



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

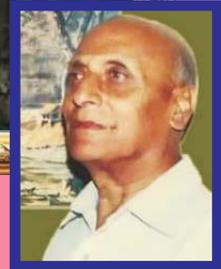
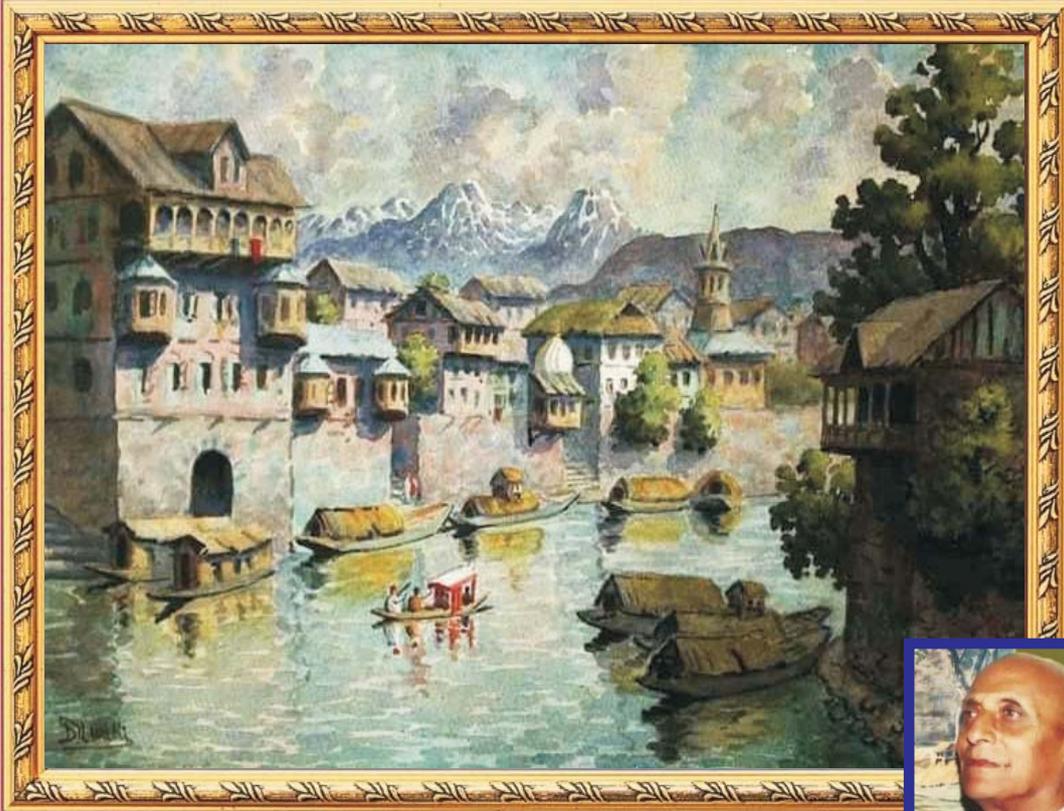
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प्रागाश
پراگاش



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



River Jhelum, Srinagar

Painting by Dina Nath Walli 'Almast Kashmiri'

Almast Kashmiri (1908-2006) was a great Artist-Poet of Kashmir

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

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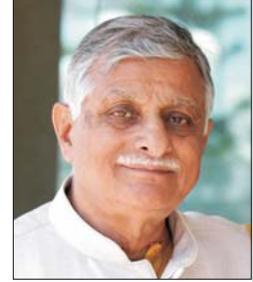
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Editorial

- M.K.Raina

It is more than one year now that we had to cancel the Two-day Kashmiri Language Workshop, sponsored by Srinagar Administration which was scheduled to be held in Srinagar in August last year, due to political developments. This year too has not been any good for us, as far as popularising Kashmiri language is concerned. Early this year, our two well wishers and Kashmiri language lovers, Dr. Bashir Ahmad Veeri (Executive Member, Maraz Adbi Sangam) and Mr. Kaleem Bashir Ahmad (General Secretary, Gayoor Foundation J&K) had initiated a programme to hold the Workshop in Pahalgam around April. This too fizzled out due to pandemic Covid-19. Let us hope situation improves and we are able to meet April next year.



Having already lost two literary stalwarts Autar Krishen Rehbar and Hriday Koul Bharati, one after the other in the past months, we have lost yet another literary figure Parineeta Khar of Hyderabad. Parineeta, apart from being a prolific writer and Kashmiri language enthusiast, was a regular contributor to Praagaash, and before that to Haarvan, the net journals of Project Zaan. We at Praagaash are deeply sad at her untimely death. May Almighty grant peace to her soul.



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वाख - लल द्यद

नाँभिस्तानस छय प्रक्रथ ज़लुवुनी
हडिस ताम येति प्रान वतु गोत ।
ब्रह्मांडस प्यठ सुत्य नाडि वहुवुनी
हूह तवु तुरुन, हाह तवु तोत ।।

श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

कंदो माज़ो लुकु हुंदिस कुसस
मुनाफिकस लदन बोरु ।
दोज़खुनि नारु लागस पाकस
अदु नापाकस फख यिधि च्वपूरु ।।

नाعبهستانس چھے پر کر تھ زہ وٲنی
ہڈس تام یدیتہ پران وٲہ گوٲ
برہمانڈس پیٹھ ستر ناڈہ وہوٲنی
ہوٲہ توہ ٹرن، ہاہ توہ توٲ

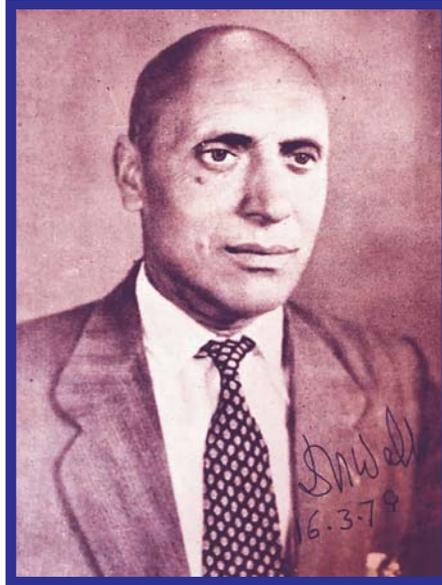
کندیو مازو لکھ ہندس کس
منافکس لدن بورو
دوزخنہ ناپہ لاگس پاکس
اد ناپاکس پھکھ پیہ ژوہرو

D.N.Walli 'Almost Kashmiri'

The Artist par excellence

- T.K.Walli

Born in 1908 at Srinagar, Kashmir, Dina Nath Walli - Almost Kashmiri lost his father when he was just 15 months old. After his early education in Srinagar, he did a 3 year Diploma Course in Fine Arts from Amar Singh Technical Institute, Srinagar which was modeled on British pattern of Victorian academic realism. In 1928, when he was just 20 years old, he left Srinagar for Kolkata to get more training and exposure in art. In 1935, he returned back to Srinagar and focused his interest on his specialized art form of water colour landscapes of Kashmir, adopting the British school oriented style of realistic / impressionistic approach. Walli was awarded Maharaja's Gold Medal in 1939 during a group show. During his second trip to Kolkata in 1940, Walli was spotted by British art critic, historian and architect Percy Brown, who was highly influenced by his water colour landscapes of India, the ones he had displayed in the art exhibition there. In fact, he was highly commended by the



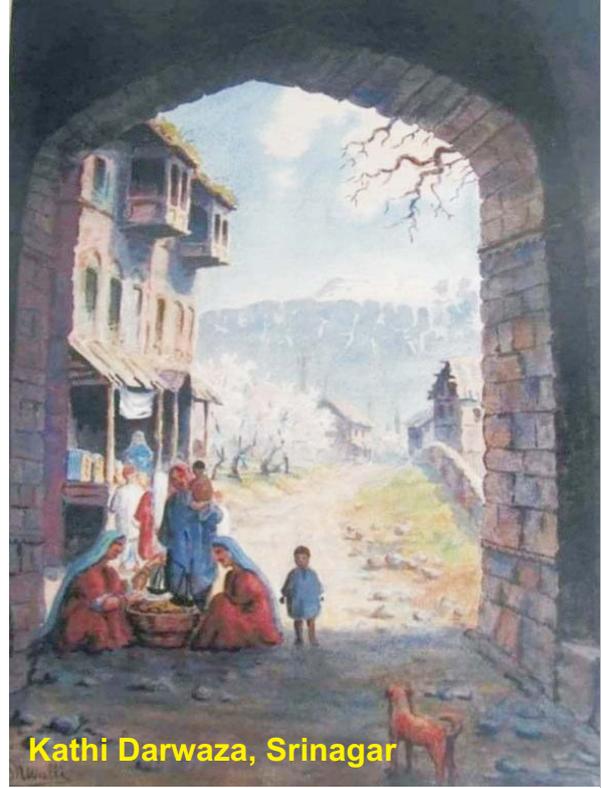
great art critic and art historian during that exhibition held in Kolkata. Percy Brown advised Walli to continue with his own style of realistic / impressionistic art form in water colour. From that day onwards, Walli considered Brown as his mentor. In 1953, Brown inaugurated Walli's first solo art exhibition in Nedou's Hotel, Srinagar. Srinagar exhibition was followed by his solo art exhibition in Jahangir Art Gallery, Mumbai and inaugurated by Shri S.K.Patil in 1954; in New Delhi, 1955 inaugurated by Sardar Panikar; in Pune, 1955; in Kolkata, 1956. His second exhibition in Delhi in 1964 was inaugurated by the then Chairman, AIFACS, Dr. Randhawa.

In 1955, Illustrated Weekly of India carried a centre spread in colour, featuring the artist, his paintings and the way he made his on the spot landscapes. On the insistence of Dr Randhawa, he published an art album of his select water colours in 1970, with a

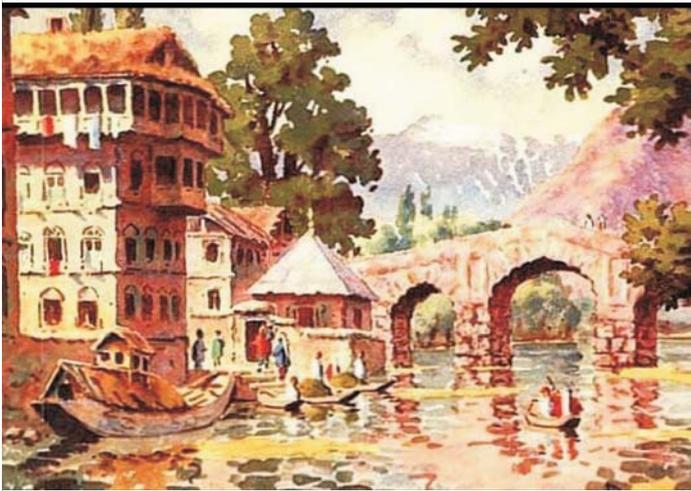


foreword written by Dr. Randhawa. This whole album carrying brief history of the artist along with 12 select paintings can be seen in www.koausa.org/paintings/walli. Being a poet in Kashmiri language, he published two poetry books 'Bala Yapari' and 'Desert Flowers', the latter with English translation as well. After shifting his base to Karnal in 1982, he gave another one-man show in New Delhi in 1985 at Lalit Kala Academy. AIFACS honored him with Veteran Artist Award in 1995 and has now instituted an award in his memory.

While the artist was still in Karnal, his last exhibition was held at Tariq Rajeb Museum, Kuwait in 2004. After he passed away in 2006, two more exhibitions of his paintings were organised posthumously, one held in Jammu in 2010 and the other in New Delhi in 2012. The scenic charm, the breathtaking views and the beautiful environs of the valley provided him an



Kathi Darwaza, Srinagar



Naidyar Bridge, Rainawari, Srinagar

idyllic ambience to flourish his love for nature and the passion to portray it through his art as well as poetry. He painted Kashmir in all its colours, seasons, shades and moods. In fact, he chronicled the life as it existed then in the valley, representing that particular time-frame. While through his poetry, he weaved fine word picture, his brush strokes are like poetry on paper. His paintings depict Kashmir as it once was, pure, serene and truly the valley of Sufis and saints, aptly called 'Reshae Waere'.



پَکِیو بْرَؤہ

راجِش رَینا

رَؤف کَرِؤز نَمَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 زَاگِہ چھُؤ رِہزَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 بْرَؤری وِتھ بَیہ ٹُٹ، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 ہُوئی بَیہ وِورَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 سَیہ طُؤفانَن چھُ دَاڑَن
 تَار دِئَن سُدْرَس، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 بْرَؤنہ پَھولان اَسی پُوش چَمَن
 اَز پَھولان سَوسَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 بَیہ چھُ وِتھ وِتھ لَاشِہ چھُکْرِتھ
 تھُؤپ تھُؤ وِچَمَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 نَاب وُچَمَن چھُئِہ اِجَاڑت
 پُٹ کُڈو اَشَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 بَیہ چھُ سَورَنی اَسَانَس
 وُان کھُؤت پَچَمَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 اُول نَابَنؤ وِتھ لُؤ کِیَاہ
 بَار نِیہ طُؤطَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 شَہر مَؤکَلؤ کھُ کَئِہ کَر
 وَاڑی وِوئی گَا مَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ
 اوش چھُ راجِش اُچَمَن مَنز
 پَچِہ لُؤگَس یَا دَن، پَکِیو بْرَؤہ



پَکِیو بْرَؤہ

راجِش رَینا

*History - B.L.Razdan***Lalitaditya – The Great Son of Kashmir**

The post-independence adolescents of India have been caught up in a time warp, at least in so far our thought process regarding Kashmir is concerned. We forget that before partition, Kashmir was open to the whole world through Lahore and other important towns in the undivided Punjab. Owing to this, one of the most glaring misrepresentations of Kashmir is the speculative theory that it was historically isolated from the rest of India and therefore developed a separate cultural identity. Research, however, based on material culture, gives this erroneous theory a lie, inasmuch as textual representations, foreign accounts, inscriptions, coins, language, art, religion, philosophy, et al, overwhelmingly prove

the close nexus and proximity between Kashmir and the rest of India including its ethos, civilization and culture. If India is called the cradle of Human Civilization, it won't be wrong to call Kashmir the cradle of Indian civilization. Kashmir is not just the crown but also the heart of "Bharat Varsha". In fact, Kashmir is the Soul of India.



Whoever said that Indians were never able to capture any foreign lands? It was again a Kashmiri Pandit who blasted this myth as early as in eighth century AD.

