



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

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प्रागाश  
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Praagaash  
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**Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture**



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

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## Editorial

The COVID-19 does not seem to be sparing us anytime soon. Though the scientists world over are busy working on development of an effective vaccine, we can only pray to Almighty and hope for the best. Doctors, medical staff and para medical personnel are busy fighting the pandemic, working beyond their means, only to let us live. Our sincere tributes to all of them, as also to those working on essential services to keep all of us going. We salute all of them.



Praagaash is progressing day by day in terms of readership which is evident from the mails, posts and messages received from readers, some of which are included in the ‘Letters to Editor’ pages. We are thankful to them. We reiterate our appeal to our readers, authors and columnists to contribute to Praagaash by way of write-ups. We accept articles on Kashmir’s History, Geography, Language, Culture, Historical Monuments, Great Personalities, Rites & Rituals and all that connected to our motherland. We do not entertain or publish articles which are hateful towards a person, tribe, caste or community.

Praagaash is also available now at [mkraina.com/category/praagaash/](http://mkraina.com/category/praagaash/) in addition to the KPA Mumbai website [kpamumbai.org/praagaash/](http://kpamumbai.org/praagaash/)



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## واخ - लल छद

दोब्य येलि छॉवनस दोब्य कनि प्यठुय  
सज़ु तु साबन मॅछनम यॅचुय ।  
सुच्च्य येलि फिरुम हनि हनि कौचुय  
अदु ललि मे प्रॉवम परम गथ ॥



द्वाद शांतु मंडल यस दीवस थज़ि  
नासिकु पवनु दारि अनाहत रव ।  
स्वयम कल्पन अन्ति च़जि  
पानय सु दीव तु अरचुन कस ॥



## शुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

केंचन साहेब्य दिचाव क्रचर  
लॉनिस लेख्यतिस क्या क्युथ करे ।  
कुंह कोरुन छोन तु केंचन बॅरचर  
आसि नय अॅरचर कवु पुछि यिजे ॥



केंचन कबर छय पोश ज़न शेरे  
केंचन कबर छय सियाह चाह ।  
केंह गॅल्य साहिबु चाने वेरे  
केंह गॅय ज़ेरे अकि गुमराह ॥



دوؤی ییلہ چھاؤنس دوؤی کینہ پیٹھے  
سہڑتہ صابن مڑچھم پڑے  
پہڑکی ییلہ پھرم ہینہ ہینہ کاڑے  
اڊلہ مے پراؤم پر م گتھ



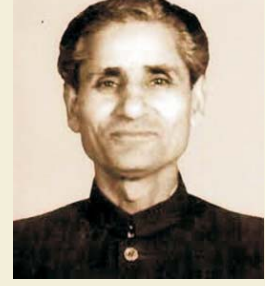
کینزن صاعیبر دڑاؤ کرڑ  
لاؤس لیکھی تس کیا کیتھ کرے  
گنہ کورن چھون تہ کینزن برڑ  
آسہ نے ارڑ کو پڑھ پڑے

دواد شانہ منڈل یس دیوس تھڑ  
ناسیکہ پونہ دار اناہت رو  
سویم کلین انتہ رچہ  
پانے سہ دیوتہ ارژن کس



کینزن قبر چھے پوش زن شیرے  
کینزن قبر چھے سیاہ چاہ  
کینہ گلو صاحب چانے ورے  
کینہ زرے الہ گمراہ

## रूदु जेर्य सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी



नबु वँछुखय नाज़ वँकर्य वँकरिये  
सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये  
येलि वसुनुक संज़ हय कोरुथय  
म्वख्तु अँद्य अँद्य पानस जोरुथय  
सूत्य वॉलिथ लछि बँद्य फेरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

आफताबस पर्दु क्याह थोवुथ  
लोलु सोज़ाह लोलु बोज़ुनोवुथ  
सब्ज़ारस म्वख्तु जँर्य जँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

त्रेशि हतिनुय त्रेश पिलनॉवुथ  
मारु मतिनुय नैदराह पॉवुथ  
दजि डूर्य क्याह आयि बँर्य बँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

तन नॉवुथ संगरमालन  
वुडुरन तय बेयि पांचालन  
अँद्य अँद्य तय बेयि ब्वन हेरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

शोर कूताह द्युत क्वलव आरव  
सनिरव तय बेयि व्वगुन्यारव  
सगुविन तान्य गँयि क्याह सँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

सगुनावान यार्यन दिवदारन  
सब्ज़ारन बेयि गुलज़ारन  
पनुन्य तय बेयि व्वपँर्यये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

Continued on next page

ग्रायि मारान वर्नि दामानस  
तलु ज़मीन तय प्यठु आसमानस  
श्रवनि दार वॅग्म्य ग्वडु वॅग्म्य गॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

तीज़ी क्याह चॉनिस कारस  
सौंतस तय श्रावुनस हारस  
पोशि वन क्याह छी दिलावॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

कॅह छि कुनिरुक सोज़ चोन बोज़ान  
कॅह छि ताबेह च़ेय कुन रोज़ान  
कॅह छि त्रोपरिथ दारि तय बरुये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

छुनु कांह अख बेगानु च़ेय निश  
सारिनुय प्यठ नज़राह चॉन्य हिश  
अबदु बद्यन चॉनी यावॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

हिव्य छि सॉरी च़ेय निश इनसान  
जानवर तय बेयि सॉर्य हयवान  
ज़रदार तय बेयि बे-ज़रये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

तोरु लारान योत हय आयख  
सॅदुरस निश यस हय ज़ायख  
ग्रायि मॉर्य मॉर्य दॅछिन्य खोवरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

चॉन्य साज़न ख्वश आवाज़न  
कोर प्रेमी वॉकुफ राज़न  
दूर गछुनस सॉरी ठॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ रूदु जेरिये



*Covid-19 Pandemic - Dr. Suneem A. Khan***Coronavirus Outbreak  
An Unprecedented Situation**

**C**OVID 19 : What the pandemic has taught us so far. The outbreak of novel coronavirus has created an unprecedented situation around the world. Mankind is no stranger to such calamitous outbreaks of diseases. However, this is the first viral-outbreak of this nature and scale in our lifetime, something that we have witnessed as a 'generation'. All of us have come to know this fairly by now that hygiene is the first and obvious take-away. Precaution is the only 'visible' cure for this new strain of coronavirus, so far. As precaution, what doctor's advice is basic hygiene, apart from social distancing. Sanitation and cleanliness are among the humblest of the civic virtues, and it's fairly easy for one to underestimate their significance. It needed a Mahatma to attach the utmost priority to them. In South Africa and in India, his historic campaigns always began with or ran parallel to the question of sanitation and hygiene. In the year

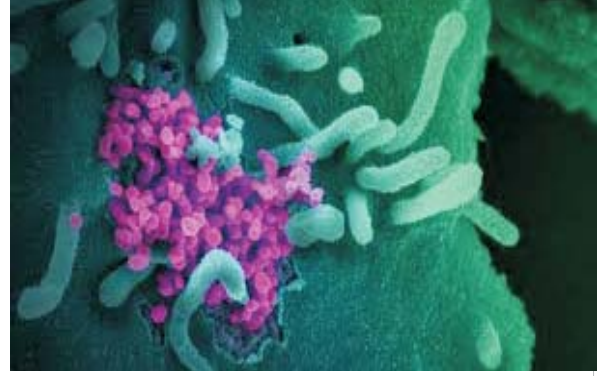
1896, Gandhiji was visiting India, and plague broke out in Mumbai (then Bombay). He offered his services to the state, which were accepted. As



a volunteer Gandhiji inspected latrines and exhorted people to pay attention to cleanliness. We need to imbibe all his lessons in our daily life, and in this ongoing year of his 150th birth anniversary, we may at least begin by rededicating ourselves to the cause of personal and social hygiene. The nation-wide 'Swachh Bharat Abhiyan' (Mission Clean India) is a precursor to this great social awakening. Incremented respect for nature may be another great lesson intended for us to shift our collective focus on. Homo sapiens are the only organism having overpowered all other animals, pretending to have assumed almost total control of the whole planet, and even set foot on the Moon. Now it stands humbled by a mere microorganism. We would do well to keep in mind the fact that at the end of the day we are merely biological organisms, dependent on other organisms for survival. Mankind's fetish to control nature and exploit all its resources for profit can be wiped out in a stroke by an organism and the mother of all ironies would be that we

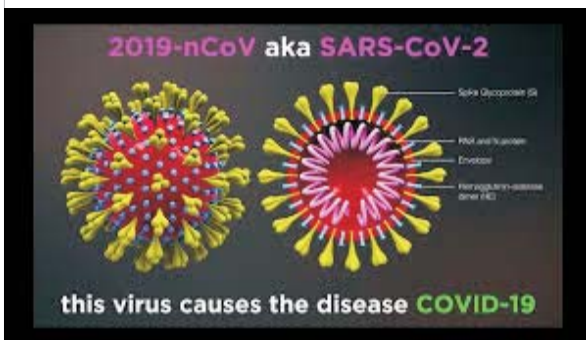


cannot even see what's going to devour us with the naked eye. Time to remind ourselves that our ancestors saw nature as mother, and asked us to respect it. At some point in history, we forgot ancient wisdom. When pandemics and abnormal weather phenomena are becoming the norm, it's time to pause and seriously introspect about where did we go astray on our way, and how we can still make a comeback on a pre and well defined 'track of life'. This new virus strikes beyond man-made classifications of religion, race and region. The world has been busy drawing distinctions and waging wars over us-versus-them, have's-versus-have not's, fair-verus-black. But we suddenly realise that in the face of a grave mortal & a threat of microbiological size (I'm actually laughing while writing this one) like the CoV2019, we have none but one identity – 'that we are human beings, uniformly susceptible to pathologies'. We also happen to realise how deeply each one of us is connected with everybody else. We are as safe as the care we take of others' safety, not only of human beings but also of plants and animals. Faced with an extraordinary crisis, most people tend to be selfish, but this is a crisis that teaches us to think equally of others. Though



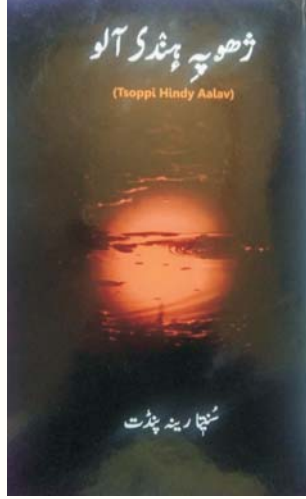
voluntary services through social mobilisation are not encouraged due to the highly contagious nature of the disease, there are many ways in which people can help contain and mitigate the viral spread. Every citizen can contribute towards raising awareness and equally by refraining from spreading panic, peddling fake news and taking prudent precautions advised by the government. Those who can, should also care to share resources, especially with ill-affording, daily wagers and less resourceful neighbours, and be extremely careful and cautious vis-a-vis senior citizens who are 'the most' vulnerable to the disease. Mother Nature is also giving us subtle hints to acknowledge, with humility, our basic equality and interdependence. It's a lesson - imparted though at a heavy price – that will come handy in mitigating global challenges for instance climate change as well as in building a better, common future.

[Author Dr. Suneem A. Khan is a Medico with CRPF (Srinagar). He can be contacted on Twitter @DrSuneem]



## تار دكنا

سुनीता रेना पँडित



## تار دكنا سُنیتا رینہ پنڈت

تران سُدُرس سران چھس تار، دكنا  
گران چھس سوچ اتھ انہار دكنا  
مولس ہچھتھ پہ داوس پزان لآگتھ  
ژ چھکھ زپتھ نے دوش ہار دكنا  
گلان زہ شپتچارچ شپہ مائیا  
عذابس چھس تہ ژین نار دكنا  
وژھو چشمو گذارنی راتھ کوس کتھ  
یئے وائسن نے اختیار دكنا  
ژلان چھنہ چھلنہ ذاتی داغ وائسٹھ  
بلان چھنہ بلنئے آثار دكنا  
چھ داماں چون کپول اکھ وسپلا  
سکوچ کتھ مولل اظہار دكنا  
وژھر جگرس تہ قدرن ہنز نزاکتھ  
حیا نظرن، شہل گنتار دكنا

تران سُدُرس سران چھس تار دكنا  
گران چھس سوچ اتھ انہار دكنا  
مولس ہچھتھ پہ داوس پزان لآگتھ  
ژ چھکھ زپتھ نے دوش ہار دكنا  
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حیا نظرن، شہل گنتار دكنا





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

## Burzahom in the Historical Perspective

The word 'burzahom' is a combination of two words, burza and hom. Burza in sanskrit means Bhoj i.e. bhojpatra and hom is the equivalent word of Ashram. Hence Burzahom is a place of birch indicating that in ancient days, it must have been a storage godown for birch leaves.

Burzahom is the name of an ancient civilization of Kashmir, which belonged to the Stone Age and that is why Burzahom has been a place of intensive research for historians, researchers and archaeologists. Burzahom is situated towards North East of Srinagar Kashmir on the road connecting Naseem Bagh and Shalimar, about 24 kms away from Srinagar situated at a karewa, an upland. From there one can have a panoramic view of the Dal Lake. There are some monoliths of stone found at Burzahom and this ancient site of civilization in Kashmir was discovered long back in 1928 by an archaeologist Peterson because of very huge stones called Megaliths. According to him, the stone findings are said to

belong to the Neolithic age. Moreover some black coloured pottery has also been found at Burzahom as well as at Nunar Kashmir. In 1961, Central Government took the initiative of excavation through its archeological department under the guidance of a Kashmiri Archaeologist T.N.Khazanchi. Excavation continued up to 1982.



The Stone Age w.r.t. Burzahom has been dealt within four periods. In the first period of the Stone Age, the dwellers of Burzahom used to live in the cup shaped pits as discovered by various archaeologists and historians. The pits have been chiseled with indigenous sharp stone tools depicting the skill of age old craftsmanship in the Valley of Kashmir. The pits were dug according to the requirements of the dwellers and that is why all the pits were not of the same shape and size. The biggest pit excavated up to 1982 had a circumference of 274 meters at the top & 458 meters at the bottom. The measured depth is 395 meters. Pillars of stone were erected near the upper parts of the pits. Over the pillars, the dwellers used birch leaves and mud placed on the horizontal stone monolith slabs, so as to give a covering

**Burzahom Aechaeological Site**  
Image : alchetron.com



roof to the pits. Such roofs used to give the pits a cover against the rains & snow during the wet seasons. Some burnt birch leaves were also found within the pits. Coal, ash and some baked clay pots were also found during the pit excavations, testifying the human habitation inside the pits.

