



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

For Private Circulation Only

प्रागाश
پراگاش



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



A Glimpse of the Journey of 'Praagaash'

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

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In this issue

● Cover - A Glimpse of the Journey of Praagaash	01
● Editorial - M.K.Raina : Bidding adieu to Praagaash	02
● वाख तु शुख	03
● Vāliv Zān Karav : Vowels & Consonants of Kashmiri	04
● From the Pages of History : M.K.Parimoo - Ancient Paayar Temple of Kashmir	07
● काव्य : शफी शौक - अख वोब आसमान	09
● World Affairs : Er. M.K.Dhar - World Sanskrit Day	10
● काव्य : सुनीता रेना पंडित - छवपि हुंछ आलव	12
● Short Story : Mushtaque B Barq - Choice	13
● काव्य : प्रेम नाथ शाद : गजल	16
● Personalities : Kaleem Bashir - Legend Abdal Mahjoor : Son of the Soil	17
● काव्य : महमूद गॉमी : कल्पू यारु प्रारुयो	21
● कहानी : रवी धर - शिकायत की सज़ा	22
● काव्य : डा. रफीक मासूदी	28
● व्यंग : तौहीन	29
● काव्य : निगहत साहिबा : जर्द पनुक्य डेर	30
● Environment & Life : Prof. B.L.Kaul - Termites	31
● काव्य : त्रिलोकी नाथ दर कुन्दन : गजल	33
● काव्य : डा. शौकत शिफा : गजल	34
● Kundanspeak : T.N.Dhar Kundan - No Alternative	35
● काव्य : मृणालिनी सफाया : अंश्य कलरु	38
● काव्य : इकबाल अंजुम : नज़म	39
● Languages : Sunil Fotedar - Kashmiri Language Resources 2	40
● Page from Sabzar	48
● चादर : सईद गुलाम रसूल गयूर	49
● My Medical Journey : Dr. K.L.Chowdhury - The Moral Code	50
● काव्य : ज़रीफ अहमद ज़रीफ : व्यथ	52
● Kundanspeak : T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' - Shri Raina - Our Beloved Editor	53
● Poetry : Kishni Pandita : Care	56
● Our Cultural Legacy : G.N.Atash - Intangible Heritage of Kashmir - 6	58
● Flavour of Spice : Marryam H Reshii - Gordael - The Sour Plums of Kashmir	61
● कॉशुर शुर्य बॉथ : रद्दख कती कांगुरे (नस्तालीक)	63
● काव्य : डा. ननसी पंडिता : ज़िंदगी	63
● Koshur Samanbal	64
● Kashmir Report : Kaleem Bashir	65
● Your Own Page : Paintings by Uzma Nawchoo	71
● Letters to the Editor	72

Editorial

M.K.Raina

Bidding adieu to Praagaash

As announced earlier through social media and other platforms, this issue i.e. August 2021 issue of Praagaash will be its last issue produced and edited by me. The decision of discontinuing the journal, though a painful one, has been taken due to some unavoidable circumstances, for which I tender my apologies to my readers and contributors.



With this issue, my tenure of 25 years of editing literary journals comes to an end. This has been a long journey. I started my editing career in April 1996 when Shri P.N.Wali Sahib, Editor-in-Chief of Milchar, the community journal of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai chose me to assist him in producing and editing the bi-monthly magazine. From July 2001, I edited the magazine independently till August 2007, and then again from January 2011 till December 2012. I was appointed editor of the Hindi & Kashmiri sections of aalav, the community mouthpiece of Kashmiri Sabha, Bangalore in October 2004 and continued there till December 2007.

In August 2007, as Convener of Project Zaan, Mumbai, I started its monthly journal named 'Harvan' but had to discontinue it in December 2008 because of my official commitments outside India. In July 2018, I re-started the magazine with a new name 'Praagaash' and continued it till date. Praagaash was wholly dedicated to Kashmiri language and Kashmiri culture. I am sure, this was the only magazine in any Kashmiri society, carrying pages in four languages viz English, Urdu, Hindi & Kashmiri, with Kashmiri written in three scripts viz. Devanagari, Nastaliq and Roman to cater to all Kashmiris. Praagaash also carried supplements on Story of a Bicycle, Zoon Dab, Syed Ghulam Rasool Andrabi 'Gayoor' and Sarvanand Koul Premi.

Let me record here, my sincere appreciation for the work done by Kaleem Bashir Sahib, in adding and maintaining the 'Kashmir Report' section of the journal. Thanks Bashir Sahib.

With a heavy heart, good bye, and God bless you all.



Inspiration : Late Shri J.N.Kachroo ~ Guide & Consulting Editor : Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' ~ Editor : M.K.Raina
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वाख - लल द्यद

परुन पोलुम अपोरुय पोरुम
केसर वनु वोलुम रँटिथ शाल।
परस प्रनुम तु पानस पोलुम
अदु गोम मोलूम तु ज़ीनिम हाल।।

श्रुख - शेख नूर-उद-दीन वली

खानन हुंघन यिमन रोबु खानन
जानन दपान जि ऊर्यहुंद गछ।
स्वंदुर डीशुम हुय वखनावान
चमरव सुत्य डुवान लछ।।
तति अज़ डीठुम कपसि खनान
नसुर मे वुछ, चु वुछनि गछ।।

پرن پو لم ا پورے پورم
کيسر ونه وولم رنتي شال
پرس پر نم تہ پانس پو لم
ادگوم مولوم تہ زيتم هال

خانن ہندین یمن روپہ خان
جانن دپان ز اورى ہندیکھ
سوندر ڈیٹم ہری وکھناوان
ژمرو ستر ڈوان لڑھ
تتہ از دہٹم کپسہ کھنان
نہرے وچھ، ژوچھنہ گرھ

Váiv Zàn Karav Consonants in Kashmiri Scripts

Consonants		Usage		Meaning in English
Devanagari	Nastaliq	Devanagari	Nastaliq	
क, क	ک, ق	कमर, कबील	کمر, قبیلہ	waist, tribe
ख, ख	کھ, خ	खाद, खैर	کھاد, خیر	manure, welfare
ग, ग	گ, غ	गाड, गम	گاڈ, غم	fish, sorrow
च	چ	चपाथ	چپاٹھ	slap
च	ڙ	चर	ڙ	bed bug
छ	چھ	छिख	چھکھ	splash
छ	ڙھ	छाय	ڙھائے	shadow
ज	ج	जान	جان	good
ज	ڙ, ڙ, ڙ, ڙ	जात, जीरक, जब्ब, जुल्म	ڙات, ڙیرک, ڙبب, ڙولم	caste, wise, control, oppression
ट	ٹ	टंग	ٹنگ	pear
ठ	ٹھ	ठीठ	ٹھٹھ	entire property
ड, ड	ڙ, ڙ	डाक, सड़क	ڙاک, سڙک	dak, road
त	ت, ط	तंदल, तूफान	تندل, طوفان	heap, storm
थ	تھ	थख	تھکھ	rest
द	د	दौलत	دولت	wealth
न	ن	नस	نس	nose

Continued on next page

आं	آ	दां कुठ	داں کُٹھ	kitchen
प	پ	पन	پن	thread
फ, फ़	پھف	फालव, फ़र्श	پھالو، فرش	shutter, floor
ब	ب	बछ	بڑھ	upper arm
म	م	मक़सद	مقصد	aim
य	ی، ے	यार, मय, मे	یار، ے، ے	friend, wine, me
र	ر	रबड़	ربر	rubber
ल	ل	लालटीन	لالٹین	lantern
व	و	वाख	واکھ	verse
श	ش	शीन	شین	snow
स	س، ث، ص	सड़क, समर, सराफ़	سڑک، ثمر، صراف	road, fruit, jeweller
ह	ه، ح	हलम, हज	ہلم، حج	front skirt, Haj

Important : घ, ङ, झ, ज, ढ, ण, ध, भ, ष, क्ष, ज्ञ are not part of the Kashmiri alphabet but can be used for the words directly borrowed from Hindi or Sanskrit.

Similarly ق, ف, غ, خ, ط, ظ, ض, ذ, ح, ج, ح, ص, ث are not part of the Kashmiri alphabet but can be used for the words directly borrowed from Arabic or Persian.

© M.K.Raina

From the Pages of History - M.K.Parimoo Ancient Paayar Temple of Kashmir

Towards the south of Pulwama (Kashmir) is Malang Pura and towards the south west of Malang Pura is the ancient Paayar Temple along the foot mount of Nav Nagar, commonly known as 'Kuyil wudar' in Kashmiri. At present there is an aerodrome on this mount. The temple owes its name to a small village Paayar.

The Paayar Temple has been constructed towards the north east of Paayar village on the bank of a rivulet. Two historians Vigne and A Cunningham have coined the name Paanyatch for Paayar



village and as such some of the history books have also used the word 'Paanyatchh Mandir' for the temple.



Regarding the construction of the Paanyachh mandir, nothing has been authenticated. According to another historian James Ferguson, "The temple has been constructed by the king Raanaditya during the year (483-490) A.D." According to another historian A. Cunningham, the temple must have been constructed by one Narendra Swamin, whose name appears in Kalhana Pandit's Rajatarangini. However some researchers do not agree with the view point of A. Cunningham. According to them, the temple architecture is not in accordance with those of ancient temple designs of Vishnu temples. According to them the temple must initially have been a Shiva temple as its architectural design indicates that the temple must have been constructed much later. Kalhana Pandit mentions the name Nav Nagar in the seventh and eighth chapter of his Rajatarangini. According to Kalhana Pandit, a daamer named Manak has been the resident of Nav Nagar. According to

some other researchers no mention has however been made any where by any historian prior to eleventh and twelfth century A.D. about Nav Nagar. Thus it clearly indicates that the town must have been established either after the down fall of Varman dynasty or it must have been popular due to some other reason. At present the ancient Paayar temple is also included in the establishment of Navaabaad town, but any how the Paayar temple has retained it's identity with the Nav Nagar Mount.

The architecture of Paayar temple clearly indicates that there has been a progress in the construction of temples, though the designs of the idols are rough and not polished. According to various historical records, the stone construction work of temples in Kashmir was started from the King Lalitaditya's era (695-731) A.D. It got expanded up to the King Shankar Varman's era (883-901) A.D. After that the stone construction work of temples continued, though the polished work of idols did not improve further.

Some researchers are of the opinion that there are four doors on the four sides of the Paayar temple, which indicates that it must have been dedicated to Brahmah. According to the historian Abu Fazal, "There must have been four temples dedicated to Brahmah at the site, but there is a Shivalingam in the centre of the temple. Also on the top of the entrance gates, are idols of Shiva in the meditating posture, carved out of the stones".

The viewpoint of Abu Fazal is thus negated by the researchers. The

constructional design of Paayar temple is same as that of Pandrethan temple, though the ceiling and the roof designs of both the temples vary a little from each other. The roof of the Paayar temple has been made out of only ten huge stones. There are no designs drawn inside the walls of the temple, but the ceiling of the temple is dome shaped with a lotus carved out of the stone. Also a bead design is carved on the circumference of the dome indicating the impact of the Greek architecture. At the centre of Paayar temple is an octagonal shaped water outlet surrounding the Shiva Lingam.

On the top of the Eastern door at the Paayar temple, an image of Lord Shiva seated in Padma Aasana (a yogic posture) on simhasana under the shade of a tree, has been carved out on stone. On the tree branches there are some devotees including two lady devotees seated in an European style. According to the historian Daya Ram Sahni, the carved idol is that of Lokesh, but another historian Bhandarkar claims it to be that of Pashupatinath. There is also a staircase near the door on the Eastern side for the entrance to the temple. The stone pillars of the temple have lions engraved on them. Such designs are found in the Iranian architectures also. Above the Northern gate of the temple, an idol of Lord Shiva in the form of a Bhairava giving leaf to a devotee has been carved in the stone. The beauty of this architecture is enhanced by the tears shown trickling down the cheeks

[Continued on Page 60](#)

اَخ بوب آاسمان شافی شاک



اکھ ووب آاسمان

شفیع شوق

پرانے کانیستہ کیریگ گنہ زول
اندر پکھڑا آوسیمون لبین ہنزن ڈرزن، تروٹین منز
تہ تکر کھرارن منز
پن ہنڈواس سران

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تہ تکر کھرارن منز
پن ہنڈواس سران

یہ کیا سپد !
گاشہ لہتاہ اکھ --- اوج، ز اوج، اژھیٹ
بے شوٹکی پٹھرامہ کس اندر ریرتس وژناوان

یہ کیا سپد !
گاشہ لہتاہ اکھ --- اوج، ز اوج، اژھیٹ
بے شوٹکی پٹھرامہ کس اندر ریرتس وژناوان

اَچھڑ --- تہ اکھ ووب آاسمان
اَتی رُڈ ہارنچہ ہند کاڈ، اَتی پوت ڈونہ مٹن
اَتی ہا کچ پکھ ہند و پھوار، اَتی اوبرس واپوچ ڈونڑھ
نپلس ز پڑ پردس پٹھڑھ رُوس بدلونی منظر
ہنڈواس سر ولس گنہ زلس منز
نہ سو پون کریشن

اَچھڑ --- تہ اکھ ووب آاسمان
اَتی رُڈ ہارنچہ ہند کاڈ، اَتی پوت ڈونہ مٹن
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نہ سو پون کریشن

World Affairs - Er. M.K.Dhar

World Sanskrit Day

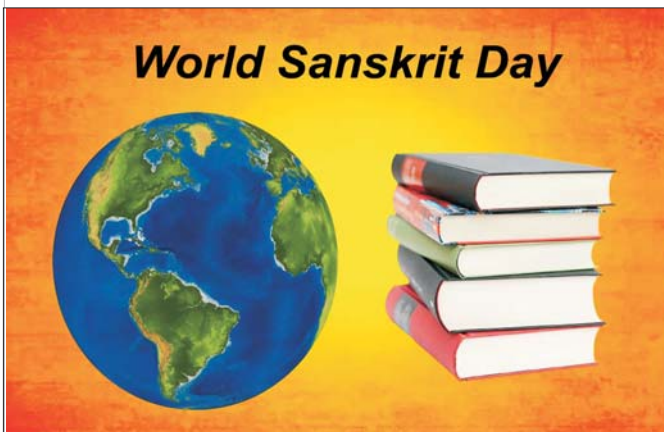
Sanskrit is an Indian classical language listed in the eighth schedule of Indian Constitution whose history stretches back over three thousand years. For much of that time, Sanskrit has been the primary vehicle of intellectual, literary, and religious expression in India.

World Sanskrit Day or Sanskrit Divas (National Sanskrit Day) is celebrated at the national and global levels every year on Shraavana Poornima, which is the full moon day in the month of Shraavana of the Hindu calendar. This year the day falls on 22nd. August 2021. It is celebrated across the country in all the schools and colleges from the national level to the state and district level. Various cultural programs, Sanskrit Kavi sammelan, seminars, and workshops are conducted on this occasion.

This day was started by government of India in 1969 to spread awareness, promote and revive Sanskrit language. The objective behind Celebrating this day is to remind the society about the necessity and importance of this



language. The Sanskrit language is considered the first language in India and mother of all Indian languages which is not just a language, but a culture that needs to be cherished. Sanskrit is the language of almost all the Vedas/Puranas, therefore people have a reverential attitude towards Sanskrit. The term Sanskrit is derived from the conjoining of the prefix 'Sam' meaning 'Samyak' which indicates 'entirely' and 'krit' indicates 'done'. In terms of communication, reading and hearing Sanskrit term indicates perfectly or entirely done. Sanskrit, in literary terms is classified into two different periods, the Vedic and Classical. Vedic Sanskrit is the language of the Vedas, the oldest scriptures of Hinduism. Knowledge of Sanskrit became a marker of high social class



during and after the Vedic Period. Vedic Sanskrit is found in the Rig Veda, the Puranas and the Upanishads. The Sanskrit language has 49 alphabets (15 vowels and 34 consonants) of which 'अ' is the first, a vowel and negative. These 49 alphabets are symbolic of the 49 airs within the body. The vital Prana-air splitting in 49 parts functions within the body thus keeps all beings alive. By chanting Sanskrit verses one finds peace because chanting arrests dynamism of airs in the body. Despite Sanskrit being an ancient language, a very small percentage of the population speak it. There was a time when Sanskrit was the most spoken language in India and now only one percent of Indians use this language while reciting mantras or during worship etc. In the year 2010 government of Uttarakhand, in order to promote Sanskrit, announced Sanskrit as their second official language.

There are more than a hundred publications in Sanskrit in India today. Sudharma is India's oldest surviving Sanskrit daily, now available on line also, being published from the city of Mysuru in Karnataka but it is a drain on its owner's resources, and it has had to beat many odds to survive over the years. Jayalakshmi, its proprietress, says "Have you heard of a printing press inside a mud house? My father-in-law, K N Varadaraja Iyengar, started his paper in one, the newspaper vendors refused to sell it so he started sending the paper to its readers by post. Various monks, university principals, ministers blessed Sudharma. But they

wouldn't buy it. He sent the paper to them anyway. There are many Sanskrit papers now. We are here since 1970, we're not going strong but we're not about to die."

Though there are many universities and colleges in India and abroad that teach Sanskrit language but the people in general have very little interest towards it. In India there are 18 Sanskrit universities (3 central, 1 deemed and 14 state universities) which are focused only on Sanskrit revival and Sanskrit studies along with related disciplines like Ayurveda. Amongst the foreign students, it is Germans the most who are interested in research and study of Sanskrit language including those at Harvard, California Berkeley and the UK. Their interest with regard to Sanskrit language and culture can be traced back as far as to the 16th Century.

Language is an indispensable component of culture of nation or people. So being the identity of nation it is very important to remind every Indian once a year that the language of his own country is being left behind somewhere.

The COVID-19 pandemic had a sudden and substantial impact on all the celebrations including the heritage and cultural programs due to which this important day could not be celebrated in 2020 with much pomp and show. With the hope that there will be some relief from the pandemic crisis, the organizers will be able to celebrate this day of national importance with all dignity and splendor.