This great son of India who hailed from Kashmir was none other than Lalitaditya Muktapida of Karkota dynasty, the mightiest Indian king of his times and beyond. Believed to be the youngest of the three sons of Kashmiri king Durlabhaka (alias Pratapaditya), Lalitaditya ascended the throne in 724 AD at a time when Karkota dynasty ruled the present day Jammu & Kashmir, Punjab and Haryana. Lalitaditya not only stopped the Arabs from entering India but also conquered parts of Iran and





extended his Kingdom upto Tibet and China. His successful efforts to protect Kashmir and India is something which the Indian nation can and should never forget. But it is really sad that the story of this greatest of Kings remains virtually dead and finds no place in history books of schools and colleges even in the post-independent India.

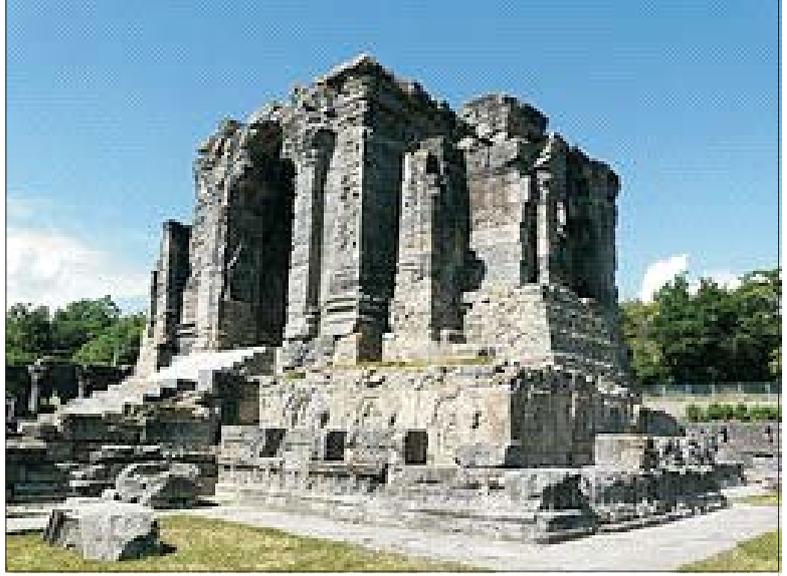
The ever undefeated King of Kashmir who tasted victory everywhere he went; even the Chinese, the Turkish and the Tibetan legends referred to him as a great conqueror; the first Indian king who gave a befitting reply to the invading Arabs; one of the few Indian kings who was able to capture Central Asia; the

Kashmiri King whose influence spread even to the South India and played an important role in the foundation of the Rashtrakuta empire there, which became one of the most powerful kingdoms to have ever existed in South India.

Very early in his youth the great warrior king had understood that Kashmir was facing two enemies at the same time; one was the Arab caliphate which had captured Sindh after defeating Raja Dahir and the other was the Tibetan empire. It was getting difficult to ward off both the invasions at the same time. So, the strategist king allied with Yashovarman of Kannuj to defend India from the invasions of both Tibetans and Arabs. The Arab Caliphate had allied with Tibetans

who were in perpetual conflict with the Chinese rulers represented at that time by the Tang dynasty. The alliance was also encroaching on the lands of Tang Empire even though it was regarded as a powerful regime around 7th century AD. Lalitaditya, having found a natural ally in China, made a smart diplomatic move by aligning with the latter and took the advantage of the advanced Chinese military technologies that helped him in upgrading his own army. The famous Iranian scholar and historian Al Beruni records the victory of this newly formed alliance over the invading Arabs in a battle that was fought somewhere near Punjab. He even mentions that a festival was held on the second day of Chaitra

(March) every year for centuries to celebrate this victory. Later, Yashovarman defeated the Tibetan king and wrestled kingdoms of the North-East and Bengal which were under the dominance of Tibetan rulers. Lalitaditya did not allow the Arabs to re-group and continued expanding his kingdom in Central Asia capturing parts of Afghanistan and Transoxiana which comprised the modern-day Uzbekistan, Tajikistan, southern Kyrgyzstan, and south-west Kazakhstan.



Lalitaditya soon became wary of the increasing power of Yashovarman, who seemed to be getting afflicted with arrogance. This led to the breaking up of the alliance. Consequently in a subsequent battle, Yashovarman also was defeated and he accepted the vassal status under Lalitaditya regime. Because of this new status Yashovarman was obliged to later support Lalitaditya in defeating the latter's arch rivals – the Later Guptas who controlled the Bengal region. It is believed that the queen regent of Deccan had approached Lalitaditya for help when her brother-in-law was trying to usurp the throne. Lalitaditya helped her in restoring her kingdom and sat her son Dantidurga on the throne. Dantidurga is said to have gone on to establish one of the biggest empires of South India known as Rashtrakutas.

The battles Lalitaditya fought have been described by the renowned Kashmiri historian Kalhana in his classic history of Kashmir, the 'Rajatarangini' (River of Kings) in which he says "The king, who carried his prowess, abandoned his (war-like) fury (only) when the (opposing) kings discretely folded their palms at his victorious onset. At the sound of his drums (beaten) in attack, the dwellings of his enemies were diverted by the (frightened) inhabitants and thus resembled women dropping in fright the burden of their wombs."

On the development front Lalitaditya was a great builder. He reportedly cleared the silting of Vitasta (the present day Jhelum) river to prevent flooding and directed the water through canals to far-flung regions. He even reclaimed swamps to boost agriculture. He is also said to have

founded many present-day cities of Kashmir. Throughout his empire, he built the temples of many gods including Buddha which shows his respect for other faiths. But sadly again, there is nothing that remains of these grand temples today owing to the barbaric destruction ushered in by the Muslim invaders. However, the grandeur of these temples could be gauged even today by having an in-depth look at the ruins of the rare Martand Sun Temple and scores of other temples which were pulled down around 15th century AD. Ironically, like Alexander, Lalitaditya died young; but his death remains a mystery. There are two versions relating to the death of this bravest son of India and Kashmir, both. One version is that he perished during a military campaign in Aryana (Eastern Iran) due to a very heavy snowfall which occurred out of season. The other version, which is unlikely of a brave warrior of his stature, is that he committed suicide after being separated from his army on a very difficult mountainous terrain. Yet another version refers to the common practice of the successful kings retiring to the hills at a time when their glory would be at its prime so that they would be remembered perpetually for it before their downfall would eventually catch up with them. Whatever may have happened, in reality India and Kashmir lost one of its greatest sons, who made us all proud.



رسول میر سانس اُتنے باُلِیے



سانس اُتنے باُلِیے	لاس وُتتے چُھس سَوال
اَدِنے روزِ کم کُلِیے	نِدِ چُھس اَز چُھم کَمال
سانس اُتنے باُلِیے	دُونا رُوم جِمال
تس کُتو چُھم کُنِے وُلِیے	چارِ دان تے کُانٹھِ مال
سانس اُتنے باُلِیے	کُنِے پُھل بَنگال چِمال
اَبرو چُھس زِ ہلا کُلِیے	خُوب روئے ماہ مِمال
سانس اُتنے باُلِیے	رُوبرو دُیش مِمال
زُلفن کُیاہ چُھس زُلِیے	اُفس کُورنم دال
سانس اُتنے باُلِیے	اُلفتِ وُلنم نال
داغ ہتھ زون کُیا کُلِیے	دُشہ تَم کُسنم دال

गाश फोल

त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन



वुन्य वुन्य गटु ज़ोल, संगरन पॅत्य च़ोल ।
 डचकु फोल समुयस, येलि नोव गाश फोल ।
 लुयि नुय मंज़ ताम, कॅम्यताम गाश च़्योल ।
 सैदि बरु च़ाव सुय, पंजरन होल कौल ।
 कोहु बालव सुय, रोपु गाशा वोल ।
 खूच्च्य खूच्च्य लोत पॉठ्य, ओबरन वोट दोल ।
 ग्योव पोशनूलन, युस ओस ज़न कौल ।
 शबनमु सुत्यन, पोशव बुथ छोल ।
 बोम्बराह तम्बल्यव, पोम्पुर वति डोल ।
 वॅच्छ्य चव सुलि गरि, दूद माजि गोल गोल ।
 ब्ययि खोत गासु खेनि, वन कुन कटु ख्योल ।
 ख्वश गॅयि कौत्याह, कॅचन प्यव त्योल ।



گااش چھول

ترلوکی ناتھ درکندن

پوئی وئی کپّہ زول، سنگرن پٹی ژول
 ڈیکہ چھول سمیں، ییلہ نوو گااش چھول
 لپیہ نے منز تام، کھی تام گااش ژول
 سید پرہ ژاوسے، پنجرن ہول کول
 کوپہہ بالوسے، روپہ گااشہ وول
 کھوڑی کھوڑی لوت پائٹھی، اوبرن ووٹ دول
 گیوو پویشہ نولن، یس اوس زن کول
 شبنمہ ستین، پوشو بٹھ چھول
 بومبراہ تمبلیو، پونپر ویتہ ڈول
 وڑھی پوسلہ گر، دود ماجہ گول گول
 بییہ کھوت گااہ کھینہ، ون کن کپّہ کھیول
 نوش گپّہ کاتیاہ، کینرن پیو تیول

*My Medical Journey : Dr K.L.Chowdhury***Baptism by Fire – A Case of Catatonic Stupor**

It was a clear sunny spring day in 1968. We had finished the rounds of male patients in ward 3 and were coming out on the corridor, walking towards the female ward when a gentleman squeezed his way through the crowd of waiting attendants and rushed towards Dr. Ali Mohamad Jan (Dr. Jan). He started updating him on a patient who had been examined by Dr. Jan some days earlier, and was now persuading him for a home visit, to have a second look at his patient. Dr. Jan, asked him to repeat the medicines he had prescribed and with that characteristic gentle jerk of the neck towards right, a tick that suited him so well, dismissed the fellow as we entered ward 5.

Nearly an hour later when we came out of the ward we found the gentleman again, waiting eagerly, with a profoundly sheepish expression. Dr. Jan started climbing the stairs to his chamber with the man at his heels. Suddenly he called me aside, "Dr. Chowdhury, can you please go with this gentleman and examine his patient at lunch time? It is a case of brain tumour I examined a couple of days back. He is in coma and I don't think we can do much, but why don't you go and have a look, for his satisfaction?" Then he addressed the gentleman, "Dr. Chowdhury is a bright young doctor; he will examine your patient and report back

to me."

This was the first time ever Dr. Jan asked me to see one of his private patients, an honour he would not easily bestow on any one.

But, was this just passing the buck? What purpose my visit if the patient was in coma with an incurable brain tumour? What was my role except to go through the rituals of examining and putting my stamp on a death warrant issued by one who was considered the last word in medicine? Yes, a brain tumour with coma meant death those days. There were no diagnostic aids beyond a plain x-ray of the skull, while neurosurgery was in its infancy in India and non-existent in Kashmir. Naturally, I was not excited as I should have been if it were a different situation, say a patient who could be salvaged. I had just started my practice and was making no headway. And now here I was merely to endorse, what my boss had declared, an incurable situation. This appeared unappetizing, unchallenging, uninspiring.

The gentleman hired a Tonga and soon we were trotting along the Karan Nagar road towards Chotta Bazar, taking a left to Kanya Kadal. From there we drove towards Habba Kadal to a picturesque



scene - a pleasantly warm sun in a clear blue sky, and people in pherons shopping from the numerous regular as well as pavement shops on either side of the road. The Vitasta was meandering along gently, unmindful of human activity on her shores, sending whiffs of gentle breeze as we crossed Habba Kadal and aimed towards Babapora, stopping right at the 'tail', as they would call the place down the end of a narrow and long sloppy road. I was led to the third floor of a small house, to a room with extension on to a wooden balcony called Dab in Kashmiri. It was a neat and well-lighted room with pictures of gods and goddesses hanging from the walls, a couple of chairs, and a table with a few bottles of medicines and glasses on it.

The patient was lying on the floor, on a mattress, bolstered with cushions on either side in this. There was a crowd in the room. As I entered, some of them sitting around the patient moved aside to make place for me. I sat besides the patient and started examining him.

Here was a medium-sized, middle-aged man, laid on his back, unaware of the surroundings, unresponsive to any commands, unable to make any movement. He was obviously in stupor. He was stiff in the body and limbs; pain stimuli did not evoke any response; the tendon reflexes were normal and the plantar response was flexor in both feet. Funduscopic examination of the eyes did not reveal any evidence of raised pressure in the brain. I could not think of any thing else except a brain tumour. The

examination of other systems did not reveal any abnormality. I stood up, wrote my findings and told the attendants that they should continue the instructions by Dr. Jan for I had nothing more to add except that they should change the patient's posture frequently so he does not get bed sores, lying down in one position all the time.

We rode back to the hospital and straight to Dr Jan's room. I reported my findings and he was obviously pleased that I had done my job well and reinforced his diagnosis. The attendant left, rather dismayed and disappointed.

Two days later, the patient's attendant was again waiting in the corridor as we came out of the ward after completing the rounds. With folded hands, he implored Dr. Jan to examine the case himself just once again. Dr. Jan turned down his plea and asked me to go, have another look. The gentleman looked very skeptical but dared not tell him that he would not like his patient examined again by me, because it would not serve any purpose nor give them the satisfaction of consultation by the big man himself. There was a lot to choose between an unknown doctor and the doyen of medicine! Nor would I dare to say no to my boss.

It was a reluctant doctor going to see a patient in company of a reluctant attendant - a double jeopardy of sorts! The Tonga sped fast on the asphalt and I tried to open conversation with the attendant but found him rather reticent, even sarcastic. After all I was only a second

fiddle to the treating physician, and I had given him no reason to have any confidence in me. This seemed to him another futile exercise.

I found the patient in the same position as I left him two days earlier. He was lying down facing the ceiling with eyes half open but vacant. He did not respond to any stimuli. The stiffness seemed to have grown worse. Other than these observations, a re-examination did not reveal anything new.

Yet, something was amiss; something told me this was not a case of brain tumour. There were no localizing signs; there was no evidence of a raised intracranial tension. Was my vision clouded because I had started with a bias, a diagnosis by the tallest man of medicine in town? What was the missing link?

All this passed my mind quickly as I rose to occupy the chair nearby and a lady advanced a cup of tea towards me. Before I could decline, another lady moved near my feet. "Please do something to save him. Look at his two daughters; they are to be wed this fall. His son is still in teens. What will become of them if anything happens to him? Pray, work some miracle."

It was a tragic, touching spectacle. I looked around at the anxious attendants assembled there - pretty but careworn faces of the two maidens, the frightened wife, the saddened old mother and two fretful middle aged men, possibly brothers of the patient, looking on with helpless resignation. The boy must have been

away in school.