Some cooking stoves made of loose stones were also found outside the pits above the ground level, clearly indicating that the pit dwellers must have been living over and above the pits in accordance to the suitability of the climatic conditions. According to various archeologists, the pit dwellers of the ancient stone age must have been using the pits during the winter seasons. In addition to the pits, some square & rectangular shaped rooms have also been excavated. Some of the rooms measured 7x4.40 meters. In some of the pits, some round shaped grinding stones bear the proof of pit dwellers at Burzahom. During the first period of the last stone age, the pit dwellers were using the utensils made of clay. The colour of the utensils varied from black to dark red though not perfect in shape. They must have been using mats woven out of dried grass. Such mats are called PATTEJ in Kashmiri. Such mats were used by the pit dwellers for drying the clay pots made by them as was evident from the mat marks on the outer surface of the clay pots.

According to various researchers, no remains of the dead bodies e.g. bones etc. were found, not even in traces at any place in

Burzahom, thus clearly indicating that the habitants must not have been burying the dead bodies, but must have been cremating them. Moreover the pit dwellers were nomads and used to catch the fish also. The archeological findings and researches, some tools and instruments made of the bones clearly indicate that the pit dwellers had mastered the art at the advanced level. They also used stag horns for making various types of tools and weapons as well. In addition to the bones, stones were also used to make tools and utensils etc. Some instruments made out of bones and copper indicate that either such instruments must have been coming from China or must have been duplicated. During the second period of the last Stone Age, the habitants must have been using the residential places made of mud bricks and borders on the ground were also made out of brown coloured mud. Pits of any shape were either used or re-used. They also used to fill the old pits either with mud or with stones. The pit dwellers had also been using the potter's clay to make both their utensils as well as some instruments. Weapons as well as some instruments,

Image : [newslaundry.com](http://newslaundry.com)





Image : yatra.com

they made with copper also. Such weapons and instruments of copper belonged to the second phase of last Stone Age, indicating clearly transaction of business with other civilizations in those ancient historical days of Kashmir. Archeological findings also included some unpolished handmade potteries as well as polished and coloured potteries. These things found at Buzahom indicate clearly that they must have come somewhere from out side Kashmir. One of the curio in the shape of a hand made pottery has also been found, belonging to the second period of paleolithic age which is in the shape of a huge vessel filled with nine hundred & fifty semi precious stones. The stones indicate the skill of the artisans of that age. Some special types of graves were also found from the dwellings during the second period of the Stone Age. The graves were either found in the ground floors or in the courtyards of the dwellings. White wash was used inside the walls of some graves also. Human skeletons in the bowed pose were also found in some of the graves, but no instruments or weapons of any kind were found in any of the graves. However skeletons of some dead animals such as those of dogs, wolves and goats were also found in some of the

graves. Some researchers believe that dogs must have been domesticated by some of the dwellers. Also among the skeletons found during the first period of the stone age, a skeleton of a tall dead woman was also excavated.

During the third period of the last Stone Age, mega monolithic and paleolithic stones have also been found at Burzahom, though very few instruments were made out of stones or bones during this period. In addition to the huge stones, some goods made of metals have also been found at the site. In the excavations at Burzahom, a huge stone was also found which was used as a lid to a huge pond. Some decorations have also been



Image : Economic Times

engraved on the stone which clearly show the skill of the craftsmen of that era in Kashmir. The image of the Kashmiri deer popularly known worldwide as Haangul is also engraved on the stone. Along the picture of Haangul, there is also the picture of the Sun, which according to the archeological view indicates that the Haangul must have been killed during the day time.

Author can be contacted at:  
[parimoo.mk@gmail.com](mailto:parimoo.mk@gmail.com)

*Poetry - Meem Hai Zaffar*  
**Covid-19**



The poisonous arrows of a conditioned existence kill me everyday.

Every night I am born again.

Again to be annihilated by the same vicious arrows

The play goes on and on.

No reflection of an omniscient Self.

No awareness of Divine Continuities.

Only blank spaces and empty intervals.

Life is a suspended anticipation woven of pain.

The hell-fires are scorching the barren earth.

The indifferent sky is overcast with rainless black clouds.

In this ambiance,

A poisonous seed has sprouted.

A non-hope has propped up,

Revealing the black holes of the universe



## May Universe Be Kind On Humanity A Poem and a Documentary

- Major Ashok Kaul



Watch documentary on Youtube :

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NueTwOdsgFY&feature=youtu.be>

आसमां गरज रहा बादलों से  
समंदरों की लहरों में हलचल  
गलियां सुनसान, घरों में खामोशी  
मानव उलझन में अकास्मिक आपदा से



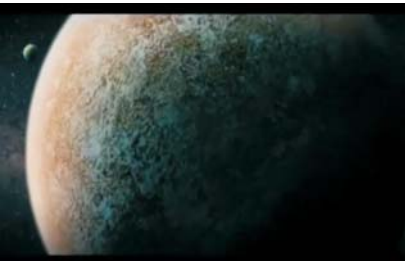
آسماں گرج رہا بادلوں سے  
سمندروں کی لہروں میں ہلچل  
گلیاں سُنان، گھروں میں خاموشی  
مانو اُلجھن میں اکاسمک آپدا سے



چل بے کئی لوگ ادھورے سنے لیے  
مانو کا درد کبھی سہہ نہ سکے یہ ادھ کھیلے پھول  
پیڑوں کی ٹہنیوں سے بر سے آنسو  
ساگر ٹھہر گیا



चल बसे कई लोग अधूरे सपने लिए  
मानव का दर्द कभी सह न सके यह अधखिले फूल  
पेड़ों की टहनियों से बरसे आंसू  
सागर ठहर गया



पहाडों से निकली दर्द की आवाज़  
ब्रह्मांड मुसकुराया



پیہاڈوں سے نکلی درد کی آواز  
برہمانڈ مُسکرایا  
جس مانو نے کیا ٹم پر اتیا پار  
کر رہے ہو ٹم سب اُس کے لیے پکار

जिस मानव ने किया तुम पर अत्याचार  
कर रहे हो तुम सब उसके लिये पुकार ?



سب جیو جنتو پیڑ پودے ساگر مل گئے ایک ساتھ  
جھک گئے برہانڈ کی اور  
کر دو مانو کو معاف

सब जीव जंतु पेड़ पौधे सागर मिल गये एक साथ  
झुक गये ब्रह्मांड की ओर  
करदो मानव को माफ  
ब्रह्मांड यह देख विचलित हुआ



برہانڈ یہ دیکھ وچلت ہوا  
جن پر مانو نے کیا اتیاچار

जिन पर मानव ने किया अत्याचार  
वही कर रहे हैं मानव की दर्द के लिये पुकार ?  
ब्रह्मांड शांत हुआ  
एक नई सुबह हुई

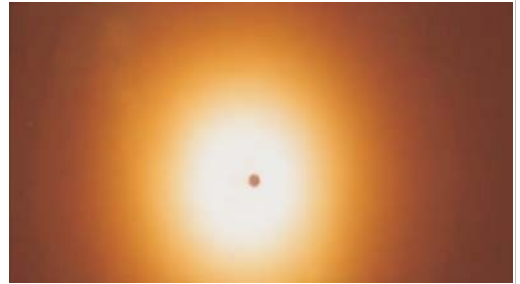
وہی کر رہے ہیں مانو کی درد کے لیے پکار ؟

برہانڈ شانت ہوا  
ایک نیئی صبح ہوئی  
میٹ گیا مانو پر پر کوپ



آسمان کھلا  
سمندروں کی لہریں ٹسکرائی

मिट गया मानव पर प्रकोप  
आसमान खुला



سامندروں کی لہرےں موسکوراई  
 گلیوں میں ڈول بجه  
 غروں میں خورشیاں آई  
 مانف کو سآدش میلا



گلیوں میں ڈول بجه  
 گھروں میں خوشیاں آئیں  
 مانو کو سندیش ملا

اب بھی وکتر هئ، کر لو جیف جآتو سے پيار  
 مانف کا اهآکار هوا چور چور  
 برهآآڈ سے آई فیر سے آفاز  
 اب بھی وکتر هئ، کر لو هر جیف جآتو سے پيار  
 نهیں سونوگا فیر کبھی کسی کی پکار

اب بھی وقت هئ، کر لو جیو جنتو سے پيار



مانو کا اهنکار هوا پور پور

برهآآڈ سے آئی پهر سے آفاز

اب بھی وقت هئ، کر لو هر جیو جنتو سے پيار

نهیں سونوگا پهر کبھی کسی کی پکار

**Major Ashok Kaul** served the Indian Army till the rank of Major, received Chief of Army Staff's Commendation for gallantry. He worked closely with Raj Kapoor in making Ram Teri Ganga Mailli, Hena and other movies, and headed the famous RK Films and Studios both at Creative and Production levels. Major Kaul established Ishaan Films. He wrote, produced and directed the critically acclaimed film 'Param Vir Chakra'. This film was invited for fund raising by American Cancer Society in USA. He also wrote, directed and executed the production of India's first animation film with live action 'Bhagmati – The Queen of Fortunes' which laid the foundation of Animation and VFX industry in India. The film raised the importance of communal harmony and the need to rise above religious divisions up to a space where only humanity and love live. Major Kaul also made a film for QCGC, a US Federal government organization for children and youth.

## जर्द पनुक्य डेर

## निगहत साहिबा



गट जुविस आफ़ताब सोज़ख ना  
यादु बागुक्य गुलाब सोज़ख ना  
यिम तुलान ऑस्य नेंद्री सहरन बॉग्य  
अज़ तिमय शूच्य ख़ाब सोज़ख ना  
दिल, मोहबतम गज़ल, गुलाब, वफा  
कांह युथुय ह्यू अज़ाब सोज़ख ना  
चॉन्य लादन मे तालि प्यठ हज़रत  
यूत सूज़ुथ चे जाब सोज़ख ना ?  
सीरिया च्यन सवालु बुज़्य माज्यन  
आसमॉनी जवाब सोज़ख ना ?

## दय ज्ञानि ज़ि कस

अख गर्दि फोला हिश वावस मंज़  
अख पनु वेंथुरा हिश हर्दस मंज़  
अख तापु जुचा हिश मागस मंज़  
अख चॉग्य रेहा तूफानस मंज़  
अख ज़ितन्या गटु पछ रॉचन मंज़  
अख मीलु कॅन्या हिश प्रारान छस

दय ज्ञानि ज़ि कस

दय ज्ञानि ज़ि कस



## زرد پنهان ڈیر

نگہت صاحبہ

گنہ زُوس آفتاب سوزکھ نا  
یاد باغکُ گلاب سوزکھ نا  
یم ٹلاں اُس بندرِ سخن باگر  
از تجے شوژی خواب سوزکھ نا  
دل، محبت، غزل، گلاب، وفا  
کائبہ تیجھے ہیو عذاب سوزکھ نا  
چاڑی لادن مے تالہ پیٹھ حضرت  
یوت سوزتھ ژنے جب سوزکھ نا؟  
سہریا چین سوالہ بڑی ماجین  
آسمانی جواب سوزکھ نا؟

## دے زانہ زکس

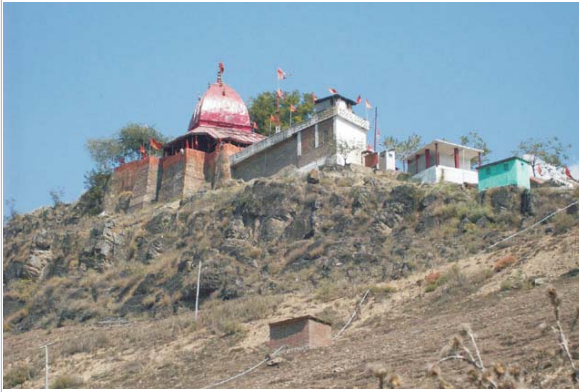
اکھ گرد پھولا ہیش واوس منز  
اکھ پنہ و تھرا ہیش ہردس منز  
اکھ تاپہ ز ژا ہیش ماگس منز  
اکھ ژا نگور یہا طوفان منز  
اکھ زتنیا گنہ پچھرا ژن منز  
اکھ میلہ کئیا ہیش پزاراں چھس  
دے زانہ زکس دے زانہ زکس



*My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury*  
**The Stroke Look**  
**(The Sardar with a Headache)**

**T**hose were halcyon days. I had graduated in medicine and was posted as a house physician at SMHS hospital. My brother-in-law, Mr. P L Raina (PLR) was a geologist in the formative years of his illustrious career in the department. The year was 1964. He was the project manager conducting geological surveys in Khrew and the surrounding region, known for rich deposits of limestone, the essential ingredient for producing cement. The cement factory at Wuyan was in dire need of raw materials for a profitable production. So PLR had set up an establishment at Khrew. He had pitched large tents for the office and the staff, and also hired a private building for residential purpose in the town.

One time, PLR invited us to spend a couple of days with him at Khrew. Besides me, there was my older brother Robin, an engineer by profession, and Mohan Ji, my older cousin, a young police officer.



It was an encampment on a gentle slope strewn with stones and rocks jutting from thistle and bush, the hills around providing an otherworldly ambience. The place bristled with activity, what with nearly half dozen assistants, surveyors and drillers, orderlies and cooks, as also some inquisitive villagers.

We were welcomed with traditional fanfare. It was summer and the cool mountain breeze lifted our spirits the moment we settled down. We spent the evening on the rocks near the encampment, savoring chilled beer and snacks of *nadir churma*, potato chips, and roast lamb.

It was a Sardarji who made rounds to serve the snacks. He was also the chief cook. Possibly it was from my long association with Sikhs when I was a medical student at Patiala that I took a more than ordinary interest in the cook. It animated him to indulge me; urging me to have another and yet another helping.

“Sardarji, you tend to be more disposed towards Doctor Sahib than the rest of us. It seems you are investing in your health, eh?” Mohan ji asked him jocularly.

“Why not, sir? After all, health is everything. And we hear he is a smart



doctor. Raina Sahib speaks so high of him.”

“That is why we feel neglected here,” Robin guffawed, and all of us laughed.

The Sardar felt a bit uneasy, but PLR immediately comforted him that we were just having fun, enjoying a joke and not really serious. He was a great boss and treated his staff with respect.

“No, I *am* serious. He is more disposed toward my little brother,” insisted Robin, although he couldn’t mask the lighthearted and jocular tone, his sole intention being to tease both the Sardar and me a little bit

“Sir, you never know when you need a doctor. After God, there is only the doctor to protect us,” reflected the gentle Sardar. He was around fifty, tall and burly, with a salt and pepper beard, seemingly quite healthy. His blue turban sat well on his friendly demeanor. I took an instant liking for him.

“You can always depend on me, Sardarji,” I said genially and meant it.

“Thank you, Doctor Sahib,” he replied gratefully.

Mohan ji clapped his hands to invite everyone’s attention. “There, there. They say in Kashmiri: the way to loyalty is through the palate. Our Sardar here has already earned it.” He winked at me mischievously. The laughter grew louder.