काव्य - सुनीता रैना पंडित

छ्वपि हुंघ आलव



वसुवुन द्वह वुनि डलुनय शाम
 कथ कथ करुहव अँथ्य रोज़ ताम
 बोज़ख बावख ओश ते त्रावख
 व्वंदु ल्वचुरावख यियि आराम
 वावन छठ कॅड लंजि अँलुराव्यन
 वँस्य प्यव प्वख्तु दँरिथ गव खाम
 अज़ ति ग्वलाबस मुशकुन्य दार
 अज़ ति छु कँड्य थरि प्यठ गुलफाम
 एहसासस मंज़ बेयि असि च्यून
 र्वखसथ युस कोरमुत करताम
 तस शिहलिस हमराज़स वुछ
 व्वंदु ललवान छिस खास तय आम

ڑھوپہ ہندی آلو
 سنیتا رینہ پنڈت

وسہ وُن دوہہ وُنہ ڈلے شام
 کتھ کتھ کرہو اُتھی روز تام
 بوزک باوکھ اوش تے تڑاوکھ
 ووئڈ لوڑاوکھ پیہ آرام
 واون ژھٹھ کڈ لئجہ اُراون
 وُسر پو پونجہ ڈرتھ گو خام
 از تہ گلابس مُشکَنی دار
 از تہ چھ کُنڈی تھر پٹھ گُلفام
 ائحساس مژ پیہ اسہ ژہیون
 روختھ یُس کورمت کرتام
 تَس شہلس ہمازس وُچھ
 ووئڈ لُوان چھس خاص تے عام

Short Story - Mushtaque B Barq Choice

On the Bank of Dal Lake, Khatij Ded is humming God knows what. The sun is directing its crimson crowd to vandalise the blue vast. She is trying to hold her tattered headgear carefully by her left hand lest it should take off her introversion up in the vast to expose her freshly henna dyed locks. The solitary green bangle on her skinny wrist seems to contradict with a unique set of bountiful rings on her scaly starved fingers. The dusky sky from the heart-beating horizon is slowly kneeling down into the crystals of her rings to raise her as a deity of the evening. Her right hand frequently wipes off the froth from the inner corners of her oval lips.

Salam, a boatman often encounters with such supple elegance of Khatij Ded. He fastened his boat and dragged his hookah out of the old lidless wooden box and pretended to smoke while his eyes were gazing at Khatij Ded. She is hardly aware of Salam's presence, but Salam is engrossed in her, perhaps scanning her wrinkled face behind the pince-nez that she accidentally found on the footpath when a foreign lady tried to frame Khatij Ded in her camera and after scanning the shot, she was terrified to find her missing in the frame and in a state of terror she dropped her pince-nez and from that day onwards Khatij Ded adds grace to

her face.

"Aye, Khatij Ded, it is getting late now, would you like to come, I am leaving" Salam shouted joyfully.

Khatij Ded turned her head and stretched her brows and hurriedly held the end of her headgear and responded in affirmation.

She put extra effort into bringing herself to life before placing herself in the boat and Salam handily beat the rudder to take her on the other side of the Dal Lake.

"Why are you often sitting at the bund during the deepening dusk?" Salam asked.

Khatij Ded hardly responded, carefully coiled her noble head like a dove in her own chest. Salam turned his wry neck and before he would politely ask, found Khatij Ded almost lost in her own world.

The sinking sun on the water film was experiencing its last dip before getting into it to solemnly proclaim the glorious dawn the next day. Khatij Ded raised her head and carefully scanned the entire area.

"I am the Queen of this Dal Lake;



do you have any doubt?" She claimed.

Salam laughed like a mad man, but Khatij Ded stayed calm and composed.

"At the dusk my grand throne is set at the bank of Dal Lake near Gagribal, and I have to summon all the fairies of the Valley before dispatching them to their fairyland. This is my official duty, and I am being paid for it. If any fairy went missing, I have to report immediately, and these waves will carry me to the Royal court up there on the Zabarwan."

Salam slowed the pace of his boat; he was mystified whether to laugh or to inform the daughters of Khatij Ded about her illness. He was frantically struggling to hold his ground.

"This Dal Lake has turned into a historic graveyard." Khatij Ded informed.

Salam laughed once more. She scolded him for his casual approach.

"You, the men, only know how to nurse ego, a false craze in your rotten skulls and wreck lives. Why do men have a choice to live for, why can't a woman?" She asked.

"Choice is for men; a woman is for unconditional submission." Salam responded authoritatively.

Khatij Ded forcibly took the rudder and with a few gentle strokes, she raised her head and ordered Salam to come closer. He obeyed for the reason she looked a different creature.

"I am Khatija on the earth, but a Queen in the ether, remember I have a dual existence. You are with me on the mission. Like this wave I rise and fall never

to rise again. You are my choice."

Salam was petrified. She put the rudder into the water and the boat reached the shore unknown to Salam. He looked around; everything was unfamiliar, Khatij Ded was dazzling with extraordinary beauty, so was he. The singing fairies welcome their Queen and the personal guest.

"Malika, Naseem is missing," a fairy reported.

"I know, that is why I came here to detect her." Khatij Ded responded.

In this dream world, Salam stood like an idiot, barely knowing the locale and location.

"There is a private messenger from the Royal court, you are being summoned," another kind fairy informed.

A majestic wave raised its head and unfurled its splendid wings to transport Khatij Ded to Zabarwan. "Salam, you stay here, I will be back soon. Don't go anywhere" Khatij Ded directed.

Salam in the heart of his heart wished to remain amidst fairies to enjoy the grand opulence of the place and the peculiar atmosphere around. The kind King tried to sooth Khatij Ded, but her cascading eyes were narrating a tale of her woes.

"Don't worry, water nymphs are searching for her, she will be soon.

"So you have carried Salam to fairyland to be the new supervisor?" The King asked.

Khatij Ded lowered her head, squeezed her body and sighed; a storm of

agony leaked through her mouth.

Sensing the pain, the King came closer to her and whispered into her ear, “a gone girl sets a father on pyres too, you mothers beat the chest and we the father beat the consciousness secretly, both in private recesses and under the open vast. We too sigh, but our storms are silent, for the reason man weeps only when he finds a humble woman beneath his breast.”

A breeze passed over the court and a group of fairies arrived, “Nasreen is found dead at Charchinari”

Khatij Ded cupped her head, and a wave raised its head and on those majestic wings she was carried to Charchinari, where Nasreen's deceased body was wrapped in mud on the shore.

The King only lowered his crown and sighed that shed the green leaves of the nearby Chinar. With his departure the leaves whirl randomly to mourn the death of a fairy.

Khatij Ded was deprived of her

mystic powers. The decree reads: Every gone fairy means the death of a damsel on the earth. She lost her throne, trust and the treaty. In a coronation ceremony Salam was given was raised as Supervisor of the Dal Lake.

On her return, she found Salam crowded by fairies. They were offering him their hands, the gifts and garlands of rare gold. He smiled and whispered, “These gifts can at least fetch a good husband to my daughter.”

“Come, Salam, come we are late, she stroked his head, the last mystic stroke of the fallen Queen and he discovered his boat struggling in the weed somewhere near Charchinari carrying her dead daughter and Khatij Ded backwaters.

Salam understood why he lost his only daughter.

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Image : JKTDC

गज़ल

प्रेम नाथ शाद



व्वमेज़न वलवलन अंदर जुवान छुस
मच़र गव यी असां गाहे वदान छुस

कुनुय गव हॉदिसन तय हॉरिसातन
दुहुल रोतुल कॅरिथ म्युल वथ वुछान छुस

गिरेबान चाख डीशिथ ब्रेड्य ति कॅड्यतन
वनन वॅन्यतन कथन मा ज़ांह सनान छुस

दोपुम शेहलावतम तन नागु रादस
बुसर छम बागि आमुच़ बस दज़ान छुस

दपान लोलस ख्वदावंदी बरान लोल
अज़ाबस इज़्तिराबस मंज़ लसान छुस

चु कथ प्यठ शाद पानस शाद ज़ानान
तस्सवुर तॅम्यसुंदुय छुम दिल रछान छुस

ग़ज़ल परिम नातھ شاد

वुमिज़न वलवलन अंदर जुवान छुस
मच़र गव यी असां गाहे वदान छुस

कुनुय गव हॉदिसन तय हॉरिसातन
दुहुल रोतुल कॅरिथ म्युल वथ वुछान छुस

गिरेबान चाख डीशिथ ब्रेड्य ति कॅड्यतन
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चु कथ प्यठ शाद पानस शाद ज़ानान
तस्सवुर तॅम्यसुंदुय छुम दिल रछान छुस

*Personalities - Kaleem Bashir***Legend Abdal Mahjoor – Son of the Soil**

Abdal Mahjoor was born on 20th of May, 1951 at Mitrigam, Pulwama of South Kashmir. His father Ibni Mahjoor (Peerzada Mohd Amin) thanked Almighty Allaha for His blessings and greeted his father Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor on the birth of his son, who prayed for his bright future and named him Abdal

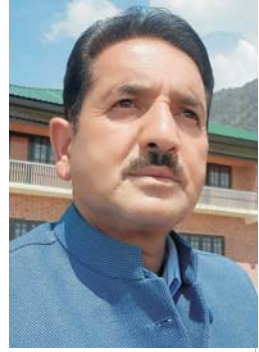


Mahjoor. After a brief spell of time Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor passed away on 9th April 1952.

Ibni Mahjoor admitted Abdal Mahjoor in Govt. School, Muran and thereafter in Govt. Higher Secondary School, Pulwama. Abdal Mahjoor continued his studies at SP College Srinager where he completed his graduation having subjects of Hindi, Sanskrit, English Literature and History. He completed his post graduation in Hindi and Kashmiri Languages from Kashmir University.

Abdal Mahjoor started his career as Programme Executive in All India Radio, Srinagar in 1976 and produced wide range of cultural and literary programmes including a programme on current affairs 'Shaherbeen'. He was freelance Journalist, BBC World Service Hindi (1993 -1997, 2001) and produced news and current affairs programmes for BBC World Service Radio.

Abdal Mahjoor has rich working knowledge of Sharda script, the original, ancient script of Sanskrit and Kashmiri





مُجور فَاؤنڈیشن کے طَرَف سے ۹ اِپریل ۲۰۱۹ء کو مِجور کس سلسلے میں اِتھو ایف مزار مِجورس کے لَکھاری کراچی میں فَاؤنڈیشن پران۔ نامور ادیب، مصنف، محقق سید صغایہ محمد یوسف بیگ، نامور شاعر، ادیب، نقاد سید براؤن کا ستر فیل رازتہ مِجور فَاؤنڈیشن کے صدر سید زاہد ابدال مِجور

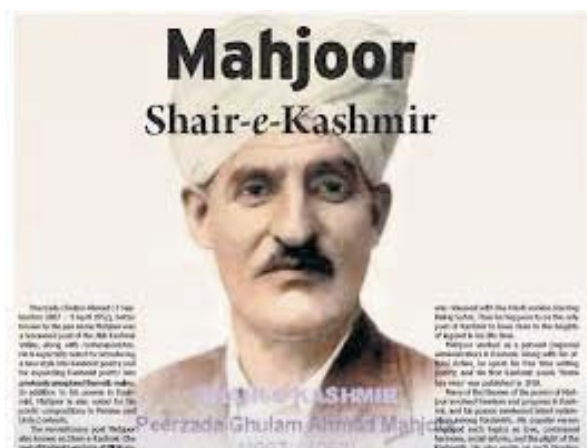
language in which countless manuscript are written. He has studied Sanskrit language and literature, the Mother language of linguistic diversity and is having considerable knowledge of origin and development of main languages spoken in the J&K State. He has excellent command over 5 languages, Kashmiri, Urdu, Hindi, Sanskrit and English with a solid background of each language. He is a legend in the real sense.

Abdal Mahjoor is a Scholar, having long experience (9 years) of association with the World famous treasure trove of ancient civilization, antiquities, art, culture and numismatics - the British Museum, London. Being non official member of British Museum Society London, he availed ample opportunities to study the salient features of thousands of antiquities, artifacts and different ancient

cultures of the world. He has a very good understanding of how British Museum organises exhibitions to cater to tastes of tourists and how the museum plays a role in promoting tourism in London, and is keen to apply insights to the situation in Kashmir. He has produced at least a dozen cultural documentaries for Doordarshan on the Shakespeare and his house in Stratford-upon-Avon.

Abdal Mahjoor was fortunate enough to have got married to the famous Broadcaster and Writer Nayeema Ahmad Mahjoor in 1981 and Allaha blessed them with a son and a daughter. His son Aatief Ahmad Mahjoor is Barrister and daughter Saba Ahmad Mahjoor a doctor in London.

Legend Abdal Mahjoor, being an acclaimed translator, has translated around 200 best Radio Plays into Kashmiri, Urdu and Hindi which have been broadcasted over Radio Kashmir Srinagar. He also translated an English monograph titled 'Asif Ali' published by National Book Trust, Delhi. He is having a





brilliant record of planning, producing and presenting most popular current affairs programme 'SHAHERBEEN' on Radio Kashmir, Srinagar for around 10 years. The State Government acknowledged his exemplary performance and conferred him with the prestigious Legislature Award in 2007 and State Award in 2010 in recognition of his services. He worked hard in editing and compiling three books written by his grandfather Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor titled as 1) Patwari and 2) Hayat-e-Rahim and 3) Kulyat-e-Mahjoor and got them printed and published.

In view of his inherent aptitude and

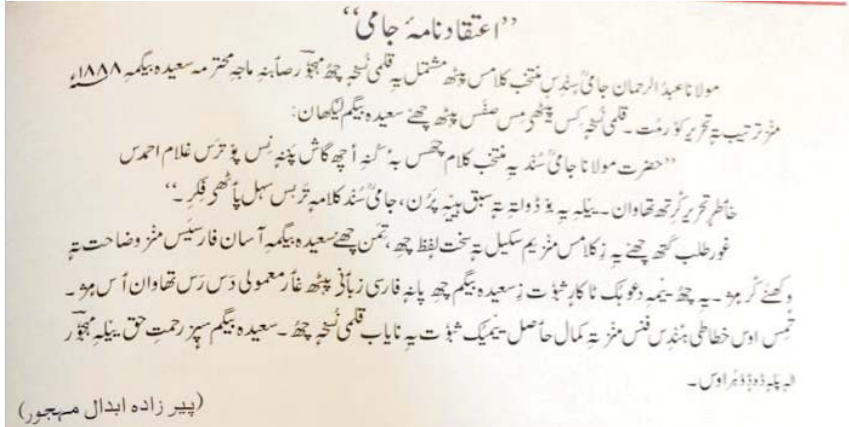
inclination towards Kashmir-centric studies, Abdal Mahjoor has developed deep insight in archaeological remains of Kashmir and has also studied ancient history of Kashmir with remarkable understanding. In the context of his love and passion, he has translated a famous Persian chronicle of medieval Kashmir entitled 'Baharistan Shahi' into Urdu in co-authorship which has been broadcast in instalments over Radio Kashmir Srinagar in the recent past.

Abdal Mahjoor has founded an NGO in the name of national poet of Kashmir - Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor under the name and style of Mahjoor Foundation for the progress and development of the art, culture, literature, tradition and languages. The foundation is encouraging the poets, writers and young generation to learn and love the Mother Tongue. Abdal Mahjoor is also Chief Editor of famous and historical Kashmiri Magazine 'Gaash' which was founded by



جموں و کشمیر مجبور فاؤنڈیشن کے صدر پیر زادہ عبدال مجبور
یوم مجبور کس سلسلس منظم عقد کر کے آمد تقریب چلے
شریک مہمان استقبال کران

Peerzada Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor in 1941. The Magazine is published quarterly which has a wide circulation across Jammu & Kashmir.



Aetqad Nama e Jami

This 80 page manuscript in Persian is a collection of selected poetic couplets of famous classical Persian poet 'Moulana Abdul Rehman Jami'. The collection is compiled by Mahjoor's mother 'Sayeedah Begum' and Mahjoor was hardly one and half year old. She added meaning in simple Persian to tough words in red ink with the intention that when his son grows up, he will understand the meaning of Jami's couplets quickly. The manuscript is till date unpublished. The commentary on the couplets reveals that Sayeedah Begum was herself a Persian scholar and had also developed taste in writing Persian poetry.



बु छस चॉन्य तलबदार
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 करान छस बु इंतिज़ार
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 छुय च़े यूसफुन अनहार
 मँच़ बु कॅरथस जुलेखा
 चु नय यिख़ तु बु पान मारु
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 खबर हेम तु छस बेमार
 खबरि ज़ाह नु आहम नो
 जिगरस पारु कॅर्यथम वारु
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 हटि तलु के म्वख़तय हारु
 कनुक स्वन जरय च़ेय
 म्वल करय लाल बाज़ारु
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 हा समसारु बॉज़ीगारु
 च़े क्या खास सोदा छुय
 यितु बो लागय खँरीदार
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो
 महमूद गॉमी वनान ज़ारु
 दाघन दवा छांडान छुय
 लिल्लाह हावतम दीदारु
 कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो

कत्यू यारु प्रारुयो

महमूद गॉमी



کتیو یار پرارو

محمود گامی

بہ چھس چاڑی طلب داہ
 کران چھس بہ انتظاہ
 چھے ڈے یوسفن انہساہ
 ڈے پکھ تہ بہ پان ماہ
 خبیر بہم تہ چھس بیجاہ
 جکس پارہ کررہم واہ
 ہنڈہ ہنڈہ کر سوختے داہ
 مول کرے لال بازار
 ہاسماہ باڑی گاہ
 پتہ بو لائے خسر پداہ
 محمود گامی ونان زارہ
 اللہ ہاوتم دیدارہ

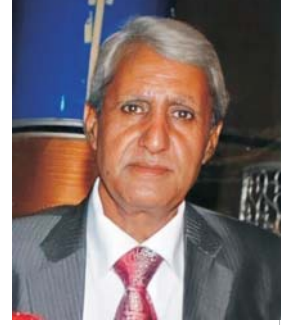
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 خبیر زاہ تہ آہم نو
 کتیو یار پرارو
 کتھ سوہن جڑے ڈے
 کتیو یار پرارو
 ڈے کیاہ خاص سو دا چھے
 کتیو یار پرارو
 دادہن دوا ڈھاڈان چھے
 کتیو یار پرارو

कहानी - रवी धर

शिकायत की सज़ा

आज सवेरे जब बेसे उठा तो मन ही नहीं किया स्कूल जाने का। ऐसा तो करीब-करीब हर दिन होता था। मैं रजाई में ओर दुबक गया। फिर माँ की आवाज सुनाई दी। उसने तीसरी बार आवाज लगाई थी। अब तो उठना ही पड़ेगा। क्या करें यह पढ़ना भी बड़ा झंझट है। मैं यदि वैज्ञानिक होता तो सब से पहला काम पढाई के लिए एक ऐसी मशीन बनाता जो हर बच्चे की पढाई की तकलीफों को कम करती। खैर ऐसा तो होने वाला नहीं। क्या करें इस सिस्टम को बदल तो नहीं सकते। पर मन तो मसोस सकते हैं। मैंने बिस्तर छोड़ा और स्कूल जाने की तैयारी करने में लग गया। मुझे पिताजी का बहुत खोफ था। वह जब मारते थे तो दाँए-बाँए कुछ नहीं देखते थे। कहाँ थप्पड पडे कहाँ घूँसा और कई बार तो उठक-बैठक भी सौ-सौ बार लगवाते हैं। बस पिटने के कई दिन बाद तक होश नहीं रहता है कि क्या करें। इसलिए स्कूल जाना जरूरी है। कहीं