Sipping tea, I started asking the history in details, probing for clues that would help. Some important facts emerged. This man had been behaving 'odd' for quite some weeks. He was withdrawn and apathetic for many days before he finally went into stupor. There was no headache, no vomiting, no weakness of any limb, no impairment of visual, auditory or other faculties, no gait disturbances, no problem with bladder and bowel. He was normally intelligent and working as a salesman till 3 weeks earlier.

"He has been in this state for a week now as if he were a living corpse, stiff, and immobile except for that quiet heave of the chest that tells us he still lives," said his agonized wife, as I sat on the chair, contemplating.

Yes, here was a man in stupor and yet there was neither anything in the history nor on examination to suggest a brain tumour. Nor was there a systemic disorder to explain his stuporose state.

"Has any such thing happened in the past?" I asked the attendants.

"Yes, nearly twenty years back, he had a similar condition for two days when he was in Patna. We did not see him then. By the time we were informed and traveled there, he was alright."

"What was he doing in Patna?"

"He was in the army but after that episode he was discharged from service. We were not given any other reason for his discharge."

"Has he remained healthy ever

since?"

"More or less, till this thing befell."

Suddenly the cobwebs cleared as the details of the history of this patient poured in and clinched my suspicion that I was dealing with a case of Catatonic Stupor and not brain tumour. I had read about it during our short training in psychiatry in my graduation days, though I had never seen a case. Yet, I was almost certain about my diagnosis - from knowledge and intuition as much as from a logical sequence of events and examination. Suddenly the mournful ambience seemed to light up with the bright light that entered from the open windows of the balcony. The supposedly dying person seemed coming to life again.

"We are not dealing with a brain tumour, but something else," I declared, animated, "Please do not worry; I am sure we will be able to help."

There was a surprised, but skeptical expression on the faces around me. Was I just trying to humour them or was I in earnest?

"Not a brain tumour? Then what does he suffer from?" The men craned their necks towards me.

"From Catatonic Stupor"

"What does that mean?"

"It means a type of mental disorder we call Schizophrenia. He has obviously suffered from it when he was in Patna and this now is a relapse. It was because of this disorder possibly he was discharged from the army; and now he was behaving odd and withdrawn before he went into this

state. I will admit him tomorrow and meanwhile prescribe a different drug."

"But, what about Dr. Jan?" asked the attendant who had accompanied me, alluding to the name with great reverence, still incredulous that I had changed my opinion about the patient and was challenging his Dr. Jan's diagnosis.

"I will discuss the case with him."

We started riding back to the hospital. The attendant turned friendly now and started asking questions on the way, now that I had become a harbinger of hope. I was throbbing with enthusiasm and wanted to be left alone to collect my thoughts. The streets were busy as usual with pedestrians and shoppers, stray cows and mongrels, cycles and Tongas. Life in the valley was simple, replete with these wonderful images of animals and people going about their business as the mighty mountains stood guard and the river a grand testimony to the civilization that grew on her shores and reflected in her face. And here I was, just at the threshold of a professional career, wondering what future had in store and excited about my first encounter with a problem case.

I had started my brief stint in the Medical College as a house physician in Medicine in the year 1962 with Col. Saligram Kaul, followed by 3 months each in Surgery and OBGYN and a short stint of 2 months as Casualty Medical Officer and another 2 months as Medical Officer, Pahalgam (the only rural duty of my career). From there, I had proceeded to Delhi for my MD, and returned in 1967, to

join back as Medical Registrar, now with the legendry Dr. Jan, Professor of Medicine. Col. Kaul, the Principal of the Medical College, had brought with him his administrative and disciplinary skills from the army while Dr. Jan was a civilian doctor, with his fingers firm on the pulse of the Kashmiris. The former was an academican of repute, the latter a living legend, an astute clinician and an icon. I was lucky to have worked with these stalwarts. And here I was now, a novice in the medical profession, a whiz kid just cutting his teeth and about to confront a veteran, a David about to face the Goliath of medicine to inform him that he had misdiagnosed a case. How would I stand up to this baptism by fire?

I went straight to Dr. Jan's chamber directing the patient's attendant to stay outside. Dr. Jan was finishing his lunch on roast chicken and toast.

"What?"

"Sir, I feel he does not have a brain tumour?" looking him straight in the eye.

"What does he have, then?" he asked in his characteristic soft voice, unexcited, and surprisingly unsurprised.

"Sir, I feel he is suffering from Catatonic Stupor."

"Dementia Praecox, you mean? How can that be; I believe he must be in his fifties? Rather too old to suffer from it, don't you think?"

"He is around 48, but there is a history when he was young. He suffered a similar episode about 20 years back and was discharged from the army. There have

been other subtle symptoms of schizophrenia. Besides, if it were a brain tumor that gave him stupor, he should have some symptoms and signs of raised intracranial pressure, some localizing signs."

"What did you tell them?"

"I asked them to bring the patient for admission tomorrow. Meanwhile I have prescribed chlorpromazine (largactil). I feel we need to call Dr. Khushoo as well from the Mental Hospital to have a look and give him electroshocks."

"They will make such a crowd in the hospital with so many attendants," he moaned.

"But he needs hospitalization for proper treatment. We can send him later to the Mental Hospital. I will see to it that we do not let in more than one attendant."

"Well, if you have asked them, it is alright."

I took leave from my professor and came out. The waiting attendant wanted to go in and convince himself that the big man had agreed with me. I took him in and, before he could say anything, Dr. Jan told him to do as I directed.

Next day brought a big surprise. I would not believe my eyes when I saw two attendants helping the patient walk towards me in the outpatients. He was conscious but confused. I conducted a quick examination. He was slow in responding to questions, and quite incoherent; his cognitive functions were still haywire; there was mild stiffness now; his sensory, motor and reflex examination

was normal as before. I directed him to ward 3. We conducted a detailed interview next day and got more facts about the history which confirmed the diagnosis of Schizophrenia. We called the psychiatrist. He agreed with our impression about the patient. Electroconvulsive therapy was started and the patient recovered within a week and was discharged.

Schizophrenia is a chronic mental health disorder that results in altered behaviors, thinking and perceptions that don't correspond with real events. Early signs and symptoms of schizophrenia - such as social withdrawal, unusual behaviors, anxiety and decline in daily functional abilities - may begin gradually before the primary symptoms of schizophrenia, known collectively as psychosis, are manifested. But disease onset may also be acute with the sudden appearance of psychosis.

Catatonic schizophrenia is a subtype of schizophrenia. People with catatonic schizophrenia display extreme inactivity or activity that's disconnected from their environment or encounters with other people (catatonic behavior). These episodes can last for only minutes or up to hours and days. Men with catatonic schizophrenia usually experience their initial catatonic episode in their teens or 20s.

Catatonic Stupor is characterized by a loss of all animation, and motionless, rigid, unchanging positions. People in a catatonic stupor will become sometimes mute and stare into space, remaining still

for hours or days. Trying to awaken a patient out of a catatonic stupor is virtually useless. Usually he or she will not acknowledge their surroundings, and will not respond to stimuli.

The patient continued to see me for several years. The psychiatric condition remained under control. He never relapsed into catatonia again but suffered from hypertension, obesity and chronic bronchitis and finally died of a stroke.

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kundanleela@yahoo.com

हना सूंचिव!!

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

हना सूंचिव!

काँशुर ज़बान किथु पाँठ्य
रोज़ि ज़िंद?

गज़ल

प्रेम नाथ शाद



ग़ज़ल

परिम नातह शाद

यि दग छा वाँसि ललुनावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य
जवॉनी मँच गछ्या रावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

बशर छुस ना जिगर ज़ख्मी कर्यम मा
नज़र कौतिल मे कुन त्रावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

सहर वख्तस लोतुय पोत दॉर मुचरुन्य
नचन छा़यन नज़र थावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

क़हर बरपा कौरुथ दावस लोगुम पान
वं छा हावस ज़हर ख्यावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

वँगरिम तॉवीज़ नावस खाब पुरिम
रुहस पेयि आश रँछरावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

अज़ाबस इज़तराबस तन दिचुम शाद
व्फॉयी गॅछ नु मंदुछावुन्य यिथय पॉठ्य

یہ دگ چھا وائسہ للہ ناوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو
جوآنی مؤ گڑھیا راوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

بشر چھس نا جگر زخمی کریم ما
نظر قاتل مے گن تز اوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

سحر وقتس لوٹے پوت دأر مڑوڑی
نؤن ژھاسن نظر تھوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

قہر برپا کورٹھ داوس لوگم پان
ؤں چھا ہاوس زہر کھیاوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

کریم تاویر ناوس خاب پریم
رُحس پیہ آس رزھراوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

عذابس اضطرابس تن دژم شاد
ووفایی گڑھ نہ منڈ چھاوڑی بیٹھے پاٹھو

Saints & Sages - Autar Krishan Trisal
Shri Shiv Prashad Choudhary
Alias Khat Khatey Baba

The ancestors of Shri Shiv Prashad Choudhary also known as Khat Khatey Baba of Etawa Nagar were basically resident of Rainawari Srinagar. They initially possessed the Surname of Razdan, being the residents of the area near Choudhary Bagh in Rainawari and were money lenders. Later they were



given the Surname of Choudhary instead of Razdan.

During the rule of one of the Subedar of Aurangzeb during the period 1658-1707 in Kashmir, one of the ancestors of this family migrated to Bareilly and then to Etawa for better prospectus of life.

Shri Shiv Prashad Choudhary was married in 1875 with Sharika Shori. She was most beautiful and her husband, due to her immense beauty loved her very much, but destiny was not in favour of this love, Smt. Sharika Shori expired at the age of 18 years. This tragedy gave a big jolt in the life of Shri Shiv Prasad. He left all the worldly things and left for un-known place in search of peace and tranquillity. It is said that after lapse of ten years i.e, in the year 1886 he came back. When he came back Cholera epidemic was at peak in the Etawa Nagar and with the spiritual power he has acquired in past ten years, he got rid of this epidemic by striking a wooden mace which he usually kept in his hand. There are evidences which reveal that once Shiv Prashad was wondering in the city, found a family weeping and wailing on the death of their young son and his bride was breaking



the Bangles.

Baba reached the spot and shouted what has happened. The people narrated the situation. He replied that nothing had happened to the boy. He struck his wooden mace on the ground, the boy stood up and the bangles in the arms of his bride were found intact. It is further said that when Baba sat for the Padma Asna for performing the *Pranayama*, he used to be in posture two to three feet above the ground.

This inspired saint was known as Khat khatay Baba of Etawa Nagar due to striking of his wooden mace which he used to keep always with him . He used to take his Morning bath on the other side of his Kutuya (Hut) and for this he always crossed the Yamuna river on foot just like a man walking on the road having wooden sleepers (in Kashmiri known as Khraw) in his feet. He expired at the age of 66 years in the year 1925 on Buddha Purnima in Etawa Nagar. His followers constructed a Samadhi on the bank of river Yamuna where he lived in a Kutuya (Hut). A trust was also constituted for maintenance of his Samadhi. Even now people pay their homage to the Baba on Buddha Purnima every year at his Samadhi, which is being looked after and maintained now by the local residents of the Etawa Nagar.



Editor's Note

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

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

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

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

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



Articles can be e-mailed to
rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

गज़ल

बृज हाली



खय कास पानस वुछख दुरदानय
अदु खानु खानय वातख मुकाम
सुल कर अफताब यिनु डलि बालय
अदु ह्योत मे लालय ल्वलि ललवुन

कृत्यव हरम्वख रोटुहय नालय
कृत्यव लोबमुत प्यालय च्यथ
चनु रोस कॉत्याह गॅयि बे हालय
अदु ह्योत मे लालय ल्वलि ललवुन

बृजु हॉल्य अँशकुनि पॉर्यमुचु मालय
साहबो लबथ कमि नालये
द्वह लोग दरु व्वन्य लूसवुनि बालय
अदु ह्योत मे लालय ल्वलि ललवुन

غزل
برجہ ہالی

تھے کاس پانس مچھکھ دُردانے
اَدِ خانہ خانے وانگھ مقام
صل کر آفتاب پہنہ ڈلرِ بالے
اَدِ ہیوت مئے لائے لولرِ لہ وُن

کیتھو ہر مچھکھ رُڈھئے نائے !!
کیتھو لوہمت پیا لے چیتھ
چہنہ رُوس کاتپاہ گئیرِ بے جائے
اَدِ ہیوت مئے لائے لولرِ لہ وُن

برجہ ہالی ششعزِ پاور ہترِ جائے
صاحبو کیتھ کتھ نالپ بے
دوہ لوگ دُورِ وہ ڈی لُپونہ جائے
اَدِ ہیوت مئے لائے لولرِ لہ وُن

*Our Bright Stars***Rehana Kousar****A Great Woman Achiever**

Rehana Kousar is a renowned social worker, a poet and a writer, apart from being a dedicated health worker. She lives at Aaloosa, Bandipora.

Born at Rafiabad Malgonipora in Sopore, Rehana did her schooling there and graduated from Sopore Degree College, Boys. She did her Diploma in General Nursing and Midwifery at Sheri Kashmir Institute of Medical Sciences (SKIMS), Soura through Punjab Nursing College. She got appointed as a Staff Nurse in SKIMS in 1994 where she continues till now. Her services

- *Dr. Zarka Batul*



as a dedicated health worker are well known.

Rehana has received many awards at local and National level as a health worker and as a Social Activist. Apart from the awards like Great Women Achievers National Award and the State Humanity Award, Rehana was conferred the 'National Florence Nightingale Award', one of the prestigious awards of the country, in the year 2015. It was presented to her by the President of India, Pranab Mukherjee at a prestigious function in New Delhi.

Rehana believes that some people





موسم دیکھ کر پرندے گاتے
شاعر لوگ خوب اشعار سناتے



باہر اگر بند ہے تو اندر لہلہاتے
اکثر اپنا ہی سب کو سناتے

اپنا درد و احساس آگے پہنچاتے
شاعروں کے دل ہلکے ہو جاتے

شاعری کا علم بہت ہی وسیع ہے
جو جتنا سوچتے اتنا آہر آتے

ریحانہ نے دل میں کیا یہ طے
اپنا ہال سناؤ ہنستے ہنساتے
ریحانہ کوثر

poetry by Ahad Bab of Sopore. She writes poetry in Kashmiri and has also published her collection in the form of a book. She believes poetry is a great contribution to society and a means to convey one's messages, especially to youth.

Rehana has appeared on various media channels and her accomplishments have been mentioned in local newspapers too. Recently she was awarded by Muslim Educational Society as COVID-19 Frontline Warrior in June 2020.

