Chakreshwar Temple also called the temple of Hari Parvat or Sharika Parvat temple and Her devotees are offering prayers and obeisance from ancient times at the holy temple of Hari Parvat. According to Sharika Mahatam also "the door of the hell had to be got closed at the spot by the Goddess Sharika and had to carry the hillock in the form of a pebble and then had to re - establish it again in the form of a hillock at the very place of worship called Hariparvat. In addition to Sharika Mahatam, this incident is described by Pt. Som Dev in his Katha Sarit Sagar in the form of stories of Usha & Anirudh.

Prof. (Dr.) M.A.Stein states in his book 'Ancient Geography of Kashmir':

"Towards the southern end of Bhim Swamin Ganesh Temple is the Ziarat of Makhdhoom Saheb and also the mosque of Akhoon Mullah Shah. During the Hindu period there had been other monumental constructions also. During Muslim period in Kashmir, Sharika Parvat (Har Parvat) was named Koh-i- Maraan. Also the king Rana Dutt had got constructed a monastery for Pashupat sages on the hillock of Har Parvat (Sharika Parvat), but archeological remains of such monasteries could not be seen any where." According to some researchers Hari Parvat is the abode of the Goddess Sharika and Vaital Bhairav.

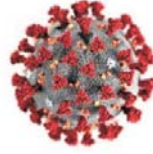
On the back of the hillock of Hari Parvat is the world famous sanctum sanctorum of Chakreshwar, as there is the self-creation of a Swayambhu Chakra witnessed by various devotees from time to time. During early eighties of the last century the world famous Tantrik painter Shri Ghulam Rasool 'Santosh' was invited for his participation in a non-formal educational radio program 'Praagaash' which used to be aired every day from All India Radio Srinagar. During that conversation, I had for the first time an opportunity to see the photograph of the Swayambhu chakra taken at twelve on a Poornamashi night by Sh. Gulam Rasool Santosh. On 28th October 1986, I had also an opportunity to go to Hari Parvat and witness the Swayambhu Chakra exactly on the Shilla at Hari Parvat around

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Covid-19 - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury Some Truths & Lessons



It is nearly five months the world is battling Corona, alas, to painfully realise, it is not soon going away, but, here to stay for a while, bringing everyone under its sweep and sway.



We notice day after day that it respects no boundaries, no people, high or low, no man, woman or child.

It is ruthless and rude to the elders and the weak, but it doesn't spare the young and the strong either. It holds all under its spell - the king and the pauper, the sage and the joker.

No religions are safe, no gods immune, no faiths exempt, no beliefs sacrosanct.



Be it the Buddhists of Ladakh or the Christians of America, be it the the Jews of Israel or the Taoists of China,

be it the Hindus of India or the Muslims of Arabia, Corona doesn't discriminate. It consumes them all.

Pray, is Corona a wakeup call? Is there a message it wants to convey? That we are all born equal though with unequal opportunities, yet, equally prone to calamities- be they Natural, be they manmade. That winning a battle by some doesn't win the war for everyone, that despite the barriers we have raised there is no escape from each other.

Yes, Corona reminds humanity of its utter frailty, of the need to rise as one and share the burden together or face the spectre of extinction.

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वैलिव ज्ञान करव - म.क.रैना

वाज़ु महमूद

वाज़ु महमूद ऑस्य कॉशिरि जॅबॉन्य हुंघ अख कदावार सूफी शॉयिर, मगर दपान अँम्यसुंद पूर कलाम लूकन ताम नु वातनु किन्य छुनु तिमन पनुन मकाम म्यूलमुत। जे एंड के अकाडमी आफ आर्ट कल्चर एंड लेंग्वेजुज़न छि यिमन तु यिहुंज़ि शॉयिरी प्यठ 1996स मंज़ 'वाज़ु महमूद' नावुच अख किताब ति शायह कॅरमुच।

वाज़ु महमूदुन असली नाव ओस महमूद बट, मगर तिमव क्याज़ि कोर यि नाव वाज़ु महमूदस मंज़ तबदील, अथ मुतलक छे यि कथ बडु मँहशूर। दपान अकि दूह बनाँव तिमव पनुनिस पीर साँबस खॉतरु पानय चाय, खसु पीर साँबस सख पसंद आयि। दपान पीर साँबन वोन तस ख्वश गॅछिथ जि 'चु गोख म्योन वाज़ु' तु महमूद साँबन बनोव यि



روزہ پاک وازر محمود صاب
Resting Place of Waza Mahmood

लफुज़ पनुन तखल्लुस।

वाज़ु महमूद ऑस्य सिरिनगरुकिस नवाब बाज़र अलाकस मंज़ रोज़ान। तसुंदिस ज़्यनु तॉरीखस मुतलक छेनु खास कँह पताह मगर



दपान तिम छि 1918स मंज़ रहमते हक सपदेमुत्य। तिम आयि शोरगरी मँहलु, पनुनिस ज़ॉती मकबरस मंज़ दफन करनु येति तिहुंद नेचुव वाज़ु फरीद तु कूर गंज साँब ति दफन छि।

वाज़ु महमूद ऑस्य चस्ती सिलसिलुक्य पॉरवकार, मगर अथ सूत्य सूत्य ऑस तिमन काँदरी सिलसिलुच ति वाँकफियत। दपान तिम ऑस्य नु ज़्यादु पॅर्यमुत्य लीख्यमुत्य मगर रेवाजु मुताँबिक ऑसुख अरबी ज़बॉन्य हुंज़ कम ज़्यादु तॉलीम हाँसिल कॅरमुच। तिहुंज़ शॉयिरी वुछिथ छु ननान जि तिमन छे फारसी ज़बॉन्य हुंज़ ति जान वाँकफियत ऑसमुच।

पेश छे वाज़ु महमूद साँबुन्य अख नज़म 'लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान':

(बेयिस सफस प्यठ जॉरी)

लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान - वाज़ु महमूद

सॉरा वॅरिथ यितु न्यर मॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 ती पानु फरमोव, शाहे मुरसॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 ज़िंदु पानु मर तय हा नाज़ॅलिये, ती ज्ञानि शाज़ - कांह दर जहान
 रावान तमि जायि ज़ुय दुर पॅगलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 आशुकव अॅशकु क्रायि जीगर तॅलिये, माशोक सुंदि दादि ज़ालान पान
 गॉर छिख ज़ागान हीलु तु छॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 यिम खॅत्य दारस तिम कोत चॅलिये, तिमनुय छा नैदर नेह यिवान
 ज़िंदुगी पनुनी छख ह्यवान मॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 लाला तथ मंज़ नाग अफज़ॅलिये, तति सोज़ लॉगिथ शाह सुलतान
 तमि नागु तन चुय नाव वुज़मॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 थ्योकुनम वारा अॅम्य जॉहिलिये, शॉगिथुय दॉयिम छुस करान
 स्वय गॅयि गफलत त्राव मस वॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 ज़ुय पोश नूरक्य तिम छि व्वज़लिये, रोशन तमि सुत्य ज़ुय जहान
 अरशन नखु छी परदस तॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 नूरकि दॅरियावु तर वावु डॅलिये, हू हू तोरुक छुय सामान
 वावु सुत्य शमाह तति प्रज़ॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 पान यस होव अॅम्य अॅशकु स्वहुलिये, हॅरिथ तस प्यव जिस्म तु जान
 तस क्रील क़ाल मोठ गव गॅल्य गॅलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 दिल सरु वॅरिथुय वुड शांचुलिये, पथ तॅम्य वॅरिनय सथ असमान
 लारान सुय गव मंज़ तज्जलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान
 तति तोर रावान छुम होसॅलिये, महमूद वाज़ु कस करि बयान
 तमि शायि तोतय छी गछान वॅगलिये, लॅलिये वनतय क्याह छु दरजान

Repose

Meem Hai Zaffar

Mother is dead

Her compassion and wisdom are gone,
So is her velvety voice
As a child mother used to put me to sleep by singing a song,
Her velvety voice coated the words with a strange fragrance.

Not the words, the fragrance put me to sleep,
The words hardly reached me.
Now that the velvety voice is gone,
so is the fragrance.

But the song reverberates within my innards.
The naked words pierce my heart,
and keep me awake all the night.

Who is he?
Who am I?
Tell me who are you?

(Okus, bokus, tali van tcha kus)¹

Shattering me, the song goes on and on.
It talks of rituals, mantras, mudras and what not.
But then rubbishing all these means comes to naught,
recommending non means.

Asking to transcend all dualities,
Reminding the admonitions of Lal:
"Fuse your breath and heart"
(Kar manas ta pawns sanghath)²

And also the counsel of Nund:
"Transcend the Being and Non-Being"
(Shivas ta Shunays yud muel karakh)³



Continued on next page

प्रागाश 'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका वर्ष ५ : अंक ७ | जुलाई २०२०

The song commands to go beyond the realm of sound to realise non-sound.
Then the fury of alphabets will subside, questions will die,
There will be repose.

But I, a prisoner to the gravitational force of the alphabets, a slave of senses,
Don't know how to transcend the world of sounds;

I, Me, You and He.

Lal and Nund are aliens to me,
In the realm of alphabets there is no repose.

I crave for the fragrance of my mother's voice,
that used to put me to sleep.



1. The headline of a Kashmiri lullaby.
2. A line from a verse (Vaakh) of Lal-Ded, a famous 14th century Kashmiri saint. The Vaakh is:

**The idol is but stone,
The temple is but stone,
From top to bottom all is but stone.**

Whom will you worship, O stubborn Pundit?
Let praan and the mind unite.

.....
(Dev vataa, divur vataa,
Haer bona chuy ekvaat,
Pooz kas karakh hota Battaa,
Kar manas ta pawnas sangaath)

3. A line from a verse (Shrukh) of Nund Rishi, a famous 14th century Kashmiri Rishi. The 'Shrukh' is as under:


If you are a seeker of the Truth, bent the five,
Otherwise you bend your body and call it Nimaaz!
Fuse Shiva (Being) and Shunaya (nonBeing)

.....
That indeed is the inner Nimaaz.
(Poz yud bozakh, paanch numrakh,
Nata maaz numrakh dapakh Nimaaz,
Shivas ta Shunays yud muel karakh,
Sedeu suya chay vantar Nimaaz)

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Reflections - Parineeta Khar

Matters of Heart

f late, there have appeared articles and write ups about a simmering issue; should or rather why do our children marry outside the community. This is an alarming fact, that the continuing trend could accelerate our 'ceazation'. Miniscule as our size is, *Bhattas*, the aborigines of the sage Kashyap's *Bhumi*, who boast of a 5000 year old unique Bhraminical order and a descension of Rishi's, are in a dilemma. At the same time this also is a fact which we cannot negate.

We have been leaving the land of our birthplace from 1947 (in modern times) to real our dreams of a better future. The umbilical cord which kept us attached to the womb of our mother Kashmir manifested in tenaciously adhering to our roots, however formidable the distances from the beloved land. We celebrate *Herath*, *Navreh* and *Pann* with traditional zeal; *Vatuk*, *Thaal barun* and exchange *Roaths*, thus holding on to our being *Bhattas*. But our offspring, born in these adopted lands, are indeed the children of the local land. Their familiarity is with the existing home; unfortunately our homeland for them is a strange unknown realm. Ironically, the extolling descriptions of our

homeland could not prevent our children mingling with their playmates. Could we help the attainment of their youth, their growing up outside Kashmir, their verve, and their preference for local parlance, food and ambience. The binding links broke totally with the visits to homeland having stopped after 1990 when we were catapulted out of Kashmir. And finally, could we help their falling in help. An anonymous lady, in *Koshur Samachar*, put the blame on the most abhorrent practices of *Atgath* and *Rothkhabar* etc. etc; and in the case of boys, the lure lay in the huge amount of cash they get as dowry if they are able to hook a South Indian girl (as was commented on our son's selection). I would beg to differ with the views of my dear girl. Every community has its own share of baggage and liabilities regarding social customs and I think Kashmir has the lightest. The cause of these couple's coming together is almost a divine intervention. It is not that our children prefer girls and boys



other than Kashmiris. It is like a gossamer net woven by Gods above, which entangles them in the meshes thrown over them by some unknown forces. They are thrown into each other's paths to find each other, circumstances and situations almost contrived.

