

Praagaash
Net-journal of 'Zaan'



प्रागाश
'ज्ञान' की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



**Tarsar Lake, Aru, Kashmir
Image : Namrata Wakhloo**

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

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Editorial
- M.K.Raina

With the release of this issue, Praagaash is completing one more year of its publication with the new name (its old name was Haarvan). We thank all our writers, subscribers and readers for having helped us to run the e-journal without any hitches and in a professional manner. We are also proud to have the inputs and write-ups from our well wishers in the Valley, leading to inclusion of Kashmiri content in Nastaliq script, making Praagaash the first of its kind of e-journal, dedicated to Kashmiri language and culture. We invite more and more Kashmiri writers from the Valley to send us their Nastaliq write ups in digital form.



A 2-Day Kashmiri Language Workshop is proposed to be held in Srinagar on 24-25 August 2019 to discuss ways and means to popularise Kashmiri language. Though the Workshop is organised and planned by a group of Kashmiri authors and Kashmiri language lovers, it is expected to get State govt's support for logistics. Anybody willing to attend the Workshop is welcome and may contact the organisers directly or through Editor, Praagaash.

Recently, great tributes were paid to the Kashmiri scholar, freedom fighter and Poet Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Kaul Premi at various places particularly in Jammu and Delhi. Premi was martyred 29 years ago on May 1 in Devpora, Anantnag along with his son. His contribution to Kashmiri literature has been immense and his loss has undoubtedly been a great loss to Kashmiri language.



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Our Heritage - Er. Manzoor Nawchoo

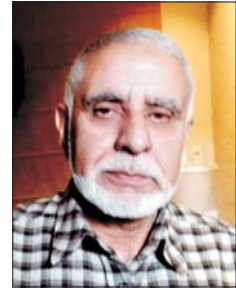
Why I Love Kashmiri Pandits?

This is in consonance with the transition of my life from my childhood to date with no hypocrisy, bias, discrimination or any element of appeasement.

I was born in early 50's at Aali Kadal, in Downtown Srinagar, the heart of Kashmir Valley amid mixed religious and cultural environs which have left an indelible impression on development of my personality. Since Kashmir Valley is called 'Resh Vaer' for having been abode for Reshis, Munis, Sufis, Molvis, Muftis, Sadhus and Sants spread all over the valley, the influence of mixed religio-cultural impacts would be felt in every citizen in one form or the other. Owing to the faith of people in their respective religions and having got settled along the banks of River Jehlum flowing through the heart of Srinagar city, we see many shrines and temples situated at different strategic locations in proportion to strength of population of different communities. It is as per this analogy that there is a temple called Batyar Mandir and a Mosque-cum-Shrine complex called Wusi Sahib Astaan located neck to neck on the right bank of River Jehlum at Aali Kadal, as Muslims and Pandits would live together here in almost equal numbers. Accordingly, we the children, both Muslims and Pandits would mix up in schools, play areas and religious places during festivals or even during daily performance of respective religious rituals at Mandirs, Mosques and Shrines. Such amalgamation of Muslims and Pandits would be seen at the Shrine of Shah Hamdan at Khankah-e-Moula Srinagar again on the right bank of river Jehlum where there is the Mandir of Kaali Maata also and on Koh-e-Maraan hillock (Hari Parbat) in the heart of Srinagar Downtown where there is Shrine of Sheikh Makhdoom Sahib on one side of hill and

Mandir of a highly revered Devi on the other side of hill.

It will be in place to mention the names of prominent areas with respect to predominant communities in the vicinity of my birthplace like Batyar, Reshpeer, Budhgeer, Bulbul Lankar, Gurgari Mohalla, Sehyar dominant with Pandit families and Wusi Sahib, Wazapora, Maharaj Gunj, Rehbab Sahib, Jamalatta, Aali Kadal, Gunzkhud dominant with Muslim families.



Prominently, Pandit families carried Dhar, Gagroo, Kanna, Gigoo, Kaul, Khar, Raina, Wali, Khuda, Bhan, Bhat, Salman etc as their surnames and Muslim families carried Bhat, Zargar, Khan, Dhar, Nawchoo, Siddiqi, Chiken, Halwai, Wani, Mundo, Patto, Sofi, Qazi, Fazili, Shahdad, Naqeeb, Suhaf etc as their surnames.

Since there had been conversions from Hindus to Muslims, having taken place in the valley after the advent of an Islamic Scholar of highest order namely Hazrat Sheikh Abdul Qadir Jeelani popularly known as Shah Hamdan from Khatlan city in Tajikistan, we find many common surnames carried by Pandits and Muslims together.

Among from Pandit community there was a highly learned and educated Pandit namely Sh. Shamboo Nath Kaul Sahib from Reshpeer Mohalla who would teach Quran with its appropriate translation to Muslim children (as told to me by my father) and among from Muslim community there was one highly learned and knowledgeable Muslim personality Kh. Abdul Samad Sahib popularly known as Khushdil, his alias as a poet. Since



Khushdil Sahib from Rehbab Sahib Mohalla was a trader at international level, he knew many languages viz Urdu, Hindi, Pushtu, Chinese, Arabic etc and would compose poems in these languages which people from both communities would read with utmost respect and interest.

As is known to everybody, those days literacy rate was high among Pandits and less among Muslims. It is due to this reason Pandit children would be more sophisticated, well mannered and well educated than Muslim children. For these qualities I would prefer to befriend Pandit children more than Muslim children. This equation drove me close to many Pandit families who would treat me just like their own son without any consideration and discrimination.

I still remember many close Pandit friends with whom we would celebrate Eid and Herath festivals together by inviting each other on lunch or dinner which would give immense pleasure to our parents and other family members. Mothers from both communities would exchange love and affection equally on children belonging to other community which was selfless and unblemished.

In this regard I cannot forget to mention one Pandit family residing at Jamalaatta, whose one of the sons namely Sohan Lal whom we would call Sohna and who was more close to us, would specially invite us to lunch on the eve of Herath festival. The lunch would comprise of rice and special dishes viz Gogjaara with Cheese called Tsaaman, Fish with Nadroo, Dum Aaloo and a non-veg dish like Roganjosh (Mutton recipe prepared with Chilli Powder and curds) or Yakhni (Mutton prepared with curd). Similarly we would invite them on lunch or dinner on the following day of Eid, feast comprising of rice, veg and non-veg dishes viz Tomato with Cheese, Chicken with Palak, Roganjosh and Yakhni.

It is with heavy heart to mention here that the family of Sohna was struck with a big

tragedy in 90's, the peak of militancy era in Kashmir when unknown gunmen killed Sohan's two brothers (one a veterinarian and other an agriculture officer) in their home at the dead of a night. They had not migrated from valley. This tragedy shook us all and we are still grieving for them. Luckily Sohan who had become an engineer, was posted outside valley, so escaped this dastardly act of some insane and inhuman unknown gunmen for no reason and cause. Here I put on record my strong condemnation of every kind of such killings whenever and wherever happened in our valley called Paradise on earth.

I had my primary school education in downtown Srinagar at then Govt. Primary School Gurgari Mohalla where there were many Pandit teachers and students. One teacher namely Sh. Avtar Krishen and one student Mr. Anoop Kannaw were exemplary and outstanding in their respective capacities. Mr. Avtar would be impressive by his dress code and teaching whereas Mr. Kanna was inspiring by his mannerism and hygiene. Mr. Kanna later on became a Skiing Instructor and retired as Director Tourism Kashmir. His father had been a high ranking Govt. officer. I would always sit beside him in the class.

After my primary schooling I went to Mission School Fateh Kadal, then called Central High School and then to a branch of Biscoe School at Lal Chowk. Its teachers were almost all Pandits and students, Muslims and Pandits, were in almost equal proportion. Here I recollect how Pandit teachers would teach us academics and extra curricular activities which normally was totally absent in other schools.

Afterwards I went to Islamia High School Rajori Kadal where most of the teachers were retired Pandits. There was a teacher namely Mr. Dina Nath who would teach us Geography but astonishingly Islamic Theology (Deenyaat) also. It also was very amazing for me. He had more command on theology than geography as per my comprehension. I did my



Matriculation from this school. Subsequently I went to Islamia College of Science and Commerce wherefrom I passed my TDC Part – Ist . Here again the college was run by a Pandit Principal Mr. J N Thusu and other retired Pandit professors. Remember Islamia High School and Islamia College were controlled by an Islamic Body called Anjuman-e-Nusrat-ul-Islam but run by highly qualified Pandit personalities which amply vouch for the highest degree of brotherhood and harmony both communities lived together with.

I remember Principal Prof. Thusu Sahib teaching us ethics, ethos and etiquette at morning gatherings which was prevalent in this college only. It was an unblemished and intentful imparting of academic and moral education which I carry even now with me.

After passing my TDC Part – Ist with some merit from this college, I got selected for Engineering Graduation Course in the then Regional Engineering College Srinagar (now NIT Srinagar). Here also Pandit teachers were very impressive, inspiring and dedicated to their duty and cause who only made us to become engineers with some mettle. Remember those days the academic atmosphere was not so conducive in this college which could made us good engineering students but for the zeal and zest of some Pandit teachers. I still salute Late Prof. Er. O N Wakhlu Sahib who not only taught us Engineering Methods and Procedures but also Project Framing, Management and Implementation which he would do from practical points of view in field. He would also give tips to us for getting out of any professional and family distress which was a unique character in him. For this he would advise us to relax at hair dresser shop and get our head massaged which relieves a person of any anxiety and tension. It was a special tip from him. It was his graciousness that he would assign good number sessional marks to all of us irrespective of our

performance in his class, as a matter of boosting our morale instead of depressing us by giving less marks as we would deserve. It was really philosophical and psychological on his part. I pray for him to rest in peace.

In between, I am delighted to mention an extra favour shown by one gracious Pandit (name not remembering) who was the Office Superintendent in Forest Deptt. to one of my friends who had to proceed to the then Soviet Union (Moscow) in the year 1975 where he had got a translator's job in a Publishing House. Since he was an employee of Sheep Husbandry Deptt, he had to collect an NOC from his administrative deptt Viz Forest Deptt. As he could not be given any kind of leave to remain absent from his Deptt for a long time, he was asked to resign from his services and get NOC. Noticing both of us worried, the said great Pandit officer came to our rescue. He jotted down my friend's resignation with such a text and reasoning that he was taken back into his services after his return from Moscow after about five years stay there, though not giving him any seniority and financial benefits. The then Secretary, Forest Deptt. took a compassionate view of the resignation letter which he termed as forced resignation. Naturally we had no choice but to search for that great man who had got retired from the services and paid him many thanks with our gratitude.

(To be continued)



About the author: Er. Manzoor Nawchoo is retired Executive Engineer (R&B) and is presently working as Consultant Engineer on Qazigund-Banihal Road Tunnel Construction Project at Qazigund. He lives presently at Gugoo, Humhama, Budgam. He carries multiple legacies from his grandfather, a reputed freehand artist, and from his father, a scholarly teacher of his times and inherits elements of intellect and humanity from them. Author can be reached at:

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वाख

लल द्यद

छस केह नतु ऑसुस केह नय
केह निस केह नतु केह गोम तँरिथ क्यथ ।
शिव पूजन वुछुम नारान
केह निस केह नतु केह गोम तँरिथ क्यथ ।

★ ★ ★

छांडान लूसस पॉनी पानस
छेपिथ ज्ञानस वोतुम ना कूँछ ।
लय कँरमस तु वॉचुस अल-थानस
बॅर्य बॅर्य बानु तु च्यवान नु कूँछ ।।

★ ★ ★

छोंडुमख ब्वनु तु बेयि च्वन दिशान
नेब तु निशानु लोबुमय नु कुने ।
ती अदु पृछुम सादन तु रेशन
तिम लॅग्य ति बूज्जिथ वदनि तु रिवने ।।
दब येलि द्युतुम फिकरन तु अंदेशन
अदु येति लोबुमख पनुनि गरे ।।।

★ ★ ★

जगस अंदर कॉत्याह पॉलिम
सॉरी छि छांडान दयि संज वथ ।
छि मंजु अँकिस दया जॉनिम
मॉनिम दॅप्यजि ईश्वर गथ ।।

★ ★ ★

श्रुख

शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

आदुनु यि करख ति अदु नु तगी
आदुनु करख तु लगी सुती ।
यिम पँल्य ववख छँत्य क्या ज़गी
तिम तति ऑखुर तस लोनख कुती ।।
गिहु बल त्रॉविथ दिहु बल लगी
अदु नुन्द तु डूठ लगी पानस सुती ।।।

★ ★ ★

आयास योत तु गछव कोतू
जोनुम नु मंजु मा दुवोत ब्वे ।
तस क्या करव अँस्य ललु पोतू
यस अथि सोन ल्यखुत ब्वे ।।

★ ★ ★

आयि ति बवनय, गछव ति बवनय
बवनस ख्वतु नु बवनय खास ।
योद वनि आसन व्यंदख कवु नय
ख्यनु खोतु छुय आपुरनुय खास ।।

★ ★ ★

ऑर्यफन तु आशुकन शूबा लॉजिन
अँदरुच आवाज़ न्यबर कवु गँय ।
शरहुकिस सोथिस सीरा वॉजिन
अदु कॉठिस खोरुख खबर गँय ।।

★ ★ ★



My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

The Puzzling Case of Temporary Return of Speech

During my long practice I have come across uniquely puzzling cases that have defied scientific explanation. One such case concerning the mother of a friend is vivid in my memory and merits narration. Since it pertains to an era long past, I again taxed my friend with queries in order to fill the hiatuses in my memory especially about the finer details

Raj Laxmi, as she was called, had traveled to Delhi to spend time with her elder son, an employee in the Central Secretariat. She had been in good health except for high blood pressure detected a decade earlier when she was around fifty. One afternoon, when she was barely three weeks at Delhi, she got a mild headache and, in a matter of about ten minutes, lost her consciousness and came down with paralysis of the right side of her body. Cerebral thrombosis (brain stroke) was diagnosed at the hospital. She gradually came out of coma in around ten days, but the paralysis was total. She had also lost speech. Her younger son flew her back home to Habba Kadal in Srinagar. Next day, I was called to pay a home visit.