مہ تڑپاؤ لگے بیتہ روزہ نہ

مہ دہ گونژن تاؤ لگے بیتہ

روزبنہ

یہ حسن چھاؤ لگے بیتہ

روزبنہ

بیتہ رود کس تہ روزہ کس

آخر یہ چکہ چاؤ لگے بیتہ

روزبنہ

ریحانہ کتھہ چھے معنے دار

اکس اکس کتہ بیہ داؤ لگے

بیتہ روزبنہ

مہ تھا میانی گراؤ لگے بیتہ

روزبنہ

ریحانہ کوثر

بالہ یارس کور میہ فریاد

عیز دوه

روئے بہ وچھس دل گڑھم

شاد عزیز دوه

زونہ گاشس چھم یوان

یاد عزیز دوه

بس چھم ژے پشرومت مہ

پان

توئے ریحان لایان ناد عزیز

دوه

ریحانہ کوثر

are destined to do social work and God has given her a chance to be one of them. Since her childhood she has enjoyed helping people, especially when harvesting crops in her village.

Rehana has been fighting for women empowerment since long. She has written many articles on Women and Child Healthcare.

Besides social work and nursing, Rehana has developed interest in writing poetry. She says she was inspired to write

از پگاہ تراؤن چھہ دنیا ولہ بوز کتھ
وانسہ روزیم آش تے بیہ چانی ستھ
شوق گے اڈہ تیٹھ تہ زخمن مافرق
درآکھ یانس گوکھ مشرتھ پرانی دوتھ



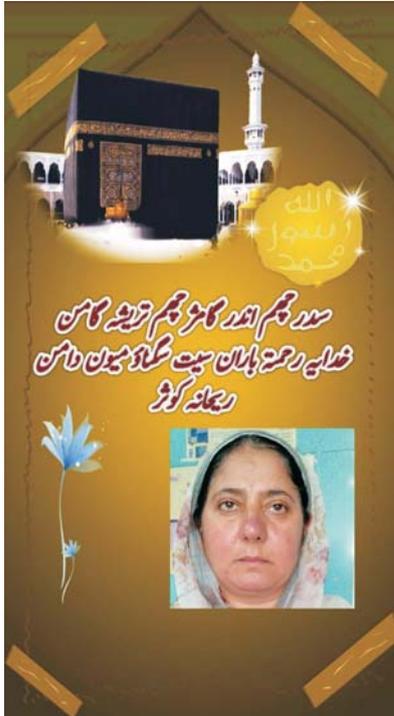
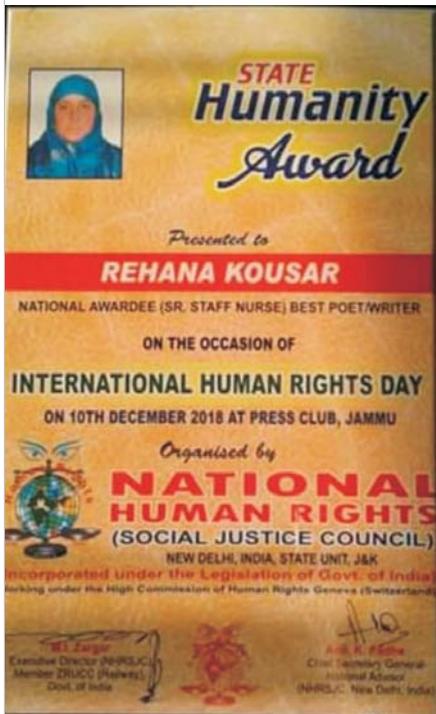
Great women Achievers National Award

GAWAH EXPRESS NEWS

Renowned Kashmiri Poet ,writer and Social activist Rehana Kousar bags Great women Achievers National Award on 4th May 2019 for her outstanding contribution towards social work...



بیبلہ چھ خل.. تیلہ چھ ڈل..
 بیبلہ تھاووہ ہوش... تیلہ پھولن پمپوش..
 ڈ نل چھ زینہ گرہ پینھی ڈل..
 ہوش بیبلہ ڈولہس لوگھس ڈھل..
 ڈل دراؤ پانپانے ڈل سالس
 پردوے برہ والس کڑھس پرکل..
 سورے نیوہس وچھان وچھان
 آسان آسان روٹکھ تل..
 ڈلس روز نہ پنن حس.. تہ ہوش
 آما مہ چھ پھلان کمہ یمبرزل..
 ڈل اوس ڈلے لکھ آس ترسان..
 کرپوسہ کس بہانہ رتہ بان تل..
 پننی غلطی کرنوو ڈل بند
 نہ چھس کتہ شاند تہ نہ اند
 ونے تہ ونے کس خدایس یہ ڈل
 حالاتوں پھنرکھ نکھ تہ نل..
 کھین دادہ گولکھ و آجھس کھل..
 کتھکن چھس وونان کاشر بیڈل..
 کرے تہ کرہ کیا آخر ڈل..
 داریتھہ دیڑھس نارہ چھل..
 اتھن منز للوان تت تنگل..
 بیتھہ چھس حاکم راتہ منگل..
 ڈل دیبان ڈلہا دور جنگل..
 تتہ ونہا تس ذاتہ پاکس ..
 نظر یس ستن سمندرن تل..
 آدہ پھلہ گلستان بیہ سہ ڈل
 خدایا بوز ریحناس عرضی جل..
 ریحنانہ کوثر.



پراگاش

آپکا

اپنا

جریدہ ہے

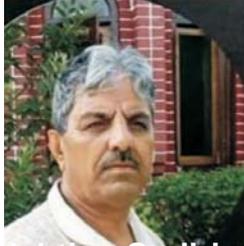
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مقبول

بنائیں

تمہاری چاہ میں

سچ میں کہدوں، میرے ہم وطنو! تمہاری چاہ میں
مُنٹکڑ ہیں ماہ و سال سے ہم تمہاری راہ میں
دیکھ لینا ایک دن ہوں گے اکٹھے ہم یہاں
نفرتیں سب دُور ہوں گی یہ بھی دیکھے جہاں



Ishtiaq Qadri

آبشاروں، کوہساروں یہ چناروں کی زمین
یہ چمن مہکے گا پھر سے اور اس کے سب مکیں

وہ گھڑی فرقہ پرستی کی بھیانک ہے گھڑی
آدمیت چھین کر آدم کو دیدے جو خوشی

دیکھنا پھر سے سوالوں سے بجیں گی گھنٹیاں
کرشن بھی آئے گا اور آئے گی اُس کی گوپیاں
یہ اُجڑنا پھر سے بسنے کا ہی تو اعلان ہے
اِشتیاق یہ سب سے کہدے یہ تیرا ایمان ہے

*Reflections : Anjali Sarup***Slow Down Your Life****Unbox Your Thoughts, Unshelve Your Grudges : Make Space While The Sun Shines**

In the thirty years of my married life, I have changed twenty-one dwellings and a few states and countries. It's funny how marriage shows you a different side of fairy tales. A side where you are not Cinderella in a magical coach, and Prince Charming doesn't take you away to live in a big castle happily ever after.

Our first home for a month was my husband's bachelor pad in Chandigarh. There was just enough place for a bed and a table. To go to the washroom, you had to climb over the bed. The last empty corner was filled with the things our parents thought were essential for living and we couldn't do without. When we moved into

a better place, we realized that it was nice to have those things but to move with them from one place to another was a different ball game altogether. But, youth, the new spirit of marriage and the newness of the whole concept helped us breeze through the few houses we changed in the first couple of years.

The next pitstop: Bombay. Living in Bombay is no child's play – especially if you have a child. My husband being a doctor changed a few hospitals, and so did we our living spaces. As the family had increased so had the material things. We had no time to declutter. While changing one accommodation, we asked a relative to help us with the shift. On route to the new place, the car broke down. A baby, a car refusing to move, boxes and boxes of stuff, a grumbling relative and a street in Bombay – it wasn't a friendly scenario.



Decluttering the unnecessary makes space for what and whom we really want around us.

My husband made a vow never to ask for help again and I took a silent pledge never to collect more stuff than I required. A couple of years in Bombay and a few years in the UK saw us back in Delhi. After years of shifting and roaming around, we lived in Delhi for ten years. This was a record for us, as for once in our married life we had spent so much time in one place.

With time moving on and us settling in comfortably, the resolve of not hoarding material things went for a toss. Every little thing became important and our lives dependent on those things. Existence seemed incomplete without the things glossy magazines and glamorous advertisements made us buy. Then came the day we decided to shift our dwelling again.

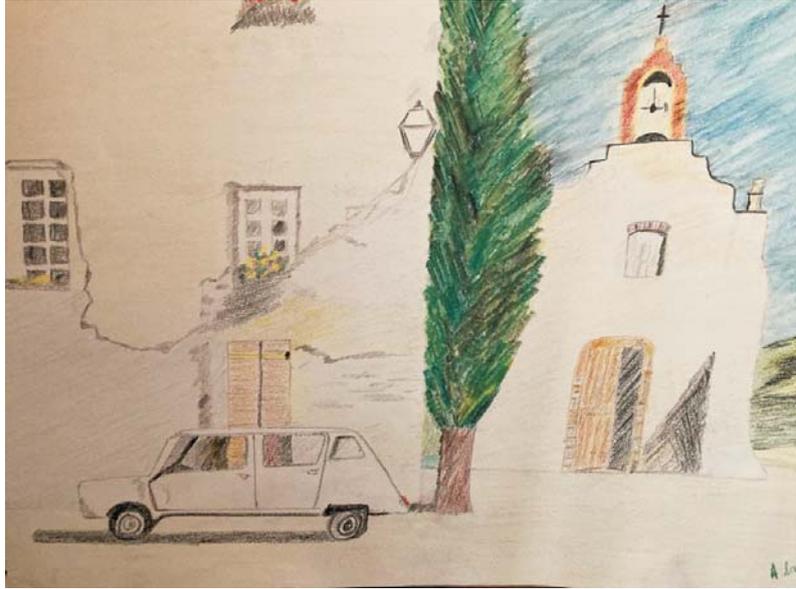
Packing after years was a nightmare and with that came the realization of how much junk one had collected over the years. After selling some stuff, distributing some more we still had a substantial amount to take with us. We were supposed to be shifting to our new home in Gurgaon (in Haryana), but with the unreliable real estate situation in our country we changed a further two homes before we finally

shifted into our present home.

Mrs Woods not only cleared out the unnecessary bits and bobs from my home but also wiped the dust off of the useless value we had given to those things.

Prior to shifting into the new home, I decided to declutter, to sell what was unnecessary. My son put up an ad for our wooden dining table on OLX.com. A very interesting incident happened which was an eyeopener for me. That very evening a lady called and informed me she was calling from Kanpur and would reach Gurgaon in the morning. She wanted to check out the table. She came, she saw and not only bought my dining table but a couple of beds, a coffee table, a tv cabinet and a few more things. Her name incidentally was Mrs Woods and it seemed she loved wooden stuff.

That night lying on the mattress in a



nearly empty room I fell into the most content sleep ever. The space I had created in my home, had created space in my mind. As someone has rightly said clutter is the enemy of clarity, and for the first time in my life I felt the place I lived in. The declutter made the place seemed bigger and brighter. Mrs Woods not only cleared out the unnecessary bits and bobs from my home but also wiped the dust off of the useless value we had given to those things.

We cling to everything we own and give it undue importance and meaning. We attach memories to them and box them for a future time. Ages later, when we open the box, we aren't sure why we had saved the thing in the first place. It doesn't resonate the sentiment we attached to it anymore. Not sure, we shove it back again somewhere where it remains unseen for centuries.

When you let go of what no longer serves you,

You create space for what's meant to be.

Someone has rightly said, "We don't live in bungalows, duplexes, or flats. We live in our mind which is an unlimited area. Life is great when things are sorted and uncluttered there." But most of our lives we box our thoughts, shelve our grudges, bubble wrap our emotions and desires. We glue unwanted relationships, relatives and friends into jigsaw puzzles and try to fit them into different containers. We carry the burden of this baggage all our lives, make our lives miserable and unhappy. Like material things we keep

piling them up thinking someday this bond will come in handy.

After years one realises that life is much simpler than we made it to be. Decluttering the unnecessary makes space for what and whom we really want around us. We would rather live in peace, not in pieces. In our pursuit to beautify our lives, we forget to sit back and relax in our mind's space. To talk to ourselves, to breathe in the nature around us, to sleep in pure content.

Wipe the dust off boxes of memories, grudges, desires, unrealistic attachments and relationships and just hold on to what will take you forward and inwards and not drag you down the mundane pathway. Create the happy ending after all!



Author Anjali Sarup is a trained Psychologist. She has a Doctrate in Child Psychology. She has been a teacher and a business woman and is a mother. She loves to travel, trek, paint, and sometimes to write. She lives in Gurugram.



गज़ल

सुनीता रैना पंडित



चेश्मन मंज़ रँछ्य, वंदु ललुनॉव्य
दॉद्य छि पनुनी, यिथु मा त्रॉव्य

ज़खन ज़्यव दिच लफज़न दार
वर्कन प्यठ नपु नपु करनॉव्य

चॉनी क्वदरथ, जुवनुच ब्रांथ
वुनि छे बकाया, गरि गरि रॉव्य

हथ हथ नामु मे लीखिम बोज़
यी छु खता, तिम वॉल्य परुनॉव्य

असि ज़ोर बे रहमी हुंद राज
वक्तन, क्व-वक्तस अँस्य पुशरॉव्य



سنیتا رینہ پنڈت

غزل

چشمَن مَنز رَچھی، ووَندِ لَلِنَاوِی

دَاوِی چھِ پَنی، یِتھِ مَاتِزَاوِی

زَمَن زَبُو دِژ لَفْظَن دَار

وَرَن پِٹھِ نِپِ نِپِ کَرْنَاوِی

جَاَنی قُوَدِرتھِ، زُوچِ بَرَاَنتھِ

وُنہِ چھِ بَقَایَا، گَرِ گَرِ رَاوِی

ہتھِ ہتھِ نامہِ مے لیکھِم بوز

یِی چھِ خَطَا تَم کَلوِ پَرْنَاوِی

اسہِ زُوْر بے رَحمی ہُنْد رَاج

وَقْتَن، کُووَقْتَسِ اَسِ پُشَرَاوِی

From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo
Haarvan and its Archaeological Monuments
 (Concluding Part)

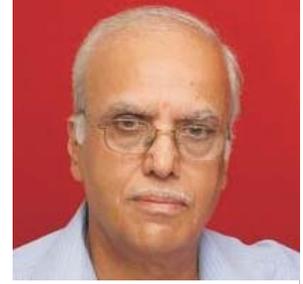
The observation of Percy Brown clearly nullifies the claim of Charles Henry that Haarvan Archaeological excavations belong to the seventh century A.D., when the king Lalitaditya was ruling, because during his regime, Kharoshti numerals were no more in use for more than two hundred years. Similarly some archeological researchers & some historians are of the opinion that the clay pieces retrieved from Akhnoor Jammu (J&K) do not belong to the 7th or 8th century A.D. The 'Katbaas' excavated from Haarvan Kashmir clearly indicate that the script (Kharoshti) used in the language engraved on the said tiles is very old. Some of the experts of archaeology firmly believe that keeping the size of the tiles (12×18)" in view, it is better to call them bricks rather than tiles. Moreover, some clay idols excavated don't fall even in that category, because the idol images resemble some Roman images which belong to the first century B.C.