I feigned protest, “Now that is a bit far fetched.”

“He may have earned our doctor’s loyalty but that doesn’t earn him insurance. When the final call comes, none can help, not even the great Lukman.” It was Robin, rather philosophical than bantering.



Everyone nodded in agreement, but the Sardar riposted, “At least one will not die unattended.”

The moon rose from the hills and the place was bathed in romance, evoking poetry and song. We spoke of our days at the different institutions from where we had graduated (Robin from Varanasi, PLR from Lucknow, Mohan Ji from Mt. Abu), of our nascent experiences in our respective professions, of our hopes and aspirations, our loves and dreams. We recited poetry, especially Ghalib and his tantalizing love *ghazal*, ‘*phir voh deeda tar yaad aya...*’ We just wouldn’t move inside from the mesmerizing atmosphere until late in the night. Mohan ji was rather high, almost inebriated, more by the utopian ambience than the bottle of beer he had consumed. He had been a top student, had topped the J&K Matriculation and done his postgraduate from the prestigious Delhi School of economics, he was possibly in the wrong profession, but he had already won appreciation for his diligence and efficiency.

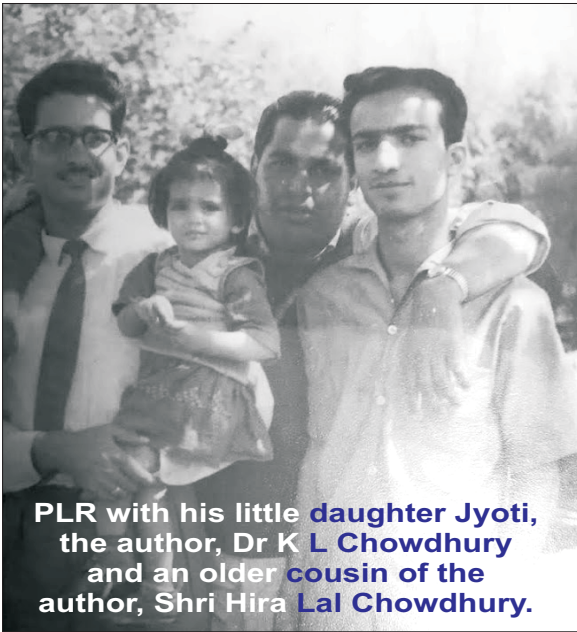
Dinner was served and we slept late.

Next morning, we rose early and went up the stairs to the nearby Jawala Temple, the high abode of the goddess of fire. We paid obeisance and had our puja.

After breakfast, we went for a climb up the hills surveying the bewitching place famous for its springs and saffron. We met the villagers and walked the narrow paths to the fields. It was a rejuvenating experience. By the time we returned, it was already lunchtime.

Nearly fifteen of us including the guests and the staff sat in an L-shaped formation in a large room on the floor, a long white sheet of dining cloth spread in front of us and food being served in *thalis*. Boiled rice was followed by various dishes served hot from the kitchen in tandem by the servers. Finally, the Sardar emerged with a *deegcha* and started dishing out hot steaming *kalia* with a large serving spoon. He was two guests away from me when he uttered a low groan. He stopped a while but continued to serve soon after. I looked up when he was near me and asked, “Are you alright, Sardarji?”

“I got a headache?”



PLR with his little daughter Jyoti, the author, Dr K L Chowdhury and an older cousin of the author, Shri Hira Lal Chowdhury.

“When?”

“Just now.”

“Is it bad?”

“Yes.”

“You should rest.” I suggested.

He looked rather confused. “No sir, I will be soon alright. Let me finish serving.”

He poured two heaped spoonfuls of *Kalia* in my *thali* and moved on. I watched him until he had finished, then called him back.

“How are you now?”

“Bad.” He slurred a bit, or that is what I thought

“Please leave the *deegcha* here and go and rest.”

He placed the *deegcha* on a side table and walked away.

Everyone looked at me.

“What happened?” PLR asked me.

“He has come down with a headache.”

“He suffers headache now and then; migraine I believe. I will give him a Saridon.”

I think he has developed a stroke.” I declared.

“Stroke! You mean some sort of a paralysis? But he seems to be walking fine.”

“He has a stroke look.”

“What is a stroke look?”

“I can't explain, but he has it.”

In fact, there is nothing like a stroke look, nor will you find any such term in neurological treatises on stroke. It was just intuitive that I felt that Sardarji had sustained a stroke. I had read about ‘thunderclap headache’ in my graduate days. It is a sudden excruciating headache like the clap of thunder, a result of brain haemorrhage. But the Sardar

didn't seem to be in any great discomfort nor did he complain of severe headache. Yet, the look was there. I could swear about it.

Everyone continued to eat but my thoughts were with the Sardar. I asked one of the junior cooks to check on him. He came back to report that the Sardar was sleeping soundly. That alerted me. I stood up at once and rushed to find out.

He lay on the floor, a small pillow under his neck, his turban tilted to one side revealing a balding head. I called his name. There was no response. I shook him lightly, and then a bit harder and tried to move him and pinch him, but there was no response. Evidently coma had already set in. His pulse and breathing was fast. The right cheek puffed in and out with each

breath. Saliva drooled from the corner of the mouth. The right arm was somewhat stiff. There was no doubt about stroke now.

Everyone was shocked when I confirmed my initial hunch. PLR was alarmed. He was a man of many qualities, intelligent and ingenious, but he was also a man of action. He wouldn't lose time, especially where his staff member's life seemed in danger. He called everyone to help.

The Sardar was lifted and laid in the van. I sat by his side monitoring his vital signs as we drove to Srinagar and on to SMHS Hospital. By that time his breathing became irregular and the pulse slow, his coma deepened and his pupil was dilated on one side, indicative of rising pressure inside his brain. It was a rapid deterioration.

Despite all the resuscitative measures we lost him within four hours of admission in the hospital. It seemed as if the whole event was choreographed during our conversation the previous evening while he served us the snacks. Robin had spoken a truism that not even Lukman could help when the final call comes, for I couldn't do anything for the Sardar. But true also to his prophetic words, I saw to it that he did not die unattended. I stayed with him until his last breath.

A heady holiday ended suddenly on a gloomy note. I never visited Khrew again though PLR was stationed there for long. After decades of the tragic event, I still feel sad about the Sardar.



PLR with Robin Chowdhury

Contact doctor at :  
[kundanleela@yahoo.com](mailto:kundanleela@yahoo.com)

## याद प्योम

प्रेम नाथ शाद



शालमॉरुक सर्व शुहुल याद प्योम  
 शाम शीतल शांत रोटुल याद प्योम  
 वीरि वारुक क्रुल मूरन हुंद गुगूस  
 आलि नेरुन छालि बुलबुल याद प्योम  
 चेरु कुजि तिहरिस दुजॉलिस कुक्यलि ओल  
 तोंति मंज ओनमुत द्रमन तुल याद प्योम  
 पाथुलिस कुन नेरि वोथमुत तीर्य ख्योल  
 लूस्य छिरु संज वठ तु व्वछुल याद प्योम  
 रायि नीरिस नाफि मॅल्य मॅल्य पोशि पॅल्य  
 माशि मारान हरनु हांगल याद प्योम  
 शोकु शबनम बुथ छलान येम्बुरजलन  
 अँतुर छँकरान ब्रेड्य मुश्क कुल याद प्योम  
 वाव सुबहुक जिंदुगियि नोव रंग बरान  
 नूर व्वशलुन स्वरमु शामुल याद प्योम  
 बोनि बागुच नागु नैदुर स्वख स्कून  
 दिगनि बलुक नगामु रँस्युल याद प्योम  
 वाँसु वादन हुंद मौदुर मिलुचार शाद  
 यछ तु पछ सरमायि म्वलुन याद प्योम

यादप्योम  
प्रेम नाथ शाद

शालमॉरुक सर्व शुहुल यादप्योम  
 शाम शीतल शांत रोटुल यादप्योम  
 वीरि वारुक क्रुल मूरन हुंद गुगूस  
 आलि नेरुन छालि बुलबुल यादप्योम  
 चेरु कुजि तिहरिस दुजॉलिस कुक्यलि ओल  
 तोंति मंज ओनमुत द्रमन तुल यादप्योम  
 पाथुलिस कुन नेरि वोथमुत तीर्य ख्योल  
 लूस्य छिरु संज वठ तु व्वछुल यादप्योम  
 रायि नीरिस नाफि मॅल्य मॅल्य पोशि पॅल्य  
 माशि मारान हरनु हांगल यादप्योम  
 शोकु शबनम बुथ छलान येम्बुरजलन  
 अँतुर छँकरान ब्रेड्य मुश्क कुल यादप्योम  
 वाव सुबहुक जिंदुगियि नोव रंग बरान  
 नूर व्वशलुन स्वरमु शामुल यादप्योम  
 बोनि बागुच नागु नैदुर स्वख स्कून  
 दिगनि बलुक नगामु रँस्युल यादप्योम  
 वाँसु वादन हुंद मौदुर मिलुचार शाद  
 यछ तु पछ सरमायि म्वलुन यादप्योम

**Personalities - Kanwar K. Kaul****Dr. Gwash Lal Kaul****A Legendry Physician of Kashmir**

**D**r Gwashlal (Gashlal), born 1900, at Fateh Kadal, Narpirastan, Srinagar, the second of six brothers; was the first Kashmiri physician and one of a few in the country to qualify and obtain the MRCP from the prestigious Royal College of Physicians, London. On return from England in the nineteen twenties he was appointed Medical officer Civil Hospital situated at Hazuribagh, serving as the senior physician and Physician to Maharaja Hari Singh, in 1931. He wore a typical English three piece suit and felt hat, and a watch in the waist coat pocket with the chain dangling along! It was the influence of English education and culture among the educated during the British Raj. His contemporaries in the medical field were Drs. GL Vaishnavi, first ENT and Eye surgeon and Sham Lal Kaul Karihaloo, specialist in Chest Diseases, and others. His passions were listening to good music and seeking the company of *Sufis* and saints.

Dr Gwashlal was 'notorious' for his love of good music and the company of seers and sages. He would never miss an opportunity to hear a good musician or seek the company of a saint. He had

earned himself a bit of 'notoriety' in these pursuits which he followed, sometimes, in preference to his professional commitments.

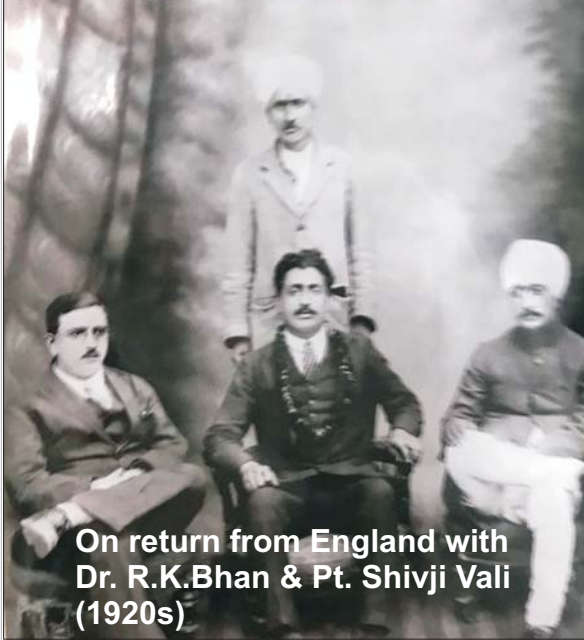
Once, sought by the Maharaja urgently,

Dr Gwashlal could not be traced. The Maharaja, knowing his 'addictions' is said to have ordered his men to look for him sitting in the company of a recluse ascetic or listening to music somewhere! Such was his reputation. Professionally however, he was unmatched.

Patients attributed 'miraculous cures' at Dr Gwashlal's hands. He was known as a legendary figure in the medical field on account of his mysterious

treatment modes, so much so that a well known Kashmiri Urdu writer Arif Baig<sup>1</sup> has devoted a chapter in his book '*Nyari Yaadein*' to his professional genius and the ways he treated some of his patients. Baig narrates the story of a relation's child who was diagnosed by surgeons as a perforated appendix, a serious and often fatal condition in those days of





On return from England with  
Dr. R.K.Bhan & Pt. Shivji Vali  
(1920s)

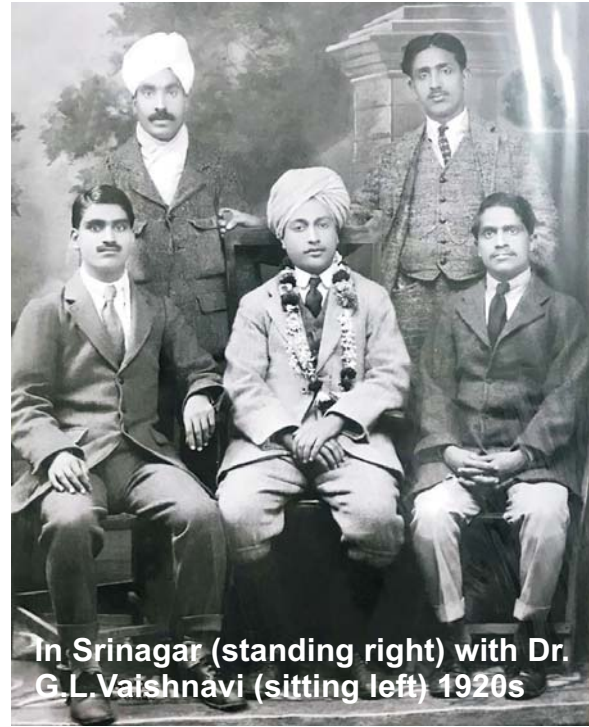
nonavailability of antibiotics. When my father was consulted, he ordered ice and placed the child in an ice filled tub to freezing point for a while. The boy is said to have recovered in a few days after this procedure!

A Kashmiri author, Dr Gulzar Mufti<sup>2</sup> - a surgeon settled in England has the following account of Dr Gwashlal which I quote from his book:

*“My mother recalls those times when he was in his prime and used to be the final port of call for all health matters. It would be fare to say that he was the first Kashmiri to introduce and establish the specialty of General Medicine in the Valley, and the title of a Physician Specialist”.*

He loved poetry and often quoted great poets, both in Urdu and Persian. His affable nature, attractive personality and professional competence as an eminent physician attracted people to him.