I found Raj Laxmi conscious but unable to communicate and paralyzed on her right side. She was neither able to comprehend speech nor produce it, a condition we call total aphasia that results from damage to the speech centre in the brain. She did not understand anything you said, nor could she utter a word. Only some degree of sign language was retained and I advised the attendants to develop communication with her through signs and gestures. Her emotions had become flat and she seemed stoic in spite of the devastating paralysis and speech loss. She had to be helped to sit up; and to be

spoon-fed. I removed the catheter from her bladder to give voluntary urination a chance. Thereafter, she was able to urinate in a bedpan provided to her at regular intervals, despite which she sometimes soiled her clothes.



Over the subsequent weeks and months, Raj Laxmi registered progress in the control of her bladder and bowel functions but without any improvement in her speech or the paralysis. Thereafter, life went on from one day to another for her and for the family members who took over the care-giving of the matriarch with ungrudging devotion. In order to maintain constant vigil she was moved into the family room every morning and back into her bedroom for the night.

Raj Laxmi was married to Gopi Nath, a social activist who sacrificed his own good for the community. During his younger days, he was a member of Mahavir Dal, a nascent Pandit organization that spearheaded social reform in the community. It exhorted Pandits to cultivate the spirit of non-dependence on other communities for what they believed were lowly jobs – menial work such as carrying monthly rations from the *ghats* (food depots in boats); cutting fuel wood; taking up the professions of cooks, tailors, barbers, etc. He had no job and no income. For practical purposes Raj Laxmi was the sole breadwinner, with the meager wages she received as a peon at a school. Sadly, Gopi Nath was afflicted with chronic asthma made worse by a smoking habit acquired from his childhood. Over the years his disease had progressed until he was



incapacitated from end-stage lung disease. I used to visit him in his second-floor attic looking over the window at Hari Parbat. Sitting on his haunches, he struck the classical asthmatic posture – wheezing and grunting, puffing and coughing, bringing up phlegm, blowing his cheeks out with each respiratory exertion, hardly able to speak a sentence without visible effort and discomfort. He had to be catheterized for his urinary obstruction as a result of prostatic enlargement. Coincidentally, Raj Laxmi too developed urinary obstruction in her later years. I trained my friend in the art of catheterization so he didn't have to depend upon nurses and doctors every time. I admired him for his devotion to his bed-ridden parents, and gave him the honorific of Shraavan Kumar, the mythological hero of Ramayana and a shining example of parent-care.

May 1990, when religious frenzy was at its peak in Kashmir, Gopi Nath developed acute retention of bladder. His son failed to introduce the catheter so I was called in. When Gopi Nath's bladder was drained, he thanked me profusely and said, "Doctor Sahib, you know I am on my last legs; I don't understand why my son inconvenienced you. All the same I will feel happy to quit without having to carry this shame with me." I could see the end coming, and so could he.

The next morning, Gopi Nath was found crouched on the bare floor of his bedroom. He had removed his clothes, pulled the catheter out, and was bleeding from the urethra.

"Father, why are you naked?" his son asked him.

"Because my time has come; I came naked, I will return naked. Please give everything that belongs to me away in charity." True to his premonition, his lungs finally gave up and he left his frail body at 7 p.m. on the same day.

The family members debated for some

time whether to let their paralyzed dumb mother know about the demise of her husband. At 9:30 p.m. she was moved from her room and made to sit up by the side of her husband's corpse, as her sons tried to communicate the tragic news through gestures.

She sat there looking at the shrouded body for some time. Then she pulled away the shroud with her left hand, looked at Gopi Nath, rubbed his chest and suddenly got her speech back. "Oh, why did you quit ahead of me. That was not the compact when we were married. Why are you so selfish? To whose care have you left me? Oh, why have you deceived me?" She had spoken again after 14 years but turned speechless soon after and just sat there for nearly three hours, unemotional, like a statue, no crying or sighing or beating of her chest. Her son carried her to her bed. Next morning, she was again moved near the corpse, but she remained speechless all through the funeral ceremony until the bier was being carried out of the room when she regained her speech for one last time.

"Oh, where are you taking him. Please don't leave me behind. Take me along with him." Soon she fell silent and resumed her former stance, never to speak again. She lived three more years.

In spite of the extensive damage to her brain from the stroke, Raj Laxmi understood the meaning of death. She felt it strongly. She must have been conscious of the entire goings on for all the fourteen years but unable to give voice to her thoughts and expression to her emotions. That must have been the greater tragedy, worse than the loss of function of her right side. But I have not been able to comprehend the dynamics of the temporary miraculous return of her speech. In all such cases one naturally goes back to the genesis of events, seeks past history of illnesses if any, including the personality and behavioral patterns of the patient that may offer some



clues. So I went back into her past and some sketchy facts came to light.

The first clue surfaced from an event in 1978, when Raj Laxmi had sustained a fall in her bathroom while taking a shower. Her family had found her lying on the floor, eyes open but making no movement whatever, and unable to speak. A group of relatives had carried her to the legendary Dr Ali Jan. He had ordered the distraught relatives to go out of his consulting chamber and not to create unnecessary ruckus while he examined her. In a matter of about ten minutes, he was seen helping Raj Laxmi out of his room, as she walked slowly and spoke feebly. He had discovered the high blood pressure and asked them to restrict her salt and give her the pill that he prescribed. The sons described the whole event as a miracle, but it certainly seems to have been a hysterical manifestation, an over reaction to a trivial fall sustained in the bathroom that the astute clinician had not only diagnosed correctly but also treated promptly. This episode clearly reveals the psychiatric proclivities of Raj Laxmi.

There was another event that came to surface. This happened much earlier in nineteen sixties when some prominent members of Mahavir Dal deserted the social organization to join lucrative careers offered by the then government to wean them away from this Pandit organization that was gaining popularity in the community. Their betrayal had demoralized the dedicated activists, including Gopi Nath, and left them high and dry. He couldn't show his face to his relatives who ridiculed him for being a parasite on his wife, wasting his time in an organization that had lost its luster as also its relevance. This had infuriated Raj Laxmi who had lost self control, poured imprecations at them, turned aggressive, and even violent. She had to be confined in a room until medical help was sought and she had quietened down in a

week's time.

These two events give us some idea about Raj Laxmi's persona. She emerges as impetuous, emotional and psychoneurotic and even subject to mood disorders under stressful situations. However, it does not explain the sudden temporary return of speech after 14 years. The right sided paralysis and loss of speech were no doubt pathological, and not a hysterical conversion reaction. And her neurological examination confirmed it was a stroke. Besides, I have not heard of hysterical paralysis of such a long duration. Hysterical aphonia (loss of speech) is well known; again there is no recorded case lasting as long as 14 years.

The only theoretical explanation that comes to my mind is a burst of neurochemicals from the brain under extreme stress, firing signals in the neurons and prompting the temporary return of the speech mechanism. In the case of Raj Laxmi, it was the shocking news of her husband's demise. We know of Parkinson patients regaining muscle power in conditions of extreme danger, enabling them to run. But, as I said, it is a wild postulation in the present case, and the temporary return of Raj Laxmi's speech will remain an enigma.

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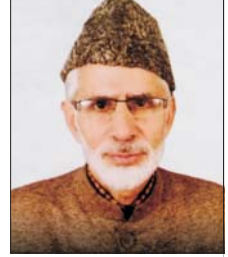
**Experience is that
marvellous thing that
enable you
recognise a mistake
when you make it
again.**



कथ छे तँती - जरीफ अहमद जरीफ हा पानु बु कुस गोस?

जिनाबो! म्यानि ज्ञानुनु छु कुल आलुमस अंदर काँशुरुय सु खवदा साँबुन बंदय बाँज्यगार येम्य सुंद प्रथ कांह अंग तु रंग दुपासल छु थुरनु आमुत। च़खि गँछिज़्योम नु, अँस्य करव पनुनिस अथ दँपिस अँलिमी तोर ट्वकु दँलील दिनुच कूशिश। येमि बुथि यि ब्रॉठ कुन छु यिवान, ति छुनु हरगिज़ ति अँदर आसान। यि बेयन करुन वनि, ति छुनु पानु करान। यि ब्याख करि, ति छुस नु वयान। वनोस पोज़ तु छुस नु ब्यहान। करव छ्वपय तु छु त्रवशान। वनोस लबि पख तु छु मँज्य नेरान। वोनुस वक्तुक्यव सियाँसी मुफतीयव जि वोट संदूकस अंदर त्रावनस चे कर्राहत, कोरुन ज़रूर। दोपुस वँक्य ताम कनस तल अथ छु तरान ति कैह, दोपुनस तेलि छु हलालुय। यस सृत्य वोट का बायकाट नारु द्युतुन, तँस्य पतु कनि बौरुन च़ेलिथ वोट संदूक ति। यस ब्रॉठ कनि यकराँरी आसि, तँस्य पतु कनि छु इनकाँरी ति बनान। दपान, दोपुहस तापस मु बेह, दोपुनख दीवूम क्याह? दोपुस वथ छय दँछिन्य, द्राव खोवर्य। द्राव लबुनि तु आव राँविथ। अँछ वँटिथ छु नाबद ब्राँच फटकरि ल्यवान। बनि लीडर तु वनि अफसानु। बनि राँछदर तु लूटि ती यथ नज़रि थवनस। बनि अफसर तु राव्यस पाँर्यज्ञान। बनि मुबलिग तु खसि यड ह्यथ दीनस सवार। बनि शाँयिर तु वनि बुमसिनि अँजदाह। बनि कलाकार तु गोवि गरज़ुच राग। बनि डाक्टर तु आसि पानु द्यारु मँरीज़। बनि ताकतवर तु मारि कमज़ोरस। बनि हाँकिम तु नमि तुलु कुल्यन। बनि बाँगरन वोल,

रटि पानसुय त्रॉम। कडि जलूसु तु रादु रोस्तुय। करि हरतालु तु परतालु रोस्तुय। तुलि दव तु च़ल्यस खवरबानु नीरिथ। गछि बिहिथ ज़न तु प्रायि क्वकुरा। वटि अँछ तु फटि नम्बलि। गछि नीरिथ तु रासु रोस्तुय गुर। गछि ग्वतन, व्वथि नु यिचकाँल्य ति। पचि अनज्ञानस, ख्यावि मूल तु मोचुय। रूद खँटिथ, वुछ सारिवुय। रूद नोन तु आव नु द्रींठी। बदल्यस मिज़ाज़ु तु खेयि क़ालु मौँड्य। लग्यस ब्वछि तु खेयि ज़व ताम ब्रँकिथ। मतलबु वोनुन खरस बब तु ब्यंथुरस माम ... दुरकाकुनि ज़ाम, र्वपस त्राम, मँदिन्यन कोरुन शाम ... समुज कति आम। प्रथ जायि थँविन पाम, दितस गाम। प्वखुतस कोरुन खाम, हेतस साम, गाटुल छस क्राम।



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*Do you speak with your
children in Kashmiri?
Be honest!
And then you are so
worried for Kashmiri
language?*



काव्य - फैयाज़ दिलबर ग़ज़ल : फ़ियाज़ दिल्बर



ایلانہ کورکھ بنہ خاب کتبی بٹھ کن نہاؤو
مہرائی دیان جیہوہ آب آجہن بند گریکہ ناؤو

کس دواش دبیوو بلہ روزء نہ کاتبہ فاتحہ پرنس
حبس ہوش کریوو ہمہ یور مہ کوئر وویہناؤو

ہونہ ٹونی کلس نبلہ آسہ جوانی جولہ کھیوان'
امہ کس سائیس نل میون مزر وونی دفلاؤو

بٹہ روزم گویہہ 'گنگ' گنگن گونماہہ گیہہہ'
بلہ دوینم ہی می دوہہ یکجاہ کڈی نمی مشراؤو

ہمہ سڑکہ دویکہ ہاوس نیرن وونی زول کران
ہمہ کوچہ خدا را زونگاہ اکھ ذہء ون نہاؤو

بیہہ سہرچہ ساریے ونہ گڑھن نٹھی گامس کن
بیہہ سحرچہ کوچہ منز خاین بند بین آبساؤو

ऐलान कौरुख यिनु खाब कहुन्य पथ कुन थॉविव
महारॉन्य दपान छवु आब अँछन हुंद ग्रेकुनॉविव

कस दूश दियिव येलि रोज़ि नु कांह फातेहा परुनसस
ह्यस होश वॅरिव येमि योर मु कोतर व्वफुनॉविव

हुथ डून्य कुलिस तेलि आसु जवॉनी जूल ख्यवान
अमि किस सायस तल म्योन मच़र व्वन्य दफुनाविव

पतु रोज़म गूपियि गंग गगन ग्वनमाथ गुपिथ
येलि दोपुनम यिम दूह यकजा वॅडच तिम मॅशुराविव

हुमि सडकि दोपुख हावस नेरन व्वन्य जूल करान
येमि कोचु ख्वदारा चॉगाह अख दज़ुवुन थाविव

बेयि शहरुचि सारेय वतु गछ़न तॅथ्य गामस कुन
बेयि सहरुचि क्वछि मंज़ खाबन हुंद पन अबुसाविव

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History - M.K.Parimoo

From the Pages of Ancient History - 2

The authenticity and description of various ancient tirthas of Kashmir valley is recorded in various Samhitas as documented by some rishis such as Bringesh and Brughu reshi during ancient past in Kashmir.

During the month of Jyeshtha, two tirthsthal, one Tulamula and the other Zethyaer find their proper places in the Rajtarangini of Kalhana Pandit.

Jyeshtha Devi is that manifestation of the Almighty, who removes poverty and misfortunes of all the devotees. Due to some unknown reasons some people had been under an unauthentic conception that Jyeshtha Devi bestows poverty and misfortunes only to the devotees. Had such a misconception any footing, then why the Devi Bhakhts in the South India still worship Jyeshtha Devi as Shitla Devi with full faith.

As described by Bhullar as well as Kalhana Pandit a Holy Spring and some ruins of Jyeshtha Devi have been spotted by both at the present site of the temple Zethyaer situated at Zabarwan in Srinagar Kashmir. Towards the end of twentieth century major renovatory work has been got done by various organizations of Kashmiri Hindus with the result Zethyaer temple Shrine has been given a face lift so as to attract the tourists. Rooms with cooking facilities are provided with a maximum stay of one week at nominal charges. Traditionally every year Yatra starts for Zethyaer temple Shrine from the first Thursday of the month of Jyeshtha, thus Zethyaer temple Shrine is also an ancient Holy place of worship in India.

