



Connecting Roots

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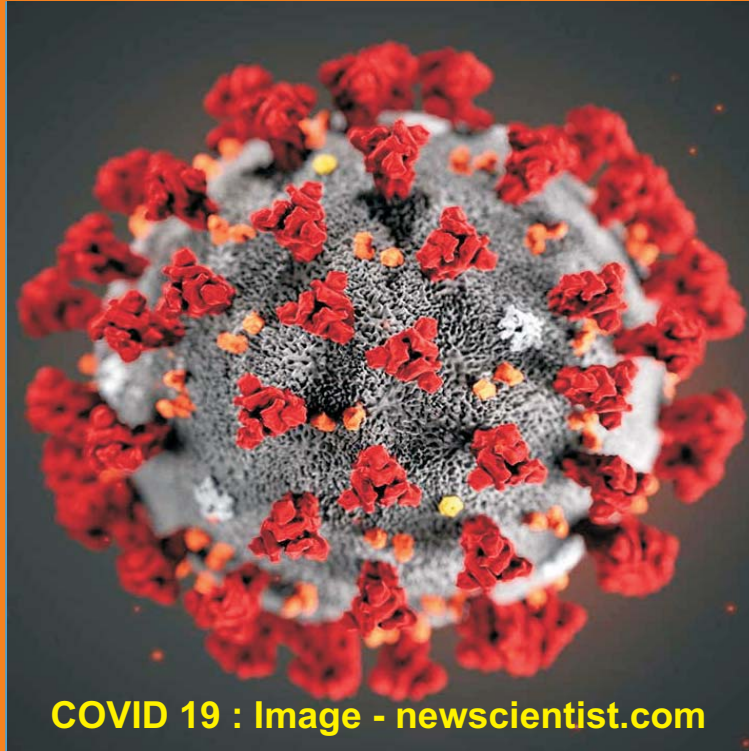
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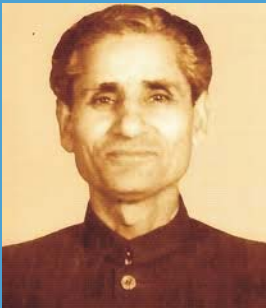


Praagaash  
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



COVID 19 : Image - newscientist.com



Supplement

Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi  
(02.11.1924 - 01.05.1990)  
30th Death Anniversary

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

वर्ष ५ : अंक ५ ~ मई २०२० Vol 5 : No. 5 ~ May 2020

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## Editorial

The COVID-19 pandemic has taken the whole world by storm and almost brought everything everywhere to standstill. In India, the central and the state governments are doing their best to check this deadly virus and it is our duty to take precautions as per the advisories issued by the government from time to time. It is clear that people of all ages can be infected by the coronavirus and those with pre-existing conditions like asthma, diabetes, heart ailments etc are more vulnerable to it. While taking every precaution necessitated from time to time, let us not get unnecessarily panicky by the messages and statements issued by mischief mongers and pseudo-experts. Let us believe and publicise only authentic information issued by authorised agencies. More important, let us stay in our homes and maintain social distancing till the things get better. This is only in our own interest.



On 1st May 2020, falls the 30th death anniversary of an ace Kashmiri litterateur, poet, philosopher and humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi. He and his son were murdered brutally this day in the year 1990. Premiji has authored priceless Kashmiri literature. His untimely death has caused great loss to Kashmir, Kashmiri literature and Kashmiri language. It is very difficult to fill the void created by his departure. Alongwith this issue of Praagaash, we are bringing out yet another Supplement to pay our homage to this great son of the soil, Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi. May his soul rest in peace.



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## واخ - لال دد

دیشی آیاس دش دیشی چّلیث  
 چّلیث چّوٹوم شونّی ادد واو  
 شویو ڈیٹوم شایو شایو میلیث  
 شے تے تے تروپیمس تے شویو ڈیٹوم



دود کواہ ج्ञانی یس نو بنے  
 گموی جامو ولی تنے  
 گرو گرو فیرس پیم کنے  
 ڈیٹوم نو کاہ تے پنونی کنے



دیشہ آیس دس دیشہ ٹلٹھ  
 ٹلٹھ ٹوم ٹوئی ادد واو  
 شے ڈیٹوم شایہ شایہ میلٹھ  
 شے تے تے تروپیمس تے شے دراو

دود کواہ زانہ یس نو بنے  
 عکرو جامہ ولی تنے  
 گر گر پھیرس پیم کنے  
 ڈیٹوم نہ کاہہ تے پنہ کنے

## شروخ - شوخ نور-دد-دین ولی

کےچن دوتوخ توری آلل  
 کےچن رچایو نالیو وٹھ  
 کےچن مس چٹھ اُچھ لچو تالیو  
 کےچن نیلویو چّلیث ہالیو رچٹھ  
 کھہ گّلیو مولو تے کھہ گّلیو مالو  
 کھہ گّیو وانن فالو دیتھ



کینٹن دیکھ توری آلو  
 کینٹن رچایو نالیو وٹھ  
 کینٹن مس چّٹھ اُچھ لچو تالیو  
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 کینٹن گّو مولو تے کینٹن گّو مالو  
 کینٹن گّیو وانن پھالو دیتھ





## Episode

7

Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

## Mehjoor

### The Victim of Solitude

- Zubair Hamid



**B**est known of the modern poets of Kashmir, Mehjoor lived in the twilight of a politically awakening east. The strong tide of nationalism that swept Europe in the eighteenth century engulfed most Eastern and Western nations alike by the end of the nineteenth century. Kashmir witnessed the upsurge in true sense in 1921. Mehjoor witnessed a vast class distinction between lords and the native populace, illiteracy and deplorable economic conditions.

Born (1887) in Mitrigam to Saeeda Bano and Abdullah Shah, Mehjoor received primary education at home. At the age of 13, he was enrolled in the Madrassah of Aakhon Abdul Ganai in Tral and then in 1901, Madrassah Nusrat-ul-Islam Srinagar where Mehjoor got introduced to Persian and Kashmiri. Leaving his studies he left for Punjab, where he became familiar with the literature and moreover learnt his ancestral profession - calligraphy from a famous calligrapher Ghulam Ali of Amritsar. Mehjoor was fortunate to interact with Abdullah Bismil - a



poet of great stature. It was Bismil who introduced him to Shibli Naomani, who after listening to some couplets is said to have prayed in his favor. Bismil went to Qadiyan and invited Mehjoor for the job of the editor of *Al-Badr* (a monthly magazine brought out by Qadiyanis) for a year. During this period he came across the monthly of Muhammad

Din Fauq with contents of Kashmiri poetry and poets. Mehjoor left Amritsar for Lahore. He met Fauq who was well versed in Kashmir history. It is said that '*Tarikh-i Adbiyat e Kashmir*' was a result of his time with Fauq.

In 1907, Mehjoor returned to Kashmir and was married to Mehtab Bano. Mehjoor held the post of Patwari but was disengaged from the post multiple times like in 1913, 1918 and 1929.

In 1900's, Urdu had become a dominant language in Kashmir. Kashmiri literature was found in a state of stupor and was thrust into the background. With increasing literacy in Urdu and English, there was a demand for literature that the masses



## Episode

## 7

## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

could easily understand. Mehjoor also switched over to Urdu from Persian and composed for about 12 years in Urdu. In 1912, he participated in a mushaira in Ludhiana, Punjab.

*Ujde Ghaaron Main Raha Karte  
Hain Rehzan Chhup Kar  
Dil-e Muztar Main He Dilbar Ka  
Qayaam Achha Hai*

Mehjoor had correspondence with Iqbal, Sadaryar Jung, Habibur Rahman Khan Sherwani, Pandit Shiv Narayan Raina, Balraj Sahni, Muhammad Din Fauq, Tagore, etc. Mehjoor also had allegiance with Shah Abdul Rahim Safapori.

In 1918, Mehjoor's first Kashmiri ghazal came to fore:

*Wante Haiy Vaes Bewafayi  
Sheywaye Dildar Chha  
Nazneenan Mahjabeenan  
Qatl o Gharat Kaar Chha*

Mehjoor's poetic style resembles that of the amalgam of Habba Khatun and Rasul Mir whom Mehjoor was also inspired by. From 1931, Mehjoor left *per se* Persian and Urdu for he neither could express himself nor could he pass on his ideas among the illiterate masses. He gave expression to his feelings and heart through his mother tongue.

During 1920's Mehjoor had already demonstrated himself in the circumference of Kashmiri literature. At the inception his ideas were confined to love and devotional poems expressing the sentiments of the common people. With the passage of time every nook echoed with the lyrics of Mehjoor as a result he emerged as a national poet of the valley (*Shair e Kashmir*). His lyrics were swarmed with the spirit of enthusiasm. Nationalism, human

freedom, brotherhood, Hindu-Muslim unity, respect for manual labor, pride for cultural legacy and love of mankind are apparent subjects in his compositions.

*Dodh Chh Muslim  
Hyund Chhu Shakkr  
Saaf Saaf  
Dodh Ti Bey  
Shakkr Raleviv  
Paani Vin*

Mehjoor is the votary of Hindu-Muslim unity as he loathed communalism. Mehjoor repeatedly lays stress on religious harmony and human love – the plinth of composite Kashmiri culture. Mehjoor understood religion as a kind of humanitarian philosophy and attached high value to the ideas of truthfulness, goodness, excellence of moral virtues, love and purity of heart. All these put together constituted the essence of religion for him. However, humanitarianism does not strive to supercede other religions but rather to harmonize them by tracing their similarities.

Mehjoor's secular ideas were the result of Kashmir's old age tradition of secularism and the Trika influences (philosophical combination of Hinduism, Islam and Buddhism) which influenced the ancient, medieval and modern thought and poetry in Kashmir. During the national movement, his poetry ceaselessly strived for a triumph of nationalism over communalism.

In 1935 Mehjoor's '*Gryaes Koor*' and '*Walo Ha Baaghwan*' (which became national anthem for the national movement in Kashmir) were published by *Hamdard* - a paper



## Episode

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## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

started by Sheikh Muhammad Abdullah and Prem Nath Bazaz - a voice for political and cultural aspirations. These lyrics breathed into masses the spirit of revolution and enthusiasm.

Mehjoor's revolution was sum total of emotional fervor, restlessness, courage and youth. He was not in favor of a change brought about by slow tactics and in a haphazard manner, abandoning conventional methods and traditional ways for the achievement of freedom which could be attained only through 'earthquakes, gales, thunders and storms'.

In the meantime Rabindranath Tagore came across Mehjoor's poetry and he was compelled to dub 'Kashmir as head of poetry' and Mehjoor as 'Wordsworth of Kashmir'. Tagore sensed a spiritual and stylistic compatibility of his composition with those of Mehjoor.

In 1938, Payam-e-Mehjoor, a compendium of national sentiments and political ideas, started to publish. In 1945, Mehjoor retired from the job of Patwari. In 1948, radio station was established in Jammu and the first Kashmiri song broadcasted was that of Mehjoor.

In 1952, at the age of 64, Mehjoor left for heavenly abode. A public mourning was observed throughout the Valley. The Kashmir Government declared the day of his death as a public holiday and gave him an official burial in Mazar-e-Shuara, Athwajan. Mehjoor's biography was penned during his life time by Abdul Ahad Azad. This biographical work was later enlarged

and titled 'Kashmiri Zuban Aur Shayari' published by Cultural Academy in three volumes. He was featured in a film starring Kashmiri actor Balraj Sahni, directed by Prabhat Mukherjee.

Mehjoor was an allegoric and romantic poet, who composed with the flow of language using beautiful similes and metaphors. He composed in simple and understandable Kashmiri to appeal the heart of common people, maintaining the cultural standard and balance. He broke the ice in introducing a set of creative ideas and opened the channel of patriotism and nationalism. He seems to be the first to introduce in the Kashmiri the ideas of patriotism, human freedom, love of mankind, unity of Hindu-Muslim, dignity of work, respect for manual labor and nature (scenery, birds and flowers).

Kashmir poetry reached a distinguishing mark in the lyrics of Mehjoor. His lyrics still echo in every household of Kashmir. Mehjoor interpreted the universality of Kashmir culture and reflected the urges, desires and aspirations of their fellow countrymen in beautiful verse. He was followed by Abdul Ahad Azad in his new themes and revolutionary ideas.

*Mehjoor Zara Bas Kar  
Pari Kus Aesqun Daftar  
Thav Shoq Dils Andar  
Lools Chhi Kharideari*

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*Covid-19 Scare - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury*

## Coronavirus Covid-19 Pandemic Creating Corona Consciousness

**S**everal friends, patients and others have been asking me to write about Corona. So much has been already written, spoken and debated about it as to fill all the libraries of the world. And yet, people are baffled and in disbelief, ignorant and even arrogant about it. After all, an apocalyptic situation has suddenly engulfed the world as never before in our memory.

The world has been deluged by invisible, ultramicroscopic particles stalking the globe like a phantom, unleashing a lethal armamentarium, killing humans everywhere, respecting no geographical boundaries, no religion or faith, no standing or status, striking the high and low equally, and the young and old, bringing humanity to its knees. It has become a leveller and has caused a pandemic of panic and grief, and forced almost all nations to lockdown, to stay indoors, bringing

life to a grinding halt everywhere.

It is worse than what befell aeons back when Lord Vishnu had to take the Matsya incarnation to salvage mankind from total deluge. Pray, who is going to be the saviour in the present age of *Kal Yuga*, except the humans themselves.

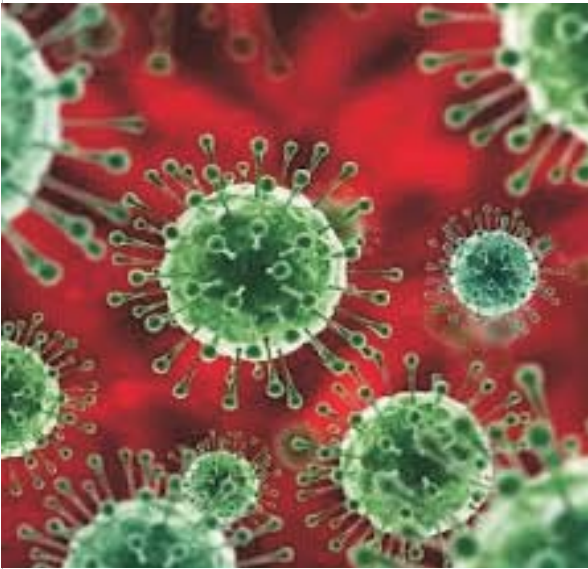
For that, We need to create, what I call, a Corona Consciousness, an understanding of the genesis, the nature, and the unforeseen consequences of this pandemic that may last several months, even a year or more.

What do we know about Corona? What is Covid-19?

Well, it is a virus of the Coronavirus family, that has been around for a long time causing disease in mammals (including humans) and birds. Viruses are notorious in that they change their form and character like a person wearing different disguises. We call it mutation. The present pandemic is the result of a mutant variety that surfaced in China around November 2019, so the name Covid-19.

Co-corona, vi- virus, d-disease and 19 for the year of discovery of this novel variety.

The name 'corona' derives from latin which means a crown or halo like the solar corona ( around the sun). Viewed under the ultramicroscope, the surface of the virus particle is covered with club-shaped spikes giving it the corona shape. These are the





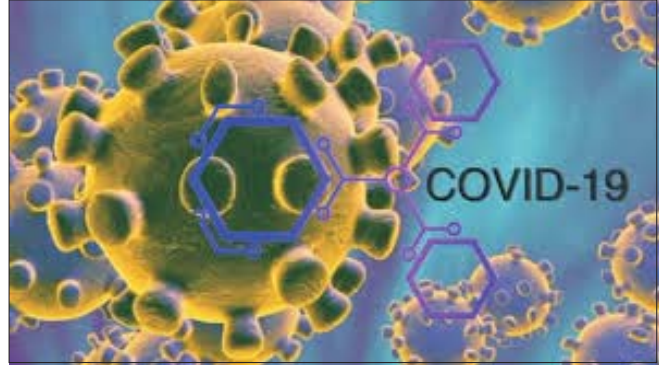
spikes with which the virus hooks on to the lining of the respiratory tract of humans including the nose, air passages and lungs, where it multiplies in the cells to wreak havoc.

Imagine the *Sudarshan Chakra* of Lord Krishna as it moves towards its target. So also does the corona virus move from the breath of an infected person and travel in the air to home on to others. Coughing and sneezing send it to a larger distance at a faster speed than normal speaking or breathing which has a reach of 5-6 feet. That is why the minimum social distancing advised is about two arms length. The virus may settle on any surface and remain alive there for variable period of time. An unsuspecting person may touch it and carry it on hands, touch his own nose, eyes or mouth and get infected. He may go anywhere, touch another person, or touch a door knob or a handle, the button of a lift or any other object. This is important to know about the viral spread from human contact (contagion) which has the potential to carry it wherever the vector (carrier) moves. Thus one infected person may pass on the virus to any number of people directly or indirectly resulting in an exponential community spread.

Despite the rapidly accumulating knowledge we are still trying to understand the traits of the virus, as baffling as understating human character. How long does it survive on different surfaces and clothes, under different temperatures, or in the atmosphere, is still not fully defined. The general observation that respiratory viruses are active in winter gives us hope that summer, which has already set in, might diminish the intensity and spread of the virus. The different rates of spread in different countries, especially the relative moderation with which it has unfolded in india so far has generated some hope that India will be spared the devastating spell. Only time will tell. The early lockdown enforced in the country has been pivotal in checkmating the spread

somewhat. An extension for some more time after the present 3-week curfew, might be in order. No doubt, it has huge immediate and longterm economic, social and political consequences, but we may have to bite the bullet now rather than face the battery later.

The incubation period, transmission as well as the symptoms of the infection are variable too. It takes upto 2 weeks for the virus after it enters the human body to cause symptoms. Therefore, if someone is suspected to have been exposed to the virus,



a 2 - week quarantine( isolation) is mandatory. Remember, even an asymptomatic person can transmit the disease to others.