When we were in the U.S., visiting our eldest son and daughter-in-law, our younger son, calls us out of the blue one morning to tell us "I have found a girl". His voice is not excited, his voice does not quiver, his young voice is steely. For some reason, I go weak in my knees and sit down "She is a Telugu girl"- mine is a statement, not a question. "Yes", he says calmly. His grave demeanour is enough to convey the seriousness of the attachment. "But you are still very young for a boy to marry", I say hesitantly. "For a girl, it's just fine- otherwise her parents may marry her off".

We hasten our return to India to meet her. Our elder daughter-in-law (very much a Kashmiri girl), had felt like a graceful swan coming floating towards us, delicate like a lily, when we first met her. This girl, with her exceptionally kind eyes, luminous and smiling, looked affectionately at us. We talked to her and found her contemporary, sure of herself and honest to the core. I asked her why she chose our son over other suitors of her own community. "I am immensely happy when he is around", was her innocent reply. I was taken back to his childhood days when our neighbour's pretty daughter, with her dishevelled hair all over her oval

face would appear on my door, "Aunty can I play with Shasha?" I would have to have a pestle in place of my heart not to admit her. We instantaneously resolved to do everything to facilitate this union. Pandit or no Pandit, how could we close our doors to a beam of auspicious sunshine warm and radiant?

And hey, pray tell me why at all the mayhem of fleeing and displacement happen after all? At that point of time when Kashmiri Pandits left, leaving behind property worth crores and security of a homeland, did they worry about the etymology of our mother tongue? Did we care about our culture at that juncture when we reached Jammu by truckloads? The only focus of high regard was our religiosity, the *Sanatan Dharma*, the backbone of our ethnicity. If our religious sanctity is safe culture, language and other things seem trivial. When my Telugu daughter-in-law recites Ganesh Astuti in her sing song voice, my maternal bosom heaves with pride.

Recently visiting Jammu, one of our esteemed relatives enquired about our non-Kashmiri daughter, out of courtesy and curiosity too. Our indulgent reports about the girl elicited a tongue-in-cheek remark from him, "Dil ke behlane ko Ghalib yeh khayal achcha hai". He was entitled to his views, however disparaging. If he thought we were in a fool's paradise, he was wrong. Of course, I am not a contender to promote inter-community

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भरत पंडित कोरोना वाईरस



अथु छॅल्य छॅल्य अज़ लूसुम दूह
दूह ओस नु युथ त्युथ, ज़नु ओस कोह
च़म गॅज सुत्य सुत्य बेयि साबन ति
यूत पान छोल नु ज़ांह कावन ति
पगाह छुय ब्याख दूह कामि लग पानो
साबनि हन सुत्य थव टोठ छुय जानो
वुछुन्य ऑस बाक़ुय वुनि यि बलाय
पनुन्यव आमालव वलनु अँस्य आय
अमि तलु नेरव येलि गछि कलाय
वॅल्य वॅल्य अदु सु कासि असि प्राय



कोरोना वाईरस भरत पंडित



ایہہ چھل چھل از لوسم دوو
دوہ اوس نہ سیتھ سیتھ رمنہ اوس کوہ
نم گچھ سائے سائے سائے ساہن تہ
یوت پان مھول نہ زائے کاون تہ
لگاہ مھوی باکھ دوہ کاہ لگ بانو
صابن پان سائے سائے سائے - ٹوٹھی جانی
وہنر اوس باقی وینہ یہ بلائے
پینہ پنو آمالو ولہ اوسر آئے
اسہ تلہ نیرو - بیلہ گڑھ قلائے
وڈی وڈی اچھسہ - کاہہ اسہ ہرات

Great Poets & Poetesses - Dr. Shakeel Ahmad Mir
Samad Mir - A Mystical Poet

Renowned Kashmiri writer, Moti Lal Saqi, in a monograph on Samad Mir, published by the Sahitya Academy, New Delhi in 1988, writes: "In 1956, as a part of Jashn-i-Kashmir celebrations, a poetry session was organized in Shalimar Garden, Srinagar. I was also invited as a participant. Usually, the Jashn-i-Kashmir function used to start with the arrival of (then) Prime Minister, Bakshi Sahib, but that day, although Bakshi Sahib had arrived, he seemed to be waiting for someone before inaugurating the function. All the poets were also awaiting his arrival. I could not apprehend who the person was, for whom even Bakshi Sahib was waiting. After a couple of minutes, a man, who looked like a typical farmer, entered the garden and Bakshi Sahib went to receive him. He got him on the stage and all the poets stood up, while Bakshi Sahib started to chat with him. I recognized him almost immediately. He was Samad Mir, whom I had seen many times at my maternal home at Kremshore, a village near Mir's ancestral village - 'Nambalhar'. He often visited Madhu Ram's home at Kremshore, as they were very close friends.



As the event commenced, Samad Mir recited his famous poem:

نہ چھہ ہنیر گردس نہ چھہ گنہ بون
ونہ کس تور چھنہ واتان ظون
یینہ مار مؤت رؤد ست سنگہ گون
ونہ کس تور چھنہ واتان ظون

Some people are of the opinion that the poem read by Samad Mir in Jashan-i-Kashmir function Was:

پڑھ پڑھ کے گیا پتھر لکھ لکھ کے گیا چور
جس پڑھنے سے صاحب ملے وہ پڑھنا ہے اور
تینے چھا یینگے یینگے پوزا گر پڑی مسجد گرن نور
تینے چھا عاصس تینج جڑنی ٹھس کھڑاؤ برن کھور
رندے پھکھ تے زندے مرن سوخن گرن غور
جس پڑھنے سے صاحب ملے وہ پڑھنا ہے اور

But Moti Lal Saqi's statement seems more appropriate as he himself was a participant in that function.

Samad Mir, in his poems, mentions three places as his residence - Nambalhar, Narwara, and Sakidafar, as indicated by these lines taken from three different poems:

- 1)

دُچھ مہر صد رڈھ پانس پانڈھ نمل بار
کو حامد ڈرگا گوسہ توئے کانسہ ووئے نو
گاہ گاہے تر ڈوئے کھوئے تہ پڈئے کانسہ ووئے نو
- 2)

رور صد مہرس چھے آس دلہ چین آچھن دس وار گاش
سوزے سوال نکر سائین اے پیرمن اے پیرمن
- 3)

ساری علم تہ شایہ چھلم
پولم فکر تہ غم تے
صد مہرس چو عشقہ کافر
سیکھ ڈافر چھ آسان

Some people, who do not know about Mir, feel that these are three different persons; that is Samad Mir of Nambalhar, Samad Mir of Narwara and Samad Mir of Sakidafar. People who know him a little get confused about whether he belonged to Nambalhar, Narwara, or

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Sakidafar? To allay the confusion, it is imperative to have a close look at the life of Samad Mir. He had a special association with all the three places.

Samad Mir's father, Khaliq Mir, was a native of the village 'Nambalhar', nine kilometers from Budgam, on Srinagar-Raithan road. Khaliq Mir was a farmer and also used to saw timber (Aari Kashi). For some unknown reasons, he migrated to Srinagar. He worked as a laborer in Srinagar. He got married at Sakidafar. After some time, his wife died, and he married Noora of Narwara, who was a divorcee and had two children, Ali Malik and Mukhat Ded, from her first marriage. Samad Mir was born at Sakidafar to Noora and Khaliq Mir. He had two brothers, Rahim Mir and Mohammad Mir, and a sister-Jan Ded. Mohammad Mir died at a young age. At the age of 20, Samad Mir was married to Khurshi, popularly known as Khursh Ded. She was the daughter of Shaban Mir of Nambalhar.

Khaliq Mir returned back to his native village, Nambalhar as soon as his children started earning a livelihood leaving his family at Narwara. He, instead of residing at Nambalhar, built a small hut on the outskirts of Nambalhar, at a place called 'Agar'. There he used to pray to Allah day in and day out. Samad Mir used to visit his father regularly. Khaliq Mir died around ten years after returning to his village and is buried at the same place. Before his death, he had kept all his spiritual secrets with Hakeem Khalla Sahib of a nearby village 'Palpora'. Besides being a Sufi saint, Khaliq Mir was a poet too.

At Narwara, Samad Mir used to sew Kashmiri caps, work as a daily wage laborer, and saw timber (Aari Kashi). After his father's death, Samad Mir decided to return to his native village of Nambalhar, at the age of about twenty-five years.

On his return, he found that his entire property had been illegally occupied by his uncles, and he had to fight a long battle in the court to get a portion back. One day, Mir was instructed by his father, Khaliq Mir, in a dream, to meet Hakim Khalla Sahib. He went to Hakeem Khalla Sahib and received all the spiritual teachings that his father had left. At Nambalhar, Samad Mir continued to do Aari Kashi and worked as a laborer as well. He was also fond of breeding sheep and cattle.

After receiving spiritual guidance, passed on by his father through Hakeem Khalla Sahib, Mir was eager to move on this path, but he

needed a guide. He went to Habib Najar of Wagar, a near by village, who guided him for a few years. After his death, Mir went to Khaliq Najar of Danderkha, Batamaloo. Mir, along with his murshid Khaliq Najar, worked as a laborer during the construction of Maharaj's palace (Hari Niwas) at Gupkar Road Srinagar. It was on the instructions of Khaliq Najar that Mir started poetry. His initial poems are:

- 1)

پیوم	وینڑاؤن	وینس کار مُشکل	بار گوب گوم
پیوم	وینڑاؤن	گولالہ پاس	کالہ رنگ گوم
پیوم	وینڑاؤن	کیا کرنہ	آیوس سمسارس
پیوم	وینڑاؤن	کرہ کیاہ	از لس بی لیکھتھ گوم
چوم	دایپے	ماکر ماجہ	پنے ژھالیہ وُچھوم
پیوم	وینڑاؤن	زأگتھ	تہ اُگتھ کو تو گوم

- 2)

کنہ	کتھ	یوزم	منہ	لکھ	نوؤم
وَنہ	کس	روؤم	دوبہ	تے	راتھ
ستھ	بَر	تزو پرتھ	پتھ	پتھ	تھوؤم
وَنہ	کس	روؤم	دوبہ	تے	راتھ
الف	گؤو	اللہ	گن	پَر پَر	نوؤم
ب	چھے	بلا	شکھ	تہنر	بنیاد
ت	تھر	تھامس	پَر تو	تزوؤم	
وَنہ	کس	روؤم	دوبہ	تے	راتھ

When Khaliq Najar passed away, Mir felt that he is not spiritually complete yet. He searched for a new guide (murshid) everywhere but could not find one. After a long search, he finally met a great Sufi saint, Ramzan Dar, of Anchidora, Anantnag. Mir's spiritual thirst was quenched by Dar sahib, and Mir remained under his guidance till Dar Sahib left this world.

Mir had a very simple lifestyle. He loved cleanliness, and strongly

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opposed wasting food and squandering money. He used to breed sheep and give wool to neighbors for spinning, and would himself spin wool during winters. He would make blankets of it and sell them to earn some money. He actively participated in farming activities during other seasons.

Mir used to usually wear white shirts and trousers, a waistcoat, a pheran, and a skullcap (or jaggar). There used to be a poetic (musical) symposium every Thursday at his residence, and he mostly listened to the poetry of Rahim Sahib, Naim Sahib, and Shamas Fakir.

Among Mir's prominent disciples were Ahad Beigh, Rahim Reshi, Qudoos Wani, Nab Kawdari, Khaliq Koka, Gul Jan, Las Jan, Maqbool Jan, Ahad Sofi (Chalak) of Srinagar, Zoon Ded of Choon Budgam, Rahim Wani of Murrans Pulwama, Madhoo Ram, Tulsi Devi, Subhan Bhat and Rahman Dhobi of Kremshora, Mohad Bhat of Nambalhar.

Most of the Mir's poetry has been lost as there was no one to pen it down. Later on, a Persian-knowing neighbor, Peer Ali sahib, of Wagar, stayed with him for nearly 12 years to pen down his poetry and also teach his sons the Holy Quran. When his sons grew up, then they used to record his poems.

Mir had two sons - Ghulam Rasool and Ghulam Mohammad, and two daughters Azi and Rehti. None of his children is alive today. His wife died in 1982.

His sons, Ghulam Rasool and Ghulam Mohammad (Asi Ibn Samad), along with Moti Lal Saqi put tremendous efforts to collect his poetry from different sources and compile it as 'Kulyat-e-Samad Mir'. Asi Ibn Samad was a Sufi poet and died at the age of 36 years in 1980. The first edition of Kulyat Samad Mir was published by the JK Academy of Art, Culture, and Languages in 1973. The second edition was published in 1982. Both the editions had some typographic errors.