As scientifically authenticated that Energy and Power cannot be separated from each other, similarly Energy (the female part) of the Almighty cannot be separated from it.

That is why there is also a Shiva temple in the Zethyaer temple complex. According to Pt. Anand Kaul Bamzie (1924) another ancient temple is on the top of Shankaracharya hill called



Zetheshwar temple. The earliest historical description has also been given by Pt. Kalhana in his Rajtarangini about this hill. According to this court historian (11-12th century) of Kashmir, King Gopaditya had granted the land to the Kashmiri Brahmins at the foothill of Gopadari and that habitat was named 'Gopa Agraharaas'. Later the name was rechristened as Gupkar and the road still bears the official name Gupkar Road. According to Kalhana Pandit King Gopaditya got constructed some dwellings for the Kashmiri Brahmins in the next door village called Bhukshirvatika (present Buchhvore). It is the same King Gopaditya who built the temple of Jayaeshteshwara (Lord Shankara) around 371 B.C.E. Abu Fazal the renowned historian also records that the King Gopaditya had built this temple. Most of the historians of the later period also agree that the King Lalita ditya Muktapida (724-726) A.D of Karkota dynasty had got the temple repaired. According to another court historian of Kashmir Srivara, King Zain-ul-Abdin (Budshah) had also carried out some major repairs to the temple including the kalash (spire) and also the roof of the temple. There is a huge Shiva Lingam which is worshipped by the devotees inside the temple atop the hill. Every year pilgrims do go on the day of Shrawana Poornima to pray and pay their obeisances before ShivaLingam.



The Dogra King Gulab Singh (1846-1857) A.D got constructed the steps to the Shankaracharya hill from DurgaNag temple site. Maharaja of Mysore had also visited Kashmir in 1925 and got electrical installations at the temple of Shankaracharya atop the hill out of his own personal expenses. According to other historical facts, Adi Shankaracharya had composed Soundriya Lahri atop this ancient Gopadari hill. According to historical beliefs Jyaeshtheshwar temple has been got constructed by the King Gopaditya in 371 B.C.E. and the temple was known as Gopadari temple also. After the visit of Adi Shankaracharya this Shiva temple is also called Shankaracharya temple. Pt. Anand Kaul is also of the opinion that the King Sandiman reigned Kashmir from 2629 to 2564 B.C.E. and he got the temple constructed which was later repaired by the King Lalitaditya. In 1961 Shankaracharya of Dwarka peetham put the statue of Adi Shankaracharya in the temple premises on the Shankaracharya hill in appreciation of Soundriya Lahri composed by the great Seer.

According to the Samhitas the regular worship of Jyestha Devi continued up to the tenth century at the temple for dispelling all misfortunes of the devotees. This Devisthal has also been a suitable place for centuries, dispelling all misfortunes. This Devisthal has also been a suitable place for meditation due to its solitude and peaceful environment.

The sanctity of the area between the foothill of Shankaracharya temple and Zethyaer temple draws the attention towards a spiritual incident of eighteenth century A.D. which had occurred with an Afghan Governor Alimardaan Khan who had a spiritual glimpse of Lord Shiva and Goddess Uma around 4.00 a.m. Thereafter he became restless and finally wrote the Persian Leela starting with the stanza... "हुमा असली महेश्वरा बूड शब शहे की मन दीदम" Moreover according to his wishes

the dead body of Alimardaan Khan was buried at that very spot where he had the spiritual glimpse of Lord Shiva and where he used to offer daily Namaz. The tomb was existing at the very spot up to 1990 A.D.

Another ancient festival observed and celebrated in Kashmir on every ashtami of bright fortnight of the Lunar month is at Tulamula temple, also called Mata Kheer Bhawani temple, which is dedicated to Goddess Raginya tracing its history thousands of years back from Lord Rama's time on the earth i.e. Tertiary Yug. As Reshi Bringesh describes in Maha Raginya Pradurbhav, the appearance of Raginya Bhagwati in Kashmir from Ravana's Lanka, where she was Ravana's Ishta Devi under the name Shyama. Canto II 58 explains that at the last death stroke on Ravana by Lord Rama, appeared the Goddess Shyama with wrathful copper red eyes smiled a bit and addressed Ravana "Shame upon you, a degraded demon as you are, I shall forsake your land and proceed to my choicest abode in Himalayas Kashmir the Satisar". So Lord Rama commanded Hanumana to take the charge of Goddess and proceed with bestowed speed towards Satisar Kashmir. Mounted on the serpent King Ananta surrounded by three hundred sixty snakes, Hanumana planted the feet of Shree Shyama on his back and arrived in the northern region of Himalayas Satisar, where the ever bountiful land was as soft as cotton and earned the name Tulamulya (in Sanskrit) and Tulamula in Kashmiri. Here the Goddess Shyama is worshipped as Mata MahaRaginya Kheer Bhawani.

Dr. Bhular and Dr. M.A.Stein have also written in detail about the temple Shrine of Mata Kheer Bhawani at Tulamula. Prof. Stein writes that the Purohit Corporation of Tulamulya is represented as a well – to – do and influential body under the King Jayapida of Kashmir. Various historians and



researchers are of the opinion that MahaRaginya is actually a manifestation of Durga, who is held in great veneration by the Brahmin population of Srinagar. Moreover, the Holy Spring of Tulamulya exhibits miraculous changes in the color of the water from time to time, which are ascribed to the manifestation of the Goddess.

A renowned Persian historian Abul-Fazal-ibn Mubarak (1551-1602) A.D. demarcates the place Tulamulya and its marshy surroundings in his historical book "Ain-i-Akbari". About 4 kms to the east of Tulamula is the village of Dudrhom on the main branch of Sind. This village is also repeatedly referred by another court historian of ancient Kashmir Srivara under original name of Dughashrama.

Pandit Sansarchand Kaul, an ornithologist and a renowned teacher (Tyndale Biscoe Memorial School Srinagar) and a resident of Rainawari Srinagar writes in his book "Khirbhawani Kashmir India" that a Kashmiri Pt. M.N.Dhar who was 90 years old at that time used to walk over narkat grass from Aanganvaer to Khir Bhawani (Tulamulya) temple Shrine. Moreover it is same Pt. M.N.Dhar who had painted the same picture of Mata MahaRaginya as witnessed by him during a dream. After sometime Mahant Dharmdas of Baba Dharmdas Temple upper Sathoo Barbarsha made a rough road and also one trader Radha Krishan Shah of Radha Krishan&Sons Travel Agency Srinagar constructed the Holy Spring's Parikrama with Baramula stones.

Maharaja Ranbir Singh constructed a dharmashala here and The Dharmarth Trust of Jammu & Kashmir looked after the Khir Bhawani Shrine. The Shrine temple was later renovated and constructed by Maharaja Pratap Singh with main deities MahaRaginya and VamaDeva (a manifestation of Lord Shiva) inside the Sanctum Sanctorum. Maharaja Hari Singh got the main pillars and

the dome shaped umbrella of marble constructed to protect the main Sanctorum from the vagaries of the weather.

According to Bringesh Samhita "Thulamulyakam" i.e. 'the soft land' used to get immersed during the rainy season due to the flood in the Sind.

Regarding the exact location of Raginya Kund (the Holy Spring of Goddess Raginya), one of the story goes that Mata Raginya appeared in a dream to one Devi Devotee Pt. Govind Joo Gadru and instructed him to reach the Kund. Pt. Govind Joo Gadru hired a boat at Salora, moved through Anchar Lake, took a big pot of milk with him and after covering some distance, his boat got struck and the spot was bubbling with milky water. He poured the milk he had taken with him and the area got marked with milky water, a Yantra shaped design appeared around the place and thus the proper Kund of the Shrine of Raginya got rediscovered.

Another story of tracing the Raginya Kund is that once a great flood had covered the whole area in Tulamula. One pious Brahmin Pt. Krishan Joo of Rainawari was informed in his dream about the submerging of Raginya Kund. He was at a loss to identify the exact spot in the flooded waters. He was directed to reach Shadipora and "there a serpent Nag Dev will guide you to the proper place". Pt. Krishan Joo followed the instructions. On reaching Shadipora by a boat suddenly a serpent appeared before the boat and he followed it. When it reached the particular spot the 'Nag Dev' made three rounds and jumped into the water and disappeared. Krishan Joo put some tree branches round the place as a mark. He rushed back to Srinagar and marched with some Kashmiri Pandits, taking with them Kheer (a pudding made with milk and rice, dry fruits and jaggery) for submersion in the Kund. They filled the area with earth, stones, trees and the Raginya Kund got again marked and decorated with flowers etc. Maharaja Pratap



Singh got beautiful Chinar trees around the Holy Spring. Till date Kheer or raw milk is offered by the devotees reverently to propitiate the Holy Mother Raginya.

According to another story, a saintly person and a devotee of Mata Maha Raginya, Pt. Labhuram also known as 'Labishah' was taken to Afghanistan and imprisoned there for a misidentified person. Those days, Kashmiris used to put on a long white sheet of cloth around their shoulders over the local dress 'Pheran' and a turban on their heads while appearing before a King. Being a devotee, Labhuram wrote a request in the form of a verse in Kashmiri on the white sheet of cloth and throughout his request he had shed 'tears of obeisance', the moment he finished it, he fell into deep sleep. It is said that the Afghan King got an order in his dream that Pt. Labhuram be released immediately. The order was followed and he was bailed out unconditionally with full honor. From that day Pt. Labhuram sat near the entrance of the Holy Spring and his kutia was there up to Seventies of the last century.

There is one more story about another devotee of Mata Maha Raginya and her name was "Sed Lakshmi". She used to live somewhere in the down town of Srinagar city. It is also said that on Ashtami of every bright fortnight of Samvit Calendar (also known as the Kashmiri Calendar), Smt. Sed Lakshmi used to travel transcendently to Mata Khir Bhawani Temple Shrine for a common cause of every Kashmiri Pandit family and there she used to pray and wish before the deity for the overall prosperity of every devotee especially the Kashmiri household ladies who would visit the Temple Shrine of Mata Khir Bhawani on the day of Ashtami of bright fortnight every month and her wish would be fulfilled by the deity. It has been agreed by various researchers and thinkers of the community that from that day the tradition of visiting the

temple by the Kashmiri devotees has started.

On 26th June, 1898, Swami Vivekananda had also visited Khir Bhawani Temple. On reaching there Swami Vivekananda found extreme serenity and peace at the temple. He had visited the temple along with some of his disciples including Sister Nivedita (His first lady disciple after Swami Ji's first visit to Chicago, U.S.A. to deliver his first speech of Advaita Vedanta in the parliament of World religions). Sister Nivedita was actually one Margaret Elizabeth Noble before she joined Swami Vivekananda in his Noble mission.

It won't be out of context to mention here that as described in the Biography of Swami Vivekananda by one of his another disciple Romand Roland (Basically a French & a Judge by profession) that Swami Vivekananda visited Kashmir Valley twice. Both the times he was the guest of the maternal grandfather of my mother (Pt. Lala Kaul Bujoo) at Gurguri Mohalla ZainaKadal in the down town of Srinagar. Sh. Lala Kaul Bujoo and his first cousins had that time a flourishing business of Kashmiri Arts & Crafts with their business outlets not only in Srinagar but also at Gulamarg, New Delhi and Rangoon in Burma (present day Myanmar).

It is also a recorded historical fact that Swami Vivekananda offered huge quantity of milk at the Holy Spring of Mata Khir Bhawani. Immediately, Swami Ji's mind was somewhat disturbed by the then overall condition of the temple. He wished for the renovation work to be undertaken by him. Instantly, Swami Ji fell unconscious and went into Samadhi. After coming out of it, tears of devotion rolled down his eyes and he bowed down before the deity and left the temple premises.

(To be continued)



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زائہہ دی زہے نظر

سوئتہ گنہ دوہ کڈر زہے
 پنہ رنگ ژھٹہ ونہ موسمہ منز
 ز ترے بز نڈر
 میانس بے رنگ و قفس تہ جر زہے
 کینہہ خوشحال تہ خوشوئی خاب
 زائہہ کڈر زہے نشاط بانہ تہ شالہ مار
 و س زہے شہر کین بے رنگ بازن گن
 ژھوپ دؤپ بازرسون
 اسناو زہین دوہ جوراہ

ڈاکٹر رفیق مسعودی

بے پے تلاش

مے چھنہ پانس تہ پے
 بہ گس چھسن ژھانڈان
 کوچہ کوچہ، وانہ وانہ
 محلہ محلہ، مکانہ مکانہ
 پز تھوتہ کتس منز
 قدم ہند بن آکھن منز
 بہ گس چھسن ژھانڈان
 واو گز این منز
 نار الاون منز
 پھولہ پونین گولابن منز
 دؤمتین مکانن منز
 بہ پے تلاش چھے

ڈاکٹر رفیق مسعودی

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Revisiting Motherland - Nirmal Bhat

Home-coming After 29 Years in Exile

13 April 2019 will remain a date engraved in my memory till eternity, the day when I landed in Kashmir after almost 30 Years of being in exile. It was not an easy decision to make and took me many years to gather the courage and plan the visit. With the situation still volatile especially after the recent attack in Pulwama and the ongoing elections, I almost planned to cancel the trip altogether, but my wife insisted we should visit, and took off on

security personal all around, I realised it's not the same place we left some 30 Years ago. On the way, he and the driver were talking in Kashmiri and I also joined, couldn't hold back for long :-), they were immensely surprised and we kept talking all along the journey.



