

# Praagaash

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



# प्रागाश

‘प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान’ की नेट-पत्रिका

For Private Circulation Only



Shankar Gaurishvar Temple  
Pattan, Baramulla, Kashmir  
Photo : Pooja Shali

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

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## Editorial

T.N.Dhar ‘Kundan’

We were disappointed that the workshop on Kashmiri language scheduled to be held at Srinagar in the month of August could not materialize for obvious reasons. We hope that it will be rescheduled as soon as the circumstances permit. We are of the opinion that this would be a milestone in the propagation, popularisation and development of our mother tongue. We feel the need for translation of selected works in Kashmiri, poems, dramas, short stories and other items, into different languages of our country. That will enable scholars and readers all over the country to know the richness of the literature brought out in Kashmiri language during the past six hundred years in general and during the last seventy years in particular. We, as Kashmiris, should be proud of our heritage, which is unique in many respects and in no way inferior to the literature in other Indian languages. Our literature covers a wide spectrum of topics, from spiritual to mundane, from romantic to dogmatic, political to social, religious to ideological, et al. A lot has been done and is being done to preserve it and enrich it. Much more is to be done at individual levels and by various organisations and institutions.



During the past some months, Kashmiri society has lost some luminaries whose contribution to our society and our culture has been commendable. We shall remember them always and we pay our respectful homage to them. After the sad demise of Late Shri O.N.Koul, Late Shri A.N.Kaul Saheb and Late Shri M.K. Teng we have now lost Late Shri T.N.Ganju. He was a great scholar and a gentleman of repute, who did not leave Kashmir and continued to live in his house at Sathu, Barbarshah. Their demise has been a great loss to Kashmir and Kashmiris.



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### वाख - लल द्यद

तलु छुय ज्युस तय प्यठु छुख नचान  
वनतु मालि मन क्यथु पचान छुय ।  
सोरुय सौब्रिथ येत्पु छुय म्वचान  
वनतु मालि अन क्यथ रोचान छुय ॥



तिम छिनु मनुश तिम छि रेश  
यिमन दीह मनु निशि गौव ।  
बँडिथ तु बुडिथ ब्याख क्या रछी  
फुट्यमतिंस बानस पेयी ग्यव ॥



तपे चह्ये रिस ते पिण्डे चह्ये नरान  
वनेते माले मन कित्ते पुरान चह्ये  
सोरे सोमिरे त्ते पिण्डे चह्ये मोरान  
वनेते माले अन कित्ते रोठान चह्ये



तम चह्येने मँस तम चह्ये रेशी  
यिमेन दीहे मेने नेशी गो  
बुरे त्ते ते बुरे त्ते बियाकह किया रच्ये  
पह्येने पिस पानस पीयी ग्यो

### श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

आस ति स्योदुय, गछु ति स्योदुय  
सेदिस होल मे कर्यम क्यात ।  
बु तस गँयास तती व्योदुय  
वुदिस तु विदस कर्यम क्यात ॥



क्वंग छुय गासु ज़मीन सोना  
स्वर्ग हय गछी तु क्रय कर ।  
स्वर्गस बर प्यठ दरखत तूबा  
सु हबा स्वरगुक गाशर ॥



आस ते सियोडे ग्रेडे ते सियोडे  
सिदिस होल मे करिम क्यात  
पे तस गियास एत्ति वुडे  
वुदिस ते वुदिस करिम क्यात



कोनग चह्ये गापे زمین सोना  
सोरग हे ग्रेडे ही ते करे कर  
सोरग्स बुरे पिण्डे दरखत तूबा  
सु हेबा सोरगक गाशर



*Environment - Prof B.L.Kaul*

## Combating Air Pollution

**H**uman activity is causing environmental degradation, which is the deterioration of the environment through major pollution and the depletion of resources, resulting in the destruction of ecosystems, habitat loss and the extinction of wildlife. However, some environmental awareness programmes such as World Food Day conducted worldwide by The United Nations on June 5<sup>th</sup> every year since 1974, have become flagship campaigns for raising awareness on emerging environmental issues facing the world today. These issues include human over-population, climate change, marine pollution, sustainable human consumption, wildlife protection, and more.

Most of us are aware that there are different types of pollution facing humanity today. Examples of these include air, water, soil, light, noise, solid-waste, radioactive, thermal and chemical pollution. In this article I will discuss air pollution, its harmful effects and ways to combat it.

Air pollution occurs when harmful or excessive quantities of gas, dust particles, black carbon and biological molecules and

particles (such as pollen and fungal spores) are introduced into the earth's atmosphere. This may cause disease, allergy and even death to humans; it may also cause harm to other living organisms such as animals, crop plants and may damage the natural and built environment. Both human activity and natural processes generate air pollution.



Indoor air pollution and poor urban air quality are listed as two of the world's most toxic pollution problems. According to the 2014 WHO report, air pollution in 2012 caused the death of a whopping 7-million people worldwide. An air pollutant is a material in the air that can have adverse effects on humans as well as the ecosystem. The substances can be solid particles, liquid droplets or gasses. A pollutant can be of natural origin, such as ash and gas from volcanic eruptions, decomposition of organic materials both on land and in water, and respiratory waste-products produced by living organisms. Man-made examples of air pollutants include carbon monoxide gas from motor vehicle exhausts, as well as sulfur dioxide and carbon dioxide released from heavy industry. Ground level ozone is formed as a secondary pollutant.

Carbon dioxide makes up the majority of greenhouse gas emissions, but smaller amounts of methane, nitrous oxide, sulfur dioxide and carbon monoxide are also emitted. These gases are released during the combustion of fossil fuels such as coal, oil and natural gas, used to produce electricity. The highest source of carbon emissions are heavy





industrial plants alongside cars, railway engines, aeroplanes and ships; with coal releasing twice as much carbon dioxide as petroleum. Worldwide, fossil fuels generate 85% of all electricity.

Air pollution affects our health in many ways. It affects cardiovascular health by thickening our arteries and subsequently increasing our risk of heart attacks and strokes. There is even emerging evidence that air pollution may be linked to mental health conditions and degenerative brain diseases such as Alzheimer's disease, Parkinson's disease and Schizophrenia. Linked also to major respiratory ailments such as bronchitis, rhinopharyngitis, bronchial hypertension and asthma, air pollution is associated with increased cardiovascular morbidity, immune system depletion and higher mortality.

There is a nexus between air pollution and climate. Black carbon in the air is a harmful particulate matter known as a short-lived climate pollutant (SLCP). Reducing carbon emission levels can have significant climate and health benefits. Ground level Ozone is another SLCP formed by the mixing of air pollutants that are typically emitted over cities or nearby rural areas, such as methane and nitrogen oxide emitted by motor vehicles.

Air pollution impacts not only our health, but also has a close relationship with climate



change. Many air pollutants contribute to climate change by affecting the amount of incoming sunlight that is reflected or absorbed by the atmosphere, with some pollutants warming and others cooling the Earth. These SLCPs include methane, black carbon, ground level Ozone and sulfate aerosols. They have a significant impact on raising global temperatures, with black carbon and methane in particular being among the top contributors to global warming after carbon dioxide.

The problem of air pollution can be combated to a large extent by taking the following steps:

- ❖ Reducing the use of fossil fuels – namely petroleum and coal
- ❖ Reducing the use of wood as fuel
- ❖ Driving legislation to ban the burning of solid wastes, plastics and crop stubs
- ❖ Preventing forest fires. At the time of writing the raging forest fires in the Amazon valley are a matter of great concern and a threat to our very existence
- ❖ Generating renewable energy such as solar and wind power on a large scale
- ❖ Producing and using more biofuels
- ❖ Using CNG instead of petrol and diesel in public transport
- ❖ Replacing petrol and diesel cars with electric cars
- ❖ Reducing the use of private vehicles with greater utilisation of public transport
- ❖ Using bicycles in place of mopeds, scooters and motorbikes wherever possible
- ❖ Using technology for the de-sulfurization of gasses emitted in heavy industry
- ❖ Using electricity conservatively in homes and public places
- ❖ Replacing luminescent bulbs with LED bulbs
- ❖ Reducing the consumption of meat,



## जाय कत्यो छय

वहाब खार

thereby reducing cattle populations, leading to a reduction in methane gas emission. Taking vegetarian food will help humanity a lot in this direction

- ❖ Restoring wetlands and water bodies so that aquatic vegetation may flourish and consume atmospheric carbon dioxide and release more oxygen
- ❖ Most importantly, we must start afforestation programmes on a war-footing all over the world, drastically increasing the coverage of grass, trees and bushes to reduce air pollution and combat climate change

If the above measures are taken by us all, air pollution can be reduced greatly. Our combined efforts will add-up to help to save human life as well as the lives of other organisms on Earth. It is everyone's duty to leave the Earth as a safe and habitable place for future generations.

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छम चॉन्य् स्यठाह माय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय  
दूरन द्यु मो मार ग्राय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय

येति ना दरन-पाय मत्यो  
सरन सब्जी छय  
काद्यु ज़ूनि कासतम ग्राय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय

ड्यकस मंज़ छय जाय मत्यो  
स्वय मे लेखनय छय  
तिम छी र्फ डाय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय

ग्वनाह तु सवाब आय मत्यो  
त्रकरि तोल्यम दय  
तथ कोरकुन लागि ग्राय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय

कम कम सुलैमान आय मत्यो  
कति हातिम तय  
दोराह कॅरिथ द्राय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय

यिम येमि बवुसरु द्राय मत्यो  
तिम नु फीरिथ आय  
अब्दुल वहाबस राय मत्यो  
जाय कत्यो छय



## शॉयिर - त्रिलोकीनाथ धर कुन्दन



कुस गव शॉयिर, क्युथ ह्यु शॉयिर यस अँस्य रुत ग्वनमाथ वनव ?  
 कुस गव शॉयिर, क्युथ ह्यु शॉयिर यस अँस्य रुत फनकार वनव ?  
 सु ति छुय शॉयिर अबदी शॉयिर, च् ति छुख शॉयिर शारुक रुफा,  
 बु ति छुस शॉयिर, मोत बॉतन पथ, शार म्वलुल्य छिम दिल तम्बलावान ।  
 शॉयिर गव तखलीक करान युस, शॉयिर यस नज़रन मंज़ सौरुय,  
 ज़नुम दिवान छुय कथ कथ शॉयिर, डेशान, च़ेनान, सनिरन वातान ।  
 हॉकिम शॉयिर सॉयिल शॉयिर, हुकुम चलावान लफज़न शबदन,  
 मानेहन व्वखुरावान शॉयिर, ज़िन्दगी हुन्द फलसफ़ सुय बावान ।  
 सॉरुय ज़िन्दगी छुय बदलावान, कुनि तम्बलावान कुनि ब्रमुरावान ।  
 द्रीँठ्य यिवान छिस मंतुर कम कम, वीदन ताम छुय साम ह्यवान सुय ।  
 लफज़न छुय सुय शेरान पॉरॉन, मतलब माने ब्योन ब्योन च़ारान,  
 गयवनुक सोज़ अनान बॉतन मंज़, वच़नन हँज़ वखनय छुय व्यछनान ।  
 नगमन हँद्य सथ स्वर छुय बावान, नच़नुक्य सॉरॉ रुफ छु हावान ।  
 कुलि आलमस क्युत सुय ह्यतकॉरी, रुच़ वथ हावान वॅर्यनस यॉरी ।  
 लफज़न सृत्यन ग्युंदनाह वॅर्य वॅर्य, माने मतलब थावान बॅर्य बॅर्य ।  
 अँम्य सुंद दुनिया बदलय आलम, दूद क्वल तथ मंज़ वसुवन्य पयहम ।  
 ज़ानन वाल्यव रॅट स्वय कालय, मानन वाल्यन लोग तमिकुय पय ।  
 शॉयिर असि कुन ऑनु छु हावान, यथ मंज़ अँस्य छी पान परज़नावान ।  
 ग्यव्य ग्यव्य असि छुय न्यन्द्रे सावान, पगुहुक अख नोव सौपनाह हावान ।  
 प्रॉनिस पूज़ करान छुय शॉयिर, रातुक्य गीत ग्यवान छुय शॉयिर ।  
 पगुहुक नूर छु शॉयिर हावान, खसुवुन सिरियि छु असि प्रज़लावान ।  
 श्येँछ्य बॉविथ गॅयि शॉयिर कॉत्याह, तिहिंदी आलव बदल्यव दुनियाह ।  
 ज़िन्दगी हँद्य वॅन्य राज़ यिमव सँन्य, छाय हटॉवख माय वॅडुख नॅन्य ।  
 धर्मचि कर्मचि कथु ह्यछिनाव्यख, फरज़चि कथु असि ब्ययि याद पाव्यख ।  
 येमि सृत्य इन्सान ख्वश रोज़ि ऑखुर, विज़ि विज़ि शॉयिरव पॅर स्वय मॉथुर ।  
 ओबर लंगाह ह्यु शॉयिर मानुन, शार तसुंद रंगु स्वंज़लाह ज़ानुन ।  
 अज़लय आमुत शॉयिर ज़न्मस, च्यथ छुय आमुत लोलुक सुय मस ।  
 सिरियि छु वुछ प्रज़लान छु शॉयिर, र्यशुनय हुंद संतान छु शॉयिर ।



*For Our Youth*

## Great People To Learn From ISRO Chief Dr. K. Sivan

**ISRO** Control Room in Bengaluru went silent on Saturday midnight (7 Sept 2019) when they lost contact with Vikram Lander of Chandrayan-2 just a few minutes before landing. It was more heartbreaking, to see a man who broke down in the control room. He said "Vikram Lander design was as planned and the normal performance was observed up to an altitude of 2.1 Kms. Subsequently, the communication from Lander to ground station was lost. Data is being analysed."

