



Connecting Roots

Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

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प्रागाश  
प्रागाश



Praagaash  
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



Snow Car crafted by Zubair Ahmad of Budgam  
Image Courtesy : Bilal Bahadur/BCCL

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

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## Editorial

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M.K.Raina



Following 2G internet in Jammu & Kashmir has given us, not much, but some relief in reaching out to our readers. This is a welcome step though the facility has not reached all corners and does not serve fully our purpose to reach all our readers with publications, audios and videos. Most of our issues since August 2019 have gone unread in the union territory. We hope to reach unread issues to our readers in due course along with the new issues.



Our Supplement 'The Story of a Bicycle' released with the February issue of Praagaash has been received with great applaud. This has also given us a satisfaction that many interesting stories which go beyond the permissible number of pages in the journal, can be published separately as supplements. This month too, another Supplement comes with Praagaash. Your responses are solicited.

Some of our young readers who were born much after the flagship programme of Radio Kashmir, Srinagar (now All India Radio) Zoon Dab came to an end in mid eighties, or who were too young at that stage to listen to this programme, came up with a request to write on it so that they could know more than what their parents told them. This was an interesting development as we find our youth craving to know more about their past and re-live the times their parents have lived in. This was a challenge. We tried to get as much information on this popular programme as possible, not only from our esteemed authors and senior readers but also from the people who were directly or indirectly related with the said programme. We are glad that we have been able to collect lot of data, so decided to publish it in a separate Supplement for posterity. We hope, our readers, young and old like it and save it for information of the future generations.



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Editorial Office : 104-B, Galaxy, Agarwal Township, Kaul's Heritage City, Babhola, Vasai Road (W), Dist. Palghar 401 202, Maharashtra, India  
E-Mail : rainamk1@yahoo.co.in ~ Cell : +91-9422473459 ~ Website : <https://kpamumbai.org/praagaash/> ~ Layout & DTP : Ashwin Raina

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## Episode

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Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

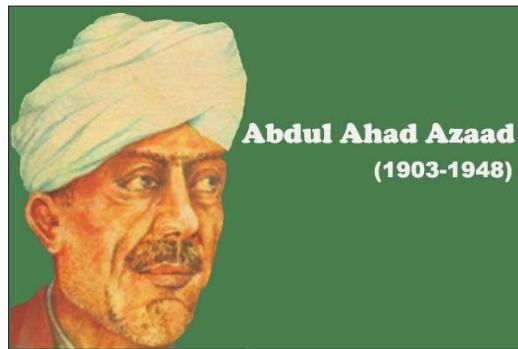
**Abdul Ahad 'Azad'**  
**The Poet of Love***Zubair Hamid*

**B**orn to Khwaja Sultan Dar, a man of Sufi inclination (affiliated with Naqashbandi and Qadiri Order), also known as *Dervish*, Abdul Ahad Azad was well versed in Arabic and Persian especially Sufi literature. Azad received primary education from his father. He was brought up in an atmosphere of religio-literary conscience as he encountered with Sufis and Singers who used to visit his home. He was enrolled in a school run by his elder brother where he studied Urdu. At the age of sixteen, he got appointed as Arabic teacher and started teaching at Government Primary School Zuvhom. While in service he qualified the exam of *Munshi*. This marks the end of his formal education. However, he continued his informal education and became a scholar and the first critic of Kashmiri literature.

Azad penned the first ample history of Kashmiri literature *Kashmiri Zubaan Aur Shayari* wherein he talks about the alien (Persian) influence on Kashmiri language. This work together with *Kulliyat-i Azad* granted him the great repute in Kashmiri literature. At the age of 17, he was married that ended in divorce. After a

year he was again married, had two sons and a daughter but none survived. During his 30 years of service Azad served in Tral, Zuvhom, Gyuur, Branvur and Surasyar where he died.

R.L.Bhat records that Azad was influenced by Ghulam Ahmad Mahjoor and Prem Nath Bazaz. In 1935, Azad met Mahjoor in person and is said to have sent some of his poems to the latter for review and



correction. In late 1942 Azad met Bazaz. Azad speaks of Iqbal with much veneration, but has not met him in person though Iqbal visited Kashmir during 1930s. He began poetizing at the age of 16. Azad's

life can be classified, says Padma Nath Ganjuu, into three stages; 1918-28, 1928-38, 1938-48, however there is a difference of opinion among scholars regarding this.