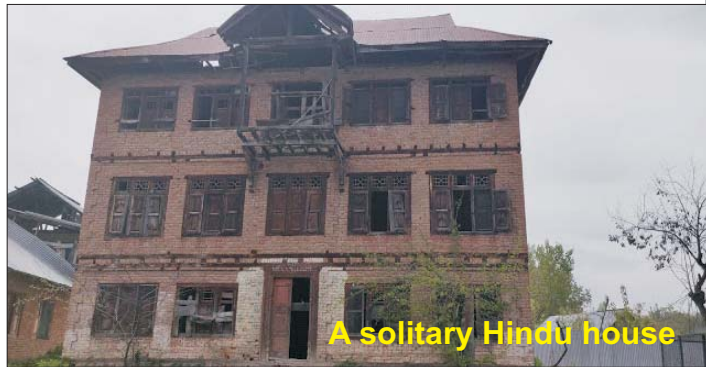
My Home

12th April. As we landed in Srinagar early morning, tired after the flight from KL and a 3+ hours delay from Delhi, we were welcomed by slight drizzle and cold weather, adding to the beauty of Kashmir. Thoughts in my mind were going whirlwind, and it seemed the time has turned back by few decades. I could immediately feel the warmth of people around and the lovely feeling of belonging to this place. We were warmly welcomed by our local guide, who had come down to receive us and we got into the car with him. We sat down and drove out of the Airport, the atmosphere was calm but I could feel a strange silence, with

all my schooling, nothing has changed over these years, the roads and lanes are still crowded, and I could immediately recognise the lanes and by lanes I used to walk on the wa

Monday, April 15

2019, the day I have been waiting for all these years and the only purpose of my visit. My eyes were moist and the heart was pumping more blood than usual while we started the journey to my village Tailwani, a forgotten village about 30kms from nearest Town Anantnag. On the way once we crossed Anantnag town, where I did



A solitary Hindu house



Me in my fields

to my school, alas! the school has been shutdown now. After another 30 mins or so we should be in my village. With every moment, the heart beat was growing faster, I kept wondering how the place would look like, can I recognise my place, my house, the people I grew with?

Finally here I was, at my birthplace. To my utter surprise the place has changed a lot, the road which used to full of Apple Orchids on both sides, was now covered with houses. I tried to guide the driver to my house through the main road but failed, I couldn't find the way. So we had to enter the village and had to ask around, the place looked alien to me and we had to park the car at a place and decided to track the way to my house after asking some of the folks. There was a buzz in the village and people were peeping out of their windows, I could imagine the curiosity as not many people visit villages. So with some guidance we managed to reach my home. I was literally trembling as I entered the courtyard, and for a moment I couldn't believe it was true, not a dream.

I greeted the current owners and

introduced myself, they warmly welcomed me and my family. I kept staring at the house and looked around the fields, they were still lush green as they used to be years back. The home we left was strikingly different than what was standing here now. Ours was a three storied house painted in white, with a huge glass room on the first floor, and it was visible from a distance. People would stop on the road and admire the beauty, and would call it "White House". The one I see now is just a house made of brick and mortar, the current owner tells me that they had to redo a lot of work after the fire that burnt it down. The original house was burnt down in 90's.

I asked for permission to look inside but couldn't gather the courage to go up, but my wife decided to go to all the floors and rooms. It



The headless Ganesha

was heartbreaking, to say the least, and I don't have enough words to explain the emotions I was going through. I spent some time there with the family and also was joined by some more neighbours and talked about the good old days. Although I couldn't recognize any of them but it was good to connect with them. After having a cup of noon-chai (Kashmiri salted tea served in Villages) we decided to move and also have a look around the village.



A lot has changed over these 30 odd Years, all the Hindu houses are now owned by new owners, sold in distress and not by choice. There is just one house standing tall and I was told this cannot be sold as it belongs to some Dharmarth trust. Our old house was just opposite to it, I have some very fond memories of my early



Old Shiv Mandir

days of childhood of this place. This house is also a testament of the barbaric attack on the families who stayed back and didn't migrate, on 4th Feb, 2000, read My Last Blog: Kashmir Without Kashmiri Pandits One of the elderly person from village tells about the horrific evening and how they couldn't do anything to prevent the attack from happening.

I also decided to visit the Ganesha Temple, where we used to go and pray everyday and celebrate all the festivals and also the old Shiv Mandir. But my heart sank when I saw the condition of both the temples. It was difficult for me to decide whether we abandoned them or God has forgotten us.



The Ganesha Temple

These pictures are the epitome of barbarism that we had to face during the 1990's when the terrorism was at peak

So the Dream I had, unfortunately came out to be true and with that all the hopes of returning to my home were shattered. There is nothing left behind to go back. The village which used to be our home, and example of harmony is long gone and we will continue to be in exile forever. I also realised its the similar story in other villages, towns and cities, after traveling through length and breadth of Kashmir during our week long stay. Abandoned houses and temples, with no signs of Kashmiri Pandits, is a norm everywhere.

We can very well visit Kashmir as tourists but not to return back to our roots. Time is not conducive yet but the day is not far when we will. Tathasthu.



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Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

Fire and Sacrifice

Fire is one of the five main elements, in fact an important element at that, so much so that the Greek philosopher Heraclitus (540 B.C. to 490 B.C.) considered this as the main substance. The Vedas have given it immense importance; The Rig Veda starts with the *mantra* addressed to the sacred fire, '*Agnimeele purohitam ratnadatamam* – I bow to thee O, Fire!, the benevolent one and the giver of wealth.' Science also has identified various forms of fire. The lightning is one of the forms of the fire. There is forest fire. Even the water has fire in it which is converted into hydro-electricity. There is fire within human body that digests all that we consume. Lust and passion are fire too and these activate our senses violently. Our ancestors, sages as they were, had identified various forms of fire as '*Davaagni*', '*Vadvaagni*', '*Jatharaagni*' etc.

Every form of fire demands sacrifice in the shape of an oblation. Trees are oblation to the forest fire and food is an oblation to the fire in the tummy. This oblation, our sages have taught us, is to be given as a sacrifice. By doing so, we practise detached action, which in turn frees us from all types of bondages. While offering an oblation we say '*Agnaye swaha* - this is an offering for the sacred fire' and then hasten to add, '*Idam agnaye, idam na mama* - this belongs to fire and this is not mine.' In the words of the poet we say, '*Tera tujh ko sonpte kya laagata hai more* – I hand over to you what is already yours and in doing so I lose nothing.' This gives us a mental attitude of detached action. Naturally, therefore, we reap neither good fruit for good deeds nor bad fruit for bad actions and our position is '*Padma-patram-iva ambasa* – lotus pod in the water, unscathed and unaffected. This is also in line with what is stated in Ishavasya Upanishad, '*Tena tyekhtena bhunjithah* - one should enjoy everything in a detached way.'

Shrimad Bhagvad Gita has described a

variety of fires and their respective items of oblations. There are our senses of hearing, seeing, smelling etc. These are given as oblation in the fire of restraint. These senses in their turn form a fire in which sense objects are offered as oblations. Self-control is another form of fire kindled by knowledge.



In this fire we offer all the actions of our senses and the functions of the life-giving breath as oblation. When oblation is offered into the sacred fire it is termed as '*yajna*' or sacrificial fire. The act is differently termed as '*yajna*', or '*homa*' or '*havana*'. The oblation is called '*aahuti*', the sacrificial fire is known as '*hutavaha*' and one who makes the offering is called '*hota*'. The nomenclature for the fire is significant in as much as it means '*the carrier of the oblations*'. The question is 'where does it carry the oblations and the offerings'. The answer given by our scriptures is simple, that it carries these offerings to the gods '*devatas*', to whom these substances belong. There is a variety of these sacrifices which we offer, the wealth, austerity, self-study, knowledge, extreme vows and self-denial and even yoga whereby the individual soul or '*jeevaatma*' gets merged with the universal soul '*paramaatma*'.

There is yet another type of sacrificial fire going on continuously without any break or let up in our lives. The inhaled air is offered as oblation into the fire of exhaled air and the exhaled air is offered into the fire of inhaled air. This sacrificial fire is kept kindled by those who are engaged in the regulation of the life-energy or life-essence called '*Prana*', by the exercise called '*pranayama*'. The knowledgeable who have mastered this technique treat the breath as fire as well as an oblation and are constantly engaged in this '*yajna-karma*'. This destroys all



their sins because this world, according to Shri Gita, is for those who perform these sacrifices and not for others. They partake of the remains of these offerings and then get merged with the Absolute *Brahman*. These all different types of yajnas emanate from actions and deeds and the realization of this fact liberates the knower. Although all the sacrifices are important yet they vary in the relative importance. Offering knowledge is naturally superior to any other offering of wealth etc. In fact all our actions are aimed at gaining knowledge or awareness. Once the awareness is attained we know the self and we know the Supreme, we know the creator, the creation and the relationship between the two. If the philosophy of dualism appeals to us we see the creator as a great painter or a sculptor and the creation as the paintings and sculptures drawn and carved by Him. If, on the other hand non-dualism convinces us, we see the creator as a '*Nataraja*', the great dancer and the creation as His dance or sport called '*Leela*'. This magnificent spectacle enralls us, bewilders us and leaves us awe-stricken where we say, '*Vasudevah sarvam-iti* - everything here verily is Vasudeva only.'

Shri Gita has gone still further in describing this monistic phenomenon apparent from the character of the cosmos. It says, '*Brahmaarpanam brahma havi brahmaagnau brahmana hutam, brahmaiva tena gantavyam brahma-karma samadhina* - the oblation is for Brahma, the oblation in itself is Brahma, Brahma only offers these into the fire, which also is Brahma. One who sees Brahma alone in this action attains Brahma.' This shloka describes the entire cosmos and its various functions as fires of different types. Even at mundane level we see the fires of different nature and different types in existence. When we feel hungry, the hunger erupts as fire and we satisfy it by giving food as oblation. When we are thirsty, the thirst burns as fire and the water that we drink to quench the thirst becomes an oblation. The passion, the lust, the zest, the vigour and

similar other feelings and emotions form different types of fire and are satisfied by different types of offerings. This act goes on incessantly, constantly and continuously and we get engaged in sacrificial fires and offerings, knowingly or unknowingly.

But fire is a good servant and a bad master. If we control it, regulate it, our life will remain on the track of righteousness, piety and purity. If, on the other hand, we allow it to overpower us, the journey of our life will go astray. It is, therefore, essential to understand each type of fire, identify it and select the right form of oblation for it to be satisfied. Take the case of desires, a very strong fire. This can be given an oblation of the desired object but that will satisfy it temporarily and then it will get rekindled in a big way. But, if we use contentment as an oblation the fire will subside permanently. Similarly the fire of hatred, malice, ill-will, enmity and jealousy needs an oblation of love, compassion, kindness, sympathy and goodwill so that the fire does not overpower us.

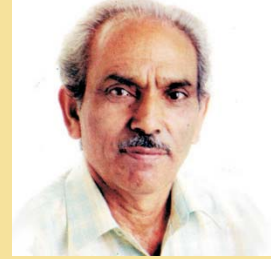
Shri Gita talks of yet another type of fire. '*Kama esha krodha esha rajoguna samudbhava*—The desire and the anger emanate from the attribute of passion'. We get into an unending syndrome of desires and lust. If these are satisfied the satiation is momentary or temporary. Again the fire erupts and makes us restless with redoubled lust and craving. If these are not satisfied or are partially satisfied we lose temper, get into a rage and the fire of anger overpowers us. Here again the oblation has to be changed to passivity with a detached mind, action without an eye on the fruit of it and a poised attitude towards the pairs of opposites, like success and failure, happiness and grief, gain and loss. Once we realise that we are neither the doers, nor the enjoyers and not even the possessors, this fire turns out to be mere academic and does not harm us as the oblation of our detachment keeps it satisfied all the time. For we have offered our ego, our ignorance and our haughtiness as oblation and are experiencing an everlasting bliss.





Wails - Prem Nath Shad

And I Left



Offering as sacrifice
All the small gatherings of a life-time
Under duress, at the altar of indifference
I left my home for ever,
All the heritage of faith and trust
I delivered back to them
And left
I did not know whom to trust.

Tears flowed apace
The heart cracked
I fed my hearth with its own blood
And I left my home.

Like taken unawares by fire
I left the doors open
I left, leaving windows unbolted
I don't know to whom I trusted the keys
You know I had to leave in haste
How would I know?

With hands folded
I entered the Puja room
Washed Shiv Lingam with milk
Offered him candy sugar cane
And bowing backward left.

I put a marigold garland round my cow
I fed her with a morsel of dry linseed
And left.

I tied the new born calf in a dry rope
I kissed its forehead
And left

Like a mother caressing her child
That is snatched from her.

In the early dawn stealthily I left
There was frost on the ground
And the wind was icy cold.

My breath got choked
My throat felt gagged as if in a chain
Just leaving,
I cast a last glance at my home
Bending askance my shoulders
From the narrow lane.

Fear, helplessness, apathy
Ruled the roost in Kashmir
These strengthened my resolve
And in despair I left.

I left my heavenly home
Most probably for ever.

(Translated from Kashmiri by R.N.Kaul)





Know Your Motherland - Zaan Archives

Cheshma Shahi

Cheshma Shahi or the 'Royal Spring', nearly 10 Kms. from Srinagar is the smallest garden laid amid the wooded Zabarwan Range by the Mughals. It was laid in the reign of emperor Shah Jehan by his governor Ali Mardan Khan in 1632 AD as a gift for Shah Jahan's son Dara Shikoh. The Garden has pure crystalline spring rising from the base of Zabarwan mountains. To its east is Pari Mahal where Dara Shikoh used to learn astrology and where he was later killed by his brother Aurangzaeb.

Spread over an acre of land, Cheshma Shahi Garden is 108 meters long and 38 meters wide. Garden's central feature is a square fountain pool fed by the water chute from the spring. The mineral water of the Spring is reputed for its curative properties. The Garden has varied and multi-hued flowers and is called the 'Nursery of Floriculture'. The garden presents Mughal architecture as used in different Mughal gardens. It has Iranian influence in its art and architecture and the design is based on the Persian gardens. Aldous Huxley has described the garden as 'architecturally the most charming of the gardens near Srinagar'. Located near Raj Bhawan (Governor's house) overlooking Dal Lake, the Cheshma Shahi garden remains open from March to November.

As the water from the Spring flows down

in terraces, it divides the garden into three sections, an aqueduct, waterfall and fountains. A two-storey Kashmiri hut stands at the first terrace which is the origin of the spring. The water then flows down through a water ramp (chadar) into the second terrace. The second terrace serves as a water pool and a large



Image : JKTDC

fountain stands at its centre. The water again flows down through a water ramp into the third terrace, which is a square five-fountain pool. It is the lowest pool at the entrance of the garden.