पिताजी को भनक लगी तो गुस्सा करना शुरू करेंगे। भई भलाई इसी में है कि समय पर स्कूल जाओ ओर आराम पाओ।



वैसे स्कूल में भी कौन सा आराम है। जाते ही गणित वाले मास्टर, अंग्रेजी के मास्टर, हिन्दी के मास्टर और न जाने कौन कौन से मास्टर, अरे भाई एक आधा हो तो याद भी रहे यहां तो सारे के सारे ही पीछे पडे हुए हैं। जिसे भी देखो मेरे ही उपर हाथ साफ करने में लगे हुए हैं। यह नहीं कि बच्चा है कभी कभार माफ भी करें। पर नहीं, लग जाते है हाड मांस की धुलाई करने। मैं अपने जूते बाँध ही रहा था कि बबलू की आवाज बाहर से आई, मोन्टी आजा देर हो रही है। मैंने भी अपना बस्ता उठाया और बबलू के साथ स्कूल की ओर चल दिया। चलते चलते एक गोल सा पत्थर

रास्ते में मिला और उसे ठोकर मारते-मारते जहाँ तक हो सका उसको लुढ़काते हुए ले गया। रोज की तरह स्कूल में और दोस्तों से मिलते ही धमाल चौकड़ी शुरू होती थी। हसी मजाक और शरारत तो हमारे खून में था। स्कूल के सब बच्चे इसको जानते थे। सभी मास्टर इस चीज को पहचानते थे कि यह बच्चा शरारत से बाज नहीं आएगा।

हम लोग रोज पिटते ही रहते थे। मास्टर कक्षा में आते तो सब से पहले बबलू और मुझे को भाषण की खुराक पिलाते। फिर बाकी बच्चों से कहते, देखो अगर तुम्हें भी ऐसा ही बनना है तो ठीक है तुम भी पिटते रहो। वरना पढाई में ध्यान दो आदमी बन जाओ। यह प्रवचन रोज का काम था। आज तो ऐसा लग रहा था कि खुशी का दिन ही था। अपने कक्षा अध्यापक ने भी आज कुछ नहीं कहा था। नहीं तो आते ही पहले भाषण पिलाते हैं और बाद में आगे बढ़ते हैं। हो सकता है प्रिंसिपल साहब ने डाँट दिया हो। वे सारा दिन हमें जो डाँटते रहते हैं। कह दिया होगा बच्चों को न डाँटा करो। बबलू ने कहा। यह बड़े लोग होते ही ऐसे हैं। जब देखो बच्चों को डाँटते हैं बिना

बात के। मैंने कहा। अरे उनकी भी कोई गलती नहीं। वे डाँटेंगे नहीं तो उन्हें बड़ा कौन कहेगा। बबलू ने फिर कहा। हम अपनी फिजूल की बातों में मस्त थे। जब घंटी लगी तो मास्टरजी चले गए। अब गणित की क्लास थी। वे बहुत कडक मास्टर थे। हम लोग सब अपनी-अपनी किताबें खोलने लगे तो मास्टर जी कक्षा में घुस गए। सब लडके खड़े हो गए पर मैं तो किताब निकालने में लगा था। मास्टर जी ने देख लिया। मोन्टी खड़े हो जाओ। मास्टर जी गुस्से में लग रहे थे। कल का काम दिखाओ। वे फिर बोले। मास्टर जी वह मैं। इससे पहले कि मैं कुछ कहता उन्होंने एक जोरदार थप्पड़ मेरे मुँह पर जड़ दिया। गलती से वह मेरे कान पर लग गया। एक बार तो ऐसा लगा कि कान का पर्दा फट गया। मैं जोर से चिल्लाया और रोने लगा। हाथ कान पर रख कर जमीन पर लौट गया और जोर-जोर से रोने लगा। मास्टर जी घबरा गए। लगा कि मेरे कान का पर्दा फट गया है। फिर क्या था मास्टर जी पुष्कारने लगे मुझे। और मैं और जोर-जोर से दहाड़े मार के रोता रहा। मैं

ऐसे जता रहा था जैसे मेरे कान का पर्दा फट गया हो। वैसे मेरे कान में घूँ-घूँ की आवाज तो आ रही थी और सुनाई भी दे रहा था। मैंने सोचा यही मौका था मास्टर जी को सबक सिखाने का। और मैं दिमाग दौड़ाने लगा। पूरी कक्षा एक दम चुप। किसी की समझ में नहीं आ रहा था कि क्या करें। इसी उधेडबुन में घंटी लग गई। मास्टरजी फिर पुचकारते हुए चले गए। अगले पीरियड में भी इसी चीज पर चर्चा चलती रही। बबलू ने पूछा, "उस कान से सुनाई तो दे रहा है ना?"

मैं चुप रहा। वह समझ गया कि मैं नाटक कुछ ज्यादा ही कर रहा था। जब हम छुटी में घर गए तो मैंने बबलू से कहा, "बबलू यही मौका है लोहा गर्म है चोट करनी चाहिए। मेरा मतलब है अगर हम अब कुछ नहीं कर पाए तो कभी नहीं कर पाएंगे। मास्टर जी को यह एहसास दिलाना पड़ेगा कि बच्चों को धमकाने का क्या अंजाम हो सकता है। आखिर हम भी तो इन्सान हैं क्या समझते हैं वे अपने आप को। अब अगर हम शैतानी नहीं करेंगे तो कब करेंगे बुडापे में? वाह भई यह भी अच्छी रही। ऐसे

तो कहते हैं शैतानी बच्चे ही करेंगे और दूसरी तरफ मस्ती करने पर ठोकते हैं।" "तो अब क्या करेंगे?" बबलू ने पूछा। "अब देखो क्या करूँगा मैं।" और हम अपने अपने घरों की तरफ जाने लगे। "देख मोन्टी कुछ भी करना मगर पिटवाने का काम नहीं करना। मुझे बहुत डर लगता है। तुम जब भी कुछ करते हो हम पिट जाते हैं।" बबलू ने चिन्ता जताई। मैंने हाथ हिलाते हुए उसकी हामी भरी। घर के अन्दर घुस्ते ही मैंने रोना शुरू किया और बाएँ गाल पर हाथ रखकर दहाडे मारने लगा। मोटे-मोटे आँसू मेरी आँखों से लुढ़कने लगे। मुझे आश्चर्य इस बात का हो रहा था कि आँसू आ कहाँ से रहे हैं। खैर माँ ने पास आके सम्भाला। मेरे आँखों से आँसू पोंछने लगी। कहने लगी, "क्या बात है मोन्टी रो क्यों रहा है?" मैंने और तेज रोना शुरू किया। मेरी माँ कुछ चिंतित हो गई। "कहीं चोट लगी क्या? दर्द हो रहा है क्या?" वह फिर पूछने लगी। अब मैंने देखा माँ को मेरा नाटक समझ में नहीं आ रहा है तो मुझे संतोष हो गया और मैंने अपनी कहानी गढ़नी प्रारम्भ कर दी। गणित वाले मास्टर जी ने

मुझे बहुत मारा। मुझे कुछ सुनाई नहीं दे रहा है। कान पर जोर से थप्पड जड़ दिया। मैं स्कूल नहीं जाऊँगा। ऐसा नहीं कहते जरूर तुमने कोई शरारत की होगी। माँ ने कहा। जरा देखूँ तो। उसने ज्यों ही मेरे कान को हाथ लगाया। मैं जोर से चिल्लाया। अब की बार मेरे आँसू नहीं निकले। तो उसने कहा, ठीक है डॉक्टर को दिखा देंगे।

डॉक्टर की बात नहीं है पापा को कह दो ना कि मांस्टर जी को डाँट दे। उनका सारा जोर मेरे ऊपर ही चलता है और किसी पर नहीं। मैंने अपनी बुद्धिमानी दिखानी चाही। वह कुछ नहीं बोली। मैंने जब फिर अपना पक्ष रखने का प्रयास किया तो उसने कहा, "ठीक है मैं तेरे पापा से भी बात करूँगी।" अब मेरी खुशी का कोई ठिकाना नहीं रहा। मैं सोचने लगा कि मेरे पिताजी इतने गुस्से वाले हैं अब मास्टर जी की खैर नहीं। अब उनको पता लग जाएगा कि बच्चे के ऊपर हाथ उठाना कैसा होता है। जब चाहो तब थप्पड लगाते हैं, मुर्गा बनाते हैं और तो और पूरी कक्षा के सामने बेइज्जत करते हैं। यह भी कोई बात हुई। बच्चे हैं तो क्या हुआ हमारी भी तो कोई इज्जत है।

मास्टरों को क्या पता कि बाकी बच्चे हमें कैसे चिढाते हैं बाद में। सारी इज्जत का फलूदा हो जाता है। किसी को मुँह दिखने लायक नहीं रहते। नजरें नहीं मिला पाते किसी से। आज मुझे इस बात की खुशी हो रही थी कि मेरे पापा गुस्से वाले हैं। मैं मानता हूँ वह मुझे बात-बात पर पीट देते हैं पर आखिर वह मेरे पिता हैं। उन्हें तो पूरा हक बनता है मुझे पीटने का। पर हर कोई? ऐसा होता है क्या। जब भी किसी बड़े से बात करो इस बारे में तुरंत भाषण सुनने को मिल जाता है। गुरु भगवान से भी बढकर होता है। माँ बाप से भी पहले आता है। और तो और एक दोहे की तो गाँठ ही बाँध रखी है "गुरु गोविन्द दोऊ खडे का के लागूँ पाय, बलिहारी गुरु आपने गोविन्द दियो बताय।" यह कवि भी ना किसी को भी पुदीने के पेड पे चढा देते हैं। अरे भाई भगवान तो भगवान ही है गुरु उससे बडा कैसे हो सकता है? अब इन्हें कौन समझाए अगर भगवान से बडा गुरु होता तो भगवान के बदले गुरु को फूल न चढा देते सवेरे-सवेरे। खैर छोडो इन लोगों को इनको खुद नहीं पता क्या होता है और हमें

सिखाते रहते हैं।

शाम को पिताजी आए तो मैंने माँ की तरफ देखा। बातों-बातों में उन्होंने पिताजी से कह ही दिया। आज मोन्टी को मास्टर जी ने मारा है। कान पर ज्यादा ही लगी है बहुत रो रहा था। माँ ने कह दिया। पिताजी ने मेरी तरफ देखा और कहा। क्यूँ मारा? तुमने काम नहीं किया होगा। मैंने कुछ नहीं कहा। वह बोलते रहे। देखो गुरु माँ बाप से बडकर होता है, भगवान होता है। उसकी हर सजा प्रसाद समझकर लेनी चाहिए। माँ-बाप हमें जन्म देता है पर गुरु हमें आँखें देता है अंधकार से प्रकाश में लाता है। जिससे हमारी सारी बुराइयाँ दूर हो जाती हैं। हम आदमी से इन्सान बन जाते हैं। अपने पैरों पर खड़े हो जाते हैं आत्म निर्भर हो जाते हैं और पूरे संसार का बोझ अपने कंधों पर उठाने के लायक हो जाते हैं। मैं तो यह कहूँ कि सवेरे स्कूल पहुँचते ही गुरुओं के पैर पकडा करो इन्सान बन जाओगे। अरे कहाँ का बोझ किसका बोझ। मैं मन में सोच रहा था। मेरी समझ में आ रहा था कि वह मुझे बहला रहे थे। मेरी सारी योजना पर पानी फेर रहे थे। मुझे पूरा विश्वास हो गया

था कि वह स्कूल आकर मास्टर जी को कुछ नहीं कह पाएँगे। यह बात तो तय थी कि उनका जोर भी मुझे पर ही चलता था। वह भी शायद मास्टर जी से डरते थे। अब मेरे पास एक ही हथियार था। माँ। वही कुछ कर सकती है। और मैं फरियाद लेकर माँ के पास चला गया। खूब रोया तो उसने कहा, "देख मोन्टी अगर पापा नहीं जाते हैं तो मैं जाऊँगी। ठीक है?" फिर हो गई मास्टर जी की हजामत। मैं बडबडाया। नहीं मम्मी अगर पापा नहीं आते तो रहने दो मैं मार ही खाता रहूँगा। मैंने भावनाओं का दाव खेला। मम्मी ने कुछ नहीं कहा। दूसरे दिन बबलू के साथ मैं फिर स्कूल के लिए निकला तो मेरे पापा मुझे दरवाजे पर ही मिले। मेरे सर पे हाथ फेरा और हम लोग स्कूल जाने लगे। अभी हम थोड़ी दूर ही गए थे कि पापा ने आवाज लगाई। तू स्कूल पहुँच जा मैं भी आ रहा हूँ। मेरी खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा। और हम दोनों स्कूल की तरफ चल दिए। मैं सपनों में खो गया। मुझे पापा का गुस्सा साफ-साफ दिखाई देने लगा। वह मास्टर जी को जोर-जोर से डाँट रहे थे। और मास्टर जी उसके सामने

गिडगिडा रहे थे। “अब साहब आइन्दा से मोन्टी पर हाथ नहीं उठाऊँगा। मुझे माफ कीजिए। मैंने कहा। पापा यह झूठ कह रहे हैं। यह फिर मुझे मारेंगे, मुझे ही नहीं सब बच्चों को पीटेंगे। पापा इन्हें छोड़ना नहीं।” एक जोर का झटका लगा और मैं स्कूल के दरवाजे पर था। सपना टूट गया था। “क्या बडबडा रहे थे तुम। मैं तो घबरा गया था।” बबलू की समझ में कुछ नहीं आ रहा था। ओह तो यह सपना था। मैं सपना देख रहा था। चलो सपना ही सही, बबलू था तो बहुत ही मीठा।

मेरी बेचैनी बढ रही थी। यह तो ऐसा ही था जैसे शेर शिकार को मारने से पहले उसको चाटता है। मर्जे से निहारता है। तब कहीं शिकार करता है। और तब तक शिकार बेचैन रहता है। मेरे साथ भी यही हाल था। मैं बार-बार दावाजे की तरफ देख रहा था और प्रार्थना चल रही थी।

आखिरकार पापा आ ही गए। मेरी खुशी का ठिकाना न रहा। ऐसा लगने लगा जैसे मैंने गढ ही जीत लिया हो। प्रार्थना के बाद पिताजी ने मास्टर जी को बुलाया। मास्टर जी भी आ गए। मुझे भी बुलाया

गया। “हाँ क्या कह रहे थे तुम मोन्टी मास्टर जी के बारे में?” पापा ने पूछा। मैं सक्पका गया। मास्टर जी के सामने ही मास्टर जी की शिकायत करना, मेरी समझ में कुछ नहीं आ रहा था। मास्टर जी ने सवाल दोहराया। मैं सोच रहा था कि कैसे कहूँ कि इतने में एक जोरदार चाँटा मेरे गाल पर रसीद हुआ। मेरी आँखों के सामने अंधेरा छा गया। और मैं जमीन पर लुडक गया। मास्टर जी ने बीच बचाव कर मुझे सहारा दिया और मैंने पिताजी को कहते हुए सुना।

“मास्टर जी इसकी गलती पर इसको कडी से कडी सजा दिया करो। चाहे टाँग तोडो, ऐसी सजा दो कि यह आपकी शिकायत लेकर घर तक न पहुँचे।” इसके बाद मैंने कसम खाई कि स्कूल की बात घर पर कभी नहीं बताऊँगा।

काँशिरि सुत्यन काँशिर साँरी
नतु वॉरानुक्य हॉरान काव

- अमीन कामिल

هنا सूचिव !!

शुर्यन कथ छु राह
खारुन ?

तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य
कॉशिर्य पॉठ्य कथ
करान ?

शुर्यन सुती योत क्या ?
तोह्य छिवु पनुनि वाँसि
हुंघन सुत्य ति कॉशिर्य
पॉठ्य कथ करान ।

हना सूचिव !

कॉशुर ज़बान किथु
पॉठ्य रोज़ि ज़िंदु ?