Entire nation became emotional while listening to his speech. Internet got teary-eyed watching PM Modi hug him. He is none other than India's Rocket Man



and ISRO Chief Dr K. Sivan. Born to a farmer in Tarakkanvilai village of Kanyakumari.

Sivan completed his schooling in Tamil medium Government schools. A self-made, self-taught and a hard-working







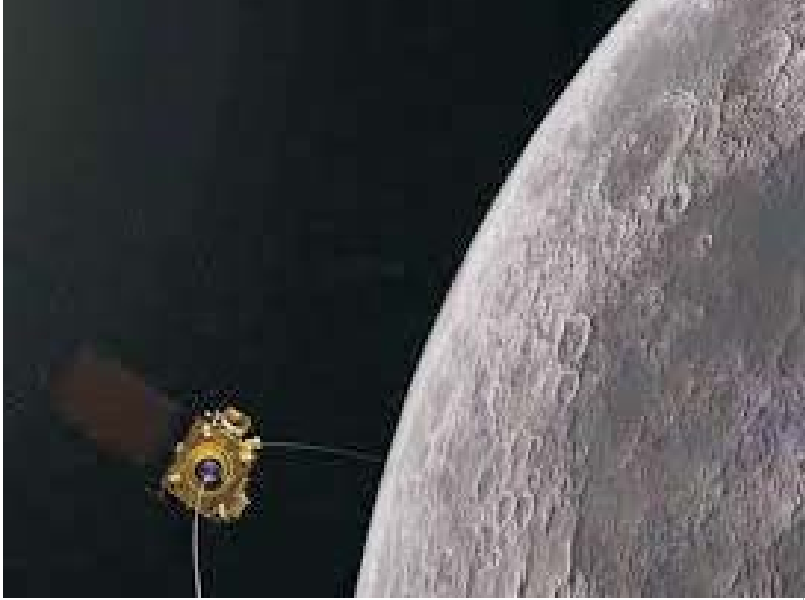
person, becomes first graduate in his family.

Dr. Sivan didn't even own a pair of trousers for most part of his student life and used to wear dhotis. He says, "I wasn't bothered about what I didn't get. I excelled in whatever I was given to do, being very much passionate about Engineering". He had to pursue Bachelor of Science as his father was unable to fund his Engineering Course. But after he completes his BSc Mathematics, his father

says, "Once I stopped you from doing what you wanted, but I will not stop you this time. I will sell my land to fund your Engineering Course."

Sivan then completes his B.E. in Aeronautical Engineering from Madras Institute of Technology and M.E. in Aerospace from IISC Bengaluru in 1982. He joins ISRO in 1982 and becomes part of PSLV Project to contribute immensely towards end to end mission planning, mission design, mission integration and analysis. Subsequently, he completed his Ph.D. from IIT Mumbai in 2006.

Dr. Sivan played an important role in developing the strategy that helped steer Mars Orbiter Spacecraft towards Mars. In his career spanning three decades, Sivan had worked in projects including GSLV, PSLV and GSLV MkIII and had held many responsibilities like Group Director, MSSG, Project Director and Deputy



Director.

It was Sivan's expertise that gave ISRO the ability to send 104 satellites in a single mission, setting a world record on 14 February 2017. Sivan is honoured with many awards including Doctor of Science (Honoris Causa), Dr. Vikram Sarabhai Research Award, ISRO Merit Award. He was appointed the Chief of ISRO in January 2018. Under his Chairmanship, ISRO successfully launched Chandrayan 2. However, he was disheartened when Lander Vikram lost communication with ISRO. Despite the setback in Chandrayan 2 landing, K. Sivan and all the scientists deserve a grand salute for their immense contribution and efforts in making India proud through space missions. From being humble son of a farmer to reaching the sky, K. Sivan's journey is surely inspiring.

[Input: metrosaga]



## Tribute

## Remembering Prof (Dr) T.N.Ganjoo

M.K.Parimoo



On 8th September 2019. Kashmir lost one of the noble souls of the soil Prof. (Dr.) T.N. GANJOO r/o Sathoo Payeen Srinagar Kashmir. He breathed his last at his ancestral home in Srinagar. My Grand mother and Ganjoo Saheb's mother were very close friends and used to visit each other as both the families were in close vicinity of the same mohalla in Srinagar. Dr.Ganjoo respected not my Grandmother only but my parents also. Dr. Ganjoo Sahebs' mothers' unique quality was to bless any person irrespective of caste , colour or religion, whenever they used to wish her by the road side. This shows the cultural perspective of the family.

Dr. T.N.Ganjoo was a self made man of sobre quality who had started his career as a school teacher and with his hard work and dedication did Ph.d. in Hindi and joined P.G.Department of Hindi, Kashmir University Srinagar. Being very colloquial and using sweet words very effectively he had developed friendship not only in his department but in other P.G. departments of Kashmir University also. I have seen Prof. M.K.Teng many a times at Ganjoo Saheb's residence. He had a rich library of books on diverse subjects at his residence in Srinagar. In addition to Hindi he had a rich knowledge of Sanskrit also. He was very well versed in Sharda, Urdu and English also. He had made reading and writing his most favourite hobby.

Since seventies of the last century I used to visit him frequently, usually in connection with Radio Programme Praagaash at Srinagar. During mid seventies we had started a serial "सएन कथ राजतरंगिणी" in Praagaash programme which used to be the weekly serial in the programme. I used to invite Dr. Ganjoo for this serial as well as other diversified topics connected with the ancient culture of Kashmir.



Dr. Ganjoo had a deep knowledge of Astrology also. Whatever he had predicted about me and my family members or about the future of J&K state in person to me during our last meeting in Srinagar during nineties of the last century, that all came true. I had seen him discussing many astrological problems with many non Hindu Kashmiris also at his residence in Srinagar. All those Kashmiri Muslims who used to visit his residence were praising him for his qualities.

Right from seventies of the last century I have seen him going regularly on his bicycle to Shaiva Ashram Fateh Kadal as well as to Swami Vidya Dhar Ashram Karan Nagar. During peak militancy in Kashmir in nineties of the last century I have seen him going to Swami Vidya Dhar Ashram Karan Nagar, Srinagar, Kashmir.

I had also seen Dr.Ganjoo guiding some Ph.D scholars at his residence. One such scholar is personally known to me and she is Prof. Usha Bhagaati who used to teach music at college level. In addition to his professional qualities, Prof.(Dr.)T.N.Ganjoo was known for his social help also.

Once again my hand folded Shradhanjali to Prof. (Dr.) T.N. Ganjoo. May his soul rest in peace.

OM SHANTI



# मोज



## ज़रीफ़ अहमद ज़रीफ़

माजि हुंद आसुन तु अज़मत चुकावुन्य तु अदु कलमुचि क्वमि अंदर अनुन गव वावस फुटजि तु आबस ग्वनु करुनस बराबर कथाह। य्वसु इमकानातव गॅछिथ कथाह छे। माजि हुंदिस मुर्तबस तु म्वलस व्यछुनय करुन्य दोप गाटुल्यव कल्मस ति छे ज्यव ह्वखान। माजि हुंदिस मॅछुजारस ह्योक नु अज़ ताम काँसि ति म्वल वॅरिथ। १) अरबी क़ोल छु मोज छि सु नूरे अज़ल युस प्रथ कुनि गॅटिस गाशुरावान छु। २) मोज छि कायिनातुकिस् बागस अंदर सु गुले बहार यथ नु ज़ांह ति हरुद छु यिवान। अमी मुश्कदार पोशुकि बरकतु छु गॅर्य गरु मुश्कान। ३) जनतुक्य मुहॉफिज़न छु दोपमुत ज़ि मोज छि आलमे बशीरतस अंदर स्व बुलंद तु बालाहस्ती, यसुंधन पायन तल ब्युहुन मे ति छु कबूल कोरमुत। ४) समंदरन छु दोपमुत ज़ि माजि हुंदिस शफकतस तु रफाकतस छु त्यूत सन्यर यथ अंदर बु ति श्रौपिथ ह्यकु। ५) माजि हुंद दुवायि खॉर छु औलादस पनुनि छायि हुंद्य पॉठ्य सुत्य रुज़िथ दिलस स्कून तु द्यमागस तरावथ वातुनावान। ६) मोज अगर जिस्मॉनी तोर नोजुक तु मिज़ाज़ु किन्य काँचाह अँछ ति आसि, पोज़, औलादु सुंदि बापथ छि अख बलवान तु मुहॉफिज़ बॅनिथ तस डॅखिस रुज़िथ आसान। ७) यस औलादस मोल मोज रॉज़ी आसि नु, सु औलाद आसि येति मालदार ऑसिथ ति मुफलिस, वति रोवमुत तु तति बेकस तु बेकरार।

## ظریف احمد ظریف

## موج

ماجہ ہند اسن تہ عظمت چکاؤنی تہ اؤ قلمچہ کومہ اندرائن گوؤ و  
واوس پھوٹجہ تہ آبس گونہ کرنس برابر کتھاہ - یوسہ امکانا تو  
گروہتھ کتھاہ چھہ - ماجہ ہندس مرتیس تہ مویس وپھنے کرنی  
دو پ گائلو قلمس تہ چھہ زو ہوکھان - ماجہ ہندس مڑھچارس  
ہیڈک نہ از تام کانسہ تہ مول کرتھہ -

۱) عربی قول چھہ موج چھہ سہ نور ازل یس پر تھہ گنہ گئیس  
گائراوان چھہ -

۲) موج چھہ کاینات کس باغس اندر سہ گل بہار تھہ نہ زانہہ  
تہ ہر دچھہ یوان - امی مشکدار پوشہ کہہ برکتہ چھہ گری گپ  
مُشکان -

۳) جب تکو محافظن چھہ دو پمت ز موج چھہ عالم بشریتس اندر سو پلند  
تہ بالائستی یس ہندن پائین تل بہین مے تہ چھہ قبول کو رمت  
۴) سمندر ن چھہ دو پمت ز ماجہ ہندس شفقتس تہ رفاقتس چھہ  
تیوت سنبر تھہ اندر بہ تہ شرو پتھہ ہیگیہ

۵) ماجہ ہند دُعایہ خا رچھہ اولادس پنہہ ژھایہ ہندری پاٹھو ستر  
رؤ زتھہ ولس سکون تہ دہاغس تز او تھہ واتہ ناوان -

۶) موج اگر جسمانی طور نو زک تہ مزاز کز کا تراہ اژھ تہ آسہ یوز  
اولاد ہند باپتھہ چھہ اکھ بلوان تہ محافظ پتھہ تس ڈکھس رؤ زتھہ  
آسان -

۷) یس اولادس مول موج راضی آسہ نہ سہ اولاد آسہ پیٹہ مالدار  
آستھہ تہ مُفلس، و تہ روومت تہ تہ بے کس تہ بے قرار -



*My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury*

## The Bear Hug

**(A case of Pericardial Effusion)**



**A**bdul Razak was admitted with exertional breathlessness, weakness and easy fatigability. This 38-year old salesman with a cloth merchant in Amira Kadal, Srinagar, enjoyed excellent health till 2 weeks before his admission to our ward, when he started getting progressively out of breath on walking and during normal activities related to his profession. He was not able to lift a roll of cloth from the shelves to exhibit it to his customers or to climb a flight of stairs without stopping a couple of times catching his breath.

During my rounds I found this rather lanky and lean fellow slightly puffy in the face. His pulse was feeble and fast, his neck veins stood out and remained bulging even while he sat up, the blood pressure was low normal, the pulse pressure narrow and there was a paradox. He had developed mild pedal (of the feet) edema. His heart sounds were feeble and distant even as the heart was enlarged, and there was a pericardial rub (scratchy sound) in front of the heart near the sternum. His liver was enlarged two centimeters and tender to palpation.

It does not require any special acumen to suspect Pericardial Effusion (collection of fluid in the sac surrounding heart) as the cause of his clinical presentation. By next morning we had done the preliminary investigations, taken his chest

x-ray and ECG. The heart, on x-ray, looked like the typical moneybag and ECG depicted a low-voltage tachycardia, both of which corroborated the clinical suspicion.



The blood tests and biochemistry on Abdul Razak did not make us any wiser about the cause of this effusion. He did not run fever, there was no history of trauma, nor of any rheumatism, his kidney functions were normal and so was the examination of systems other than heart.