The third edition (1999) was published after all necessary corrections were made by Samad Mir's eldest son, Ghulam Rasool. The 4th edition was published in 2016. The Sahitya Academy, Delhi, has published a monograph on Samad Mir under the series 'Makers of Indian Literature'. It has been written in Kashmiri by Moti Lal Saqi and has also been translated into Urdu and Hindi.

Almost every Kashmiri poet has utilized Arabic and Persian languages in their verses. Samad Mir is the main Sufi spiritualist poet of

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Kashmir who used Sanskrit and Hindi words in his verses in a wonderful way. He has utilized the folk tale of Akanandun (the only child) to offer articulation to his magical thoughts and present a combination between Tassavuf (Sufism) and Trika (Shaivism). He had a deep knowledge of Hindu mythology.

1)

ٺٺو و ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن مالہ ٺٺن ٺٺن
منہ رازہ سوزم آندہ ٺٺن
زئمو ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
منہ رازہ سوزم آندہ ٺٺن
آيو منہ ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن آسن
سويم ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
پر لوڪہ آندہ سورگس لوژم
منہ رازہ سوزم آندہ ٺٺن
گورگس گوييلہ سواد ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن

2)

ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن
ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن ٺٺن

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سورگک ساغر بیتھ چھم داے
 بزہمن زَنس یَدوے آے
 نوَماَس پڑاوتھ لوب بیتھ آم
 گری ہم ہنڑر ستہ بری ہم جام
 مہہ میاے آزادبے پرداے
 بزہمن زَنس یَدوے آے

In his poem 'Piyaran Piyaran Tarawati', Mir portrays goddess Tara, her iconography, and her characteristics and the description exactly matches the idol of the goddess at the Tārāpīṭh temple in Rampurhat subdivision of Birbhum district of the West Bengal.

پزاران پزاران تاراوتی اتی نظرا تزاو
 کھاران پڑاپہ جافر پھتی
 اتی نظرا تزاو
 دُردانہ لب لال یمن چھی و تھی خنڈ ستڑے وسراو
 تم چھی چکان آدم رتی
 اتی نظرا تزاو
 کمان ابروئس اَلفہ نطی زمانہ سے کتراو
 بیم چشمہ سیاہ چھے آفتی
 اتی نظرا تزاو
 بیم نیز اچھر والوے دتی تم دیوچھم وتراو
 بیم ماہ کور تھس تے تم بارکھتی
 اتی نظرا تزاو

(You can find more details of this famous poem of Samad Mir at <http://nietzschereborn.blogspot.com/2015/08/samad-mirs-tarawatiy.html>)

The illiterate Mir had a deep knowledge of Hindi, Sanskrit and Shastra. It was purely a divine gift, as he had never attended a school. Mir says:

علم گو علمہ لدنی تڑلم شگھ آم بدنی
پوڑم ناکانہ نہ توش کورس آرسہ کاری
اگر چشمن بنی گوش نہ ہر شب رستگاری
مگر اے صاحب ہوش تڑگر لب بستہ داری

Mir had a close friendship with many Kashmiri Pandits, prominent among them was Madhu Ram of Kremshore. Moti Lal Saqi, in the monograph on Samad Mir, writes: "At my maternal home at Kremshore, I, as a child, used to see Mir visiting Madhu Ram's home quite frequently. Both used to chat for hours together. I have seen Mir and Madhu Ram chatting close doors and this would sometimes continue till late hours and Madhu Ram's wife, Tulsi Devi, popularly called Tulsi Ded, would serve different dishes during the chat. Madhu Ram was also a pious person. Mir's daughter - Rehti was married in the neighborhood of Madhu Ram. While visiting his daughter, Mir would always meet Madhu Ram. Even after Madhu Ram's death, I saw Mir visiting Tulsi Ded, as they had strong family ties."

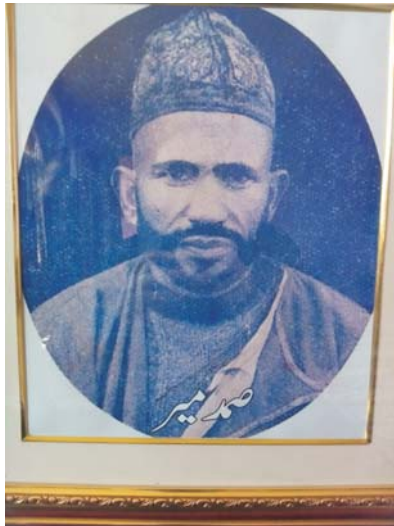
Samad Mir died on 9th of January 1959, at his home in Nambalhar. He was buried near his father's grave, at Agar, Nambalhar. The exact age at which he died is not known. According to Moti Lal Saqi, Mir was born between 1892-1894 A.D. So he died at the age of 65 to 67 years. A few months before his death, Mir had handed over his poetry compilation to Mohammad Sultan Gilatsaz, a renowned personality of Kashmir, who returned it to his family a few days after Mir's death. But unfortunately it was taken by one of Mir's relatives and never returned back. All the poems in Kulyat Samad Mir have been collected by Mir's two sons and Moti Lal Saqi from various other sources, and not from the original compilation.

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Samad Mir, with President (Sadr-i-Riyasat) and Prime Minister of Jammu and Kashmir in the Studios of Radio Kashmir, Srinagar (1956-57?)



Samad Mir and his wooden house (kot'h) at Nambalhar, where weekly musicals functions used to be held.

प्रागाश 'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका वर्ष ५ : अंक ७ | जुलाई २०२०

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Samad Mir's house at Nambalhar (top left) and (bottom) his Astaan at Agar, Nambalhar. (Top right) Maqbara Khaliq Mir at Nambalhar.

Ghulam Rasool Mir, eldest son of Samad Mir (far left) and (left) Ghulam Mohammad Mir (Asi-Ibn-Samad) younger son of Asad Mir.



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AGAR, a place 500 meters away from Nambalhar. All the Samad Mir's family members are buried here. Khaliq Mir had made a hut here. Samad Mir's Astaan is also here. This place, about a Kanal in area, has a spring and a Chinar too.



ڈا. شائکَت شِفا
گَجَل



کَمی چِے وَونونِی جِی هُمن سَوتُ گُلنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
یِمِ چِی گُلنارِ یِمِنِ مَاجِی اِثَنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
چانِی رَویُکِ چُ تَرسِصُورِ مِے گَنانِ چِشْمَنِ تَلِ
هُسِنِے گُپْتارِ یُثُی لَولُ کِثَنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
اِکسِے رُخِسارِ وَوِچِثِ چَونِ گِچانِ چُوس پاگَلِ
اِے سِیتَمگارِ یِثِی آبا بُو دُچانِ چُوس بُو سَنان
شَورِ تَهْدِے مِے پِیانِ یادِ چِنا چِنِ پاچِےبِ
لَولُ دَیرِیاوِ تَوِی آرا پَلنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
چُوس سَنانِ یامِ لَوخانِ ناوِ نَبسِ تارِخِ چَونِ
تُو پِیانِ پَرِو چُ تَمیُکِ یامِ سَرنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
ٹَورِی سَورمَلی چِی تَسُندِ یامِ دُھسِ شامِ کَرانِ
گاَشِ نیوِ مائِے شِفا زُونِ پَرِونِ چُوس بُو سَنان

غزل
ڈاکٹر شاکت شفا

کَمِ کَرَنِے وَونِنِے زِہْمِنِ سونِیہِ گُگنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
یِمِ چِچِ گُگنارِ یِمِنِ مَاجِی اِثَنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
چانِی رَویُکِ چُ تَرسِصُورِ مِے گَنانِ چِشْمَنِ تَلِ
هُسِنِے گُپْتارِ یِثِی لَولُ کِثَنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
اِکسِے رُخِسارِ وَوِچِثِ چَونِ گِچانِ چُوس پاگَلِ
اِے سِیتَمگارِ یِثِی آبا بُو دُچانِ چُوس بُو سَنان
شَورِ تَهْدِے مِے پِیانِ یادِ چِنا چِنِ پاچِےبِ
لَولُ دَیرِیاوِ تَوِی آرا پَلنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
چُوس سَنانِ یامِ لَوخانِ ناوِ نَبسِ تارِخِ چَونِ
تُو پِیانِ پَرِو چُ تَمیُکِ یامِ سَرنِ چُوس بُو سَنان
ٹَورِی سَورمَلی چِی تَسُندِ یامِ دُھسِ شامِ کَرانِ
گاَشِ نیوِ مائِے شِفا زُونِ پَرِونِ چُوس بُو سَنان



Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul

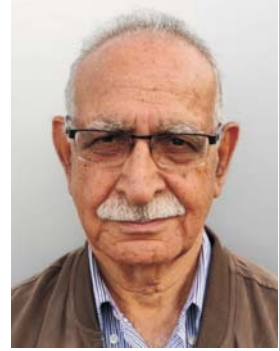
Why Conserve the Wildlife ?

It appears rather strange to some people that wild animals need protection. They say that through ages these animals have lived without any protection. Why, then, should they need it now? It is to be understood that wild animals need much more protection now that they did ever before. There are many reasons for this. One reason is that as the population increases forests are cut down to bring more land under cultivation and the wildlife in the area is rendered homeless. Another reason is that now that they have powerful guns, jeeps and strong blinding lights, poachers use them for the large scale destruction of animal life.

Some people are even using poisons to kill wild animals and birds to obtain tusks, skins, horns and plumage. This really is the meanest way of killing helpless and voiceless creatures. Very few people realize that animals play an important part in the whole set-up of a forest. Firstly they add to the beauty of the jungles; secondly,



the animal and plant life are so closely interconnected that killing particular animals or cutting down of certain trees and plants may disturb the natural balance to such an extent that the whole forest may be affected. It has now been proved beyond doubt that forests exert a considerable influence in maintaining a regulated rainfall in the surrounding areas. In our country agriculture is largely dependent on rainfall.



There are other considerations for preservation of wildlife. Every creature in this world has some part to play in nature has as much right to live as we have. A simple example can suffice to support this point. It has been proved that the common earthworms help in making soil fertile by





their presence. They do so by bringing lower layers of fertile soil to the surface. Thus they are friends of the farmers.

Lions are at present distributed to only Africa and India. In India lions were present in large numbers in Northern India from Indus to Ganges during the first years of British occupation, but as they could be easily ridden down on horse back and shot, they have been exterminated except in the protected area of Gir Forests in Kathiawar (Gujarat). A few years back there were only 100 lions left but their numbers are steadily increasing now. Their population had risen from 411 in 2010 to 523 in 2015. At one time the Cheetah was found in large numbers in India but it has been killed to extermination and now it no longer exists in the wild state. Similarly, the numbers of tiger had dwindled dangerously.

It was only after the World Wide Fund initiated the "Project Tiger" that their numbers did show an increase. But unfortunately clandestine activities of the poachers are again threatening tiger and

many other species. According to the latest statement by Environment and Forests Ministry the count had gone up to 2500 in 2016.

The Black Buck is the most graceful antelope in the world. It is also one of the fastest animals, capable of covering nearly a mile in a minute for considerable distances. It was quite common throughout India about 50 years ago; but has now become rare in many parts owing to thoughtless persecution by man. The red deer or Hangul is found only in certain parts of Kashmir and due to its beautiful horns it was killed in very large numbers till it became an endangered species. Now due to strict rules and timely intervention of Wildlife Department of Jammu and Kashmir State it has been saved from extinction. Its numbers, however, have come down again because of the activities of gun wielding insurgents in the state. According to 2011 survey the Hangul population stood at alarming 220.

In the state of Jammu and Kashmir game animals and birds of many varied types are found and these include the wild ass, the wild goat and sheep, the Snow-leopard, Tibetan antelope (Chiru), the Nilgai, the Spotted deer, the Braking deer,



the mountain goat markhor, the Himalayan brown bear, the Chakur partridge and the jungle fowl. All these need protection from man otherwise they will perish. Same is the case with other states of the country and wildlife is facing



d a n g e r . According to a recent report the Ibex, the musk deer, the black buck and the swamp deer a r e f a s t disappearing.

Other birds and beasts in danger of extinction are the four - horned antelope, brown-anteleroed deer, wild buffalo, bison, wild ass, pigmy hog, rhinoceros, lion, leopard, the great stork, the great Indian bustard, white winged wood duck, pink headed duck, lion tailed monkey, snow leopard and clouded leopard.