The first section (composition) of Azad's poetry is qualified by romance, ideas and words of Persian *ghazal*. Soon, he sensed to break the romantic cocoons and to write in pure

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## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

Kashmiri diction – the two distinctive features he is known and loved for. He gave away alien phraseology and accentuated employing local words and usages.

Nationalism is a facet of Azad's poetry. Azad's nationalism is never constrictive. Azad is a poet who addresses the man, for him no barriers of the color or creed, no limitations of race or region exist. He was primarily concerned with the Hindu-Muslim gulf for which he subjected irrationality (of religious class) to criticism. Criticizing those religionists who fanned the division, Azad chastised them for employing the divine word (God and Religion) to divide human family. Azad had an unceasing love of humanity and the land which is explicit in *Shikwa-e Kashmir* and *Naala-e Budshah*. Azad had a bold and an uncompromising nature. He engages all the known adornments to beautify his poetry, he applies principally the local themes and symbols avoiding foreign taste, references or expressions. Azad wrote a Qasida in loving memory of Shaykh Nur-al-Din, recited in annual *Urs* at Chrar-i Sharif in 1931. Azad never relinquished his religious way. He used to visit *Khankah* daily while posted at Tral, it was there he got his *Takhalus 'Azad'*, writes R. L. Bhat.

Azad penned most of his poems during Kashmir being a political cradle. He travelled across Kashmir for the material of his work *History of Kashmiri Literature*. Azad maintained a rebellious tone and subjected everyone to accountability from rulers to religionists, yet he himself remained aloof from the political quagmire conspicuous

around him. Azad was studious and kept his studies on even after being appointed as teacher thus attaining proficiency in Mathematics, Geography, History and other subjects. Azad had an unceasing love for humanity devoid of any distinction of caste, creed and religion. He writes:

*Fida Aazad Insaans*

*Na Kuni Kaabs Na Butkhans*

*Tawai Pryath Ka'ansi Insaans*

*Pasand Emy Sinz Ghazal Khani*

The muse of Azad's thesis is love, feeling and ache and the chief protagonist of his thesis is the *Rind*. Azad describes him as 'a passionate purveyor of delights, an enchanted and loving being whose emphasis is on a caring heart'. His man (*Rind*) is one who lives life like flowing river, resilient, bold, determined and industrious to overcome obstacles, seeps silently, ever new and sturdy, considerate, true and bountiful, a passionate lover, caretaker, dedicated, visionary, true, sincere and seeing. He would not deceive, kill and lie but only love. This love will unfetter the grip of distinctions and discriminations. Azad's love is not about lust or physical intimacy but implications of brotherhood, generosity and spirit (*Baradari, Bajar, Dileri*). This love is inflexible and strong enough to stand against and fight injustice, suppression and dictatorship. It is against tempting self and power and the rapacity for luxury, riches and comforts, a crusade against every wrong. It stands for justice, equality, composure, unity and serenity. This love is gist of Azad's quest and it provides him a unique position in Kashmiri literature.

## Episode

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## Luminaries of the Kashmiri Language

Azad was a reformer who wanted transformation of unjust system as is evident from his view of *Inqilab* (change), though he loved the word revolution but he was not a representative of communism. Azad loathed the religious division and used the term *Aafeen* like that of Marx for it infuses slavish devotion. His savior is the *Aashaq* permeated with nothing but love, a *Rind*, a passionate person, selfless lover of beauty who bleeds at every stab and shares every pain, avoids extremism and emphasizes sagacity in every path.