What was the cause of his effusion? He did not fit anywhere in the list of common causes of effusion in our setting - rheumatic, tubercular, traumatic, kidney failure, etc. Could he be a rare case of a malignant tumour of the heart or pericardium?

We decided to aspirate the fluid. Those were the days with limited imaging facilities. Echocardiogram was not available. The tapping of fluid had to be undertaken blindly by introducing a longish needle directed from the abdomen below towards the base of the

heart or from the chest wall along the left border. I took the former route and was lucky to hit the pericardial sac and draw blood! Yes, it was frank blood and I wondered had I penetrated the heart, but the blood did not





come out in jets and spurts with each heart beat as it should have in that eventuality. Instead, it had to be drawn by a gentle suction. Besides, it did not clot; that was a sound indication it was from the pericardial sac and not the heart. I drained about 200 milliliters.

Abdul Razak felt relieved of a 'pressure' on his heart almost immediately. His breathlessness abated and the pulse and blood pressure improved. But that did not solve the puzzle. We examined the aspirated fluid and it was blood and nothing else; it did not reveal any evidence of a tumour or tuberculosis. We yet conjectured about the possibility of one of these conditions and started treating him for the treatable - that is tuberculosis.

By next morning he was accumulating again and in another two days he became breathless and developed a typical tamponade - a condition where the fluid in the pericardial sac accumulates quickly in quantities so large as to hamper the contraction and expansion of the heart, strangulating it so to say. If not relieved, shock and death would not take long to ensue.

I went in again and now drained another 250 milliliters - again frank blood. It was baffling. Tuberculosis was out of question. Even if it were a hemorrhaging tumour it would not bleed that fast. It had to be an open, bleeding vessel. But what was causing it? I again asked him if he was ever hit on the chest or had sustained a fall. He denied any history of trauma.

We continued anti-tubercular regimen and added steroids with the hope of stabilizing the bleeding, whatever the cause. We followed up with serial x-rays from different angles to look for any evidence of a tumour. In another three days the process repeated; he re-accumulated, I drained again.

Abdul Razak was a gentle, amiable fellow; he lauded our efforts and even joked about his hiding a spring of the vital fluid in his

breast that was forcing itself in a fount. But, by now, he developed anaemia and we transfused two units of blood. His attendants were concerned and we were utterly baffled. I went home that day brooding about the possibilities, looked at the literature on blood in the pericardial sac and came to a naught about this case. I could only come to one conclusion - he had sustained a trauma about which he forgot.

It was a difficult night. I dreamt of blood being spilled in a fight, someone hitting me in the chest and causing a bloody effusion. Yet, I woke up with a clear mind and was in a hurry to rush to the hospital. We started the morning rounds directly from Abdul Razak. He was slightly dyspnoeic (breathless) and certainly re-accumulating.

"Doctor Sahib, when will blood stop welling up in my heart?" he asked as the whole team stood by his side trying to grapple with the aetiology in this case.

"Only when we fathom the cause, Abdul Razak. And now tell me are you sure you were not hit in the chest?"

"Yes sir, I am sure."

"Yet do I feel that you have been hit or crushed by something. Try to recall. A roll of cloth falling on your chest, or a fall from a table or chair on your face, hitting the chest?"

"No sir, I can tell you for certain, nobody hit me. I did not fall, nothing fell on me."

And then it suddenly flashed in my mind. "Did someone hug you hard?"

He thought for a while and his eyes widened as he remembered. "Yes sir, I recall it now that you ask about this embrace. My elder brother returned from the pilgrimage (Haj) to Mecca last month. I went to the airport to receive him and he hugged me long and hugged me tight, almost crushing my chest. I even felt a twinge of pain then but quite forgot in the excitement of reunion. I never thought about it ever since. If that is what you are asking."



"Exactly that. It was a Bear Hug, Abdul Razak. An affectionate hug by a strong man that tore a blood vessel in the sac of your heart."

"Yes sir, he is well built and strong and has returned stronger from the pilgrimage!"

"Let us hurry then," I addressed my team who were looking on almost dumfounded, "Let us call the surgeons and open him before he tamponades again."

The surgeons incised the pericardium, drained the accumulated blood to find the culprit - a bleeding vessel in the pericardial covering. They sutured it and the bleeding stopped. The sac was stitched back.

There was no looking back from there. The drugs were stopped and the patient recovered fast. There was no re-accumulation and he was discharged on the 5th day.

Dear reader,

*Beware of the Bear Hug  
That may bear down  
on your tender chest  
And fracture a rib  
Or tear a vessel  
Rupture a lung  
Or sear the heart..*

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## Sign-Post

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someone got tired of  
thinking.



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*Adventure - Namrata Wakhloo*

## Trekking Trip To Tarsar Marsar Lakes

**D**uring my growing up years in Srinagar, I never got an opportunity to explore the mountainside. The outings would be limited to picnics in the Mughal Gardens or scenic places like Pahalgam, Kokernag, Prang, Duksum and the rest – either with the family or with school. Most of the time otherwise, would be spent around academics and at my Matamaal with my cousins. Life after my marriage changed. Having moved to Delhi in 1997, got busy with setting up home, work, kids, new places to explore and so on. Kashmir was somewhere there on my mind but I was physically very far off.

It was only much later, when I took my kids to Kashmir in the summer of 2012, to show them the beautiful place we belonged to, did I see Kashmir from a different perspective. It was like re-discovering Kashmir during the 8-day trip that we made. Although, it was a regular itinerary of Pahalgam, Gulmarg, Yusmarg, Aharbal and so on, however, there was a certain newness and excitement in the way I would explain it to the children. Our Man Friday there, Abid - the taxi driver, did a big value-add by taking us to some off-beat

locations like Dodhpathar, Bothapather etc. He surprised us with an overnight camping that he had organised on the banks of Sindh at Sonamarg. We even made a day trip to Drass witnessing one of the most scenic routes through the mighty Zojila with the gushing waters of Sindh flowing alongside. Enroute we saw the picturesque hamlets of Matayen, Minimarg, Gumri and Pandrass.



The stories of the bounties of Kashmir that I had often heard from my family and the various anecdotes narrated by Abid on this trip left me wanting more of the place. I was always mesmerized by the plentiful “Nags” and “Sars” that our beautiful Valley was bestowed with. There was something about them that always beckoned me. In fact, on this trip, when we went to Yusmarg, I got to know that Nilanag was just a short climb/horse-ride away, however, due to paucity of time we couldn't do it. That's when I got more insight into these alpine lakes and springs which exist high up in the mountains of Kashmir which can be accessed only on foot/horseback and not by a motor vehicle.

After returning to Delhi, social media became my window to these mesmerising locales. It made pictures of these pristine lakes, forests and mountains even more accessible and closer. People would share their exhilarating experience of treks and climbs through the mountains and I kept longing to go. My children were still in school, so taking a few days' break and heading to the mountains was a remote possibility. I would just keep making mental notes of all these





places and promising myself that I would see them at least once in my lifetime.

Last year, finally, I saw a chance to embark on this journey. A wee bit late in life, nonetheless, worth every effort. I decided to go on my first long-haul trek to Kashmir. A few friends I had been discussing my thoughts with, suggested a few professional trekking companies which organised treks to Kashmir and Uttarakhand. Being on the wrong side of the forties with no fitness regimen in place, worried me. I spent days scanning the website of a very popular trekking organisation that listed more than a dozen treks across the Himalayas with a “toughness” rating for each. I settled for a “moderate to tough” trek between the various “easy” and “tough” ones, and of course, it had to be only the Himalayas of Kashmir. This was in August of 2018. It was a solo trip for me, in the sense, I was going to trek with a bunch of trekkers from across the country. Though I have been travelling solo, mostly across Europe, didn't know how it would pan out in India, knowing how different the set up here is. Plus, with Kashmir these days, you are never sure.

I got enrolled for Tarsar Marsar – the twin lakes in the Kolahoi mountains. I reached Srinagar on the morning of Aug 6 and met the group that I was going to trek with, at the designated place in Sathu Barbarshah. I was the only Kashmiri in a group of about 20 people from all across India. I had feared that I probably would be the oldest and the most untrained amongst the lot but as luck would have it there were a few, who were older than or as inexperienced as I, which put me at ease. The trekking companies can be very strict about the pace at with each individual walks because they have a set itinerary to follow. So, they had informed us upfront that anybody who is too slow so as to slow down the entire group would be sent back! This fear was my biggest motivation. I made a promise to myself that come what may, I would not be the one to



come back without seeing what I had set out for.

Aru, near Pahalgam, was the base camp. The 6-day trek was through Lidderwat, Shekwas, Tarsar, Sundersar and Marsar. Each day we would cover a few kms and then camp at one of the meadows or flat hill-tops as per the plan. During these days, we covered a total of about 55 kms which is supposed to be a great deal in the high altitude terrain. The day would begin with climbs uphill and downhill from one mountain to another. Good shoes and a trekking pole are the biggest saviours. When the going would get tough on a very steep climb, we would turn to the guide and ask “aur kitna hai lunch time tak” and he would smile reassuringly and say “bas yeh jo pahadi hai, isko paar karte hee” and we would get charged up not knowing that it still meant a couple of hours or so! The local guides





The Tarsar Lake is surrounded by the peaks of the Kolahoi mountain. The lake is separated by a mountain from another lake of the same nature known as Marsar, which is in the vicinity of Dachigam. Together these two lakes are referred to as the twin sisters. The Tarsar Lake drains into the Lidder River at Lidderwat. Being the nearest seasonal settlement, Lidderwat is a day's trek from Aru. The Marsar Lake drains out and flows in the opposite direction of Tarsar.

The 16th-century Kashmiri ruler Yusuf Shah Chak mentioned the twin lakes in his poetry to his beloved Habba Khatoon:

‘When I remember the two tresses of the comely beloved,  
Tears begin to flow from my eyes like streams from Tarsar and Marsar.’

My Kashmir sojourn does not end here. I plan to trek or make road trips to Kashmir every year so that I carry back as much of my birthplace as I can, from these visits. I was scheduled to do the Kashmir Great Lakes this August which got cancelled at the last minute because of the political unrest. Hopefully, next year.

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accompanying us were very pleasing and jovial. They were especially nice to me and would break frequently in Kashmiri with me to the surprise of the rest of the group. They would offer to carry my backpack or give me that extra helping of food as a warm gesture which only a Kashmiri would understand. At times, while pushing yourself up the incline, you wonder whether you would make it or not but when you do at the end of the day, there's no better accomplishment than that.

The Himalayas in Kashmir are extraordinarily beautiful and leave you in awe. The splendour of the rich green meadows along the glacial streams and brooks is what fairy tales are made up of. Up there, in the wilderness, you experience a deep sense of calm. You are actually one with the nature. The entire trek was along the river Lidder, which would vanish in between and show up again, close to the Kolahoi mountains, surrounded by endless slopes of thick forests and a blue sky. The breeze carried the heady fragrance of pines and deodars.

I would not go into the details of the trek this time, may be save it for some other time.

**A little about the alpine lakes Tarsar & Marsar :**





कॉशुर तल्मीह

## अॅलिफ लॉल वनुन्य

अॅलिफ लॉल छे अरबी ज़बॉन्य हुंज़ मशहूर दॅलीलि किताब। दुनियिहुच खालुय कांह बॅड ज़बान आसि, यथ मंज़ नु यि कुलहुम पॉठ्य या चॉरय वॅगरिथ तर्जमु तु छाप आसि सपुज़मुच। अमिच प्रथ दॅलील छि मज़दार। अथ ज़खीम दॅलीलु किताबि हुंज़न केंचन दॅलीलन छु प्रोफेसर हॉजिनी सॉबन कॉशुर तर्जमु ति कोरमुत। चूंकि अथ किताबि मंज़ छि सास दॅलीलु, कॉशिर्यव छि अमिकिस ज़ेछरुकिस तु तवालतुकिस मानेयस मंज़ तलमीह बनावमुच। अमी मूजुब येलि कांह ज़ेठि ज़ीठ दासतान वनुन्य लागि तु बोज़न वोल गछि तंग, दपान छिस 'लॉजिथमु सॉ अॅलिफ लॉल वनुन्य' ?



## क़ाशिर तलमिज अॅलिफ लॉल वनुन्य

अॅलिफ लॉल च्छे عربي زباني हुंज़ मशहूर डॅलीले किताब - दुनियाँ च्छे क्हाले कांहे बड्डुबान आसे य्त्त मन्ज़ने ये क़ाशिर पाठ्ठु या ठारु क्त्त त्त्रज्मे ते च्छाप आसे सपुज़मुच - अच्च् पर त्त्त डॅलील च्छे मज़दार - अत्त डखिम डॅलीले किताबे हुंज़न किन्तुन डॅलील च्छे प्रोफेसर हाजिनी साबन क़ाशिर त्त्रज्मे ते कोरमुत - चोन्के अत्त किताबे मन्ज़ च्छे सास डॅलीले, क़ाशिर च्छे अकिस त्त्रज्मे क्त्त तुवाल्तुक्स मानिस मन्ज़ तल्मिहे बनावमुच - अमी मुजुब येले कांहे न्न्न्ने डॅलीले दास्तान वनुन्य लागे ते बोजन वोल ग्त्त तंग, दपान च्छे "लॉजिथमु सॉ अॅलिफ लॉल वनुन्य" ?