Chashme Shahi originally derives its name from the spring which was discovered by the great female saint of Kashmir, Rupa Bhawani, who was from the Sahib clan of Kashmiri Pandits. The family name of Rupa Bhawani was 'Sahib' and the spring was originally called 'Chashme Sahibi'. Over the years the name got corrupted and today the place is known as Chashme Shahi.



[Source: Jammu & Kashmir by Somnath Dhar ~ Wikipedia ~ JKTDC Literature]





Viewpoint - Prof R.N.Bhat

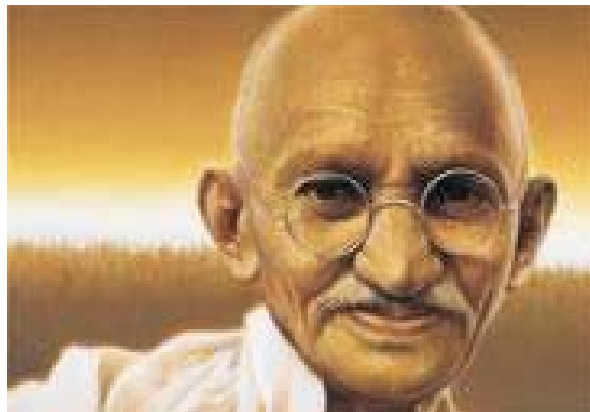
Gandhi - His Relevance in the Contemporary World

ABSTRACT: *The Gandhian strategy of mobilising people has been successfully employed internationally by many marginalized communities under the leadership of Martin Luther King in the United States, Nelson Mandela in South Africa, and Aung Saan Sun Kyi in Myanmar. Albert Einstein observed: "Generations to come will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth".*

The present essay presents a brief overview of Gandhian principles and attempts to support minor modifications therein in accordance with the time and space to build a strain-free and peace-loving, democratic, secure, fearless, crime-free society across the continents.



India has attracted people from across the continents for millenniums on account of her knowledge, culture, wealth and spiritualism. India is capable of guiding the world in the present epochs in accordance with the demand of space. In the present-day world, violence is being committed in the name of faith, retaliation, and hatred, hence, Gandhi's thought of non-violence [a-himsā] makes greater sense. Gandhi's thoughts and practice have provided guidance to millions of people who work for the freedom and justice of the oppressed humanity. In the following sections, an attempt will be made to present a brief outline of Gandhi's major principles without offering any critique thereof. Towards the end of the essay a couple of proposals have been put forward for an overall progress of humanity, and for the preservation of linguistic and cultural diversities across politico-geographic



boundaries.

Gandhi's Principles

Gandhi saw non-violence as a non-negotiable absolute. He called non-violence "the first article of my faith and the last article of my creed". His entire critique of civil society was premised on his belief that modern civilization was essentially based on violence and promoted violence. Indian civilization and its institutions had the potential to make a difference, he believed. His critique and the vision were both based on non-violence. Gandhi was not willing to put any cause above non-violence, not even the freedom of India. For him non-violence was an end in itself, for morality lay in non-violence. Non-violence, for Gandhi, was *dharma*. Such a position, however utopian it sounds, is the only one that can disrupt the cycle of violence. In it lies the agenda for mankind's survival. Gandhi's life, work and ideas are a



testimony of an ordinary human-being's experiments with "Truth, love and compassion"; and a demonstration of his rise from humble beginnings to the status of an international Icon of action. The study of Gandhi's writings is an exercise in evolving application of his ideas to new challenges and situations in the contemporary world. Gandhi was neither a philosopher nor a 'saint' yet he commands the respect of a 'saintly' individual who brought down the mighty British Empire by his steadfast 'truthfulness [satyāgraha = insistence on truth]', fearlessness, non-hurting [ahimsā], and love. The poet laureate Rabindranath Tagore hosted, at Shantiniketan, Gandhi and his South-African friends on his arrival to India from South Africa. It was here that the poet laureate addressed or referred to him as *Mahatma* [Great Soul]. Despite his protestations, the epithet stuck and Mohandas K. Gandhi came to be known/addressed as '*Mahatma*'. Gandhi and Tagore are the two towering figures of the 20th century India. (See Amartya Sen's *The Argumentative Indian*. Pp.91-93).

As a devout '*Vaishnava*', M.K. Gandhi, emphasized '*satya* [truth] and *ahimsā* [non-hurting]' -- the eternal, natural and the highest human values. Truth, he declares, is god. Gandhi's belief in "mutual- dependence of man's activities" and "unity of life", enabled him to emphasize the importance of non-hurting [*ahimsā*] and *satya* [truth]. Agehananada Bharati states that non-hurting [*a-himsā*] is the core in Gandhi's ideas whose

genesis as a moral precept comes down from the Mahabharata. The dictum, "*ahimsā paramodharmah*" (non-hurting is the supreme dharma) is a quotation from the *Mahābhārata* where Yudhishthira is the speaker, when asked what he regarded as moral law. Following *satya* and *ahimsā* maxims, Gandhi was able to induce courage and strength in the weakest of the weak and remorse in the hearts of the cruellest of the cruel. On account of his discipline, aspirations and belief that good exists in all humans, he honestly believed that one only has to awaken that good within. Kalpana in her essay on Gandhi's notion of maintaining ecological balance explains that the 'dharmic' notions of non-hurting, and truth



are a reflection of his understanding of natural harmony and mutual well-being or preservation of life-forms, both plant and animal. Gandhi was a strict vegetarian.

Gandhi demonstrated effectively that life could not be sub-

divided into social, economic, political and religious compartments because all human activities influence each other. For Gandhi, non- hurting is a pure value that is the best means to reach the Truth. He detested Capitalism because it is founded on heavy Industrialization, violence, exploitation and greed. Similarly, Communism as well as Socialism is supporter of heavy Industry, exploitation, violence and godlessness. God, for him is morality, truth, mutual-respect, care, and non-hurting. For Gandhi, *a-himsa* [non-hurting] is the only means to achieve Truth, and to achieve Truth, he declares, is the goal of one's life. Gandhi did not speak for India and



Indians alone. Like Gautama Buddha, his thought and action had the welfare of all human beings at the root of his mind-thought. He very vividly admits that his writings lack consistency because he has been experimenting with 'truth' at every moment. "In my search after Truth, I have discarded many ideas and learnt many new things. Old as I am in age, I have no feeling that I have ceased to grow inwardly or that my growth will stop at the dissolution of the flesh" [*Harijan*, 1940]. Gandhi's ideas, it is clear, have evolved over time, although his trust in truth and non-violence has been unwavering. Search of Truth adds dynamism to his thought and action; hence Gandhi's thought can be revisited and modified, where necessary, to make it suitable for the contemporary world.

Gandhi's simplicity:

Social scientists have observed that in order to identify with the deprived, illiterate, and poor masses of India and to defy the British Colonial rule, Gandhi wore a loin-cloth-- a sign of India's poverty. Gandhi returned from South Africa to India in 1915, he knew that clothing

could convey important messages, and he consciously chose to dress like an Indian peasant. Gandhi believed that revival of spinning *khādi* at home would not only generate employment for entire villages, but also build a psychological link with pre-colonial India where 'spinning of cloth' was one of the major home- industries, destroyed subsequently by the British¹. This was not only a political decision, but also an economic one. He wanted people to be self-sufficient and to take pride in recreating the industry that was once a cottage industry.



Gandhi's simple attire of loin cloth, wooden sandals, a bowl and a walking stick were the possessions of this saint-philosopher. Gandhi sought solutions to the problems of India by introspecting while fasting. Mahatma Gandhi's thoughts and practice can guide humanity in all departments of administration, education and socio-cultural life. He believed, and firmly so, that an awakened and free India can publicize message of peace and goodwill to the entire world.

Gandhi's Idea of 'Trusteeship'

Gandhi was against the use of property as a means for exploiting others. He detested 'idlers' and advised others to prevent the growth of idlers. He desired for every human-being a house to live in, proper food to eat and adequate clothes to cover the body. However, he supported hard-working and talented people to earn more. He advocated for lessening the gap between the rich and the poor. He expected the rich to use their talent and wealth for the betterment of the society as trustees.

Landlords and capitalists were expected to consider their property as a 'social trust' and use it in the interest of the society. If, however, any member of the propertied-class failed to accept the principle of trusteeship, Gandhi advocated use of non-violent, non-cooperation against him to establish social control over such property. Trusteeship was thus expected to give birth to a new egalitarian social order.

Village-Republic: Gandhi believed in self-sufficient *grāma* [village], as it existed in pre-



colonial India²; his philosophy of inclusive growth is fundamental to the building of a state. His emphasis on "production by the masses" rather than "mass production" is the central-note of his concept of the 'industrial revolution'. Contemporary technology can facilitate establishing small-scale and medium-scale factories in towns and remote corners of a country. Gandhi opposed centralised economy which, in his opinion, breeds capitalism and leads to economic exploitation of man by man and nation by nation. Gandhi stood for '*grām-swarājya*' self-governed, self-sufficient "*village-republic*" where each village would have small and cottage industries.

Gandhi's *Swadeshi* Movement was aimed at propagating the use of *Khādi* and other such local items. Gandhi favoured intensive farming on a small scale to protect human and cattle power from the competition of machines.

Gandhi's ideal was a federation of self-contained and self-regulated village communities. It was to work on the basis of peoples' voluntary and peaceful co-operation. Every village was to be considered a small republic, having a *panchāyat* with full powers. The members of *Panchāyat* were to be elected by the local-people who performed physical labour. *Panchāyats* were to have sufficient powers to run the administration of villages. District *panchāyat* members were to be elected indirectly by the members of the village *panchāyats*. Provincial/State government, above the District

Panchayats, was to be elected by the members of the district *panchāyats*. The

members of the Provincial/State Assemblies were required to elect the members of the Central government, the Supreme Executive with limited powers. Thus, the whole country was to be ruled by the people's *Panchāyats*. Gandhi was a strong votary of dignity of labour; he desired every individual to do physical-labour of one kind or the other to earn his/her bread. Mental-labour, he declared, must be a free service for the welfare of the society.

Physical-labour, like spinning, was to be done to earn bread, he desired. Judicial-system, he said, should go to the village-*panchāyat*. Criminals, he stated, should get

psychological treatment and education for leading a better life. Regarding legal justice, Gandhi stood for quick and inexpensive justice.

Gandhi sought unity of Faiths : In *Pakistan Or The Partition of India: Collection of Writings and Speeches* {1946}, Dr. BR Ambedkar accuses Gandhi of selective bias in favour of the people of Muslim-faith in order to

maintain Hindu-Muslim unity in pre-partitioned India. Dr Ambedkar writes: "Mr Gandhi has been very punctilious in the matter of condemning any and every act of [Muslim] violence and has forced the Congress, much against its will, to refrain from condemning it". He elaborates the accusation with the instances of the atrocities committed by the Moplas in Malabar, *Khilāfat*, and also the assassination of Rajpal, an author.

(To be continued)

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Ghulam Hassan Gulistani is a Kashmiri poet from Tral, Kashmir whose day job is with the Jammu & Kashmir Armed Police as a Senior Security Officer. He was discovered and encouraged to write poetry by Dr. O.N.Wakhlu when he (Gulistani) was assigned to Dr Wakhlu and Mrs. Khem Lata Wakhlu's security detail in the year 1995. Gulistani writes evocatively and has written a number of poems, many of which have been narrated on Radio Kashmir, Srinagar. The poem reproduced below, has been written by him for Dr. O.N.Wakhlu, a legend of his times.



अदबुक गाश - वखलू साँब

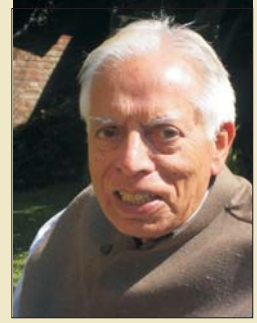
गुलाम हसन गुलिस्तानी

अँलिमुक तु अदबुक गाश ओस वखलू साँब
 वनय क्याह बु कूत यारुबाश ओस वखलू साँब
 वँशीरि हुंज़ स्यठाह माय, मोदुर ओस कलामाह
 तिहुंद मशवराह नोव अंदाज़ ओस वखलू साँब
 बु योद कैह ति प्रुछहख मगर राज़ ज़ॉनिथ
 सवालाह स्यठाह बोड, जवाब ओस वखलू साँब
 तिहुंज़ नँसीहथा ऑस मुर्रवथाह बदलय
 करान तॉलिबे अँलिमन स्यठाह खास वखलू साँब
 सु क्याह याद करन बुय, युस नु व्वन्य मे मशी ज़ांह
 करान ओस गरीबन आबाद वखलू साँब
 दपान ओस परुन गोछ, लेखुन गोछ यि कौशुर
 हेछिथ सुय हेछान ओस, सजान ओस वखलू साँब
 सबक योद लबख रुत, करुन याद सु इनसान
 करव रुत, वुछव जान, दपान ओस वखलू साँब
 स्यठाह ख्वश गछान ओस, बु योद जान करुहा
 लेखान ओस यि गुलिस्तान्य, परान ओस वखलू साँब
 अँलिमुक तु अदबुक गाश ओस वखलू साँब
 वनय क्याह बु कूत यारुबाश ओस वखलू साँब



About Dr. O.N.Wakhlu

Late Dr. Omkar Nath Wakhlu needs no introduction. He was Principal, REC (now NIT) Srinagar, Hon. Secretary of the Governing Board of Gandhi Memorial College, Srinagar, Member of the Board of Directors at IIT, Delhi, Member of the Advisory Committee of the Tehri Dam Project, Member of the Boards of Vishwa Bharati Women's Education Trust, National School, Kashyapa School and the Vasanta Girl's School in Srinagar. He has been a teacher, educationist and an institution builder par excellence. His academic brilliance was manifested through the Commonwealth Research Fellowship that he received, enabling him to study in Britain and be awarded a PhD from the University of Birmingham, UK. He was also awarded the Alexander Von Humboldt Research Professorship by Germany. He was recipient of the Khosla Award of the University of Roorkee, India.



Dr. Wakhlu left for his heavenly abode in December 2018.