As a medical student in the nineteen twenties, at the King Edward Hospital and Medical College in Lahore now in Pakistan, Dr Gwashlal would often visit Iqbal the great poet at his home. Iqbal used to smoke 'Hukka' and had a long decorated smoking pipe connected to it at a distance. He was often found lost in thought while smoking, not noticing my father's presence for a while and then suddenly 'waking up' with apologies! Incidentally, the great poet is known to belong to a Kashmiri Pundit 'Sapru' family. His family had embraced Islam. At home at Sheikh Bagh in Srinagar, gatherings of friends with common interests in music and poetry were frequent at our home. Performers of *Sufiana Kalam*, and Hindu devotional forms of Kashmiri music played on indigenous *rabab* and *santoor*,



In Srinagar (standing right) with Dr.  
G.L.Vaishnavi (sitting left) 1920s

both string instruments, sometimes the harmonium, accompanied by local percussion instruments. Among the performers were well known Kashmiri Sufiana musicians including Mohamad Abdulla Tibatbaqaal on santoor, Sana Ullah on rabab and Satlal on sitar. Kashmiri poetry has its own romance and spirituality. Lalded, Habba Khatoon Shams Faqir and many others provided soulful poetry on Soofi philosophy unique to Kashmir. A noted poet and his teacher, Master Zinda Kaul, was frequently an honored guest at these gatherings. (See Pragaash April 2020 p 24)<sup>3</sup>

Ruling princes in India were well-known for holding performances of music in their courts, by famous national singers of classical music. This has been one very significant reason for keeping alive the tradition of classical Indian music until the post-independent India which otherwise could have become extinct. My father's discerning ear for music was well known at the Maharaja's court. As a result he was often required to hear the singers before they performed and to recommend the choicest pieces that would be presented at the royal court. The names of Mallika Pukhraj, Begum Akhtar, Hirabai Badodekar, Balramsingh, Gangubai Hangal, and Kesarbai Kelkar from Bombay (now Mumbai) and many more whose names do not come to my mind now.

KL Saigal, the legendary singer, belonged to Jammu and sometimes visited his home town. Dr Gwashlal knew him and was his physician while at Jammu and once in Calcutta. At one of his Jammu visits, sometimes in the forties, a private



London during his studies for MRCP, as paying guest

gathering was arranged for the family and a few very close friends whom Saigal consented to meet. Being a celebrity this was not possible at Gwashlal's Rehari residence or at a public place where he could be thronged by people. The gathering was thus arranged at the residence of the Chief Warden, Jammu Central Jail, which was under Dr Gwashlal's administrative jurisdiction. The campus of the jail was of out of bounds to the public. He sang to the delight of those present. Sitting right in front of him, he asked me<sup>3</sup> what I would like him to sing for me. As a young boy of less than eight years I had heard of his '*ik bangla bane nyara*' which, to my utter delight, he sang for me!

Kashmir valley was known for saints and seers of all shades, and with genuine credentials, both Sufi, and Hindu. I have had personal experiences of these as a boy, accompanying my father at almost every visit. I distinctly remember *Sobur Sahib*, who lived in a secluded place near the Pari Mahal and gave black pepper corns as *Tabarruk*. Some I heard about and some that I met include Sati Ded, Sonabab, Kashkak of Wayil, Nandbab,



Gopinathji and Swami Laxman joo - all well known in the valley. Swamiji was an intellectual and an authority on Kashmiri Shaivism. Sonabab once asked Dr Gwashlal to carry firewood on his head and walk through a busy market, apparently to teach him the value of humility and to shun his ego forever. This he did gladly.

I have been a personal witness to a bizarre sight I saw one night when I was a primary school boy. *Sona Bab*, a revered saint, smoked a '*Chillum*' of *charas* (a Cannabis herb), and remained in trance for long hours. Dr Gwashlal was an ardent devotee of his. Walking in one late night he 'ordered' him to drive for a visit for an audience with '*Jwala Devi*' the fire goddess. He seemed to be in a hurry and hurled all invectives for not hurrying up to keep the appointment. The driver was asked to pull out the car from the garage and move. I, my father and a couple of others from the house got into the car but the driver, Kanahya Singh hesitated saying that there was no fuel in the tank. He had measured it with his wooden 'gauge' and it showed only about half inch of petrol. More expletives from *Bab* and we had no choice but to move whatever the consequences. My father addressed the driver and quietly told him go on till we were forced to stop. *Bab* ordered the driver to driver towards *Bijbehara*, a village on the Srinagar-



Sometime in  
1930s

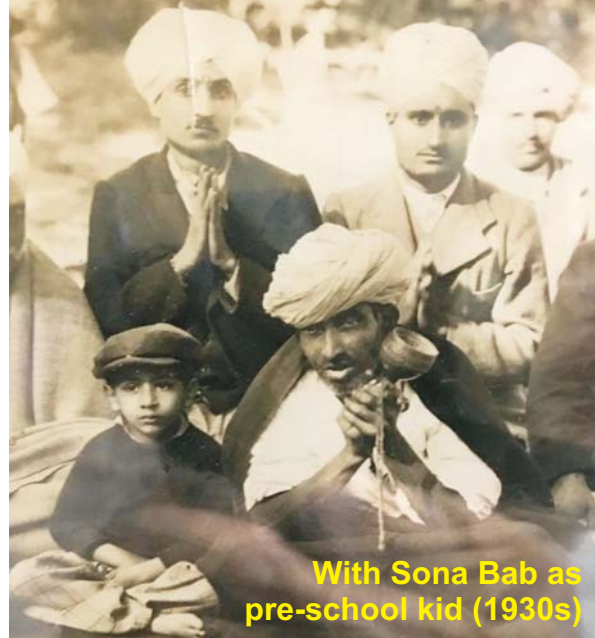
Jammu highway. As we neared the *Batra Petrol pump* along the golf club for a fill up, severer invectives rained in on the poor driver and we were compelled to move on. After we had driven some miles on the road, *Bab* ordered a right turn into a dry rice field where he ordered us to get out, line up facing the north with folded hands. As we stood in anticipation, I witnessed a sight seen never before or thereafter. A

bright blinding light appeared in the sky, unlike a lightening, stayed for a few seconds and disappeared! Seems beyond any scientific reasoning and unbelievable, but it seems to me as if it was yesterday! We returned, leaving *Bab* at his downtown home in. As we stopped back home at our garage, the car had to be pushed in as it was out of fuel! There may be doubts about the quantity of fuel in the car, but the bright light that I saw that night is indisputable.

Once, with the intention of having '*deedar*' of *Sobur Sahib*, I followed in tow with my father to this visit. We drove to *Gagribal point* along the Dal Lake parked our car and took a *Shikara* ride across the lake. Climbing towards *Pari Mahal* we reached *Sobur Sahib's* abode. He welcomed us in that lonely hideout and put a pot of water to boil for tea. While we sat, he was at his *Tasbih* for a while, praying. He pulled out some black pepper corns (*Tabarruk*) and gave one each to us with blessings. A moment

later he looked up at the clear sky and all of a sudden beseeched us to leave immediately, before the water for tea could come to boil. Fearing something ominous, we rushed down the slope, took the boat across the lake, boarded our car and drove back home. Gusts of wind overtook us and in a while the sky was overcast, and by the time we reached home a severe thunderstorm, with strong winds and rain lashed the valley. That was a storm of a magnitude the likes of which were rarely witnessed in living memory, uprooting the massive century old Chinar trees, raising high waves of water in rivers and lakes, razing buildings to the ground, floods, power failure and blackout. Many boats in the lake had capsized and were it not for *Sobur* Sahib's timely warning we may not have made it to home that night.

One evening *Sonabab* was seated on a carpet spread out in our lawn in the house where we were living in a rented accommodation, behind the Nedou's hotel. Around him were his devotees, watching him smoking his *Chillum*, almost in a trance and at which he would stay for hours. He spent nearly three days in the lawn rarely going into his tent nearby for sleep, resuming his seat during the day. A Ladakhi on horseback happened to pass by on the road outside overlooking the lawn. He went back and forth several times looking intensely at the gathering. Presuming that he was looking for directions, our gardener went out to help him. The Ladakhi, seemingly astonished, asked the gardener about *Sonabab*, who he was and since when had he been there. The gardener explained, adding that he had been there for the last 3 days.



With Sona Bab as pre-school kid (1930s)

Disbelieving him, the horseman said he had seen himself the same person at *Baltal* in the morning. "How could he be here when I saw him seated on a rock at *Baltal*, smoking his *chillum*? I have been riding from there all day, faster than any person could reach here before me?" The gardener said he must have been somebody else. The rider sought to see *Sonabab* closer and after satisfying himself insisted that *he* was the person he saw. Swearing, he said he had offered his *chillum* to him as he stopped by! This anecdote was remembered well and as a young boy, even though I could not then understand the mystery of the situation, I was a witness to the scene. As I grew up, I tried to analyze the story to offer a rational view of the incident from my scientific thinking as a professional, and brush it aside, but have found difficult to do so! Could a person be present at two different

places simultaneously? Or could one disappear from one place to reappear on another? Or did the horse rider have an illusion?

(See the story of 'the saint with two bodies' - Swami Pranabananda in the book 'Autobiography of a Yogi' by Paramhansa Yogananda).<sup>(4)</sup>

After settling in Jabalpur, in MP, after my retirement in 1991, brief visits to J&K, mostly to Jammu, were confined to weddings, I had not visited Srinagar after 1979. I expressed my desire to do so to my son during one of his visits home to Jabalpur from US. He managed to squeeze a five day visit in July, 2016. The intention was to see old friends and visit places I had been missing, essentially to revive memories down the lane. It was a delight to meet Qazi Shahdeen, over a hundred years old who lived at Karan Nagar with his doctor son (Retired Dean Medical College Srinagar). He knew and remembered my father with nostalgia. At the age of 103 years he was alert and his memory was sharper than one would expect at his age! Mr. Shahdeen had retired long back as Deputy Commissioner in the Kashmir government Civil Service. He had a story to tell us about my father which goes thus:

*“Well dressed, in a three piece suit, he was following a 'faqir' in rags”. The faqir was Sonabab. When asked why a gentleman of his status was following a man in rags, my father said*

*“I have obtained highest qualifications in my profession but still wish to have the ability to diagnose a sick person's ailment as he enters my door which my elite qualifications do not provide*



*- it is for that divine quest that I follow these ascetics”.*

1. Mirza Aarif Beig; 'Niyyari Yaadein' Kitaab Ghar, Maulana Azaad road, Srinagar, July 2002, page 132

2. Gulzar Mufti; 'Kashmir in Sickness and in Health'. Partridge India, Penguin Books India Pvt. Ltd. 2013 page 25.

3. Kanwar K Kaul; See Master 'Zinda Kaul' Pragaash April 2020 Page 24

4. Paramhansa Yogananda 'The saint with two bodies' Autobiography of a Yogi, Jaico Publishing House 1975 Bombay, 1975, page 19.

(Excerpts in this article are drawn from the book "When My Valley Was Green", Kanwar K Kaul-Notion Press, 6 McNichol's Road, Chetput, Chennai 600 031 2017).

Contact author at  
[kanwarkaul@gmail.com](mailto:kanwarkaul@gmail.com)

## گزل

مىم هاى زفر



كوستامم زفر آو ٲه كياه تام كر ٲه گو  
سرمايه محض اوس زهرير ٲه ٲه بھڑ ٲه گو  
بيٲه شايه سري وائٲه چھ امكان سيٲه ماه كم  
كس وٲه ٲه ميه كٲه جايه گرفتار كر ٲه گو  
منساو ديھنك موه دوٲن ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه بند  
تانڈوسه كوٲن ٲه ٲه شمس شمار كر ٲه گو  
ديه گٲه ٲه سر كھ نار يود ٲه ٲه ٲه بھڪه ريهه  
ٲه زائلو منكو ون ٲه ٲه نظر نار كر ٲه گو  
ٲه ٲه ٲه شھر شمينه ون ويگلاوه ٲه ٲه ٲه  
بھ شايه زمستان ، ٲه ٲه منٲر ٲه ٲه ٲه گو  
سدرن چھ سيڪستان ٲه ٲه ، نرگه ٲه ٲه چھس  
كر زانہ وٲه نار گور كس نار جر ٲه گو  
الفاظ ٲه ٲه تما ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه  
ناموش وٲه ٲه حال ٲه اخبار ٲه ٲه گو  
دوٲنم چھ نراكار ٲه ٲه روٲ سر كھ كر  
مسار نظر عقليه ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه ٲه گو





*Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar ‘Kundan’*

## Influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishis of Kashmir – 2

### Dhams Faqir

Lal Ded had said '*Asi aes tai asi asav asi dore kaer patavath*. We only were and we only shall be, it is we only who kept on coming and going.' Shams said the same thing in his own way. '*Yun ta gatshun mo mashrai, tami gatshit chhu tuhund garai*. Do not forget birth and death because His abode is beyond this transmigration.'

The Gita has stated that people see the secret of life with awe and wonder and no one knows the reality of self. This idea has been conveyed by him thus: '*Kyah chhu hayat kyah chhu mamat, kath cheezas nav kara bo zaat*. What is life and what is death, what shall I call the Self (or the Divine)?' Lal Ded had said, '*Phiran phiran nyoth anguj gaji mane ch dui tsaji no*. Telling the beads of the rosary you have rubbed the flesh of your thumb and finger but the duality has not gone from your mind.' The same idea has been conveyed by this Sufi in the following verse. '*Ha zahida kyah chhuk tsa karan, raath doh goi tasbih phiran. Mokhta ravi fatus rachhit zom, roni mutsrith shroni shroni ko't gom*. What are you doing you fool, you have been telling the rosary day and night. Going after fake things you are losing the real pearl. Have I lost the jingle by untying the bells?'

Again Lal Ded had dissuaded from giving spiritual message to an undeserving person in these words: '*Syeki shathas byol no vaevze, Kharas gore dina ravi doh. Moodas jnanach kath no vaenze,*

*kom yajyan raavi teel*.

Do not sow seed in a sandy belt; you will waste a whole day in feeding a donkey with jaggery. Do not give spiritual knowledge to a fool, as you will waste oil in preparing cakes from chaff.' Shams Faqir has put the same thing thus: '*Nasihath kaerzi no nasli shaitanas, tala kani zanzyan aasi ma kham. Maarfat kyah kari napak banas, tas naadanans kar tsali tshai*. Do not give advice to a satanic person because basically he is raw and not ripe.

Mysticism is a waste for an impure one. Alas! When shall his ignorance go away.' The opening lines of one of his ghazals are an excellent example of the non-dualism of the Vedanta. '*Bo chhus kenh nai kho'd panay, bo kenh nai kas vanay panay*. I am nothing; it is He himself in my form. How shall I explain my not being anything to any one.' This can be compared with this line from Shankaracharya: '*Tad-eko-vashishthah Shivah kevalo-aham. I am Shiva and Shiva alone*'. He has described omnipresence of God in these words: '*Mye vuchh har shayi su yaar, chhuno kanh moi ti khali. Vanai bo siri israr yino aasakh vubali*. I perceive the Divine at every place. Not an inch is without Him. This is the secret I reveal to you; do not get lost.'