Kashmiri Language - Prof R.N.Bhat (BHU)

## Palatalization : A Note on Kashmiri Morphophonology - 2



In 2c. total palatalization of the word final retroflex consonant occurs due to the suffixation of the plural suffix *-i* (*retroflex stop > palatal affricate*) but the stem vowel (back *u/o*) does not undergo any change. In 2d, on the other hand, the word final alveolar stop consonant changes to an alveolar affricate (*alveolar stop > alveolar affricate*), and the base vowel is raised (*a > ə*). The voice and aspiration features are retained. It is clear that the retroflex stop consonants undergo 'total palatalization' whereas the alveolar stops change to affricates without changing place of articulation. It seems appropriate to mention here that lateral consonant *l* too undergoes 'total palatalization' in the word final position in gender inflection.

	Sg.		Pl.
2e.	wath	way	watl
	lath	footstep	latl
	dath	plod	datl
	pɔTh	strength	pɔTl
	to:~th	beak	to:~tl

The word final aspirated consonant is deaspirated when the central high vowel *i* is suffixed as a plural marker. Palatalization has no role here. It is pertinent to mention here that the suffixation of plural marker *i* does not deaspirate word final consonants universally; e.g.

	Sg.		Pl
2f.	kath	story/tale/talk	kathl

The base form undergoes no internal change after suffixation of plural marker *i* in the items given in 2g. However, the word final consonant is geminated.

	Sg.		Pl
2g.	tsɔl	makeshift oven	tsɔll
	srɔng	tunnel	srɔnggl
	khɔn	lap	khɔnɪl
	gɔl	Rind (of a walnut/almond)	gɔll
	kɔl	stream	kɔll

### GENDER INFLECTION

C. Let us examine some instances of gender inflection :

	Mas.	Gloss	fem.
3ai.	non	visible	nən <sup>y</sup>
	on	blind	ən <sup>y</sup>
	ko:n	one-eyed	kə:n <sup>y</sup>
3aii.	cha:n	carpenter	chə:n <sup>y</sup>
	ga:n	shameless/whore	gə:n <sup>y</sup>

In 3ai the word final consonant is palatalized which triggers centering of the stem vowel (*o > ə*), its height is not disturbed. In 3aii, on the other hand, the palatalization of the word final consonant raises the stem vowel (*a > ə*). It may be noticed that the palatalization of the word final consonant and the centering of the stem vowel are identical in number and gender inflectional processes.

3b.	Mas.	Gloss	fem.
	n <sup>y</sup> un	to take	nin <sup>y</sup>
	h <sup>y</sup> on	to buy	hen <sup>y</sup>
	kh <sup>y</sup> on	to eat	khen <sup>y</sup>
	z <sup>y</sup> on	to be born	zen <sup>y</sup>
	p <sup>y</sup> on	to fall	pen <sup>y</sup>



n<sup>y</sup>un to take (away) nin<sup>y</sup>

Again, as happens in number inflection, the word initial consonant is depalatalized after palatalizing the word final consonant and the stem vowel is fronted ( $u > i$ ,  $o > e$ ).

	Mas.	Gloss	fem.
3ci.	s <sup>y</sup> od	straight	s <sup>y</sup> əz
	T <sup>y</sup> oTh	bitter	T <sup>y</sup> əTh
3cii.	z <sup>y</sup> u:Th	long	zi:Th
	m <sup>y</sup> u:Th	sweet	mi:Th
3ciii.	n <sup>y</sup> uk	thin	nic

The processes involved in these instances are different. In 3ci. the word initial palatalized consonant is retained as such but the stem vowel is centered without any change in its height and length. The word final alveolar stop undergoes spirantization ( $d > z$ ) retaining its voice feature. It may be noted that the plural form of 'T<sup>y</sup>əTh' is 'T<sup>y</sup>echi' where the final consonant undergoes total palatalization.

In 3cii. word initial palatalized consonant is depalatalized and the stem vowel is fronted without making any change in its height and length, a case of 'vowel palatalization'.

In 3ciii. the word final consonant undergoes total palatalization ( $k > c$ ) along with the depalatalization of the word initial consonant and fronting of the stem vowel- (vowel palatalization).

Spirantization/affrication of the word final consonant along with centering of the base vowel occurs in the following instances as well.

3ci-a.	Mas.	Gloss	fem.
	thod	tall	thəz
	lod	filled(V)	ləz
	wo:t	reached(V)	wə:ts
	mot	rude	məts

The word final consonant (alveolar stop) undergoes spirantization/affrication and the stem vowel is centered. We can notice that voiceless alveolar stop undergoes affrication whereas its voiced counterpart becomes a spirant. (Kashmiri does not have a voiced alveolar affricate). We have seen that alveolar stops change to alveolar affricates ( $t > ts$ ,  $th > tsh$ ), and retroflex and velar stops become palatal affricates ( $T > c$ ,  $Th > ch$ ,  $k > c$ ).

The process of total palatalization affects the lateral consonant / as follows:

	Mas.		Fem.
3d.	ga:Tul	wise	ga:Tlj
	wa:tul	sweeper	wa:tlj
	kol	dumb	kəj
	gol	melted(V)	gəj
	tsol	ran away	tsəj

The word final / undergoes total palatalization and the stem final vowel is centered. The vowel height and the +voice feature of the consonant is not affected, as we find elsewhere.

	Mas.		Fem.
3e.	woT	rolled (V)	wəT
	wo:T	joined/welded(V)	wə:T
	gor/goD*	designed (V)	gəR/gəD
	bor	filled (V)	bəR
	dor/doD*	strong	dəR/dəD
	lob	found (V)	ləb
	poTh	robust	pəTh
	phoT	drowned	phəT
	moTh	got lost	məTh
	loT	tail	ləT
	goT	faint (in colour)	gəT

(\* Forms spoken in South Kashmir).

3e is an illustration of internal vowel change where the back mid  $o$  is centered and its height is retained. There is no other process involved.

C. In the sequel some verb forms are examined where palatalization has an important role.



*-un* is the infinitival in Kashmiri, equivalent to *-na* in Hindi. *-In<sup>y</sup>* is its feminine counterpart, equivalent to *-ni* in Hindi.

- 4a. an 'bring!' +un > anun 'to bring'  
 ran 'cook!' +un > ranun 'to cook'  
 dav 'run!' +un > davun 'to run'  
 gatsh 'go!' +un > gatshun 'to go'

- 4b. an +In<sup>y</sup> > anIn<sup>y</sup> 'to bring (fem.)'  
 ran +In<sup>y</sup> > ranIn<sup>y</sup> 'to cook (fem.)'

The verb stems given above have a VC/CVC structure. The infinitival with VC structure suffixes to them to yield a VC/VC or a CV/CVC structure of the infinite form. However, a verb stem with a CV structure undergoes the following changes before an VC infinitival *-un* / *-In<sup>y</sup>*.

- 4ci. yi 'come!' + un > yun 'to come'  
 ce 'drink!' + un > con 'to drink'

- 4cii. di 'give!' + un > d<sup>y</sup>un 'to give'  
 ni 'take!' + un > n<sup>y</sup>un 'to take'  
 pe 'fall!' + un > p<sup>y</sup>on 'to fall'  
 he 'buy!' + un > h<sup>y</sup>on 'to buy'  
 khe 'eat!' + un > kh<sup>y</sup>on 'to eat'

The patterns that emerge seem to indicate that in 4ci the front vowels *i/e* are dropped before the infinitival *-un*. But the height of the suffix vowel *u* is determined by the height of the base vowel; hence *u* is retained after *i* and lowered to *o* after *e*. The initial consonant of the stem is not palatalized because the language does not allow it. (Palatals in word initial position and the palatal approximant do not undergo secondary palatalization). In 4cii, on the other hand, there is secondary palatalization of the stem initial consonant in addition to the vowel change that occurs in 4ci. Thus the masculine infinitival finds a variant in *-on* in CV verb forms as indicated above. The data also demonstrate that

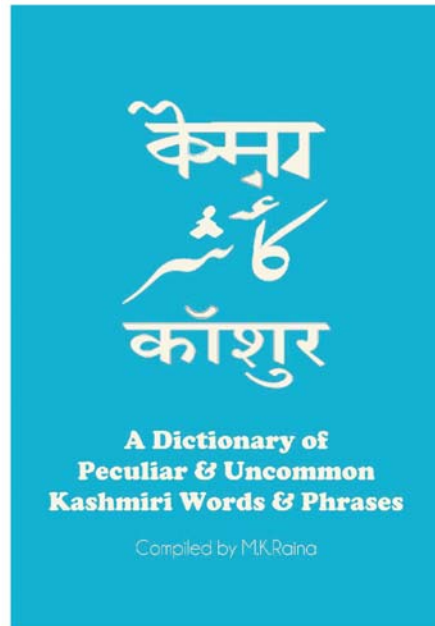
Kashmiri does not entertain CV,VC syllable sequences.

In the case of feminine infinite forms the following changes occur:

pe+In<sup>y</sup> > pen<sup>y</sup>  
 he+In<sup>y</sup> > hen<sup>y</sup>  
 ni+In<sup>y</sup> > nin<sup>y</sup>  
 di+In<sup>y</sup> > din<sup>y</sup>

The stem vowel is retained and the suffix vowel is dropped without any phonological compensation simply because preceding a front vowel consonants do not undergo palatalization.

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*A Dictionary of Peculiar & Uncommon Kashmiri Words & Phrases*  
 by M.K. Raina



*Shrot Story - Parineeta Khar*  
**Kohl In My Eyes**

**I** was a small girl, my grandmother would order me under the warm fold of her woolen Pheyran and bid me to keep my hands on the willow frame of a *Kangri*. My little hands would enjoy the fomenting warmth, which would singe my skin, yet cause a delightful touch. She would never sit idle, darning somebody's socks, repairing a *potsh* (the inner lining of the *pheyran*, traditional Kashmiri garb) or cleaning winnowed rice - and also croon in her old croaking voice, "*Soram Lajyom Dhon Cheshman, Ekis Gom Zyad Byese Kam*". And my childish enquiry would interrupt her song "But Granny ..... your eyes have no kohl!" What she sang was "I applied kohl to my eyes, one got more, the other less"

"Quiet Girl.....let me work; old women don't do that, they sing all the same".

And before I knew it, I had grown up, a little truth had dawned upon me - the kohl made eyes look beautiful. I could not agree less with my older cousins in my *Matamal* (maternal grandparents home), who indulged in decorating my eyes with a paste of (*kajal*) the kohl ointment which left a minty soothing sensation in my eyes. "Tell your mother to put *Kajal* in your eyes; they appear *trath hish* (sparking like lightning.)"

"Tell your nieces, don't let my daughter look like a *soram kukil* (kohl eyed cuckoo).... she has much better things to do", my father instructed my docile mother with a rebuke.

Yes, he wanted my young eyes to watch and observe and store my brain cells with ingenuity. Kohl was mundane - I, his daughter was above ordinary. Kohl was not for the extraordinary; that is what he thought.



In coming years, it was more than clear to him that his daughter was ordinary and very ordinary at that. I loved ordinary things - like watching my young mother apply kohl to her eyes with the tip of her little finger. The thin smear on her anemic lids would light up the hidden radiance of those not-very-big eyes. Kohl! The magical blackness did the trick; it really transformed the languid drudgery of a housewife's face to an enchanting charmer's.



And I wished my little girlish existence attained youth. I was in a hurry to grow to have the freedom of decorating my anatomy. Mother forbade me to touch her narrow silver *Surema dhani* (the kohl dust container) after I had scattered the greyish

black powder over the floor and messed up her beauty box. And then in the 70s - my college days - again kohl took a backseat. Teenage girls did not apply kohl to their eyes - it was not in vogue. It was boorish. In my academic pursuit and under an admonishingly strict upbringing, my fascination for kohl went into hibernation.



Meanwhile my mother's little finger also ceased the beautifying commission. She had stopped kohling her eyes; at thirty-four she was a middle-aged woman. She had to restrain the desire to look anything other than commonplace.

My kid sister came of age. I caught her doing something to her blue eyes, making a *soram laet* (kohl tail) with the tip of a kohl needle; she left an arched dash of kohl at the corner of her eye. And lo and behold! How it changed the school kid to a coquettish young thing. She looked really smart. I threatened to let the secret to out our father. “I will report you to father, you go to school with all these peacock colours”. “Father knows!” She retorted with the obstinacy of a tenacious kid.

My mouth was agape. “He feigns he can't see”. My sister had become an artful dodger. She had freed herself from the manacle of father's watchful eyes; she even faintly painted her lips, I could notice.