काव्य - निगहत साहिबा نظم - نگہت صاحبہ



استعاره سفید مسٹک ژہار
پانہ پانس قصیدہ لیکھن چھے
इस्तेआराह सफेद मस्तुक छार
पानु पानस कसीदु लेखुन छुय
संगसारी बुंद ओस अके موسم
बियाके موسم ते ओ जहाउन चھے
संगसोरी हुंद ओस अख मोसम
ब्याख मोसम ति आव छावुन छुय
बुंगर फुटराव, कड न्यबर पांजेब
पनुनि कदु ओनु अख बनावुन छुय
बिले ते ژहारी خدا ली فلسفه
लونه सदरस सुन ते राउन चھے
येलि ति छारी खवदा लबी फलसफु
लोलु सँदुरस वसुन तु रावुन छुय



कमी ووٹे काली बाग जहाउन चھے ?
बुश कर मोजे पोशे आंगन चھے
कॅम्य वोन्युय कॉल्य बाग छावुन छुय
होश कर मोजि पोशि आंगुन छुय
जुद रंगो रे शिने तले निरुन
तापे सोनूक बुन ते प्रिज़न चھے
जुद रंगो जे शीनु तलु नेरुन
ताफ सोतुक बनुन तु प्रेज़लुन छुय
मिानी पाताल जेही जेहनी नुसरे
मिोन जेहम ठोपारी बाउन चھے
म्योन्य पाताल छी बुछिन्य नवि सरु
म्योन जहनम च्वपॉर्य हावुन छुय
यिहने जम जम वनके यमन नागन
प्रियेते पकन वोल त्रिश चाउन चھے
युथ नु जम जम वनख यिमन नागन
प्रेथ पकन वोल त्रेश चावुन छुय



काव्य - बशीर अत्हर जु गज़ल

नागन तु क्वलन शाम अज़ प्रेडान तिथय पॉठ्य
 बुतराथ दुयान नब ति अवेज़ान तिथय पॉठ्य
 मँज़िल ति तँती, वथ ति स्वय, पँद्य आख तिथय वँन्य
 क्याहताम गछान मेय बु छुस रावान तिथय पॉठ्य
 शोकस छु गोमुत सहवु अँकीदस छि मन्हमी
 नतु अज़ ति छुम वरदि ज़बान कुरान तिथय पॉठ्य
 शामे हब्श सिरियस छु ड्यकस प्यठ ति ज़ुचन सूर
 वँछ दॉर तिथय वँन्य तु कुठ प्यारान तिथय पॉठ्य
 तूफान ब्रेछान शहरकिस शहरस अँछन अंदर
 नोन बेयि छु द्रामुत गामु अज़ असमान तिथय पाठ्य
 कोफुक्य छि मंज़र नारुकी खंजर तु रूस्य वँट
 तस अरबु किस लालस वुछिम छांडान तिथय पाठ्य



गछ बोज़नावुख गाम तय शहार गज़ल म्योन
 अख मुन्फर्द अंदाज़ तय इज़हार गज़ल म्योन
 हस छि तरावठ तु अख संजीवुनी जिगुरस
 नँव ताज़ुगी फेरी छु साँदुरवार गज़ल म्योन

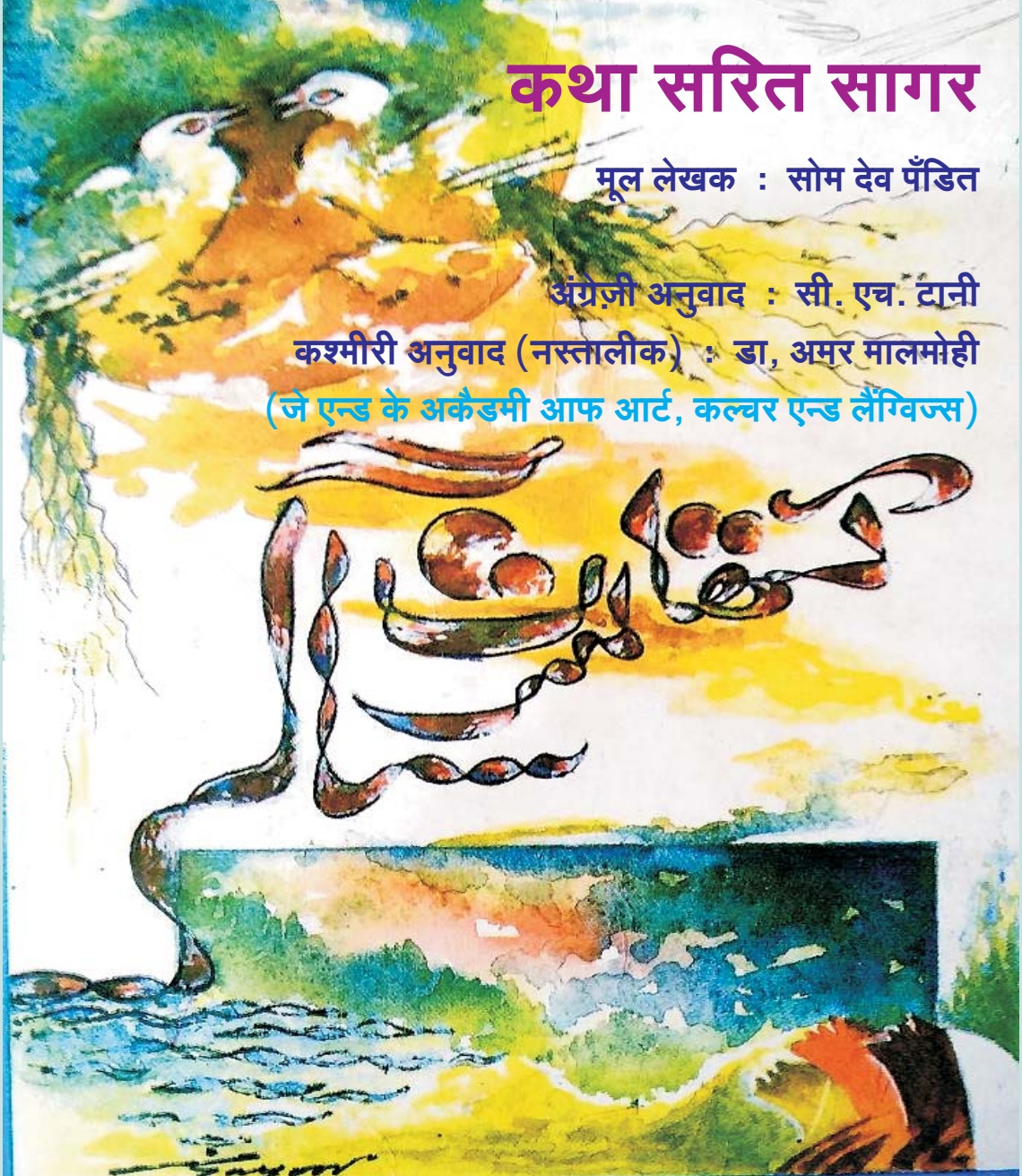
कलियुगकि सेकिस्तानु अंदर तापु त्रटन मंज़
 अख म्यूठ रँस्युल बोनि हुंद शेहजार गज़ल म्योन
 बंगॉल्य चेशमन हुंज़ छे मस्ती लोलुकी सागर
 महबूब्य वुठन हुंद मोदुर कुमजार गज़ल म्योन

अरफातुकी सागर छि वुज़ान ज़न तु वेरीनाग
 मखमँल्य फर्श ईरानुकी सब्ज़ार गज़ल म्योन
 रहमान रॉही, कॉमिलस, राज़स च़े तुलुथ हज़
 च़ारुन अगर कँह नोव च़े छुय तेलि च़ार गज़ल म्योन



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कथा सरित सागर

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पण्डित

अंग्रेज़ी अनुवाद : सी. एच. टानी

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

देवनागरी-कश्मीरी रूप : म. क. रैना, मुम्बई



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कथा सरित सागर - ५

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

कॉशुर अनुवाद (नस्तालीक) : डा. अमर मालमोही ●●● देवनागरी रूफ : म.क.रैना

पनुनिस हमसायि संज़ी आशनि प्यठ बद् नज़र थवन वॉल्य तिम च्वशुवय नफर आयि जलायिवतन करनु तु सॉरिसुय जादादस कोरुनख राज़न कुर्क। ऑखुर कुस बद् यखलाक छु पवलान ? उपाक्वशि द्युत राज़न स्यठाह यनाम तु वोनुनस 'अँज्यकि योर छख चु मे बेनि। वर्शन तु उपवर्शन बूज़ यि दँलील तु तिमन फोल जिगर। प्रथ काँसि रुतिस इनसानस सपज़ ख्वशी।

अथ दौरान ओसुस बु सख तपस्या करान। पार्वती हुंद सॉमी तु म्योन इष्टदेव बगवान शिव गव ख्वश तु तँम्य वँन्य मे ग्रैमरुक्य तिम असूल यिम तँम्य पानुनीयस वँन्यमुत्य ऑस्य। बगवान शिवु संज़ि मरज़ी मुताँबिक दिच मे तिमन तरतीब तु तफसीर। शादाब सपदिथ वोतुस गरु वापस। थकुन बास्योम नु रछ ति तिक्याज़ि मे ओस चंद्रशेखर संज़ि वॉनी हुंद अमृत चोमुत। गरु वॉतिथ वँर मे माजि तु ग्वरस पादन पूजा तु तिमन निश बूज़ मे उपाक्वशि हुंज़ दँलील। हॉरॉनी तु शादमॉनी सुत्य फोलुम जिगर तु पनुनि आशनि खॉतरु बासेयम लोलु मन्कल वुहान।

म्यॉन्य गुरु वर्शन वोन मे नोव व्याकरन बोज़ुनावनु खॉतरु तु म्यान्यव वुठव लोग यि क्वमार पानु बोज़ुनावुनि। व्वन्य प्रुछ व्यादी तु यँद्रदत्तन पनुनिस गुरु वर्शस जि तिम क्या दिन तस गुरु

दक्षना। तँम्य वोनुख 'मे दियिव दँह लछ मोहरु। तिमव मोन तु वोनुख मे 'चु व्वलु असि सुत्य। अँस्य गछव राज़ नंदस तु तस मंगव दक्षना तिक्याज़ि, बेयि कति बनन दँह लछ मोहरु ? राज़ नंदस छे नमुनमथ करोर मोहरु। बेयि छे तँम्य चॉन्य आशेन्य वारियाह ब्रॉह बेनि बनावमुच। यिथु वँन्य छुख चु तस बेम। असि ति गछि चानि खॉरातु मुश्किल हल।'

अँस्य त्रेशुवय ग्वरुबॉय द्रायि तु गँयि अजोद्यायि योत अमि विज़ि राज़ नंद गोमुत ओस। मगर युथुय अँस्य ओर वॉत्य, राज़ नंद गव मँरिथ। सॉरिसुय प्रजायि मंज़ वोथ वावेला तु अँस्य गँयि ना-व्वमेद। यँद्रदत्त ओस योग ज्ञानान। तँम्य वोन मे जि अचि म्वरदु राज़ सुंदिस मँरिस मंज़ तु बु करु तँमिस दरखास तु सु दियि मे स्वनु मोहरु। तीतिस कालस करि व्यादी तँम्यसुंदिस बदनस रॉछ योताम सु अथ मंज़ वापस यियि। यि फॉसलु वँरिथ चाव यँद्रदत्तुन रुह राज़ नंदुनिस मँरिस। येलि राज़ जिंदु गव, सॉरी लुख गँयि ख्वश। व्यादी रूद अँकिस प्रॉनिस मंदुरस मंज़ यँद्रदत्तुनिस मँरिस रॉछ तु बु गोस राज़स निश। अंदर अँचिथ कोरुमस नमस्कार तु दँह लछ मोहरु दिनु खॉतरु वोनुमस युथ बु गोरस दक्षना ह्यकु दिथ। तँम्य वोन वँजीर शक्तलस मे मोहरु दिनु खॉतरु। वँजीरस गव शख तिक्याज़ि राज़ ओस मँरिथ जिंदु गोमुत तु



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साँयिलस ओस यकदम ति म्यूलमुत, येमि खॉतर तँम्य दरखास कोरमुत ओस। वँज़ीर शक्तल ओस ऑकुल तु ऑकुल क्वसु कथ छुनु सनजान? वँज़ीरन वोन 'बु करु आज्ञा पूर।' मगर पानस सुत्य लोग साँचुनि 'अस्ल राज़ नंदुन नेचुव छु ल्वकुट तु प्रथ तरफ़ छि दुश्मन ऑस वाहराँविथ। म्यानि खॉतर छु यी बेहतर जि अँम्यसुंद यि शरीर थवु बु फिलहाल तख्तस अँथ्य मूजूद हालतस मंज़।' यि इरादु वँरिथ द्युत तँम्य होकुम जि साँरी म्वरदु शरीर गछन ज़ालनु यिन्य। प्रथ तरफ़ सूज़िन म्वरदु छांडनु खॉतर जोसूस। यँद्रुदत्तुन शरीर ति आव लबनु। व्यादी मंदरु मंज़ु न्यबर वँडिथ ज़ोलुख यि शरीर ति। हुपॉर्य कोर राज़न मोहरु दिनस चार मगर शक्तलन वोननुस 'महाराज साँरी छि तुहँदिस जिंदु गछनस प्यठ शाँद्यानु करान तु साँरी मुलाँजिम छि खुशी सुत्य मस। यि ब्रह्मन प्रॉरिन तु बु दिमु अँमिस म्वहरु। अँथ्य मंज़ आवव्यादी ब्रह्मन ति तु कोरुन बडि हटि पँरियाँद्य 'राज़, मे वँरिव सहायता। अँकिस ब्रह्मनु सुंद मोर, युस योग साधुनायि मंज़ ओस तु येमि सुंज़ जिंदुगी वुनि बाक्यु ऑस, आव जबरन ज़ालनु। महाराज, यि बे-इन्साँफी सपुज़ तुहँदिस दौरस मंज़।' यि बूज़िथ गव नकली राज़नंदस (यँद्रुदत्तस) अँदुरी गाँयिलु तु कथ ति फूरस नु। येलि शक्तलस बोज़ुन तोग जि यँद्रुदत्त हेकि नु व्वन्य सु शरीर त्राँविथ, तँम्य दिचु मे दँह लछ मोहरु।