**Ahmad Batawari**

Ahmad Batawari was a contemporary of Shams Faqir and lived from 1845 to 1918. He was an advocate of the immortality and continuity of life. In the footprints of Lal Ded he has said '*Hayatuk aaftab chhuna zanh losan, bozan kona chhuk yi chhu yaksan* – The Sun of life never sets, why don't you understand that the Divine pervades everything equally.' He has freely used the Hindu mythology to bring home his point of view. A few examples are given here. '*Saalkas balkas Shiva Naranas, tsonven ikavata pranas saet. Tarkas saath chum vetsarnag sranas, jan chum meelith jahanas saet. Veshnas, Krishnas, Resh madanas, Maha Ganish tati kas kari namaskar, Ganga raza byuthum Gangabal thanas... Ravun rovmut manz tawanas, Sita sata rats He chhavan, Tsayi Rama Tsandras manz daricha khanas... Shaster dendar gupt gnanas, zuv chhuk Shaster dil sat noor, Ahmad Batawar gupt rood panas, jan chum meelith jahanas saet.* A seeker, a child, Shiva and Narayana, all these four are together to be remembered through the vital breath. This is the auspicious time to bathe in the spring of contemplation.

The individual self is united with the universal self. Maha Ganesha is bewildered in the gathering of the sages. He sees Vishnu, Krishna among them and whom he should salute in reverence. The Lord of the Ganges is seated at the source of the Ganges. Ravana has gone astray while Sita is engrossed with her consort. She is there with Shri Rama. It is the Shastras (the revealed text) that give the secret knowledge. The life essence for the knowledgeable are these texts while their

hearts are full of divine light. Ahmad Batawar has remained hidden and his self is one with the universal self.'

**Swachhi Kral**

This poet lived around the same time in a village named 'Yander' in Pulwama. He was an ardent believer in non-dualism. He says, '*Akh tsa te byeyi bo ganzer maba, haba yi chhui gumanai.* Me and you are not to be taken as different because dualism is a delusion.' '*Dapyomus bavtam pananui mye aasun, dapunam pan panun gatshi thari kasun.* I asked Him to reveal Himself to me. He replied that for that you have to go beyond your self.' Long before, Lal Ded had stated, '*Larah lazam manz maidanas aend aend kaer mas takiya ta gah. So rooz yati tai bo gayas panas vonye gav vanas falav dith.* In the middle of a field I constructed a house and decorated it on all sides. The house remained here and I only went away as if the shopkeeper left after downing the shutters of his shop.' Swachh Kral has this to say in the same vein, '*Yath fan sarayi dyun chhui shaba, ath manz mo trav dukanai. Path chhui marun az ya saba, haba yi chhui gumanai.* You have to spend just a night in this mortal inn. Do not start a business here. For you have to die now or in the morn; it is all a delusion.' He advocates adopting a vision of discrimination to see right from wrong. '*Dapyomas swarma laegith kyah chhu banan. Dapunam poz ta apuz ada chhu nanan.* I asked him what use is the collerium of discrimination in ones eyes. He replied that this enables one to distinguish right from wrong.' He sees the Divine in everything, the ocean in every

drop. 'Joyi manz basith chhui daryav, nav dar aab tai aab dar nav. The river exists in a brook, water inside a boat and boat inside the water.'

### Nyama Saab

Nyama saab was senior (born 1805) and he also lived at Chinikral mohalla of Srinagar. He has time and again reiterated what Lal Ded had said in these words: '*Lal bo drayas lolare tshandan lustum dyan keho raath. Vucchhum Pandit panani gare, sui mye rotmas nyechhther ta saath. I set out in search of Him early at dawn and wandered day and night. Ultimately I saw Him within myself and that was the auspicious moment for me.*' At one place he has said, '*Yas naad layi su chum nishi, kamyu sheeshi chovnas mai.* That one whom I call aloud is near me. What a cup of wine he has made me drink!' At other place he repeats, '*Shah chhui basith panane gare, hoore mye nyunam tsure dil.* The Lord is seated within me, he has taken my heart away.' Again he says, '*Yaar chhui gari panane, su no me vane aaw.* My Beloved is within me but I failed to recognize Him.' Nyama seems to have reached a stage where he has shunned the notion of 'I' and 'my'. This is the high point of Upanishadic Vedanta. '*Orai aayov ladith chhav, dopnam sorui myonui gav. Ba dapun myonui vasith pyav, ath nav aalim haarith pyav.* He came with all His grandeur and declared that everything is His. The notion of 'I' in me was gone because no reason or intelligence is of any use in this arena.' He has described the status of the Divine purposefully in indefinite terms because he feels that none of the religious schools has any clue

to that. '*Sang ta gnyana math haeratas. Nyermalas manz myani naav. Shubi shinyah tati khidmatas, pyom tsyatas tas chhu myon naav.* Bouddh congregations (Sangha) and Hindu centers of spiritualism (Maths) are themselves bewildered; the boat of my life is in the pure sacred waters. Even nihilism is meaningless there for I realized that He and I are one – with the same name.'

### Shah Ghafur

This great holy man lived in the beginning of 19<sup>th</sup> century at village Chhivan in Badgam. He has adopted the Vedantic dictum 'So-aham' (or I am He) in its pristine purity and has written a full poem with this title. '*Brahma, Veshan, Maheeshwar garun, shuft ho chhui tyuhundui zuv. Pan hai khatanai jan hyekh marun, darnayi darun suhamsu.* Seek to know the trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Shiva as they are the givers of your life. If they hide themselves from you give your life at their feet. Adopt always the great mantra of 'I am He'. '*Bashar travith, Ishar tsa garun, Isharas saet roz sapnakh sui Ishar sapdun sharir gav marun.... Dah chhi avtaar zanh lagi na tharun, mah zan prazlan naran chhui, Ram Ram karun gav naam sandarun, daranayi darun suhamsu.* Leave the individual soul and go after the Universal soul. Remain with God and you will become God. For that you have to shun your self. There are ten different incarnations of God. Narayana only shines in all of them like the Moon. So you need not feel hesitant. Repeating the name Rama is the way to remember God

Continued on Page 50

## बु रावान छुस!

प्रो. गुलाम मुहम्मद शाद



बु रावान छुस! रावु ना  
 कॉड्य ज़य छिम  
 द्वयव मंज़ु ति जोसूस अख, ज़न बन्योमुत  
 यिमन दून ति हर पानुवॉन्य वोखु वॅछमुच  
 यिमन पानुवॉन्य सोच हरगाह कुनुय आसिहे  
 कुनी कथाह सोचुहन  
 वक्त प्रेज़नावुहन, पान सरुहन, पगाह ज्ञानुहन  
 लोल बुतरॉच हुंद रछुहन  
 टॉठ बुतराथ, पनुनुय वतन सामुहन  
 रॉछ वॅर्य वॅर्य



## بُ رَاوَان چھس!

پروفیسر غلام محمد شاہ

بُ رَاوَان چھس! رَاوَانَا

کَاڈی زبے چھم

دوہ یو متشر تہ جو سوس اکھ، زن، ہنیمت

پن دن تہ ہر پانہ واذ وکھ ڈرہتر

پن پانہ واذ سوچ ہر گاہ گئے آہر پیے

گنی کتھاہ سوچہن

وقت پتریز نادہن، پان سہرن، پگاہ زانہن

لول بتر آڑ ہند رڑھہن

مٹاٹ بترانہ، پینے وطن سامہن

راچھ کر کر کر





*On Negativity - Ashok Dullu***Why is Negativity so Popular in Media****Generic Issues:**

Let us examine, what ideally are Media objectives, in general:

- ◆ To uncover wrongdoings
- ◆ To hold the powerful to account
- ◆ To look for and protect, pioneers, trailblazers, best practices, unsung heroes, ideas that work, ideas that might, innovations whose time might have come from a general perspective, News, whichever source it comes from, doesn't have to be negative always.

Is there a world of news which is positive generally?

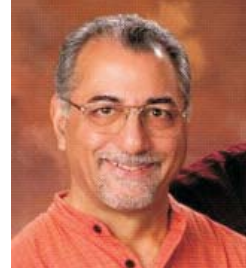
Yes, there is and can be!

"Away from the horror and conflict, the shouting and the skullduggery, away from the tragedy, disaster and zero-sum misanthropy, there is a wide world of answers and improvements, of win-win and mutual support, of selflessness and curiosity, of movements and innovations." Media studies show that bad news far outweighs good news by as much as seventeen negative news reports for every one good news report.

There is no shortage of psychological & other studies explaining why we love to read and watch bad news. Surveys also indicate that news stand magazine sales increase by roughly 30 per cent when the cover is negative rather than positive. It is no surprise, then, that a "good news day" resulted in a 66 per cent decrease in readership in an online Russian newspaper.

The conclusions fall in broadly in the following categories:

- ◆ Our brains make us do it. Negative events are more memorable and emotionally impactful than good ones.



- ◆ The media only give the people what they want.

Let us examine these two factors:

- ◆ **Our brains make us do it** : Negative events are more memorable and emotionally impactful than good ones. The reasons could be any or all of the following:

- ◆ **Evolutionary** : Humans seek out news of dramatic, negative events. These experts say that our brains evolved in a hunter-gatherer environment where anything novel or dramatic had to be attended to immediately for survival. So while we no longer defend ourselves against saber-toothed tigers, our brains have not caught up.

Every second of every day our brain is bombarded by way too much data than we can possibly process and because nothing is more important to our survival to the species than survival all our visual data, auditory data is funneled to a sliver of the temporal lobe called the amygdala. The amygdala is our danger detector. It's our early warning system. It literally combs through all of the sensory input

looking for any kind of a danger on putting in on high alert .It evolved during an era of human evolution that was of the immediate type- the tiger in the bush. You would hear a rustle in the leaves and you would think tiger, not wind .The point is that one percent of the time that it was a tiger, and it saved your life.

So today the amygdala literally calls our attention to all the negative stories and if you see a thousand stories you're going to focus on the negative ones and the media takes advantage of this – “if it bleeds it leads”. Well that's why 90% of the news in the newspaper and on television is negative because that's what we pay attention to and the sales of the items goes up.

A growing body of evidence illustrates the human tendency to prioritise negative over positive news content. But why is this? Stuart Soroka suggests that humans may neurologically or physiologically predisposed towards focusing on negative information because the potential costs of negative information far outweigh the potential benefits of positive information.

Even as we may tend to forward positive material via social media, our news-reading habits may still prioritize negative information. There is after all a growing body of evidence illustrating the human tendency to prioritise negative over positive news content.

◆ **Neuro-scientific:** Many studies have shown that we care more about the threat of bad things than we do about the prospect of good things. Our negative brain tripwires are far more sensitive than

our positive triggers. We tend to get more fearful than happy. And each time we experience fear we turn on our stress hormones.

And as it turns out we also have a number of what are called cognitive biases. The Nobel Laureate Daniel Kahneman addressed these first. We have a negativity bias, which is the tendency to give far more information to negative details than positive ones and the Confirmation bias, which is our tendency to selectively look at information or see information that confirms our preexisting notions. This would be fine, except that our pre-existing notions are typically negative and therefore, we're reconfirming our negative expectations.

So ultimately we are kept in this negative state of mind and when the amygdala goes on high alert because much of the dangers around us today are probabilistic dangers, a pandemic might strike, an asteroid might hit, we end up in a situation that our amygdala is always on high alert and it's screening out the positive news and allowing in the negative news.

**Probability perspectives :** In essence, negative and unusual things happen all the time in the world.

◆ Unusual things don't happen to individual people very often. That's why very local news like a neighborhood newsletters tends to have less bad news.

◆ But in a large city of 1 million, dramatic and negative incidents happen all the time.

◆ But most people watch national or worldwide media where news reports

come in from large cities at a large scale, so the prevalence of negative stories increase.

◆ Add the size of social networking communication, and we expand bad news, geometrically.

**The media only give the people what they want :** Does the current news negativity bias reflect Media or Public Preferences ? Most news we see and hear is negative, and replete with disasters, terrorism, crime, scandals and corruption. Does the media create that negative news bias? Or Does it respond to our preference for bad news over good news?

An old study by the Pew Research Center in 1986 for People & the Press Study authored by Micheal J Robinson indicates a few conclusions drawn from the study, which will perhaps apply universally:

◆ "That the national news audience does not shift its news diet nearly so quickly as news organizations shift their news menu .

◆ "Even the smallest shifts in ratings can cause news organizations to alter substantially their news focus often toward "a lower common denominator."

Robinson implies that on a national scale changes in coverage tend to mould public interest rather than vice versa.

The optimist might argue that media outlets skew negative because the bad news is the important news, and spreading it can affect positive change. Reporting on natural disasters, for example, can prompt action on environmental issues. Writing about centuries of institutionalized racism, corrupt government officials, and ineffective social policy can - maybe,

hopefully - bring about incremental positive change. It's not about ratings or page views, those optimists would argue, it's about making the world a better place.

On the other hand, not every news organization is basing its news decisions on altruism. No matter what the motivation of news organizations, one fact remains the same: People just aren't that interested in good news, this at least will be the explanation by News room editors.

**Media specific issues :** While the treasure of goodies is still unravelling , we have monstrosities too appearing .We are almost in a Frankensteinian situation as far as Social Media & Internet is concerned. The problem here is that we see a development which has unlimited possibilities ,both negative and positive.

Creators , Users & Regulators of this form of Media can be Heroes and Villains, all at the same time.

At this moment of time , we find a lot Negativity in the world around us, particularly on the internet .One of the compelling reasons given for this on the internet is the anonymity offered to the user, which makes it easier to express your righteous indignation.

The last U.S. presidential elections where the results bringing in Trump baffled all .It also set the media and academic pundits scratching their heads over what went wrong with polls, studies and predictions.

A reader Robert Conroy in response to Stuart Soroka 's Blog ,comes out with simple explanation of this huge misstep by media and academic pundits. Of course these can also be extrapolated to

other issues in this domain of social media/internet.

◆ Media and academia are totally divorced from and out of touch with the masses.

◆ The hate, negativity, and lies posted and forwarded far outweighed the positive. The negativity was such that fake news sites proliferated and profited off of fake negative news stories.

◆ The Trump supporters were especially rabid. Posts that saw receiving the most engagement, which is Facebook's profit generator, were long ugly fights that almost always involved bullying and name calling. It was a feeding frenzy that, gave people the opportunity to show the ugly face they would not otherwise show, say in a public setting.

◆ There are, of course, touchy-feely posts that go viral and many people trying to figure the exact recipe for creating them for profit.

◆ As someone who has had experience working in the field of human behavior (before Facebook), my observation has been that, in the U.S. anyway, riots and fights generate more excitement than "Come by Here, My Lord" moments. Witness the death of the hippie and other passive lifestyles/movements and the growth of wanna-be "Bikers" and warriors who have never seen a battle.