The list is long. In the west, societies for preservation of wildlife and national zoological parks, have come into existence and strict laws have been promulgated to prevent the wildlife from extinction. Now this is being done in India also after coming into effect of Wildlife Act of 1976. Forests are fast ,disappearing thereby exposing the wildlife to the trigger happy poachers. The trend needs to be reversed. Most states of India have enacted laws to protect wild animals and birds though properly regulated shikar of some animals and game birds under license is not prohibited. It is a fact that

laws alone are not enough for the effective working of laws for protection of wildlife and active co-operation of all sections of the society is required. For example people should stop using caps, coats and ladies bags made out of fur and items made from tusks horns and bones. Their demand will fall automatically and poachers will not kill wild animals. There is also need of educating the villagers who live near forests about the benefits of protecting the wildlife.

Man has been responsible for extinction of many beautiful and peculiar animals in nature. The gigantic Moa (bird) of Newzealand, the Horned stag of Europe, Dodo of Mauritius, the Staller's sea cow of north America have all become extinct in recent recorded history



due to avarice of blood - thirsty nature still left in man. **Lonesome George** was a male Pinta Island tortoise and the last known individual of the subspecies. In his last years, he was known as the rearest creature in the world. Efforts to cross breed him with females of other subspecies had failed and finally he died on June 24, 2012. The wild animal inside man needs to be tamed and education is the most powerful tool by which this can be achieved.

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Covid 19 - Dr. Vibhava Raina Reality Check

(An eye opener for us in times of current crisis)

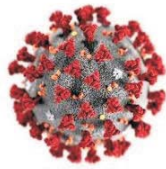
Be it the
High fives and handshakes
Doughnuts and pancakes
They tasted like heaven,
oh-so-sweet
For the heart
They were the ultimate treat

Today without these,
Our lives seem
Bleak and incomplete

The tight hugs
And cozy cuddles
The cocktail jugs
And steamy noodles
The parties and pubs,
The concerts and clubs

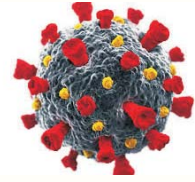
But hang in there,
While you whine about
Everything in your life
That apparently
seems all messed up
How about getting
a reality check in return

To sum it up,
While we cry for
mere entertainment
or some sort of fun
There are many others who are



running short of funds

People who've lost
their jobs in turn
Labourers walking miles
on foot to reach home
under the blazing sun



So many homeless
living terrible lives in slums
Many others caught up
in devastating cyclones and floods

So many old parents
Who haven't seen their
daughters or sons for months

So while you rant about
Or screech at the top of your lungs
For goodness sake
Watch your tongues for once

I know our lives have taken
a three sixty degree turn
For those old days,
we shall forever yearn

But remember,
It might be bad for you
But there are many others
For whom it's even worse



vāliv zān karav - M.K.Raina
Prem Nath Koul 'Arpan'

Shri Prem Nath Koul 'Arpan' was a poet, one of the best of his times. Born in village Bugam near Kulgam in Kulgam district in the year 1919, Arpan did his schooling in Kulgam and Anantnag. He joined business after passing his Matriculation. He was a social activist and a political worker associated with the Congress party. He was Halqa President of his area and worked closely with the political stalwarts like Sadiq Sahib, Qasim Sahib and Mufti Sahib.

Arpan was a philanthropist and a well known figure in his area. He would help poor people of the area and settle people's grievances and disputes with his goodwill.

Arpan passed away on 25 January 1997 in Jammu after his exodus from his home in the year 1990.

Arpan was inclined towards writing poetry from the young age. He wrote Bhajans, Ghazals, Nazms and stories for children. His poems used to be published in 'Desh' and the daily 'Khidmat', Srinagar in the years 1961-1962.

Arpan published his first collection of poems in 1981 under the title 'Aadan Yaad Pyom'. He translated Bhagvadgita into

Kashmiri verse in 1995 which got serially published in the Community magazine Koshur Samachar of Delhi from 1997 to 1999. It was published in the book form in the year 2001 in Jammu, four years

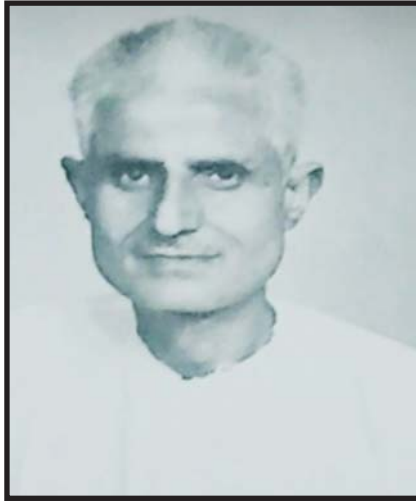


after his death. His Geeta became very popular with the masses, summed up by the fact that it had to be printed again and published in three editions.

Arpan translated the stories of Panchtantra in Kashmiri verse but most of it and his other writings got lost in the fire after his displacement from Kashmir. His son Shri Omkar Koul* however retrieved seven stories

from his own records and published them in a book named 'Path Kaalachi Katha' in the year 2000. Arpan also wrote the story of Poorna Bhagat (Bhagat Prahlad) in Kashmiri but could not publish it during his lifetime.

'Aadan Yaad Pyom' collection contained 38 poems which Arpan wrote in



1940s till 1960s, most of them in early 1940s. In his Preface, Arpan writes about two of his poems which got entangled in controversies. The first and foremost is 'khôsh yívún núndûbòn vésíyè, myòndílbar àv nay'. Arpan says this was his poem but somehow got printed in the name of the great poet Rasool Mir. He also points to the pen name 'Rosulyo' given at the end of the poem whereas the great poet had always used his full name 'Rasul Mir' as his pen name. Arpan says, "As soon as I heard the song 'khôsh yívún núndûbòn vésíyè ...' broadcasted from Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, I lodged a protest with them in writing but there was no reply." It may be added here that the poem included in the J&K Academy's book 'Kulyat-e-Rasul Mir' has six couplets while as Arpan's poem in his collection 'Aadan Yaad Pyom' has twelve couplets. Only, a collection of Rasul Mir's poems printed and published prior to 1943 (the year, when Arpan says he wrote the poem), if any, can set the controversy at rest. I have, however, no personal opinion on it and the poet is no longer alive to pursue it.

Second controversy relates to another poem 'hai hai bù ruzûs sàni' tûvôgûn', vâni' tsé dívâni'. This poem has been published in the name of some 'Nanda'. Arpan says, one Nand Lal used to sing this poem in his presence and even used the word 'Nanda' as author but he took it lightly.

Ghulam Nabi Nazir Kulgami, a great poet and friend of Arpan wrote a poem in his memory on 26 January 1997,

a day after Arpan passed away. His poem is reproduced hereunder.

प्रेम नाथ कौल 'अर्पण' संदिस यादस मंज गुलाम नबी नाज़िर, यारीपोरा, कुलगाम

दिलबरा अख दोस्ता इनसान खास
ओस रोछमुत तँम्य यि लोलुक इतिहास
वुनि छु छांडान तस येत्युक सोम सरज़मीन
रूह बूगाम्युक अज़ छु तँहँदी म्खु उदास
कॉशर्युक अदबुक ज़बॉन्य अख आगुराह
शॉयिरा कुल अँलिमु फल प्रथ लंजि द्रास
मुतमईन हर हाल हरदम जिंदु दिल
दर-दिलुक पॉराव हिलमुक बा-हवास
वानु पैंजि प्यठ या वुछुन गोछ राज़ अख
यी तु लबि हे ती लबान ओस ज़न तु लास
ओस हमसायन अंदर मोज़ज़ तु टोट
कॉसि तफरीकुक दिवान ओसुय नु बास
द्वह छु जम्हूरुक चु नॉज़िर लेख 'यार'
प्रेम नाथ अर्पण गोमुत आह! स्वर्गवास

[*Prof. Omkar N. Koul was a renowned linguist, author, researcher who held several prestigious academic and administrative positions. He passed away in 2018.]

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موبائیل فون

کَنْوَر کِشَن کَوِیل هَمَدَم



(پیار موبائیل فون اور واٹس ایپ میں تبدیل ہو چکے ہیں۔ یہ لٹ اب بچوں میں بھی حاوی ہو گئی ہے۔ ایک میاں بیوی کی تکرار اس موضوع پر پیش ہے)

خاتا کو آپ کی نجر انداز کر دیا ہوتا
جانے من ایک فون تو کر دیا ہوتا
جاہز نہیں یہ آپکے گلے شکوے
میرے فون کا بل تو بھر دیا ہوتا
دُشمنِ جانا بن گیا ہے واٹس ایپ
موبائیل ہوتا نہ درد سر دیا ہوتا
کتننا اچھا ہوتا جو اپنوں کو بھی
وقت ایک پہر دو پہر دیا ہوتا
نکل آتے گر اس قید سے ہدم
دل دیا ہوتا تجھے جگر دیا ہوتا

موبائیل فون کنورکشن کول ہدم

(پیار محبت کے رشتے اب موبائیل فون اور واٹس ایپ میں تبدیل ہو چکے ہیں۔ یہ لٹ اب بچوں میں بھی حاوی ہو گئی ہے۔ ایک میاں بیوی کی تکرار اس موضوع پر پیش ہے)

خطا کو آپ کی نظر انداز کر دیا ہوتا
جانے من ایک فون تو کر دیا ہوتا
جاہز نہیں یہ آپکے گلے شکوے
میرے فون کا بل تو بھر دیا ہوتا
دُشمنِ جانا بن گیا ہے واٹس ایپ
موبائیل ہوتا نہ درد سر دیا ہوتا
کتننا اچھا ہوتا جو اپنوں کو بھی
وقت ایک پہر دو پہر دیا ہوتا
نکل آتے گر اس قید سے ہدم
دل دیا ہوتا تجھے جگر دیا ہوتا

Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

Influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishis of Kashmir – 3

Ahad Zargar :

Perhaps last of the great tradition of Muslim Rishi poets, Ahad Zargar is a forceful exponent of this ideology, which thrives on non-dualism, self-realization and emphasis on contemplation. He was born around 1916-17 in the house of Mohiuddin Zargar, a weaver by profession, whose ancestors were goldsmiths because of which the family got the surname 'Zargar'. Although he had studied a little of the Persian language but by any standards he can be said to be illiterate like many of his predecessors. Many holy persons would visit their house and in their company he got attracted to this field of mysticism and spiritualism. Finally he became the disciple to one Khwaja Abdul Kabir Lone of Kawadara, Srinagar at the young age of fifteen. He emphasized the need for interaction with the holy persons in the very first verse that he wrote. '*Shad roz dila myani kyazi chhuk gamanaey, Saet mehramanaey thav ikhlas* – Rejoice my heart, why are you gloomy? Keep in contact with the knowledgeable persons.'

I have stated elsewhere that calling these Muslim Rishis as Sufis is a misnomer. Ahad Zargar's saying supports my contention. It is well known that 'Zikr' or rhythmic movement of head, body and arms is an essential feature of a Sufi. Such

a person is called 'Zakir'. By this practice he recites the name of God, tells the beads of a rosary and aims at 'Fana' or complete annihilation of the Self. Ahad Zargar opposes this practice as useless and lays stress on



contemplation and thought process, essential features of 'Advaita' or non-dualism. Says he, '*Zikir tai tasbih zalith trav, fikrav gaetsh gaetsh seer parzanav* – give up this Zikra and the rosary and try to know the secret by contemplation. Not only this, he calls it a fraud and deception, which leads us to nowhere. In his words, '*Makrav saet no dai athi aav, fikrav gaetsh gaetsh seer parzanav* - You cannot attain God by these frauds and deceptions. You should know the secret only by a serious thought process and contemplation'. He does not see any difference between himself and the Supreme, again a prescription of the non-dualist philosophy. For him self-realization and realization of the Divine are one and the same thing. '*Dayi saey bronh sapud oasis bui*- Only I existed before the Divine'. '*Ha Ahad Zargara dur kar daey, pura ada deshakh panun deedar* – O! Ye Ahad Zargar, shun all duality and then alone you will realize your self'.