Like most respiratory viral diseases eg. the common cold, influenza etc. Covid -19 may not exhibit any symptoms in the victim. Others may have a mild illness - dry cough, fever, body aches - which may recover without any treatment. Such patients should watch their course. If there is any deterioration like worsening cough and breathing difficulty, report to the hospital immediately. Keep your family physician posted of the details all along; he might advise a test done. Online consultation is a useful first step. Only just around five to seven percent may need hospitalisation and most of them recover with resuscitative measures like respiratory assistance or by inserting a tube in the air





passages for ventilation and delivery of oxygen. A much smaller percentage go through a rapidly downhill course involving both lungs and death may supervene despite all efforts.

No drugs are effective as yet except for some anecdotal evidence of a few, like antimalarials and antivirals.

Scientists are seriously engaged in finding drugs to fight the virus, making effective vaccines to prevent healthy people from contracting the infection, and in creating test kits for speedy screening for the virus in patients, contacts, clusters, communities, and even whole populations. It is a gargantuan task. Human and financial resources are limited, but there can't be any compromises when a pestilence threatens whole mankind. Extensive human trials are going on. It may take months to find the right answers. There is hope that a vaccine may be ready by the end of the year. But, going by the rate of infection in different countries, the virus could be lethal to hundreds of thousands of humans by that time despite the untiring efforts of medical professionals engaged in the fierce encounter with the greatest enemy of mankind.

Meanwhile, what about others, the common masses cooped up in their homes?

There may an opportunity waiting for

us even in this extreme adversity. Either we meekly succumb or stand up to the challenge. It is time for sagacity, self discipline and self inquiry. Time for action, not for depression and despondency. Find ways and means to cope with the privations which are not going to last for ever. Stay indoors. Maintain social distance. Avoid social and religious congregations. God wants to be left alone for some time, and wants us to seek answers from self.

Patience is the watchword. Stay calm, for panic never helps. It takes reason away, erodes confidence and diminishes immunity. Spend time gainfully by working from home as far as possible (eg. I make myself available to my patients through e-consultation, phone, what's app). Learn anew the virtue of self-help by doing household chores that were delegated previously to outside helpers. Observe the precautions about hand washing, avoiding contact, using a mask when you have to go out. It is a lot of bother but worth it. If masks are not available, fold a clean cotton hankie several times, wet it slightly and fasten it around your mouth and nose.

Don't be misled by the unsubstantiated claims about different diets, herbs, condiments, potions, drinks (hot, cold, lukewarm) etc. that circulate in social media.

Eat normal diet; no change from your routine.

Take time off to look at the sky, the beautiful sunrises, sunsets and the star constellations. Enjoy the silence for a while. Listen to spiritual music. Hear the birds sing in joy. Speak with the flowers that bloom brighter, watch the gauzy butterflies. All these nature gifts have suddenly sprung into renewed life, reminding us of the





injustice we have heaped upon them.

It is also time to revive family values and bond together, spend precious hours with kids, indulge parents and elders, revive lost contacts with friends, reach out to the sick and needy. Physical distancing can thus be bridged by emotional proximity.

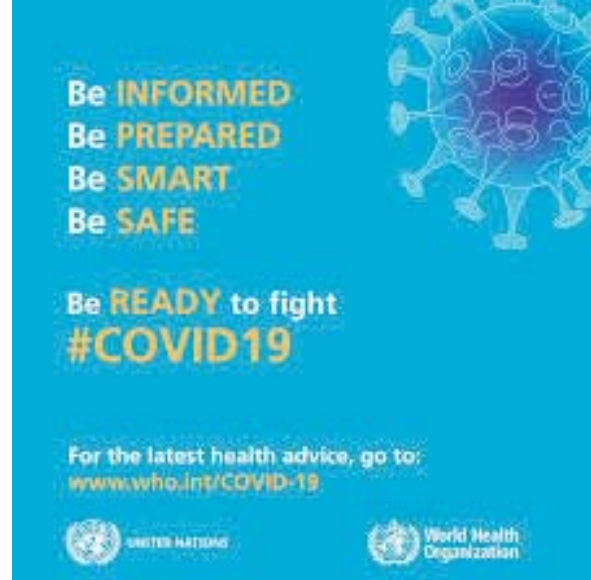
More importantly, it is time to sit back and introspect about the higher truths, about the meaning of life, about the unseen hand of a higher entity that controls the world. The great scientists that ever lived also believed in philosophical inquiry, the world view, and the unifying theories that govern the cosmos.

It is also time for the world to wake up to the quintessential moral philosophy of the Upanishads, 'Vasudev Kutumbakam' (the whole world is one family). Time to put an end to tinkering with biological agents like viruses, because any attempts at their weaponisation (bioterrorism) may boomerang, with a serious potential to consume its own creators like the fictional Frankenstein monster. This is believed to have happened in Wuhan, the epicentre of the present pandemic.

It is time for world leaders to unite and put heads together in the course correction of mankind. Through unregulated development and the exploitation of natural resources along with the rampant use of toxic chemicals and the massing up of effluents, humans have caused untold environmental disasters and created conditions ideal for genetic mutations in cells resulting in the high incidence of cancers and the emergence of new strains of bugs - bacteria, fungi, viruses - new mutants, potent scourges for mankind like Covid-19.

Finally, let us pay our unbounded gratitude to the doctors and other health professions, the brave warriors who are firefighting at the front lines, in the intensive care units of hospitals, against heavy odds and at great personal risk. Many of them have paid the ultimate sacrifice.

Let us applaud the services of others



who keep the cogs of governance functioning including the procurement of essential supplies, manufacturing life-saving equipments, and ensuring uninterrupted power, water, and communication lines so vital in fighting this pandemic

The world will not be the same after it emerges from this state of dissolution, the *parlaya*. A lot will depend on whether those, who survive it, will have learnt the right lessons, or will go back to their erring ways. The post-Covid-19 Epoch is going to define a new *Yuga*, a new world order.



*Covid-19 Scare - Dr. Showkat Hussain Tali*

## Coronavirus Covid-19 Pandemic Kids, Women, Myths & Realities

**A**fter World War II, the greatest challenge that humanity is facing today is SARS-COV-2 or COVID 19 pandemic. It is not only going to create havoc in the health care delivery system but as per experts, world socio-economic and political map is certainly going to take a new shape.

COVID 19 is an illness caused by a Novel coronavirus now called severe acute respiratory syndrome coronavirus 2 (SARS-COV-2). COVID 19 stands for coronavirus disease and 19 indicated the year in which it was detected first. It was first identified amid an outbreak of respiratory illness cases in Wuhan city, Hubei Province, China; was reported to World Health Organization (WHO) on 31 December 2019 and on 30 January 2020 WHO declared COVID 19 outbreak emergency of global concern. And finally on March 11, 2020, WHO declared COVID 19 a global pandemic.

Infection spreads through respiratory droplets. When an infected person coughs or sneezes, these droplets can directly get deposited into the mouth, nostrils and eyes of the healthy persons. A healthy person can catch the infection when he touches a surface

that is contaminated with these droplets and then without washing or disinfecting hands touches mouth, nose or eyes. There is a possibility that virus can spread through stools as well. Infection is generally

transmitted from a symptomatic person to healthy ones but transmission even before the onset of symptoms is quite possible. When infected, a person becomes symptomatic after 2 to 14 days of contact (usually within 7 days). And if no symptoms occur within 14 days of contact, person is considered uninfected and non infective. Disease is spreading in geometric progression and each case on an average is infecting 2 to 3 healthy individuals. There are the cases (20% of total) that spread the infection at a much higher rate. They are known as super spreaders. Possibly these are the patients with extensive social contacts but the exact reason is still unknown.

Children are not immune to COVID 19 infection but they often don't develop a severe disease and mortality is extremely low. Babies less than one year of age and those with acquired or congenital diseases or deficiencies have been found to be more susceptible to infection. However infected children especially when symptomatic are a source of infection to others. Studies have shown that just 2% children and adolescents (<19 years) are getting affected by the infection, and out of these only 2.5 to 5% develop severe disease (termed by WHO as







insignificant). Proportion of the patients who become critically sick is as low as 0.6%. To put it in simple word, out of each 100,000 subjects below the age of 18 years, 2000 are expected get infected, and out of these only 12 will be critically sick. Fever, cough and respiratory difficulty are the symptoms in pediatric age group, however as many as 40% may not develop fever at all. In addition respiratory tract infections other than COVID 19 are so common in pediatric age group that the parents often get unnecessary alarmed and it may not possible to make a clear cut difference between the two. Generally it is said that when you have a running nose or wet cough you are not having COVID 19. But it is not worth the risk. And the problem is compounded when you have dry cough, fever and dry nose. So the



best possible thing is to follow a thoughtfully designed guidelines and a scoring system for the same. Travel history and contact with a COVID 19 confirmed case get a score of 3 (three) each. Fever (and or myalgia), dry cough, shortness of breath, history of similar complaints in a family member/friend or working in health care facility are given a score of 1 (one) each. But as the guidelines does not mean that clinical acumen has no role, so it is the sufficiently trained health care worker who will decide whether to send a person for COVID 19 screening or not. Our duty is to report to the health care facility if score is more than 3 (usually score of six or more prompts testing).

Pregnant women may not be at higher risk of contracting COVID 19 infection or having a more severe form of the disease, as compared to general population. However



pregnant women may be given priority during testing and may be monitored more closely for theoretical but yet to be proven higher complication risks. There is no evidence till date that infection is transmitted to the babies in the womb. Expecting mothers should report the symptoms to health care workers at the earliest. Cesarean section should be done purely for obstetric indications. Even women with proven COVID 19 can breast feed their babies while observing respiratory hygiene,

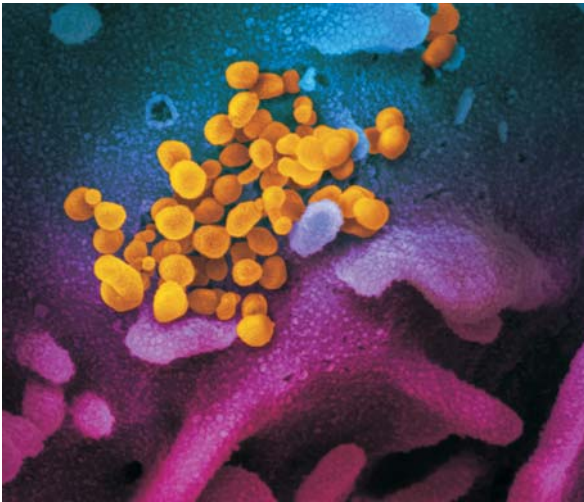




wearing facemasks, wash hands before and after touching the baby and routinely cleaning and disinfecting the surfaces they have touched. They can even share a room with the baby while keeping a minimum distance of 6 feet from the baby. If the mother is not able to directly breast feed the baby because of the level of sickness, she may express her milk and feed it to the baby safely.

Pregnant women and children should also practice all the measures that are proven to prevent COVID 19 virus transmission. Social distancing, regular hand washing and using hand sanitizers when needed should be encouraged. Children less than 1 year of age and those with underlying medical or surgical conditions should be specifically given more attention. At home hand washing may be a better option as far as availability, accessibility, feasibility, affordability and safety issues are concerned.

Every life is important and we must take every measure to safe guard each and every person but at the same time we need to be realistic. During the past 4 months, as



many as 200,000 people have died of COVID 19 infection worldwide. These numbers are not but alarming and disturbing. But the dark side of the coin is that the people are being subjected to incomplete and fearsome misinformation. Keeping in view the world population of 7.8 billion and the average mortality rate of 8/1000 (world over), it could be estimated that 2 crore and eight lac people have died world over during past 4 months only, since

the pandemic has started. If we eliminate 2 lac deaths due to COVID 19 from the list, still we can safely say that 2 crore and six lac people have died in the world during the past 4 months and hardly anyone talks of them. Let us not forget that the majority of the people who died of COVID 19 were those who would make it in the list of 2.8 crore inevitable deaths of world population.

The implications of this misinformation may be enormous. Government officials will be forced to go for prolonged lockdowns as the majority of such decisions are political in nature and in the present day world politics is to a great extent controlled by media houses and its offshoots.

This lockdown will surely have a positive impact on COVID related deaths but may back fire on other fronts. The world economy rating agencies have forecasted India's GDP to fall to 2.5 percent and even below following this pandemic, the after effects of which will be devastation. Prolonged lockdown is surely not an option for many reasons. Ninety percent of our work force is associated with unorganized sector. Secondly, we are losing millions of our people to preventable diseases, malnutrition and accidents, every year. Thirdly, unemployment and problems associated with it may kill us



and we would not be able to address anything appropriately including healthcare and education sectors in future. It is not wise to kill your own self before the pandemic actually kills you. WHO has recently predicted that worldwide lockdown may result in 2.5 crore deaths out of starvation only. The best possible thing would be to revisit the decision of prolonged lockdown, effectively isolate elderly and people at higher risk till the peak of pandemic is over, home quarantine of infected and the persons suspected to have the infection, strengthening alternate health care facilities available for COVID-19 patients and allowing the healthy population to get actively immunized through infection among other things is the need of the hour.

Death is an ultimately reality that each one of us is bound to taste tomorrow or day



after. The essence of being human is not to defeat the death but the fear associated with it. Death may not necessarily kill us but one who dies a coward's death with a sense of defeat inside the grave yard of bed room of fearfulness and helplessness gets killed for sure. For sake of ourselves and for our future generations to come, let us learn to contribute as much as possible to fight this evil and live with honor and head up till our last breath and die with dignity and head up into the depths of heavens.

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## SIGNPOSTS

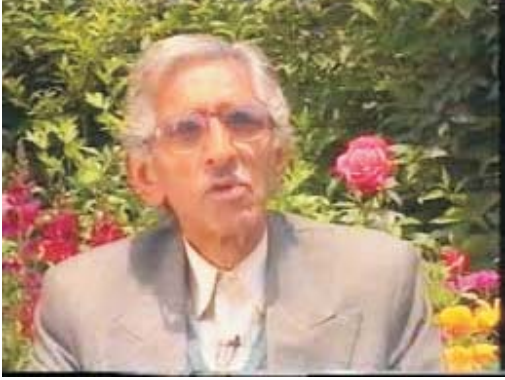
Experience is that marvellous thing that enable you recognise a mistake when you make it again.



Always remember you are unique, just like everyone else.



سہ گولاب روء ڈیوٹم  
رحمان راہی



سہ گولاب روء ڈیوٹم بیئہ از گولاب چھاوا  
مے چھ وونی مثا لے منر رتہ وئی خیال راواں

پوچھا پھواں کلاس کینہ لہر وٹھ ہواوس  
نہ تزاو باغ کستاں مہا مادی پوری تزاواں

تے پھواں مے کن تہ بعضے الہ غابہ دور نظراہ  
بڑ کراں دس شکایت تہ چھہم تہ ہوش تھاواں

دہم کتھ بہ واٹھ وتم چھہنہ چون کا نہ طرح سیوڈ  
اچھ چانہ تنیہ لاواں، بمہ چانہ ختم ہواں

سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم

رہمان راہی

سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم  
بے یی اؤڑ گولااب چھاوان  
مے چھ وونہ میسالنوی منڑ  
رنبونہ خیال راوان  
سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم .....

لہو چا پھوان گولالاس  
کینو لہر وٹھ ہواواس  
نات چاوا باغ کستاں  
مہ ماؤتہ پوری تراوان  
سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم ... ..

چہ پھوان مے کون تی باؤڑ  
الہ گاؤبو دوری نؤڑراہ  
بے کران دلس شکایت  
چھوہم نو ہوش تھاوان  
سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم .....

دیم کتھ بو واٹھ وناتم  
چھوہم چون کاہہ ترہ سؤد  
اؤچھ چانی تملہاوان  
بوم چانی خشم ہاوان  
سو گولااب روء ڈیوٹم .....







*Our Customs & Traditions - A.K.Trisal & Rajesh Kaul*

## Pheran & Taranga

### Tradional Dress of Kashmiri Pandit Women

**T**he Kashmiri Pandit women traditional dress is known as Pheran and Tarangah. It is an age old dress. As quoted by Bernier Francios, a French Historian, this dress wearing was forced by Akbar to kill the martial spirit of Kashmiris as they used to give the tough fight to the Mughal forces and he also enforced the compulsory use of Kangris. Since Saree was introduced in Kashmir valley, this traditional dress remained mostly confined to old ladies but most unfortunate

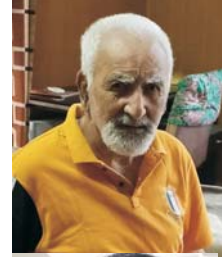


period for this traditional dress came since forcible exodus of Kashmiri Pandits since the year 1990. This dress is heavy and all parts of the body being covered from head to ankle in it, which the climate of Indian plains where now-a-days Kashmiri Pandits live in exile, do not allow to adopt the said wear.

This traditional dress is worn in three parts viz. Tarangah on head, Pheran covers the whole body from shoulder to ankle and the third is known as Laungah which is a waist belt.

**Tarangah:** It consists of Kalpush, Tarangah, Zitin/Sheesh Laath and three black topped steel pins.

**Kalpush:** It is made of two parts i.e Kalpush Kur which is made of red colored Raffle or Pashmina cloth and is in circular shape, according to the size of the head of the woman who has to wear it, is stitched with a piece of Brocade (Zarbab) cloth known as Talchuk to give it a complete shape of a round cap. It is then worn on head up to the upper portion of forehead, covering all the hairs of the head except the braid portion. It is then surrounded by fully starched and glazed white cloth of 2 to 2.5 meter length having a width of 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> inch and then on this, white cloth two types of transparent ribbon which are known as Zitin or Sheesh lath is fixed. Zitin lath is not commonly used because it is considered as extraordinary due to its sparking shade, thus it remains confined to the high status families and to the brides only. Commonly Sheesh





Lath which in local dialect is known as made of Cellulite and this transparent ribbon known as Sheesh Lath is fixed on the white cloth from ear to ear with two black topped pins known as ‘kherney phele sechney’. After completion of this process, a shoulder length and width piece of cloth which is knitted on all four side by Brocade (Tila) thread to add its beauty, is placed on the top of KALPUSH and this wear is known as Zoot. It is generally made by Taby Silk or of fine net cloth. After the placement of Zoot another wear is placed on the head known as Pouech. It is a long piece of muslin cloth of the length from head to ankle of at least 1 meter width. It is fully starched and then length wise twisted in a way to form the shape of a serpent and this wear is also fixed with black topped pin on the head. At this stage the head dress known as Tarangah is complete.