Father's advancing years meant he did not intervene in petty matters anymore. The stamina to appear boss and master had left him. So, when I was in university and twenty, I became a daredevil. I kohled my eyes – it was more a suggestion of make-up, not exactly flamboyant. The tail of kohl at the corner made the innocence of simple round eyes look brilliantly splendid, strangely confident and prim. The dreamy eyes had arrived at the scene of youth and beauty. My kohl laden eyes were the cynosure of many a heart. Heads turned at my single glance. The world was at my feet; my *joie de vivre* was

reigning over the universe just with a pair of kohl laden eyes. One day, I remember being in the university library, cradling Thomas Hardy's “A pair of blue eyes”. Somebody remarked from behind “Look up, let me see if they really are”. I was annoyed, gave him a nasty look. He shrieked “A pair of kohl laden, fuming, blazing eyes”.

Father knew no peace. He found my kohl laden eyes restive; he had to arrest the waywardness of any unforeseen adventure.

From somewhere came a knight in shining armour and I was to fly off with him to far off realms. The passport had a requisite, an identification column. He had filled the words “bluish grayish brownish eyes” at the space provided for “colour of eyes”.



Later when I asked him about this uncanny description of my eyes, “The kohl gives an indefinite shade to your eyes, no colour can be affixed”, was his explanation.

And then I kohled my eyes to all my hearts desire; with the security and stability of a married woman and expectations of a better tomorrow when no one

would prevent me from the dear indulgence. I tried blackening the upper eyelid at the roots of the lashes. This was an improvisation, somebody had imparted the all-important knowledge, “Your eyes look dusky and heavy that way”. Then another experiment – one's young eyes looked mysterious when kohl is applied near the nictitating membrane and at the corner leaving the central portion without. Some actresses of the 70s had set the trend.



My husband had prohibited me from blackening the eyes of my children though babies' eyes are kohled all over India, perhaps to ward off the evil eye. He did not want the carbon stored in their vitreous humor. “Oh, my vitreous humor must be quite heavy with the load” I realized. But I had to worry less. Nobody knows how many times did I shed tears of remorse to wash away the carbon of disparaging disappointments. The dirt accumulated of day-to-day dissensions, criticisms and cribbing was often washed away with the kohl. I was told that providence had programmed women to act as buffers between family and peril. She is capacitated to bake herself in the hot oven of atonement and sacrifice. And even come out unscathed; kohl and rouge intact!

The kohl in my eyes reflected my moods too, at times laughed like the gaiety of a sun drenched clear day and at times sorrowed like a dark moonless night. At times sullen and at others vivacious. Kohl lamented and wept over the deaths of dear ones and also highlighted my cheerfulness at my little achievements.

Mark Twain in one of his speeches had said “May you always keep your youth”. Time is constant, what really goes through changes is the human being. My kohl remained but my eyes developed saggy bags with the emotional hollowness of middle age. The empty nest syndrome caused flooding down of my kohl with cascades of tears. All my life, being a prig left its mark. The strain of doing only good, appearing good and nothing else, talking good even when my heart ached. My weary physique appeared altered. Kohl became a necessity to cover the grotesque sacks under my eyes, attributed to Beta blockers. Who has and who could, preserve the sap of youth? The eyes were fatigued, the kohl dull. Failing vision made the hazy outline of kohl appear dim and the luster was missing. The mirror reflected the truth-the kohl line was

a blur. I had to wear glasses to wipe smudgy blotches of it from puffy lids.

Then a question invaded my psyche. What was the need of kohl, why at all? The beloved, for whose admiring glances kohl served as an adornment to my eyes, hardly could appreciate the embellishment now. I have to look august rather than glamorous. That was what I read on the wall.

But, Ah feminine vanity! And the demand of current times. We live in an age where Cleopatra would hang her hand in shame in terms of appearance. She is said to have experimented with magical potions and lotions to enhance her youth. In our times men and women alike have to defy age, sixty must appear forty and forty must appear twenty. We have a phrase in Kashmiri “*Hari kiji te vallas karav, sotye lagye sondar*”. Put make-up on a bamboo stick and it will also look beautiful. What of women, even men throng parlours and spas to groom themselves to look presentable.

What if youth has bid its goodbye, what if hypertension makes me hyper, what if my little fledglings attained wings and flew away, what if my beloved has to notice my kohl through his glasses, I will attempt to make my eyes an aesthetic delight. My grandmother had no desire to look ornate but I do. My generation of middle agers camouflages the strains of advancing age with a mask of power pills. I will apply kohl till my brain cells are active. My grandmother might have rendered herself a part of the scenery, my generation of old would not allow themselves to be intimidated into insignificance. Let all remain well, kohl will bedeck my eyes.

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Poetry - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

## Rolf



**R**olf, the artist of colour and form  
Is a creator, a father.  
His paintings are the kins of the soul.  
His creation a shower of ideas.  
He mingles ideas and concepts with colours.  
And gives them expression  
Through the tongue of the brush.  
But neither the brush  
nor the colours are seen.  
Only the ideas and concepts emerge and  
A rapport is created  
with the intellect and the soul.

Rolf is a juggler of colours.  
He plays with all hues, and in no time  
A painting is born, a creation unique.  
Which puts forth the ideas of  
Vedas and Upanishads,  
The secret of spiritual realm,  
The thoughts of the soul and  
The account of the journey of the self.

These paintings lead one  
from superficial to the minute,  
Known to the unknown,  
apparent to the hidden.  
Where blossoms a lotus of thousand petals.  
Where is thrown open the door  
of the cave of self-realisation.

These paintings are the result of devotion,  
The fruit of the prayer and meditation.  
They reflect the wisdom of Vedic seers,  
Their vision of the past,  
the present and the future.  
They depict the radiance  
of a celibate student  
And the glory of his concentrated penance.

These paintings have in them –  
The flames of the holy fire,  
The serene peace of the jungles,  
The depth of the oceans and  
The limitless span of the skies.

Rolf is not an Indian.  
How does then his mind carry  
The fragrance of Indian philosophy?  
How do his paintings reflect -  
The depth of Indian thought?  
Because, the ultimate Truth is one;  
The Truth is universal.  
It cannot be put into compartments –  
Of Indian and Western.  
For the Truth is one, the Truth is one.



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काँशिरि सुत्यन

काँशिर्य साँरी

नतु वाँरानुक्य हाँरान काव

- अमीन काँमिल



## From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo Amreshwar – Amarnath 2



As per written records (Ref. Bhringesh Samhita) the pair of pigeons is the manifestation of two holy spirits i.e. the messengers of Lord Shiva and these very pigeons are also held in high esteem by every pilgrim with full sanctity inside the Holy cave.

As recorded by a noted historian Mr. Maurice in his book 'Ancient History of Hindustan' a legend about the pigeons runs thus:-

“Ninus and Semiranins are Vishnu and Shiva under the forms of dove and Shiva assumed the form of a dove to regain the affections of Parvati who had left Him in a fit of jealousy”.

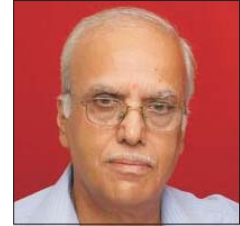
Regarding the pair of pigeons, another traveler Vigne writes in his book 'Travels in Kashmir':-

“The dove has always been the emblem of peace; the sublime and preternatural have always been concomitants of wildness; solitude accompanied by any extra ordinary degree of remoteness has often been a cause of sanctification and the more wild and gloomy the locality; the better has it been thought qualified to become the peculiar residence of God”.

According to Kalhana Pandit, this Holy pilgrimage sight of Amarnath, was known in ancient times as 'Amreshwar' and Kashmir was once governed by the son of King Vibhishana of Kashmir, named 'Nara'. Nara was however infatuated by the beauty of Chandralekha the



daughter of Vishakh Brahmin lineage. Nara ordered his chieftains to kidnap Chandralekha. Sheshnag lost his temper and burnt the whole city and went to the top of mountain which is now known as 'Sheshram Nag'. (Ref. Rajtarangini by Kalhana Verse 268 of 1st Tarang).



According to Jonaraja's Rajtarangini, Badshah (King Zain-ul-Abudin) of Kashmir wanted to diverge the water of Lidar and wanted to get a canal constructed out of the diverted water. To undertake this step, the King Badshah had to pay the obeisance at the Holy shrine of Amreshwar (Amarnath). The canal thus constructed is known as 'Shahkol' in Kashmir.

As recorded by Prajyabhata, who authored the fourth Rajtarangini, Amarnath was famous as Amreshwar up to the time of the great Mughal king Akbar. Thus one can come to this conclusion that 'Amarnath' name must have been coined at a later stage.

During the period of Maharaja Ranbir Singh (1857-1885), a famous historian of Kashmir Peerzada Hassan calls this Holy pilgrimage site as 'Amarnath'- the name which was coined by the populace at that time. Swami Vivekananda had visited Kashmir twice. Describing his pilgrimage to Holy Amarnath cave, he



wrote:.....” Much could be written but suffice it to say that it is one of those ancient institutions which have above all kept the fire of spirituality burning in the hearts of people, one sees here the very soul of the Hindu Nation laid bare in all its innate beauty and sweetness of faith and devotion”.

Sanctity of the highest order to this abode of Lord Shiva is on the full moon night (Poornima) of Shravana according to Amarnath Mahatyam.

Officially, the 'Yatra' to the Holy cave of Amarnath commences from 4<sup>th</sup> day of the Shravana (bright moon fortnight). On this day the 'Charri' (the holy mace of Lord Shiva) is worshipped in the Shiva Temple of Akhara Srinagar Kashmir and then taken in a procession to Amarnath. Thousands of devotees, saints and sages join this Holy yatra every year. This yatra reaches the Holy cave of Amarnath on the 15<sup>th</sup> day of the bright Lunar month i.e. 'Shravana Purnamashi'.

According to the records of various historians, yatra to Amarnath cave has three routes, one is from Srinagar via Sonawar, Batawara to Amarnath which in total involves fifty eight (58) spots. Other is via Sindh valley and it includes twenty two spots, whereas the third is via Astanmarg and it includes (10) spots of vital importance to the cave.

Right up from ancient times, the yatra to the Holy cave of Amarnath is performed every year for bestowing 'peace' not only in India but to the whole mankind of the world. Various prophets and saints of highest order have visited the Holy cave. Once Swami Ramtirth visited the Holy cave of Amarnath and expressed:-

“Nilmat Puran also testifies the fact that Amreshwar (Amarnath) is an ancient Shrine in Kashmir for the pilgrimage”.

Amarnath Mahatyam is in the form of a



conversation between Bhawani (i.e. Mahadeva) and Bhairavi (i.e. the Goddess Uma or Parvati). According to it twenty three (23) spots are of highest sanctum sanctorum and this yatra sanctifies a devotee if he or she takes a bath at six fixed spots in vitasta and at seventeen various spots along the trek to the holy cave.

'Ganesh Chaturdshi' known as 'Gann Choda' in Kashmir is the day when Lord Shiva ordered Lord Ganesha to be present in 'Mamlak village in (Pahalgam) and remove all obstacles to the devotees who pay obeisance to the deity. According to this holy scripture, one who keeps a fast on the 14<sup>th</sup> day of the lunar month of Vaisakha, before the idol of Lord Ganesha gets all his wishes fulfilled and attains 'moksha' (Liberation) at the time of death. One who pays obeisance on Ganesh Chaturdshi to Lord Mamleshwara at Mamlak village gets salvation from the 'Garb yatra'. With reference to the baths to be taken at various spots on way to Amarnath, it is mentioned in the scripture that one who takes a bath in Kambodar (i.e. Liddar River) near Sakhhar (a village in Pahalgam valley), he/she gets rid of all the sins committed in various births by the devotee. On way to the Holy cave,



there is a place called 'Bhrigu'. According to a legend at this place, a saint 'Bhrigu' by name was doing 'Tapasya' and 'penance' and Lord Vishnu came to Bhrigu to embrace the devotee. Thus the spot become a place of sanctity and according to Amarnath Mahatyam, one who sips water at this spot and also takes a bath is blessed forever. He also gets rid of all the sins that he may have committed. A devotee who takes a bath near Sthanvashremvan (i.e. Chandanwadi) can approach easily Lord Shiva and if he performs obeisance rites for his dead relatives, they all would be relieved of their sins committed by them in their births.

While ascending the 'PISU' mountain, a devotee should recite 'Shri Shri Shri Shitikanthes' and should also concentrate on this mantra as elucidated in Amarnath Mahatyam, as this way he or she can get merged into 'Param Brahma'.

According to Amarnath Mahatyam, to get all the blessings of 'Param Shiva', one should take a bath in the holy spring of Sheshnag and should also do meditation and a 'Yagya'. As far as the sanctity of taking a bath in the Holy Panchtarani is concerned this pilgrimage spot has the same importance as that of Kurukshetra, Paryag and Ganga. After taking a dip in Panchtarani, the devotee should go to Rattan Shikhar so as to approach Daamrak, who is worshipped as a messenger of SHIVA.