اورء یور تہ یورء ہور گز آن
کنہ ورقن ہند سیاہی منز غاب تہ گز آن
کنہ لولہ سان کنہ خشمہ ہڑو آچھو میہ کن
وچھان

یہ کیاہ؟
پریتھ پر متیس ورقس پیٹھ
میان انگھن ہیند نشانہء بنیامت --
مگر نفس و آتھہ کیا ز رود
اس "لول" پر نچ خاہش
ز آنچ تریش؟



ڈاکٹر رفیق معسودی

امنی ہائے بہ کتابہ ہند پاٹھ پورنس
ورقہء ورقہء لفظء لفظء
اندء پیٹھہء شانڈس تاتم
مگر---

ایوت پر تھ تہ ائی نے بہ توتہ زوننسے---

گھانہ وادن حاران میہ لفظن ہیند پاٹھ
پران
کنہ کنہء منزء منزء کینہہ پیر گراف تہ
تراوان تہ برونہ پکان
کنہ کنہ منز ورقن غرق گز آن
ورقن ہند ورق



تَوہین

اِک اَدَمی نِے اِپنی اُورِت کَا ہَاث تُوڈ دِیا۔ مَیجسٹْرِیٹ کِے سَاَمِنِے جَب اُسکِے پِش کِیا گِیا تُو اُسکِے روتے روتے سَب بَات بَاتَا دِی۔ مَیجسٹْرِیٹ نِے پَتِی سِے اِگِے کِے لِیوے اِچھِے وِیوہَار کَا بَروسَا لِیکر اُٹھ دِیا۔ دُوسرے رُوژ لِیے اِچھِے وِیوہَار کَا بَروسَا لِیکر اُٹھ دِیا۔ دُوسرے رُوژ اُسکِے عورت کَا دُوسرَا ہَاث تُوڈنے پَر مَیجسٹْرِیٹ کِے سَاَمِنِے پَھَر لِیا گِیا۔ اِس بَار اُس نِے سَفَا ئی دِی "حُضُور، چھوٹے پَر اِپنِے کُو سَمبھالنے کِے لِیے مِی نِے تھوڈی شَرَاب پی۔ حُضُور، جَب اُس سِے بَھی کُوئی فَرَق نِے آیا تُو تھوڈی تھوڈی کَرکِے مِی دُو بُوٹلیں پی گِیا۔ جَب گَھر پُہنچَا تُو عورت نِے مُجھ سِے کَہَا "شَرَابی آ گِیا نالی مِی لوٹ کَر۔" حُضُور، مِی نِے اِپنی حَاَلت پَر خُور کِیا اُور سُوچَا شَاید یَہ ٹھِیک کَہتی ہِے۔ مِی نَامُوش رَہَا۔ اِسکِے بَعَد وہ بُولی "حُرَام خُور، کُچھ کَام دَھنڈَا بَھی کَرَا کَر۔ حُضُور، اِس پَر بَھی مِی کُچھ نِے بُولَا۔ پَر حُضُور، اِس کِے بَعَد تُو اُسکِے حُد کَر دِی۔ بُولی "اِگَر اُر مَیجسٹْرِیٹ مِی تھوڈی بَھی عَقْل ہوتی تُو تُو اَب تَک جِیل مِی ہوتا۔ بَس حُضُور، عَدَاَلت کِی تُوہین مُجھ سِے بَر دَاشْت نِے ہوتی۔"

اِک اَدَمی نِے اِپنی اُورِت کَا ہَاث تُوڈ دِیا۔ مَیجسٹْرِیٹ کِے سَاَمِنِے جَب اُسکِے پِش کِیا گِیا تُو اُسکِے روتے روتے سَب بَات بَاتَا دِی۔ مَیجسٹْرِیٹ نِے پَتِی سِے اِگِے کِے لِیوے اِچھِے وِیوہَار کَا بَروسَا لِیکر اُٹھ دِیا۔ دُوسرے رُوژ لِیے اِچھِے وِیوہَار کَا بَروسَا لِیکر اُٹھ دِیا۔ دُوسرے رُوژ اُسکِے عورت کَا دُوسرَا ہَاث تُوڈنے پَر مَیجسٹْرِیٹ کِے سَاَمِنِے پَھَر لِیا گِیا۔ اِس بَار اُس نِے سَفَا ئی دِی "حُضُور، چھوٹے پَر اِپنِے کُو سَمبھالنے کِے لِیے مِی نِے تھوڈی شَرَاب پی۔ حُضُور، جَب اُس سِے بَھی کُوئی فَرَق نِے آیا تُو تھوڈی تھوڈی کَرکِے مِی دُو بُوٹلیں پی گِیا۔ جَب گَھر پُہنچَا تُو عورت نِے مُجھ سِے کَہَا "شَرَابی آ گِیا نالی مِی لوٹ کَر۔" حُضُور، مِی نِے اِپنی حَاَلت پَر خُور کِیا اُور سُوچَا شَاید یَہ ٹھِیک کَہتی ہِے۔ مِی نَامُوش رَہَا۔ اِسکِے بَعَد وہ بُولی "حُرَام خُور، کُچھ کَام دَھنڈَا بَھی کَرَا کَر۔ حُضُور، اِس پَر بَھی مِی کُچھ نِے بُولَا۔ پَر حُضُور، اِس کِے بَعَد تُو اُسکِے حُد کَر دِی۔ بُولی "اِگَر اُر مَیجسٹْرِیٹ مِی تھوڈی بَھی عَقْل ہوتی تُو تُو اَب تَک جِیل مِی ہوتا۔ بَس حُضُور، عَدَاَلت کِی تُوہین مُجھ سِے بَر دَاشْت نِے ہوتی۔"

ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर



निगहत साहिबा

या तरी फिकरि बु क्याह छस तु बनख सोंतु हवा
या चु अशि वानि लेखख म्योन यि अफसानु पगाह

यस ज़र्द पन छु वंदान पान सु छा सोंतु जुवान
कथ पद्यन तल मे यि सबज़ार थोवुथ सादु दिला

कुस छु द्वहदिश मे वनान थाव यि पाज़ेब वॅकडिथ
कुस छु पादन मे यि ज़ंजूरि वलान 'वॅर्यज़ि वफा'

शामु पतु आसु तत्यन तिलमु तु बेयि गर्दि गुबार
सहरु यथ जायि सॅमिथ पोश मंगान ऑस्य दुआ

यूत सहलाब औनुन क्याज़ि यिमान सहरावन
सॉन्य मोसूम छिया त्रेश मंगान पथरे बला

रिज़कु मूजूब वॅकड्य असि पूत्य न्यबर आल्यव मंज़ु
व्वन्य छि प्रथ शामु ख्यवान रिज़कु बदल नैदरे दवा

ज़र्दपेन्को डेर

نگهت صاحبه

یا تری فکرِ یہ کیاہ چھس تہ بنکھ سوئتہ ہوا
یاڑ اشہ وانہ لکبکھ مینون یہ افسانہ پگاہ

لیس زردپن چھ ونداں پان سہ چھاسوئتہ زوان
کھ پدن تل مے یہ سزارتھوؤتھ ساہ دلا

گس چھ دوہدش مے ونان تھاویہ پازیب کڈتھ
گس چھ پادن مے یہ زنجورولاں، "گرزی وفا"

شامہ پتہ آسہ تننن تلمہ تہ پیہ گردِ عُبّار
تھر یتھ جاپہ سمٹھ پوش منگان آسہ دُعا

یوت سہلاب اوئن کیاڑ بین صحراون
سانی موصوم چھیا تزلش منگاں پتھر بلا؟

رزقہ موجب کڈی اسہ پوتی نمبر آلو منڑ
دوئی چھ پتھ شامہ کھواں رزقہ بدل بندر دوا

Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul Termites – The Unseen Destroyers

Termites, also called white ants have been around since time began. They are social insects, like bees and ants, that feed upon dead wood, books, furniture even clothes and are the world's most destructive creatures. They are unseen destroyers of houses and furniture - indeed of all things made from timber.

There are an estimated 4,000 species of termites. Termites are ant-like insects of the order Isoptera. They are often referred as white ants because of their white color but they are different in structure and habits. They occur in communities consisting of enormous numbers, in tropical and sub-tropical regions of every continent. Being social like ants and bees they have castes consisting of a queen, males, workers and soldiers.

Termites enter quietly the wood-work, or logs, or trees often unseen at the lowest possible point, and burrow their way in all directions, their presence unsuspected until their galleries have so



weakened the material that it collapses at a touch. It was a great shock to the custodians of the Vatican library at Rome when in 1949, its walls and ceilings were discovered to have been galleried by these tireless



insects, which had also destroyed many priceless manuscripts and books in their ceaseless search for food. The termites which feed on wood and derivatives of wood live in a strange partnership with tiny protozoa (one called microscopic creatures). These microscopic creatures live in the intestines of the termites. They tackle the woody material as the termites swallow it, and reduce it to a state in which it is easy for the termites to digest. Without these interior helpers the wood eating species would starve to death.

A termite colony inside the soil is called *termatarium*. Inside it there are wide galleries and nests and spaces sheltering the queen and the young ones. Many species cultivate fungi in the open spaces for eating. Some species raise above their subterranean galleries and nests enormous mounds of soil many feet in height.



It is recorded that in Africa these mounds may be as tall as 20 feet. The author has seen large termite mounds in Orissa measuring anywhere between 7 to 9 feet. In Jammu region there are termite mounds hardly measuring 3 to 5 feet above ground. These are locally called "**Burmi**" and revered as the abode of "**Nag Devta**" since they provide an easy home for snakes. But they are not always occupied by snakes. A particular "**Burmi**" at New Plots Jammu, the author found, was inhabited by rats. So it could not be a home to snakes of any kind which predate on rats, yet on **Nag Panchmi** day all the ladies of the area came to offer prayers there. The owner of the plot decorated it and reaped a good harvest of offerings on every **Nag Panchmi**!

The vast nest inside the termatarium houses nurseries and also a royal cell in which lies the enormous termite **queen**, a gigantic insect some times four inches long, a living egg factory. She may lay eggs at the rate of 30,000 a day and she is constantly attended by **workers** and **guards**. There are also males in the community, which like the queen, may either be winged or wingless; the wings are discarded after mating. The **male termite** who is the king of the colony

lives in a cell with the queen.

The termite colony consists mainly of workers of various types. There are small workers, which do the ordinary jobs in the nest-tending the developing young, feeding all the non-workers, clearing up and so on. There are larger workers, about half an inch long with more powerful jaws and soldiers with huge jaws which defend the community and wage war against other termite colonies. These insects are not without merit. They are responsible for providing food for many types of predators and provide shelter in termataria to many animals. The termite mounds become a haven in flooded rainy areas and make water soak in more easily, halting erosion. In many parts of the world people including tribals in India eat termites. They are caught as they swarm around lights and then roasted or fried. Termites do well in moist environment, so it is of utmost importance to fix leaky pipes and faucets to prevent their entry into our homes. We should keep fire wood, mulch, scrap pieces of wood and trees away from our home's foundations. Cracks and holes in the foundation should be fixed to prevent entry of termites. Once detected in the house specific anti-termite insecticides should be injected into the holes made by them. Kerosene oil is also a strong anti-termite. While building a house anti termite treatment of the foundation can prevent attack by termites. Now-a-days anti-termite treatment is possible to protect buildings from termite attacks.



काव्य - त्रिलोकी नाथ धर कुन्दन

गज़ल



कर बनि ब्ययि तँम्यसुन्द दीदार ? कर यियि योछमुत सुय म्योन यार ?
 आव नय सुय अदु बुय गछुहा मैति मा आव ज़ांह त्युथ व्यस्तार ।
 ग्योवमय विज़ि विज़ि मायि तँमिस वँन्यमस लोलुबरिथ कम शार ।
 शबनम छुय तँम्यसुन्द दरशुन तमि सुत्य शेहल्यम वोन्दुकुय नार ।
 शंगरफ बुथिसुय छुस प्रज़लान लोलु कुचुवमुत छुस अनहार ।
 शौगथुय ओसुस न्यन्द्रे मंज़ तँम्यसुन्दि नावय गोस बेदार ।
 ऑसुम तँम्यसंज़ कॉछ़ाह सथ वनु कस गोमुत छुस लाचार ।
 यस सुत्य हॉल ऑस वुम्बरन हँज़ तस रोस कति यी वोन्त्य कुनि वार ?
 सौतु फुलय ऑस फोजिमुच़ कुच़ हरदुनि वावय गँयि मिस्मार ।
 दूरुय थरि हुन्द पोश बनान ऑखुर लीखित छुस पुचुन्यार ।
 सिरियय वोलमुत ओबरन अज़ ज़ुचु फोत्यसुय गोमुत वथुवार ।
 मोच़्य मोच़्य ज़ूने केंह नु मोच़्यव गटुपछ वोत अदु गव गटुकार ।
 यस तस पज़ि असि लोल बरुन शुर्यबॉच़ुय मा गव संसार ?
 यी बुथि आस तँथ्य सीनु दितुन इन्सानन ज़ांह मॉन्या हार ?
 प्रथ विज़ि कोरनम तँम्य अथुरोट विज़ि विज़ि दोरुम तँम्य अवतार ।
 मोल ज़ोनाह येति कॉसि अँमिस ? 'कुन्दन' परखुख दर बाज़ार ।

गज़ल

डा. शौकत शिफा



غزل

ڈاکٹر شوکت شفا

अनि गॅटिस येलि छु बाम म्यूठ करान
अदु छु दिगरस ति शाम म्यूठ करान

कुस छु दुश्मन वनुन स्यठाह मुश्किल
अज़ छि साँरी कलाम म्यूठ करान

याम मुचरुन्य ह्यवान बसीरत अँछ
ज़िंदुगी मोथ ताम म्यूठ करान

लोल छुनु, अथ वनान छि मजबूरी
पादशाहस ग्वलाम म्यूठ करान

यावनुक्य रंग छँतिथ प्यवान छि शिफा
खाक बदनस छु याम म्यूठ करान



अने गँस येले चहे बाम मीठ करान

अ चहे डगर्स ते शाम मीठ करान

गँस चहे दुश्मन वुन सभ्हाह मुश्किल

अ चहे सारी कलाम मीठ करान

याम मुचरुनी ह्यवान बसीरत अँछ

ज़िंदगी मोथ ताम मीठ करान

लोल चहेने, अथ वनान छि मजबूरी

पादशाहस ग्वलाम मीठ करान

यावनुक्य रंग छँतिथ प्यवान छि शिफा

खाक बदनस छु याम मीठ करान

Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' **No Alternative**

It is a well known fact that a human being can have either a positive or a negative attitude to life and its various facets. A person can always be positive or negative in his approach or he can be sometimes positive and other times negative. From the very childhood a person develops an attitude and in course of time that becomes his permanent nature. Two persons faced with similar situation react differently because of the variation in their attitudes. Now this attitude, positive or negative, starts with our thinking, then it is expressed by us in so many words and ultimately it gets reflected in our actions. There is a common superstition with many people that their day turns out to be good or bad depending upon whose face they have seen early in the morning first thing after getting up from their beds. In the backdrop of this superstitious belief I had written a short story wherein two persons hurt their feet by a sharp thing lying on the road in similar circumstances. Both were hurt and bleeding. The person with positive attitude was thankful to the woman he had seen early in the morning who turned out to be a good omen and he escaped with a small wound, which could have been more serious. The other person with negative

approach cursed the woman he had seen in the morning because she turned out to be a bad omen for him and he got wounded.



As a result of adopting their respective attitudes, the first wounded person was full of vigour and zest the whole day thereafter and the other wounded person was gloomy, forlorn and morose. Had the second person too shown the same attitude and the same positive approach he too would have been happy and satisfied. His wound would have been less painful and tolerable as it was for the first one. Be that as it may. Let us now understand what a person desires. A person desires to be happy all the time. Now it is clear from the illustrative story narrated above that there is only one way to derive happiness under all circumstances and that is to adopt a positive approach. Coming to think of it let us be honest and realize that there is no alternative to this course if we want to be happy in our life. A person who does not adopt a positive approach can never be happy. Nobody likes to be unhappy and

sad. It is, therefore, of paramount importance to have a positive approach, the only way to achieving happiness and deriving pleasure all the time.

What does this positive approach connote? First of all it shows that we are full of self-confidence. We believe in ourselves and are confident that we are on the right track. It also implies that we have a hope for a bright tomorrow and we are not despondent. It indicates that we are sanguine about our efforts and believe that we are going in right direction and that our efforts are right, effective and sure to bring out results. It also denotes that unmindful of what the outcome will be we derive pleasure in the effort that we put in, little bothering ourselves whether we will achieve the desired results or not. Let us take all these points one by one. For any success self confidence is a valid and important quid pro quo. Unless we are sure of ourselves and the sincerity of our efforts we will always act as doubting Thomas and be gloomy all through. I remember that in our school days our Scout Chief used to tell us to stand up and shout, 'I am some one important.' The idea was to inculcate a sense of highest self confidence and belief in ourselves. When we are confident that our aim is noble, our efforts are sincere and our methods are pure and without any blemish, there is no reason for us to be unhappy. Having firm faith in ourselves is essential for us to be happy and this connotes a positive state of mind.

Next facet of the positive approach

is to be hopeful. As has been stated in Bhagavad Gita, our authority is restricted to carry out the required action. What the outcome of these actions will be is not within our control. If we are hesitant, apprehensive and frightful about the outcome we shall never perform any action. We will be hesitant always. Even if we do perform an action it will be done half heartedly and any fraction of the possibility of the success that there might have been, will get thwarted. So it is always useful to be full of hope for a favourable outcome and perform our actions with a positive frame of mind. Here again we have no other alternative. In the battlefield of Kurukshetra Arjuna says to Shri Krishna, 'I do not want to fight because I am not sure whether I will win or lose, *Yedi va jayema yedi va no jayeyu.*' The Lord replies, 'In either case you will benefit. If you win you will have a vast empire to rule. If you lose and get killed, you will find place in heaven for having fought a battle of righteousness, *hatva va prapsyasi swargyam jitva va bhokshase mahim.*' In other words he was asked to be hopeful and have a positive approach. He had no other alternative and would have perished along with his clan had he not taken up his *Gandiva*, the bow and arrow. Hope is a solid symbol of strength. It encourages and guides in the right direction and thus is an important ingredient of positive thinking.

Being hopeful without putting in due effort is meaningless. We have to

make all the efforts that are expected of us with a firm hope that we shall derive the desired outcome. Shri Gita says, '*Shreyan swa dharmo vigunah* – your own duty is beneficial to you even if it lacks any attributes or virtues.' It is not sufficient to make due efforts. We have to be sanguine that these efforts are right efforts for right purpose. This belief in the efficacy of our efforts again is an important facet of the positive approach, which is needed to ensure happiness. Now if we wait for the desired outcome to take pleasure after attaining it there is a fifty fifty chance for us to be happy. Should we be successful in attaining the desired, we shall be happy no doubt, that too momentarily, because again we will have to engage in some other activity. And, in case the result is not favourable, the happiness will turn into a mirage for us forever. It is, therefore, better for us to derive pleasure in making the efforts itself rather than wait for the outcome. That will ensure that we are happy and contented all the time. Here again there is no other alternative. This resolve to derive pleasure from the effort rather than from the outcome in itself is again an essential ingredient of the positive approach. We have seen that here also we have no other alternative to take recourse to if we want to ensure happiness for ourselves all the time, uninterrupted and wholesome.

There is another good thing about this positive attitude. It is not only beneficial and giver of permanent pleasure

for us alone but for others also. Our positive approach shall create a positive environment for others too who may be with us or come into contact with us during this journey of life. Even those who may not be directly involved with us and our activity may become hopeful on seeing our positive attitude and may emulate that approach. After all one lamp or one small flame alone is needed to light a thousand lamps in order to spread light all over. In the words of a poet, when we leave behind our foot prints on the sands of time (with a positive approach), all those who are forlorn and shipwrecked are bound to take heart again and as a result thereof achieve success and with it happiness too. The positive approach brings cheer and gaiety in the entire atmosphere wherein we live and work. It creates congenial environment for us to live and work cordially, with love, understanding and pleasure. The result is that all the members of the society are happy and satisfied to work for the betterment of every one in all sincerity and seriousness. The alternative is disastrous and depressing and, therefore, there is again no alternative to being positive in approach.

A positive approach begins with our positive thinking. We develop positive thought about every problem that we face and every situation that we may be in. Our spoken word is positive as a result of this positive thinking. We opine positively. We give positive suggestions and we find

positive solutions to all problems. This positive utterance translates into positive actions, which are for our own good and beneficial to others as well. The result is happiness all round. So the moral is that we should adopt a positive approach to everything, for there is no other alternative for us to ensure uninterrupted pleasure and happiness for ourselves as also for others.