This complete Tarangah is adopted by a Kashmiri Pandit women on her marriage on Devgoan day. This head dress represents:

**Kalpash:** As Shri Chakra of Goddess Sharika.

**Zoot and Tarangah:** Being white in color, reflects the symbols of beauty, happiness and peace.

**Shesh Lath:** It is symbol of Sheesh Nag.

**Pouech:** Reflects the presence of Vasuk Nag and serpent manifestation of Mata Khir Bhawani.

**Krehne Phale Secheney** (Black Topped Needles): are the bad omen preventives.

Thus over all Tarangah is the symbol of Lord Shiva and Shakti, and as such the woman who wears it have the blessings of Lord Shiva and Shakti for all odds and evens.

**Pheran:** It is a long loose gown made of different colored cloths according to the status of the family and as per the seasonal demand. It covers the whole body from collar to ankle. It is almost rectangular in shape. When worn, it is to be supported by an inner wear which is known as Pooch which is also of the same shape made of ordinary white cloth like Khaddar or Latha cloth to prevent it from the heat of Kangri which is for most of the period of

the year used by the people to prevent themselves from the cold. Pheran has a pocket on right side below the thigh. The Pheran of the lady has a thick red ribbon known as Dhur stitched on the collar, pocket and on the edge of the lower portion of the Pheran. The pheran is stitched with loose arms known as Nur and this Nur is beautified by stitching a brocade (zarbab) or any printed ribbon known as Nervar. Nervar is must for a lady and when she becomes widow the Nervar is removed.

**Laungah:** it is the third and final part of the traditional dress. It is about 1 meter wide and 2 to 2.5 meters long or its length is according to the size of the waist of the lady who has to wear it. It is also made of different types of cloth according to the status of the family. It is mostly designed. This waist belt is first folded widthwise, then fastened on the Pheran so that the lady wearing the Laungah can take up any sort of work easily and can move freely and fairly.

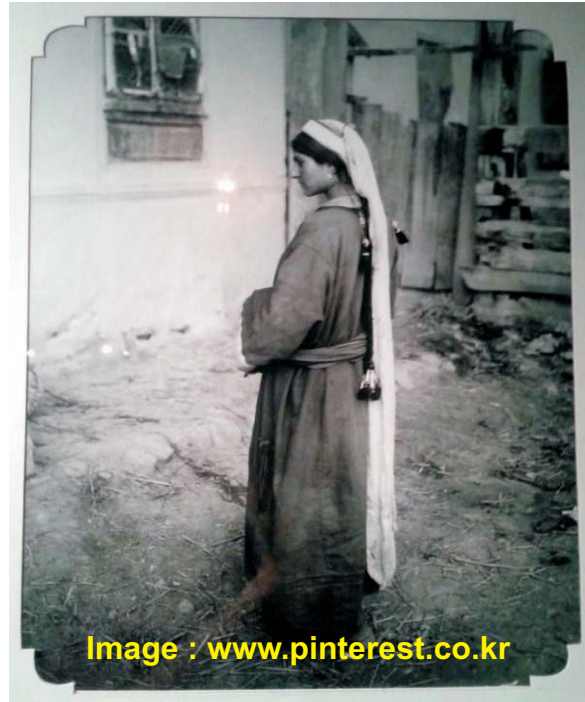


Image : [www.pinterest.co.kr](http://www.pinterest.co.kr)



## جوسوس

پرو. گولام مولممد شاد

پروفیسر علام محمد شاد

جوسوس



مئے آسا بہن زانہہ یہ کتھہ راتھہ تا متھہ  
 زوانا مز آرس چھہ جوسوس پھیران  
 موچیم پانہہ راستھے  
 جمانہا عجب زنتہ پنہنی چھہ ساری  
 وہ پر بھتہ نہ کانسے  
 پنہنی بولر

سے بولر لیس تہ تہ بولان چھہ ؛ بولان  
 چھہ ہم ٹرتے تہ میںے ہوری

اگرس خار پائٹس اندر رتھہ دندن سار ڈگتک  
 کتھن مہچھرا چھکھ  
 انتھن زکچھرا چھکھ

گرن، مندرن، گرواران، مشپدن تہ

پیہہ آستان اندر ہم چھہ وانان

اڈہن ریش تھادوتھہ

اڈہن ریش کاستھہ

پہن منتر چھہ ساری

مسلمان تہ ہندو

مسلمان چھہ باسان ہندو

تہ ہندو چھہ باسان مسلمان

مے آسا بیہن جڑانہ یی کتھ راتھ تامتھ  
 جڑی دانان مزارس چی جوسوس فیران  
 وچھم پانہ راتھ  
 جماتھا اہجب جن تہ پنہنی چی ساری  
 وپہر بوثہ نہ کانسے  
 پنہنی بولر  
 سہ بولر یس چھہ تہ بولان چی، بولان  
 چی ییم چھہ تہ مہی ہوی  
 اگرس خار پاٹس اندر رتھہ وندان سار جڑگتک  
 کتھن مہچھرا چھہ  
 اتھن چھہچھرا چھہ  
 گرن، مندرن، گوردارن، مہشیدن تہ  
 بے یی آستانان اندر ییم چی واتان  
 اڈچن ریش تھادوتھہ  
 اڈچن ریش کاسیتھ  
 ییمن منجر چی ساری  
 مسلمان تہ ہندو  
 مسلمان چی باسان ہندو  
 تہ ہندو چی باسان مسلمان



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

## Gopadari Temple

**A**ccording to Kalhana Pandit's Rajtarangini king Gopaditya had got constructed a Temple on the top of the Gopadri hill in the year 371 B.C. it was called jeshteshwar or Zeethishwar temple. The temple is constructed on the pyramid shaped Hill called Gopadary. It is situated at a height of 6240 feet above sea level in the north east of Srinagar city. To it's east is Zabarwan range of hills, in the west there is Dal Lake, in the south there is Vitasta river and Zetha Nag in the north. Gopadari Temple is completely made of special kind of very hard stone. The temple is also known as Jyeshtha Rudra Temple. The temple is octagonal in shape and no cementing material has been used for jointing the stones. The base is about 20 feet above the ground level and the base of the building is also of the octagonal shape which is three and half feet in height. On this base is constructed the Gopadari temple or Shankaracharya temple covering an area of 24 square feet.

In addition to the construction of the

temple the king had also gifted a big chunk of land at the foot of the hill to those brahmins who had come to Kashmir from Aryavrat. The whole gifted piece of land was known as Gopadari agrahaar which is today's Gupkar road. On the four sides near the base are 4 panel lights fixed on the iron frames & the light gives the temple a panoramic view during the night.

There is a staircase constructed with stones, from the base of the temple up to its entrance and consists of 41 steps. There is also a gate made of stones above the 13th step of the stone stair case. Inside the temple is a 14 feet wide room, in the centre of which is an outlet for the water which is offered to the Shiva Lingam. The Shiva Lingam is surrounded by Vasuki, again constructed with Stones.

In 1961(A.D) Shankaracharya of Dwarka Peeth had come to Kashmir to get an idol of Adi Shankaracharya installed at the back side of Shiva Lingam on the Shankaracharya (Gopadari temple). The Seer of Dwarka Peeth had the collaboration of the Dharmarth Trust of Jammu & Kashmir in this job.

According to various historical records the King Lalitaditya has got the temple of Shankaracharya repaired for the first time during the 8th century (A.D.), but no historical evidence is available regarding the





condition of this Ancient Temple from Lalit Aditya's period to that of Muslim rule in Kashmir. However, the court historian of Kashmir Shrivar writes in his Rajtarangini "King Zainul Aabuddin (1420--1470) A.D. got temple repaired for the second time and the pinnacle (kalash) was also got repaired".

According to a legend the king Zainul Aabuddin (popularly also known as Badshah) had got the temple repaired because the Ancient Temple had fallen due to an earthquake.

According to James Ferguson there were two stones engraved with some Persian couplets installed on the two sides of the staircase and the date was 1069 ( A.D).From this stone Ferguson inferred that the temple must have been got constructed during Mughal King Jahangir's time. Ferguson's idea is that Hazrat Suleman must have come to Kashmir and meditated there on the top of of the Shankaracharya Hill, but most of the historians do not agree with the viewpoint of Ferguson.

According to them Kohi Suleman is the name of a range of Hills in North Western Frontier area of Pakistan. Moreover according to these historians no mention worth the name of Sandiman or Suleman is found anywhere outside in any historical records.

According to Walter Lawrence there is an ancient Bodh temple reserved and maintained by Bodhs and they call it 'Pushpa Pahari'. It is in Fargana. According to some other historians it is called 'Takht--e-Suleman'.

According to some other historians Shiva Lingam inside the Shankara Charya temple and some other relics also inside the temple were damaged during the Muslim rule, but the temple was again repaired third time during the Sikh Rule when a Muslim Governor named Sheikh Mohiuddin not only got the



An old image of Temple

temple repaired but new Shiva Lingam was also got installed in the temple. Some historians also believe that the Shankaracharya name was assigned to the Gopadari temple atop the Gopadari Hill during the sikh period and from that very day that is 15th of the bright fortnight of Shravana month of Kashmiri Hindu Calender prayers and worship of Shiva Lingam was started and it continues till date every year. Maharaja Gulab Singh had got constructed for the first time a staircase of stones from Durganag.

During 1925 (A.D.) , the Maharaja of Mysore visited Kashmir and got electric installation done on the temple route from durganag temple. The electric installations were got repaired in 1974 by Swami Shiv Ratananand Saraswati. That very year a Television Tower was also got installed by information and broadcasting ministry Government of India and a motorable road was got constructed by the State Government of Jammu & Kashmir under its tourism project.

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*Poetry - Meem Hai Zaffar*

## Nirvana



The honey from your lips,  
Soaks all the layers and levels of my consciousness.

The harsh surfaces become soft and smooth.

I escape the curvatures of my conditioned existence,  
And dissolve in an infinite expanse of light.

Your eyes conjure multiverses,  
Beyond the mundane universe that confines me,  
Your look breaks the shackles of space and time,  
And I recognise my omniformity.

Your look manifests me as You.

Your forehead, the eternal tablet,  
Is a mirror that reflects the minute mosaic of Creation.

Inscribed therein is every detail of Being and Becoming.  
To meditate and behold your forehead,  
Is the Nirvaan.

The two birds from Amarnath,  
Warm themselves up in your bosom.  
Lost in Divine song they fly high in the sky of consciousness.

Your bosom is the Universal Vibration,  
All the particular currents of vibration emerge there from,  
And therein they find their ultimate repose.





*Nostalgia - Gh. Mohd. Bhat*

## S.P.CIAN (1968-1972)

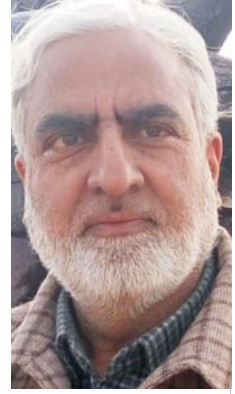
I have been associated with S.P.College Srinagar in late sixties and early seventies as a student. Naturally, as teenager of sixties-seventies, this period has remained sweet nostalgic memory for me as pleasant part of my life. These memories are living with me at present also.

I joined the college in 1968, when Prof. Saiffudin and afterwards Prof. Nazir Ahmad Khan were the principals. The others include Prof. Ghulam Nabi Firaq (English), Prof. Ghulam Qadir Bhat and Prof. Ghulam Ahmad Bhat (Economics), Prof. G.M. Khan (English), Prof. Sattar Ahmad Shahid, Prof. Sewa Singh, Prof. Hajimi and Prof. Ab. Majeed Sahir and other stalwarts who were members of the faculty. All the Science, Arts streams excluding Commerce stream were those days available at S.P.College. Teachers were learned, experienced and thought givers. I remember that while taking classes, these learned stalwarts were at the end of the particular period encouraging students to participate in interactive discussions about the subject in

particular and about local culture, literature and related social issues to harness the capabilities of the student. It was a friendly atmosphere without compromising basic code of discipline and conduct between teachers and students. There was nothing sort of preparation of question answer shaped notes presently in vogue. Attending lectures and noting down specific points and afterwards questions from students and answers from teachers were usual features of attending classes.

It was an emotional jugalbandi between teacher, learner and taste deriving process out of learning a subject of a particular stream of knowledge.

The literal and extra-curricular activities were at its best which includes regular publication of college magazine 'Pratap'. I also remember presentation of stage drama 'Changez khan' by college students at Tagore Hall, Srinagar in 1969-70, which became popular among general theatre lovers of the valley also. The literal contributions of the then student Nazir Ahmad Fida (now a Judicial Magistrate)



and a Sr. Student Iqbal Faheem (now a retired Educationist) are still in my nostalgic memory. Some other students who excelled to higher positions include Dr. Nazir Ahmad Malik (Ex HOD Urdu Kashmir university), Mr. Nazir Ahmad Khan (Sr. Advocate J&K High court), Mr. Walli Waheed (renowned pilgrimage tour operator) and G.M.Bhat of Anantnag & Mohd Ashraf Wani of Srinagar, now retired as Financial Advisor & Chief Accounts Officer of Kashmir Accounts Service. I also remember the name of one of the office assistants Mr. Sona Kaul who used to keep, compile & classify office records beautifully. He was always ready to educate new high school pass outs with a smile, who were seeking admission in this college. He used to derive taste out of his work with perfection as a habit. This all was self imposed regulation by him which we call work culture, these days now hardly visible in every segment of official activities.

The developments after Indo-China war in 1962 and impact of Hazratbal episode of 1963 and political developments of Indo-Pak wars of 1965 and 1971 were well receiving the attention of both teachers and learners of S.P. College. This was because of the fact that S.P.College is situated in the heart of the town, connected between historical heritage part and the residency area of the city. Obviously the campus is vibrant to the developments in and around Srinagar and the valley. I remember the discussions about new political entities, groups and trend setters in the valley on its political arena. I remember how popular leadership was challenged by new comers in the political field though they were not taken kindly en-mass. But the S.P.Cians were politically matured to differentiated between logical and illogical slogans, though all and sundries were free to make their points explained while pleading for a particular political thought. We believed in educating or be educated from opposite sides. College

lawns, grounds and gardens were places for discussing political, social and cultural developments taking place in the valley where both students as well as faculty members participated though outcome at times was agreement to disagree.

The late sixties and early seventies was a period of sweet melodies of Indian Talkies now called ‘Bollywood’. The S.P. Cians would discuss the story plots of new releases which were the reflection and expressions of day to day social and domestic issues of those days. Though those days, pictures were not advanced technologically as compared with present days but the poetry was meaningful and the story was related with middle class problems, emotions and feelings. Cinema was one of the best mediums of expressing common man's sufferings and not of present day unrealistic day dreaming extravagances.

It was possible to look at everything happening around us critically because we had time at our disposal and future was bright in terms of seeking knowledge and earning through reputed means of livelihood. Developed human resources were having favourable demand and supply factor at its side.

My Alma-Mater i.e., S.P. College Srinagar has remained a centre for my learning, a place for development of my personality & above all an institution par excellence which contributed to my successful life. I pray for present college faculty members, administrators and staff members of all branches for success in their efforts to serve the college, for it to become beacon of knowledge and higher seat of learning in coming years.

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## پخ جانانو ول دور چلव

فاروق شاہین

پخ جانانو ول دور چلव  
 हुमि बालु छु पथ वन तूर्य गछव  
 तति शाह यँद्राजुन साज़ वज़ान  
 तति पँरियि छि वनुवान महाराज़न  
 तति बोम्बरुन्य गथ मिज़राब दिवान  
 तति मलकूती पाज़ेब ग्वडन  
 तति नीलिस फिज़हस मंज़ परवाज़  
 शाहीन करान ह्योर तरफातन  
 नु छे सरहद योसु ज़न ठोर आन्यस  
 नु छु ताकतवर कांह ह्यंग हावान  
 सु छु यँद्राजुन दरबार येत्यन  
 मे ति मोय चावान, च़े ति मोय चावान  
 नु छु यारबलय, नय गाठय कांह  
 नु छे लल नंगय इसरार वनान  
 नु छि हब्बु खोतूने वॉर्युव कूठ  
 महजूरुन्य बॉथ नु नॅट्यसुय प्यठ  
 नु छु आज़ादुन अंदाज़ बिदोन  
 नु छु रॉही मरसीयाह ख्वान बँनिथ  
 दग ललुनावान हय मोज कश्मीरी  
 तति चेश्मन छुनु कांह दोगन्यारुय  
 तति वख्तस छुनु कांह रपत्तारुय  
 गॉलिब छु वुछान तति दीदव सर  
 इक़बाल परान बस अल्लाह हू  
 ऐ यारु सितमगारो लगुयो  
 तिकु तिकु ख्यनय येति गाटुल्य काव  
 पख दूर च़लव, वल दूर च़लव  
 हथ शफ़कु रंगस सुत्य रंगुनावथ  
 नूरुक बदलय आकार लबव



## فاروق شاہین

کچھ جانانہ دلہ دور ژلو  
 ہی بالہ چھ پتھ دن توری گزھو  
 تہ شاہ بندرازن ساز دزان  
 تہ پری یہ چھ دنواں مہرازن  
 تہ بومیرنی گتھ مضراب دوان  
 تہ ملکوتی بازیب گوڈن  
 تہ نیلس فضہیں منر پرواز  
 شاہین کران ہیور طرفاتن  
 نہ چھے سرحد یوس زن ٹھور آنیس  
 نہ چھ طاؤر کانہ پیگ ہاواں  
 سہ چھ بندرازن دربارتین  
 بیتہ موئے چاواں ژے تہ موئے چاواں

تہ چھن چھن کانہ دگنیارے  
 تہ دتس چھن کانہ رنارے  
 ناکب چھ دچھان تہ دیدوسر  
 اقبال پراں بس اللہ سو  
 اے یار سترگارو گینو  
 تکہ تکہ کھینے بیتہ گالی کاو  
 کچھ دور ژلو، دلہ دور ژلو  
 ہتھ شفقہ رنگس ستی رنگناوتھ  
 نورک بدلے آکار لاؤ

نہ چھ یارہ بے نے گاٹھے کانہ  
 نہ چھے لال گئے اسرار دنان  
 نہ چھ جبہ خوتونے داکریو کریوٹھ  
 مجورن باتھ نہ نئی سے پیٹھ  
 نہ چھ آزادان انداز بدون  
 نہ چھ رآئی مرثیہ خواں بنتھ  
 دگ للنادان ہے موج کشمیری!