◆ "Nor do we know if there are ways to adjust our negativity biases." I am sure you are aware of Facebook's secret study, now not so secret, demonstrating that they could impact human emotion which by default can impact human behavior.

◆ Also, group think, herd behavior and

mob psychology.

◆ Location and culture are key as positives and negatives are interchangeable. I consider racism a negative. In my area, many consider it a positive. To an extent that I believe would shock media, political and academic pundits. Which goes back to my contention that media and academia have become insulated from the streets contributing to the proliferation of bogus internet sites that will feed the masses what they want to hear, true or not.

◆ I believe this development will have severe global implications in a world where the two-minute attention span has devolved to a two-sentence and a meme attention span.

◆ I stumbled across the article looking for info on negativity reinforcing negativity or negativity generating rewards/value, e.g. U.S. election results and it struck a chord with my contention that if the knowledge that one finds does not fit their world view, the knowledge to accommodate the world view will be created. I would end with do not dismiss sites such as Facebook. Their power is scary.

Sharing news content on social media is a fundamentally different thing from selecting and reading articles or choosing a particular TV program.

There's a counterpoint argument to the negative news bias issue.

**To be continued**

Contact author at :  
ashokdullu@gmail.com

## ڈاکٹر شوکت شفا

## دُعا

## दुआ

डा. शौकत शिफा



چھکھ بالا، بر تر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا  
چھے کانہہ تہ نہ ہمسریا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

یم قطر تہ دانہ چھ ساری چانڈی نئے پر انڈی خزانہ چھ ساری چانڈی  
یم خانڈی بلیم بر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

ؤسڑی تنی نفر تکی دیوار بس نس تن مائے تہ بیہ ملواری  
وونڈی سینن اندر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

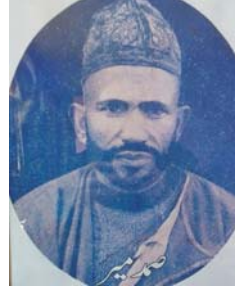
دل سانی چھنا چھو کہ داؤ گمتر یم جگر چھنا رتہ داؤ گمتر  
وونڈی کاس تہ اسہ شر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

تس بوزاں چھکھ یس نادوان تس بخشاں یس بخشش چھ منگان  
اسڑ آبیہ ہور بر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

گن زون نہ شفا چھے ناد دوان عالم سوری فریاد کران  
کر تی بی بہتر یا مولا اسہ رُچھ پنڈر کر یا مولا

छुख बाला बरतर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
छुय कांह ति नु हमसर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
यिम कतर तु दानु छि साँरी चाँन्य  
नॅय प्राँन्य खजानु छि साँरी चाँन्य  
यिम खॉली हलम बर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
वॅस्य पेयतन नफरतुक्य देवार  
बस लॅस्य तन माय तु बेयि मिलुचार  
वन्य सीनन अंदर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
दिल साँन्य छिना छ्वकुदॉव्य गॅमुत्य  
यिम जिगर छिना रतु दॉव्य गॅमुत्य  
वन्य कास तु असि शर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
तस बोज्ञान छुख युस नाद दिवान  
तस बख्शान युस बख्शिाश छु मंगान  
अँस्य आयि मुचर बर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला  
कुन ज्ञोन नु शिफा छुय नाद दिवान  
अअलम सोरुय पॅगरियाद करान  
कर ती यी बेहतर या मौला  
असि रॉछ पनुन्य कर या मौला

پاړو چھ ماړن بے ریا  
 کام کرؤد گاؤن بن ساد  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 یہلوکہ منز گر ٹہ گل  
 پڑ لوکہ منز سپدکھ سو پھل  
 داہ سنسکار دن نجات  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 آئند نیؤنم لو بن  
 اکھنڈ بزہما گو مے ژہبن  
 آم ستن ہتھ ارشاد  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 منہ رازے گر پرواز  
 مہ تے شریہ تھو تس نیاز  
 شتر واژ میانی بنیاد  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 ود یوگ او ابتدا  
 پڑالب کیا گر بے سلاح  
 پڑیم صمد میر چھے ژے ساتھ  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات



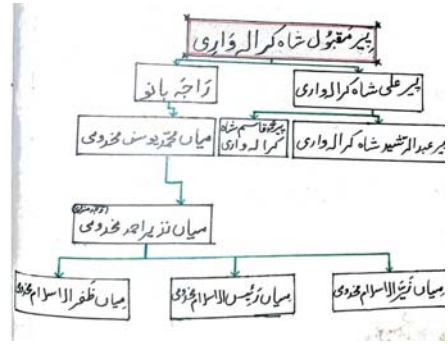
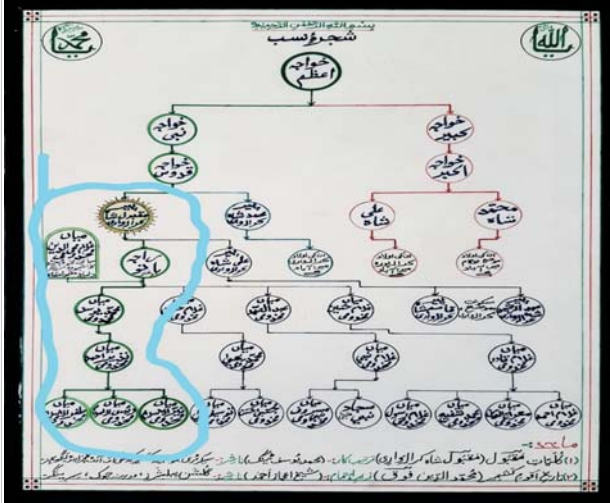
پاتال آکاش  
 صمد میر

ستھ گور سٹند سمہ واد  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 ژیتھ تورگس گر وحاط  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 کپٹھ تراو منہ دور  
 ہٹھ یوگ تھوتن بے قصور  
 وانی نیری اثبات  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 گیان اگیان گر صفا  
 نبش کام گرمس چھے نفع  
 چھاو نبرمل بن تہ ذات  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 من راز تھوتن بیدار  
 سو شہتہ بوز سوز و تار  
 ژپن چھ دیہ سٹند ناد  
 پاتال آکاش شش جہات  
 ناردر و نم شکیھا



## Maqbool Shah Kralwari

## Nayyar Makhdoomi



Author Nayyar Makhdoomi is a descendent of Poet Maqbool Shah Kralwari. He sets the controversy regarding date of birth of the great poet to rest here.

### Peer Maqbool Shah Kralawari (1820–1877) واری

پیر مکر بول شاہ کرا لہ واری was a poet of the 19th-century Kashmiri literature. Educated in Persian literature and considered among the finest poets of 19th-century Kashmir, his literary genius came to focus through 'Gulrez' گلریز (Scattered Flowers), a poem, many claim as finest descriptive poetry of the 19th-century Kashmiri literature.

Abdul Ahad Azad who is often referred to as John Keats of Kashmir, praises Maqbool Shah and his contribution to Kashmiri poetry. Azad writes:

مقبول اپنے اشعار میں جب تصوف لکھتے ہیں تو بلند پایہ صوفی معلوم ہوتے ہیں۔ جب امیدوارزو کا پیغام سناتے ہیں تو علامہ اقبال کا جوش بیان یاد آتا ہے۔ مذہبیات کہتے ہیں تو معلوم ہوتا ہے کہ ایک جوشیلا ملا اور بارعب واعظ مسجد کے منبر پر جھوم رہا ہے۔

Mohammad Yousuf Taing collected most part of Maqbool's poetic assets and compiled a book **Maqbool Shah Kralwari (2 volumes) 1972, 1978** (Edited)

According to new research done and some lost documents found, his date of death is established to be 13 of Safar 1294 Hijree which corresponds to 27 of February 1877.

## म्यॉन्य ईद

## प्रेम नाथ कौल अर्पन

गोछ ख्वदा गुरबथ मे कासुन जानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस  
 यड बैरिथ बतु गोछ मे आसुन मानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस  
 ब्वछि दादे छुस बु ज़रद्योमुत तवय होखमुत बु छुस  
 गोछ मे रगि रगि खून बासुन जानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस

आयि ईद हुम द्रायि शीरिथ पान पुरिथ जामु ज़र  
 म्यॉन्य शुर्य बाँच न्यथुनेनी मंदुछान किथु नेरन न्यबर  
 अँदरु कनि शरमंदु गॉमुत् ह्यथ गॅरीबी हुंद हन्नर  
 गोछ नु यिमन मंदुछावुन जानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस

आनु चोर ज़ेनान छुस सुबह शाम फीरिथ बाज़रस  
 तील तोमुल ज़्युन तु स्युन क्याह क्याह मुहिया करु गरस  
 पानु ख्यमु क्याह बेयि शुर्यन बाँचन बु दिमु क्या क्याह करस  
 गोछ मे काँछा प्यतरावुन जानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस

आव वंदु छम तुरि थरु थरु चारु छुम मा नेरनस  
 नफ्सु दादे रबि रुदस कोचि कोचे फेरुनस  
 तमि हमामन मंज़ बिहिथ यिम दौद्य दिलुकी बावु कस  
 म्यॉन्य ज़ॉरी गोछ सु मानुन जानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस

अख मे सख्ती छम पनुन्य यिम द्वख तु दौद्य च़ालान छुस  
 चानि बापथ जुव च़टान छुस पान रज़ि खालान छुस  
 बेयि बु चाने नज़रि तल कवु बद तर अज़ हयवान छुस  
 बु ति गोछुस इनसान ज़ानुन मानु हा मे ति ईद ऑस



*Life - Manzoor Nawchoo*  
**Strength to Fight a Crisis**

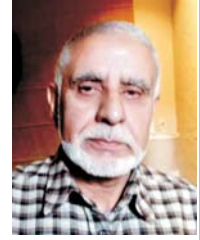
**T**here are different types and kinds of crisis which a human being faces in living the life on this planet. Every crisis has its longevity with respect to its type / kind, magnitude and severity to torment a person.

Every tormented person has his / her own strength or weakness to fight a particular crisis. Some prove very strong to fight an equally severe crisis and some are too weak to succumb to even to a minor crisis.

There are crisis which either can be fought out with physical, mental and spiritual strength individually or collectively by these virtues. One encounters crisis at one's personal level or community level. At personal level one can have health problem, family problem, matrimonial / marital problem which one needs to fight out at one's personal level without taking any external support from anybody else except one's family members or trusted friends.

The crisis at community level can be social, political or official for which one needs support of others to give a successful fight to it. Since it is very difficult to have generous supporters the crisis whatsoever kind gets compounded and very difficult to fight it out. Thus one needs to bear the burden by one's own self to tackle a crisis with chosen outside support. Sometimes there are one's detractors in the garb of friendly faces who play a hidden negative role in damaging

the morals and morale of a person facing some crisis. But to identify and seclude such supporters from one's life is also another crisis.



**FIGHT WITH PHYSICAL STRENGTH :**

This can be achieved by involving oneself in certain physical exercises on daily basis which are not damaging to one's body structure. These can comprise of walking, swimming, Yoga, gymnastic and athletic. Physical exercises also give mental strength to a person.

For getting physical strength one should engage physical coaches and therapists who can impart right kind of training to person for achieving perfect physical strength. Otherwise there can happen any reversals with one's physique, detrimental in achieving physical strength.

This is why physical exercise training sessions is a vital part of Army Training. Best physical exercises produce best players, athletes, fast runners, mountaineers, hikers and army men who prove very successful in facing any crisis in their lives.

**FIGHT WITH MENTAL STRENGTH :**

The mental strength can be achieved by reading books, magazines, novels, news papers and religious books. It can also be had by indulging in group discussions with

one's family members, neighbors, relatives and friends. Some minor verbal brawls and altercations not having element of animosity can also make a person mentally strong. One needs to take care that over burdening one's mind can result in mental disorders which can be hazardous for one's life. So care needs to be taken in making one's mind strong by choosing healthy mental exercises. For this purpose your group partners should also be mentally healthy. Otherwise it can create another crisis in fighting out the basic crisis.

#### **FIGHT WITH SPIRITUAL STRENGTH :**

This strength is the most vital element in a human being which in fact infuses both physical and mental strength also simultaneously. Meditation, introspection and submission to Almighty brings spiritual spirits to a person making one strong enough to fight out any kind of crisis. Indulging in one's religious rituals including reading and understanding religious books also impart spiritual strength to a person. It is an undisputed fact that all humans ultimately have to return to their creator and all want to go with some or more spirituality to live a peaceful eternal life hereafter. This faith makes a person very strong to fight any kind of crisis minor or major which everybody encounters in one's life at one point of time or the other.

If mixed together physical, mental and spiritual strength can make a person very strong and successful in giving a tough fight to any sort of crisis even like present Coronavirus Pandemic

eradication fight.

As far as Coronavirus Pandemic crisis is concerned, it can be best fought out by Lockdowns, quarantines and isolations as no vaccine is yet available for killing this virus.

Though to remain under lockdown inside one's home is not an easy remedy but can be made result oriented by resorting to physical, mental and spiritual exercises, positive thinking and religiosity on daily basis which can make a person strong enough to give a successful fight to this dreaded virus.

It may not be out of place to mention here that adopting of prescribed and recommended dietary habits also play a vital role in becoming physically, mentally and spiritually strong to fight out a crisis.

Most beneficial and healthy diet comprises of green vegetables, green fruits, some dry fruits like nuts and crackers, salad, fluids, some juices, green or lemon tea , over and above all plenty of fresh water and air.

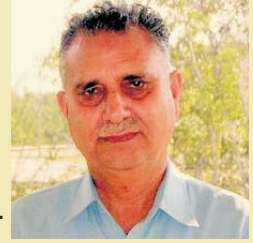
Wish all the best with the prayers that may Almighty protect us all from the onslaught of Coronavirus Pandemic by making it vanish very fast from this world so that we resume our happy and healthy life to work for the betterment of humanity in our respective capacities which should be everybody's goal.