Zargar is influenced by Hindu theology so much that he freely uses terms from that and refers to Hindu sacred scriptures with reverence. 'Rig Ved. Yajur Ved, Sam Ved, Athar Ved vaster sanyasyan tai. Khastar go'ran tsor veed havinam, jugya samana gnyan – My preceptor taught me the four Vedas and revealed to me the knowledge from these, which is the characteristics of a Jogi'. Kashmir Shaiva Philosophy describes the Creator as 'Prakasha' or radiance and the creation as 'Vimarsh' or awareness of Him as the multitude in the form of creation. This holy person says the same thing in his own way. *Aakash paatal prakash meelith su gash gatshi vuchhun tai* – At the horizon there is a grandeur of light when the two worlds meet. That radiance is worth seeing. He acknowledges the benefits of chanting the sacred 'OM' and refers to the Hindu practice of 'Pranayam' or breath control. *'Dama Shama dyut me Omkaran tav* – I practiced breath control and was spiritually ignited by the sacred OM'. Bhagavad Gita has described the abode of the Supreme as self-illuminated. In the same spirit Zargar says: *'Na chhu tor subaha ta na chhu tor sham- na chhu tor kalma ta na chhu Ram Ram, na chhu tor millat-u-mazhab saman, rinda ban zindagi sara kartan* – That supreme abode has no mornings, no evenings. There is no classification of sacred words nor is there any demarcation of creed and religion. Free yourself of all these divisive notions and try to know the secret of life.'

Zargar uses Hindu names of the

Divine, Hindu ways of worship and Hindu religious symbols freely in his verses, sometimes in a better way than a Hindu Rishi would use. I cite a few examples here. *'Goshi goshi Shankaras Shainkh kona vayav* - Why not blow the conch in every nook and corner to please Shankara?' *'Om ki aalav dity mye har shayav* - I chanted aloud OM at every place.' *'Ram bo ko'rhas Rama rubayav* - I was ecstatic to listen to the hymns in praise of Lord Rama'.

The great Lalla had in a typical mystic way referred to the Divine as nameless in these words: *'Goras pritsham sasi late, yas na kenh nav tas kyah chhu nav* - I asked my preceptor repeatedly about the name of that nameless Divine'. Ahad Zargar has followed suit and has said, *'Chhu kenh nai karith kenhnas ral, vuchhum kenh nai mye deedan tal, chhu kenh nai kyah mye kornam tshal* – He is formless and you get absorbed in that formless. I have myself perceived the formless before my eyes. Being formless how come He has enchanted me'.

'Advaita' or non-dualism is essentially a philosophy that believes in one-ness of the Creator and the creation. Knowing self according to this doctrine is tantamount to knowing the Divine. This has been amply explained and expressed by Ahad Zargar time and again in his compositions. A few examples are cited here. *'Lamakan sapdith vaechh lamakan-* you have to become the Divine (Literally one who has no house) in order to realize the Divine. *'Aabaech soorath aabas*

banayo, khabas milavan khabas saet, grakas pananizath athi aayo – Water merged with water and all the illusions were removed. The seeker perceived his own self.' *'Katrass meelith gav daryav* – the entire river got merged with one drop.' *'Baey chhus maikhana paimanay, baey chhus saqi hyeth sarshar, baey chhus baegrans maerfata maiy, aki nokta gatsh bedar* - I am the goblet in the tavern. I am the cupbearer and I only am distributing the wine of spiritualism. Thus you need to become wise by just one hint.' The great Lalla had said six centuries earlier, *'Asi aes tai asi aasav, asi dore kaer patavath* – We only were in the past and we only shall be in the future. We only have been coming and going all the time'. Underscoring the same view about the continuity of life Zargar says, *'Baey chhus aamut az kehnaiy, baey chhus kehnaichi ziyi hund bahar, baey nata panaiy chhus kehnaiy, aki nokta gatsh bedar* – From nothingness I have emerged, I am the fruit of nothingness. I am not I but nothingness. Again you should take a hint and awaken'.

Non-dualism is a creed with this great mystic. He has no qualms to declare himself as the supreme and that too in a wonderful terminology. He says, *'Bae chhus shama ta parvanay, baey chhus gashuk banikar, baey shamso qamar prazlanaiy, aki nokta gatsh bedar* - I am the candle as also the butterfly that hovers around it. I am the one from whom the light emanates, I am the shining Sun and Moon. Take the hint and awaken'.

Other Luminaries :

There is no Muslim Saint poet or Rishi, as I prefer to call him, who may have remained unaffected by the Hindu philosophy, mythology and religious beliefs prevalent among the Kashmiri Pandits. Non-dualism, universality of the Divine, transmigration of soul, continuity of life, chanting the name of God, penance in solitude and maintaining secrecy in spiritual matters as also *'Guru-shishya parampara'* or teacher-taught tradition are some of the prominent principles which have influenced these pious souls and which they have clearly expressed in their poems. For the Divine they have often used the Hindu terminology like *'Naran'* or *'Daiy'* (Narayan or Dev). Suffice it to cite a few examples from other such luminary-poets.

Rehman Dar who lived at Chhattabal, Srinagar around the middle of 19th century has said, *'Nishi chhui panas paan parzanav*. He is within you and so realize your self.' **Rahim Saab**, who lived in Sopore and died in 1875, writes, *'Samah kornam aem Omkaran*. Chanting Om has created poise and balance in me.' **Moomin Saab** (1810) has explained the high point of yoga in this line, *'Aslas saet gatshi vassal sapdun ye*. One should get merged with the ultimate Truth.' **Shah Qalander** who lived at Haigam in mid 19th century has almost quoted Lal Ded verbatim in this verse, *'Lava ta prava chhai navi khota navye, ravas atagath sori na zanh, Shiv Shah Qalander chhuna kansi hyuyve kamadeev divaye Manasbal*. The

radiance and glare is newer and newer while the Sun cannot cease to rise and set. Shiva is unique and unparalleled and Kamadev is enjoying at Manasbal (A village in Kashmir, literally the lake of the mind.). Another great Saint **Vahab Khar** has written a full 'Masnavi' on Sheikh Sanna clearly bringing out his love and devotion towards Hindu tradition and philosophy. In Hindu mysticism there is a tradition of keeping the directions of the preceptor secret and the disciple, after getting initiated makes a pledge in these words, '*Shrutam me gopaya* - I have heard what you have told me and I know I have to keep it a secret'. **Ahmad Rah**, who lived at Dalgate in Srinagar has stated the same thing in his poem thus: '*Peeran vaenim easar, seer gatshi vyaparavun. Seeras ma kar guftar, deedar tas deedan* - my preceptor revealed the secret to me and this secret has to be protected. Secret should never be talked about and then only the seeker is able to have a glimpse of the Supreme'. Referring to the Hindu concept of '*Jeevan-mukhti* - emancipation during life time', he says '*Mar zinda par soo ham soo hamas, damas saeti zaan* - attain death while living, repeat 'I am He' and in a moment you will get enlightened'.

Another great name is that of **Samad Mir**. Originally he belonged to Nambal Har but lived initially at Narwara in Srinagar before going back to his village, where he lived up to his death in 1959. He was a disciple of Khwaja Ramzan Dar of Anantnag who initiated him in mystic discipline. He also advocated the doctrine

of non-dualism and self-realization. Says he, '*Pay hyot aashqav kaaba butkhanas, gayi ada panas pana mushtaq* - The seekers searched in the temples and the mosques and ultimately they realized that God was not different from them and they began loving their own selves'.

These examples can be multiplied by the dozens. The influence is so pronounced that the following line from **Asad Paray** appears to be the translation of the oft-quoted quotation from the Veda. The Veda has said, '*Ekam sat viprah bahudha vadanti*. The Truth is one and the seers describe it in different ways.' Asad Paray has said the same thing in this way, '*Kath chha kuni vath chha byon byon*. The Truth is one but the paths leading to that are different.' This points to the mountain peak theory according to which the ultimate Truth is like a mountain peak, which can be reached from many sides. Of course the climb may be easy and smooth from some sides and steep and tough from others. It is high time that we realized the truth of this statement and started respecting each others religious beliefs and customs as valid and relevant, so that harmony, love and peace are ensured for all times to come.

Conclusion :

The non-dualism is a universal experience and the great thinkers of every religion have sometime or the other contributed to this on the basis of their own experience. Dionysus the Areopagite, a Christian monk of the 5th

century has said, "Then beyond all distinction between knower and known the aspirant becomes merged in the nameless, formless Reality, wholly absorbed in that which is beyond all things and in nothing else.... Having stilled his intellect and mind, he is united by his highest faculty with That which is beyond all knowing." Malise Ruthven in his book on Islam has this to say, "In the long term modernization is a global process... Muslim souls are likely to find the Sufi path of inner exploration and voluntary association more rewarding than revolutionary politics." In an article published in The Times of India Jamal Ahmad Khan has observed, "The Sufi saints, Muslim scholars and Islamic sects were liberal in their out look a la their Hindu counterparts and recognized that there were several paths to God, Love of God and service to mankind were their most important principles. They were believers in pantheistic monism, the earliest exposition of which is to be found in the Upanishads." The great Chinese Philosopher, Lao-tzu has said, 'Knowing others is wisdom and knowing yourself is enlightenment.' The bottom line is that the emancipation lies in realizing immortality of the soul, in awareness of the Self and in being an integral part of the universal consciousness. This is what Rishis and saint-poets of Kashmir have absorbed and expressed in their poems. Together with Hindu Rishis these noble Muslim Rishis preached a life of piety, purity, contentment, love and firm belief in God,

who they said was attainable by love, devotion and penance.

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Hari Parvat ... From Page 11

4:30 p.m. In 1987 I had again been to Hari Parvat around 10:30 a.m. but no sign of Svayambhu (self-creative) chakra was there.

According to some legends, the Hari Parvat (Sharika Parvat) got established on the eighth day of the bright fortnight of Ashaada, called Haara Aetham in Kashmiri, where as some other sources are of the opinion, it got established on the ninth day of the bright fortnight of Ashaada month after killing the demon Mund on the eighth day.

(To be continued)

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کاشیر ستین کاشیر ساری
نتہ وارانگر حاران کاو
امین کابل

نٲم

شاکیر اءمء نٲایک



نظم
شاکر احمد نیایک

چٲ بسم ٱٲتس مسٲس مٲ وٲنٲ کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
سٲ کٲس با ءٲی نٲٲر، چٲ سٲج کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت

خٲءای! سٲ ھٲ اءخ بٲٲج، مٲ کٲن انٲهٲ تشریف
نٲتٲ یٲ تٲسٲء لول یٲٲ ءٲلس مٲ بورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت

ءٲٲٲھ چٲ مگر یٲٲ ءولٲھ نٲ بکار آٲسٲم
کٲنٲن تٲ بٲٲن بٲرن تٲ سٲن چٲ جورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت

ؤمر چٲ ءٲکٲی ھٲسٲلآھ تٲ ءٲآھ وٲنٲ سٲءٲٲ
یٲ پان فھٲ خٲلٲھ بٲلٲ ءآخ کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت

مٲآار بٲلٲ رٲتٲل ءٲءٲسٲ آٲٲن مٲج شروپ
سٲ سٲرٲٲ وٲٲس مٲج ھٲٲھ چٲ جٲل کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت

ٲٲ بسمٲ ٱٲٲسٲ مسٲس مٲ وٲنٲ کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
نٲ کٲس بٲ ءٲی نٲٲر، ٲٲ سٲز کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
نءآٲ! نٲ بٲٲ آھ بٲز مٲ کٲن انٲ بٲ تشریف
نٲٲٲ یٲ تٲء لول یٲٲ ءٲلس مٲ بورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
ءٲٲٲھ ٲٲ مگر یٲٲ ءولٲھ نٲ بکار آٲسٲم
کٲنٲن تٲ بٲٲن بٲرن تٲ سٲن چٲ جورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
ؤمر ٲٲ ءٲکٲ یٲ ھآٲلآٲٲ ءٲآھ وٲنٲ سٲءٲٲ
یٲ پان پٲھٲہ کٲآلٲھ ٱلٲ ءٲآھ کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت
مٲآٲ بٲلٲ رٲتٲل ءٲءٲسٲ مٲج شروپ
نٲ سٲرٲٲ وٲٲسٲ مٲج بٲٲھ ٲٲ زؤل کورٲھ کٲھ ءٲت