*Language & Scholass - Zaan Archives*

## Pt. Govind Kaul – Another Kalhana

*[A profound Kashmiri scholar of the late 19th century, Pandit Govind Kaul, who rendered most valuable assistance to Aurel Stein in translating Rajatarangini, is today almost a forgotten man. There are hardly a handful of Kashmiris who may be aware of his great erudition and the range of his scholarly pursuits. Here is a brief sketch of the life and works of the man whom Stein offered fulsome tributes and hailed him as 'another Kalhana']*

**B**orn in 1846 in Srinagar as the eldest son of Pandit Balbhadra Kaul, a universally respected scholar of his times (1819-96), Govind Kaul had scholarship running in the family. His grandfather, Pandit Taba Kaul, too was a reputed scholar, having family ties with the famous Pandit Birbal Dhar who persuaded Ranjit Singh to free Kashmir from the tyranny of Afghan rule. Govind Kaul and Birbal Dhar's grandson Ramjoo Dhar, maintained the ties as friends. Govind Kaul not only studied Persian and Sanskrit in keeping with the family tradition, he also acquired a good knowledge of English as well as western ways of life. To keep the record of history straight, it must be stated that Govind Kaul and Ramjoo Dhar learnt English much before Pandit Anand Kaul and Pandit Shiv Ram Bhan. Govind Kaul came to know a good deal about world affairs also, through Ramjoo Dhar who held an important administrative position.

Soon Govind Kaul acquired fame for his erudition, particularly as a scholar of Alamkara Shastra (poetics), Vyakarna (grammar), Nyaya (logic), and Shiva Sutras. He was equally well versed in the knowledge of the epics and the Puranas. By the time he was 28, Govind Kaul was already regarded as a scholar of considerable stature. In 1874, he was appointed incharge Translation Department set up by Maharaja Ranbir Singh. It was around that time that he undertook, jointly with Pandit Sahaz Bhatt, to translate the Sanskrit chronicles of Kashmir into Hindi - a project which he, unfortunately, was not able

to complete. With the winding up of the Translation Department in 1884, it was a trying time for Govind Kaul. He lost his job and could not find any alternative avenue to pursue his scholastic goals. Eventually, he had to settle for a teacher's job at the state run Sanskrit Pathshala in Srinagar. But that too did not last and he was again without a regular job. In the meanwhile, however, George Buhler, that doyen of European Indologists, had spotted the Pandit for his great learning and erudition.



It was Buhler's commendatory reference that attracted Sir Aurel Stein's attention towards Govind Kaul and he solicited his assistance in translating Kalhan's Rajatarangini - a job that Govind Kaul along with Pandit Sahaz Bhatt did with utmost competence from 1888 to 1896, and to Stein's great satisfaction. Govind Kaul went into another collaboration with Stein and fellow scholar Sahaz Bhatt when they classified and catalogued more than six thousand Sanskrit manuscripts for Maharaja Ranbir Singh's library at Raghunath Temple, Jammu.

Yet another contribution Govind Kaul made, was to compile Kashmiri folk tales with

**Continued on Page 36**



# لوکچار

## ڈاکٹر شوکت شفا

### مجموعہ کلام کا بہ والے سے

شہین پتھ شہ جگ کزن، شہ مہون لاگڑ پلو  
 شہین کچہ ستین پشو پتھ شہین تراؤن یاد بیوم  
 بانہ پھلنے گوڑر منز تھاوتھ کرنی زو کھوتہ رآچھ  
 گڑ کھنڈ ششمس تہ ٹنگا چوٹ لاگن یاد بیوم  
 شہین پندنے دام وچھ یورے کزن ٹولس تہ سال  
 کھنڈ ششمس گانٹھا تہ پڈ پڈ زبکھ واسن یاد بیوم  
 مامہ جان یس اڈنم تھیکو تھیکو تہ سو نوون زبر  
 کز یزاس کانگرے منز گپہ زان یاد بیوم  
 بانڈ پآتھر مسخرن ہنز مسخری کس گتھہ مشھہ  
 یام گپہ آفا لڈر شاہ آو، لاگن یاد بیوم  
 زانہ شاہ صابن گوؤس وورس تہ متہ نیوم تہ بوٹھ  
 تو پتن مائس اندر وسیچہ بیار راؤن یاد بیوم  
 آس ناتم باگراواں بہنژن پتھ وائے ڈوڈی  
 بچہ شربن ستین توے یارانہ لاگن یاد بیوم  
 عید دوہہ تھ عید یاس پتھ شفا لاگن سہ نیاسے  
 پتھ ڈکاندارن آتھہ ڈکڑ ڈکڑ سہ کھیاؤن یاد بیوم



بہرگن ژھاؤن لیتھ تھ رڈ کنہ نے ہند کزن  
 پان کچھناوتھ اچھو کز خون ہاؤن یاد بیوم  
 رنگہ بلبیل ژھارنے ور وارگن یزن سلے  
 پوشہ نولڈر یڈر یڈر تھ توری لاگن یاد بیوم  
 دانہ تھوانو کنتھ یزن تہ کتھے رڈف وچھن  
 دانہ ڈورن منز سہ زہ کڈر اول ژھاؤن یاد بیوم  
 شامس زہ منز گلن ہند کٹھول ژھاؤن رآتے  
 آپہ منز گپہ پتے پتے پتہ سہ لاگن یاد بیوم  
 کینتھ سکولگ تزر اوٹم کیاہ ونے کوتاہ ونے  
 اٹھ بچھے چاے چتھ یڈ دود لاگن یاد بیوم  
 سچھ ہرنی سچھ وار تے ژھاؤن سہ ز کائیک قلم  
 موہر باپتھ مشک چینی پیالہ لاگن یاد بیوم  
 گپہ مشک مٹھ لکھنڈ اکہ دوہہ توے لاکھ تہ سوے  
 جل بہنس منز ووٹھ ژھنتھ رہہ آب چھاؤن یاد بیوم  
 وگرنس وردی منز نے یزن تہ ژھپ ژھاؤن گنڈن  
 صشمس چوبن سکولے سپہ دارن یاد بیوم

آز سبھاہ یڈکاڈر پینہ لوکچار راؤن یاد بیوم  
 رتہ و تھہ پر بتہہ باپتھ پان مارن یاد بیوم  
 ماکر سڈنکھ ناکھ تہ پھر ناؤن تہ پتھم ڈنہ کین ژتس  
 مابہ ہند کوچھ منز سہ لکھ ناؤن تہ ساؤن یاد بیوم  
 آپراؤن ماسہ ہند کھنڈ بوک موٹھم مٹھ مٹھ نہ زانہہ  
 رآتے گپگے اندر ست ژور تھاون یاد بیوم  
 ناکر پلون لیتھ کزن پتھم بز وٹھ گنہ ونہ کین اچھن  
 کھڑی کھڑی گپگی کڑی کڑی سہ پانس لایہ ناؤن یاد بیوم  
 گاؤ کھوڈ جن گڑی ملالی ہند بیوم پینہ دور یاد  
 پرکنہ لم گنڈر گنڈر سہ مندن خون وائس یاد بیوم  
 نآر رپو ژور ژورے زان چلاواں دزاس وڈی  
 لکر بگرس پتھ پٹاریا پان چاؤن یاد بیوم  
 کھور ہنہ وورے پھیکس پتھ ہیٹ بہتہ یزن سلے  
 نترہ بکڈس بال جتھ وچر تیچ ہاؤن یاد بیوم  
 چوب وڈر گریوے کا تیاہ پیلہ تہ لٹھ کچ آہ اچھ  
 چوب کھتھ پچھہ چاٹے ژوچہ وڈرے ہاؤن یاد بیوم  
 دوہلہ ژر وارا کپڑی قہوس تہ تراؤن شوٹہ نوون  
 طوطہ کترو کالچن لرتہ ساؤن یاد بیوم  
 لان پھڈر تھ تہر ڈلہ سی جوہہ مارن جوہہ ہوت  
 لدر تہرے ہلے منز چوتھ لاگن یاد بیوم  
 مؤس ڈازس منز گوتھ رہہ سان دشن موسن سہ ژاہہ  
 زیر گولگن نم گرتھ زو ناس مارن یاد بیوم  
 کاہہ والے کرنہ یزن ٹھیلے تہ گپہ تارہ ہتھ  
 تھ گپس تھ چھانہ نے ڈوڈی آس، زان یاد بیوم

## ल्वकुचार - डा. शौकत शिफ़ा



अज़ स्यठाह यँचकॉल्य बेयि ल्वकुचार रावुन याद प्योम  
रब्यवि तथ बुरबतुनि बापथ पान मारुन याद प्योम  
मॉल्य सुंद नखु नखु ति फिरनावुन मे छुम वुन्यक्यन च्यतस  
माजि हुंद क्वछि मंज़ सु ललुनावुन तु सावुन याद प्योम

आपुरावुन मासि हुंद खंडु बोक मोशुम मॅश्य मॅश्य नु ज़ांह  
रॉस्तय ग्यगुरे अंदर सॅत चूरि थावुन याद प्योम  
नॉल्य पलुवन ल्युथ कॅरिथ छुम ब्रॉठ कनि वुन्यक्यन अँछन  
खॅर्यफुगी वॅर्य वॅर्य सु पानस लायिनावुन याद प्योम

गॉव ख्वडुजन गुत्य मलॉली हुंद प्योम बेयि दोर याद  
रुकनि लम गिंघ गिंघ सु मंदलन खून वालुन याद प्योम  
टॉर रबरुव चूरि चूरे ज़न चलावान द्रास वुन्य  
लॅकरि हगुरस प्यठ चटॉर्या पान चावुन याद प्योम

खोरु ननुवोरुय फेकिस प्यठ बैट ह्यथ नेरुन सुले  
नस्ति बिकिडस बाल यिथ वॅह्य मैच हारुन याद प्योम  
चोब दित्य गरिक्यव मे कॉत्याह येलि मे लॅट्यकिंज आयि अँछ  
चोब ख्यथ प्वफु खालनुय च्वचि वोर मे हावुन याद प्योम

द्वहलि चुर वॉरा करुन्य वॅहवस ति त्रावुन शोक नून  
तोतु कतरिव कालचन लरि सुत्य सावुन याद प्योम  
लॉन फुडरिथ ताहरि डुल्यसुय जॉट मारुन जोशु होत  
लिदरि ताहरे हलमसुय मंज़ चॉठ लागुन याद प्योम

मूस्य डारस मंज़ गॅछिथ रबि सान हुन मूस्यन सु चाफ  
ज़ीर्य ग्वगुलन न्यम वॅरिथ ज़ेवि टास मारुन याद प्योम  
कानु वालय करनि नेरुन ठील्य तय ग्यलु तारु ह्यथ  
तॅथ्य कुलिस यथ छानुनय डून्य, ऑस्य ज़ागुन याद प्योम

बम्बरि गन छारुन लॅबिथ तथ रुद कनिनुय हुंद करुन  
पान बुछुनॉविथ अँछव किन्य खून हारुन याद प्योम  
रंगु बुलबुल छारुने विरि वार वुन नेरुन सुले  
पोशु नूलुन्य बूल्य बूज़िथ तूर्य लारुन याद प्योम

Continued on next page

दानि थँजवानव किन्थ नेरुन तु वँतिजे रोफ वुछुन  
दानि डोर्यन मंज सु ज़बि कुक्य ओल छारुन याद प्योम  
शामुनस ज़बि मंज गिलन हुंघ ठूल छारुन्य रॉस तय  
आबु मँज्य गिलु पूतिनुय पतु पतु सु लारुन याद प्योम

क्युथ सकूलुक त्रूर ओसुम क्याह वनय कोताह वनय  
ऑठ बँजिथुय चाय चथ यँड दोद लागुन याद प्योम  
स्यफ बरुन्य सेपि वारि तय छारुन सु नरकान्युक कलम  
मोहरु बापथ मशकि, चीनी प्यालु लागुन याद प्योम

गँथि मशुक मँशिथुय लेखुन्य अकि द्वह तवय लॉजिख मे स्वय  
जल यिनस मंज व्वठ छुनिथ रबि आब छारुन याद प्योम  
दिगुरनस वरदी मंजुय नेरुन तु छयपु छॉरिस गिंदुन  
सुबुहनस चोबन सकूलय सीनु दारुन याद प्योम

शीन प्यथ शिनु जंग करुन, शिनु मोहनिव्यन लागुन्य पलव  
शीनु कृजि सुत्यन पशव प्यठु शीन त्रावुन याद प्योम  
बांट फलिनुय ग्वचरि मंज थॉविथ करुन्य जुवु खोतु रॉछ  
गुत्य खनुन्य शुशमस तु टंगा चोट लागुन याद प्योम

शीनु प्यंदुनुय दाम दिथ योरय करुन नँज़लस ति साल  
खेन्य शिशर गाँठाह तु बडि बडि ज़ीख वायुन याद प्योम  
मामु जानन युस औनुम थेक्य थेक्य तु सुवनोवुन ज़बर  
तँथ्य येज़ारस कांगुरे मंज गेरु ज़ालुन याद प्योम

बांडु पॉथुर मसखरन हुंज मसखँरी कस गछि मँशिथ  
याम गँथि आफा लँडी शाह आव, लारुन याद प्योम  
ज़ॉनु शाह सॉबुन गोवुस व्वरुसस तु तति न्यूहम मे बूठ  
तवु पतन मॉलस अंदर वैजि ब्यारि रावुन याद प्योम

ऑस्य ना तिम बॉगुरावान हेरुचन प्यठ वाय डून्य  
बटु शुर्यन सुत्यन तवय यारानु लागुन याद प्योम  
ईज़ द्वह तथ ईद्यानस प्यठ शिफा लागुन सु न्याय  
पतु दुकांदारन अथे वँल्य वँल्य सु ख्यावुन याद प्योम







*Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'*

## Influence of Advaita on Muslim Rishis of Kashmir

### Preamble :

Kashmir has had a galaxy of saint-poets, both Hindus and Muslims. While Hindus are invariably referred as Rishis, Muslims are given various epithets. One of the epithets given is Sufi, which I feel is a misnomer. Sufis have come to Kashmir towards late thirteenth century and fourteenth century. They include Sharafud-Din Bulbul and Sayyad Mir AH Hamadani etc. They were Sayyads, who had escaped the tyranny in their country of origin and had sought refuge in Kashmir. With the advent of Islam and large scale conversion the demographic situation changed and the valley became Muslim majority place. Naturally, therefore, these inhabitants carried forward their Hindu tradition in the matter of their faith, customs, language, beliefs and so on. Kashmiris had a six hundred year old philosophy called Kashmir Shaiva Philosophy, which had seeped into the very psyche and the way of life of the populace. This philosophy is a non-dualistic doctrine, which emphasizes that the creation is the manifestation of the Creator and that in the ultimate analysis a being as a seeker can attain the Supreme and be one with Him.

That God is one is a universally accepted fact. There is no difference of opinion about the existence of one God, although there is some doubt about the existence of God itself in some faiths. All those who do not doubt the existence of God universally believe that only one Supreme Power exists. There is absolute unanimity on this point among the major religions, religious ideologues, philosophers and thinkers. This view is held by those who believe in Confucianism, Taoism and Shinto in the East,

by the Christians, Jews and Muslims in the West and the Middle-East as also by Indians with Sanatana Dharma as their faith. Even Zoroastrians believe in one God, 'Ahur Mazda' although they also believe that there is another evil entity called 'Angra Manyu', which misleads people. This is more or less like Christian and Muslims' concept of Satan. Christians believe in trinity of God, Son and the Holy Ghost, who they believe are one like water, ice and steam are as clarified by Huston Smith in his book 'The World's Religions'. As regards Indian view point, the God is no doubt one called 'Brahman' but He is also perceived through various powers of the nature, which are viewed as 'Devatas' (Literally those that shine) as His different facets only. Thus there is universal 'Ekeshwaravad' or belief in one God. This is called 'Vahdat-ul-vajud' in Islamic parlance. Sometimes this term is mixed up with 'Advaita' or non-dualism of the Upanishads. Advaita actually denotes oneness of 'Jeevatma', the individual soul and 'Paramatma', the Universal Soul. This doctrine of the Upanishads is against the tenets of Islam. When a Sufi saint or poet talks of oneness he is referring to this doctrine and not to the existence of one God, for he says '*Anal Haq and Man Khuda*' – I am the Truth and I am the God. This is the reason why Mansur-al-Hallaj was hanged and burnt for such an utterance. Sufis were not accepted in the fold of Islam for a long time till Islam lost





political power and they became very important instruments in spreading Islam in different countries. The Muslim Rishis in Kashmir who are called Sufis are, however, a class apart by themselves.