योगानंदन याने यँद्रुदत्तन वोन ल्वति पाँठ्य व्यादी ब्रह्मनस 'अफसूस, जि ब्रह्मन ऑसिथ बन्योस बु चंडाल। यि साँरुय राज़सी छे म्यानि खॉतर बे-

मतलब।' यि बूज़िथ द्युत तस व्यादीयन तसली तु वोननुस 'शक्तलस छु चानि असलियँच हुंद पय लोगमुत। येति योर वँर्यजि एहतियात तिक्याजि सु छु ऑकुल। येलि तस मोकु मेलि, सु करी च़े खत्म तु बनावि राज़ नंदुनिस नेचिविस राज़। च़ु बनवुन वरारुची पनुन मंत्री युथ सु पनुनि अक्लि चॉन्य हकूमत बिलकुल पायदार बनावि।' यि वँनिथ द्राव व्यादी म्वहरु ह्यथ पनुनिस गुरुहस दिनु खॉतर तु योगानंदन बनोवुस बु पनुन वँज़ीर। मे वोन तस 'योदवय चोन ब्रह्मन दरजु खत्म सपुद, मगर मे छुनु तोताम चोन तख्त महफूज़ बासान योतान्य शक्तल येति छु। जान रोज़ि यि कुनि हीतु खत्म करुन।' अमि पतु बोर शक्तल योगानंदन कँदिलस तँम्य सुंद्य हथ नेचिव्य ह्यथ तिक्याजि तस प्यठ ओस अख ब्रह्मन जिंदय ज़ालनुक जुरुम ऑयिद सपुदमुत। तिमन सारिनय ऑस प्रथ दूह अख वुश्कु कवुल्य तु अख त्रेशु कवुल्य दिनु यिवान। अवु मूजुब वोन शक्तलन पनुन्यन नेचिव्यन 'अख इनसान ति हेकि नु यथ ख्यनस प्यठ जिंदु रूज़िथ, असि सारिनय हुंज़ छेनु कथुय। अमि किन्य छयस बु यछान जि यि वुश्कु ख्यवन खेयि असि मंज़ सिर्फ सु अख युस योगानंदस बदलु हेकि ह्यथ।' तँम्य सुंद्यव नेचिव्यव वोन यक ज़बान सपदिथ मॉलिस 'तोही यॉत्य हेकिव तस बदलु ह्यथ, अवु मूजुब वाति त्वही यि ख्यन ख्यथ जिंदु रोज़ुन।' व्वन्य ओस शक्तल कुनुय ज़ोन दूहय ख्यन ख्यवान तिक्याजि गॉरत मंदन छु जिंदुगी खोतु बदलु ज़्यादु टोट आसान। शक्तल रूद पनुन्यन फाकु फरि नेचिव्यन हुंद मरुन वुछान तु पानस सुत्य साँचान 'यस



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इनसानस ति पनुन रुचर टोठ आसि, तस पजि नु काँसि बलवानस ज्ञानुनु तु पछ परवानु रोस्तुय तु तँम्य संजि मरज़ी खलाफ सोंचनु रोस्तुय कैह करुन।' तँम्य संजन अँछन ब्रौह कनि गँयि तँम्य संद्य नेचिव्य मरान तु पोतुस रुस सु कुनुय ज़ोन यिमान अँड्यजि क्रंजन मंज। यपौर्य गव यूगानंद पनुन्य मूल डाखुरावान। व्यादी ब्रह्मनन दिच ग्वरस दक्षना तु कैह काल गँछिथ आव यूगानंदस निश। 'म्यानि मेत्रु, चोन राज रुजिन मूजूद मगर मे दि व्वन्य वखसथ। मे छु तपस्या करनि नेरुन।' यि बूजिथ आव यूगानंदस ओश तु तँम्य वोनस 'मे निश रोज़ तु म्यानि राज़सी तुल लुत्फ।' व्यादी ब्रह्मनन वोनस 'राज़, जिंदुगी हुंद कुस बोरुसु छु ? कुस ऑकुल रावुरावि पनुन्य जिंदुगी ख्वखुर्यन ऑशन पत ? ऑश तु ख्वशहॉली छु अख सराब यिम गाटल्यन दोखु छि दिवान।' यि वँनिथ द्राव सु तपस्या करनि। अमि पतु गव यूगानंद पाटलीपुत्र पनुनि राज़दानि। बु तु सोरुय फौज गव तस सुत्य। व्वन्य ऑस मे ति काँफी ख्वशहॉली तु अँथ्य हालुतस मंज रुदुस बु वारियाहस कालस। उपाक्वश ऑस मे रंजुवान। बु ओसुस राज़स महामंत्री तु म्यॉन्य मॉज तु म्योन गुरु ऑस्य मे सुत्य। माता गंगा ऑस म्यानि साधुनायि सुत्य ख्वश सपदिथ मे बे-शुमार दौलथ दिवान। सरस्वती ऑस पानु मे सलाह मशवरु दिवान।

वरारुची संज दँलील :

हनि हनि बन्याव योगानंद वासुनायि हुंद दास तु अकिस यॉग्य हँस्य संद्य पाँठ्य लूर्य तँम्य साँरी बेरु बँठ्य। हंगु मंगु अँमीरी कस डालि नु काँड्य ? यि वुछिथ लोगुस बु पानस सुत्य सोंचुनि। 'राज़ छु

अय्यॉशी मंज यीरु गोमुत। बु छुस राज़ काम्यन मंज त्यूत आवुर गोमुत जि पनुनिस नित्यकर्मस ति छम नु फुर्सथ यिवान। मे छु बासान, बु त्रावुनावन शक्तल यलु तु बनावन सु वँज़ीर तु पनुन साँथी। अगर सु मे खलाफ ति रोज़ि, तोति क्याह करि मे योताम बु महामंत्री छुस।' यि फॉसलु कँरिथ ह्योत मे राज़स इजाज़थ तु शक्तल त्रावनोवुम यलु। ब्रह्मन छु नर्म आसान तु बुदिमान ति। ज़ीरक शक्तलस तोग बोजुन जि योताम बु महामंत्री ओसुस, तोताम हैकिहे नु सु यूगानंदस तख्तु प्यठु वॉलिथ। तमि किन्य पजि तस वाव वुछिथ नाव त्रावन्य तु इन्तिकामु खॉतरु किनि जान विजि प्रारुन। म्योन मॉनिथ मोन तँम्य मंत्री बनुन तु राज़ काम्यन हुंद बार रोटुन पानस प्यठ।

अकि दूह गँयि दँलील जि राज़ द्राव शहर न्यबर तु गंगायि मंज वुछुन अख अथु व्वदुनी यथ पांचुवय ऑंगुजि म्वठ वँटिथ अअसु। तँम्य प्रुछ मे जि अम्युक माने क्याह ओस ? मे हावि अथस कुन योरु ज़ु ऑंगुजि तु अथु गव गॉब। राज़स गव स्यठाह ताँजुब। मे प्रुछुन जि अम्युक मतलब क्याह ओस ? मे द्युतुस जवाब 'यि अथु ओस पनुनि पाँछ ऑंगुजि वँटिथ यि वनान जि अगर पाँछ नफर रलन, तिम क्याह ह्यकन नु कँरिथ। राज़, मे वोनस योरु ज़ु ऑंगुजि हॉविथ जि अगर ज़ु इनसान ति अकी खयालु आसन, तिम ति ह्यकन खबर क्याह कँरिथ।' राज़ गव यि प्रँच तु अम्युक जवाब बूजिथ ख्वश मगर शक्तल गव परेशान तिक्याज़ि तस बास्यव जि तस खॉतरु ओस नु मे माथ द्युन सँहल।

(क्रमशः)





Grandma's Stories

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

शुर्य आयि बराबर वख्तस
प्यठ। काकन्य जिगुर ति
ऑस तैयारय। राथ ऑस
तमि शुर्यन बोज़ुनॉवमुच
मनुट्य तु पांजुव सुंज कथ
अंग्रीज्यस मंज़। अँजिच
कथ ऑस कॉशिरिस मंज़।
कथि हुंद नाव छु
बद ख्वाँही। शुर्य बीठ्य
घान दिथ बोज़नि।



बद ख्वाँही

दपान पथ कालि ऑस अँकिस कावस तु चरि
पानुवॉन्य सख यारज़। अख अँकिस निश युन गछुन,
यिकुवट्ट फेरुन थोरुन, अँदर्युम सीर बावुन तु ओरु
योर लोल बावुन ओस युहुंद आदत बन्योमुत। चँर
ऑस साफ दिल, नेक नियत तु कुनि दगाँयी वरॉय।
यि दिलस ओसुस ती ओसुस ज़ेवि ति। अमा कावस
मुतलिक छुख वोनमुत 'काव हय छँल्यज्यन सज़

साबुने, कावस कृहन्यार चलि नो ज़ांह'। सु ओस
अवय अँमिस चरि कुनि नतु कुनि बहानु ख्योन यछान।
विज़ि विज़ि ओस पानस सुत्य सॉचान ज़ि यि चँर किथु
पॉठ्य वातुनावन हकुबल? अँम्य सुंद यि नर्म नर्म तु
मज़दार माज़ कर तु कमि तँरीकु ख्यमन। योहय
खयाल ह्यथ द्राव दूहु अकि हर्दु कालस अंदर चँर ह्यथ
सॉलस। पहर जोराह कोरुख कोहन तु नालन, वीरि



वारन, पोशि मर्गन तु जंगलन हुंद यड बॅरिथ सॉल। येलि व्वं सॉल करान करान थॅकिथ पेयि, वॅथ्य अँकिस मॉदानस मंज। अति ऑस्य अँक्य ग्रीस्य बायि मर्चुवांगन तापस त्रॉव्यमुत्य, यिमन हुंद व्वजुजार अँछ नाटु ओस करान। कावन दोप यिमु मर्चुवांगन वुछिथ चरि कुन 'वुछ यिम व्वजुल्य नार हिव्य मर्चुवांगन क्याह छि दिल निवान। दपान छुस, अकि अकि ख्यमहख।' यि बूजिथ वँछुस चॅर 'अवु, बु ति छस यिम अकि अकि खेन्य यछान। युहुंद यि व्वजुजार कोताह छुम ख्वश करान।' दर जवाब वोथुस काव 'हतय चॅरी, कोताह अपुज छख वनान? चोन ताकथ छा यिम मर्चुवांगन खेन्य।' पनुनि साफ दिली तु स्यज़र पज़र सुत्य वोननस चरि 'अगर म्योन बितुर छुनु, अमा चानि बापथ हा ख्यमख अकि अकि।' 'नाय च़ नय ह्यकख नु ओड ति ख्यथ' काव वोथुस तोर। दुबार वोननस चरि 'कावु बबा! चानि म्वखु पेय तन मे कॅह ति करुन।'

अलुय, चरि खेया पतु तिम मरचुवांगन। तस मा लोग ट्योठ?' वोन पिंकी।

'ती बूजिव।' वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

काव ओस दर अस्ल चरि व्वटि अनुन यछान। सु वोथुस 'तलु बी कर तु तेलि बिस्मिल्लाह। मगर शर्त छुय यी जि च़ योदवय ज़ुय त्रेय ह्यकख ख्यथ, चॉन्य तु म्यॉन्य दोस्ती रोज़ि वाँसन काँयिम। हरगाह अथ शर्तस प्यठ वुतरख नु तेलि हा बी ख्यमथ।'

काव सुंद गुप्तार बूजिथ तु खोट नेथ वुछिथ तोर चरि फिकरि जि कावु बबस छे बद खॉही वुनु वॉजमुन्न। कोठि हुंदिस माज़स प्यठ छुस तवय टोर प्योमुत। अमा करिहे क्याह? स्व ऑस कौल दिथ

गॉमुन्न।

'कौल द्युन क्याह गव?' प्रुछ बेय शुर्य।

'कौल द्युन गव वादु करुनु यिथु पाँठ्य अँस्य छि काँसि सुत्य वादु करान।' वोनस काकन्य जिगरि।

चरि ऑस्य ब्रॉटुय कावस सुत्य यारज़ वरतावनुक्य दम स्यठाह दित्यमुत्य। यिथु तिथु लॉगिन मर्चुवांगन खेन्य। मगर वुनि ओसुन नु बिचारि ओड ति ख्योमुत जि वॉलिंजि प्योस वेह। कावस कुन वँछु खूच्य खूच्य 'कावु बबा! म्यॉन्य ना छनु बाथ। वॉलिंजि हा प्योम ज़हर।' सु तावन ज़द ति ओस च़कि यी यछान। तस आव बहानय अथि तु बडि हटि वोथुस 'शर्त हबी हूरुथ। वन क्याह छु व्वन्य सलाह। व्वथ पनुन कौल अन बजाह।' च़र योदवय कम पायि ति ऑस, मगर बेयि तर्फु ऑस स्यठाह गाटुज। दर जवाब वँछुस 'कावु बबा! च़ मा गाबर। बु हा छस पनुनिस कौलस प्यठ काँयिम। अमा च़ यितु ग्वडु दॅरियावु प्यठ पनुन्य यि नापाक च़ॉछ छॅलिथ, ति क्याजि वुमरि छुय मोकरुय सौकरुय ख्योमुत।' काव वोथुस 'यि क्वसु कथ छि? बु हय गछु वुडव दिथ वुन्य दॅरियावस प्यठ तु यिमु चाने कौलु पनुन्य नापाक च़ॉछ छॅलिथ।' चरि वोननस 'अदु क्या गछु दवान दवान। बु छसय येती प्रारान।' चरि तिकु तिकु ख्यनुकि नीतु द्राव कावु बब दॅरियावस कुन वुडव दिथ। दॅरियावस निश वॉतिथ कॅरुन तस आब थॉबाह दिनु खॉतर ज़ॉरी। दॅरियाव वोथुस 'गोबराह! आब निनुच क्याह सँबील छय च़े निश? कुनि अनतु बानु खँडाह शानु खँडाह। अदु यूताह च़े आब गछी, त्यूताह नितु।' काव गव मायूस तु वोननस 'यि बानु कति बन्यम?' 'सु हा बनी गोबराह क़ालु बाँयिस निश।', दॅरियावन वोनस तोर। यि