رُوف قیاسی

کیو م

افسانہ

”بہتر کو ونس خاند ر کزن..... نیلہ ذمہ داری ہیئیس..... فکرِ تر بس۔
 ہتھ پاٹھکر چھ اکہ اندہ یوان تہ بنیہ اندہ نیران۔ غمِ جنت غمِ دوزخ۔ بنے غم
 مہنوا۔ گزین چھبس نہ گڑھان۔ آہنہ پڑتہ کیتس کالس روزہس؟“
 یہ اوس موقدم ونان نیہ نہ ماجہ۔ سوؤ پڑھس.....
 ”اہن حض یہ کیاہ کپڑھرو دے اتھو؟“
 موقدمن دیت کلس پش تہ وونٹس.....
 ”پڑ کرتہ ژھوڑا وچھے، چاڈی ہے خیرے چھنے سارنے۔“
 ”کوڈ پٹھم یہ پچو سینہ، بلا یہ لُج سس“..... پچو مون لُج پانے رترو ونہ۔
 ژکہ اوس نہ نیہ ساڈ۔ سہ اوس حساس تہ کینہ ہادو رنظر تر اوان۔ موقدم
 ووتھ نیہ نیہ نہ ماجہ ہناڈ بڈ.....
 ”ژکہ چھ چون پچو نہوال۔ کاما کاراہ کرہے نہ کینہہ۔ ووزلہ کنہ
 کڈہے ژو پاہ۔ فقط کھنیہ ہے بہتھ۔“
 یہ کتھ پٹھ برابر نیہ نہ ماجہ بارتھف دس۔ اہڑ آوسہ وق نیلہ نیہ کھاند پر
 کس لوہ لنگرس منز بہنہ آو۔

Continued on Page 46

Short Story in Nastaliq Script
 'Kyom' by Rauf Qayasi

دوڑی گئی پانچھ ڈری تہ وار کار تھرس۔ خُراؤ راٹھنہ کینہہ۔ خاندارنی تہ
مول موج ٹھس پریشان خُراؤ رُنگو۔ مگر نپہ نہ اکھ رُٹھ ڈس پٹھ ہوان، دُور
تزاوان نظر۔ پاوشونگان سیر ووتھان۔ ہنہ نم مہوا۔ دپان یم گئے خدایہ ہندی
رنگ۔ اوسوز خداپائے، نیلہ سوزن آسبیس تارر لکہ نہ۔ مگر ہے ٹھولس دیت
ڑو۔ یہ کینہہ جملہ اوس اکثر دو ہراوان تہ کڈان دو ہادوہا۔ پُڈر کئی چھہ علاج تہ
کران۔ چرن، استان، ڈاکڑوان سارہے جائن گئی۔ لمہ پتہ کو و خدایس
تام۔ مے تام یہ ذمہ داریہ چھہ، تمہ ٹھس نہاوان۔ عیس اوس کالہ پگاہ نی
ہوان بوڑن زکس چرکھ گوکھ؟ کتھ استانس گنڈتھ ڈش؟ کس ڈاکڑ سُنڈ چھی
علاج چلان؟۔ یم کینہہ جملہ آسٹمس ہمیشہ کنن گوہان۔ یہ اوس کنس کشان
تہ پکان بزونہ۔ دوڑی اوس کامہ کارس تہ گوہان۔ دپان اوس زہہ گوہن ہتھ چیز
آسٹ۔ ڈس رُودتہ نہوال۔

آکر دوستن دیت نس مشور زفلانی ڈاکڑ چھی اتھ بچہ قصس سخ واتان۔
خبراز کتھ گنمون نین۔ خاندارنہ ستر کوڑن مشور تہ مگر وٹس درجواب.....
”کاسو پتھنن ژوچہن سور“۔ صمآے وزاے کلنکس گن۔ ڈاکڑن دیت
ککھ دوشوے باژن دواتہ بنیہ لیو کککھ عیس Semen Test۔ ٹیسٹس پٹھ تنیو
عیس Azoo Sperima۔
ڈاکڑ صابن وون عیس.....
”کوچھ سآ، ژنہ بنی نہ بچہ۔ ژنہ منز چھنہ بچہ پاد کرنگ ماو“۔

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”کیا ہض ڈاکٹر صاب؟ یہ بے ٹھیک چھس“..... یہ وؤن نین۔

ڈاکٹر صابن وؤنس در جواب.....

وچھ سائے تو رفلر پڑکتھ چھکھ ونان ٹھیک آسن۔ سہ گو والگ۔ میون
مطلب چھ زٹنے چھی نہ سہ کیوم، ستھ بچہ بنان چھ۔ باژڈ کر و مشور تہ آنو
منکتہ شراہ۔ پونسہ گالن گو و فضول۔“

دوشوے باژڈ دزائے کلینک پٹھہ مایس۔ اکھ اُکس گن وچھان تہ
تراوان ووش۔ اُپر دیت نین پانس تہ خاندانہ دلاسہ زہ مصف کشپر چھئے امیہ
آیہ، بیمن نہ بچہ چھ۔ تم چھنا کھوان چوان تہ زہد روزان۔ واریاہ چھ منکتہ
انان۔ اُس تہ انو۔ چھنہ ازل اُنس لیکھتھ۔ کیاہ کرو۔ نارس دمہ وائر۔ وُل گس
سوچھ چھ شُرک تہ کران۔ سوچھ کرن وول چھ سہ پانہ۔ ”یہو کتھو ستر دیت عن
پانس تہ پندہ خاندانہ تسلا۔ نہ لوگ وون پانی پانس ستر سوچنہ زہ پڑے چھانسان
کنیس بنان۔ گو و اُس ساری چھ کیم۔ دون زنگن پٹھہ ڈرتھ کیم۔ ڈاکٹر ن ماؤن
اُپڑ زانسان چھ کنیس بنان۔ اگر یہ کتھ نہر گڑھ، مارن ما..... گڑھ تہ..... یہ وکتھ
نے وؤن ڈاکٹر صابن۔ اگر انسان ٹھولس بنہ ہے توتہ اُس کانہہ کتھا، مگر.....
کنیس.....!!۔ یہ کیاہ بوزے از۔ میون مول جنت گارتہ اوسا کنیس بنیامت۔
میانی ہمسایہ تہ چھ کنیس بنیامت۔ توبہ..... توبہ..... توبہ، یہ کیاہ۔ اسہ کتھ پٹھہ یہ
نشہ۔ اُس کیاہ بچہ بچہ کتھ کران۔ اُس کیاہ سوٹھ بٹھہ لگتھ پڑس ورن کران۔
میانی خاندانہ تہ چھ کنیس بنیامت۔ نہ گو وڈاکٹر نہ امہ بیانہ ستر زن تہ فلو اے۔

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"Kyon" by Rauf Dargasi

کامہ کارس منزتہ اوسس نہ وں دل لگان۔ یس دوستس ستتر کامہ اوس گوشان
تس تہ اوس دولہ دولہ و چھان تہ ونان پانی پانس ستتر
”یہ بچہ رتہ چھ میانی پانٹھی کنہس بنیامت۔ ژکہ چھنہ اُسر عام کیکر۔ عام
کنہس کتھ لکہ پونہ۔ اُسر چھ تم کیکر یمن پونہ چھ ضرورت۔ مکان، نوکری،
ڈکان، عزت تہ شہر تچ ضرورت۔ امہ چھنے کتھ کرنہ تگان۔ باقے ژوڈ اژن
دھوکہ ہبکان دتھ تہ پنن پان High کران۔“

یہ ڈاکٹر صابن وڈن زانسان چھ کنہس بنان، تنہ چھ نہ زن روومت ہیڈ۔
تھ جاہ کامہ اوس، اتہ اوس اکھ پروگرام چلان۔ اتھ منز حصہ نہ واکر
اُسر بڈی بڈی ادیب، شاعر، عالم، لیڈر بنیہ خبر کم کم۔ نہ اوس او ہند تقریر تہ
بوزان تہ پنڈر کام تہ کران۔ امہ دوہہ اُس ہسپتالس کام چلان تہ نہ اوس
دوستس سیر پلنا وان۔ باقے مؤزور تہ اُسر یہ تقریر بوزان تہ کام تہ کران۔
سٹچس پٹھ اُسر مقررین پن پنڈر خیالات ماییکہ پٹھ پیش کران۔ موضوع اوس
”ماحولس گرور اچھ“۔ نہ اوس پانی پانس ستتر سوچان تہ ونان.....

”اکہ اکہ وٹھریم کیکر بڈی بڈی تقریر کرنہ“۔ عیس۔ نیلہ ہوگن نظر پنیہ،
دوستس وٹس..... ”پلہ ناوسہر یورگن جلدی، اتھ تھل تیز“۔

عیس کھوت اندری نشمہ تہ وڈن پانہے ستتر دند وٹکر.....

”دوستہ کیوم، جملیا و، گونڈہ یوک چھس چھس پٹھ الوغد“۔

شامنس نیلہ ژھنیتھ تھکتھ گر ووت، اتہ وچھن ہسہر بب آمت۔ کالگ

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بیتہ کھسوان کھسوان ڈٹھ پیہ سوے کتھ یس نہ دوہے بوزان اوس زکس ڈاکٹرس
گوکھ..... کمر سُنڈ علاج چھی چلان..... گس دوا چھکھ کھسوان..... کانہہ وومیدا
چھادز پٹھگر گڑھان کہہ نہ۔ ہنہر بن وؤس.....
”آخرونان کیناہ ڈاکٹر؟“

نہ وؤتھس درجواب..... ”تھر حض لیو کھ ٹبٹ تہ پتہ وؤن ٹبٹ
وچھتھ زانسانس منز چھ آسان اکھ کیکر ذاتھ، کینا ہتام Sperms۔ تنھگر چھ بچہ
بنان۔ دؤہن مے ژے چھی نہ نہ کیوم۔“

پشراوتہ خدایس ییلہ تس دین آسہ تار لکہ نہ۔ تر ایو آرام، تریر گوو۔
”کیوم“ لفظ یو زتھ گوو ہنہر ببتہ تر بن تہ تر و ہن منز۔
صُجائے وؤن خانداریہ نس.....

”ژوٹ ان تو، بیکری ژوٹ، ٹاٹھگر صابس دموداہ بچے لپٹن چائے۔“
یہ یو زتھ کھوت نس شمشہ تہ وؤن خانداریہ.....
”مے ہے سبٹھاہ ژوٹ اُس انی ہرہ، تھہ کیناہ گوو؟“

خانداری وؤتھس درجواب.....
”سہ اُس یو کالچ، تھہ اُس نکر نکر کیکر وٹھگر ہتر، یا گوو ژھکھ وچھن۔“
یہ یو زتھ تر وونین زیوٹھ ووش تہ وؤن پانی پانس ستر.....
”مے زن اُس نہ کیکر، پتہ کیناہ گوو“



Short Story in Nastaliq Script
"Kyon" by Rauf Dayasi

Poem - Danish Shakeel Death's Sermon

“**H**ush," I said,
“Roll into my arms.”
“Smile," I said,
“And leave everything behind.

Do not regret and do not ask,
Why should ye die.
Do not contemplate,
Why now?

“Leave thy whims and thy caprices,
All thy desires here.
Yonder ye will cherish
Thy deeds and thy virtues.

“Regret not,
Thy unatoned sins.
And ponder not,
Why and what I am.

“For I am a being's ultimate fate,
And I am the horizon of his ken.
For everyone shall leave this tavern,
And cometh with me.
“Neither do I discern the rich from
the hapless,
Nor do I discriminate among the
white and the colored.
For me everyone's the fruit of the
same tree,



And everyone has the same kismet.

“I heal this meek mankind,
And they shall meet no one but me.
I heal all thy fears and scars,
And I purify thy soul.

“I have seen thy pretty and thy ugly
visage,
And thy apex and thy abyss.
And I have witnessed thy
voraciousness,
For the superior.

“Drain thy emotions,
And hold my hand.
Do not daunt,
For I am nothing if not fair.”

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अफसानु

क्योम

रऊफ़ क़यासी



बेहतर गोव नबस खांदर करुन। येलि ज़िमुवॉरी पेयस, फिकरि तर्यस। यिथु पॉट छु अकि अंदु यिवान तु बेयि अंदु नेरान। नु गमे जन्नत, तु नु गमे दोजुख। बे-गम मोहन्युवा। ग्रेन छेस नु गछान। आहुनी, चु ति कुतिस कालस रोज़ुहस ?”