Advaita as conceived in the corpus of Upanishadic literature, the Brahma Sutra of Badarayana and the Bhagavad Gita (*The three together are called 'Prasthan Trayee'*) has been interpreted and enunciated in a variety of ways. Basically it is a doctrine explaining the relationship between the Creator and the creation. Some sages and philosophers have held that the two are really one and what we see and observe outside these, is all an illusion. Some of them believe that no doubt the two are one but individually they have their own identity. Some sages have likened the two to the phenomenon of an object and its reflection in a mirror, while others have explained the two as the ocean and its waves. The Kashmir Shaiva Darshan has not subscribed to the illusion theory. It propounds that since the creation is the manifestation of the Creator and since the Creator is real there cannot be anything unreal about the manifestation. What is unreal is the apparent difference observed between the Creator and the creation. This difference is actually an illusion and once this veil of illusion is removed from our vision we can clearly perceive the truth of the individual soul and the Universal Soul being one. This state can be achieved in a variety of ways including contemplation, devotion, spiritual pursuit and the like. This doctrine has appealed the thinkers world over, whether Greek and Roman philosophers, Eastern thinkers, Christian monks or Muslim Sufis. The Muslim saint poets of Kashmir also could not remain unaffected by this captivating doctrine.

I remember my old home in Chhattabal. There was a long lane leading to our house from the main road. On the one side

of the lane there were cultivated fields full of vegetables and tobacco. The other side was a row of houses. One of these belonged to one Sheikh Mehmud, who ran a small shop in the ground floor, selling milk, yogurt and some pulses. Whenever I passed by this shop or went to him to purchase yogurt, I would observe a number of men sitting with him and talking about mystic subjects. Soon I came to know that he was also a holy person of the same Rishi order and had a number of disciples whom he guided in their spiritual pursuit. This 'Peer-mureed' or 'Guru-shishya' tradition in Hindu terminology, meaning a lineage of preceptor and disciple is an essential feature of the Rishi order. This holy person was revered and though illiterate, he also wrote mystical poetry to bring home to his disciples the secrets of mysticism, as was the practice with other holy persons of this order.

#### Lal Ded and Nunda Rishi :

The 'Adikavayitri' or the first poetess of Kashmiri language is considered to be Lal Ded, who was a great mystic and a 'Shaiva Sadhika' or the seeker of the Divine through the path of Kashmir Shaiva Darshan. She has left behind



a corpus of her sayings, which are in the form of four-liners called 'Vakh' (or Sanskrit Vakya). These have been translated into Sanskrit, Hindi, and English and interpreted by many a scholar. Let me quote two of her Vakh to denote how she denounced the false exhibitionist practices and pointed to the essence of spiritualism. She has deprecated the practice of 'Bali' or animal sacrifice in these words: 'Yi kamyu vopadeesh dyutui hayo

*bata, atseetan vatas dyun sutseetan kath ahar?* O Pandit! Who has advised you to offer as a feed an animate sheep to an inanimate stone idol? Similarly she has ridiculed the idol worship when she says, '*Diva vata deevaar vata, heri bon chhui ikavata, pooz kath karakh hayo Bata?* Your deity is made of stone, the shrine is made of stone, everything from top to bottom is the same stone, what are you going to worship, O Pandita?' She laid stress on the need to go inwards and realize the self and perceive the Divine in everything. These two 'Vakhs' of her will make this point clear. '*Go'ran d'opnam kunui vatsun, nyabra d'opnam andar atsun, sui Lali gav vakh ta vatsun.* My preceptor told me but one thing only and that was to go from without to within. Lala adopted this in letter and spirit.' '*Kava chhuk divan anine vatsha, trukai chhuk ta andrei atsha Shiv chhui aet ta kun mo gatsh sa haz kathi myani karto patsh.* Why are you groping in the dark like the blind? If you are wise go within yourself. Shiva is there in your heart. Do trust me since it has come to me naturally.' This great poetess was followed by Nunda Rishi, another great ascetic poet of the Kashmiri literature, who wrote four-liners called 'Shrukh' (or Shloka in Sanskrit). He did penance in a cave and was greatly influenced by his senior Lal Ded. He wrote, '*Tas Padmanporachi Lale, Tami gale amryeth chav. Swa sanin avatar lwale, tithyui mye var ditam Diva.* The great Lal Ded of Padamanpura drank a mouthful of nectar. For us she is an incarnation. O Lord! Give me a similar boon as you gave her.' In the true tradition of Vedanta he considered the world an illusion. He addresses himself in these words: '*Hai zuva bram chhui samsar ho, zuva marun mothui kava, s'or ta zuva gara panano.* O my self realize that this world is an illusion, why do you forget the inevitable death; remember your own home, the abode of the Divine.' This influence of non-dualism or 'Advaita' and other Upanishadic principles as were prevalent in Kashmir is vividly seen in the

writings, compositions and other verses of the later Muslim saint-poets of Kashmir.

Let us first see what these Saint poets have said about their mentor, Lal Ded. Mohmud Gami (1765 – 1855), a great name in Kashmiri poetry, who may not strictly be clubbed with Saint poets has written a beautiful verse associating every seeker with Lal Ded in these words: '*Tsonza shoobai ba khazmatsei, granz Sahibo hyetsthas na zanh. Ada nav pyom Lala matsei, aavaz vatsei no.* I am nothing but a maid to serve you, no one to be counted by you. Then I got the name of ecstatic Lala, My Lord! Did you not hear my wail?' Shamas Faqir (1843 – 1906, real name Mohammad Siddiq Bhatt), one of the foremost Saint-poets of Kashmir who lived in Chinikral Mohalla in Srinagar was fascinated by the writings of Lal Ded. He has paid tribute to her in one of his compositions and also made a mention of her having given spiritual guidance to Nunda Rishi. Says he, '*Kor Lali ikavata aakash pranas, zan milanav Bhagavaanas seit. Lali trov zala no't manz pote'l khanas. Zan milanav Bhagavaanas seit. Tchala gayi Lala ma'ts shurahyar shranas. Hala tami kor zagi tikatar tarnas. Kala tami tsofnai nafsi shaitanas, zan milanav Bhagavaanas seit. Vopa deesh karni gayi Nunda reshanas. Rindav dophas aini Irfan. Tshyapi tshipras gyundun Shahi Hamadan, zan milinav Bhagavaanas seit.* Lala did breath control called 'Pranabhyas' to realize the Divine. Lala offered a pitcherful of water to the idol in the shrine to know the Lord. Lala slipped to the riverbank called 'Shurahyaar' to take a bath and took a plunge to cross the river of life. She controlled the sense objects in order to realize Him. She went to give spiritual lessons to Nunda Rishi and the knowledgeable found it to be the pure mysticism. She virtually teased Shahi Hamadan, who could not gauge her spiritual heights (there is difference of opinion on whether there ever was a meeting between Shah Hamadan and Lal Ded as there is some

conflict in the dates). Another Saint poet, Ahmad Batawa'r, a contemporary of Shams Faquir (1845 – 1918), has described the exalted spiritual position of Lal Ded in this verse: '*Lala matsi kala tso't nafsi shaitanas. Kala karan Alla Lal sape'n hoo. Lola ha'ts mahav gayi he Bhagavaanas. Jan chum meelith jahanas saet* Lala in ecstasy killed all her senses, engrossed in the love of God she became one with Him. My self is one with the universal self.' While poets other than Rishis have also sung in praise of Lal Ded, but the manner in which the Rishi poets have quoted her, repeated her idiom and referred to her clearly shows the deep impact that her philosophy had had on their minds resulting in their express acknowledgement through their verses.

#### The Impact and the Influence :

When religions travel to new pastures they adopt many new things both ideologically and in order to gain acceptance among the local inhabitants. Buddhism underwent changes when it travelled outside India to Tibet, China, Japan, Korea and other places. Christian theology was reformed in Europe quite substantially. To quote Lippman, 'Prophet Muhammad's vision of a united polytribal community fused into one brotherhood by Islam has long since been proved to be unattainable' because of which Islam thrives as a religion but not as a polity. In India also a multitude of regional and tribal rituals and customs have got fused into the mainstream religion. The Muslim Saints of Kashmir could not also remain unaffected by the influence of the Hindu tradition of thought, ideology and philosophy, which was powerful and inherited by them. Even though they held the Prophet and the holy Qura'n in high esteem, they absorbed the major tenets of the Hindu philosophy in their own spiritual practices and prescriptions. This became a very strong cementing factor between the Hindus and the

Muslims. The lead had come from Lal Ded when she proclaimed: '*Shiv chhui thali thali rozan mo zan Bhata ta musalman. Trukai chhuk ta paan panun parzan, soi chhai sahibas saet zani zaan.* The Divine verily pervades everything here, don't you differentiate between a Hindu and a Muslim. If you are wise realize your own self and that is realization of the Divine.' The lead thus having been provided these Saint poets have tread on the same path and have earned respect, reverence and love from both the communities. No wonder, therefore, that these Saint poets, even though professing Muslim faith, earned love, reverence and regard from Hindus as well. Some of these holy men professed great regard for the Hindu deities and why not; for them there was no difference and no conflict. Holy persons like Makhdoom Sahib, Dastagir Sahib, Batamol Sahib (Muslims) and Krishna Kar, Peer Pandit Padshah (Hindus) were revered equally by both the communities. About Makhdoom Sahib there is a legend that he had a firm belief in Hindu concept of Mother Goddess in her 'Jwala' or Flame form. His mausoleum situated at the Hill of Hari Parvat was burnt thrice in fire and the Mother Goddess 'Jwala' had to be propitiated so that there is no more devastation of this holy place by fire.

In the backdrop of what has been stated about it would be worth our while to study the impact and the influence of the Hindu thought, Hindu practices and Hindu tradition on some of the prominent Muslim Saint poets of Kashmir, who in my opinion should appropriately be called Muslim Rishis. This is evident not only from what we hear about them but is also explicitly brought out by them in their poetic compositions.



To be continued





## अली मर्दान खानुन्य शिव स्तुति



हुमां असले महेशर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम  
 गज़नफर चरम दर बर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।१।  
 जि बसमश जामु ई बरतन, जुनारश मार दर गर्दन  
 रवानश गंग बर सर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।२।  
 सेह चशमसत बर जर्बांदारद, जि मेहरो माह रोशन तर  
 सेह कारन दस्त बस्त बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।३।  
 बँ दस्तश आबि कौसर बूद, ना कोसि नीलोफर  
 हिलालश ताज बर सर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।४।  
 उमा अज़ सोयु चफ बिंगर, जि सद खुरशीद ताबां तर  
 सवारे कलबुये नर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।५।  
 अजब सन्यासे दीदम, नमो नारायनश गुफतम  
 बँ खाके पायु बोसीदम, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।६।  
 निगाहे बर मने मिसकीं, नमूदे अज़ चशम ताबां तर  
 मकानश लामकां तर बूद, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।७।  
 मनं मरदां अली खानं, गुलामे शाहि शाहानं  
 अजब इसरारे बीनं, शब शाहे कि मन दीदम ।८।

Translation :  
 Dr. H.K.Kher



He was precisely Maheshwar, the King whom I saw at night. He wore the skin of a lion, the King whom I saw at night.

His attire was of soot (Basam) and he wore the snake as a holy thread round his neck.

The Ganges flowed from his head, the King I saw at night.

He had three eyes on his forehead, which were brighter than the sun and the moon.

Three *karans* (creation, sustenance and death) stood hand-folded before him, the King whom I saw at night.

The nectar was in his hand, the conch and the water lily. The crescent of the moon he wore on his head, the King whom I saw at night.

Uma sat on his left side, brighter than a hundred suns. He rode an ox, the King whom I saw at night.

I beheld a strange hermit and I saluted him saying '*Namo Narayan*'. I kissed the dust of his feet, the King whom I saw at night.

He cast a glance on me, the poor man, from his sparkling eyes. His abode is beyond the space, the King whom I saw at night.

I Mardan Ali Khan, the slave of the King of Kings, I saw strange secrets, the King whom I saw at night.



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

## The Bird Song

Visiting a cousin at Smailpur near Jammu some year ago I was greeted by "Hello" the moment I entered the outer gate. Looking around I could find no human presence but a Myna perched inside her cage hanging in the balcony was unmistakable. Another "Hello" followed which not only confirmed the source but also helped to inform the master about the arrival of a guest. So my cousin came out to greet me. It was indeed a pleasant experience. Then followed other voices including "mew, mew" - mimic



of the cats also kept as pets by my cousin. It reminded me of a parrot owned by a neighbour in early sixties at Srinagar. The beautiful bird used to call its owner by

his pet name, "Baitathya" (Dear brother) in a melodious voice. It could also mimic sounds



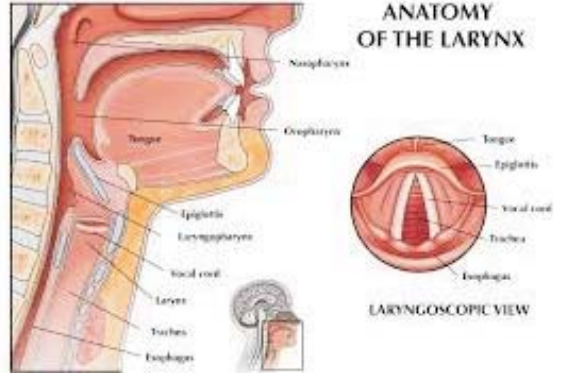
and voices both human and animal.

Bird song is as much enchanting as it is interesting.

The sound producing organ of a bird is called "syrinx" which is located at the bottom of the wind pipe (trachea). Sound is produced at the syrinx in an air stream whose speed and volume is controlled by muscles in the trachea. The sounds are emitted through the bird's mouth with little or no modulation. Some birds with



more rudimentary syrinxes than their cousins can become more proficient in creating sound. This fact becomes especially notable when it is realized that the syrinx at its best is far more complicated than the human larynx (voice box) for voice production. Human vocalizations originate in the larynx situated at the top of trachea. The larynx is roughly similar to the bird's syrinx but more complex and produces relatively simple sounds. But then important changes in timbre occur because of the position and articulating movements of the



bird's syrinxes are the same. Thus there are other factors which determine how, when and where a bird can vocalize.

Recent studies show that the part of a bird's brain that controls its vocalizations is in the front and corresponds roughly to the human cortex. The males of almost all song bird species are the principal vocalizers and the male fore-brains, which control their song output, have been found to be larger than the forebrains of females. The work of Fernando Motlabohm and others shows that larger the forebrains, the larger a bird's song repertoire tends to be. They have also found that the forebrain expands in size just before the arrival of the mating and nesting season, when extensive singing and calling are necessary for identifications and to attract mates, establish territories and warn of possible dangers.



tongue, cheeks, mouth and lips and the resonating effect of the hollow sinuses in the facial structure.

It must be, however, remembered that birds make better use of the syrinx than humans do of the larynx, to produce their various and elaborate sounds without the facilities available to humans. The syrinx does have two resonating membranes, and in many birds they can be independently controlled, enabling the birds to produce two different notes simultaneously. But this factor does not account for the ability of parrots and mynas to so precisely imitate the human voice.

The abilities of some birds to imitate human speech with uncanny precision is now the focus of attention for zoologists and ornithologists in many parts of the world. How is it, they want to know, that these creatures, in captivity and in the wild, can accomplish such precision with a primitive apparatus and a brain about the size of the grape? What is it that enables some kinds of birds, in particular the family *sturnidae* of which the myna is the most famously talkative, to learn to speak more than 50 words in some cases and utter as many as 20 sentences?

A new understanding of how this is accomplished is beginning to evolve. It was previously thought that a bird's vocalization repertoire depend on how sophisticated its syrinx was. In reality however, most song

It is now known to ornithologists that most song birds do not have innate genetically derived song patterns but learn song patterns, their songs and calls at an early age from their parents or members of the same species.

As a general rule, most species in the wild will not respond to or learn the vocalizations of other species. Yet several species of song birds including mocking birds, starlings, thrushes, cat birds, wrens and sparrows imitate the calls and songs of many





different kinds of birds they encounter or hear. And some birds like starling learn to imitate other environmental sounds like Car horns and

iron smithy sounds.

Captive mynas and parrots might imitate the cat's mew, dog's whine, human laughter, the neigh of a horse as well as human speech. Some exotic birds, such as the birds of paradise and bower birds of New Guinea and Australia, can imitate automobile horns, taking off aeroplanes, the sound of falling gravel and the sounds made by axes of wood cutters felling trees.

Researchers have now found enough to show that birds that are unable to mimic others have a kind of filter' in their brain that keeps them from learning or imitating alien vocalizations. According to them there appears to be a brain mechanism for selective learning. Although scientists still do not know why some birds are mimics and others not, they think there may be practical reasons for such behaviour. David Dobkin a Zoologist opines that a mocking bird may mimic a blue jay's calls for just a special purpose. Blue jays are highly aggressive predators on the nests of many song birds. By simulating their calls the mocking birds may be excluding potential competing species from their nesting sites.

Another possible use for mimicry, especially in thick woods where it is hard for one kind to see another bird could be to use the call of a more aggressive bird to establish territorial rights, protect food sources and deter rivals from courting a mimic's mate.

Recent research on animal behavior has thrown some new light on the ability of some birds to mimic sounds. Even though the

parrot can mimic the human voice, it seems to need a motive for doing so. Mailer and Evan Balaban of the Rockefeller field station have found that social stimulation is part of a bird's learning process. Without it, birds will not learn other species sounds and utter them. According to them mynas and parrots only begin to learn human speech sounds under certain social relationship. In order to get them to talk one must intrude on their social life. Such intrusions might include feeding the bird by hand and, in effect, having the bird imprinted with its owner almost as if the owner were its parent. The owner confuses bird as to its own identity.



**Pt. Govind Kaul ... From Page 25**

Stein, which the latter edited with George Grierson and published in 1917 as 'Hatim's Tales'. The tales, supposedly told by one Hatim Tilawony, were interpreted by Govind Kaul. He also rendered assistance to Grierson in the compilation of his Kashmiri dictionary, but did not live to see the work completed.