There are certain habits which we follow ritualistically in order to develop a positive attitude. For example when we get up early in the morning from our sleep we have a glimpse of the portrait of a deity or some holy person. After the daily morning chores we offer worship at home and bow before any deity of our choice. We chant some *Mantras*, or some prayer for a few moments. At the time of leaving our home for work we take formal permission from our mother, father or any other elder in the family or again bow before the portrait of our chosen deity. We leave our home chanting the name of God and invoke His blessings. These practices and such other rituals help us have a positive frame of mind all through, create hope in our mind for success in all our endeavours and give us a lasting peace of mind.



अँश्य कतरु मृणालिनी सफाया

कति तान्य चूरि बिहिथ
अँछ हंदिस कूनस मंज
क्याहताम सौचान
सु अँश्य कतरु

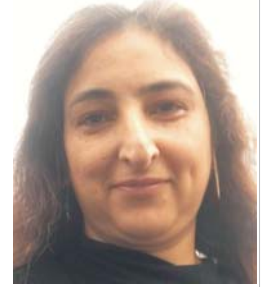
अज अचानक आव
खबर क्याह सूंचिथ
बुथिस प्यठ लायिनु
सु अँश्य कतरु



मे प्रुछुस
कोताह छोरुमख
अज कति गोख बूद
ऐ अँश्य कतरु ?

तोरु दोपुनम
चूरि रुजिथ तथ कूनस मंज
ओसुस प्रारान
बु अँश्य कतरु

मोकु आम नु हावुनस
गम पनुन बावुनस
वनय क्याह तु कोताह
बु अँश्य कतरु



नज़्म

इकबाल अंजुम



نظم
اقبال انجم

चे ऑसुथ मे थॅवमुच्च सथाह टाठि यारो
स्व मा रोज़ि पथ कुन कथाह टाठि यारो

छु नो सात लीखिथ मे वसलुक नसीबस
युथुय छुम पनुन कुसमथाह टाठि यारो

‘यिनो लय मशम चॉन्य’ अकि दूह वन्योथम
अथस प्यँठ मे थॉविथ अथाह टाठि यारो

सु नय गँज़रि तारख शबस वनतु करि क्याह
येमिस चोन गव उलफताह टाठि यारो

चे मा याद दर-दिल रछोथन सु अंजुम
चे मा म्योन ह्यू हसरथाह टाठि यारो

ठे अँते मे त्थुम्रस्ताह माँह यारो
सुमारो बँते कँ कँताह माँह यारो
चे नुसामत लिक्ते मे वसलक नसीब
येँते चँम पँन फँस्ताह माँह यारो
"मे नुले मँम पँनी" अके दूह वन्योथम
अतँस येँते त्थुम्रस्ताह माँह यारो
सु नुले गँरि तारक शबस वन्योथम
येँते चँम पँन फँस्ताह माँह यारो
ठे मा याद दर-दिल रछोथन सु अंजुम
ठे मा म्योन ह्यू हसरथाह टाठि यारो

*Languages - Sunil Fotedar***Kashmiri Language Resources on KP Websites - 2****C**ontinued from July issue**(Late) Prof. Braj B. Kachru**

Professor Braj B. Kachru was the Director of the Centre for Advanced Study at the University of Illinois, Champaign, USA. He was the world's leading scholar in the field of world Englishes; he had pioneered, shaped, and defined the linguistic, socio-cultural and pedagogical dimensions of cross-cultural diffusion of English.

Professor Kachru was an author or editor of 20 books, including the prize-winning *The Alchemy of English: The Spread, Functions and Models of Non-Native Englishes*, associate editor of the acclaimed *The Oxford Companion to the English*



Language and Contributor to the *Cambridge History of the English Language*. In addition, he wrote over 100 research papers, review articles and reviews on Kashmiri and Hindi languages and literatures, and theoretical and applied aspects of language in society. Kachru sat on the editorial boards of eight scholarly journals and was founder and co-editor of

the journal *World Englishes*. He chaired many national and international committees and led several organizations, including the American Association for Applied Linguistics. Among his many awards was the Duke of Edinburgh Award (1987).



Professor Kachru held appointments in linguistics, education, comparative literature and English as an international language. As a Jubilee Professor of Liberal Arts and Sciences, he was head of the Department of Linguistics for 11 years, director of English as an International Language for six years, and director of the Linguistic Institute of the Linguistic Society of America (1978). He had fellowships from the British Council, the East-West Centre and the American Institute of Indian Studies. He held visiting professorships in Canada, Singapore and India.

In 2001, KOA held its first ever youth culture-language camp, during Sanjay Kaul's tenure as President, at American University, Washington D.C. area. It was a 10-day camp organized by



KOA youth Komal Bazaz and Sonal Bakaya. With the support of the local community, (late) Professor Braj B. Kachru of IL and Professor Ashok Koul of RI, thirty-four KP youth benefited from this camp. In this camp,

Prof. Kachru presented his book, *An Introduction to Spoken Kashmiri*, published in June 1973, to KOA management and I borrowed the book. I called Prof. Kachru to seek his permission to upload his book to koshur.org website and provide our own audio clips for the lessons contained therein. He was excited with this proposal and gave me his permission. The lessons, with audio clips, have been placed at this location:

<http://koshur.org/SpokenKashmiri/index.html>

The book came in two separate volumes. Volume 1 has 735 pages and contains Chapter 1 through Chapter 50, with each chapter starting with a conversation between two individuals. Volume 2 is a Glossary of terms and has 94 pages. Its preface writes, "*This manual may be used either for classroom teaching or for those wanting a self-instructional course. In the bibliography we have included a list of the supplementary materials which a teacher and/or a learner might find useful.*" Text is in Roman-

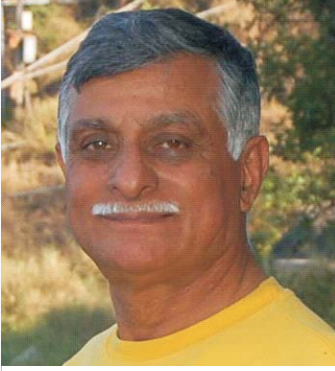
Kashmiri script that has used a combination of punctuation marks, special characters and diphthongs/ligatures to represent *Koshur* words. The text helps to pronounce the words easily but is somewhat difficult to type using a keyboard. Each page was scanned by Rashme, and each page was broken into several conversation items. If you click on one item, a sound clip will play. For Chapter 1 has conversation between ladies, therefore, Rashme's services were employed. For the rest of the chapters, the conversation is between two males. My friend Veer ji Saraf just happened to be in town. He lent his voice for the conversation between the two individuals for each chapter.

When I was finished the task, I called Prof. Kachru once again. I asked him what drove him to write a book on the language, that too way back in 1973. His answer was, "it was my labor of love."

I had the privilege to meet him and his wife Yamuna ji at their apartment in DLF Gurgaon, sometime in late 2000s. Both have left us unfortunately and have a left a huge void within linguistic circles.

M.K. Raina

Sh. M.K. Raina, a civil engineer by profession, retired from J&K Govt service in 2006. His last assignment was at the Head Works of Upper Sindh Hydel Project, Stage-II, Kangan. Like the rest of the KPs, he first moved to Jammu in 1990 at the height of militancy and later to Mumbai in 1993.



While in Mumbai, he got associated with the Milchar, the community magazine of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai in the year 1995 and later became its

editor. In 1998-99, *Project Zaan* was founded by a group of people led by Shri J.N. Kachroo, ex Principal, National High School, Srinagar. Raina sahib was appointed its Convener. Around the year 1996, during his visit to the book shop of J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages at Jammu, he found a huge repository of valuable Kashmiri literature including classics, but available in *Nastaliq* (Perso-Kashmiri) script only. Since Devanagari script for Kashmiri was not recognized by the State or the Central governments, printing of books in that script was not undertaken by the Academy. Moreover, there was no standardized script for Devanagari-Kashmiri devised till then. Later a team of Kashmiri scholars headed by Dr. Roop K. Bhat worked tirelessly on the project for over two years and devised one.

Since Kashmiri Pandits were not familiar with Urdu or Persian scripts, especially the youngsters, they could not get familiar with the *Nastaliq*. Consequently, the Kashmiri literature was

not accessible to them. After our exodus in 1990, when youngsters were physically away from Kashmir, this bottleneck proved to be challenging. Kashmiri Pandit writers wrote significantly in Devanagari but Academy would not help financially or otherwise, on the same plea that it was not a recognized script. Therefore, these authors got their books printed in *Nastaliq* instead to allow Academy (read J&K Govt) to finance the printing cost. As a result, most of the new literature too remained away from the masses. Raina sahib took it upon himself the duty of rewriting some of the precious literature in Devanagari-Kashmiri since the year 2000. He has transliterated more than 5000 pages of *Nastaliq* into Devanagari-Kashmiri, in addition to the translation of other English documents to Kashmiri/Hindi and his own authored and compiled work. He has recently started producing audios and videos as well.

Thanks to Dr. Brij Moza, he introduced me to Sh. Raina, and we have been friends ever since. He even hosted me once at his house in Mumbai. I created and maintained two websites for several years - one for Milchar, a KPA Mumbai publication (ikashmir.net/milchar), and the other for *Project Zaan* for uploading *Zaan* material separately (ikashmir.net/zaan), for which I was honored by Project Zaan with a trophy. See Appendix I for the citation.

To this day, Raina sahib continues to do this work for at least 12 hours a day, 7 days a week. He is a person who is well-



Film Director Shri Ashok Pandit receiving the Special Zaan Award on behalf of Shri Sunil Fotedar. The Award, presented by Shri M.L. Mattoo, Chairman Lalla Ded Educational and Welfare Trust, Mumbai on 27th March 2004, was given to Shri Sunil Fotedar for his unrelenting support to Project Zaan.

versed with Kashmiri, Devanagari, *Nastaliq*, and English. He has created quite an online repository of self-authored books, short stories, lessons in audio and video, and has translated a number of Kashmir classics from *Nastaliq*, Hindi and English to standardized Devanagari-Kashmiri. In early 2000s, I created <http://www.mkraina.com> and uploaded his content on it over several years. Later on, I handed over the website to his son Vishal who has been maintaining the site ever

since.

I uploaded his book, Basic Reader for Kashmiri Language, that he co-authored with Neelam ji Trakru, to <http://koshur.org/Reader/index.html> and added audio clips to the lessons contained therein.

I must say this - I have never seen any person work as hard as Raina Sahib. Period.

Continued on next page

(Late) Dr. O.N. Koul

On my visit to Jammu in early 2000s, I found another book in my dad's library titled, *Spoken Kashmiri*, written by (late) Dr. O m k a r N . K o u l (<http://koshur.org/Kashmiri/index.htm>).

This book was also like Prof. Kachru's book written in Roman-Kashmiri, but without special characters and diphthongs



that made one easier to type in using a keyboard. The book aptly puts it, "*This book is essentially a self-instructional course for learning Kashmiri as a second/foreign language.* Besides

an introduction, it contains 20 lessons presenting basic structures of the Kashmiri language. Each lesson contains one major structure along with related patterns. The lessons consist, of text, mostly in the form of dialogues, followed by drills, exercises, vocabulary and notes on grammar. Texts are provided with equivalent English translations. Drills and Exercises are designed to help the development of learners' linguistic competence in the language systematically." Audio clips for Roman-Kashmiri words and sentences contained therein were recorded by me.

It was around the same time when I was actively working with Sh. M.K. Raina to build *Milchar* and *Project Zaan* websites, and later <http://mkraina.com> for

his works. Since I was adding various categories to the KP websites developed and maintained by me, one category that was missing was one about the Kashmiri proverbs. Once again, I found out that Dr. O.N. Koul had written a masterpiece titled, *A Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs*, published in 1992. I scanned a few selected proverbs that I would occasionally share with the KPnet audience, in Roman-Kashmiri with Sh. Raina providing the standardized Devanagari-Kashmiri support. Dr. Koul was very impressed with our effort. Therefore, he decided to come out with the second edition of the book in 2006, fourteen years after its first edition. This is what he wrote in the preface of the book:

"The first edition of this dictionary was first published in 1992 which is out of print now. Mr Sunil Fotedar volunteered to put selected proverbs from this dictionary on the web. This generated a lot of interest among scholars and general readers. I would like to thank Mr Fotedar for encouraging me to bring out the second edition of it. I am grateful to Mr. M. K. Raina for transcribing the original Kashmiri proverbs from Roman into the Devanagari script. It can be used by those who are familiar with the Devanagari script."

A PDF version of the book can be downloaded from:

<http://ikashmir.net/onkoul/pdf/DictionaryProverbs.pdf>

With such degrees as M.A. (Hindi), M.A. (Linguistics), Ph.D., and Certificate in Administration of In-service Teacher

Education, and educated at the University of Jammu and Kashmir, Srinagar, K.M. Institute of Hindi Studies and Linguistics, Agra University, the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, USA, and the International Training Institute, Sydney, Australia, Prof. Omkar Nath Koul was a well-respected linguist the world over. Various positions that he held professionally were (with details at <http://ikashmir.net/onkoul/cv.html>):

- Director, Central Institute of Indian Languages, Govt. of India, Mysore (1999-2000).
- Professor - cum - Dy Director, Central Institute of Indian Languages, Mysore (1994-99).
- Professor, LBS National Academy of Administration, Gol, Mussoorie. (1987-1994).
- Principal, Northern Regional Language Centre (CILL), Patiala (1971-1987).

He was a prolific writer with several publications and books to his name in English, Hindi, Urdu, *Nastaliq*, and standardized-Kashmiri. He authored and edited about 50 books and wrote about 200 research papers related to Linguistics, Language Education, Communication, Comparative Literature, and Kashmiri/Hindi/Urdu/ Punjabi Languages. For his list of publications, visit: <http://ikashmir.net/onkoul/publications.html>

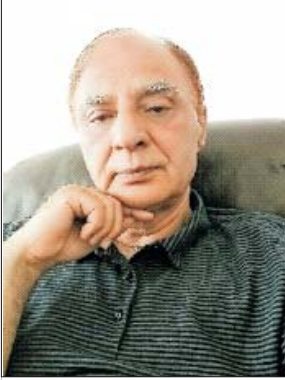
A vast amount of literature of Kashmiri has been published using Devanagari script in the Kashmiri Literary magazine *Vaakh* published regularly for

last fifteen years from Delhi. He edited these issues on a regular basis until he passed away, and now Prof. Roop K. Bhat has taken over its publication with the support of AIKS. You may download recent issues of *Vaakh* from AIKS website at: <https://www.aiks.org/aiks-publications/> Older issues can be downloaded from: <http://ikashmir.net/onkoul/vaakh/index.html>

With his passing away, our community has lost another gem in the field of languages, and a dear friend and a guide of mine who was always there to encourage me in my efforts. For his efforts in the preservation of our language, I presented him with KOA's Excellence award at the KOA's July 4th camp at Moodus, Connecticut in 2008 when he was visiting the US. My last conversation with him was about *Poozai Posh*, a compilation of devotional songs in Kashmiri, Hindi, and Sanskrit that I published in 2016 as KOA president, and I needed his advice and resources on using the standardized Kashmiri script for the bhajans contained therein. Little did I know that that would be my last conversation with him. He is sorely missed.

Prof. Roop Krishen Bhat

After adding the three Koshur language books with audio clips, I was introduced to Prof. Roop Krishen Bhat. At Northern Regional Language Center, Patiala, the northern wing of Central Institute of Indian Languages (CILL), he had been producing



the learning and teaching material, and had created A *Handbook on Audio Cassette Course in Kashmiri*. The book in PDF format and audio clips of these cassettes are provided at: <http://koshur.org/ciil>

Dr. Roop Krishen Bhat is an author, linguist, translator and media freelancer. Born at Bugam in Kulgam district of J&K State on 11th April, 1951, he did his Masters and Doctorate in Linguistics from University of Kurukshetra. A polyglot fluent in Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu and English languages, he also knows Punjabi and Russian.

His assignments with the Govt. of India include as Professor at Central Institute of Indian Languages (CIIL), MHRD, Mysore, Director, Directorate of Adult Education, MHRD, New Delhi, Principal Publication Officer, National Council for Promotion of Urdu Language, MHRD, Principal, Northern Regional Language Centre CIIL, Patiala, Assistant Educational Adviser, Ministry of Culture, Program Executive All India Radio Ministry of I&B and Lecturer, NRLC, CIIL, MHRD, Patiala. He has written/edited/co-authored forty-one books, authored about fifty Research papers and hundreds of articles on language, literature, culture, mass media and education. For his detailed

profile, and a list of publications, visit: <https://www.ikashmir.net/rkbhat/index.html>

He maintains a blog for his writeups at <http://roopkrishenbhat.blogspot.com/>

The introduction to the book writes,

“ This course comprises of two parts 1. recorded material or audio and 2. printed material or text. A learner is expected to listen to the audio and read the text simultaneously. The course is primarily focused at people who want to acquire a working knowledge of Kashmiri and the younger generation of Kashmiris living away from the natural language environment and slowly drifting away from their language and culture.”

Since it was a publication of Government of India, proper permission had to be sought from the authorities. Roop ji was great help in getting me in touch with Dr. U.N. Singh and Sh. M.K. Kaw, who was the Secretary of Education at the time (Appendix II, e-mail 1). I wrote to them to seek permission to carry the book and the audio cassettes on the sites managed by me by first providing them a proper background to what I was doing (Appendix II, e-mail 2). I got an encouraging response from Dr. U.N. Singh (Appendix II, e-mail 3) that provided their terms of conditions. I responded back to provide my acceptance of those conditions (Appendix II, e-mail 4), and the last e-mail (Appendix II, e-mail 5) is from Sh. Kaw to give us the required permission. I am saving these correspondences for posterity. The

website iKashmir.org mentioned in these e-mails is obsolete and has now been replaced with iKashmir.net.

Roop ji, along with other linguists, has over the years played a major role in the standardization of Devanagari script. His role will be detailed in next piece of this writeup shortly.

(Late) Prof. Omkar Nath Wakhlu and Bharat Wakhlu

At the time I was adding CIIL handbook to koshur.org, I came across two more booklets on our language, both written by Dr. Omkar N. Wakhlu and his son Sh. Bharat Wakhlu.