In his book 'Five Thousand Years Of Indian Art', the historian Hermann Goetz writes, "The images engraved on these bricks depict Paarthi skill found in the image of a man seated on a horse which clearly shows that the engraved image has the influence of the Gupta

period of India. This clearly indicates that during the Kushaan period, the inhabitants of Haarvan started construction works which continued with progress even

up to the 4th-5th century. Excavations at Haarvan have also revealed that the whole area had been divided into various stages and at every stage of land, there have been some buildings constructed and the land stages were connected with each other through stair cases. Near the archaeological sites two springs which must have been the reservoirs of the portable water for the ancient habitants of Haarvan. Moreover, division of land in stages is later seen in the Mughal gardens.

From the upper land stage at Haarvan, a plinth of an ancient construction having the back side of circular shape has been retrieved. Inside the construction no impression of any image or idol is seen any where, but brick tiles have been used on the whole surface inside the construction and images of serpents, bone fish images, certain maps and different flowers of different varieties



and some flying birds etc. are also engraved on the brick tiles. Cocks fighting with each other and some swans are also engraved. A calf sucking milk, some elephants, a stag steering at the moon, poachers running after the deer's with spears in their hands are also shown in these engraved images. Lady dancers dancing with flower vases in their hands & a lady wearing the army dress running to kill a deer is also shown. A man & a woman talking to each other on a balcony, while their children wearing garlands round their necks are also shown. To give a face lift to the houses, the front walls of the houses are also covered with tiles & some of the tiles have been artistically fixed on the floor as well as on the roof. Also it appears that the original design of the tiles has been maintained. Such tiles are also numbered for maintaining the proper designs while laying them. Kharoshti script according to the opinion of various indicates that it must have been in vogue from ancient times in Kashmir. The images of the female dancers also indicate that dancing must have been the hobby of the females. The plinths of most of the houses have the same designs as those of the buildings at Taxila. The architecture of the stupa indicate clearly the trend in their construction. In the court of a stupa, there has been a simha pillar & a word "Dharma" is engraved in the Brahmi script, which clearly shows that the construction must have been that of 4th century. This also indicates that the

Brahmi script must have been in use in ancient days in Kashmir. From the archaeological remains excavated at the Haarvan site, it is evident that these belonged to the Buddhist period, though some coins of Tormaan have also been found at the site. However it appears from the archaeological surveys that the kings between the Kushaans and Tormaans have not left any signs what so ever. According to Pt. Ramchand Kak, Haarvan site is a unique Archaeological site not only in Kashmir but in the whole world, though a few archaeological sites were found in Afghanistan also.

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कॉशिरि सुत्यन
कॉशिर साँरी
नतु वॉरानुक्य
हॉरान काव

- अमीन कामिल

جَرَد پَنُکُی ڈَےر

نیگہت سَاهیبا



زرد پَنکُو ڈَیر

نگہت صاحبہ

یہ وِٹمُی تھوِوُم مے سَوِچَن تْرَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ
یَمِن بونِنِی مے مَآ دُورَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

چَے چُی سَبْجَار، بْرَوِہ پَخ، تْرَآو پَوِٹ کَل
مے چِی چَےشْمَن سَنَان پْرَٹ جَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

دَوِپُم وِکْتَن چُ چُخ دَےرِیَاو، دَوِپُمَس
ہَیو چَارِیَا مے ہَا چِی چَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

مے وُچھ چَوِنِیَس نَےٹِیَس کُوس ہَال سَپِغِو
چَے وُچھُتَا شِیَش نَجْرَن آَیِی نِیلُ وِٹ

چَے پْرَٹ مَوِسَم یِوَان چُی ڈَالِی ہَے ہَے
مے چِی تَآپَس شِیَنَس گَگَرَا یِی نِیلُ وِٹ

وِوَن کَس ہَاوِخ چُ اَجَلُکُی دَوِغ پَانو
چَے دَرَدِیَل آَر پَل، ہَمَسَا یِی نِیلُ وِٹ

یہ کُمو تھوِوُم مے سَوِچَن تْرَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ
یَمِن بونِنِی مے مَآ دُورَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

ٹَے چُے سَبْزَار، بْرَوِہ پَخ، تْرَآو پَوِٹ کَل
مے چِی چَےشْمَن سَنَان پْرَٹ جَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

دَوِپُم وِکْتَن چُ چُخ دَےرِیَاو، دَوِپُمَس
ہَیو چَارِیَا مے ہَا چِی چَایِی نِیلُ وِٹ

مے وُچھ چَوِنِیَس نَےٹِیَس کُوس ہَال سَپِغِو
چَے وُچھُتَا شِیَش نَجْرَن آَیِی نِیلُ وِٹ

ٹَے پْرَٹ مَوِسَم یِوَان چُے ڈَالِی ہَے ہَے
مے چِی تَآپَس، شِیَنَس، گَگَرَا یِی نِیلُ وِٹ

وِوَن کَس ہَاوِکھ چُ اَز لُکُو دَا دُر پَانو
چَے دَر دِل آَر پِل، ہَمَسَا یِی نِیلُ وِٹ

Theatre & Drama - Rahul Kilam

Kashmiri Opera

pera, basically a genere of western origin, is defined as a dramatic works that are set entirely to music. Unlike in musicals, where characters mix dialogue with song, Operas are traditionally entirely sung. Opera is a musical drama or, more accurately, a drama in verse. An opera has a story, dialogue, music and songs, only the dialogues are written in poetry. Opera is a shortened form of the phrase "Opera in musica" or "work in music". Opera was born in Italy during the Renaissance, a period in Europe between 14th and 17th century.

Opera in Kashmir

Opera was introduced in Kashmiri by Shri

Dina Nath Nadim. The history of Kashmiri Opera begins with '*Bombur Ta Yimberzal*' (Bumble Bee and The Narcissus Flower) which Nadim Sahab wrote in 1952. Dina Nath Nadim had seen a Chinese opera '*White Haired Girl*' and was highly impressed by it. He wanted to write similar one in Kashmiri and thus conceived the story line of his first Opera '*Bombur Ta Yimberzal*'. It was an epoch making effort and was for the first time staged in 1953 at Nedous Hotel,



Srinagar. This Opera, was reproduced with some different caste, was the main cultural item which was presented before Soviet Leaders, when they visited Kashmir in the autumn of 1956. This opera was directed by Mohan Lal Aima and was a great success. Sometimes later, it was translated into Russian.

'Bombur Ta Yomberzal' was a symbolic Opera. 'Bombur', 'Yimberzal' and 'Gilitore'

symbolised the forces of peace and prosperity. 'Wav' and 'Harud' (wind and Autumn) represented imperialistic agencies dividing people. Nadim continued to write operas and made a history in this field. After 'Bombur Ta Yimberzal', he wrote 'Niki Te Badi', an opera in which the forces of good and evil are at war. At last, evil is defeated and good prevails. This Opera was staged at Government Women's college, Srinagar.

Based on folk lore, Dina Nath Nadim wrote 'Shihli kul', 'Madanvar Zuvalmal'. Both these operas were staged in the auditorium of Women's College, Srinagar. Based on a famous folk tale of Kashmir origin, Nadim

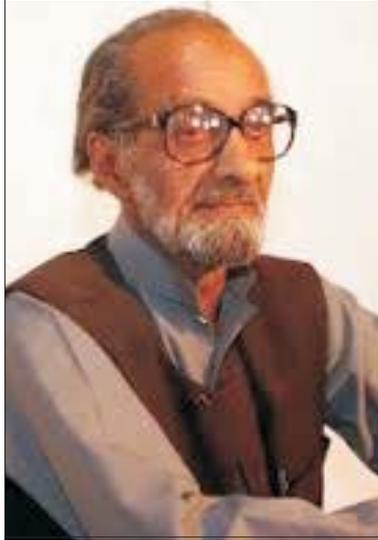


wrote another Opera titled "Hee Mal Nagrai" in collaboration with Noor Mohammad Roshan in early sixties and was staged with sound and light in the foothills of Hari Prabhat, Srinagar. It was a breakthrough, witnessed by lakhs of people. This Opera symbolises the synthesis of early Naga and Aryan Culture of Kashmir. This opera like 'Bombur Ta Yambarzal' was based on one of our old folk tales - legends. Nadim wrote 'Viatsta', alternatively titled 'Vyeth', for Radio Kashmir Kashmir. It was broadcast in 1970. And in 1978, Nadim redrafted this opera for

the stage. The opera narrates the journey of Vyeth – the river Vitasta (Jhelum) – from its origin till it meets the Wular lake.

Besides Kashmir, 'Vitasta' was staged in Delhi, Calcutta (now Kolkata), Hyderabad, Lucknow, Banglore (now Bangluru) and Patna; and was hailed and appreciated by spectators and the national press. 'Vitasta' has appeared in book form also.

During 1950-1970, three more Operas were written. Amin Kamil wrote 'Ravi Roopi' which was



published serially in 'KongPosh' (1954-55). Shambhoo Nath Bhat Haleem wrote 'Bombur Ta Lolar' which appeared in 'Son Adab' in 1959. Rehman Rahi wrote 'Yali Log Motus Phur' which was broadcast from Radio Kashmir in the late sixties. It is pertinent to mention here that these Operas were never staged.

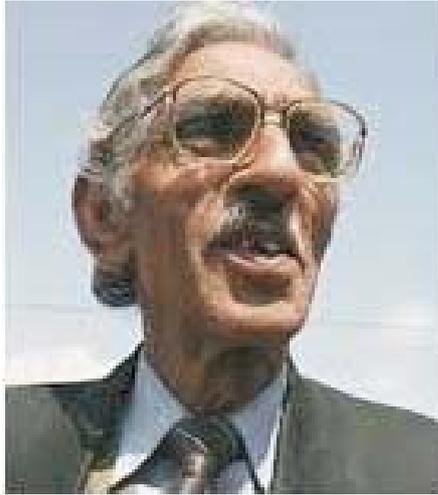
It was Padamshree Moti Lal Saqi who continued the tradition of Opera in Kashmiri. Saqi's first Opera was

'Hayatan Ziyoon' which was first broadcasted and later staged at Srinagar. His second Opera 'Maej Kashir', which symbolises the traditional brotherhood and tolerance of Kashmiris was staged at Women's College, Srinagar in 1981. A special show of this opera was arranged in honour of the president of India when he visited the Valley. Saqi wrote another opera titled 'Gashi Aagur' and this opera is based on the tradition of the composite culture of Kashmir. This Opera is considered as a landmark as far as the execution of the theme and it's presentation is concerned. It



has run in several shows and has been witnessed by thousands of people. This opera has appeared in 'ZOON', the journal of the women's College in 1982. This was followed by another Opera 'Sonzal' (Rainbow) by Moti Lal Saqi, depicting continuity of Indian Culture. Another Opera by Saqi 'Sath Rang' was produced and staged by Maulana Azad College Srinagar in 1985. This Opera depicts the role of women in the development of human history. Another opera titled 'Sirya Ta Sangarmal' is written by Moti Lal Saqi.

It seems that as long as there is a story to tell and ideas to be aired, opera will flourish. It may not be out of place to mention here that Opera revived the tradition of folk times and added some sweet lyrics to Kashmiri literature. Opera has a great future and is liked by all. Opera enjoys enormous popularity because it is very close to Kashmiri temper. And popularising this soulful art form would greatly enrich our artistic and cultural landscape.



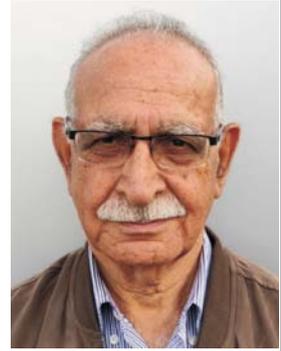
*Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul***Incredible Whales – Do They Have Future ?**

Whales are large, magnificent, intelligent aquatic mammals. They belong to the group of mammals called Cetaceans that also include Dolphins and Porpoises. Unlike fish that breathe by gills, whales breathe through their blowholes (nostrils) into their lungs. When they breathe out air, a large spout of water is formed.



Whales have sleek, streamlined bodies that move easily through the water. They possess scanty hair. They maintain a high body temperature and possess a four chambered heart. They give birth to live young ones. The gestation period is 9 to 18 months. A female whale produces a single calf after every 1 to 3 years. The calves can

swim soon after birth. They are fed with milk produced by mammary glands. Whales are the only mammals, other than sea cows, who live entire lives in the water and who have adapted to life in the open oceans.



The biggest whale is the Blue Whale that grows to about 94 feet (29 Mts) in length and attains height of a nine-storey building. It is the longest animal that has ever existed on earth. It is larger than any of the dinosaurs were. Whales are also the loudest sound-producing animals on earth. A Blue Whale consumes about four tons of tiny creatures, per day, obtained by filter feeding through a structure in the jaws called baleen. Adult blue whales have no predators except





man. The smallest whale is the dwarf Sperm whale, that as an adult, grows to only 8.5 feet (2.6Mts) in length.

Whales are, broadly, of two types, viz: *Toothed Whales*. and *Baleen Whales*. The Toothed Whales are predators that use their peg-like teeth to catch fish, squids and marine mammals, swallowing them whole. They have one blowhole (nostril) and use echolocation to hunt. There are about sixty-six species of 38 Toothed Whales. Baleen Whales sieve tiny marine organisms like crustaceans, small fish and tiny organisms from the water with baleen, which is a comb-like structure in the jaws that filters whale's food from the water. Baleen whales are larger than the toothed whales and have two blowholes (nostrils). There are ten species of Baleen whales.

Killer whales and *Short fin-Pilot Whales* are the fastest, swimming up to 30 miles (48 Kms) per hour. They swim with the help of their fins (which are modified limbs). The tail fin acts as a rudder. Many whales, especially

Baleen Whales migrate over long distances each year. They travel in groups, from cold water feeding grounds to warm-water feeding grounds.