यि ओस म्वकुदम वनान नबुनि माजि। स्व वेंछुस, “अहन हज़, बु क्याह करु छरिवुय अथव ?”

म्वकुदमन द्युत कलस फश तु वोनुनस, “चु करतु छोटुरॉविथुय। चॉन्य हय खबरुय छे सारिन्य।”

“वडु छुम ये नेचुव स्योद, बलायि लॅजिससु।” नबु न्य मोज लॅज पानसुय सुत्य वनुनि।

चकि ओस नु नबु सादु। सु ओस हिसास तु केंछा दूर नज़र त्रावान। म्वकुदम वोथ बेयि नबुनि माजि हना बडि बडि, “चकि छु चोन नेचुव बेहवालु कॉमाह काराह करिहे नु केंह। व्वज़ुलि कनि कडिहे च्वपाह। फकथ खेयिहे बिहिथ।”

यि कथ बीठ बराबर नबुनि माजि बॉर थफ हिश। ऑखुर अव सु वक़ येलि नबु खांदरुकिस लोह लंगुरस मंज़ हेनु आव।

व्वन्य गॅयि पांछ वॅरी ति वारु कारु नेथुरस। शुरा वुरा छुनु केंह। खांदार्यनि ति मोल मोज परेशान शुर्य रॅग्य। मगर नबु नु अख रछ दिलस प्यठ दिलस प्यठ ह्यवान, दूर त्रावान नज़र। पाच श्वंगान, सेर व्वथान। बे-गम मोहन्युवा। दपान यिम गॅयि ख्वदायि संद्य रंग। अदु सोज़ि ख्वदा पानय। येलि सोज़ुन आस्यस, तॉर लगी नु! तॅम्य हय ठूलस द्युत जुव। यिम केंह जुमलु ओस अकसर द्दहरावान, तु कडान द्दहा

Short Story in Dev-Kash Script
'Kyon' by Rauf Qayasi

दूहा। पनुन्य किन्य छु यलाज ति करान। पीरन असतानन, डाक्टर वानन, सारिनय जायन गँयि। अमि पतु गोव ख्वदायस ताम। मे ताम यिमु ज़िमुवॉरियि छे, तिमु छुस निबावान। नबस ओस कालु पगाह यी प्यवान बोजुन, ज़ि कस पीरस गोख ? कथ असतानस गँडुथ दँश। वॉमिस डाक्टर सुंद छुय यलाज चलान ? यिम कैह जुमलु ऑस्य तँमिस हमेशि कनन गछान। नबु ओस कनस कशान तु पकान ब्रॉह। व्वन्य ओस कामि कारस ति गछान। दपान ओस ज़नि गछन हथ चीज़ आसुन्य। व्वन्य रुद नु बेहवाल।

अँक्य दोस्तन द्युतुनस मशवरु ज़ि फलॉन्य डाक्टर छी अथ बचु न्वकुसस सख वातान। खबर अज़ किथु वॉन्य मोन नबन ? खांदार्यनि सुत्य कोरुन मशवरु तु तँम्य वोनस दर-जवाब, “कासव पनुन्यन च्वचन सूर। सुबहॉय द्रायि क्लिनिकस कुन। डाक्टरन द्युतनख दूशुन्य बॉचन दवा तु बेयि ल्यूखुख नबस ‘सीमेन टेस्ट’। टेस्टस प्यठ नन्यव नबस ‘अज़ू सपर्मा’।

[डाक्टर सॉबन वोन नबस, “वुछ सॉ, च़े बनी नु बचु। च़े मंज़ छुनु बचु पॉद करनुक मादु।

‘क्या हज़ डाक्टर सॉब, बु हय ठीक छुस!’ यि वोन नबन।

[डाक्टर सॉबन वोनस दर-जवाब, “वुछ सॉ मे तोर फिकरी चु कथ छुख वनान ठीक आसुन। सु गोव अलग। म्योन मतलब छु ज़ि च़े छुय नु सु क्योम, यथ बचु बनान छु। बॉच ज़ु वॉरिव मशवरु तु अँनिव मंगतु शुराह। पॉसु गालुन गव फज़ूल।

दूशय बॉच द्रायि क्लिनिक प्यठ मोयूस। अख अँकिस कुन वुछान तु त्रावान व्वश। ऑखुर द्युत नबन पानस तु खांदार्यनु दिलासु, ज़ि नैसुब वॉशीर छे अमे आयि, यिमन नु बचु छि। तिम छिना ख्यवान चवान तु ज़िंदु रोज़ान। वारयाह छि मंगतु अनान। अँस्य ति अनव। छुनु अज़लु-लॉनिस लीखिथ। क्याह करव ? नारस दिमुवा नरि ? व्वन्य कुस स्वछ छि शुर्य ति करान ? स्वछ करन वोल छु सु पानु।” यिमव कथव सुत्य द्युत नबन पानस तु पनुनि खांदार्यनि तसलाह। नबु लोग व्वन्य

Short Story in Dev-Kash Script
'Kyon' by Rauf Qayasi

पॉन्य पानस सूत्य सोंचनि जि पजे छा इनसान केमिस बनान ? गोव अँस्य सॉरी छि केम्य ! दून जंगन प्यठ दँरिथ केम्य । डाक्टरन मा वोन अपुज जि इनसान छु केमिस बनान ! अगर यि कथ नेबर गछि, मारन मा ! गँछ्य तन, बु वनख मे वोन डाक्टर सॉबन । अगर इनसान ठूलस बनिहे, तोति ऑस कांह कथाह ? मगर केमिस ? यि क्या बूज मे अज ? म्योन मोल जनतगार ति ओसा केमिस बन्योमुत ? म्यॉन्य हमसायि ति छा केमिस बनेमुत्य ? तोबु, तोबु, तोबु । यि क्याह ? असि कथ प्यठ यि नशु ? अँस्य क्या बजि बजि कथु करान ! अँस्य क्या सूठ बूठ लॉगिथ पँजिस वुरुन करान ! म्यॉन्य खांदारेन्य ति छा केमिस बनेमुच ? नबु गव डाक्टर सुंदि अमि बयानु सूत्य ज़न तु फलवॉय । कामि कारस मंज़ ति ओसुस नु व्वन्य दिल लगान । यस दोस्तस सूत्य कामि ओस गछान, तस ति ओस दोलु दोलु वुछान तु वनान पॉन्य पानस सूत्य 'यि बिचोर तो छु म्यॉन्य पॉदय केमिस बन्यामुत । चकि छिनु अँस्य आम केम्य । आम केमिस कथ लागि पोंसु । अँस्य छि तिम केम्य यिमन पोंसु छु ज़रूरथ । मकान, नोकरी, दुकान, यजथ, तु शुहरतुच ज़रूरथ । असि छे कथु करनि तगान । बाक्य जुव ज़ॉचन धोखु ह्यकान दिथ तु पनुन पाम हाई करान ।'

यनु डाक्टर सॉबन वोन जि इनसान छु केमिस बनान, तनु छु नबु ज़न रोवमुत ह्यु । यथ जायि कामि ओस, अति ओस अख प्रोग्राम चलान । अथ मंज़ हिस्नु निनु वॉल्य अँस्य बँड्य बँड्य अदीब, शॉयिर, ऑलिम, लीडर बेयि खबर कम कम । नबु ओस ओहुंद तकरीर ति बोज्ञान तु पनुन्य कॉम ति करान । अमि दूह ऑस हस्पतालस कॉम चलान तु नबु ओस व्वस्तादस सीर पिलुनावान । बाक्य मोज़ूर ति अँस्य यि तकरीर बोज्ञान तु कॉम करान । सटेजस प्यठ अँस्य मुकर्नीन पन पनुन्य खयालात माइकि प्यठ पेश करान । मोज़ूह ओस 'माहोलस वँरिव रॉछ' । नबु ओस पॉन्य पानस सूत्य सोंचान तु वनान 'अकि अकि वँथ्य यिम केम्य बँड्य बँड्य तकरीर करनि ।' नबस येलि होकुन नज़र पेयि, व्वस्तन वोनस 'पिलुनाव सीर योरकुन जलदी, अथु तुल तेज़ ।'

नबस खोत अँदरी खश्म तु वोनुन पानसुय सुत्य, दंदव तँली ।
'वस्तु क्योम चमक्याव, गोंछु बोक छुस बुथिस प्यठ अलूंद ।'

शामस येलि छेनिथ थँकिथ गरु वोत, अति वुछुन हेहरु बब आमुत । कालुक बतु ख्यवान ख्यवान वँछ बेयि स्वय कथ, युस नबु द्वहय बोज्ञान ओस जि कस डाक्टरस गोख ... कँम्य सुंद यलाज छुय चलान कुस दवा छुख ख्यवान कांह व्वमेदा छा द्रींद्य गछान किनु नु । हेहरु बबन वोनुस, "ऑखुर वनान क्याह डाक्टर?"

नबु वोथुस दर जवाब, "तँम्य हज़ ल्यूख टेस्ट तु पतु वोनुन टेस्ट वुछिथ जि इनसानस मंज छि आसान अख केम्य ज़ाथ, क्याहताम सपर्मस, तँथ्य छि बचि बनान । दोपुन मे च़े छुय नु सु क्योम ।"

'पुशरावतु ख्वदायस । येलि तस द्युन आसि, तौर लगी नु । त्रॉयू आराम, च़ेर गोव ।' क्योम लफुज़ बूज़िथ गोव हेहरु बाबु त्रेन तु त्रुवहन मंज ।

सुबहॉय वोन खांदार्यनि नबस, "च़ोट अन नँव, बेकरी च़ोट, टॉट्य साँबस दिमव दाह बजे लिपटन चाय ।" *

यि बूज़िथ खोत नबस खश्म तु वोनुस खांदार्यनि, "मे हय स्यठाह च़ोट ऑस अँन्यमुच़, तथ क्या गव?" खांदारेन्य वँछुस दर जवाब ... "सु ऑस यँच़ कालुच । तथ ऑस्य निक्य निक्य केम्य वँथ्यमुत्य । या गोछुख वुछुन ।"

यि बूज़िथ त्रोव नबन ज़्यूठ व्वश तु वोनुन पॉन्य पानस सुत्य ... 'मे ज़न ऑस्य नु केम्य, पतु क्या गोव?'



Your Own Page



Painting on left by
Riyanshi Pandita
D/o Smt. Renu &
Shri Sanjay Pandita
of Airoli, Navi
Mumbai



Painting on right
by Chitrakshi
Pandita
D/o Smt. Archana
& Ashok Pandita
of Shalimar
Garden, UP.

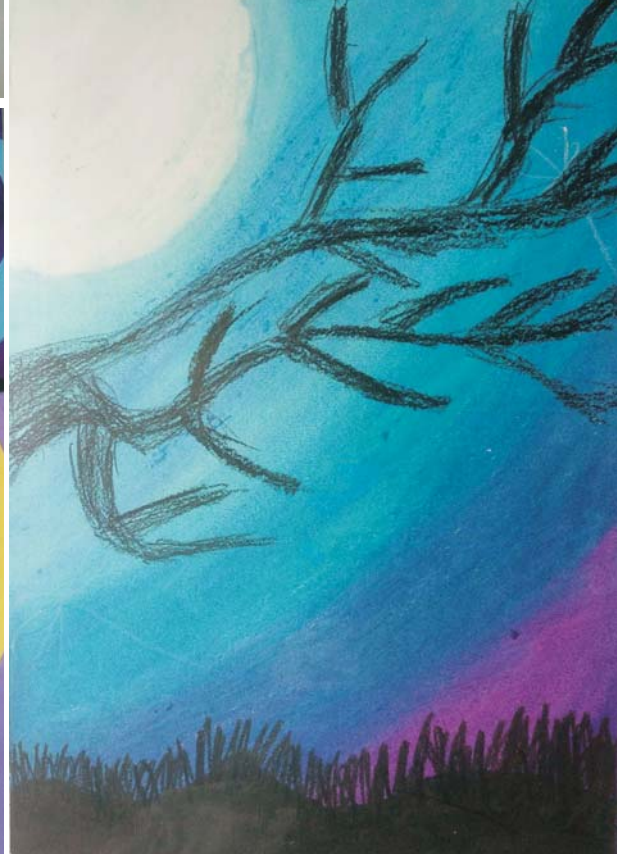
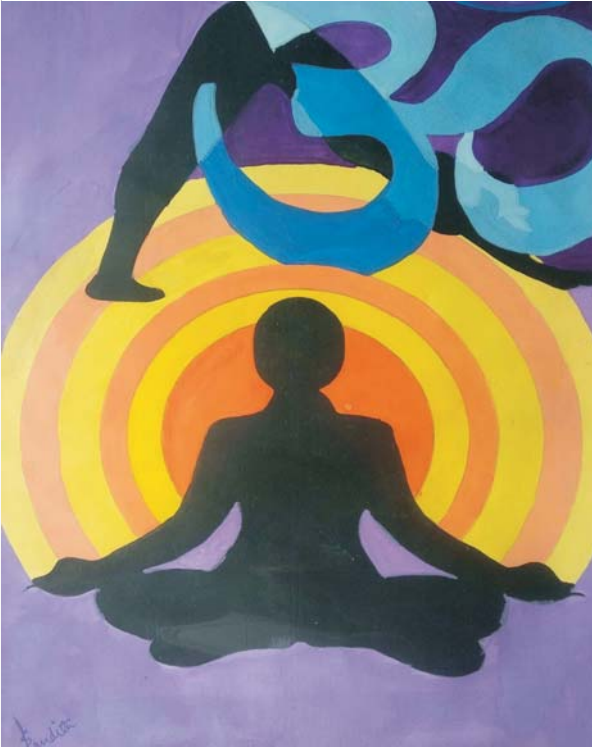