Both of these booklets use Roman-Kashmiri script which is different from what others had used. Please visit these booklets for a set of learning Koshur lessons:

· Let's Learn Kashmiri:
<http://koshur.org/LearnKashmiri>

· A Script for the Kashmiri Language
- <http://koshur.org/Wakhlu>

Dr. Wokhlu was my principal at Regional Engineering College, Srinagar. I had an opportunity to meet him in New York,

sometime in 2005-06 when he was visiting Bharatji.

Devanagari Kashmiri Standardization Meetings

We did not have any standardized script for Kashmiri language in Devanagari, but most of the publications were instead using *Nastaliq*. In absence of one, Kashmiri Pandits came up with their own script for their publications. I recall my own grandfather Pandit Kailash Nath Fotedar come up with his own set of consonants and vowels to compile Sh. Krishen Joo Razdan's bhajans in the late 1960s, which eventually got typed in standardized script in early 2000s by Sh. M.K. Raina, edited by my uncle Dr. Rattan Lal Fotedar (<http://www.ikashmir.net/krishnajoorazdan/doc/kjr.pdf>).

Our exodus in 1989-90 to various parts in India made matters worse. Kashmiri language was in danger to getting lost in oblivion unless we came up with a script of our own. Efforts were being made to bring alignment in the work by the linguists in various cities in the area of use of Devanagari script for writing Kashmiri for such publications as *Koshur Samachar*, *Kashyap Samachar*, Delhi (*Kheer Bhawani Times*, Jammu), *Milchar*, to name a few. Individual opinions had also been published in various journals in Delhi and Jammu from time to time. A few appeals by various linguists for a need to preserve our language and come up with a standardized script were sent out.



غزل



ڈاکٹر شوکت شفا

پہلے اندر کے میں کو منا دیجئے
پھر سبق ہم کو ہم کا پڑھا دیجئے
جو نہ ہونے میں ہے وہ مزا پاؤ گے
میں ہوں کوئی نہ من میں بٹھا دیجئے
پھر نہ محسوس ہوگا اکیلا ہوں میں
پاس خلوت میں خود کو بٹھا دیجئے
آنکھ سے جو ہے اوجھل نظر آئے گا
اپنی نظروں کا پردہ ہٹا دیجئے
جوش پر اسکی رحمت اسی سے تو ہے
بے بسی کو سو اپنی دعا دیجئے
یاد ماضی شفا پھر نہ تڑپائے گی
یاد جو بھی ہے سارا بھلا دیجئے



غزل



ریاض انزنو

نغماتِ دل میں پیہم ماتم کہاں سے لائیں
جو پھر لہو رُلائے وہ غم کہاں سے لائیں
دیوارِ آگہی کیوں اتنی دراز کر دی
اب ہائے بے خودی کا عالم کہاں سے لائیں
یہ نوک جھوک غم کی، ہے اگرچہ خوب لیکن
یوں بار بار آنکھیں پر غم کہاں سے لائیں
وہ ذوقِ گل پرستی اب بھی جواں ہے لیکن
گلشنِ کھلانے والی شبنم کہاں سے لائیں
رنگینیِ غزل کا شکوہ ہی بے محل ہے
ہمسر کہاں سے لائیں ہدم کہاں سے لائیں
تقلید کر رہا ہوں اک ایک ادا کی لیکن
تیری طرح مزاجِ برہم کہاں سے لائیں
وہم و گمان کا دامن یکبار چھوڑ دیتے
حُسنِ یقین کو لیکن پیہم کہاں سے لائیں

اعتراف



مصروف قادر

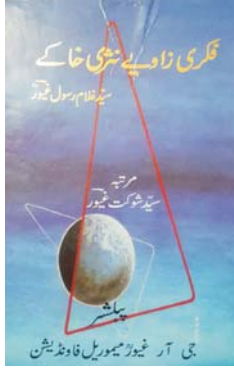
یہ کہنا کتنا آسان ہے
میرا جو کچھ ہے تیرا ہے
میرا ہر پل تمہارا ہے
سبھی قصے تمہارے ہیں
میرا دل، جسم و جاں ہدم
میرے سنے تمہارے ہیں
مگر اے جان من سن لے
ہے کذب و افترا یہ تو
نہیں منظور مجھکو کہ
کھری میری محبت میں
کوئی بھی جھوٹ ہو شامل
سب ہی کچھ تو نہیں تیرا
کہیں یہ کچھ تو میرا ہے
- - - - -
میرے بچپن کی کچھ یادیں
میرے ایسوں کی چند باتیں
میرے کچھ گھاؤ میرے ہیں
کہ دکھ میرے اپنے ہیں
کہیں کچھ خواب، ادھورے سے
ابھی بھی طاق نسیاں پہ
ہیں میرے منتظر جاناں
نہیں منسوب وہ تم سے
وہ میرے ہیں
وہ میرے ہیں!!!!

روزہ

ہفتہ

سبزار

By arrangement with
Weekly Sabzar



سید غلام رسول غیور

سईدِ گُلامِ رسُولِ گُیور



چادر

ایک چادر وہ ہے ...
جس کو دیکھ کر پاؤں پھیلائے جاتے ہیں۔
ایک چادر وہ ہے ...
جس کو سفید پوش کی ہوا کرتی ہے۔
ایک چادر وہ ہے ...
جس کو صابر ... خود دار ... اور بلند قامت غریب ... اپنے زیرِ بدن کرتا ہے۔

چادر ...
پھیلائی بھی جاتی ہے ... کسی کے آگے۔
بدرقسمت وجود کی منحوس چادر ... زندگی کا المیہ۔

چادر ...
امیر کے زیرِ تن بھی ہوتی ہے
وہ شاہ تو س کی ہو ... یا سوت کی ...
دونوں صورتوں میں خوبصورت لگتی ہے۔

ایک چادر ...

چادر

چادر ...

ایک چادر وہ ہے ...

جس کو دیکھ کر ... پاؤں پھیلائے جاتے ہیں۔

ایک چادر وہ ہے ...

جس کو سفید پوش کی ہوا کرتی ہے۔

جس کو صابر ... خود دار ... اور بلند قامت غریب ... اپنے زیرِ

بدن کرتا ہے۔

چادر ...

پھیلائی بھی جاتی ہے ... کسی کے آگے۔

بدرقسمت وجود کی منحوس چادر ... زندگی کا المیہ۔

چادر ...

امیر کے زیرِ تن بھی ہوتی ہے

وہ شاہ تو س کی ہو ... یا سوت کی ...

دونوں صورتوں میں خوبصورت لگتی ہے۔

ایک چادر ...

My Medical Journey - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

The Moral Code

Shazia breezed inside my consulting chamber, driving a delicate whiff of fragrance and a rustling of silk ahead of her. A black scarf covered her head, neck and part of face including the ears. All you could see of the fair face, where a gentle smile of familiarity played, was the lower half of her forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin and part of her cheeks, in the circular space left uncovered by the scarf – like a full moon in a dark sky. The rest of her body, except her hennaed hands and heavily banged wrists, were clad in a long black apron.

I could not place her immediately for this was only her second visit. I had seen her three months earlier for a joint affliction. She was much leaner then and not wrapped up like she was now. I had diagnosed rheumatoid arthritis and prescribed treatment that demanded a regular follow up in the first few weeks for the adjustment of drug dosing. But she had informed me that she was going on a pilgrimage to Iran and would not be able to see me again for three months. Her mention of Iran had kindled happy memories of the country where I worked as a foreign consultant in Kashan, a city famous worldwide for its beautiful carpets. I was there for fifteen months during the Shah's reign before the ayatollahs took over Iran. I had endeared myself to

Kashanis as much as they had endeared themselves to me. Since Shazia was on her maiden voyage, I suggested some historical places she might visit - Isfahan, Tehran, Qom, and Shiraz, especially Persepolis, the seat of Achaemenid Empire founded in 6th century BC.

My interest in her pilgrimage had struck an emotional cord that explained the smile that greeted me now. I reciprocated her gesture and asked her to take her seat. By then, a tall and stocky man with green eyes and a short beard entered the room and quietly took his seat on a stool by her side.

"Are you with her?" I asked. He nodded to say yes.

Placing my prescription from her previous visit on my table she said, "My joints are fine ever since I took the medicines. The tenderness and swelling have all but gone. I can't thank you enough for I walked freely and did all chores free of pain all through my travels. And we did visit Tehran as well as Qom and Isfahan. Sorry, we could not go to Kashan where you said you have



worked.”

“That was a long time back; otherwise, I would have asked you to carry my greetings to some of my acquaintances there. Don't know where they must be now. In any case, I am glad you had a nice pilgrimage. Who else was with you?”

She pointed towards the man sitting behind her.

I greeted him with a nod. He nodded back with a grateful grin.

“Sir, I have been going strictly by your advice; would you like me to cut my medication down or stop it altogether? Besides, I have come with a new problem. I seem to have grown fleshy lumps over the collar bones, and on the nape of my neck.”

I proceeded to examine her and tried to feel the lumps. Since she was covered, I palpated over her scarf. I don't feel any lumps, whatever,” I remarked.

“Please look how swollen my neck feels, doctor,” she said. “Even though it does not cause me pain or discomfort, the flesh hurts even with pressure.”

“It is a buildup of fat around the neck and the shoulders.”

“I hope it is not a tumor,” she said, pointing again to her nape under the scarf.

“I fear it is not possible to examine you properly; can you please remove the scarf for a while?”

She turned her head towards her companion with pleading looks, like a child seeking permission from her father. He nodded to say yes, and she unraveled the

scarf worn meticulously around her neck like a dressing. Suddenly the moon became larger as the rest of her face came to view – a shiny brow, a low hairline, small ears and curved jaw. She threw back the front flap of her apron to reveal shining green silken frock splashed artistically with fine needlework. What a beautiful dress to remain hidden from the eye!

The man stood up to watch as I started palpating the flesh under her elegantly coiffured black hair thrown over her shoulders and ears, down to her back.

“This is all fat; there is no swelling whatsoever. You seem to have gained weight while you were away; the Iranians are great hosts,” I said laughing.

“That is what I told her. She has become plump,” the man spoke for the first time.

“You were not with her the last time.”

“No, sir,”

“Are you the husband?” I asked.

“That is right, sir.”

“Is that why she sought permission from you?”

He grunted before he answered, “It is not permission the way you understand it, just a moral code after the pilgrimage to Iran. You know it better since you have been there.”

“Oh yes, I know full well.”





प्रो. डॉ. अ. म. प्रसाद

वैश्वदेव

पाद च्छेल्य वैथि सूफियन , सादन , मत्यन
याद ती छुम साफ शूच ऑस म्यॉन्य व्यथ
अज छि लागर खस्तु अँछ, फिर्य फिर्य वुछान
जिंदु किथु कँन्य रोजि सोंचख चॉन्य व्यथ
ग्राव अँजिक्यन रोजि पगहच याद थाव
येम्य नु तबरुक शूब वतनुच जॉन्य व्यथ

करनु वादव प्यठु पनुन आसुन चुकावान आयि व्यथ
वेरु नागुच लोलु महारेन्य ग्रायि मारान द्रायि व्यथ
शहरु गामन सोंतु हर्दस छम तरावथ अहँदि सुत्य
बे-अक्लव बेयि जॉहिलव छवठ आपरिथ कँर ज़ायि व्यथ
सानि वतनुच शूब सावेन्य सॉन्य व्यथ
राजु महाराजन हुंजुय महारॉन्य व्यथ
वेर नागय आयि ज़न्मस शीर च्यथ
राजु वलरस आयि बागुन्य प्रॉन्य वथ

पाद च्छेल्य वैथि सूफियन, सादन, मत्यन
याद ती छुम साफ शूच ऑस म्यॉन्य व्यथ
अज छि लागर खस्तु अँछ, फिर्य फिर्य वुछान
जिंदु किथु कँन्य रोजि सोंचख चॉन्य व्यथ
ग्राव अँजिक्यन रोजि पगहच याद थाव
येम्य नु तबरुक शूब वतनुच जॉन्य व्यथ



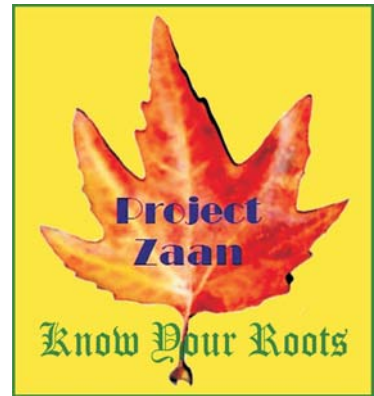
Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' Shri Raina – Our Beloved Editor

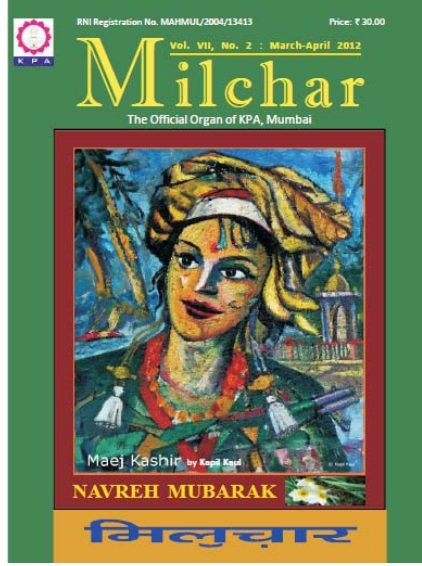
Shri M.K.Raina has decided to call it a day so far as the publication of Pragaash is concerned. Certainly, he must have a good reason for that, otherwise a person of his nature and dedication would not have taken that decision. I know him for a long time, and it was a pleasure to know him closely and develop a relationship of mutual love and respect. Incidentally, we both hail from Chhattabal, Srinagar and that was another bonding between us. He is a well-known writer and author of Kashmiri, both in prose and poetry. I have relished reading the stories and poems written by him. His love for our mother-tongue is axiomatic. For decades now he has been doing everything possible to promote and propagate this sweet language. As a person also he is sweet, soft spoken and respectful towards one and all.

He has been associated with 'Project Zaan' as also with the monumental work of popularising Devanagari script for this language, that was a boon for those Kashmiris who are

not well versed with Nastalik script. He started the publication of the Project Zaan captioned as 'Harvan' in August 2007 and continued its publication till December 2008, when it was temporarily stopped due to his official assignment outside India. Earlier he had assisted the editor of Milchar, the official organ of the Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai. Later in 2001 he took over its editorship and continued till 2007. After a gap of four years, he was the editor of this magazine again for a couple of years. The magazine published in three languages, English, Hindi and Kashmiri was very popular among the readers within the city and outside because of its rich content and valuable informative material.

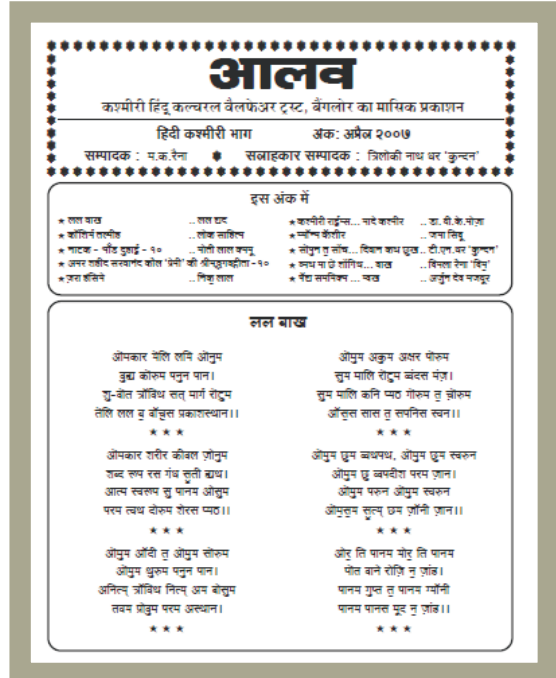
Raina Sahib's literary

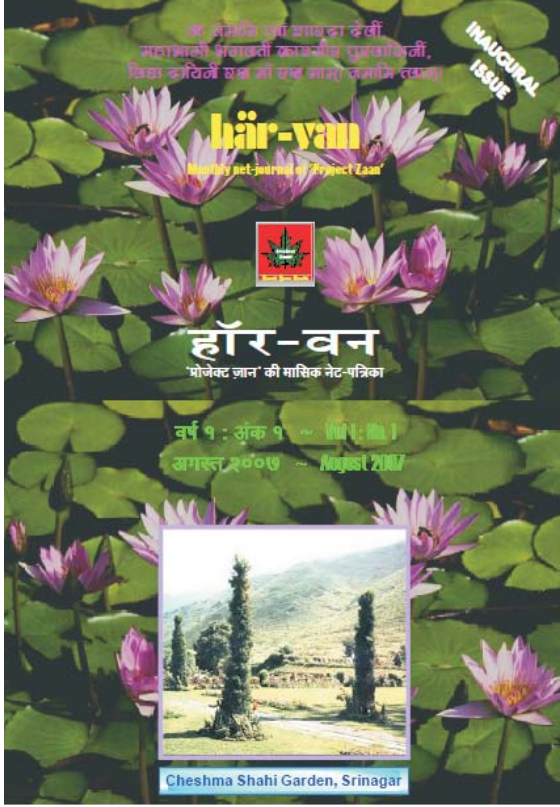




Phrases. The unique distinction of this glossary is that the words are given in three s c r i p t s , Devanagari, Nastalik and Roman, with translation and explanation in English. Another book authored by him, 'Grandma's stories', a collection of Kashmiri folk tales, is in the pipeline and is expected to

acumen and standard has been well known to Kashmiris living anywhere. As a result of his name and fame and writing qualities, he was appointed the editor of Hindi and Kashmiri sections of yet another community magazine, 'Aalav', published as an official organ of the Kashmiri Hindu Cultural Welfare Trust, Bengaluru, in 2004. He edited this monthly- publication up to 2007. Besides his literary contribution in prose and poetry, Sh. Raina has been a crusader for this language. He has been conducting classes, teaching the language to even non-Kashmiris. He has been organising competitions in reciting Kashmiri verses, speaking the language and explaining rare words and expressions. His inviting words, 'Valiv Zaan Karav' have become household expressions. He has brought out a monumental work, a Dictionary of Peculiar & Uncommon Kashmiri Words &

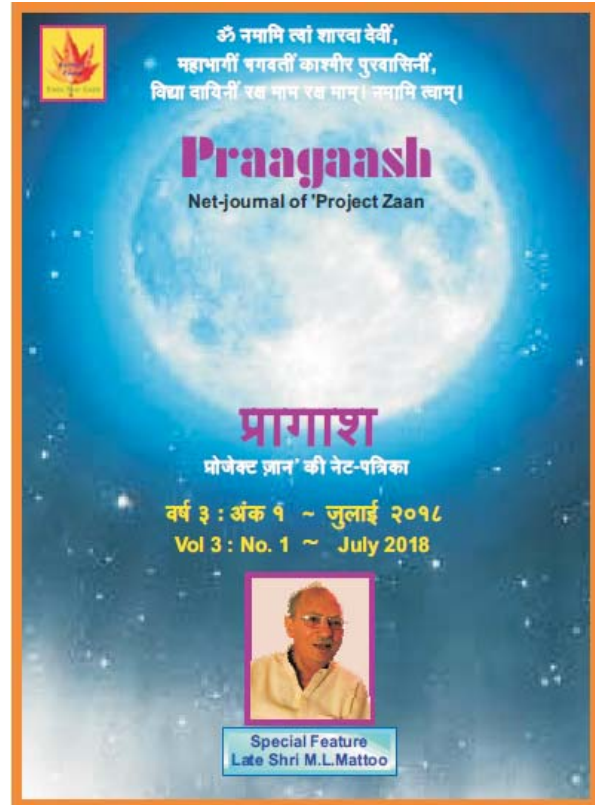




be in print soon.