बूज़िथ द्युत कावन वुडव तु वोत क्रालस निश। काव वुछिथ वोथ क्राल तस कुन 'काव बब किथु वॅन्थ अज़ योर लोगमुत?' सु वोथुस 'हाजथाह अख लोगुम च्ने निश।' 'कुस सना हाजथ', क्राल वोथुस योर। दोपुनस 'मे छु दॅरियावु प्यठ आबु थॉबाह अनुन, तु तमे खॉतरु दितम कांह बानाह।' यि बूज़िथ द्युतुनस क्रालन जवाब जि 'बु हबा दिमुहय चश्मन हुंदि रतु, यि क्वसु कथ ऑस? अमा मे छय राथुय च्नेचि हुंज़ लथ फुटमुन्न। हां, अम्युक क्युल हा क्युल, सु छुम खारस निश संबालनु खॉतरु त्रोवमुत। तु येलि सु शीरिथ संबॉलिथ दियि, अदु ह्यकु बु बानु बठु दुबारु बनॉविथ। च्नु गछतु खारु बबस निश तु तस वनतु म्योन तु पोत खोरे अनतु च्नेचि हुंद क्युल तोर।' कावन द्युत यि बूज़िथ वुडव तु वोत खारस निश। सलामाह वॅरिथ कोरनस अर्ज़ जि 'खारु बबा, चॉनिस वानस प्यठ छु क्रालु यारन पनुनि च्नेचि हुंद क्युल संबालनु बापथ त्रोवमुत। तॅमी सूज़नस च्ने निश सु निनु खॉतरु।' सु वोथुस 'चे क्याह छुय क्युल निथ पतु करुन?' काव वोथुस, 'छुख ना बोज़ान! मे छु च्नेरि हुंदि बापथ चॉठ साफ करुन। तमि म्वखु छुम आब दरकार, युस बु दॅरियावु प्यठ अनु। मगर तथ क्युत गछ्यम बानु आसुन युस क्रालु बोय बनॉविथ दियि।

खार वोथुस यि लॉल बोज़नु पतु 'दोस्ताह! बु हसॉ तावु हॉ वान। अमा मे छु नु त्योंगलाह शॉगलाह कॅह ति। च्नु कर कौमाह, कुनि दि त्योंगुल अॅनिथ, अदु ह्यकय फटोफट क्युल बनॉविथ दिथ।'

काव गव यि बूज़िथ मोयूस। दोपुन च्नेर आसि बिचॉर प्रारान प्रारान थॅचमुच। तु स्व आसि म्यान्यन वतन वुछान।

ह्यमथाह वॅरिथ द्राव काव तु दितुन त्योंगुल अननु बापथ गाम कुन वुडव। अति वुछिन बुजि माजि हुंज़ि पॅहरि मंज़ु दुह नेरान। दोपुन अगर त्योंगुल बनि तु अॅती बनि। ऑखुर वोत बुजि माजि निश। लोलु हॅन्न सलामाह वॅरनस। वॅछुस बुडु मॉज 'गोबरस क्याह गछि? अज़ कति यॅन्न कौल्य योर कुन लोगमुत।' कावस पेयि बुजि माजि निश सॉरुय दास्तान बावन्य। स्व वॅछुस 'गोबराह! च्ने हय बु त्योंगुल दिमय, निख कथ मंज़?' कावस ऑस बद खॉही तमि विज़ि पूर वुतल वॉजमुन्न। सु ओस तमि विज़ि च्नेरि माज़ुय च्नेरि माज़ खॉब्य मॅज़्य वुछान। तवु किन्य ओसुस नु द्यमाग ति कौम करान। सॉचनय समुजनय दार्यन त्योंगुल निनु म्वखु पखु बुजि माजि कुन। तमि त्रोवुस नारु क्रोछाह अख पखन प्यठ तु त्रोवुन वुडव दिथ खारु वान कुन रव। अमा वुनि ओस तावन ज़द खारु सुंदिस वानस प्यठ वातुनय जि हवसुक्य नारन त्रॉवुस वुछान वुछान च्नुन्य वॅरिथ तु यिथु पॉठ्य वॅछ च्नेरि काव सुंदि शरु निशि थफ।

कथ बूज़िथ द्रायि शुरुय वापस तु काकन्य जिगरि हेच शॉगुनुच सखर करुन्य।



Contact author at:
rainamk1@yahoo.co.in



Your Own Page - Ashwaq Masoodi

Ashwaq Masoodi gets Nieman Fellowship:

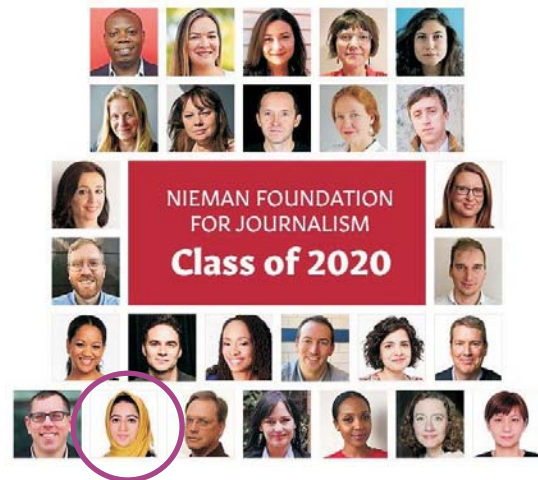
Ashwaq Masoodi, the journalist from Kashmir working at Mint, has been awarded the Nieman Fellowship at Harvard University. She is one among 27 Nieman Fellows who have been awarded Fellowship by the Nieman Foundation for Journalism under which they will attend two semesters at Harvard University starting September 2019. She will participate in Nieman seminars, workshops, master's classes and conduct research with Harvard scholars, among others. Ashwaq will also explore ways to battle stereotypes and improve media reporting on Muslims, the largest religious minority in India. Other selected journalists are from Australia, Lebanon, Niger, Turkey, China, Russia, Zimbabwe, Hungary besides from nine different US States and Washington DC.



Ashwaq has been working in Mint since August 2013 and specialises in long stories on the lives of marginalised communities, gender and society. The Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard educates leaders in journalism and elevates the standards of the profession through special programmes that convene scholars and experts in all fields. Ashwaq hails from Srinagar and is the only Indian journalist figuring in the Nieman Fellowship List for 2020. She is a Fulbright scholar of Columbia University and also recipient of Ramnath Goenka Award (2016), India's top award in journalism by Indian Express Group.

Ashwaq Masoodi is the youngest sibling of Dr. Rafeeq Masoodi, former Additional DG, Doordarshan and Secretary, J&K Cultural Academy, a cultural activist and a renowned journalist. Dr. Masoodi is himself a recipient of many national and international awards including Sahitya Academy Award.

Congratulations Ashwaq Masoodi





New Publications

Dina Nath Nadim's two new books released

मादरे कश्मीर

दीना नाथ नादिम



काँशिर ओपेरा

दीना नाथ नादिम

'मादरे कश्मीर' मंज़ु अख नज़ुम

दिलाज़ारो, निगारो, राज़दारो
 चु यिज़िहे यूर्य साथा नवबहारो
 'बु वुछिहय हरनु चेश्मन रोगि रोगे'
 बु करुहय दूरि दूरे टाठुन्यारो
 बु थवुहय आलुविथ यिम लाल पनुनी
 बु करुहय गर्दि पानस जुव निसारो
 चु वुछुहख हाल क्याह गोम बालु पानस
 बु वनुहय राज़ पनुनी राज़दारो
 च़े छारान म्यॉन्य अरमान नाव हेय हेय
 हँसीनो, हांचलो, ब्रम बाँज्यगारो
 कनन गँय ना वनन मंज़ु म्यॉन्य आलव
 बेआरो, हा बेआरो, हा बेआरो
 दिलाज़ारो, निगारो, राज़दारो
 चु यिज़िहे यूर्य साथा नवबहारो

Two books of **Dina Nath Nadim** have recently come in the market. Books are **मादरे कश्मीर** and **काँशिर ओपेरा**

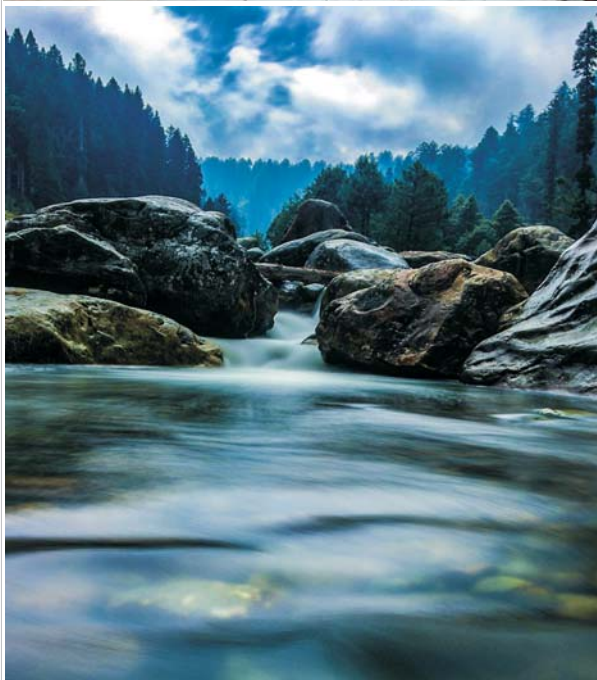
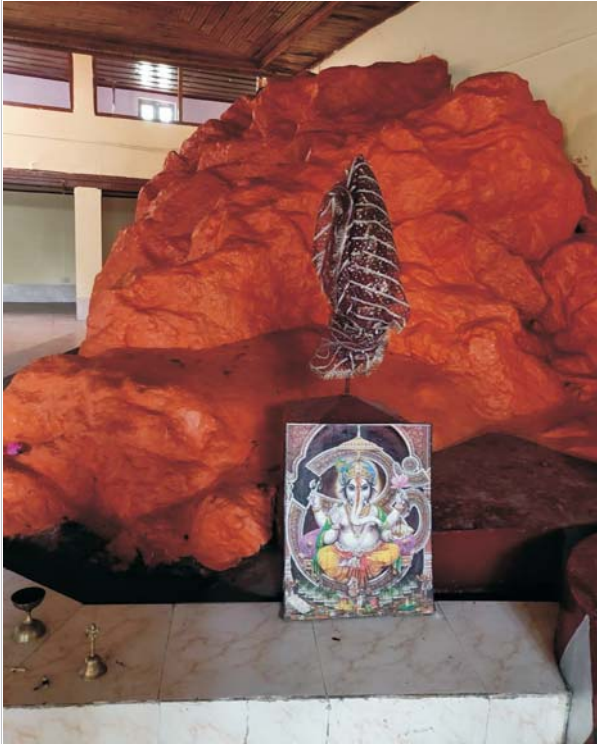
Publishers: Utpal Publications,
 R-22, Khaneja Complex,
 Main Market, Shakarpur,
 Delhi 92. Ph: 9818447636

Books can be had from:

Vijay Kaul, Ahinsa Kaul
 A-33, Sector 53, Noida 201301
 Cell: 9810041628, 9953313218



Photo Feature



Top left & right : Ganesh Temple, Devi Angan, Sgr.

Images Courtesy : Suriender Kachroo

Above : Peer Panchal Range

Image Courtesy : Posh Nool

Left: Yusmarg, Bugam.

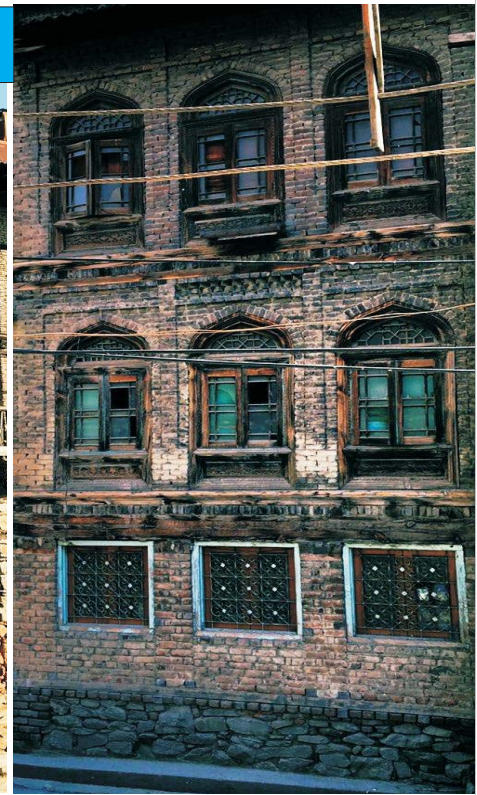
Image Courtesy : Aquib Insha



Photo Feature



Unrelenting architecture of Srinagar old city.
Images Courtesy : Asif Iqbal Burza





Letters to Editor

Dear Editor,

As usual an excellent edition. Pragaash is not only informative about our culture, but also has high quality of layout and finish. Congratulations to you @rainamk1 for the zeal with which you make this happen.

Suren Tiku**Pune**

@surentiku



visit my village in Kashmir after a span of almost 30 Years and have captured my thoughts in my blog, Can you include it in the next edition, if you believe it's good enough to share with larger community. Best Regards

Nirmal Bhatt**Malaysia**

nirmalsbhatt@yahoo.com



Editor's Note

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

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

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

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

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

Articles can be e-mailed to

rainamk1@yahoo.co.in**Dear Editor,**

I read entire journal except Hindi pages due to language issue. Highly appreciable job.

Javid Bandy**Budgam, Kashmir**

@javidbanday

**आदरणीय पण्डित महाराज कृष्ण रैना जी,**

नमस्कार। प्रागाश में मेरी लिखी हुई कविता 'नवरेह छु सोन' का प्रकाशन करने के लिये धन्यवाद। आपको यह स्वयं टाइप भी करनी पड़ी, यह आपकी उदारता है। डा. रैना की ओर से नमस्कार एवं शुभ कामनाएं। सविनय।

जया सिबू रैना**Namaskar Raina Ji,**

Thank you again for sharing this month's copy of Praagaash, enlightening as always.

I had the opportunity to