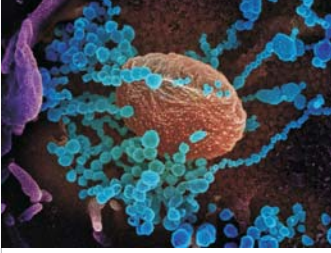
Grierson went on to record later that Govind Kaul's assistance to him was "one of the many debts he ever owed to Stein". On Govind Kaul's death in June 1899, a shocked Stein lamented that Govind Kaul, "like another Kalhana departed as my best Indian friend beyond all hope of reunion in this Janma". Paying fulsome tributes to him, Stein wrote: "Whenever Govind Kaul was by my side, whether in the dusty exile of Lahore or alpine coolness of Mohand Marg in Kashmir, I was in continuity with the past as the historical student of India. His personality embodied all that change of ages indicated and showed as the mind and psyche of India."

[Material Source : [www.koausa.org](http://www.koausa.org)]





Poetry - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury  
Corona Poems



### 1- Pray who is Corona?

Children, don't go out;  
Corona is stalking the land.

Who is Corona, pray?  
Is he the demon who carries children away?  
Is he the boogeyman who lurks in the dark?  
Why can't we go out even during the day?  
Why can't we go to school?  
Why can't we play?  
Who is Corona, pray?

Children, don't go out;  
Corona is stalking the land.

But who is Corona?  
We neither see a lightning.  
nor hear a thunder  
We neither feel an earthquake nor  
sense any danger.  
We don't hear a storm rumbling  
nor see anything wrong anywhere.

Then why is everyone scared?  
Why is everyone cooped inside?  
Why are you so thoughtful, Papa?  
Why cant we hug you?  
Why are you so fidgety, Mama?  
Why cant we kiss you?

Pray, who is Corona?  
Why can't we be near grandpa  
and listen to his riveting tales?  
Why can't we have grandma  
read us the bedtime stories?  
Why do we have to wear a mask  
when the air smells fresh as never before?  
Why wash our hands every often  
even if they are so clean?  
And, yes, you had told us  
that nose picking is bad  
but why can't we touch our face?  
We don't see no Corona there.

Pray, who is Corona?  
Where is he?  
If he is there  
Why don't we see?  
Why don't you shoo him away?  
Why doesn't he let us be?

### 2 - There is Nowhere to Go

For once  
there is no place to go.  
No place is safe  
None under the sun.

The planes don't fly  
The trains don't run  
The buses don't ply  
Going out is no option.

There is no city or borough  
No country, or land

to choose from  
For no continent is sterile  
All are in the savage grip  
Of the deadly contagion.

There is no place under the sun  
Where they could run.

Wherever you look  
There is a sepulchral ambience  
There are only empty expanses  
The streets and lanes deserted  
The highways and byways empty  
The towns have turned into ghosts  
The people have fled  
Humanity gone into hibernation.

They are hiding from each other  
They are hiding from themselves.  
They look into their mirrors  
From safe distances  
Lest they are too near  
Their own images.  
For they have been warned -  
It is the breath  
It is the touch  
And who knows  
it may be the gaze  
Even your very own  
Like an evil eye.

They have been warned  
Not to get anywhere  
close to each other  
Not nearer than two-arms-length away.  
You don't kiss  
You don't hug  
You don't make love  
Lest you catch The Bug.

The contagion stalks the earth  
A phantom  
An invisible speck

An *asura*  
Let loose on humanity  
That hangs menacingly  
Like the curse of a yogi.  
A curse that sneaks its way  
Creeping inside their lungs  
To take their breath away.

Cooped inside their homes  
Clutching their hearts in fear  
Depression running deep  
They look at the score  
and count the dead.  
Bodies herded in mortuaries  
Waiting for their turn  
To be burnt into ash.  
Burial is not an option  
Who knows  
Corona lurking inside  
Might decide  
To rise from the dead  
And strike again  
And again.

Segregation is the watchword  
Videochat the only connect  
Or a distant nod  
Or a namaste  
Until Corona is driven away.



## آش چّوئی پرم ناथ شاد



وونئ چّوئی آش بھگون مُشکِن آسان کر  
 ساری سے سرِشئی دیا دزِشئی پئیزِ آسہ سان کر  
 از سنگین صورِتھہ ہاماری چّہ کرہٴ بختیار  
 نکتِ امہ نِشہ پرتھہ نلک بیتھہ سون ہندوستان کر  
 کانہہ ووپایا چھنہ وُنیک تامت تہ کانسی نظرِ تل  
 نوف دُشٹہ، ووش وُدُن زلہ دان سے وُردان کر  
 بُسرِ تین تہراج وُچھہ وُچھہ مَن یمن ویاکل گوئمت  
 آسہ چانے یمن زوان نیر وُگ تہندی زو جان کر  
 روٹ گوئمت گاش تہ گبہ وولمت چھنا سوزے چہان  
 تیتھہ پز کاش ان باس روشن زمین آسان کر  
 شاد بیہ آباد رُوین بکھت چّوئی پزانی پائٹھر  
 بیتھہ نہ کانہہ مُشرادِ وائسن از تھہ احسان کر

وونئ چّوئی آش بھگون مُشکِن آسان کر  
 ساری سے سرِشئی دیا دزِشئی پئیزِ آسہ سان کر  
 از سنگین صورِتھہ ہاماری چّہ کرہٴ بختیار  
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 آسہ چانے یمن زوان نیر وُگ تہندی زو جان کر  
 روٹ گوئمت گاش تہ گبہ وولمت چھنا سوزے چہان  
 تیتھہ پز کاش ان باس روشن زمین آسان کر  
 شاد بیہ آباد رُوین بکھت چّوئی پزانی پائٹھر  
 بیتھہ نہ کانہہ مُشرادِ وائسن از تھہ احسان کر



Short Story - Parineeta Khar

## On Wings of Prayers

**W**e have some potted plants on a sill outside our balcony. At times birds come to peck at some seeds here, a leaf there. One morning, I was alerted by a general bustle emanating from there by the fluttering wings of a pair of pigeons. They were busy assembling together some sundry knick-knacks; dried tufts of hay, some shreds of coloured thread.

"Shoo them away" – came the admonishing warning "we don't want bird flu in our house". But the bird couple's home making interested me. "Let them be", I implored and watched a beautiful and comfortable nest coming up. They made it cheerful to the best of their bird capacity, to welcome the new progeny. She lay eggs and for days sat over them with her spread out plumage to bestow all the warmth of her young mother's



body. The fledglings hatched after a series of fierce rains and gusting winds. She did not budge. She was all wet and cold, but the eggs were dry under her safe and reliable wings. For my eyes it was a sublime drama of creation being directed by Brahma and staged by this little pigeon ignoring the pain in her cramped legs. She participated wholeheartedly and with total abandon.

Her maternal head rose high and her fond chest surged with a mother's pride on

sighting those cheep-cheeping skinny creatures. The fledglings were demanding and hungry and helpless too, with no sight. My own feeling, upon watching even this bird brained mother driven by her

emotion to practical action was one of absolute elation. She was leaving no stone unturned to feed her half blind desperate babies at definite intervals with patience and a consummate delight. She would secure these hapless offspring under her wings and coo consistent and soft sounds. I instinctively knew the portending of those sounds. "Don't creep out ..... it is not safe out there as yet".

Suddenly I hear my own voice calling to my boys "Don't get wet ..... you will catch a cold" My eyes are misty .... After a week of cajoling and caressing, the mother stops being effusive. Now starts a period of demonstrative instructions. She still lays out the food from her beak, now they have to collect it in their juvenile beaks themselves. Their ugly and bare fleshy flaps have metamorphosed into soft silky wings. They can see and move about. The mother now







literally pushes the little pigeons on to the edges of the nest. They prefer to perch safely close to her – but they have to be compelled out. “This place is too small for all of us ..... learn to fly ..... venture out”. They stagger and stumble but soon find their latent prowess ... they too can fly ...

And they are on their own..... And I see my boys out of their safe haven of childhood.

For one full week later the pigeon mother came morning and evening to have a look at the empty nest ..... very similar to my lost looks at empty cupboards and vacant rooms. The mother pigeon's beady eyes wander in all directions – satisfied that the little ones have found their footing, she flies away.

And here ends the similarity between the two mothers. Unlike human mothers, the pigeon mother does not boast of a long memory - a boon which liberates her from the pangs of separation. The human mother saves the memory of that sweet movement of her child inside her when he/she was a part of her biological system. The first smile of her baby and the gurgling laughter while playing peek-a-boo are cherished imprints on her psyche. Even when the grown up child is driving a mother through malls to shop, the latter smiles through the corner of her mouth



reminiscing about the day when he mock shopped for her on his tricycle.

And once they have flown the nest, the visits become short and rare. She craves for that clutter in their rooms, the pages from notepads strewn on the beds, the buzz of learning lessons and the agile young fingers on the computer mouse. Those were times when the weary physical self screamed for respite yet the motley din was magically relaxing. And the mental state astonishingly balanced even if grappling with the millions of chores.

Then one day, the silence becomes audible. The pencils neatly arranged in a container sitting on a forlorn work table - The passive mouse quietly lying on the pad - Everything at its correct place. Order reigns; then why is there a palpable underlying pain which is screaming in this pin drop silence? The mother is left with her photographs with the children over the niche in her living room; one clinging to her shoulder and the other clasping her finger. Placidity rules the atmosphere, but mothers miss that morning chaos which is synonymous with growing children.

A TV documentary on behaviour of Grizzly Bears, jolts me out of my self pitying state, sending a shock wave through my spine. The whole exercise of bringing up children is after all nature's way of preserving species through mothers. The narrator's resounding remarks “the mother bear retires with her new cubs to remote corners of the region to safeguard the survival of her offspring from predators and even her



courting males. For four years the mother bear attends to every requirement of the fast growing cubs. She attends to every detail of nurturing the future generation.” Why has nature entrusted the mothers with this complex assignment – to bring them up and guarantee the survival of future generation and then to face the heart break of parting? The biological bond is only for continuation of species and life. And this fact holds good for the entire biological world. The continuation of healthy descendants squarely depends upon the well being of the juvenile individual. Once its existence is secure – the mother takes a backseat.

So much for mother's lullabies and doting!

But why should we human mothers accept this acerbic truth?

Wait! Aren't we human beings the most intelligent beings of this cosmic order where biology is not everything that matters? Among the lower animals the presence of a father figure is not as significant as of the mother. He vanishes from the scene once the cause happens and effect comes forth. On the contrary, who can snuff that bright flame which lights up the enthusiastic face of a human father once the golden words pour into his ears “Congratulations, you are a father”? No medals of excellence can ever prove more meritorious to a male parent than lifting his child onto his shoulder to reach his/her hand to a temple bell. The child's thrill of touching the gong fills the father's chest with pride. Who can measure the bounds of joy and sublime fulfillment a father experiences leaving his child every morning at his/her school? If the filial love is all biology, why has nature tied human relations with a chord of divine affiliation?

The offspring of the mother bear will not cast an affectionate glance in its mother's direction once away from the maternal haven. The fledgling pigeon flies from the cozy nest



never to look back.

In humans, it takes more than a lifetime to disentangle from the umbilical cord. My children bid me not to climb chairs and tables to reach tins and boxes. Not to shed tears of remorse; an empty house hardly is a morbidity. They give me pragmatic solutions like a parting gift - “look beyond the realms of your immediate family – you brought us into the world, tended us with care and love and made good adults out of us ..... Help somebody else's child to reach the same ambitions.” But hey! don't overlap the sensitive aspect of motherhood with social work.

I plead – and am convinced, that human females have been programmed to mother any form of life. Be it her child, her husband, her subordinate, her old parents or parents-in-law. She is imbibed with this insatiable urge to cultivate and sustain the breath of life.

Maternal love is an endless rope which keeps the creation tied.

This is what creates kinship in humans, let the kinship live. May the wires of connectivity remain electrified. This bond of connectivity keeps the bulb of kinship aglow. This is why an eighty year old mother pampers her sixty year old child! So! Motherhood is not a myth after all. Let the fledglings soar higher to explore the realms of prosperity. And mothers - stop yearning, take heart for they have taken off on wings of your prayers.

Contact author at : [a\\_khar@yahoo.com](mailto:a_khar@yahoo.com)

## گزل

شاکیہ اہماد نیایک



بہار س وُچھتہ چون انہار پُچھتہ آو  
 نجانن نووے شوخ یاون پُچھتہ آو  
 گلاب وُچھتہ نجانن چوونے یام ہور نبس کون  
 دُجیتھ پھو اوور وُچھتہ تہ شونیا چُسیٹھ آو  
 سیاہ جُلپ جُنجر اُسیری وُچھتہ گُی  
 سو کوس اُخ بچاوت یس ن تھوٹھ ہُو بَٹیتھ آو  
 وُچھتہ بھو اُچھتہ کینھ جُچن ہُنج یی بَٹیتھ  
 وُچھتہ داون رس ہُو وُچھتہ نیش پَٹیتھ اُخ  
 اُسر یوٹ ن شوکو کرخ ہال ونہس  
 سو وائاخ مَچیل سافر اُج چُٹیتھ آو

## غزل

شاکیہ اہماد نیایک

بہار س وُچھتہ چون انہار پُچھتہ آو  
 نجانن نووے شوخ یاون پُچھتہ آو  
 غضب وُچھتہ نظر چائی یام ہیور نبس کون  
 دُجیتھ پیو اوور وُچھتہ تہ شونیا چُسیٹھ آو  
 سیاہ زلف زنجیر اُسیری کُرتھ گے  
 سہ کس اُچھتہ پچاویس نہ تہ تہ ہیو بَٹیتھ آو  
 وُچھتہ بٹھ اُچھتہ کئی زُن ہنز یہ ہارش  
 وُچھتہ داون رس ہیو وُچھتہ نیش پُچھتہ آو  
 اثر یُتھنہ شوکو کرکھ حال وُچھتہ  
 سہ وائاخ منزل سفر از رُتھ آو

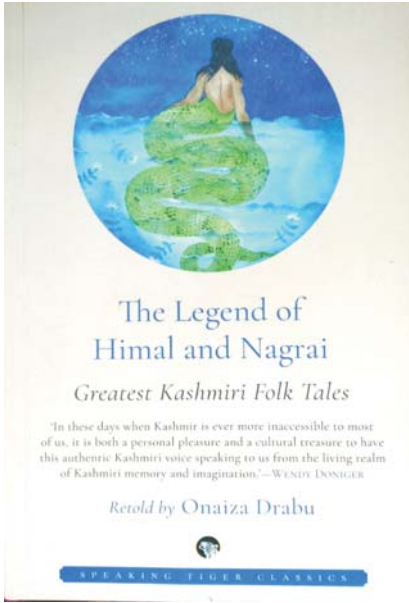
ہنا سو پُچھو!! شہن کتھ پھراہ کھانن؟ توہی چھو تہن ستر کائیری پائٹھ کتھ کران؟ شہن سیتی یوت کیاہ؟ توہی چھو پینہ وائہ ہندین دکر تہ

کائیری پائٹھ کتھ کران؟ ہنا سو پُچھو!! کائیر زبان کتھ پائٹھ روز زندہ؟

*From the Treasure of Kashmiri Folk Tales - Onaiza Drabu*

## Mahadev Bishta

(From 'The Legend of Himal and Nagrai' Collection)



### *Mahadev Bishta*

*Bishta bishta byaryo khotkho van  
Tora Kyah vwoluth babre pan  
Su Kaman dyututh kotaran  
Kotar beethi maarkan  
Zoon chai gindan tarkan*

Bishta Bishta, little kitten,  
who went to the jungle,  
What did you get from there?  
A leaf!  
Who did you give the leaf to?  
To the pigeons!  
The pigeons now sit atop trees  
While the moon plays with the stars

**T**hose who have seen him say Mahadev Joo was a shorty, wiry man whose light limbs lend him to be fluid in movements and agile in motions. He swung along trees, jumped atop rooftops and slithered down chimneys of houses. Those who have not seen him but heard stories know why he did this. Mahadev Joo stole from the rich and gave to the poor. Amongst his many talents was also that of making animal noises, particularly cats, giving him the nickname Bishta.

It is said that during weddings, he would disguise himself as a singer and rob affluent families and then give to the poor.



Many of his stories were legendary. Even Knowles found him in Jail.

Now one day as people surrounded him hearing of his exploits, he sat quietly. Many didn't believe it. Many thought these



were *tarr. Tar lagawun* was after all a favourite pastime. So they challenged him to steal the Maharaja's pyjama. What a task, thought everyone but Mahadev Joo rose up and said he would do it.

He took a few days to plot and strategies, bribing guards and luring them into giving information and access. He noted the map of the castle, where the maharaja's bedroom was, and where all the guards were stationed. He then found out the inner workings of the plumbing system. Soon he began his preparations.

Oiled and slid in through a wide pipe. Through the windows of the toilet, at night, he slid into the balcony of the Maharaja's bed chamber. He slid in effortlessly, like a cat. He even made the sound of a cat to let people think a stray was passing by, just to avoid



suspicion. Anyhow, he had with him a reed full of red ants.

He dropped the reed at maharajas trousers. Slowly, amidst his snoring, the Mahraja felt the insects crawling up his legs. One by one they began biting him and he was so agitated that he began scratching in his sleep with both hands. He immediately took of his silken pyjamas and threw them off on the floor.

Mahadev was delighted. He quietly picked up the trousers, fled the way he had

come in, slyly and easily.

The next day Mahadev presented the pair of silken trousers to the band of thieves. They were impressed and displayed it amidst much cheer. Mahadev Bishta had truly proven himself the king of all thieves and they gathered around him singing in his praise.

*Bishta bishta byaryo khotkho van  
Tora Kyah vwoluth babre pan  
Su Kaman dyututh kotaran  
Kotar beethi maarkan  
Zoon chai gindan tarkan  
Bishta Bishta, little kitten,  
who went to the jungle  
What did you get from the jungle?*

A leaf?

Who did you give the leaf to?

To the pigeons

The pigeons are sitting atop trees  
While the moon plays with the stars

Source: Multiple.