According to the 10<sup>th</sup> canto of 'Amarnath Mahatyam' any devotee who passes through 'Garbha Ghar', while performing Yatra to Holy Amarnath, can get rid of all the sins in this 'Kalyug' successfully. After coming out of the 'Garbha Ghar' the devotee should get a dip in 'Amarawati' and then he or she should smear 'vibhuti' on the body. While putting on the minimum possible clothes, a devotee should

enter the Holy cave while chanting 'Lord Shiva, lead us to light'.....

Since all other deities conquered Death with the grace of 'Lord Shiva' in the Holy cave of Amarnath that is why he is called 'Amreshwara' i.e. 'Amarnath'. It is also mentioned in the Mahatyam that ice Lingam of Amreshwar-Amarnath in the Holy cave, is also called by various names by the devotees like 'Siddha-Linga', 'Pumsaran Linga' etc. Regarding the pair of doves inside the Holy cave, there is a legendary tale expressed in the Eleventh canto of Amarnath Mahatyam according to which: - Two messengers of Lord Shiva were assigned some duty while Lord Shiva was busy in 'Celestial Dance'. Any how the two messengers started whispering 'Kuru Kuru'....While looking at them, Lord Shiva told them to be in the form of 'doves' (a couple of doves) and remain in that form so that by their presence in the Holy cave, they can remove 'Karmic obstacles' of the devotees who visit 'Amreshwara-Amarnath'.

[To be continued]

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



## असव नय तु लसव किथु

### अपना घर

वह अपने पति के मित्र से बोली, 'आप यहां आराम से बैठिए, वह अभी आते ही होंगे। बेतकल्लुफी से बैठिए, इसे अपना घर ही समझिये।'

'अपना घर!' अचानक उस के मुंह से निकल पडा। सिगरेट बुझा दी और मुंह लटकाकर बैठ गया।

### शराबी

पैसा न देने पर एक शराबी को बार के मैनेजर ने उठवाकर बाहर फेंक दिया। कुछ देर बाद वही शराबी फिर झूमता हुआ आया तो मैनेजर ने फिर फिंकवा दिया। जब पांचवी बार शराबी अन्दर आया तो मैनेजर से बोला, 'क्यों साहब, क्या सभी शराब खाने के मैनेजर आप ही हैं?'



اَسَوْنِي تِي لَسَوِكِيْتِه

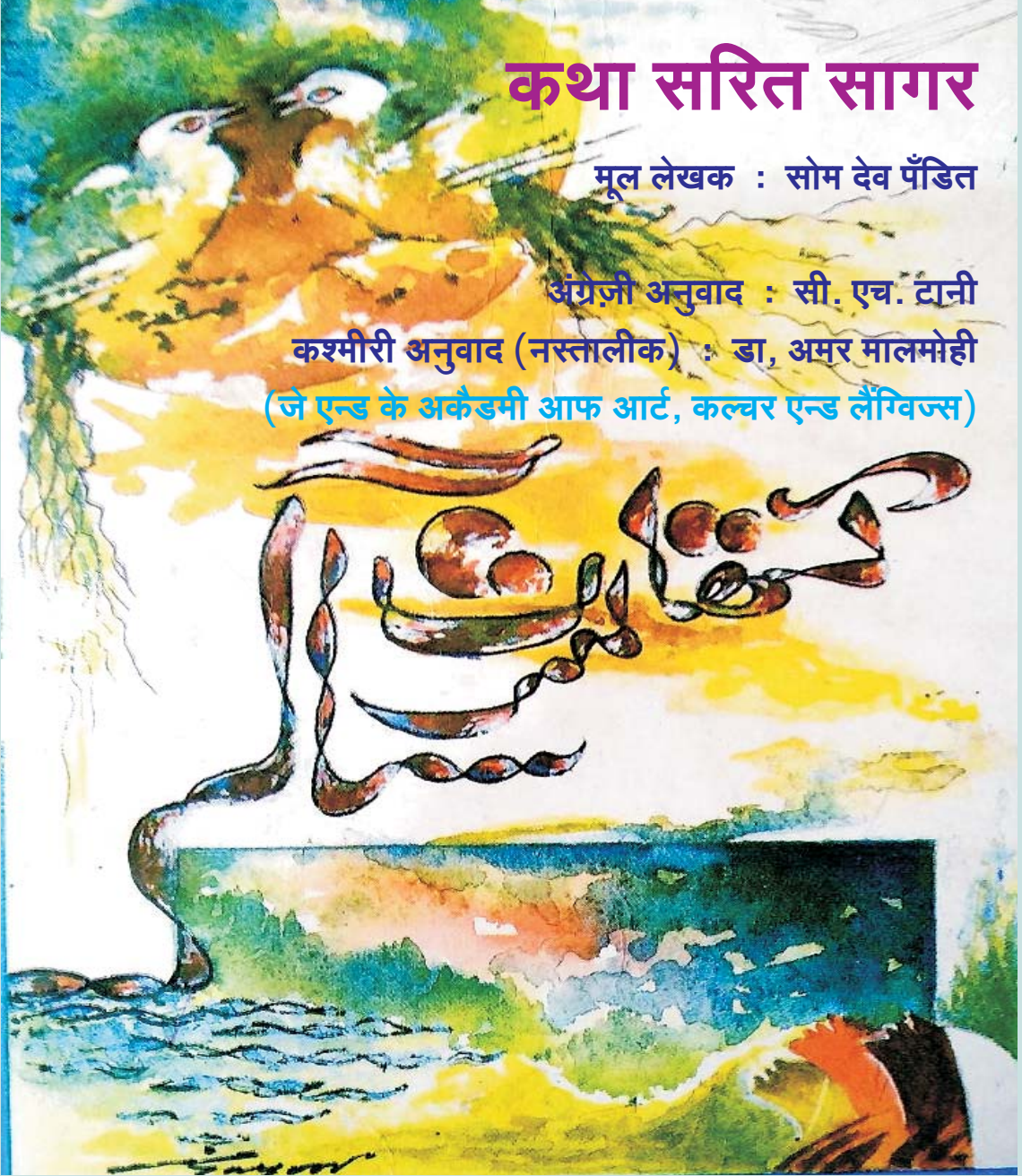
اپنا گھر

وہ اپنے خاوند کے دوست سے بولی "آپ  
یہاں آرام سے بیٹھیے، وہ ابھی آتے ہی  
ہوں گے۔ بے تکلفی سے بیٹھیے، اسے اپنا  
گھر ہی سمجھیے"

"اپنا گھر!" اپناک اس کے منہ سے نکل  
پڑا۔ سگریٹ بُجھا دی اور منہ لٹکا کر بیٹھ  
گیا۔

شرابی

پیسہ نہ دینے پر ایک شرابی کو بار کے مینجر  
نے اٹھوا کر باہر پھینک دیا۔ کچھ دیر بعد  
وہی شرابی پھر جھومتا ہوا آیا تو مینجر نے  
پھر پھینکوا دیا۔ جب پانچویں بار شرابی اندر  
آیا تو مینجر سے بولا "کیوں صاحب، کیا سبھی  
شراب خانے کے مینجر آپ ہی ہیں؟"



## कथा सरित सागर

मूल लेखक : सोम देव पण्डित

अंग्रेज़ी अनुवाद : सी. एच. टानी

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

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



## Somdev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar - 9

## कथा सरित सागर - ९

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

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

## मायायि बाग :

‘यथ परगनस मंज छे नरबदायि प्यठ अख जाय यथ वकाकाछ नाव छु। बु छुस तँत्य जामुत। बु ओसुस ग्वडु प्यठय गँरीब तु आलुछय। मे ओस नु कांह खौरात दिवान। बु आस जिंदुगी निशि तंग तु चोलुस गरि। तीर्थन लोगुस फेरुनि तु अकि दूह वोतुस विद्यावनस मंज दुर्गा मंदुरस मंज। तति विछिम लुख पँश्य बँली दिवान। मगर मे क्या ओस? प्यठ ओसुस मूर्ख तु अमि किन्य सूंचुम जि बु दिमु दुर्गा मातायि पनुन पान रतु छेपि। यि यरादु वँरिथ तुज मे तलवार अथस मंज तु माता दुर्गा गँयि मे ब्रौह कनि नमूदार तु वोनुन ‘चु मु बांबर। चु बनख कॉमिल। पनुन पार मु मार। म्यॉन्य चरनु सीवा कर।’ दीवी निश यि वरदान प्रॉविथ खुलेयि मे नज़र। बसीरच सृत्य गोस सँर्य। सॉरुय त्रेश तु ब्विछि चँजिम। बु रूदुस तँत्य तु अकि दूह वोन मे माजि दुर्गायि ‘पोत्रु, चु गछ प्रतिष्ठान तु तति बनाव अख शूबिदार बाग।’ यि वँनिथ द्युत मे तमि स्वरगुक ब्योल। बु आस योर तु तँम्य संजि ऑही सृत्य बनोवुम यि बाग। तोह्य ति करिज्यवु यथ बागस रॉछ।’ यि वँनिथ गव सु ब्रह्मन गॉब। यिथु वँन्य छु दीवियि पानय ब्रौह कालु कर ताम यि बाग बनोवमुत। येलि मे बागवानस निश दीवी हुंजि शक्ती हुंज दँलील

बूज, बु गोस हॉरॉनी सान सॉचान गरु।

## राजु सत्त्वाहनन्य दँलील :

येलि गुनाढ्यन यि वोन, कानुभूतीयन प्रुछुस ‘सॉमी राजस क्याजि ऑस्य सत्त्वाहन वनान?’ गुनाढ्यन वोनस ‘बोज, बु बोजुनावथ अम्युक कारन।’

दिव्यपीकरन ओस अख बलवान राजु। तस ऑस आशेन्य शक्तीमती य्वसु तस पनुनि जिंदुगी खोतु टॉठ ऑस। अकि दूह ऑस स्व बागस मंज शॉंगिथ जि स्वरुफन दिचुस ट्वफ। स्व म्वयि। योदुवय राजस कांह शुर ओस नु, मगर तँम्यसंज याद ताजु थवनु खॉतरु कोर तँम्य कसम जि सु करि नु बैयि ज़ांह खांदर। अकि दूह आव तस चंद्रशेखर सोपनु मँज्य तु वोनुन तस ‘जंगलु मँज्य फेरान फेरान वुछहन चु सुहस प्यठ अख लँडकु। सु अँन्यज्यन तु रँछिज्यन नेचुव बनाँविथ।’ राजु गव हुशार तु सोपुन याद पॉविथ गव स्यठाह ख्वश। दूहा दूहा गव तु अकि दूह गव राजस शिकारस गछनुक शोक। जंगलु मँज्य फेरान फेरान वोत सु दुपहरस अँकिस पम्पोशि सरस निश। तति वुछुन अख तीजवान लँडकु सुहस खँसिथ सिर्यिक्य पॉदय प्रज़लान। सुहस लँज त्रेश तु लँडकु त्रोवुन पथर। राजस प्यव सोपुन याद। तँम्य मोर सुह तीर लॉयिथ मगर मरनु विजि डँज सुहस शक्ल तु सु बन्यव



## Somdev Pandit's Katha Sarit Sagar - 9

इनसान। राजन वोनस 'मे छु अफसूस जि यि क्या सपुद।' तँम्य इनसानन द्युतुस जवाब ' राजु बु छुस दर-अस्ल यक्ष। नाव छुम सत। बु छुस क्वबेर सुंद सीवक। वारियाह काल गव, मे वुछ अख रेश्य कूर श्रान करान। तमि ति वुछुस बु तु तस ति गनेयि म्योन्य माय यिथु पॉट्य मे तसुँज गनेयि। गंधर्व आयि खांदर वेंरिथ बनॉव मे स्व आशेन्य। येलि तँम्य सुंदव ऑशुनावव यि वुछ, तिमन खोत शरारथ तु दितुख असि शाफ। दोपुख 'तोह्य दृश्य छिवु वद खाह, तु यि ख्वश कोरवु, ती कोरुव। अमि किन्त्य बँनिव तोह्य सुह।' तिमव वोन जि तस चलि तमि विजि शाफ येलि तस कांह थनु पेयि। तु मे रोजि तोताम शाफ योताम च मे मारख कान लॉयिथ। अँस्य दृश्य बनेयि सुह जूर्य। स्व रूज बेयि जुव तु लँडकु थनु प्यनु विजि गँयि मँरिथ। यि लँडकु रोछ मे दोयिमि सीमनि हुंद दृद दिथ। अज म्वकुलोवुथ च्चे तीर लॉयिथ म्योन शाफ। अमि किन् छुस बु ख्वश। यि लँडकु छुसन बु पनुनि ख्वशी दिवान तोक्याजि रेश्यन हुंज ऑस यँहय यछा।' यि वँनिथ गव सु सत नॉव्य यक्ष गॉब तु राजन न्युव लँडकु गर। चूकि सु लँडकु ओस सत नॉव्य यक्षस सवारि खोतमुत, अव मूजुब थोव तस राजन सत्वाहन नाव। येलि राजु सौरुय त्रॉविथ जंगल तपस्या करनि गव, सत्वाहन बन्यव राजु।