प्रागाश 'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका वर्ष ५ : अंक ७ | जुलाई २०२०

Your Own Page



Paintings by
Lokeshi Pandita
D/o Smt. Renu &
Shri Sanjay
Pandita
of Airoli, Navi
Mumbai



Letters to Editor

Respected Raina Sahib,

Adaab. Please accept my thanks and congratulations on the success of recent Praagaash magazine. I have been always enjoying the stories, poetry and various contents, (valiv zaan karav) and much more penned by you and other renowned writers. Recently, I had the good fortune of reading the poetry of different poets including the Sufi poets like Wahab khaar, Rasul Mir, Mahmood Gaami, Master Zinda Koul, Triloki Nath Kundan, Sunita Raina, Dr. Rafiq Masoodi, Bashir Athar, Nighat Sahiba and others.



I am an avid reader of the Praagaash since last year even though I missed few issues due to the internet ban in Jammu & Kashmir, but I wait eagerly for it every month. In June issue (Poetry in Kashmiri and Hindi) though I faced the obvious difficulties in reading some verses in Kashmiri script but I made it in the Hindi version of the poems. The June issue is a masterpiece. It evokes nostalgic and pathos going through the pain-laden verses of the Pandit and Muslim brothers and sisters, it's heart sinking how they reminisce the times they spent with their Muslim friends and neighbours with amity and unmatched communal harmony. It is commendable that Muslim intellectuals

voice their feelings and angst about the events that played out during the turbulent times.

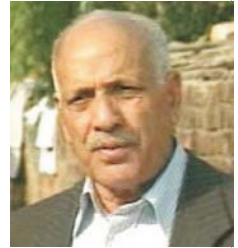
Praagaash is a step in the right direction and I firmly believe that the onus of forging reconciliation between the estranged members of the two communities that's Muslims and Pandits lies on the shoulders of the older generation. The young generation is naive to understand the politics of the various politicians who use them for their vested interests and who leave no stone unturned in playing with each other's sentiments and emotions through the prism of Hindu-Muslim animosity. Our youth musn't take part in party politics, they must shun all the differences and must work shoulder to shoulder to build a New Kashmir. I wish the Praagaash lights the way for better and properous future of our beloved Kashmir and the world famous Kashmiriyat.

Sincerely yours,

Prof. Ghulam Hassan Lone
B.K.Pora, Srinagar

**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Many thanks for sending me the latest copy of Praagaash. It carries very useful and informative material. The write up on Dr. Gwash Lal Koul is a fund of information about a great intellectual and physician.



Letters to Editor

Regards,
Dr. K.N.Pandita
Jammu



Dear Raina Sahib,
Namaskar. Your efforts are worth, results will follow. June edition of Praagaash is really informative and impressive. The cover page itself makes us to feel like we are in Kashmir.



Influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishi's of Kashmir by T.N.Dhar reflects the basic instinct of a Kashmiri, irrespective of his belief. May Lord shiva bless us all. Also with the passage of time, participation from valley has increased, their contribution to art, culture and other areas is worth appreciation.

God bless all
Regards

Sanjay Pandita
Airoli, Navi Mumbai



Dear Editor,
This is with reference to my small write-up on Maqbool Shah Kralwari in the June issue of Praagaash. The controversy was about date of his death which was clarified by me and



put to rest. In your note, you have mentioned it as 'controversy regarding date of Maqbool Shah Kralwari's birth'. This needs to be corrected.

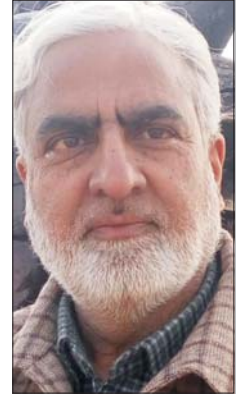
Nayyar Makhdoomi
Nagabal, Gandherbal, Kashmir

[Editor replies : Error is highly regretted. Thanks for informing. Readers are requested to take note.]



Aadab Arz Raina Sahib,
First of all, I thank you for including my write-up in May 2020 issue of Praagaash.

Praagaash magazine provides a balanced and informative reading on various subjects to the reader. It caters to the interest and taste of every reader.



In its June 2020 issue, the regular writers have made their contribution to enrich the contents of the Magazine as usual.

The 2nd part of The influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishis of Kashmir written by T N Dhar is really a summarised and conclusive commentary on the subject. I appreciate his valuable write-up. But I will request your goodself to ask T N Dhar Sahib to come up with 3rd part of the series in the next issue itself.

Letters to Editor

Ashok Dullu Sahib has thrown light upon a very delicate issue of our time. Negativity has really become popular in Media. But when customers are available for all the rubbish in media, nobody can help. This is all executed as per the factors of demand and supply in the corporatised polity. They sell what people in general ask for.

Strength to fight a crisis by Manzoor Ahmed Nawchoo Sahib is sensitively an attempt to serve as food for thought.

Thank you very much, Sir. Kindly keep the good work up.

Gh. Mohd. Bhat
Khanyar, Srinagar



Respected Rains Sahab,
Namaskar Mahra.

I have been a habitual reader of Praagaash and in fact wait eagerly for the issues to appear. The current issue is in hands and is with all its rewards.



The article on Burzhom is really an eye opener. So much abundance in our past has been beautifully brought in front of the readers by Respected Parimoo Sahab.

The poem by Major Kaul, May The Universe Be Kind, speaks the collective wish in prayer of the whole universe, in the present scenario. The poem by Ms Nighat, Day Zani Zi Kas, is an emotional self

search in beautiful vocabulary.

The Stroke Look, a story by Dr Chowdhury is as usual, a heart touching with real anecdotes and with the writer's skill to keep the reader bound till the end.

Congratulations for contents of the issue particularly the write up on Dr. Gwashilalji and the spiritual experiences of the revered Saints and also the writeup by Shad Sahab.

With best wishes,

Pawan Lata Kaul Mam
Powai, Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,

Thank you very Much for giving a Nagri roopanter to a very famous poem 'Rooda-jeiri' of my illustrious father and for publishing this in the June issue of our favourite Praagaash.



Only Nagri readership can enjoy this poem, so I Would request you, if you could publish it in Nastalik script also for benefit of readers.

Here I may add for benefit of all the readership that this poem was written in July 1945, in a hot summer, when he was posted in Khadar Bazaar, Gandhi Ashram, Handwara. He had come to his home to spend few holidays, after 3 months. He was assigned the home-task of grazing the livestock after they were fed with salt on that very day, and someone

Letters to Editor

from the family had to take care of this livestock. So he was deputed for this Job. During the lunch break, a heavy down pour came abruptly. Every thing got disturbed, so got the care taker of the flock of the live stock. But this downpour resulted in composition of this famous poem, for a man who was a born poet.

After the holidays were over, he left back for his office. Since this was not a one day travel to reach back Handwara those days, he stayed as usual with his sisters-in-law in Pampore. Great Mehjoor Sahib lived at Maitrigam, which was not too far from Pampore. So he went to see his poetical Guru Mahjoor Sahib to show him this latest poem 'Rooda-jeiri'. Mahjoor Sahib became emotional and tears rolled down his eyes saying "Can I too write such a poem", which according to him was not only philosophical but natural and spiritual too. So Mehjoor Sahib signed the poem but did not make any corrections. This encouragement of his Guru attracted him more for his Maji-zev poetry. When this news reached literary circles, they all were happy to appreciate this poem. It was then, on the strong insistence of Mahjoor Sahib and some of the close friends of my father, that a booklet titled 'Rooda-jeiri' was published containing this and other few poems. It was the year 1945. During the lifetime of my father, we had not seen many of his published books, as they were nowhere available. But in 2017, on his 27th martyrdom day, I made appeal to the

audience in Jammu if anybody could favour me by gifting me copies of his old publications. I also issued press advertisements. Only one booklet of the 'Rooda-jeiri' was sent to me by an old friend of my late father, which is in my possession now.

I appeal to all Kashmiris if they can gift me back copies of any earlier publications of my father, including booklet on Mata Alakeshwari in Urdu, published in 1959.

With prayers & best wishes

Rajinder Premi
New Delhi



Dear Raina Saheb,

During late sixties and early seventies, I used to hear some interesting anecdotes of one of the senior doctors of the Valley of Kashmir, Dr. GwashLal Kaul, from the elder members of my family at Srinagar Kashmir. Thanks to Sh. Kanwal K. Kaul's interesting and lively write up. It revived all those stories about one of the great Sons Of The Soil Dr. GashLal Kaul.



Shri T.N.Dhar Kundan ji's research oriented article 'Influence Of Advaita (Non Dualism) on Muslim Rishis Of Kashmir' is interesting and quite informative for those Kashmiri youths who have a craving interest in the ancient composite literature

of Kashmir.

My words fail to appreciate Dr. C.L. Raina for emphatically expressing the multifaceted manifestations of The Divine Mother Durga.

Kashmiri Leela written by the Kashmiri poet Samad Mir is definitely a guide for those who are more serious about the practical aspect of Advaitism as well as Sadhana (Meditation). Many of the readers may not be aware that during early seventies of the last century, All India Radio Srinagar Kashmir broadcasted a special 'Mehfil' programme in Kashmiri which was recorded with Samad Mir at his residence, because owing to his ailing health, he could not be invited to the studios.

Prof. (Dr.) B.L.Kaul Saheb's writeup about the DNA is full of information and interesting for all the readers.

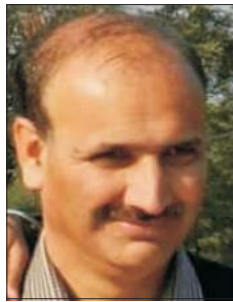
Why is negativity so popular in media by Sh. Ashok Dulloo is not only informative but time demanding also.

M.K.Parimoo
Mumbai



Dear Editor,

I have heard Dr Gwash Lal's name many times especially from my father Late Shri Radha Krishan Dembi who was himself very active in religious and social circles of Rainawari, Srinagar. He would



often narrate interesting anecdotes which were indicative of Dr Gwash Lal's high professional acumen. If anybody would fall severely ill in our relationship, my father would recommend the name of Dr Gwash Lal. In fact Dr Gwash Lal had once visited our home in Rainawari in mid Forties when my elder brother fell severely ill. In those days Dr Sahib was considered authority in field of medicine.

Verender Dembi
Nagrota, Jammu

Matters of Heart ... From Page 18

marriages, but certainly to counsel parents like us, who are caught in such a tricky situation, to handle it with more responsibility instead of whining at our children. And philosophically, we must have the capacity to welcome the inevitable. The past is sweet but the present is powerful and prevailing. Accommodative and progressive as we suppose ourselves to be, let us own these children with affectionate embraces (advances) and cast them in our own dye. Kashmiri Bhatani is a metaphor for self denial, complete surrender to her marital home, rejoicing in the good moments of her husband's family and grieve in their grief. Our daughters-in-law stand firmly for all that. If she is not a Bhatni, who is? As for our family, the two daughters are the manifestation of Gaurvarna Saraswati and dusky smiling Lakshmi.

Contact author at : a_khar@yahoo.com