हना सूचिव !!

शुर्यन कथ छु राह खारुन ?  
तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य काँशिर्य पाँठ्य कथ  
करान ? शुर्यन सुती योत क्या ? तोह्य छिवु  
पनुनि वाँसि हुँघन सुत्य ति काँशिर्य पाँठ्य  
कथ करान ।

हना सूचिव !

काँशुर ज़बान किथु पाँठ्य रोज़ि ज़िंदु ?

## ویرام ویشال رینا



جب شَنکا ہو کہ رُک جاؤنگا  
میں تیز چل کے آتا ہوں  
دُخ کی ندی بہت گہری ہے  
تیر نہیں سکتے  
میں ڈوب کر کے آتا ہوں  
لوگ ہمارے خلاف نہیں ہیں  
اُنہوں نے بس غلاب اٹھا لیے ہیں  
کانٹے چھوڑ کر  
میں کانٹوں پر چلنے کا اُبھیاس کر کے آتا ہوں  
لوگ کہتے ہیں کہ سُدھر جاو  
اب بھلا اپنی کہانی سے کون بھاگ پایا ہے  
میں اپنے چرتر کو دین کر کے آتا ہوں  
جب سفر ہی منزل ہے  
تو سچلتا ہر پل ہے  
میں وہ نتیجہ ہوں جو  
امتحان سے پہلے آتا ہوں



## ویرام ویشال رینا

جب شَنکا ہو کہ رُک جاؤنگا  
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امین کامل

سلسلہ وار کتھ

## سوال چھ کلک

گزشتہ سے وابستہ

Episode

2

Page 1

Stories from National Book Trust's 'azgub kashur  
afsanu' Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L. Shant

یہ وکتھ تروون ٹھہر اُسنہ۔ مے تہ آیو، مگرستی سوٹچم، پانا یہ  
کتھ تام پٹھ وسان، ٹیے زن کیاہ گوے۔ اُمی ٹل میز پٹھ چہ رکایہ مژ کھنڈ  
پھولا ہیو کیاہ تام تہ تروون اُسس۔ ستی گرن مے تہ مازتھ : کھینے سا، یہ  
چھ مژ دار چہرا۔“ مینے ٹل پھولاہ تہ ترووم اُسس۔ پڑی کئی لوگم بڈ میوٹھ۔  
مینے سوٹچ پتہ میٹھنیو، وِس ٹرک۔

”اہن حص تہ خام پوریک تھادر تہ مابنہ کھوڈپنچہ رؤس۔ تگر تہ  
آسہ کینہہ تہ کینہہ سوٹچتھ تھوومت۔“

”سوچنے دو جی۔ کاڈی پینس پانس وِس۔ تھس کر چھ سوٹچن توگمت  
ز ازتگبس،“ تگر کوڈ ٹرٹتھ واش ہیو تہ ٹوپی وژن کلس۔ امہ پتہ وون زامن  
ہش کران : ”تھس یوسہ شیطانی کرنی اُس، سوگرن۔ اتہ اور کیاہ کر۔ ہم ہر  
طرح چوکس ہیں۔“ ”شیطانی کیاہ ہش آسن کرہو؟“ مینے پڑوٹھس چارک آہ۔  
”آ، بے ونے،“ تگر گلہ نوو کلہ اول وانگن نون کڈنہ آہ : ”دیتھے

مے بوز ز پوٹھ مرگہ بونہ تل چھ لاش چہو، مے ٹل یکدم پٹن عملہ فعلہ تہ  
دوریوس۔ اوت تام لوگے وکتھ۔ سون تھانہ ماچھ خام پورچ وائل پہر۔ تھ  
چھ بڈ جیورس ڈکشن۔ تھے اُس اور واتی، سہ وچھم گوتام اوک کانبل کنسٹیل  
ہبتہ واکتھ پھومت۔ لاش بونہ تل پڑاہ۔ مگر میں سب بدمعاشی سمجھ گیا۔ آسیا  
تارنی۔ مَسس میا کپس،“ اُمی ٹل بیا کھنڈ پھولا تہ وولنس گنے بزکھ۔

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یہ اوس زائن یڑھان ز اُس لاشہ کتھ اوس دون تھانہ دارن  
دورن۔ میگی ہنڈس ہنس منز لاش اُس، سہ زانہے تہ کار زانہے۔ اویے پڑوٹھس  
حارانہی سان: ”اہن حض تہ لاش کھنڈس جیورس ڈکشنس منز اُس؟“

”لاش اُس نہ کائسہ ہنڈس تہ جیورس ڈکشنس منز۔ لاش دو تھانوں  
کے درمیان ڈمارکیشن لائن پر تھی۔ اسہ اوس لازمن گروٹھن۔ تمن تہ اوس  
وائن۔ یہ کتہ ونہ تم کیا ز اُس آتہ۔ ہم کوئی غلط بات نہیں کہیں گے۔“ اُمی  
تڑاو کار تکتھ دار مہر کن نظر، اتہ اُس پلسہ جورا سڑکہ پٹھ کس تام ٹاپہ  
نادان۔ میے تہ اُس اور سیو دنظر۔

”اہن حض توتہ کیاہ گیاہ، مے پڑوٹھس سیزر پائٹی۔ اکھا کر زہو تفتیش۔“  
”تہ کیاہ گو اکھا؟“ تگی کو روم ہزل۔ ”تفتیشک حق چھ صرف تمس  
آسان میگی ہنڈس جیورس ڈکشنس کن لاشہ رجوع آسہ۔“

”اہن حض تہ سو اُس تہنڈی ونہ، ڈمارکیشن لائینہ پٹھ“ میے وائس۔  
”وہ تو ٹھیک ہے، مگر لاشہ کور کن اوس کلہ۔ یہ چھ اٹورون۔“ اُمی وون۔  
یہ رووس۔ کینہہہ پبوم نہ پلہ۔ اُمی کریایہ بڑونہہ تہ کلچ کتھ۔ مگر تمہ  
وڑنیہ میے یہ سرسری پائٹی۔ میے پڑوٹھس: ”اہن حض تہ کلس کیاہ چھ اتھ  
مالس ستر تولق؟“

”تعلق ہے، ضرور ہے“ تگی وون زور وٹھ: ”میے بڑوٹھے وونے  
ٹنے ترے نہ یمہ کتھ فکر۔ یہ چھ قونونی نوقطہ۔ ہرگاہ دون تھانہ ہنز

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ڈمارکیشن لائینہ پٹھ کانہہ لاش آسہ، تھہ ہیکہ صَرف سَے تھانہ قبضس مَنز اَتھہ  
تیکر پِنڈس جیورس ڈکشنس کُن لاشہ کلہ آسہ۔“

یہ گوس ہئے بنگہ تہ کریمانہ کڈانہ پُزٹھمس ”اہن حص تہ اتھ لاشہ  
کورگن اوس کلہ؟“

”یہی بدمعاشی ہے“ تگر وڈن کلہ تہ پان اُراوان : ”یہ خام پوریک  
لاشہ وائل اوسے بزوٹھے پوشہ مرگہ اندر و اَتھہ پیؤمت۔ شیطان کا پرکالا۔ میں  
سب چالاکی سمجھتا ہوں۔ اُمی اوسے لاشہ پینس جیورس ڈکشنس کُن کلہ  
پھرنوومت۔ لاشہ اَنہ ہے پینس قبضس مَنز۔ اسی گئیہ پزانی کھلاڑی۔ اما یہ  
دہیہ تھہ اتھ و تھہ۔“

مے اوس وونی سورے ماملہ عیاں سپدُمت، اما پوز اکھ کتھ اُس  
روزان۔ توے پزٹھمس : ”توہیہ کیاہ ہیؤ کورؤہ؟“

”یہ دہیہ لاش قبضس مَنز اَنہ۔ تمن پھتھر فقیر کنسٹپلن کرناؤمس پینہ  
عن سہن اچھ خوب لٹھی۔ ووتھ نیاے تہ ووتھ۔ کاغذ خود بولیس گے۔  
پیؤمت چھ اُرر ماملہ۔“

مے سوئچ ہرگاہ اتھ لاشہ پزکتر اٹھ، چھنا بنان، یہ ووتھ تہ نیر پٹن گر  
گن۔ مگرستی پیوم ظون تہ وونمس :

”مگر اتھ لاشہ..... وچھ حص سو سُر۔ اُخر کؤت کال..... تگر وڈنہ  
میں پور کتھ کرنہ۔“ ”سُر نے دو جی۔ سوال چھ کلگ۔ سہ کورگن اوسس۔  
یوت تام نہ سہ نیاے اند، اُرر چھ ماملہ اویزان۔ مے گئیہ ژھوپہ، ونہاتہ کیاہ!

## دیکھ ڈیراے ڈاکٹر ایچ۔ کے۔ کھیر

سون سوہہ سُنْدَنہ پوت کال  
 وائے ازکالس کیا ز مِشْتہ گو  
 لال واکھ پتہ شیخ شرنکی، سوزے مِشْتہ گو  
 میسرز لہ ہندس پکپہ پاوس  
 سوہپہ واوس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 دل منز ڈور لول ٹوسنڈ  
 اظہارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 لہ ہندس زٹھس انتظارس  
 ہالہ یارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 اعتیارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 دریا پکس سیکہ شائس  
 سہارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 ماران پتہ وارن سہزارس  
 نوہارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 ہارنچہ ہندس نارس،  
 ہونہ شہجارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 مظلوم شہرین ہندس اینہارس  
 لوپچارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 شہرس منز وٹھوٹس انتظارس  
 خبردارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 دیکھ ڈیرا یہ بے قرارس  
 قرارس بن مِشْتہ گو  
 کرسنس پچہ آس کچھ، آس آسوتی یہ آس آس

## دیلوچ ڈوبرای

ڈا. ایچ. کے. خیر



سون سون سون سون پوت کال  
 وای اچ کالس کویا جی مَشِیث گوی  
 لال واکھ تہ شہخو شروکھ  
 سوروی مَشِیث گوی  
 یئمبور جلی ہندس چیکو چاواس  
 سوتو واکھس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 دیلاس منج چور لول تَمی سونڈ  
 اچھارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 لالی ہندس جیٹیس اِنتِی جارس  
 بالو یارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 ایتبارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 دَریا وکس سیکہ شائس  
 سبجارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 ہوران تہ واران سبج-جارس  
 نای بہارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 ہارو چنجی ہندس نارس  
 ہونہ شہجارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 مچلوم شوریان ہندس انوہارس  
 لکچارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 شہرس منج وٹھم تیس اِنتِی شارس  
 خبردارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 دیلوچ ڈوبرای بے قرارس  
 قرارس یون مَشِیث گوی  
 کرسنس اچھ آس پگھوچ  
 اَسس آس و تہ یی اَسس اَسس

## Episode

## 2

## Page 1

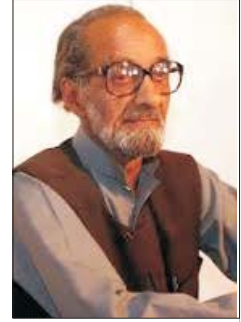
Stories from National Book Trust's 'āzyūk kāshūr  
afānū` Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L.Shant

## सिलसिलुवार कथ

## सवाल छु कलुक भाग २

अमीन कामिल

यि वॅनिथ त्रोवुन ठाह असुनाह। मे ति आयोव, मगर सुती सूंचुम, पानाह यि छु कथ ताम प्यठ विसान, च़े ज़न क्याह गोय ? अँम्य तुल मेज़ु प्यठचि रिकाबि मंज़ु खंडु फोलाह ह्यू क्याहताम तु त्रोवुन ऑसस। सुती कॅरुन मे ति माज़रथ। 'खे साँ, यि छुय मज़ुदार चीज़।' मे तुल फोलाह तु त्रोवुम ऑसस। पँज्य किन्य लोगुम बडु म्यूठ। मे सूंच, यि ति मेठ्यव, दिस त्रुक।



'आहन हज़ तु खाम पोर्युक थांदार ति मा बिहि ख्वडुपैचि रोस ? तँम्य ति आसि कैह नतु कैह सूंचिथ थोवमुत ?'

'सोचने दो जी, कॉड्य प्यनस पानस वँस्य। तँमिस कर छु सोंचुन तोगमुत ज़ि अज़ तग्यस।' तँम्य कोड नॅर तुलिथ वाश ह्यू तु टूप्य दिचुन कलस। अमि पतु वोनुन ज़ामन हिश करान 'तँमिस य्वसु शेताँनी करुन्य ऑस, स्व कॅरुन। अति ओर क्याह करि ? हम हर तरह चौकस हैं।' 'शैताँनी क्याह हिश आस्यन कॅरमुच ?' मे प्रुछुस चॉर्य आयि।

'आ, बँय वनय।' तँम्य गिलुनोव कलु ओस वांगुन नोन कडनुकि आयि। 'युथुय मे बूज़ ज़ि पोशि मर्गु बोनि तल छे लाश पेमुच, मे तुल यकदम पनुन अमलु तु दोर्योस। ओत ताम लोगुय वख्त। सोन थानु मा छु खाम पोरिच वातल पँहॅर ? यथ छु बोड जूरिसडिक्शन। युथुय अँस्य ओर वॉत्य, सु वुछुम कॅचताम ओक कान्यल कांसटिपल ह्यथ वॉतिथ प्योमुत। लाश बोनि तल पडाह। मगर मैं सब बदमाशी समझ गया। अस्या तारुन्य ! मुसस त्या कपस !' अँम्य तुल ब्याख खंडु फोलाह तु वोलुनस कुनुय ब्रेख।

बु ओसुस ज़ानुन यछान ज़ि अँकिस लाशि कथ ओस दून थानुदारन दोरुन ? येम्य सुंदिस बनस मंज़ लाश ऑस, सु ज़ानिहे तु कार ज़ानिहे। अवय प्रुछुमस हॉरॉनी सान 'अहन हज़ तु लाश कहॉदिस जूरिसडिक्शनस मंज़ ऑस ?'

'लाश ऑस नु कौंसि हुंदिस ति जूरिसडिक्शनस मंज़। लाश दो थानों के दरमियान डीमार्काशन लाईन पर थी। असि ओस लॉज़िमन गछुन। तिमन ति ओस वातुन। बु कति वनु तिम क्याज़ि ऑस्य आमुत्य ? हम कोई गलत बात नहीं कहेंगे।' अँम्य त्रॉव कॉर तुलिथ दारि न्यबर कुन नज़र। अति ऑस्य पुलसु जोराह सडकि प्यठ कस ताम टापुनावान। मे ति ऑस ओर स्योद नज़र।

## Episode

## 2

## Page 2

Stories from National Book Trust's 'āzyūk kāshūr  
afsanū` Edition 2008, Edited by Dr. R.L.Shant

‘आहन हज़ तोति क्याह गँयाव?’ मे प्रुछुस सेज़रु पॉट्य। ‘अखाह कॅर्यज़ि हो तफतीश।’

‘ति क्या गव अखाह?’ तॅम्य कोरुम हज़ुल। ‘तपतीशुक हक छु सिर्फ तॅमिस आसान येम्यसुंदिस जूरिसडिकशनस कुन लाशि रजुह आसि।’

‘आहन हज़ तु स्व ऑस तिहुंदि वननु डिमार्केशन लायनि प्यठ।’ मे वोनस।

‘वह तो ठीक है मगर लाशि कोर कुन ओस कलु। यि छु अँजुरावुन।’ अँम्य वोन।

बु रोवुस। कॅह प्योम नु पलि। अँम्य कर्यायि ब्रॉह ति कलुच कथ। मगर तमि विज़ि नियि मे यि सरसरी पॉट्य। मे प्रुछुस ‘अहन हज़ तु कलस क्याह छु अथ मामलस सुत्य तोलुक?’

‘तालुक है, ज़रूर है। तॅम्य वोन ज़ोर दिथ। मे हय ब्रॉटुय वोन्यु च़े तरुनय नु यिमु कथु फिकरी। यि छु कोनूनी न्वक्तु। हरगाह दून थानन हुंज़ि डिमार्केशन लाईनि प्यठ कांह लाश आसि, तथ हेकि सिर्फ सुय थानु कब्जस मंज़ अँनिथ येम्य सुंदिस जूरिसडिकशनस कुन लाशि कलु आसि।’

बु गोस हयबुंग तु करीमानु कडानुय प्रुछुमस ‘अहन हज़ तु अथ लाशि कोर कुन ओस कलु?’

‘वही बदमाशी है।’ तॅम्य वोन कलु तु पान अलुरावान। ‘यि खाम पोर्युक लाशि वातुल ओसुर ब्रॉटुय पोशि मरगि अंदर वॉति प्योमुत। शैतान का परकाला। मैं सब चालाकी समझता हूं। अँम्य ओसुय लाशि पनुनिस जूरिसडिकशनस कुन कलु फिरुनोवमुत। लाशि अनिहे पनुनिस कब्जस मंज़। अँस्य गँयि प्रॉन्य खिलॉड्य। अमा, बु दिमुहा तथ अथ वथ।’

मे ओस व्वन्य सोरुय मामलु अयां सपुदमुत। अमा पोज़ अख कथ ऑस रोज़ान। तवय प्रुछुमस ‘त्वहि क्या ह्यु कोरवु?’

‘बु दिमु हॉ लाश कब्जस मंज़ अननु? तिमन पॅत्य पॅकीर कांसटिपुलन करनॉवुमस पनुन्यन सिपुहन अथि खूब लॉट्य। वोथ न्याय तु वोथ। कागज़ खुद बोलेंगे। प्योमुत छु ऊर्य मामलु।’

मे सूंच, हरगाह अथ लाशि प्रकच अचि, छुना बनान, यि व्वथि तु नेरि पनुन गर कुन। मगर सूती प्योम ज्वन तु वोनुमस ‘मगर अथ लाशि .... वुछ हज़ स्व सडि। ऑखुर कूत काल?’ तॅम्य दिच नु मे पूर कथ करनु ‘सडने दो जी। सवाल छु कलुक। सु कोर कुन ओसुस? योत ताम नु सु न्याय अंदि, ऊर्य छु मामलु अवेज़ान।’

मे गँयि छ्वपु। वनुहा ति क्याह?