Whales have very strong social ties. The strongest ties are between mother and calf. A social group of whales is called a *pod*. Baleen whales travel alone or in small pods. The Toothed whales travel in large, sometimes, stable pods. The toothed whales frequently hunt their prey in groups, migrate together and share the care of their young ones. Whales communicate with each other by producing sounds. They also sing. Whale song lasting for up to thirty minutes can be heard for miles under water. The humpback whale's song lasts the longest among whales. The song is thought to be used in attracting mates (just like birds), to keep track of young ones and, in case of



toothed whales, to locate prey.

Many species of whales are in danger of getting extinct mainly because of human greed. Man has been killing whales for centuries. Most of the Baleen whales are targeted by commercial whalers for their meat, skin, blubber and bones, even suckling young ones are hunted down regardless of closed seasons or forbidden territorial waters. People have amassed huge fortunes as they have converted the whale carcasses into skin creams, detergents, chess pieces, cosmetics, belts, buttons, jewellery and other such items. The most expensive perfume "Ambergris" is obtained from the stomach of Baleen Whales. It is estimated that about 70% of the whales had been lost by early seventies of the last 'century as a result of which whaling industry has landed in crisis. The whale populations increase very slowly and it takes them a very long time to recover from man's



indiscriminate hunting. It takes four to eight years for the whale to reach sexual maturity. Man has been destroying whales at a much faster rate than whales can reproduce. It was felt that there was a real danger that man might destroy the whole species in his haste and greed. On the basis of these facts, the public conscience was deeply touched at the global level and a ten-year moratorium against whaling was enforced in 1985. The International Whaling Commission was also set up. It is believed, that nobody, not even the scientists or the conservationists, have any firm idea of how many whales are left or if we are in time to save them. Baleen whales are listed as the most endangered or protected species. It will be indeed sad if we lose these beautiful and magnificent creations of nature.



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आलव

रतन लाल जौहर



म्योन आलव फ्यूर तरफातन
तु वोट वापस बेयि मे निश तसलाह गॅछिथ
न द्राव शी कॅरिथ तरनि पांचालस
न तंबलिथ गव वेतस्तायि बॅठ्य दिवान डाल
न सरुयन कुन न गामन कुन
न मंदुरन आस्तानन कुन
नियन छाल आसमानन कुन
पकान रुद ओबरु डेंग्यन सुत्य
सपुद वुजमलु तु गगरायन अंदर ज़म
क्युंछ काला

म्योन आलव फ्यूर तरफातन
तु वोट बेयि वापस मे निश
शाहु छोकिथ फ्यमु लद पशेमान
क्याज़ि द्रायोव ऑसु म्याने
होशि रोस्तुय जोशि लद
यस यि बोजुन ओस
सु आमुत ह्यनु तु
खाबन मंज़ गोमुत गीर
दिवान मीठ्य
यछ खर्यौली
ख्वद ज़वौली

آلو رتن لال جوهر

ميون آلو بھيوڑ طرفاتن
ٲٲ ووت واپس بييه مے نيش تسلّاه گڑھتھ
نہ دراوشی گرتھ ترنہ پانزاس
نہ تنبليتھ گو ويتستايہ بھي دوان ڈال
نہ سرين کُن نہ گامن کُن
نہ مندرن آستان کُن
نين ژھال آسمان کُن
پکان رُود اوڀر ڈينگين ستر
سپد وُزبلد ٲٲ لگراين اندر ضم
کيُونز کالہ

هوشه روسه جوشه لد
يس يه بوزن اوس
سه آمت بهينه ٲٲ
نابن منزگومت گير

دوان ييٹھر
يشه نيالی
نودزوالی
بے کمالی

ميون آلو بھيوڑ طرفاتن
ٲٲ ووت واپس بييه مے نيش
شاھ ژھوکتھ چھيمه لد پشيمان
کياز درايوو اُسه ميانے

*Our Budding Stars***Mudasir Rehman Dar****The Promising Artist***- Mubashir Iqbal Kitaba***Mudasir Rehman Dar**

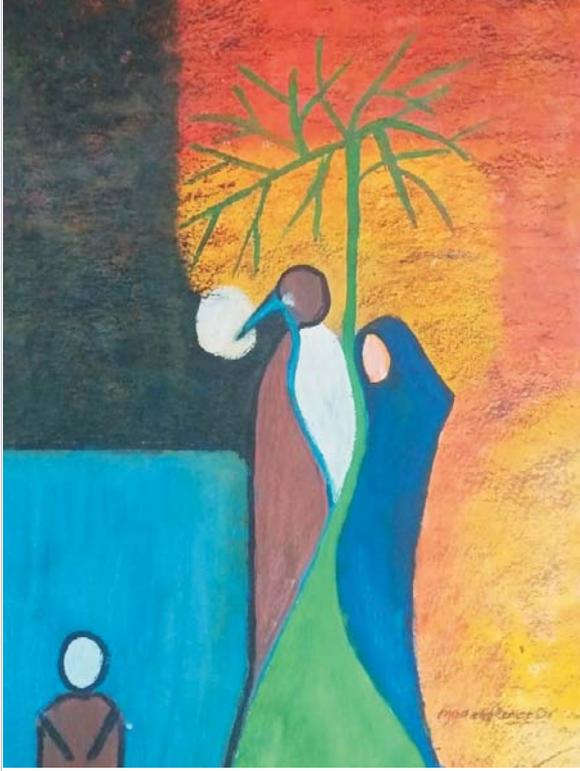
corridors. His art awakens one's consciousness while makes him aware to act upon.

Unfortunately we often forget to recognize, give due respect and place to such persons who always become our voice through their art when we find all the ways choked by the power corridors. One such person is Mudasar Rehman Dar who hails from a small village of Kolpora of south Kashmir's Kulgam District. Almighty has bestowed upon him this art as a gift.

When Mudasar was a small school going kid, he used to draw sketches on notebooks. When his teachers found in him this unique quality, that too at that age

As per the definition, an artist is a person who is engaged in an activity to creating art, practicing the arts, or demonstrating an art. His art knows no boundaries as it reaches nook and corner of the world, thanks to the power of technology and internet. His art is a way of expression, the happenings around, in society, contemporary, politics, and the most important a question to the power





PAINTING OF SH MUDASIR REHMAN DAR
ARTIST FROM KASHMIR SELECTED FOR
NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF VISUAL ARTS
AT INDIAN ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
AMRITSAR BEING ORGANISED BY
JAMMU AND KASHMIR CENTRE FOR
CREATIVE ARTS JAMMU ON 10TH
AUGUST 2019
THE EXHIBITION WILL BE CURATED BY O
P SHARMA DIRECTOR JAMMU AND
KASHMIR CENTRE FOR CREATIVE ARTS
JAMMU
M 9469212412



they patted him. This gave Mudasir a sense of appreciation and motivation and he started doing much better in his sketch art. Even that school had no arts teacher or a class for learning arts. Mudasir was doing it all by himself.

As Mudasir grew, his vision and artistic capabilities started to expand but the sad part was that he didn't get a teacher or guide who could sharpen his artistic skills. When Mudasir was in the class 8th, it was the time when no social media was available, he started participating in school and district level sketch competitions and he did well. When he was in class 10th, he participated in a





competition which was organized by science and technology department. Mudasir did well here too, which earned him great appreciation, certificate and cash reward.

Mudasir got the first position among many competitors in another art competition organized by the District Administration of Kulgam. This competition was organized for the first time at the district level. This gave him confidence. He now started teaching the young minds the painting skills at

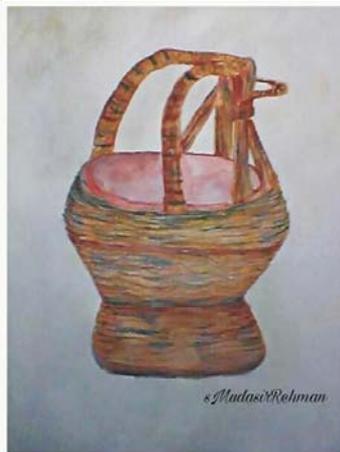


workshops organized by Education Department of Kulgam.

At national level, Mudasir took part in MF Hussain's art gallery which was organized by Guyoor art foundation. It

gave Mudasir extra confidence and he started doing much better. With the advent of social media, Mudasir's paintings and sketches reached wider audiences. It is hoped that with the support of the local and state administration, Mudasir will reach greater heights in the times to come.

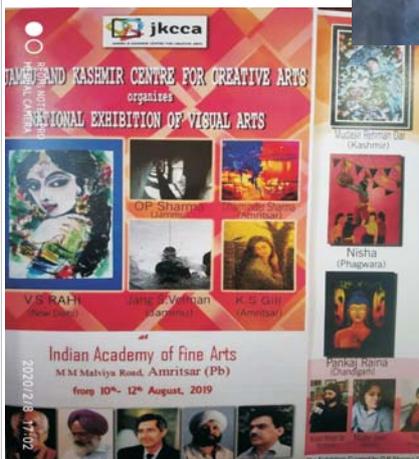
[Author Mubashir Iqbal Kitaba is pursuing Ph.D in Commerce and Management and lives in Kulgam, Kashmir.]



Mudasir Rehman



THE DAILY NEWS PAPER
World Virtul Museum. Is proud to present the young talented Artist, Painter Mudasir Rehman Dar*shahid that his art works are exhibited in our museum. World Virtual Museum from #kulpora #kulgamkashmir



Language & Scripts - Prof. Raj Nath Bhat

One Language - Two Scripts

The Linguapax Institute, in Barcelona, Spain, aims to preserve and promote linguistic diversity globally. The institute presents the Linguapax Prize on International Mother Language Day each year. The prize is for those who have made outstanding work in linguistic diversity or multilingual education.

After India's partition in 1947, as a result of the British strategy of 'Divide et Impera', the British left behind a severely fractured and mutilated sub-continent, that caused unheard of and uncounted murders and killings, rapes, arson, loot and destruction of unimaginable scale. Huge populations ran away to safety leaving behind all their material possessions. The only identity that they carried with them is their **language** and **culture** whose protection and preservation became their common desire and rightly so. As a result, the Government of India extended recognition and protection to Sindhi in Devanagari script and Panjabi in Gurmukhi script under the eighth schedule of the Indian Constitution. Prior to the partition, both these languages were written in *Nastaliq* script which continues to be in use in Pakistan. The two languages- **Sindhi** and **Panjabi** -, therefore, continue to be written in **two distinct scripts** across the international

borders.

The position of Kashmiri has a different background. Kashmiri is spoken by a miniscule minority in the Pakistan-Occupied Kashmir [PoK]; but it is the mother tongue of nearly six million Kashmiris who are the inhabitants of the Kashmir Province of the Jammu & Kashmir State of India. After 1947, Pakistan unsuccessfully tried to capture Indian Kashmir in 1947-48, 1965, 1971 and 1999. Therefore, the Kashmir Province has been in the international news for sad reasons for the last nearly seventy years.

Thirty years ago, Kashmiri Pandits had to abandon their homes and hearths because of the terrorism and flee to unknown lanes and by-lanes to save their kids, life and limb. As a result of this exodus, more than half a million human beings had to flee to safer areas within India or elsewhere. Most of these hapless people gathered in shanty slums in the peripheral areas of the Jammu city; few others managed to reach Delhi, Ahmadabad etc.; a small segment has



very recently found employment in Europe and the USA. These segments of half a million **displaced Kashmiris** very genuinely consider it their birth-right to preserve and protect their mother-tongue [**Kashmiri**] and their ancestral culture. The preservation and protection of mother-tongue in this case involves a decisive political-will and socio-cultural understanding among peoples of various socio-political shades and hues.

The displaced minority of Kashmiris cannot ignore the education of their wards in the languages and scripts that are overwhelmingly in use for the indigenous peoples of the regions where the displaced segments of Kashmiris find themselves in. The displaced segments cannot be taught Kashmiri language in '*Nastaliq*' script outside the Kashmir Province.

History of Kashmiri-writing is an interesting chapter in itself. Kashmiri was initially [9th century onwards] written in the '*Sharada*' script. Sharada was in vogue up to the present-day Haryana then. Sanskrit manuscripts of the first millennium C.E. were also written in '*sharada*' script in the entire region. Kashmiri, however, was not the court language of the kings, Sanskrit was.

King Zain-ul-Abadin in the 15th century C.E. replaced Sanskrit with Persian and established a '*Translation Bureau*' where scholars assembled to translate Sanskrit classics into Persian. This exercise enriched Persian

immensely. Thus Perso-Arabic script got a pride of place in administration and law. In course of time, after the collapse of the Mughals, Urdu, a variant of Hindostani, occupied the place of Persian.

Urdu in *Nastaliq* script was adopted as the language of administration by the rulers of Kashmir after the Lion of Panjab, Emperor Ranjit Singh conquered Kashmir. The Dogra kings continued the same policy vis-à-vis language.

After 1947, the new dispensation continued the same language policy in all areas of administration. *Nastaliq* became a widely used script.

The rulers set up a committee of experts to decide the issue of writing Kashmiri which recommended that Kashmiri may be written in *nastaliq* script with a special set of diacritics to accommodate 'uncommon' Kashmiri vowels and consonants. It was a decision based upon common-sense. The young minds did not need to learn an altogether new script to read and write Kashmiri---the mother-tongue.

Sorrowfully, no teaching modules were prepared to teach Kashmiri till 1996-99!

The parents and the grand-parents of the displaced segments had no issues with these decisions because they were rooted!

After the forceful exodus of the 1990s, the wards of the displaced people do not find opportunities to learn the *nastaliq* script. Wherever their wards go

for schooling, the main script introduced/taught is Devanagari and the language is invariably Hindi; although Devanagari is a widely used script that is being used for writing Marathi, Konkani, Dogri, Santhali, Sanskrit, Pali, Maithili, and several other languages. Honouring the sentiments of the displaced segments, a group of experts in 1993, proposed to write Kashmiri in Devanagari script among the displaced segments of displaced Kashmiris for the sole purpose of ensuring the protection, preservation and enrichment of Kashmiri language and culture among the generations of displaced Kashmiris. The sentiment as well as the effort has been appreciated across continents by language-lovers, litterateurs, linguists, culture-specialists and the young minds among the displaced segments that may not necessarily have an emotional, spatial affection for the language, literature and culture of their ancestral land.

Kashmiri in Devanagari script has found a wide audience. 'Vaakh', a quarterly literary magazine published from Delhi attracts Kashmiri writers from all parts of the world including the Kashmir Province. A significant mass of Kashmiri literature and literary figures has appeared in Devanagari-Kashmiri for audiences that are scattered across the globe.