Contact author at :  
[manzoornawchoo12@gmail.com](mailto:manzoornawchoo12@gmail.com)



### *Spirituality & Religion - Dr. Chaman Lal Raina*

## **Dedicated to The Divine Mother**

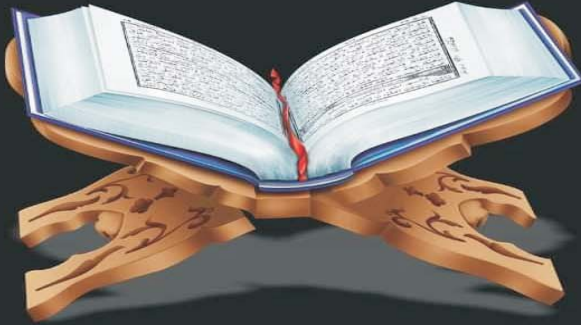


I am the Divine Mother Durga - the Life Urge  
 Teaching through Markandeya how to adore Me.  
 The vision of Medha Rishi makes you to see Me.  
 I am Chandi - the Eternal Durga Sapta Shati.  
 Suratha is just the personification of Human desire,  
 who oblates me through the Celestial fire  
 To be in Samadhi is my Primal breath.  
 I abide in all the creatures of the earth,  
 Perceived through the senses, I alone do exist.  
 Touch, taste, smell, sight and sound are just functions,  
 To rhythm and balance the body, in spirit and mind  
 I am myself the Super sensuous Atman of Brahma.  
 I am the eternal spirit revered as Vishnu Maya  
 I am Maha Kali-the eternal timelessness.  
 Measure of the time, is my eternal play  
 I create day and night, month, year and aeons.  
 I rise with glaciers, beautiful vales and jungles  
 The ocean is just a drop before me.  
 I am a swimming action and a drifting march  
 I am thus revered as Shailaputri.  
 I am the graphics of the universe.  
 I am the sound, syllable and the seed of existence  
 I am a curve and a cone, a triangle and a square.  
 I am the tangent touching the circle of transmigration  
 I paint with Divine brush and cosmic colors  
 Shades and tones are my impressions and sisters  
 The realms of Brahma Vishnu and Shiva...,  
 Are just the glimpses of my Primal thought  
 I bring light on the canvas of humanity  
 I am revered as the First Brahmacharini  
 Philosopher's wisdom is the shadow of my vision  
 Being Durga..., I am Existent the Eternal one  
 I am embodiment of creation, sustenance and dissolution  
 Rishis deciphered my Mantra in syllable, word and meter.  
 Visible I am in the flash of the Markandeya's eye,  
 Who adored me with the Anushtubha - Jagati meter

Dressed me in various colorful robes  
 Putting sword and missiles in my hands.  
 Seeing me on the couch of a roaring lion  
 I alone gave a vital breath to Lord Vishnu  
 Ananta serpent was his couch then,  
 Giving birth to Brahma through his naval root, just for fun.  
 Simultaneously Madhu And Kaitabha were born and seen  
 With Demonic and fierce looks they had been  
 Born of Vishnu's ear – wax, a miracle  
 Rishis deciphered the Mantra in meter and rhythm.  
 Hastening they were to kill the Brahma- The Lord of creation  
 Universe was filled with all commotion  
 It received the Divine recognition.  
 The Primal Ratri Sukta was born then  
 It was all dark ,eclipsed was the Sun  
 Thus the spontaneous Eternal cry was heard.  
 He begged for lease of life, s was not murdered  
 with the praises of Svaha and Svadha,  
 The "Vak" got vibrated in A U and M (OM) in Vashatkara  
 A new scene with unknown Sun was seen, as an annotation-  
 Gods were commissioned to help Brahma for procreation.  
 Markandeya portrayed me as Vishnu - Maya  
 Who was aroused from Cosmic sleep of Yoga  
 Yoga Nidra Was seen in the Eternity  
 Ornamented with conch disc, lotus and Mudra.  
 With the praises of word were deluded Madhu – Kaitabha:  
 “O demons! You are really brave and great  
 Ask for a boon to create your Eternal fate.”  
 Vishnu Maya, killed them on the thighs,  
 Not in water and not in space.  
 Take me verily, I am that Mahakali  
 I am Maha Lakshmi killing Mahishasura-  
 My own creation to justify Dharma  
 For Vishnu, Brahma and Indra could not defeat Mahishasura.  
 I was visible to other gods and to Indra .  
 Committed to help the Divine beings of Swarga  
 Thus was known with the name of Durga  
 I am thus revered as Brahmacharini  
 I play the role of Chadra Ghanta  
 Making the universe see the dance of Shiva Tandava

I bring luminosity around the globe.  
 It is just a twinkle of my eye  
 To keep Nine planets in motion.  
 Brihaspati is my intellect, Shukra is my ego.  
 I am the Eternal Seed and destroying every foe  
 I am found in all and in One  
 I teach "Aham Brahmasmi, Tat Tvam Asi"  
 I am revered as Kushmanda, I am Saraswati .  
 I am the beauty and aesthetics of the Vedas .  
 I adore the Agamas , I sing the songs in the Puranas  
 Am being fashioned in Tantra-Mantra –Yantra  
 For I am Skanda Mata of Kumar Kartikeya.  
 I again am invisible in Kala Ratri  
 I crush the jealousy of the Gods  
 Guiding them to the path of early dawn  
 Thus I am slightly visible to the Yogic eye  
 I m the Eternal Usha and Devi Sukta  
 I took birth to fulfill the dream of Kashyapa  
 I was born as the daughter of Himalaya  
 Revered as Parvati and Shiva Priya  
 For certain, I manifested as the Maha Gauri  
 For I am stronger than reason, but not in hurry  
 For I am the perfection of the cosmic view  
 This universe is but a drop of dew,  
 To see and playing with own self as Siddhi Dhatri

I again and again am born as Nava Durga  
 Some praise with the words of prescribed Puja  
 Some seek me for peace and prosperity.  
 Some adore me to arouse Kundalini .  
 But I lift the devotee , who loves me joyfully,  
 Lifting his conscience in my eternal lap.  
 Abiding in every tissue, nerve, vein and cell  
 I am Durga -- Mother of the brave, but honest one,  
 Feeding all without discrimination.  
 Some adore me with Thouand Names  
 Others with Kali--Chandi and Seven hundred celestial Names  
 But I am only Nine Syllabled One  
 Call me Durga, the Mother of vibration



## فاروق شاہین



نظم  
فاروق شاہین

اللہ ہو

قرآن پورم

قرآن وچھم

اتہ ظلماتن منز نور نژان

گاہ ہو کچے کران

گاہ ہیرہ بون سری سے زول کران

گاہ سری یہ بنتھ دن پرزلادان

گاہ تارکھ غارن منز آژی آژی

گئی آکارن اتہ سران کران

پر تھ فرد پنن آسان لبھ

گنتہ گیور کراں اتھ ظلماتن

گاہ کعبس اندی اندی کوتر گتھ

ملکوئی فرد یکبار کران

اکھ لے چھے دو تھاں لہراہ تلان

پتہ دور سیٹھاہ دور گونجان تار

بیتھ چھنہ کانہہ ژھین

بیتھ چھنہ کانہہ اند

اتہ سور ملی شفقس لوصن بند

اتہ وٹک گر حاران رہتھ

دامانس جری جری تارکھ نب

پر تھ انسانس

اکھ چآنی ادا

قرآنی فضا

نگراواں وحدت

اللہ ہو

## Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul

### Our Common Mother

**T**he Foundation of the modern science of Genetics was laid by an Austrian monk named Mendel in 1865. He did wonderful cross breeding experimental work on garden peas and discovered the principles of inheritance which have come to be universally known as Mendel's Laws.



It may sound incredible but is true that the same principles of inheritance apply to the mankind as to peas and even to cats and flies. The inheritance of characters in sexually reproducing organisms follows the same Mendelian principles. And as we know man is a sexually reproducing organism.

Research in Genetics all over the World encompasses varied fields. It is being pursued with results of great consequence for mankind in the fields of agriculture, horticulture, microbiology, medicine, animal and plant sciences to name only a few. The word "genes" has now become fairly common in usage.

Most people now understand that genes have something to do with traits. So there are good people with good genes and bad people with bad genes. A cobra has poisonous fangs because it gets such genes from its parents. That is so simple.

Now what is that makes up genes? Genes are segments of an organic

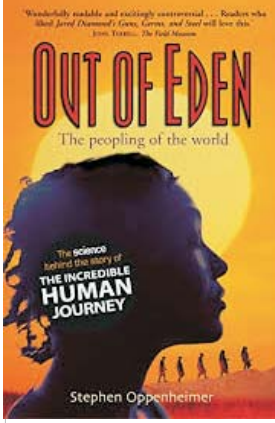
substance called DNA (Deoxyribonucleic acid). This substance is found in Chromosomes and also in Mitochondria (small particles found in cells). Both the types of DNA pass from the parents to their offsprings.



Research in human genetics has lately come up with the revelation that every human being alive today carries mitochondrial DNA that can be traced back to a single woman who lived in the Eden of Africa about 150,000 years ago.

Stephen Oppenheimer has now come out with a book "Out of Eden: The peopling of the world" [Constable, British Pound 18.99, 440pp] tracing the roots of mankind. His book refers to the well documented and published work of Rebecca and her fellow geneticists in America who had isolated one tiny portion of our mitochondrial DNA which we inherit solely from our mothers and which is kept intact-unlike chromosomal DNA shuffling





of genes that happens at reproduction- and track it back through the female line to a single population of pre-historic woman in Africa.

The work of Rebecca et al has at one stroke solved the long running debate about

whether the present human race had originated in Africa and spread out from there or whether they had evolved separately from different populations in different places.

Oppenheimer pieces together the story in his book. Through a vivid synthesis of DNA studies with archaeological, climatic, anthropological and other findings, he comes to the conclusion that not only all humans descended from one Africa mother line, but that all non-African people derive from a single daughter of that mother.

The question is as to why, how and when did our ancestors leave that original motherland in Africa to populate the whole globe? Oppenheimer claims that instead of heading for Europe they headed by a southerly route, about 80,000 years ago, already equipped with language and an array of technologies.

Hopping from island to island in boats across the Red sea to the southern Arabian Peninsula, this daughter of the "Eve" and her genetic family then went around the coast of India to South and, East Asia. Within 10,000 years

descendants of these colonists had reached Australia, 20,000 years before the first modern. humans arrived in Western Europe.

In the meantime offshoots from that original coast-trotting group pushed inland using river valleys to penetrate the mountain ranges that block off Central Asia and the Middle East. At the same time, other adventurers spread north from South-East Asia into China, Japan, Mongolia and ultimately America.

Drawing on evidence from the other part of our DNA on intact the Adam-line, or non-recombining DNA of the male Y chromosome to bolster his theory, Oppenheimer unravels in fascinating detail a complex history of progressive colonization and cultural evolution.

There is a question that many may ask. Why is it that the major races of mankind differ so much in their features, if they have come from a single mother? The story of the evolution of races is closely knit with the vast reaches of time and space. As continents shrunk and swelled and ice caps advanced and retreated, the array of human populations evolved and our faces changed shape, our bodies grew lighter or heavier and our skin colour lightened or darkened.

What seems to us a mass of differences is in fact an ever-shrinking pool of genetic diversity. As we are the children of one mother, we are dangerously placed in this ever-evolving world.

For example we are ill equipped to fight new diseases like Bird flu and AIDS. It is really unfortunate that despite having

Continued on Page 50



## मुलाकात

अब्दुल गनी नदीम

मुलाकात  
عبدالغنی ندیم

सूच वक्तस अँकिस मे पानस सूत्य  
दूर येमि सँदरु किस अपारि बँठिस  
यारि गनिरस अंदर छु अख आलम  
वीरि वारव अँदुर्य छे वातान नाव  
बालु दामन छु प्रेथ हंगामु बिदून  
शूबि मरकज़ येत्यन अमारन हुंद  
ह्योथ मे अँद्य हारि मनसरायि मुशिक  
आयि सरताज़ु यिवुनि सोंतुच ब्य  
नारु ज़ितन्यन गिंदान छे शबनुम्य अँछ  
सहरखानस ति काश खसिहे कॉफ  
बाँग्य बांगुय अगर नु दीहे अज़  
कायिनातस ति वख मँशद गछिहे  
यथ नबस रोज़िहे योहय अख रंग  
चूरि शुर्य लॉय वँन्य टीनु पशस  
कोतुरन हुति-योत कुनी छख लँज  
तारि कूट्यन छु मूल ज़न प्राटान  
कावु येनिवोल तां सपुद खामोश  
लारि मंज़ क्या खबर छे कुस कोत लोग  
यथ वनावँन्य बे-ज़ॉन्य बँस्यती मंज़  
नाद कस लायि कुस अँछन तल छुम

सूच वक्तस अँकिस मे पानस सूत्य  
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लारि मंज़ क्या खबर छे कुस कोत लोग  
यथ वनावँन्य बे-ज़ॉन्य बँस्यती मंज़  
नाद कस लायि कुस अँछन तल छुम

**Influence of Advaita .. From Page 31**

and once you get habituated to that you will feel one with the Divine.' Saying so, he is at once reminded of the crucifixion of Mansoor and he warns, 'Chhu vanan Shah Ghafur vaati ma marun. When Shah Ghafur says that the Divine and I are one, he should not be crucified for this truth.' Again he says, 'Shah Ghafur pazichi han chhuna bavan, tan chhas rachhni lachha bo'd jaan. Po'z gatshi aashkar asi maranavan. Intentionally Shah Ghafur avoids telling the truth. After all he has to save his skin for the life is very precious. If he reveals the truth (of oneness of God and man) he will be killed.' One is reminded of these lines from a Urdu poetess of repute: 'Sach bolna bhi lazim jeena bhi hai zaroori, sach bolne ki khatir Mansoor ho na jana'. Speaking the truth is necessary but to live also is essential, one should not give up one's life like Mansoor did simply to speak the truth.

**Asad Paray**

Asad Paray is a later poet who lived in village Hajin (1862 to 1930). The effect of Hindu mythology and philosophy is apparent from most of his poems. 'Naran naguk mas' is a glaring example of this influence. It would suffice to quote a few stanzas from this poem. 'Om ba karith drass Omkarasay, Om Narayan sat logum saet, tosas Omki pan khalmasay ba rasa rasay kornas tayar. Suhamsu yaar vuchha novnasay tathya Rama tsander sholyav, sayas tahndis tal thovnasay. Jugyah lagith doonya zajmasay, khalvakh dandakvanasay manz, pranay abhyas sa

sharir zolmasay. Bhavanaki nagarada tan navmasay, bava sara vuchhim divay jan. Haramokha bala paan mansovmasay, bo rasa rasay kornas tayar. I started my spiritual journey uttering the sacred 'Om' and the Divine accompanied me all through. I went on chanting Om as if He was preparing me for the journey slowly and steadily. When by His grace I realized that He and I are one, I perceived the radiance of Shri Rama. He kept me under His refuge. In the solitude of a forest I lit the sacred fire like a Yogi. I burnt my body in the fire of breath control. In the sacred waters of the shrine at Bhavan I cleansed my body. This helped me to see the divine radiance here itself. I sacrificed my childhood at the sacred foothills of Harmukh, the abode of Shiva and He geared me for the journey slowly and steadily.

**(To be continued)**

Contact author at:  
trilokinathdhar@yahoo.com

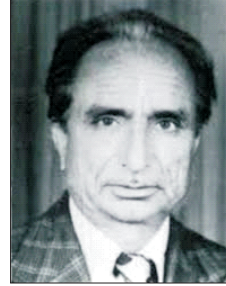
**Our Common Mother .. From Page 48**

made strides in the fields of science and technology, humans are fighting and killing each other for no valid reason. Innocent people including women, children, old and infirm are maimed or killed in mindless violence and suicide bombings. In a brave new world there is need of resolving conflicts of race, religion and territory and work towards greater welfare of mankind bound together by the bond of being the sons and daughters of a common mother from the Eden of Africa.