## Photo Feature

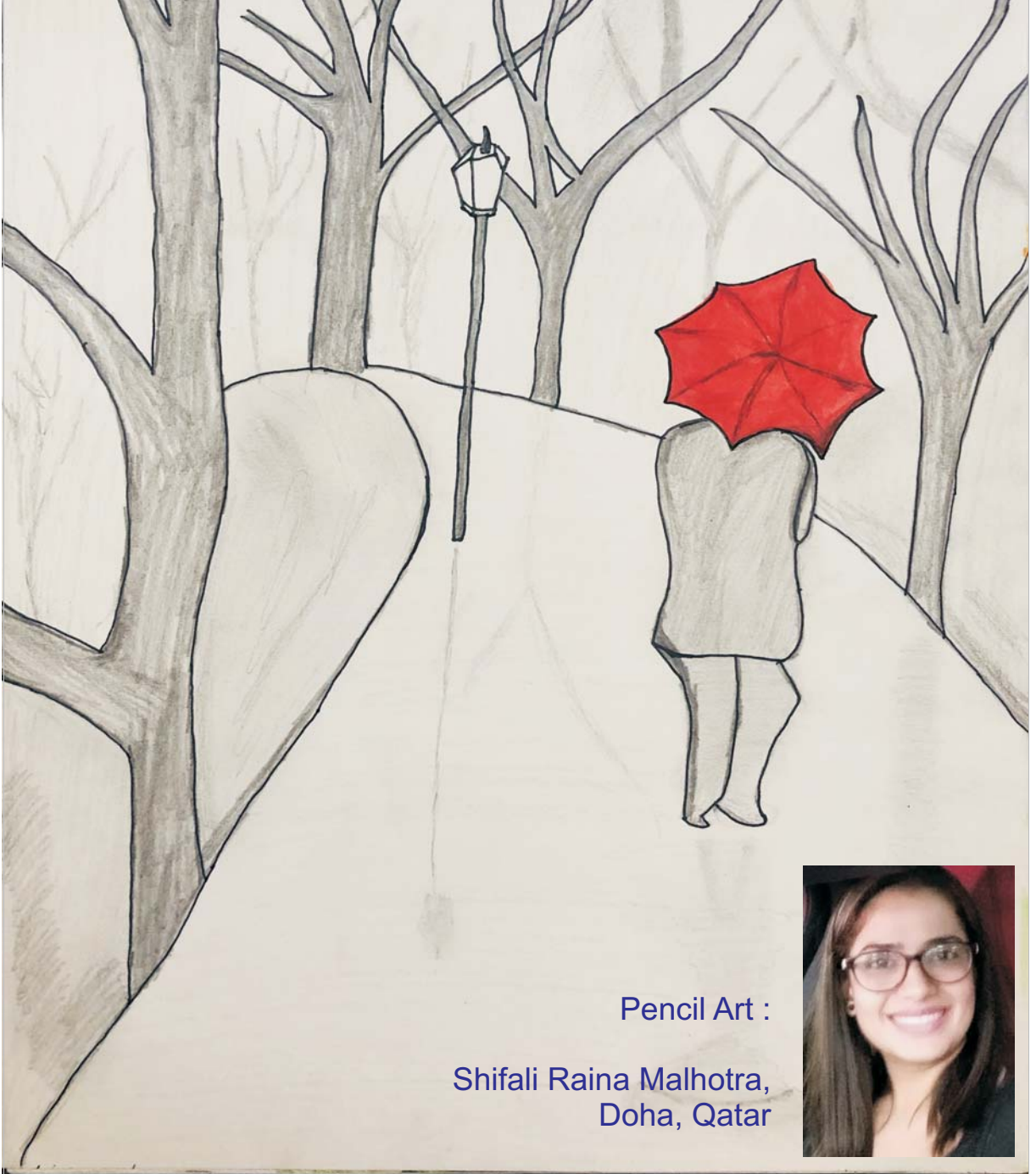


**Painting**  
**Stars can't shine without darkness'**

'Painting by : Shihij Kaw, proud daughter of Sunil and Seema Kaw of Santacruz West, Mumbai. Shihij is 19 years old.



## Photo Feature



Pencil Art :

Shifali Raina Malhotra,  
Doha, Qatar

## Letters to Editor

**Dear Sir,**

I had such wonderful time reading some articles of Praagaash. The very first article on Nadim Sahib was not only informative but educational. The article on Marriyam Begum made me realise how little I know of our culture. I am still reading through the articles. I cannot thank you, Raina Sir, enough.



With your Kashmiri Vocabulary Class, I learn each day and feel proud to be a Kashmiri.

**Anupama Kak Bakaya**  
**Gurgaon**

**Dear Editor,**

In the April '2020 issue of Praagaash, Bashir Saab's article on Mohtarma Marriyam Begum took me back to my school days, may be sometime in 1970/1971. I had to publish an interview of any celebrity for a magazine. I talked to my father who was working with Radio Kashmir. Without a second thought, he suggested Aaga Bai of Zoon Dub. And I was overwhelmed with the opportunity.



The interview did take place in the lawns in front of then Radio Kashmir building. It very often happens that you draw an image of a person based on his/ her voice and more often than not you are in for a rude shock. For example, for a long time I had difficulty in reconciling Mohd. Rafi's voice to a middle aged semi bald person. Similarly, based on the conversations in Zoon Dub, an image of an affable & warm lady had been fixated in my mind for Mariyam ji. But this time there was a

shock of a different type. There was not even an iota of difference between the lady I was talking to and the lady I had imagined. She indeed was Aaga Bai personified ! What warmth and what an easy charm ! The memory almost chokes me. May peace be upon her ! My only regret is that the interview never got published !

**Ajoy Naqib**  
**Kelwe Road, Palghar**

**Dear Sir,**

I am out of words to express my gratitude to you. Can't express how thankful and blessed I am to be associated with all of you and be encouraged so much by all of you! Thanks to Dilip Langoo ji, Rita Kaul ji and Dr Sanjay Dhar ji from the bottom of my heart. Eternally grateful and this will stay as a treasure with me forever! I'm truly blessed to have all of you in my life and to be loved by all of you so much! You all stay close to my heart forever. Orzu Lasiv.



**Archana Kamath Hegdekar**  
**Mumbai**

**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Praagaash became a balm to the painful times, all of us are undergoing. I personally found solace while going through it at one go. Be it My Medical Journey, Redha Rebecca Ragania or the The Last Game, these stories made the traversing through the complete journal very interesting.



Culturally connecting through Nostalgic



## Letters to Editor

or Devanagari language may not be everybody's cup of tea but through Praagaash, I am sure, it has started making inroads to connect oneself with roots. I need not say that your outlook towards Kashmir and her culture is as fascinating as the beauty of Kashmir. You are our living legend. May Mata Saraswati keep pouring Her Blessings on you.

**Chand Bhat**

**Koparkhairne, Navi Mumbai**



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Namaskar. It was treat to read Praagaash issue of April. My heartiest congratulations to you. It took me back to my *lokachaar* when I used to read and write Kashmiri, but with changing times lost its grip and sheen. Praagaash has given a rebirth after reading articles by P.N.Shad, Bashir Arif, M.Firdous, Dr. K.L.Chowdhury and about Konkan born Archana Kamath. Great job, good to promote, propagate and enlighten our younger generation about our mother tongue. Great to read.

**Er. B.L.Saraf**

**Manorma Vihar, Jammu**



**My dear Raina Sahib,**

I must thank you for bringing me on your mailing list. Praagaash internet edition comes to me as a gift and as an appetizer. I have gone through Zoono Dab number. Your selection of articles is class by itself. You are rendering valuable service to Kashmir



cultural history.

Since your magazine appears to have widespread readership among culture-loving Kashmiris, I often wonder if it would be right to open a debate in the columns of this magazine on the Kashmiri script - a very dispassionate and technically (phonetically) oriented debate. I don't know if I am right in saying that we need a scientific script for Kashmiri because the one we are using is not scientific -- phonetically speaking. Opening a debate on something that is akin to a key to the treasure has to be without prejudice and without emotion,

The second point I would like to make is whether it would be advisable to initiate a debate on the distortions of Kashmir history particularly of the medieval period. I think it is important to straighten the angularities of our medieval history. What do you think about it?

Regards

**Dr. K.N. Pandita**

**Jammu**



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Thank you for e-copy of Pragaash. It is excellent contribution to our language & culture. Millenial generation needs to be introduced to legendary figures of Kashmir who contributed immensely in development of all inclusive and tolerant culture acclaimed all over the world as Kashmiryeat. Be it Lal Ded, Nund Reshi, Gani Kashmiri, Mehmood Gami, Wahab Khaar, Rasul Mir, Parmanand, Maqbool Kralwari, Shamas Fakir, Samad Mir, Ahad Zargar, Mehjoor, Amin Kamil etc etc. There is endless list of our intellectuals in the field whose work needs to be highlighted for our own & generations next's interests.







## Letters to Editor

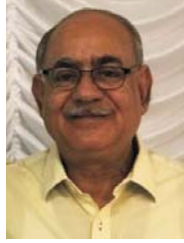
All the best. God bless & protect you & all esteemed members & their families in the group 'vâlv zàn karav'. Stay home stay safe.

**Dr. Veeri**  
Anantnag, Kashmir



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Hearty Congratulations for being conferred with Krishen Joo Razdan Saraswati Puraskar. You richly deserve this and the earlier Puraskars conferred on you.



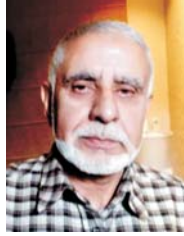
We all KPs feel proud that we have a personality that keeps us bonded with our culture and Sanskaars. God bless you.

**M.K.Kar**  
Mulund, Mumbai



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Aadaab. Many thanks for having published my write up in the April issue of the magazine. By incorporating the pictorial illustrations at the appropriate places with the write up has made it appealing and attracting, enhancing the stature of my write up to the hilt. It is really very encouraging for me to contribute to Praagaash more and more in future. God bless Praagaash with healthy long life.



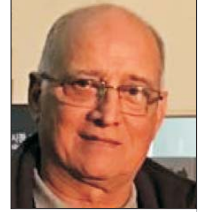
**Manzoor Nawchoo**  
Srinagar, Kashmir



**Dear Raina Sahab,**

Thanks for yet another excellent issue of Praagaash. I read it every time and it is great

because it takes me back to roots. I left in 1969 and never went back barring annual vacation trips which also stopped since 1990. So any thing that connects me to Kashmir is something I crave for. Just finished a few articles from this months print. Firstly congratulations on your being awarded by JKVM. Would like



to know more about JKVM. I thank Ashok Dulloo ji for the very nice piece on Lal Ded. Loved the article by you on Archana Kamat Hegdekar and her love for Kashmiri music. Have heard her on FB many a time. God bless her. I wish we get someone to write an article on Saraswat Brahmins of Karnataka, Maharashtra and Goa. I remember Anant Nag, the famous film actor, saying in a speech in Bangalore that he was a Kashmiri whose ancestors came from Kashmir. I have many Saraswat Brahmin friends who by all appearances look to be from Kashmir. Loved the article by late Omkar Aima ji. Knew his nephew Satish Kaul Aima from my university days in Kashmir in 1966-68. Have seen his Manziraat film too. I will keep looking forward to every edition of Praagaash. You are doing a fantastic job reviving our language and culture. God bless.

**Suren Tikur**  
Pune, Maharashtra



**Dear Editor,**

I have gone through the pages of Praagaash April 2020 issue. I really appreciate your efforts to retain our Kashmiriyat alive and in present scenario it is surely helping KP community to



## Letters to Editor

preserve our language, religious and cultural heritage on towering heights. Praagaash Editorial April 2020 is precisely very nice and cover page is fascinating.

**Satish Khuda**  
Jammu



**Dear Sir,**

My name is Kanchan Chaturvedi (maiden Ganju). While I was surrounded by my Kashmiri speaking family as a child, I have not had the pleasure to continue speaking or even hearing anyone speak in this beautiful tongue. I have a very basic understanding of the language but cannot speak or understand if someone is speaking rapidly.



Would you be kind enough to guide me in the right direction for coaching.

I understand that you have also prepared Lessons on How to Read & Write Kashmiri in Devanagari for the learners. Could you kindly mail a copy to me.

**Kanchan Chaturvedi**  
Faridabad



**Dear Sir,**

Congratulations on the accolades coming your way and deservedly so. I read Radha, Rebecca and Raginia by Parineeta Khar ma'am. Very well written! I felt transported to Kheer Bhawani and so many memories came flooding back. I could very well identify with the dilemma of older generations struggling with



the logic of our young kids who question as to why mutton is ok and not beef! Thankfully they still rag us but have not strayed too much. However, sending our children to study abroad, we keep discussing how likely it is to welcome a foreign 'naush' in the near future.

We do see our siblings in the USA and the KOA camps still holding values close to their heart and some really really lovely 'naush and zaamtaers' who respect our culture and make sacrifices and adjustments. Basically we battas are exactly where we should be, blessed by Mata Sharika Bhagwati, wherever we go. Simple story told well.

**Seema Ganjoo**  
Bandra, Mumbai



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Thank you so much for all the information, Stories, Praagaash, Kashmiri Vocabulary Quiz that you are sharing with us. Most grateful for this chance to learn and understand our culture and language.



I have been sharing your a u d i o stories with all the elders in the family and they are really enjoying listening to them. Send you their thanks and blessings.

**Namrata Kaul**  
Gurgaon



**Dear Mr Raina,**

Thank you for a wonderful article on my daughter Megha Tata (Praagaash, April 2020 issue). It is such a pleasure when a mother and daughter both are featured in the media and particularly in



## Letters to Editor

our our Kashmiri journal. I am a Proud mother and a Proud Kashmiri. Thanks again so much.

**Pushpa Koshal**  
Mumbai



**Dear Raina Saheb,**

Congratulations for the April issue of Praagaash with its title in the four scripts and also for the award conferred on you by Jammu Kashmir Vichar Manch New Delhi.



Sh. Omkar Aima's write up about Sh. D.N.Nadim Saheb's greatest contribution to the Kashmiri language in the form of poetry in blank verse, sonnets and also in the form of play writes. It was Nadim Saheb who encouraged college going girl students for their participation in his theater play Ahuti. Again it was he who wrote in collaboration with Roshan Saheb 'Bombur Yemberzal' in the form of an opera.

While reading Sh.Omkar Aima's write up, I went down my memory lane when during mid fifties, I had the privilege to see Shri Mohan Lal Aima, the then producer of music and Sh.S.N.Kachroo, Producer of Children's Programme at Radio Kashmir, Srinagar which was then situated at Polo ground Srinagar when I used to participate in Children's programme.

During 2002, I again had the privilege to produce and present a musical programme before invited audience at Abhinav Theatre on behalf of Radio Kashmir, Jammu as a tribute to Nadim Saheb's literary work. Those days I used to produce and present Pamposh programme in Kashmiri and literary programme Khirman in urdu from Jammu station of All India Radio.

Again Shri Upendra Ambardar's write

up 'Sancha' is definitely not only a research oriented write up but it also reminds a reader of the cultural interaction of ancient Kashmir with the rest of the country as evidenced by Dr. M.A.Stein in his english translation of Raj Tarangini.

The profile of Archana Kamath Hegdekar along with some of her memorable photographs is worth reading. I was delighted to know how a non-Kashmiri Saraswat from Maharashtra is influenced by the ages old Kashmiri literature in this form. Again your short story 'The Last Game' has a nostalgic theme beautifully woven and decorated by suitable photographs. My personal opinion is that your this piece of creative art can befit a visual picture in a more impressive way.

Best Regards

**M.K.Parimoo**  
Mumbai



**Dear Raina Sa'eb,**

I hope you are doing well. I have been looking for the Kashmiri translation of Kālidāsa's Meghadūta done by Arjun Dev Majboor. I remember many years back I had seen a book where the Meghadūta was translated into many languages in poetic form including one by Major Sahab in Kashmiri. Now I am getting more and more interested in Kashmiri translations since I love Meghadūta. I love the original poem in Sanskrit, but I want to see how has it been rendered into Kashmiri. Also, it would be nice if gradually you can published (with permission of the publisher) few verses into Prāgāsh every month etc. (both in Nastaliq and Devanāgarī).

Also, my teacher Pandit Dinanath



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Yacch had told me that someone by the name Pandit Jankinath Bakshi has beautifully translated Kālidāsā's Abhijñānaśākuntalam into Kashmiri, but that was never published. Do you happen to know anything about it?

I shall be grateful if you can offer me any help. Thanks so much for your help and guidance. Best wishes and regards.

**Mrinal Kaul**

**mrinalkaul81@gmail.com**

Assistant Professor

Manipal Centre for Humanities (MCH)

Coordinator - Centre for Religious Studies (CRS)

### To Praagaash Readers :

We are trying hard to bring you Kashmiri material in both scripts, i.e. Nastaliq as well as Devanagari, so that you are able to read Kashmiri if you know at least one script. Our aim is to popularise Kashmiri language and also popularise Kashmiri writers. Encourage them. If you want to learn to read and write Kashmiri in any of the two scripts, please send a mail to:

rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

### Kashmiri Pandits' Association Mumbai

Kashmiri Pandits Association, Mumbai is on the verge of revamping the KP directory.

We would request you all to enter your details in below link.

**Link:**

<https://forms.gle/HaG86R44RNfq2SN39>

We would also confirm that any details mentioned in above link will be used only by Kashmiri Pandits Association.

Please note the address mentioned in the above link will be final address of yours and will be used for sending mailers and Milchar copies as well.

Hence it is important that the details be mentioned correctly.

This link can be opened in your mobiles and laptops both.

Regards  
Ashish

**PS: Any Concerns related to filling the form one can contact either myself or Rajesh Shah.**