The organ of Project Zaan, 'Har-van' was revived by him in July 2018 and published with a new caption, 'Praagaash'. Writers from far and wide, from within Kashmir and outside Kashmir as also from abroad contributed to this prized publication till date. It had articles and poems in English, Hindi, Urdu and Kashmiri. Here also both the common scripts, Devanagari and Nastalik were used so that it covers all types of readerships. I was privileged to be associated with this magazine from the very beginning. Publication of this popular

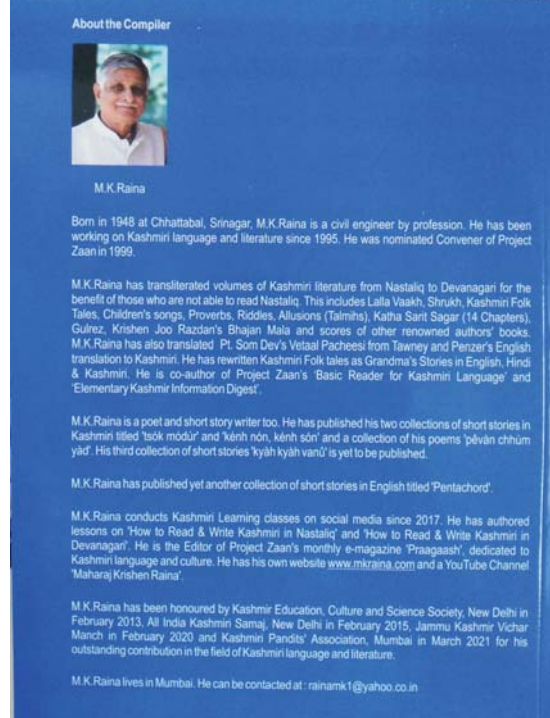
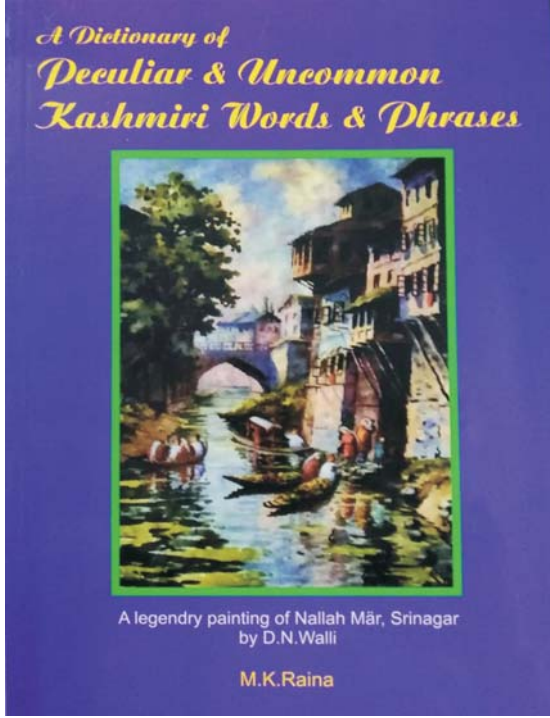
monthly magazine is being discontinued and this issue of August, 2021 will be its last issue. We all, readers and writers alike, will miss this valuable popular magazine, no doubt. We are grateful to Raina Saheb, for the services rendered by him to our mother tongue. I pray for his long and healthy life and hope that he will continue to contribute to the rich stock of literature of our dear mother tongue. We shall await eagerly many more collections of his stories and poems. God bless him.



*Poetry - Kishni Pandita***CARE**

Your life can be a nightmare
 Unless u decide to share
 With people who do care
 And will always be there
 When you need them the most
 And can help to chase the ghost
 That has been haunting your life
 It can be anybody, even a husband or may be a wife.
 Who has failed to understand you
 Who has seen only the dark side of you.
 Who has looked at you with a jaundiced eye
 Who thinks you are acting when u actually cry
 That's the time when you need
 Parents, spouse, siblings or a friend indeed
 Where u can unburden yourself
 Which indeed can be a great help
 To have someone who wishes u well
 Someone who can earnestly tell
 There is no need to feel sad
 That u are worth more than that
 Take all the things in your stride
 That u are u say it with pride
 Something that will enable u to dream
 Something that will restore your self esteem
 After all u live once only
 Why make it miserable and lonely
 Live it fully and live it well
 Till HE finally rings the bell.





A Dictionary of Peculiar & Uncommon Kashmiri Words & Phrases

by
M.K.Raina

Price Rs. 500.00

For a copy, send mail to: rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

Our Cultural Legacy - G.N.Atash Intangible Heritage of Kashmir - 6

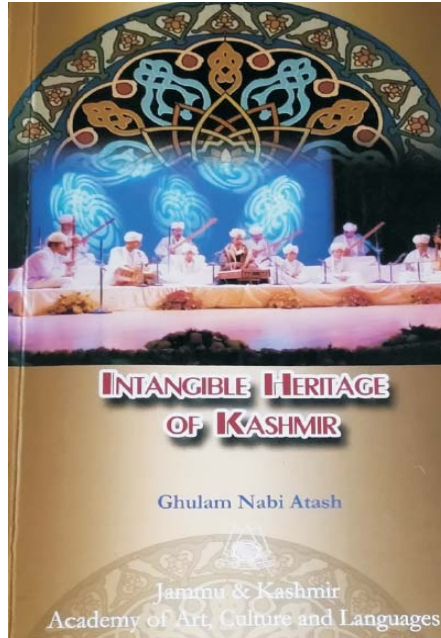
DEVGUN

(Continued from last issue)

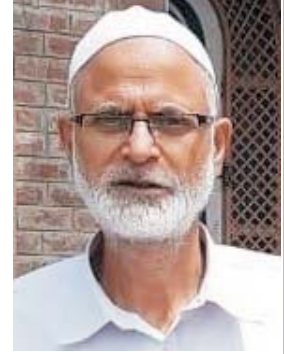
After this, the Guru (family purohit) whispers the Gayatri Mantra into the ears of the Meakhale grooms. They are directed to recite this mantra every morning after taking a bath. After the sacred thread of three strings is put on the boy, he stands on the mystic figure traced on the ground (wegu) while the women sing around him. He is then carried down to a nearby river bank to perform his first prayer ceremonies. He is taught the manners and religious traditions regarding worship in a temple. Some rich people take their Makhale groom (grooms) to Asthapans like Tulmul and Mattan, instead of a nearby riverbank for performing Devgun.

KOSHALHUM

After the completion of 'Mas Douad and Poup Chai', and 'Smaphi' (along with some other ceremonies), the last important ceremony called 'Koshalhum' is performed on the next day of Meakhal. A small 'Hawan' is performed and



mutton preparations are served to relatives and neighbours. After the 'Hawan' is completed, Mekhale grooms are made to put on a new sacred thread and the mothers and aunts remove the



neeryvan. This brings to an end the rituals connected with the Yegnopavit (Meakhal) ceremony. All the rituals are accompanied by 'Vanvun' the women's folk songs related to marriage and Meakhal. After the completion of Meakhal ceremonies and rituals, a Hindu boy has to live his life like a true Brahman.

There are hundreds of verses of 'Vanvun' regarding the various rituals and ceremonies of Yegnopavit e.g.

VASEDV RAZNI
DAVLATMANDOV
HUUM KARAY GOLAB
BAGAN MANZ
HUUMAS NISH AAY

BRAHMAN SHARNAY
SHASTARUK SAMVAD
LAEGH KARNAY
TREH LAREH GORE SANZH
TREH LAREH BAB SANZH
SHU LOUR YOUNAY
PROVOOTHOV

(O, wealthy son of Raja Vasudev, I will arrange the rite of 'Huum' in the rose garden. Brahman have begun recitation of 'Shastar' before the 'Huum'. O, my dear, you got a sacred thread of six strings, three strings from Guruji and three from our father.)

YANIVOL

'Bate Yanivol' is a Hindu marriage. Kashmiri Pandits (Bate) perform several rituals during a marriage ceremony. It is an elaborate process spread over many days. The rituals performed during the process have religious and social significance. Some of them are given here:

Garnavai (cleaning of home), Devgun, Lagan, Meenzirath, Vakhidaan, Kanni Shraan, Saaz, Kani Daan, Dari Pooza, Vuge, Lagnecher, Savagth and Rukhsath etc. 'Vanvun', peculiar marriage songs recited by women in a peculiar manner, is one of the distinct features of a Hindu marriage ceremony.

GARNAVAY

'Garnavay' is done on both the auspicious

occasions of Meakhal and Yenivol, two or three days before the main ceremony. 'Garnavay' means to give a bath to the house. This important task is started by the paternal aunt. She gets 'Zang' (the offerings, gifts) on the occasion. 'Wari' is prepared and distributed among neighbours. 'Isband' is burnt in 'Kangris'. As a custom goes, guests are not allowed to be invited before the completion of 'Garnava'. During this function, some women are engaged in cleaning and decorating the house and others with 'Vanvun'.

SHUKLAM KARITH
VANVUN HEUTMAI
SHUB PHAL DEUT YAI
MAJI BHAVANAI
SONH SUNDHE TONGREH
TE ROUP SANDI BAALAY
SHANKAR ACHAREH
VAAJ SHALAY
MEATCH GARA NOVOOTHAY
KONGH KOSTOORAH
VASTOOR VANCHAY
LACHAJAY

(I started my 'Vanvun' with 'Shuklam'. May Mother Bhavani bless you. With the golden and silver spades we brought soil from Shankrachar Mountain. You cleaned and adorned your house with 'Saffron and fragrance of stag's navel' and brought a broom from Vastoor van, O, bride's mother'.)

DAPUN

Dapun' literally 'to say' is the process of inviting relatives, neighbours and friends, for attending the Yanivol or Meakhal. It lasts for some days and the women or men who go individually or in a group to invite guests get free gifts there, which are called 'Dapvuen'. Women recite 'Vanvun' songs related to 'Dapun'. This custom has now been overtaken by invitation cards. Sometimes electronic equipments are used for this purpose. This change has brought to an end the religious aspect of 'Dapun'.

DAPNAS KITUY
RATH MANGNOVMAI
SOOV NECHTAR
VUCH NOOVMAYAI
DAPANY DRAIKHAY
DACH RAATH TALIYAI
ACHE DARI YAZMAN
BAIEYAI DAPITH AAIKHAY
BAAN DAVAN

(A good time was fixed and a 'Raath' was called for purpose of 'Dapun'. O, mother of the bride, you proceeded to invite guests beneath the trees of grapes. You received gifts and money as 'Dapun'.)



Paayar Temple ... From Page 08

of the devotee. With the tearful eyes the devotee is looking upwards at this idol of Lord Shiva. Above the western gate, an idol of Lord Shiva with six arms has been carved out of stone. Out of the six arms the upper two arms are pointing upwards holding the two ends of a light garment. In the right hands of the lower two arms is the trident of Lord Shiva, whereas in the left hand is a lotus that too carved out of a stone. On the left side but below the idol is an instrumentalist playing Veena and another instrumentalist is seated to the left of Veena, playing a tabla. On the Southern door of the temple there again is an idol of Lord Shiva with three heads which is called Trimurthi in the Hindu Philosophy. A sacred thread is also carved on the Trimurti of Lord Shiva. On the left side of the Lord Shiva's idol is a stone idol of the Goddess Parvati. In addition to these idols there are also idols of some ascetics. Some yakhshaas have also been carved out of stones. The idols of Yakhshaas are beautifully decorated with garlands round their throats.

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*Flavour of Spice - Marryam H Reshii***Gordael – The Sour Plums of Kashmir**

Ask anyone to enumerate the differences between the Muslim and Pandit cuisines of Kashmir, and you will hear the usual wazwan versus saal; lyeder tchaaman versus ruwangun tchaaman; haakh steamed with just a dash of hing versus haakh with maaz and so on. But the humble gordael or sour plum remains, like so much else in our cuisine, firmly under the radar.

Available for a shockingly short season in summer, during vaharaat or mid-summer, it is hardly the most prestigious fruit grown in the Valley. You could say that it is at the opposite end of the spectrum from fruits like apples, cherries and strawberries. You would

never find an orchard of gordael anywhere in the Valley, though its pleasantly light green skin looks attractive enough. The chief claim to fame of the sour plum is the saying, “Kah anna gordael pav” where 11 annas

(about 70 paise) was considered an inflated sum for this unloved fruit. In truth, 250 grams of gordael cost far less than 70 paise, but if you were foolish enough to squander your resources (time, money, etc) you would even end up paying an inflated sum like 70 paise for 250 grams of sour plums.

The only use that I have found for gordael is in the cookery of the Pandit community, as a souring agent. All over the country, fish is one ingredient that is usually combined with a sour ingredient. This could be tomatoes, hog plum, the dried fruits of the garcinia trees that grow in coastal regions as well as tamarind. In the Kashmir Valley, where none



of these ingredients grow, gordael was the de facto substitute. Many of my friends who are now spread out across the country, responded to my modest picture on Instagram of gordael, with a degree of longing that took me by surprise. Most of them remembered their mothers and grandmothers having cooked fish with gordael. One friend salivated at the thought of oluv (potatoes) soured with gordael. A chef, now based in Dehradun, remembered his grandmother feeding all the children in the family with fish and rice in which the fish was soured with gordael, to the accompaniment of stories of bygone times. Nuner (purslane) the wild greens that are a feature of the Kashmiri table in spring, when it grows wild in the fields, has a somewhat strong flavour. Add a dash of gordael to it and you have a barely perceptible astringence that is very pleasurable indeed. And so it is with paneer (tchaaman) which can become a trifle boring when eaten regularly. Add a few sour plums to the gravy while it is cooking, and you will end up with a dish that has a pleasurable tang to it.

One of my friends who responded to my post on gordael remembered summer holidays in Srinagar with a pile of gordael and a sprinkle of salt. I can think of no more piquant memory of childhood than that.

Author can be contacted at:
marryam08@gmail.com



رہیکھ کتی کانگرے

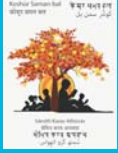
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 اشد آو، کاسد سوڑے کانگرے
 کتک آو، نار لوڈم کانگرے
 مونچہ ہور آو، کونچہ بچے کانگرے
 پوہ آو، توہ لوڈم کانگرے
 ماگ آو، دراگ ووٹھے کانگرے
 پھاگن آو، پھاگن زویے کانگرے
 ژتھہر آو، مٹھہر پشے کانگرے

काव्य

डा. ननसी पंडिता

जिंदगी जिंदा रहती है जीने से
 जिंदगी जिंदा रहती है जीने से
 जिंदगी के हर पल को जिन्दा रखती है
 कभी हंस कर तो कभी खिलाड़ी बनकर
 हार जीत जिंदगी में होता नहीं
 जीतकर भी कभी हारते है
 कभी हार कर भी जीतते हैं
 जिंदगी आगे निकल जाती है समय के साथ
 जिंदगी मोहताज नहीं हमारे सोच की
 वक्त की चौखट पर चढ़ जाती हैं
 वक्त की पैरवी में गुजर जाती है
 खाली हाथ लौटकर न आती है न जाती है
 कुछ देकर जाती है तो कुछ लेकर
 जिंदगी परवान चढ़ जाती हैं वक्त के हाथ से
 कभी यह हवा के झोंके की तरह खूशबू बिखेरती है
 कभी यह मुरझाए फूल की सूरत इख्तियार करती हैं
 जिंदगी जिंदादिली का नाम है मुर्दा दिल खाक जीते हैं
 खाक में मिलने से पहले जिंदगी को पास से छू ले
 खाक में मिलकर भी जिंदगी को चूम ले
 जिंदगी को झूम झूमकर जी ले
 हर घड़ी जश्न मनाने की सोच ले
 जिंदगी को बेबसी से नही उत्साह से जी ले





Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

(A Joint venture of Project Zaan and KAIL)



Koshur Saman-bal

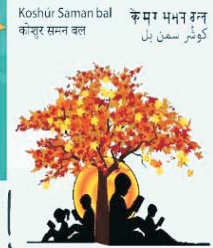
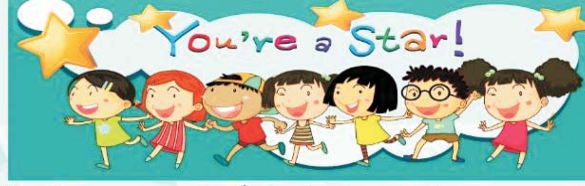
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कोशुर समन बल

के मर भमन बल
कोशुर समन बल

Sámith Karav Athúvas
समिथ करव अथवास
भंभिय करव भयवभ
संभुतु कुर अथवास



Koshur Saman bal
कोशुर समन बल

के मर भमन बल
कोशुर समन बल

Sámith Karav Athúvas
समिथ करव अथवास
भंभिय करव भयवभ
संभुतु कुर अथवास

!! Congratulations Winners !!
Kosam Koshur Vocab Contest - July'21



First Prize
Ravinder Nath Bhat
(Najafghar)



Second Prize
Pawan Raina
(Jammu)



Third Prize
Romie Mattoo
(Jammu)

**Special Award - Cash Prize of
Rs400 to 3 meritorious
Contestants below 15 years of
age:**

Hayaan Hamid Bhat
(Srinagar)



Mehvish Showkat
(Srinagar)



Suchir Aima
(Mumbai)



Rest all participants will receive a certificate
of participation as an award for their efforts

**Cash Prizes sponsored by
Mr. Kuldip Dhar(Surat)**

Congratulations to all



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Gayoor Foundation President visits Khrew

میرے قتل سے پہلے، یہ فیصلہ تو دو
منسوب کن کے نام ہو، اس ذات کا لہو
(غیور)



Er. S Gayoor Andrabi, President of renowned literary, cultural & developmental forum Gayoor Foundation visited Mata Jawali ji Mandir, Khrew in the Pampore hamlet of southern Pulwama district on Friday, 23rd July, where the annual mela of Haar Tschodah (the day falling on the 14th day of Haar month) was celebrated by the Kashmiri Pandits with religious fervour. Thousands of the Kashmiri Pandits across Jammu and Kashmir assembled in the temple situated on a nearby hill station in the picturesque Khrew village. They participated in the special Pooja Archina

and Hawan in the temple.