पनुनि दँलीलि दर्मियान कानुभूतीयिनि सवालुक जवाब दिवान थँव गुनाढ्यन पनुन्य दँलील जॉरी।

**राजस गँयि पनुनि अज्ञॉनी प्यठ शर्म :**

अकि दूह गव राजु सत्वाहन सोंथ कालस मंज मायायि

बागस चकराह करनि। यि बाग असि द्यवव बनोवमुत तु मे ओस तस अथ मुतलिक वोनमुत। सु रूद तिथु पॉट्य तति मस गँछिथ फेरान यिथु पॉट्य यँद्राजु नंदन बागस व्यूर तुलान छु। पनुन्यन आशिन्यन सुत्य वोथ सरस मंज लुत्फ तुलनि। तति लोग सु तिमन सुत्य पॉनिस गिंदुनि। तिम ति लजि तस तिथ्य पॉट्य पॉन्य अथ सुत्य छकुनि यिथु पॉट्य हँस्तिन्य हँसिस पां सँर्य करान छे। तिम ग्वलालु रोय तु हरनु चेश्म मसवलु आसु सरस मंज ओरु योर करान। तिहुंद्य जॉविल्य पलव ऑस्य तिहुंजि चमि सुत्य लॉरिथ, राजस अँदरी वोतरु बुन्युल तुलान। यिथु पॉट्य पोशि वनस मंज वाव क्रीपरु वँथुर मुचरान छु, सुय हाल कोर राजन यिमन नाजुलन। तिम च्चजि नँजदीख छँत्रु कुलिस कुन। टेक्य ऑसिख ड्यकव प्यठ वँथ्यमुत्य तु वस ऑसिख छलि छांगुरि। अख रॉन्य येम्य सुंद बदन पोशिक्य पॉट्य नोजुक ओस तु ख्वसु हना नँमिथ ऑस, थँच गिंदान गिंदान। तमि वोन राजस 'मे मु लाय पां कतरु।' यि बूजिथ अनुनॉव राजन यकदम तस खॉतरु मिठॉय। यि वुछिथ त्रोव रानि ठाह ठाह वँरिथ असुन तु वोनस 'पां सरस मंज क्याह ओस मे मिठायि करुन ? मे वोन्य च्चे मे मु लाय पां कतरु। च्चे छुय ना वुनि ति लफजुन हुंद माने कडनुक शवूर ? च्चे छी ना लफुज जोडनुक्य ग्रामरुक्य असूल पँर्यमुत्य ? बु छस हॉरान जि च्चे छुख यूत चोर।' येलि रानि तस यि वोन, सारिवुय नोकुरान्यव त्रोव असुन तु राजस गव सख महसूस। सु आव पनुनिस महलुखानस मंज तु पानस सुत्य गँयस सख नफरत। सु आव पॉन्य पानय खजालँच मंज ह्यनु। नु ओसुस ख्यनस मॉल तु नु





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च्यनस। काँसि सुत्य ओस नु कथ ति करान। सु ओस सोंचान, या तु पजि तस अँलिम प्रावुन तु नतु मरुन। तस आँस अँदरु रुमन रुमन दग तु तँम्यसंज यि हालत वुछिथ गँयि साँरी परेशान। मे तु शर्वावरमनन बूज राजु संजि हालच मुतलिक कैह काँल्य पतु। असि ओन राजु सुंद अख सीवक राज हंस नाद दिथ तु प्रूछ तस राजस मुतलिक। तँम्य वोन, ‘मे छुनु पनुनि जिंदुगी मंज राजु यूत व्वदँस्य ज़ाह ति वुछमुत। बेयि अकि रानि वोन मे जि तस छे वरल नाजलि विष्णु शक्ति संजि कोरि खजालथ कँरमुच।’ येलि शर्वावरमनन तु मे यि बूज, अँस्य गँयि परेशान तु लँग्य अथ नोजुक मसुलस मुतलिक सोंचनि। ‘अगर राजस बदनकिस कुनि अंगस दग आसिहे, अँस्य अनुहोख हँकीम तु चारुगँय। मगर मनुचि दगि क्याह करव येलि अम्युक वजह ति पय आसि नु। राजु सुंदन शँत्रन हुँद्य मूल छि गँल्यमुत्य, साँरी लुख छि ख्वश। कुनि जायि छेनु कुनि रंगु कांह व्यछय। पय छुनु जि राजन क्याह छु अँद्री ह्योतमुत?’ पानुवँन्य अथ मसुलस प्यठ बोजू-शोच कँरिथ वोन शर्वावरमनन ‘मे लोग राजु संजि परेशाँनी हुँद कारन पय। सु छु पनुनु ला-अल्यमी तु जहालतस प्यठ व्वदँस्य। तचय छु सु पानस हमेशु अहमक वनान। वारयाह काल गव यनु तँम्य संज यि खॉहिश मे फिकरी तँर जि सु छु यछान आँलिम बनन तु मे छु बासान जि रानि छे तस तँम्यसंजि ला-अल्यमी प्यठ जँट कँरमुच। तवय छुस अँद्री वठ गोमुत।’

रॉत्य रातस रूद्य अँस्य अँथ्य सिलसिलस मंज बोजू-शोच करान तु सुबुहय गँयि राजु सुंदिस

जॉती कुठिस मंज। मुश्किलन चायि अँस्य अँदर तिक्याजि राजन ओस काँसि ओर अचुनस ठाख कोरमुत। राजस नजदीख बिहिथ वोन मे तस ‘राजु! तोह्य क्याजि यीत्य न्यराश?’ यि बूजिथ द्युत नु तँम्य कांह जवाब। पतु वोन शर्वावरमनन तस येमि आयि ‘राजु, तनु गव वारयाह काल, तोहि वन्योवु मे जि तोह्य छिवु यछान अँलिम प्रावुन। राथ प्यव मे यि याद तु मे पँर्य मंत्र सोपुन वुछनु खॉतरु। राथ क्युत वुछुम सोपुन। आकाशु प्यव अख पम्पोश। यि मुचुर अँक्य आकाँशी गंदुरन। अमि मंजु द्रायि अख अचु-रछ सफेद जामु लॉगिथ तु नेरवुनुय चायि तुहँदिस म्वखस मंज। यूताह वुछिथ गोस हुशार तु तोगुम बोजुन जि स्व अछु रछु य्वसु त्वहि आँसस मंज चायि, आँस सरस्वती।’

योलि शर्वावर्मनन पनुन सोपुन तस वोन, राजन फुटरोव पनुन मौन तु मे कुन वोननुन शोकु सान ‘कृतिस कालस हेछि इनसान अँलिम अगर सु मेहनच सान हेछिनावोन। राजुसी मंजु छुनु अँल्यमु रोस कांह लुत्फ। दबदबु, शान तु शौकत कथ लागि अहमकस। तस खॉतरु छि यिम तिम वस यिम कनि मॉडिस पॉरिथ आसन।’

### जु रँकीब व्वसताद :

यि बूजिथ वोन मे राजस ‘राजु, आँलिमन हुँद वनुन छु यि जि ग्रेमर हेछिनस छि बाह वँरी लगान तिक्याजि यि छु सारि अँल्यमुक दरवाजु। मगर बु हेछिनावोवु तोह्य यि सिर्फ शेन वँरियन मंज।’

(क्रमशः)





# ग़ज़ल

## निग़्त साहिबे



बुंगरि फुटराव, कड न्यबर पांजेब  
 पनुनि कदु ऑनु अख बनावुन छुय  
 यिले ते र्‌हारी खदा लबी फलसफे  
 लोले सदरस वसुन ते रावुन च्हे  
 येलि ति छारी खदा लबी फलसफ  
 लोलु सँदुरस वसुन तु रावुन छुय

काशिरैतिन काशिरैसारी  
 नैते वारान्के हारान काव  
 अमिन काविल

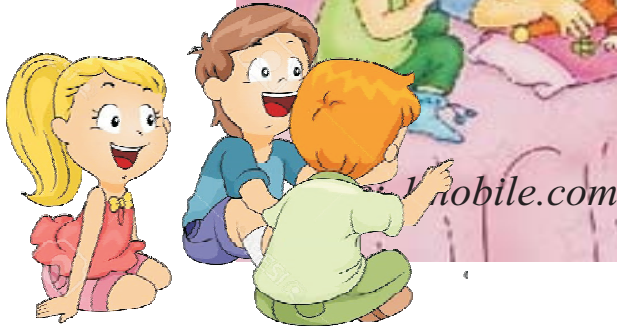
استعاره سفید مسٹک ژہار  
 پانہ پانس قصیدہ لیکھن چھے  
 इस्तेआराह सफेद मस्तुक छार  
 पानु पानस कसीदु लेखुन छुय  
 سنگساری بُند اوس اکہ موسم  
 بیاکہ موسم تہ او چھاوُن چھے  
 संगसॉरी हुंद ओस अख मोसम  
 ब्याख मोसम ति आव छावुन छुय  
 बنگर पेठ्रावु कडु नीबर पायिब  
 पनैते क्दए अने अके बनावुन च्हे



## Grandma's Stories

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

शुर्य आयि बराबर वख्तस  
प्यठ। काकन्य जिगुर ति  
ऑस तैयारुय। राथ ऑस  
तमि शुर्यन बोज़ुनॉवमुच  
शेतान गंड। अँज़िचि  
कथि हुंद नाव ओस  
तक़दीर तु रोज़े अब्बल।  
शुर्य बीठ्य द्यान दिथ  
बोज़ुनि।



## तक़दीर तु रोज़े अब्बल

**का**कन्य जगिर लेंज कथ बोज़ुनावुनि:

यि ओस बादशाहा अख। दूहु अकि द्युत तँम्य  
होकुम जि फलॉन्य दूहु गछि नु कांह अखाह  
पनुनि गरु मंज़ु दोह्य दूहस गरु न्यबर नेरुन।  
अगर कांछा अमि हुकमुच खलाफ वर्जी करि,  
सु यियि रामु होन्यन त्रावनु। अमा तमे दूहु द्राव

पनुन्य केंह अँमीर वेंज़ीर ह्यथ शिकारस।  
दूहुकिस दूहस रुद जंगलस अंदर शिकारस  
सुत्य आवुर। दूह लूसिथ द्राव पनुनि राज़दानि  
कुन वापस। शाम वख्त युथुय सपुद, अँमीरन  
वेंज़ीरन वोनुन तोह्य पँकिव तु बु दिमु न्यमाज़ि  
सँजदाह। गुरि प्यठ ब्वन वँसिथ थोवुन सु



अँकिथ कुन तु पानु सपुद न्यमाज़ि सुत्य महव । युथुय न्यमाज़ पँरिथ म्वकल्यव तु खसिहे दुबारु गुरिस, अति वुछुन गुर च़ोलमुत । फिकराह वँरुन जि बनि क्याह ? यपॉर्य ओस मँज़िलु ज़्यूठ, राज़ु संज़ तनहॉयी तु कुन्यर । बडि पायि ओसुन अमि दूह लुकन गरन मंज़ बंद रोज़नुक होकुम द्युतुमुत । व्वन्य हय करि तु करि क्याह ?

‘पतु क्याह कोरुन ?’ प्रुछुस पिंकी ।

‘ती वनोवु’ वोनस काकन्य जिगरि ।

चारो नाचार गँछिथ लोग बादशाह ब्रॉह कुन व्वखली कदम दिनि । पकान पकान वोथुस खयाल, अगर काँसि रोटनस, तेलि क्याह बनि ? तु कस अँकिस बिहि जि ब्रुय क्याह छुस येमि शहरुक बादशाह ? अमे खँदशु च़ाव बँस्ती मंज़ अँचिथुय अँकिस गर वॉल्य सुंदिस गुपन गानस मंज़ । दोपुन राथ टपावव येती तु ती रोज़ि जान ।

‘टपावव क्याह गव ?’ प्रुछुस कलहनन ।

‘टपावुन गव वख गुज़ारुन’ काकन्य जिगरि द्युतुस जवाब ।

अँथ्य मंज़ वुछ बादशाहन गुर्य सवार जोराह चमु खमु पकान । युथुय तिम अथ गरस निश वॉल्य, गुर्यव प्यटु व्वन वँसिथ च़ायि अथ मकानस अंदर । कँह काँल्य पतु द्रायि वापस तु लँग्य दुबारु गुर्यन खसनि । अमा बादशाह द्राव तु रूदुख ब्रॉठ कनि । दोपुनख ’त्वहि छुव तसुंद

कसम येम्य तोह्य पॉदु छिवु वँर्यमुत्य । मे वँन्यतव तोह्य कम छिवु तु योर क्याह करनि ऑसिवु आमत्य ?’