Although, the Government of India is yet to extend recognition and protection to Devanagari-Kashmiri as an additional

script for writing Kashmiri, 'Vaakh' has spread the 'sufi' message of Nundarishi, Mahajoor, Rahi, Khayal and a host of other stalwarts of Kashmiri literature too far. 'Vaakh' has attempted to preserve the 'lilaa' genre of Kashmiri poetry for posterity.

A significant number of creative minds have published their work in both the 'Nastaliq' and 'Devanagari' scripts. Several magazines like "NAAD" have of late provided space to Devanagari-Kashmiri write-ups too, thus such magazines are virtually bi-lingual in presentation and content.

The Devanagari-Kashmiri script combines vowel-matra symbols of 'Devanagari' and 'Gurumukhi' scripts as well as the underlying 'dot' of Perso-Arabic to give space to all the vowels and consonants that are functionally significant for writing Kashmiri.

I firmly believe that Devanagari-Kashmiri will expand further and that official recognition shall be extended to it by the powers that be in not so distant future.

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Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' Word to Meaning

We are humans. We live in a family and are members of a society and belong to a country. Naturally, we are required to take part in multifarious activities. During all these activities we deal with others and converse with them. For this purpose, mankind has invented languages which enable us to talk to others and exchange ideas. We either talk in our mother tongue, in our national language, in the mother tongue of the listeners or in any common language known by us and the listeners too. We talk in words and sentences, which have meaning. The listeners too know these words and sentences and by listening to these, they grasp the meaning and understand the message, or the information being conveyed through these words and sentences.

A lot of literature is written by scholars, writers, journalists and authors in prose and poetry in different languages of the world. A lot is published in books, newspapers, magazines and a lot of material is broadcast and telecast on radios and televisions. A lot more is spoken and delivered orally during seminars, meetings, congregations as also from public platforms. The speakers speak and the listeners listen and understand the purport. The writers write and the readers understand the information conveyed. The newsmen and the anchors speak and the listeners and

those who are watching the telecasts grasp the message conveyed. This position is normal, general and as expected. In literature, however, there are three types of meaning expected of a piece of writing. These are called, '*Abhidha, Lakshana, Vyanjana*' or simple meaning, suggested meaning and the sarcastic meaning. A thin person may be taunted by his friend by saying, 'look how fat you are'. A liar may be told sarcastically, 'you are always right'. A miser may be ridiculed and addressed thus, 'we know you are given to charity'. Such examples can be multiplied ad infinitum. This shows that meaning is not only in the word but is also hidden in the minds of both the speaker and writer as also the listener and the reader. To get to the real purport of a word, a sentence or a statement subjectivity plays a significant role no doubt.

Somebody points out a fault in me and says so at my face. There can be different reactions in my mind. If I like the fellow, I will take the comment sportingly and appreciate his utterance as a love and concern for me. If I have a poor opinion about him, I will be annoyed that this fellow had the audacity to say so at my face. I will



take it that he is not a well wisher but a person jealous of my position and achievement. In the former case I will try to introspect and see where I need to correct myself. In the latter case my arrogance will increase, and I shall be enraged and angered. The same thing said by elders may be taken as an advice or a direction for our benefit. The same thing uttered by a friend may be taken as a well-meaning suggestion or a timely warning. But if the same thing is said by a junior it will be treated as an insult and a misdemeanour. In these cases, again we see that the words are the same, the statements are the same, but the meanings change according to the circumstances, situations and depending upon who the person uttering the statement is.

In literary compositions we have often seen that the writer writes something with some ideas in his mind. He wants to convey his ideas to his readers or audience. Different readers or listeners interpret the same in variety of ways depending upon their own understanding of the literary piece. This interpretation may sometimes be for the better and sometimes for the worse. If it is for the better, the writer on listening the meaning given to his writing, feels elated and astonished. If it distorts the purport, the author will either pity the understanding of the reader or try to figure out whether something has gone amiss in his writing itself that it has been interpreted wrongly. Here I would like to give two examples. It is said that in olden times a poet of Persian

language became famous in his lifetime itself due to the high quality of his writings. His compositions were included in the school text books at various levels. One day he was walking in a suburb where he found a school teacher teaching his poem to a class under a tree in open. He halted for a moment close by and was astonished to find that the teacher was explaining the poem in far better way with meanings that he had never thought of. After the class was over, he met the teacher without revealing his identity. He found that the teacher was apologetic, fearing that he may not be doing justice to the poem and the poet might have something deeper in his mind to convey through that poem.

Similarly, once Bharatendu Harishchandra, the well-known Hindi poet was listening to a composition of his father, which he was reading out to a few friends of his, who had come to listen to his latest poem on the second incarnation of the Lord, The Tortoise. He was eight years of age and wanted his father to explain the meaning of the first two lines of the poem. His father explained the verse in two different ways, but the boy was not satisfied. He interpreted it in yet another third way, which was deemed to be superior even to the two interpretations given by his father, the author poet himself. If we go into the history of the development of any language, we will observe how it has evolved over the past centuries. It would have borrowed words and expressions from other languages either with the same meaning or in a changed manner. Words

too would have been adopted either in the original form or with some change. In Sanskrit linguistics these are known as 'Tatum' if they are retained in the original form. If they have undergone change, they are called 'Tad-bhava'. An example of the former would be 'Bazaar' in English from Hindi. Similarly, an example of the latter would be 'Behaviour' in English derived from 'Vyavahara' from Hindi. In adopting words from other languages many times the meaning also gets distorted. Meanings are not only in words and expressions. These are also influenced by the context in which the words are used. If the words are read out of context, the meaning is bound to get distorted. The same statement or expression may have some meaning for one listener or reader and quite different for the other.

Personal preferences and individual likes and dislikes also affect the meanings. These differ for different people. When an active and upright person reads the adage, 'an early bird catches the worm', he adopts the habit of early rising and commitment to his duties. A lazy person reads the same adage and thinks about the worm, which fell prey, according to his interpretation of the adage, because of early rising. Thus, he justifies his laziness and inertia. Words are the same, adage is the same but meaning ascribed to these are different because of individual approaches. It is said about Abraham Lincoln that he believed that a person does everything for his own satisfaction. His friend differed and opined

that we do things for others as well, if not always at least occasionally. Once the two friends were travelling in a jeep by the side of a thick forest when they heard some shrieking sound. Lincoln stopped the jeep and went to see the situation. After a while, when he returned, he informed his friend that a stag had got his horns entangled in a bush and it was shrieking with pain. He also informed that he removed the branches of the bush with the but of his gun and the stag got released. His friend had a haughty laugh when he said, 'Lincoln, you have proved my point. What personal interest you had in doing so? You did it only to help the animal in distress'. Lincoln was quick to rebut the argument. He said, 'on the contrary, I have proved my point. Had I not helped the stag I would lose my sleep thinking that I should have helped the poor animal. So, by helping it out I only ensured rest and sound sleep for myself'. The moral is that for the same situation the meaning you derive depends upon your own thought process, beliefs and convictions.

Words are like oysters and the meaning the matter hidden inside it, could be a worm, something greasy liquid or a valued pearl. Words and statements may be one, but the meanings can be multifarious. One meaning gives rise to another and one interpretation gives rise to yet another. In the end it depends upon the readers and listeners to adopt the meaning best suited to them and considered accurate and correct by them.

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موج

ظریف احمد ظریف

موج ہش رحمت تہ نعمتھ عالمس اندر نہ کانہہ
مشکہ رؤس سے پوش زائن راویس لوکپار موج

مول اہ ہند سے زانہ وچھو میکر نہ آسی پانہ موج
خاہ منڑتے وڈی دیس تیلہ کتہ دیس دیدار موج

موج کاٹھاہ چانڑ عظمت چون آسن شوہدار
موج چشم نوز زینت زندگی درکار موج

موج دنیا دہن دولت موج موجی بیہ نہ کانہہ
موج مخرج ہرد کالس سوئیہ کئے سبزار موج

موج راوڈی لیکھنس قلمس تہ باسے زیو ہوکھان
موج چھم سہر بوج اولادن عجب اسرار موج

لولہ باغس شوقہ یاؤن گل تہ بیہ گلزار موج
گریشمہ ژنجن بونہ شہلاہ شفتک شہجار موج

بالہ پانس لالہ لہہ وڈی چھم کران کم ہرک گوان
نور دینڈ شروک تہ بیہ لہہ ماجہ ہندک رڈی شعر موج

ڈول گروہس اولاد راویس سوکھ تہ ماروز بس قرار
راٹ پھرن اوش ہران اہی کران بیدار موج

پوشہ یس لوکپار پوٹھ بجرس سہ آدم بختہ بوڈ
فکر غم مشر آوتھے بس دل دیس ویدار موج

World Affairs - Er.M.K.Dhar

World Vegetarian Day

World Vegetarian Day is observed annually around the planet on 1st. October. It is a day of celebration established by the North American Vegetarian Society (NAVS) in 1977 and endorsed by the International Vegetarian Union in 1978. It is a non-profit organization that provides support to vegetarians at all stages of their journey, and also educates the public on the benefits of a "total vegetarian" diet. This day is celebrated to create awareness among the masses about the benefits of vegetation lifestyle and encourage others to become vegetarian. Vegetarian are those who abstain from eating all kinds of meat and mostly depend on food items available from plants and dairy products.

Vegetarian food comes under different categories . Vegan, Lacto-vegetarian, and Lacto-ovo vegetarian. Vegan diet constitute plant based products and does not include any animal protein or animal by-products such as eggs milk or even honey. It generally includes vegetables, raw fruits, legumes, sprouts and nuts. Lacto-vegetarian include plant food and dairy products but not eggs. Lacto-ovo vegetarian food is based on plant food, dairy products and eggs. Vegetarian and Vegan festivals are held around the world to promote veganism and/or vegetarianism among

the public and to support and link individuals and organizations that practice, promote or endorse veganism and/or vegetarianism. Many of these events are also celebrated as food festivals.



Vegetarian food has edge over non-vegetarian for many reasons:

- It lowers the risk of major heart disease, stroke and cancer while cutting exposure to foodborne pathogens carried from contact with animals or their environment.
- It boosts metabolism and thus helps to lower the body weight.
- Vegetarian diet comprises of whole grains, nuts, fruits and vegetables which supply fibre, antioxidants, vitamins and essential minerals.
- Cholesterol levels are much lower in vegetarian diet as compared to non-vegetarian.
- A wholesome vegetarian diet can meet the nutritional requirements of all ages.

For a vegetarian to enrich his food with vitamins and minerals and make it a nutritionally balanced diet, some of the products amongst many are:

Vitamin B12 : Dairy products, eggs,

fortified cereals, breads, soya and rice drinks.

Vitamin D: Milk and sunlight.

Calcium: Dairy products, dark green leafy vegetables, broccoli.

Protein: Pulses, Dairy products(milk and cheese), eggs, Tofu and other soya products, dried beans and nuts.

Iron: Eggs, dried beans, dried fruits, whole grains, leafy green vegetables.

Zinc: Wheat germ, nuts, fortified cereals, dried beans and pumpkin seeds.

People have different reasons to adapt to vegetarian foods; some may be for religious beliefs and others because of love for animals who don't want to harm any living being to satiate their hunger. Few more reasons are given here under:

a) Vegetarian lifestyle can provide a viable answer to feeding the world's hungry through more efficient use of grains and other crops

b) It can save animals from suffering in factory-farm conditions and from the pain and terror of slaughter. In the United States 66% of the grains are fed to animals being raised for slaughter.

c) Conserve vital but limited freshwater, fertile topsoil and other precious resources

d) Preserve irreplaceable ecosystems such as rainforests and other wildlife habitats.

e) Mitigate the ever-expanding environmental pollution.

f) Decrease greenhouse gases that are accelerating global warming. According to United Nations Food and Agricultural

Organisation(FAO), raising livestock is responsible for 14.5 percent of greenhouse gas emissions worldwide. The research, led by scientists at the Oxford Martin School, found that shifting to a mostly vegetarian diet, or even simply cutting down meat consumption to within accepted health guidelines, would make a large dent in greenhouse gases and bring down emissions by 63%

Vegetarianism and Religion:

Vegetarianism and religion are strongly linked in a number of religions that originated in ancient India (Hinduism, Jainism and Buddhism). In Jainism vegetarianism is mandatory for everyone, in Hinduism and Buddhism it is advocated by some influential scriptures and religious authorities. Hinduism encourages a vegetarian diet, though not all Hindus are vegetarian. Hindus almost universally avoid beef since they consider the cow sacred. Hinduism's vast scriptures contain passages recommending vegetarianism based on the profound link between ahimsa (nonviolence) and spirituality. For example, the Yajur Veda says, "You must not use your God-given body for killing God's creatures, whether they be human, animals, or whatever." (12.32). Mahatma Gandhi, however, took Hindu vegetarian observance one step further by declaring, "The greatness of a nation and its moral progress can be measured by the way in which it's animals are treated." Comparatively, within the Abrahamic

religions (Judaism, Christianity and Islam) vegetarian diet is not promoted by mainstream authorities. In Christianity, however, there are minority groups promoting vegetarianism on religious grounds. Knowing the deleterious effects of animal-based foods on human health, they favour a plant-based diet.

Nevertheless, India has the highest percentage of vegetarians in the world. With nearly 30% of India being vegetarian, it does have a much larger percentage of vegetarians than any other nation. The next closest nations for vegetarianism are, Switzerland, Taiwan, and Israel (13-14%). Of the remaining countries where dietary surveys have been done — in Europe, North and South America, and East Asia - the percentage of vegetarians is generally under 10%.

The number of vegetarians in India and around the world is growing. Even though the actual number of vegetarians in India is lower than the perception, the number of people adopting vegetarian diets for ethical reasons appears to be increasing.

Covid19 and vegetarianism

Will more people turn to vegetarianism in post- Covid19 world? People across the world have sought to link Covid19 to non-vegetarian diets, saying the pandemic came from "people eating animals". Coronavirus will change a lot of things. Once the pandemic is over, nothing is going to be the same, including our food habits. Scientists say it is likely that the

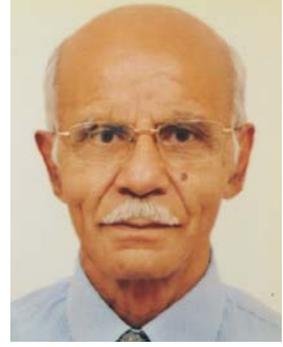
coronavirus came from bats. Although food safety experts have clarified that the coronavirus is not caused by eating meat. The way this virus has shaken the world, it is not easy to convince people. The virus has already given rise to social stigmatisation to an extent that when there are reports and conversations around how wet markets in China's Wuhan and bats are possibly responsible for all the mess, it is likely that a lot of people would turn their back on meat. The most agreed upon by scientists across the world is that pangolins served as the "intermediate host" and passed on the virus from bats to humans. Besides, diseases like Swine Flu that have caused a threat to the existence of humankind in the past also originated from animals, which gives more weight to the argument that people might turn vegetarian in a post-coronavirus world.