Gayoor talked to the Pandits about arrangements made there and wished them good on this occasion. "I thank admin concerned and local Muslim populace here who have made the satisfactory arrangements for our Pandit brothers. This has been our age old tradition to celebrate such occasion unitedly" Said Gayoor. The Pandits who met him expressed happiness and satisfaction for his presence there.

"The migrant Pandits should come back to their own homeland and government should take steps to ensure the same. The day should come soon when we (Muslims and Pandits) start to celebrate such occasions with participation of each other", Gayoor wished.

Photographs on next page



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Er. Syed Showkat Gayoor
Andrabi, Presidents, Gayoor
Foundation at Mata Jwala Ji
Asthan, Khrew on Hara
Tsodah



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



یومِ حاجتی کے موقع پر حاجن میں ایک شاندار تقریب کا انعقاد۔

ڈاکٹر عزیز حاجتی کو خلعتِ حاجتی ۲۰۲۱ اور سنٹرل یونیورسٹی کے وائس چانسلر کو سندِ توصیفِ عطا کی گئی۔

حاجن ۶ جولائی ۲۰۲۱ء

آج ہائر اکیڈمی اسکول حاجن میں حلقہ ادب سونا واری حاجن کی طرف سے یومِ نبی الدین حاجتی منایا گیا۔ تقریب میں وادی کے اطراف و اکناف سے آئے ہوئے روجوں ادیبوں، قلم کاروں اور دانشوروں نے شرکت کی۔ تقریب کی پہلی نشست میں پروفیسر شاد رمضان نے حاجتی میوریل لیکچر پیش کیا۔ اس نشست میں ملک کے نامور ادیب پروفیسر محمد زماں آرزو مہمان خصوصی تھے جبکہ پروفیسر نسیم شفا نے نشست کی صدارت کی۔ ایوان صدارت میں ادبی مرکز کمرائز کے صدر محمد امین بٹ بھی موجود رہے۔ اپنے خطبے میں پروفیسر شاد رمضان نے کشمیری زبان کو ورثہ پیش مسائل اور چیلنجز کا احاطہ کرتے ہوئے نئی تعلیمی پالیسی کے تناظر میں کشمیری زبان کے لئے نئے اور وسیع امکانات کی طرف بھی اشارہ کیا۔ اس خطبے کے حوالے سے جن حضرات نے اپنے تاثرات پیش کئے ان میں غلام نبی شاکر، سعید شاداب، ظہور بایگاتی اور شہباز باکبارتی شامل ہیں۔ اس نشست کی نظامت کے فرائض اظہر حاجتی نے انجام دیئے۔

دوسری نشست کی صدارت مشہور ادیب و قلم کار غلام نبی آتش نے کی۔ جبکہ ڈائریکٹر دور درشن کیندر سرینگر ڈاکٹر نصیب سنگھ منہاس اور ADDC ہانڈی پورہ افسر علی خان ایوان صدارت میں موجود رہے۔ دوسری نشست میں ڈاکٹر عزیز حاجتی کو ان کشمیری زبان و ادب اور لسانی تحریک کے تین گراں قدر خدمات کے لئے خلعتِ حاجتی ۲۰۲۱ سے نوازا گیا۔ جبکہ سنٹرل یونیورسٹی کے وائس چانسلر پروفیسر معراج الدین کو سنٹرل یونیورسٹی کشمیر میں شعبہ کشمیری قائم کرنے کے لئے سندِ توصیفِ عطا کی گئی۔ اس نشست میں صدر حلقہ شاکر شفیق نے کلیدی خطبہ پیش کیا۔ اس نشست کی نظامت کے فرائض حلقہ کے جنرل سیکریٹری ڈاکٹر ریاض الحسن نے انجام دیئے۔

آخری نشست میں محفلِ مشاعرہ کا انعقاد کیا گیا جسکی صدارت ثناء اللہ نیاز نے کی جبکہ شہباز باکبارتی بھی ایوان صدارت میں موجود رہے، اس مشاعرے میں وادی کے اطراف و اکناف سے آئے ہوئے تقریباً دو درجن سے زائد شعراء نے شرکت کی۔ مشاعرے کی نظامت کے فرائض سائر سرفراز نے انجام دیئے۔

تقریب کے آغاز میں حلقہ ادب کے نائب صدر حلقہ ادب سونا واری شیخ غلام محمد نے خطبہ استقبالیہ پیش کیا جبکہ آخر پر نذیر جاوید نے شکرانے کی تحریک پیش کی۔

Photos on next page



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



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Kaleem Bashir





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Mehfil-e-Mushaira at Kaj Nag, Handwara

جوے ارب کاج ناگ ہند وارہ کشمیر کے ریکاڈ توڈ، منفرد، شاندار اور جاندار سلسلہ وار مشاعرے کی ادبی دنیا میں سراہانہ ادبی تنظیموں سے منسلک 300 سے زائد شعراء کرام نے 15-18 شعراء کرام کا کلام سن کر راحت محسوس کی واضح رہے کہ یہ سلسلہ وار مشاعرہ تین نشستوں میں ایک ہفتے تک جاری رہا۔

مشاعرے کی خاص بات یہ تھی کہ کوڈ 19 کی وجہ سے بالمشافہ ملاقات ناممکن تھا۔ لاک ڈاون کی وجہ سے شعراء کرام اپنے اپنے گھروں میں محصور ہو کر گھٹن سی محسوس کر رہے تھے،۔ اسی اثنا میں جوے ادب کے عہدیداروں نے اُن لائن مشاعرے کا اعلان کر کے تمام شعراوں کو چند لمحوں کے لیے فرحت و خوشی کا نیا پیکج متعارف کیا۔ شعراء کرام نے بڑے جوش و جذبے سے سرشار ہو کر مشاعرے میں بڑھ چڑھ کر حصہ لیا۔

مشاعرے کی صدارت جوے ارب کاج ناگ ہند وارہ کے مایہ ناز صدر جناب فائق مقبول صاحب نے فرمائی۔ جبکہ مہمانانہ ذی وقار کی حیثیت سے محترم جاوید اقبال ماوری صاحب' ارشد محی الدین صاحب، سید ممتاز بخاری صاحب' فاروق شاہین صاحب' محترمہ فریدہ شوق صاحبہ اور محمد صابر شیخپوری صاحب براجمان رہے۔



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir

پروگرام کی نظامت جنرل سیکریٹری جوے ارب کاج ناگ ہند وارہ کشمیر جناب سید جاوید مسرور صاحب نے انجام دی جبکہ تلاوت کلام پاک کی سعادت جناب عبدالرشید دلشاد صاحب' عاشق حسین زاہد صاحب اور کوثر منظور صاحب کو نصیب ہوئی نعت رسول مقبول صلی اللہ علیہ وسلم سے سامعین اور ناظرین کو عاشق حسین زاہد' مشتاق ماوری اور میر مشتاق قاضی آبادی نے - محظوظ کیا

خطبہ استقبالیہ بالترتیب محترم ارشد محی الدین صاحب، جاوید اقبال ماروی صاحب، اور سید ممتاز بخاری صاحب نے انجام دیا۔

جن شعراے کرام نے مشاعرے میں حصہ لیا ان کے اسمائے گرامی :- حسب ذیل ہیں

عبدلکبیر دلکش صاحب، عبدالرشید دلشاد' میر مشتاق قاضی آبادی' مشتاق ماوری' شبیم کٹلری، اویس نبی میر ، صابر شیخپوری' اے ٹی لولابی، سرور بلبل' راشد منظور کے علاوہ کئی دوسرے برگزیدہ شعراوں نے حصہ لیا۔

المشتہر
جوے آدب کاج ناگ ہند وارہ کشمیر
بذریعہ

سید جاوید مسرور
جنرل سیکریٹری

Your Own Page



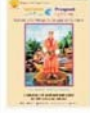
Paintings by
**Uzma
Nawchoo**
daughter of Mr.
& Mrs. Manzoor
Nawchoo of
Gogoo,
Humhama,
Srinagar



Letters to Editor

You

Praagaash July 2021.pdf (65 pages)



پراگاش چھ بہ یک وقت ژون زبانین احاط کران
سہ تہ سٹھے مارمند پاٹھی۔ واقعی نہایت قابل
تعریف تہہ تحسین۔ متعلقہ ذمہ دارن میانہ
طرفہ نیک دعا تہہ شاباشی۔
Nazir Husain

kreeri

9:51 pm

**Dear Maharaj Krishen,**

Your decision to stop Praagaash was as sudden as it was shocking. We had got used to receive the journal on the first of every month without fail, looking eagerly forward to the variety and range of topics, stories, poems, folk tales, historical and scientific writeups from eminent writers, the meticulous editing, and the pictorial feast that you dished out endlessly.

Understandably, you must have strong reasons to bow out, but I will miss Praagaash no doubt. You have rendered a yeoman's service to Kashmiri language in particular. My special commendations.

With best wishes for your new ventures and for good health and happiness.

KL Chowdhury**Namaskar,**

Praagaash is an eye opener, it is a cultural magazine besides that it touches all aspects of our knowledge, art, poetry, medical advices and much more.. You had been doing it alone though it is group work. We will miss this treasure.

Sanjay Pandita**Raina Saeb,**

Namaskar. Pragaash has been the beacon of light amongst all the cultural and literary Kashmiri e-magazines currently. It's so sad to know that August will be its last issue. It has taken so much of you to make this possible month after month and continuing it in spite of so many hurdles and difficulties.

Raina Saeb, we can't thank you enough for your dedication and selfless service to the community and to the literary circles at large. Wishing you great health, long life, more flow to your pen and clicks to the keyboard. Orzuv.

**Bharat Pandit
Mumbai****Dear Raina Sahib,**

We will miss Praagaash very much. It was a connect with our culture and the valley. The contents were varied and of high quality and we would eagerly wait for the



Letters to Editor

next issue. Well, all good things must come to and end . We are grateful to you for publishing Praagaash which involved so much effort and time.

V.K.Khoda



Respected Raina Sahib,

Namaskar. Our community is thankful to you for your contribution to the society. We will miss you but hope you will continue to guide us in future also. God bless you with good health and prosperity and happiness.

Regards.

Rattan Raina

New Delhi -110096



Sorry to hear that.

Thanks for your efforts and contribution

Sunil Manwati

Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,

Praagaash will be missed a lot. Ur strenuous efforts n sincere labour put in bringing out the magnificent magazine will always be remembered n already stand acknowledged.

The professional might n the huge familiarity with the language, n cultural



ethos of Kashmir with ur good self was evidently visible in all the issues.

Praagaash had created an acknowledged niche n space in the realm of the community magazines as professionally it matched all the journalistic requirements.

A big salute to ur sincere efforts n the labour put in by u all these produced n formulated issues.

Thanks.

Upender Ambardar

Jammu



Praagaash was a torch bearer of Indian culture in general and Kashmiri culture in particular. I was thinking about that can we have payment system for subscription of Praagaash. I request Raina Saheb to rethink his decision and let us have subscription system for Praagaash.

Ashok Razdan



Instead of closing the publication, you can merge that with Milchar. Even a section based on Praagaash theme. We must not let the treasures die. Happy to support.

Chand Raina
Editor Milchar,
Mumbai



Letters to Editor

Namaskar Raina Sahab,
I am utterly confounded to read your post announcing your decision to close down the publication of our most esteemed PRAAGAASH.

Any hope of your rethink hence it's revival ?

S.P.Kachru
Mumbai



magazine from September 2021 onward.

We have immensely liked this magazine from the last 6-8 months ever since you came in contact with me through Mr Vinod Warikkoo in Mumbai and through your contact I could discover my old college buddy & friend Shri P.N Koul with whom I had lost contact for the last 32 years because of travesty of time.



It is a balanced magazine without any political connotations which was the most attractive factor for me in person.

I wish you could give a serious thought about discontinuing this magazine. I believe it has good viewership and many readers like me would have the same sentiments. Kind regards.

Omkar Safapuri
omkarkaul@gmail.com

Dear Raina Sahib,
Pragaash is a great initiative. Its continuation will enrich social capital.

Please reconsider your decision.

Prof. R.N.Bhat
Varanasi



It will be very painful. Please continue its publication and don't stop it.

Prof. G.H.Lone
Srinagar, Kashmir



Thank you Raina Sahab for putting together a wonderful dictionary of typical Kashmiri words.

As you are aware, I wish to improve my learning of



Letters to Editor

Kashmiri language. Even after spending 22 years from Birth in Srinagar, we learnt Kashmiri adulterated by various languages mostly English.

Kudos to the efforts put in by you over the last five years.

Looking forward to many more books in Kashmiri in any script, Roman, Devanagari or Nastalik. Some of us are fortunate to have access to such literature and basic Kashmiri language books. Besides, your efforts in various ways like Quiz, Teaching, Story & Poem recitation etc and Competitions is an excellent way to popularise the language and a huge benefit to people like me.

Thank you once again Masterji.

Kuldip Dhar
Surat



What a pity!! Praagaash is an awesome publication and I used to enjoy reading most of the articles except ones written in Urdu. As is your calibre your work is par excellence. Is there any way we can help?



Urmila Zutshi
Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,
We totally disagree with you. Kindly carry

on, not for self but please for us. Majority won't accept it. Please don't do it.

Please.
Shahnawaz Sofi
Budgam



Respected Raina Sa'ab,

Namaskar. This is a very sad news for me. As a reader of #Praagaash I will miss its new editions. Bidding farewell to Praagaash can be really very hard. The knowledge that Praagaash shared with us and the learning cannot be compared with anything. Thank you so much for everything for giving me an opportunity to write for Praagaash.

May this goodbye be only momentary. And may the coming days bring back Praagaash. Hope to meet you soon. Regards.

Rahul Kilam
@rahulkilam



Dear Raina Sahib,

This is for the second time in my life to get such astonishing information as about your prestigious e



Letters to Editor

magazine Praagaash. First time most popular Nonformal educational Radio Program since 1970 was put off the air at Radio Kashmir for all times to come during nineties of the last century hurting the emotions of millions of listeners in the Kashmir valley .

M.K.Parimoo
Mumbai



Sad to know that. It had become a habit to go through the interesting content. I guess every good thing has to pass too. Your pursuit of spreading our mother tongue will keep you occupied. All the best.

Suren Tiku
Pune



Don't stop Pragash. You have earned a name, Don't let it go so easily. My full support.

Mushtaque B Barg
Columnist & Author,
Srinagar



Namaskar.

It is disheartening that you will not be bringing out your cherished magazine henceforth. But at the same time it must have been quite difficult to please the

diversified sections of people in different languages. Whatever may be the cause, I respect your decision. Take care.

Chand Bhat
Mumbai



Dear Raina Sahib,

Me too feeling sad. I see no such strong reason to close it up.

May reconsider please.

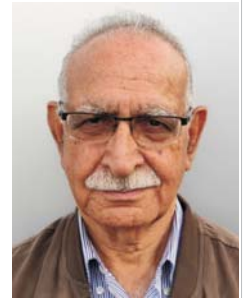
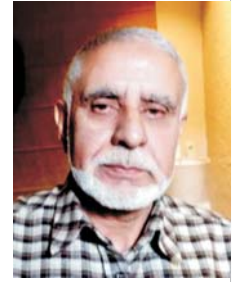
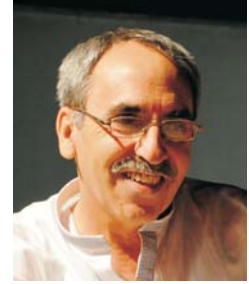
Er. Manzoor Nawchoo
Srinagar



Dear Raina Saheb,

My hats off to you for your hard work to have been bringing out the excellent on line Magazine "Praagaash". The magazine had indeed reached a state of excellence. I waited every month for a new

issue to reach my inbox. It was so rich in content on a wide range of subjects. I particularly liked editorials, write ups of Dr. K.L.Chowdhury, Shri M.K.Parimoo, Shri Opinder Ambardar besides pieces of Kashmiri poetry, essays and write ups on



Letters to Editor

our heritage and culture. Praagaash gave me good company for almost one and half year of Covid 19 times. I will miss it now.

I must eulogize your efforts to bring out Praagaash a quality and standard on-line publication. I am sure you will continue to enrich Kashmiri language with your contributions in future as well. Wish you all the best. Warm regards,

Prof. Bansi Lal Kaul
Jammu



I request my friends in Gayoor Foundation to consider if we can do something to continue Praagaash.

S.G.M.Andrabi
Gayoor Foundation
Kashmir



God bless you Mahra. Your whole energy and passion went into Praagaash. It was your labour of love.

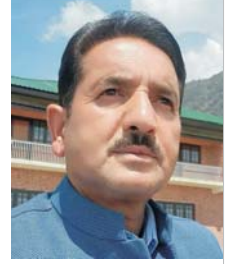
Marryam H Reshii
New Delhi



Respected Raina Sahib,

It is a matter of great sorrow and regret that under certain circumstances publication of E-Magzine Praagaash is being discontinued after August 2021 as announced by your self. This act is really

painful not only for me but also for most of the writers, poets, readers and scholars who have contributed to the Praagaash so far. I have already communicated their concerns regarding the announcement of discontinuation of Praagaash with the request to reconsider the decision.



As you know, I am having emotional attachment with Praagaash and am not ready to leave the association with the Zaan Group. I along with my friends and well wishers of Praagaash are in consultation that we may launch an organisation for the development of Kashmiri language, culture and tradition under the name and style of Praagaash subject to your willingness, with further request to be its Chief Patron. In addition to this a WhatsApp group will be formed of learned personalities for the encouragement of Kashmiri culture and language. I am also grateful to T.N.Dhar Sahib and all associates of Praagaash for their hard work and their love for our mother tongue.

Hope my view point will be endorsed by all the well wishers of the Kashmiri language in order to encourage the writers, poets, scholars and historians.

Kaleem Bashir
Coordinating Associate for Praagaash
Kashmir Valley