बादशाह सुंद कसम दिनु पतु वोथुस तिमव मंज़ अख तु दोपुनस ‘बु गोस तकदीर ।’

बादशाह वोथुस ‘चु क्याह करनि ओसुख योर आमुत ?’ सु वोथुस तोरु ‘येमिस गर वॉलिस छु वुन्य वुन्य अख नेचुव ज़ामुत । येलि योहय बचु बालिग सपदि, फलॉन्य शहरुक अमीर कँबीर दियि तस पनुन्य कूर नेथुर । यँहय कथ ऑसुम अँमिस साह्यबे औलादस वनुन्य ।’

अमि पतु वोथुस दोयुम शख्स जि मे छि रोज़े अज़ल वनान । बादशाह वोथुस ‘चे क्याह ओसुय अति करुन ?’ रोज़े अज़लन दोपुनस, ‘युस यि बचु ज़ाव, अँमिस येलि खांदर यियि करनु, तु महारेन्य ह्यथ आसि गरु कुन वापस यिवान, बिचॉरिस वति अंदर पेयस सुह तु दियस हँटिस तल दाम । ती ओसुस बु अँमिस साह्यबे औलादस वनुनि आमुत ।’ अमि पतु गँयि यिम दूशवय गुर्य सवार गॉब ।

यि तमाशाह वुछिथ गव बादशाह स्यटाह हॉरान ति तु परेशान ति । दोपुन ‘बारे इल्लॉही, यि तकदीर तु रोज़े अज़ल क्याह गव, फिकरे छुम नु तरान ।’ यि वाकह बननु पतु च़ाव दिल वँरिथ गर वॉलिस निश तु द्युतुनस मुबारक ।

गरु वोल वोथुस च़ु कुस छुख ? यि वोथुस



योरु 'बु छुस येमि शहरुक बादशाह । बु ओसुस शिकारस गोमुत । वापसी प्यठ लोगुस न्यमाज़ परनि, अदु पॅत्य किन्य च़ोलुम गुर ति तु अँमीर वँज़ीर ति । योर वॉतिथ च़ायोस चॉनिस गुपन गानस मंज़ राथ टपावनु म्वखु । अमा शख्स जोराह वुछिम गुर्यन प्यठ योर अच़ान । तिमव यि केंछा मे नैबरु वोन, ति आसिहे च़े ति वोनमुत । व्वन्य छुय च़े ख्वदायि सुंद कसम यथ कथि ज़ि येमि दूह च़े येमिस बचस बालिग सपदिथ खांदर आसि करुन, तमि दूह अगर बु ज़िंदु ओसुस, मे ति कॅर्य ज़ि शेछ, युथ अँम्य सुंज़ि बरॉच़ सुत्य बु ति पनुन लाव लशकर ह्यथ अँम्य सुंदिस खांदरस अंदर शॅरीक सपदु ।' बचु सुंघ मॉल्य द्युत बादशाहस वादु ज़ि ती सपदि ।

राथ अति गुज़ारनु पतु द्राव सुबहस बादशाह राज़ु महलस कुन वापस । अँमीर वँज़ीर सपदिस अँघ अँघ जमह, अर्ज़ कोरहस ज़ि बादशाह सलामत कति आँस्य रातस ? सु वोथुख, मे वुछ अज़ रोज़े अज़ल तु तकदीर । तिमव यि केंछा वोन ति छुम शुराहि सदाहि वुहुर्य सरु करुन, अगर ज़िंदु रोज़ु ।

दूह दूह गव गुज़रान तु वोत अकि दूह पादशाहस तस गर वॉल्य सुंद सालु कार्ड येति तँम्य तकदीर तु रोज़ि अज़ल वुछमुत ओस । सालु चिठि अंदर ओस बादशाहस अर्ज़ करनु आमुत ज़ि फलॉन्य दूहस प्यठ छु महाराज़स

बराथ ह्यथ फलॉन्य शहरस कुन रवानु सपदुन । बादशाहस ओस चूकि तकदीर तु रोज़े अज़लुक वनुन सरु करुन, लिहाज़ा सपदु सु अँमीर वँज़ीर तु लाव लशकर ह्यथ बरॉच़ सुत्य गछनु खॉतरु तैयार । आँखुर वोत सु बचु महाराज़ु बँनिथ होवुर तु वापसी प्यठ छि महारेन्य महाराज़ु शॉही ह्यफाज़तस मंज़ मँज़िलु पतु मँज़िलु पकनावनु यिवान । वति लँज आँथ्य कॉफिलस राथ । महारेनि महाराज़ु सुंदि खॉतरु आव अख अलग खुमु दिनु तु अथ अँघ अँघ आव तमि तँरीकु फोज थावनु युथ ज़न नु मँछ ति ओर हेकि अँचिथ । दोयिमि अंदु लागुनोव बादशाहन ज़बरदस्त जश्नु । अमा बादशाहस ओस रोज़े अज़लु सुंदि वननु मुतॉबिक सुहु सुंदि यिनुक खदशु । यपॉर्य ओस महाराज़स ति पूर यकीन ज़ि यिछि हिशि फोजी ह्यफाज़ँच़ अंदर कपॉर्य हेकि सुह यिथ । क्वदरतुक कार, महारेन्य वँछ महाराज़स कुन ज़ि तमि छुनु ज़ांह ति सुह वुछमुत । महाराज़ु वोथुस, 'क्याह च़े छुय ना ज़ांह ति सुह वुछमुत तु न तसुंज़ शक्ल ति ?' महारेन्य वँछुस तोरु, 'नु' । तान्य हेच़ महाराज़न पनुनि महारेनि सुहु सुंज़ शक्ल हावन्य । तँम्य बनॉव अँती ज़मीनस प्यठ सुहु सुंज़ शक्ल । ख्वदायि सुंद करुन ज़ि अँथ्य सुह शक्लि बन्योव पँज्य किन् ज़िंदु सुह, येम्य महाराज़स कुनी जेफ्य छुन्य तु द्युतुनस हँटिस तल दाम । यि



वुछिथ लॅज महारेन्य पान मारनि, मस कडनि तु वरदन पलव चटनि। खुमु मंजु महारेनि हुंद शोर शर बूज़िथ वॅछ नैबर्य किन्य अफरातफरी। अँमीर, वॅज़ीर तु बादशाह ति आयि लारान जि कुसु क्याह छु? यूथुय तिम महारेन्य महाराजु सुंदिस खुमस चायि तु महाराजु खूनस अंदर छूठ दिवान वुछ, तिम पेयि असमानु। बादशाहन प्रुछ यि क्याह सपुद तु सुह कर्पोर्य चाव योर? स्व वॅछुस वदान वदान, पादशाह सलामत! मे ओस नु ज़ांह ति सुह वुछमुत तु वौनुम महाराजस। यि बोज़नु पतु बनोव महाराजन मेचि प्यठ मे हावनु खॉतरु सुहु सुंज तसवीर तु युथुय सुह तयार गव, सु बन्योव पॅज्य किन्य जिंदु सुह तु अक्य जेफ्य त्रॉवन महाराजस तु द्युतुनस हॅटिस तल दाम। महाराजस खून चनु पतु गव सुह म्यान्यव अँछव निशि गॉब तु तसुंज तसवीर रूज़ तसवीरुय हिश। यि हाल वुछिथ तोर बादशाहस फिकरि जि रोजे अज़ल छु ज्यनु ब्रॉंतुय बंदस मुक्कदर आसान बन्योमुत।

कथ बूज़िथ गॅयि शुर्य दिल मलूल हिव्य तु द्रायि पनुन्यन पनुन्यन जायन कुन आराम करनि।



## नज़म

दीना नाथ नादिम



आलम तो महवे ख्वाब है  
रोशन मगर माहताब है  
मेरी तसल्ली के लिये  
गुलशन में इज़तिराब है  
हर एक कली बेताब है  
यकीनी सहरी के लिए  
तारे हैं गर्दिश में मगन  
खामोश है सर्वो समन  
रातिब के फेरी के लिए  
वो जा रही है चांदनी  
वो जा रही है चांदनी  
यूँ तो मेरी असल है  
खतरों के बाईज़ फसल है  
नादिम की हस्ती के लिये



## Your Own Page



## Padma Awards, 2019

*Congratulations*

*Monica Mahaldar,  
Dwarika, Delhi*

## Certificate of Excellence

MyGov congratulates

*Monika*

successfully completing the Quiz on Padma Awards, 2019

We salute your effort. Keep participating!



Arvind Gupta  
CEO, MyGov



## Photo Feature



**Pambuchh from Dal Lake**

**Photo :**  
**Asif Iqbal Burza**

**Tarsar Lake**  
**Alt: 12450 Feet**  
**Photo :**  
**Namrata Wakhlu**







## Letters to Editor

**Namaskar.**

Thanks for sending the copy of Praagaash. We are all lucky to be part of your thoughts and knowledge. Please keep it up. God bless you.

**Ramesh Langar**  
Mumbai



**Raina Uncle,**

Our family do read Praagaash with lot of interest as soon as we get time. It is so encouraging to see your passion and commitment towards our culture and language. Please keep helping us.

**Basharat Wani**  
Seattle, WA



**Dear Editor,**

I read the article of Dr. Chowdhury Sahib. Time and again he has proved that medical profession is the most noble profession and how he always emphasize with the patients and their families. Very nice article. I would have loved to know more about that patient and about that young surgeon. Thanks M.K.Raina Sir, for sharing such good articles in your monthly journal.



I also read articles by M.K.Parimoo Sahib with interest. I am curious to know about Kalhan Pandit. Is Rajatarangini an Upanishad or Puran? May I request readers to throw more light on Kalhan Pandit and Rajatarangini so that I can resonate more with the article. It is very interesting to know our roots and to know our history. Thanks for

sharing such deep insights.

**Mohit Raina**  
9650154499

**M.K.Parimoo writes:** Kalhan Pandit was the court historian during 11th-12th Century in Kashmir. The Chronicle Rajatarangini is originally in Sanskrit verse and has been translated not only in Indian



Oriental languages but also in various foreign languages. Prof (Dr) M.A.Stein had to first learn 13 languages and had to go to Kashmir twice. On the first leg of his tour, he had travelled through the length and breadth of Kashmir to understand the topography of the land. Second time, he had to take guidance from some Kashmiri Pandits so as to translate it in to English. Rajatarangini is the first book of history about the kings of Kashmir who ruled it for more than 5000 years up to 12th Century AD.

**Editor Praagaash adds:** For more on Kalhana and his Chronicle, kindly read Praagaash March 2019 and April 2019 issues.



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Namaskar. I thank Dr. K.L.Chowdhury and Shri M.K.Parimoo for introducing me to Praagaash. I was delighted to read some of the contributions in September issue and was highly impressed by the quality of content. It will be my pleasure to make my humble contribution to Praagaash. Kindly let me know e-mail address of the magazine.



Regards,  
**B.L.Kaul**  
London





## Letters to Editor

**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Praagaash September issue is a treasure trove as usual. Hats off to all the contributors and M.K.Raina Sahib. Keep the torch burning so that we bring Kashmiri to its pristine glory again by taking pride in it.

**K.K.Raina  
Mumbai**

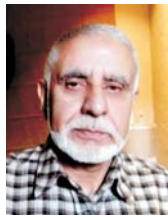


**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Aadaab. It is so nice for me to be a reader of Praagaash Magazine being issued by you exclusively for the promotion and preservation of Kashmiri culture and language that too while living away from your motherland Kashmir which a person like you having such an acumen, zeal and zest can only do. God bless you with success in every such venture.

Though I am not well versed with my mother tongue Kashmiri as far its history, dialect, grammar, vocabulary, terminology and text are concerned still as the son of Kashmir soil I have tremendous love for it and I respect everybody whosoever works for its survival and sustenance. Since most of the articles and write ups are in Hindi, I am not able to speak on it exhaustively being a non Hindi knowing person. However whatever I read and understand in Kashmiri and English in your magazine I am thrilled to get educated, amused and amazed by reading the material on different subjects of our life.

While going through the editorial page of its September 2019 issue, I myself feel very saddened for we not being able to conduct the workshop on Kashmiri Language which was scheduled to be done on 24th & 25th Aug,



2019 in Srinagar after you and all others having put so many efforts to make it a success. Let us hope for its early conduct in near future with success.

It is very amazing to read articles by Mr. Rajnath Bhat as a tribute to Omkar Nath Koul Sahib which speaks about his intellect and high persona he having had in our society which is seldom known to common Kashmiri. Similarly article by Dr. K L Chowdhary Sahib on medical ethics and ethos is very informative, challenging and inspiring for our young doctors. The very short epic on thankless friend by Rafiq Masoodi Sahib is conveying a deep message probably beyond the comprehensions of a person of my stature. Zareef ahmad Zareef Sahib is as usual satirical and comic in putting his points of view on every matter of our life.

I once again express my pleasure to be a reader of your prestigious and purposeful magazine and wish it a successful long life along with you.

Thanks with regards.

**Er. Manzoor Nawchoo.  
manzoornawchoo12@gmail.com**



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Namaskar, Very glad to get intimation from you, literally after ages. I would very much like to publish the short story " The Divine Visitor" enclosed herewith in your future issue of the Pragaash magazine, which is more relevant to the Kashmiri ethos. I would appreciate receiving the soft copy of your monthly magazine.

Thanking you and with regards,

**Parineeta Khar  
a\_khar@yahoo.com**