I believe that turning vegetarian is a good practice. Vegetarianism is economical, environment-friendly and against cruelty to animals. Famous vegetarians include Mohandas Gandhi, Sir C V Raman, Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam, Jane Goodall, Sri Chinmoy, George Benard Shaw, John Harvey Kellogg, Amitab Bachan, Benjamin Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, Mark Twain Henry Ford, and many more. Vegetarian Day is a day for everyone to take a look at their eating habits and to reflect on how those eating habits may affect one's health, society and the environment.



दिलुच दुबराय

हरी कृष्ण खेर 'कृशन'



सोन स्वन् सुन्द सु पोतकाल वाय
अज्ञ कालस क्याज़ि मशिथ गौ ।१।

ललु वाख तु शेखु श्रुक्य
सोरुय मशिथ गौ ।२।

यम्बुरज़लि हुन्दिस चिकुचावस
सोंतु वावस युन मशिथ गौ ।३।

दिलस मंज़ चूरि लोल तँम्यसुंद
इज़हारस युन मशिथ गौ ।४।

लॉलि हुन्दिस ज़ीठिस इंतिज़ारस
बालु यारस युन मशिथ गौ ।५।

रुमु गॉमुतिस मिलचॉरस
एतिबारस युन मशिथ गौ ।६।

दरियावुकिस सेकि शाठस
सब्ज़ारस युन मशिथ गौ ।७।

हॉरान तु वॉरान सब्ज़ारस
नौ बहारस युन मशिथ गौ ।८।

हारु चन्जि हुन्दिस नारस
बोनि शेहजारस युन मशिथ गौ ।९।

मज़लमू शुर्यन हुन्दिस अनुहारस
लोकचारस युन मशिथ गौ ।१०।

शहरस मंज़ वथिमुतिस इन्तिशारस
खबरदारस युन मशिथ गौ ।११।

दिलुच दुबरायि बे करारस
करारस युन मशिथ गौ ।१२।

कृशनस छि आश पगुहुच
अँस्य आसव ती यि अँस्य अँस्य,
यि नु असि मँशिथ गछि ।



Consecutive Serial - M.K.Raina Imported Time Piece

That night I could not sleep well. At around midnight I woke up and looked towards the timepiece, though it was dark. It was more than fifty years old. Its dial was dirty and misty and it was difficult to figure out the time from it at that hour. But I would not give up since I was well aware of every nook and corner of the timepiece. And why not, it was now a good three years that I had been observing time from it afresh. I could spot its hands even when it was quite dark. I saw that it was only one

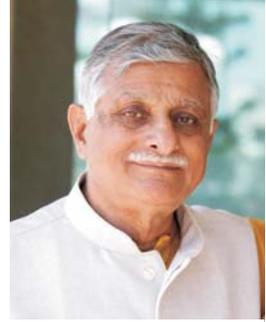


O'clock in the night and it would take a lot more time till it would be five in the morning. But the sleep had gone away from my eyes.

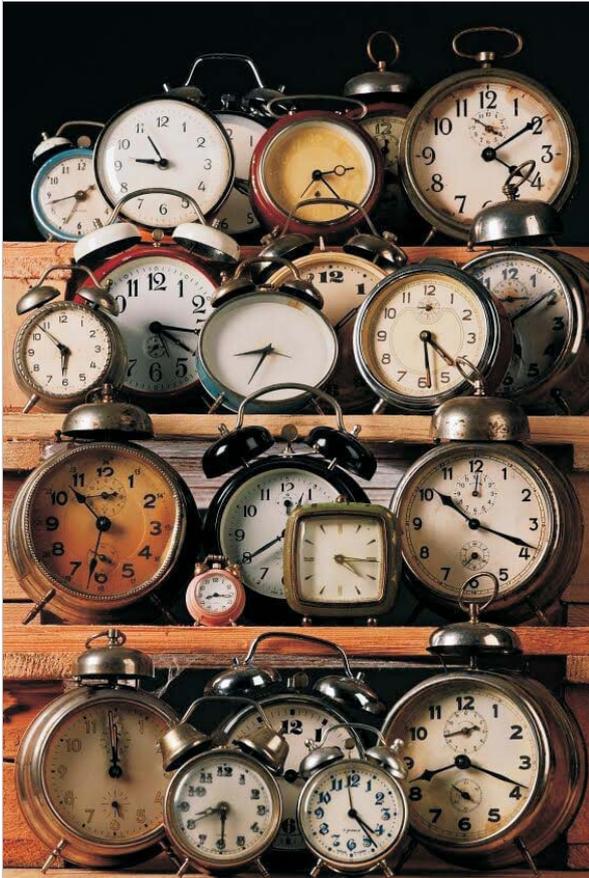
I had to pass time and what better

way than to think a b o u t t h i s masterpiece of a watch? It was brought from Amritsar by my grandpa some fifty years back. It was very attractive. It had three layers of covers on it and the alarm was so loud that the whole locality would startle when it was on. According to my father, the time on this watch was accurate to the minute and would always tally with the radio. Unfortunately about three years back there was a mishap with this timepiece. It fell from the shelf and stopped. No amount of winding would make it get activated. I took it to a watchmaker in the neighborhood. He examined it thoroughly from inside out, nodded his head and said, "It is not possible to rectify it. It has a different mechanism in it." I felt proud and thought, "Indeed, how can it be repaired by a common watchmaker? It is no ordinary watch. It is an imported one as was stated on oath by our grand father." Although the watchmaker could not repair it, yet he was knowledgeable. He directed me to an expert who alone could repair it. I was grateful to him.

I took along with me my friend Raja



and we both rushed to a locality called 'Gurgari mohalla'. There I traced the house of the watchmaker. He was known as Master Razaq. He had no shop of his own and worked in his house itself. He was an expert no doubt. When we reached there and entered into his room, we were aghast. There were hundreds of different watches on the shelves in his room. Most of them were imported from Russia, Japan, Germany and other countries. Of course this was my guess. I



thought a few were made in India too. Some were in order and ticking and some were out of order and silent. We saluted the master. He just glanced towards us and then again bent his head on the watch that he was in the process of repairing then. The owner of the watch too was in front of him. I thought in my mind, 'this shows that the man is in reality an expert. See how busy he is in his job and he has no time for any question answer.' After about an hour he lifted his head. The customer before him felt relieved that the job was done. But the master addressed him thus, "Ama Lala! You will have to come back again tomorrow. I lost one of the hands of this watch yesterday and now I will have to fabricate a new one." The customer was pale and said to me, "Tell me what to do? This watch was brought by my father from Congo after the world war. It is made in America and it is not possible to get its original hand. I do not know whether the hand fabricated by Master Razaq will at all look nice. What a combination, American watch with a locally fabricated hand!" He took back the watch from the master and left the room in a huff.

Master Razaq must have been around fifty or fifty-two years of age. He threw an angular eye on me and said, "See how the times have changed. Now tell me, where shall I get him an American hand for his watch and fix that? Strange are the ways of people. If they purchase a watch from a trash seller, they will say that it has been brought for them by a relation from

abroad or from Arab. Tell them, is there dearth of good watches locally? By God, only yesterday Manzoor Ahmad got a new watch sent by his uncle from Karachi. What a watch it is? The sound of its ticking is a dove's music to the ears. Let me share a secret with you. Manzoor's uncle told me that the Americans mark these very watches made in Karachi as 'Made in USA' and sell them like hot cakes. O Manzoor!" The master wanted to call the boy but he did not show and he said in a low tone, "He must have gone to show the new watch to his friends." I had my self-interest to get my watch rectified and so I nodded my head in agreement to every word he said. I was apprehensive in my heart of hearts that he would speak some invectives about my watch too.

While I was thinking all this I heard the master say, "Now let me see what you have got to show." I took out the watch hesitantly from below my long robe and placed it before him. I held my breath not knowing what he was going to say. He picked up the watch and declared, "Now this is what is called a genuine imported timepiece. No body can deny this fact. By God, you are a lucky guy. Where can you get such stuff these days?" I was elated to hear these words of his and my face brightened with pride and pleasure. I told him, "Sir, the timepiece fell off the shelf and stopped functioning." He placed the timepiece on the floor. His face reddened and almost scolding me, said, "you should not have been so careless about such a valuable stuff. One should know how to

preserve such things or else it is as good as having been thrown in a river."

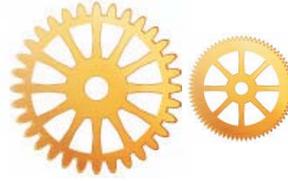
The master kept the timepiece aside and asked me, "where do you reside?" I replied, "Sir, I live at Bal Garden." "O.K; you may go home for now. You can gladly come on the day after tomorrow and your timepiece will be repaired and ready," said he. I asked him how much would the repair cost and he replied that I should bring with me a five-rupee note. This he said without looking at me while he was busy opening the lid of another watch.

I left for my home but all through the way I was thinking that he should not replace the genuine parts of the timepiece by locally made parts. But I was helpless. I had no control on the situation. That night I could hardly sleep because of this fear and apprehension. I reached Master Razaq's home on the third day at about mid-day. He was having his lunch. He told me, "Congratulations, my son! Your timepiece has been repaired. However, you will have to leave it with me up to Sunday. How can you come here time and again, I shall keep it ready and duly tested." I was relieved and praised my intelligence that I should have brought this timepiece for repairs to such an expert hand. I thought that perhaps the hands of the timepiece must be intact or else he would have said something about those.

I looked around but could not spot my watch anywhere. I was pale with apprehension but consoled myself. I presumed that he must be keeping the

watches for test in another room.

On Sunday I reached his home rather early. A young boy was sitting by his side. He had a shining watch tied on his wrist. I guessed that he must be Manzoor Ahmed and this watch must be the one brought from Karachi. He had two brass tops in his hands, which he was rotating on the wooden writing board. Master Razaq took out my timepiece from out of a bag and placed it before me. He said, "look how your watch is working nicely." I looked at the watch. Its dial was dirty and smoky. My timepiece had a snow-white dial. I asked him, "Sir, I think there is some jumble up. This cannot be my timepiece. That has a white dial on it." He sighed and replied, "no doubt, you are quite right. This Manzoor Ahmed is my favourite child, born of my second wife after a lot of prayers. He only removed the dial from your timepiece and made a flying toy of it. What could I say to him? Thank heavens, I was able to locate a dial of the same size from an old timepiece, which I removed and fixed on this one. Otherwise this timepiece would have been rendered useless for want of a small item." I took the timepiece in my hand with tearful eyes. The dial was not only dirty but worn out too. He allowed me a discount of one rupee for the dial and charged me only four rupees. As soon as I bade him good bye, he called me back and said, "Dear, take this item with you as it is yours and I cannot keep it with me." I was at a loss to figure out what item he was talking about. Before I could ask him, he slapped his son,



and snatched the top-like items from his hands. He roared, "Are these any toys that you should play with them?"

You wretched one, your father's value is hardly equal to the price of these items." He handed over these tops to me and said, "See my child! God knows, I never keep any one else's belongings with me. When I dismantled this timepiece and then reassembled it, I could not figure out where these two top-like parts were fitted. So these belong to you and you please take them along. In future if the timepiece stops, bring it to me along with these spares and I shall see if I can find the place where they need to be fitted. But let me tell you, the timepiece is genuinely imported. Even after breaking it down to the last part, it is still working and showing time correctly. You cannot find like of it these days.

With a broken heart I left the place. The two top-like spares I kept hiding lest somebody at home sees them. The master proved his worth and workmanship. Even after three years of repair by him, the timepiece is working all right and showing time accurately.

I looked to the timepiece once more. It was three in the morning but I was to get up at five O'clock. I made an attempt to go to sleep again and in no time was fast asleep.



Letters to Editor

Dear Editor,

Remarkable, colourfully illustrated, entertaining, loaded with interesting information relevant to and representative of our Kashmiri culture. I am amazed at the intellectual contributions and talents of our Kashmiri brethren. All praise to our editors especially Raina Saheb. I find myself incompetent to offer any critique.

K.K.Kaul

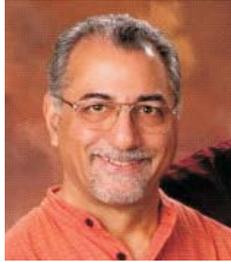
kanwarkaul@gmail.com

**Dear Raina Saheb,**

It was a good read, the Sept. 2020 issue. Namrata Wakhloo's travelogue was absorbing. I have been following snippets on Twitter. This detailed one was refreshing. Suggest, at least one article should particularly be dedicated to 'Koshur' learning. Infact you could start with 'valiv zaan karav' Koshur word quiz compilation @25 words. I am sure the new series will last longer. This will prove to reach a wider audience. Just curious to know, the estimate of current reach of Praagaash. Best Regards.

Ashok Dullu**Baroda**

[Editor replies: Reach of the Journal can't be correctly estimated. We post about 600 through e-mails and another 600 through WhatsApp. Journal is also



available at two websites kpmumbai.org and mkraina.co with links on Twitter and Facebook. It is also shared by many other websites worldwide. Readership from websites can't be estimated. Praagaash is shared by our readers on social media too.]



ہمیں زیادہ سے زیادہ کشمیری زبان کو عام کرنا چھائے تاکہ آنے والے نسلیں اس سے محروم نہ ہوسکے اور ہماری پہچان برقرار رہے۔ اعلیٰ حکام اور ہم سب مل کے اس مادری زبان کو فروغ دے سکتے ہیں۔

ایک کشمیری ہونے کے ناطے مجھے فخر محسوس ہوتا ہے کہ آپ کس طرح اپنی مادری زبان پر دل جان سے کوشش کرتے ہو۔ حالانکہ اس دور میں کشمیری زبان میں بولنے والے کو زیادہ اہمیت حاصل نہیں ہے اس کے برعکس انگریزی زبان بولنے والے کو اعلیٰ ترین سمجھا جاتا ہے۔ شاید آپ متفق نہیں ہونگے اس بات پر۔

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@Hassanwani
Pattan, Kashmir



Shraddhanjali



Parineeta Khar 1952 - 2020

*Heartfelt Condolences from Praagaash*भावपूर्ण
श्रद्धांजली