## توتن کھامن

انتر محی الدین



Episode

3

Page 3

مُجے ٹیٹس ستری ترون بیچے کھبھہ نیلہ سہ نیران اوس لوکن اوس تھندن  
تدمن مژ ڈژھ، تھنن کھن مژ گزبر تہ شہہ کھسوسہ مژ شز پزن پھن شز تیکہ  
تار گندونی سر سادو آواز باسان۔ تم اسی جہند وچو دمجز زانان تہ امہ مجز کہ  
حسامہ اوسکھ سورے اوند پو کھ سوئہ سو باسان..... رنگہ روون تہ سونہ پڑل۔  
مگر دوہہ اکہ پھٹ یہ طلسم تیکیا زتس آہ عقل۔ عقلہ ہند زور  
زوں ز مجہ ٹیٹ پھ صحتہ باپتہ مضر۔ ژھونڈن مینڈھ مینڈھ تہ تی بیٹوس۔ امی  
مژ لوڈن مکاہ..... مکاہ تہ تہ مہ لوکیارس گیکارس مژ وچھمت اوسن۔ اتہ  
فارغ سیدتھ بناون گوڈیکس فرزندس، پتہ ڈیکس تہ پتہ سارنی فرزند گپگار  
چالی واریاہ مکاہ۔ اتہ فارغ سیدتھ بناون فرزندن ہندن فرزندن تہ تھندن  
فرزندن یم آزی کہ بز ونہ گن ژنجی وہری نہجہ سسارس پتہ ہن امہ کھوتہ تہ  
تھدی محل۔

یہ سورے کرتھ تھاون پنہ خاطر، پنہ نین فرزندن تہ تھندن فرزندن  
ہند خاطر بیون بیون سونہ سیر جمع۔

اتہ موکھتھ بنوون پنہ باپتھ سنگ مرمرک مقبر، تمہ پتہ تھ اندر سرتاپہ  
تہ اُخرس دوپس عقلہ زخبر چھا خدا صاب ما کر کنجوسی، اوے بنوون پاتالے  
پنہ خاطر تہ پننن فرزندن تہ تھندن فرزندن ہند خاطر الگے جنت۔

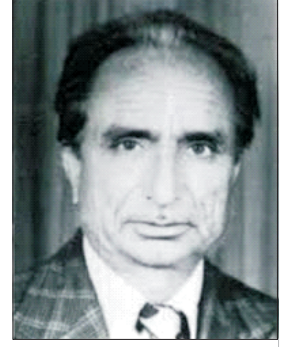
از نیلہ آرکیالوجی والو یہ سورے کھول، اکھ لیکھ سونہ سیر تہ بیہ  
لیکھ دستہ خان۔ سونہ سیر پر زناو پڑتھ اکر مگر کز نو لوگ نہ کائہ اُکس تہ  
اتہ زتس توتن کھامون سندن گس اکھا چھ۔

Stories from National Book Trust's 'azayib kashmir'  
afsun Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L.Shant

सिलसिलुवार

तूतन खामून

अख्तर मोही-उद-दीन



मुजि

चेटिस सुत्य तुरुन बतु ख्यथ येलि सु नेरान ओस, लुकन ओस तिहुंघन नदमन मंज वुछ, तिहुंज्जन कथन मंज ग्रन्यर तु शाह खसवसि मंज श्रज्जुपरन हुंज शुन्य तिकृतार गिंदवुन्य सिरिसॉव्य आवाज बासान। तिम ऑस्य तिहुंद वजूद मोज्जु ज्ञानान तु अमि मोज्जुकि हिसाबु ओसुख सोरुय ओद पोख सोंतुसोव बासान। रंगु रिवुन तु स्वनु ज्जुचल।

मगर द्दह अकि फुट यि तिलसम तिक्याजि तस आयि अक्ल। अक्लि हुंदि ज़ोरु ज़ोनुन जि मुजि च्योट छु सेहतु बापथ मुजिर। छोंडुन म्यूठ तु ती बेट्चोस। अमी मज्जु लोदुन मकानु। मकानु तिथुय युथ ल्वकुचारस गुपकारस मंज वुछमुत ओसुन। अति फॉरिग सपदिथ बनोंविन ग्वडुनिकिस फ़रज़ंदस, पतु दौयिमिस तु पतु सारिनुय फ़रज़ंदन गुपकार चालि वारयाह मकानु। अति फ़ॉरिग सपदिथ बनोंविन फ़रज़ंदन हुंघन फ़रज़ंदन तु तिहुंघन फ़रज़ंदन यिम अँज्यकि ब्रॉह कुन च़तजीह वुहुर्य यथ सम्सारस यियि हन, अमि खोतु ति थँद्य महल।

यि सोरुय कॅरिथ थाव्यन पनुनि खॉतरु पनुन्यन फ़रज़ंदन तु तिहुंघन फ़रज़ंदन हुंदि खॉतरु ब्योन ब्योन स्वनु सेरि जमह।

अति म्वकुलिथ बनोवुन पनुनि बापथ संगे मर्मरुक मक्कबरु, तमि पतु तथ अंदर सरताबु तु ऑखुरस दोपुस अक्लि जि खबर छा ख्वदा सॉब मा करि कंजूसी। अवय बनोवुन पातालय पनुनि खॉतरु तु पनुन्यन फ़रज़ंदन तु तिहुंघन फ़रज़ंदन हुंदि खॉतरु अलगुय जन्नथ।

अज येलि आरक्यालोजी वाल्यव यि सोरुय खूल, अख लब्यख स्वनु सेरि तु बेयि लॅबिख वुस्तुखान। स्वनु सेरि परज्जुनावि प्रथ अँक्य मगर कंज लोग नु काँसि अँकिस ति अथि जि तस तूतन खामून सुंद कुस अखाह छु।

तूतन खामून : अँकिस कॅदीम मिस्त्रकिस बादशाह सुंद नाव

## Letters to Editor

Dear Raina Sahib,

This issue kept me engaged in the morning immediately after Sehri and I was shocked when clock hand struck past 30 mts to six in the morning. So I realized that my morning Nimaz is over today. Anyway I really congratulate you with out extolling etc, that the quality of contents in different write ups in the magazine impressed me to the core. Although one may differ with the authors of different opinions/articles and write ups, however something is very much substantial in the magazine which provokes cognitive exercise and enriches faculties. I too may differ with the opinion of couple of authors at several places.



T.N.Dhar Kundan's Advaita on Muslim Reshi's enlighten reader and provides a window for understanding what Kashmiryat as a philosophy is composed of. Please convey my appreciation to the author. Though there are areas where opinion is divergent, however such discourses have potential to create a healthy debate which will further cement our composite cultural ethos.

Pandit Govind Koul ji, Kalhan of his times and people of his ilk remind me of great Ram Chand Kak who was forgotten by same people for whom he fought and sacrificed. My opinion lowers about our culture for not recognizing such people.

Gopadri temple by M K Parimo ji once again encourages about our inherent secular predilection towards mutual understanding, respect and

coexistence on which we can predict hope of bright future. At the same time a debate of 'Kashmiris' being lost 12th tribe of jews & Solomon's presence in or around Kashmir can be initiated. Few scholars like Parvez Dewan have deliberated on this issue at length in his works on Kashmir.

Pheran & Taranga by Trishal & Koul: Mention of its (Pheran) background of Mughals subjugating a warrior people is more relevant to our contemporary circumstances. Though it is now our common heritage with minor variations used by both the Kashmiri communities.

Main write ups about Mehjoor by Zubair Hamid and Corona virus by one of our eminent physician Dr K L Choudary & Dr Showkat were enlightening, rich and latest in content. Such discussions & debates are need of the hour to face the challenges, enrich oneself with latest information. Dr. K.L.Chowdury's deliberation on Covid 19 is full of wisdom, technical details, precautions for safety & its post effects.

Zubair Hamid has wonderfully focused on different facets of our great poet philosopher known as 'Shayer i Kashmir' who was in line with scholars like Pt Govind Koul & nationalist like RC Kak.

Prof B L Kouls Bird Song & Narvana by Meem Hai Zafar is equally mesmerizing.

God bless you Raina Sahib. Praagaash is coming up a big way, I guarantee you, Sir. A lazy person like me reacting is proof of its potential. I remember my late friend Shuja Bukhari always complaining for not writing for his

## Letters to Editor

paper. Now you can yourself judge about the contents in your magazine which provoked even a lazy person like me.

Regards,

**Dr. S. Bashir A. Veeri.**  
Bijbehara, Anantnag Kashmir.



**Namaskar Raina Saheb,**

I have been enjoying Praagaash, particularly so because I have been away from my people and home ever since I left the valley in 1955 and have only been an infrequent visitor since. (*Kuni kuni chhu bada lol yewan*).



I have another article ready for your approval and publication. I have been a little hesitant to write about my own father, but on persuasion from friends and relations, I am doing this in view of his being rated the first ‘legendary’ Physician Specialist in the valley. I however, leave it to your discretion.

**Kanwar K Kaul**

**Professor Emeritus & Retired Dean  
NSCB Medical College, Jabalpur**

[Editor replies : It is an honour for us to publish a write-up related to the popular and veteran doctor of the Valley. Thanks for sharing with Praagaash.]



**Dear Sir,**

Just completed the reading of the Supplement on Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi, released by Praagaash. It is a befitting tribute to the great multifaceted

literary figure of Kashmir. Huge efforts and labour have been invested by Praagaash and Shri M.K.Raina in its making and its release. All the words are insufficient to applaud the laborious work done.



Undoubtedly a great tribute offering Supplement by Praagaash.

**Upendra Ambardar**  
Jammu



**Namaskar Mahara,**

You have been doing a yoman’s service to promote and preserve our Maji-zev so selflessly for the past so many years, which you still continue. You, as editor of the Hindi-



Kashmiri Section of Aalav, Bangalore reproduced Urdu Gita of Late Premi Sahib and reproduced his book Rusi Padshah Kathae in Devanagari-Kashmiri. Now yesterday on his 30th martyrdom day, you compiled and brought out the special Supplement on Praagaash, for which the whole community and also the art lovers all over India will remain indebted to you.

I thank you again and thank all those who created a storm of Shardhanjalis on social media this martyrdom day.

**Rajinder Premi**  
New Delhi



## Letters to Editor

**Namaskar Mahra,**

I have been a reader of Praagaash and a big follower of your page *mkraina.com* and I wanted to thank you for all the contributions you have done for Kashmiri language. Your webpage looks so marvelous since you have updated it.



My name is Imran Qazi. I am a Half Kashmiri and Half French. I was born in November 1990 in Trivandrum, Kerala where my paternal family had started handicraft business. Your page has helped me to improve my vocabulary in Kashmiri, thanks to your Basic Reader and Vocabulary PDFs. I really loved your Dictionary of Peculiar Words.

Mahra, I am able to speak better Kashmiri now, thanks to my Grandfather. I remember I told him that I don't want people in the valley consider me as a "توتہ / طوطہ". So I made great efforts to understand and speak the language. At home, I speak French (my mother tongue) with my mother, English with my father and Kashmiri with my grandfather. I have also learnt Hindi and Urdu reading and speaking thanks to my master's degree days in Pondicherry University as it allowed me to make friendship with people from Rajasthan and UP.

I have learnt in 2013 on my own to read Kashmiri in Nastaliq script with the help of state board books available in Srinagar.

On your web-page, you have mentioned that Kashmiri language was simply taught till 1953. I want to make a

correction here. Since 2008, Kashmiri became once more a compulsory subject in government and private schools from 1st to 8th standard. In 2017, the government ordered that the language be made compulsory till 10th. But for 9th and 10th it has not been implemented yet.

I am currently in Grenoble, South East of France since 13th September 2019 pursuing master degree in Political Science.

**Imran Qazi**  
**Grenoble, France**

**Dear Raina Sahab,**

Namaskar. It was wonderful to go through the contents of May issue of Praagaash. As usual this issue contained the considerable reading material about our culture and language. The cover page showing the Covid19 picture depicts the concern we all should have about this deadly virus. The portrait of Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi, a poet and philosopher of high repute, is a great tribute to him on his 30th death anniversary. The write-ups and poems of all writers were of high order and interesting too. The articles by our esteemed Dr. K L Chowdhury and by Dr. Showkat Hussain Tali on the ongoing pandemic were very informative and made us conscious about the precautions needed to be taken. In fact every page of the magazine, be it, respected T N Dhar



## Letters to Editor

Kundan's write-up on influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishis of Kashmir, write-up on poet Mahjoor by Zubair Hamid, the poetry by Sh. Rahman Rahi, Prof. G M Shad, Farooq Shaheen, and other poets, is keeping the reader spell bound. The ancient history of Shankaracharya temple (Gopadari temple) by Sh M K Parimoo was quite interesting. In fact your hard toil in bringing forth the magazine every month, having wonderful poetry and articles on our culture, history and language is highly appreciable, and has very rightly been recognised by various cultural forums by awarding you that you really deserved. I wish you success in every future endeavour.

M K Dhar  
Jammu.



ایم کے رینہ جی آداب:  
کَٹھ پیچھے چلان رینہ صابنن منزل باتن  
ہنر----- کَٹھ پیچھے چلان سانہ تمہ  
کلچرچ یس و سَن داغی چھ گومت----- تمہ  
کلچرچ یثہ جایہ جایہ آمہ تاو چھ لنگمت-----  
تمہ کلچرچ یس اسہ پننہ آنگنہ منز کھکر نیبر  
کوڈ تہ ڈسٹ بنس منز تروو!؟ یمن حالاتن  
منز چھ دُور کتہتام بہیت شخصنا یس منزل  
باتن پیٹھ کَٹھ کران چھ----- اصلی  
کشمیر یس چھ یس لکھ پاسداری کران-----

----- یس پُر آشوب دورس منز پنہ  
نس کلچرس زالی دین تہ ژار کرن پتہ  
منزل باتھ گرین----- یہ چھ پزنہ پاٹھ  
رینہ صابن لول پنہ نس کلچرس وکھراوان  
اسہ چھ رینہ صابنہ تخلیقی بترک احساس  
گنان----- و مید تھاوو رینہ صاب  
تھاون مشق جاری۔



Rafeeq Masoodi  
Rafiabad, Srinagar  
Former ADG Doordarshan  
Patron, Rafiabad Adabi Markaz

[M.K.Raina replies: manzûli bâth are not my creation. These are Kashmiri folk songs, compiled by J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages decades back. I have rewritten them in Devanagari and uploaded on my website. I have also narrated them under my valiv zàn karav Programme.]