In 1930's Azad witnessed communal polarization of the Kashmiri society which turned him into serious and conscientious poet. The tangible challenge to Azad was that of religion which divided Kashmiris and placed fellow beings against one another. Azad questions, if God is One and man His creation, where is the room for antagonism. The instrument of oneness (Religion) has ended up as instrument of disunity. It is the man who has to think, envision, care and figure out to reach the kernel of oneness. This concern for others and encompassing the humanity through love makes Azad as a humanist par excellence. Azad proposes man to transcend the fixed circumference of thought and envision beyond and this target can be accomplished by a simple, true and loving man. Azad visualizes man in a continuum with God. Having no wrangle with the

saintly and the godly, Azad is engrossed fighting all distortions, whether Hindus or Muslims, rulers or nobles, sages or hermits.

*Hechhum Kitaban te Daftaran Manz  
Wuchhum Mashidan te Mandiran Manz*

*Chhi Dosti Hund Libas Legith  
Karan Jigran Kabab Dushman*

Azad condemns every symbol, creed, system that stands in the way of his fellow humans. He stands for everything that promotes, cares,

loves and bleeds for them. Everything that has the potential to exploit is condemned and what keeps man from full flourishing is to be torn. Azad is concerned with his land and its people – he sings for them and sings of them. He sings for Kashmir with the word and diction of Kashmir, through the sign and symbol of Kashmir and

reaches out to man – the pivot of the universe. The land, the people and the nation is the sum of Azad's poetry. The purpose of all his endeavors is unity with the whole creation. Azad does not give up God, but makes Him the font of everything and the culmination of everything.

*Lool e Vedakh Baawhas Ahl e Dila  
Aasihey*

*Zakhmi Jigar Haawhas Da'ed Lada  
Aasihey*

*Wuchh Mye Khuda Zaanvin Saas  
Ba'di Aqlmand*

*Paan Panun Zaanvun Kanh ti Akha  
Aasihey*

Contact author at :  
[zubairhamid11@gmail.com](mailto:zubairhamid11@gmail.com)



دِلاَسُ

خَؤُورِ مِغَرِی

خَظَرِ مِغَرِی

دِلاَسُ

پُوشِیْمُوت کَس جِیْنْدِگی هُنْد نَو بَهَار ؟ اَوَش مُ هَار  
 دُخ دِلیک چُورِی تھوَن گَو گَاتُجَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 اَلیف کَد هَی مِیْم سَپَدَان ، گَم مُ بَر ، شُکُور کَر  
 پَنُنِی کِوِی پَونِی پَانُک تُول چُ بَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 کَس نُو یِوَن یَث جَهَانَس مَنج بَنیث ، پِوَن چَنیث  
 کَس نُو چَلیمُتْی دَاگ دِیث یَتی بَالُ یَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 بے شُمَارَس اَجَلُ تَکَدِیرَس چُ وَر ، کَر نَجَر  
 گَمُچِی گَٹِی مَنج دَی چُ آسَان گَم گُسَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 آم پَوتْچَن چَ کَهَاوَت ، یَث کَمَال ، تَث جَوال  
 رَاهَ فَنَا هُی اَوُخُرَس چُ یَ اَسْتَوَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 گَم تُو فِکَرُی جِیْنْدِگی هُنج بَآگَرَن ، تَی اَوُڈَرَن  
 جِیْنْدِگی اَوُخُر مَتَایَ نَاگَوَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 مَرگِی مُهَب چَا چُ دَوی دُتَن تَنَن ؟ کَیَا هَ وَن ؟  
 جِیْنْدِگی اَنْدَر مے وُچ بَس لَارُ لَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 مَهْفِلَن مَنج مِغَرِیَبِیَن ، وُمَرِی اَوَس ، اَوُکِل رِوس  
 دِیَل وَدَان رُودُس دُهَی پَؤُج جَارُ جَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار

پُوشِیْمُوت کَس زِیْنْدِگی بَند نُو بَهَار ؟ اَوَش مُ هَار  
 دُکھ دِکھ تُوڑِی تھوَن گَو گَا بَ جَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 اَلِف کَد بے مِیْم سَپَدَان ، غَم مُ بَر ، شُکُور کَر  
 پِیْنِی کُوٹھی پَانِی پَانِک تُل تَبَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 کَس نُو یِوَن یَیْت جَهَانَس مَنزَیْت ، پِوَن رُھِیْت  
 کَس نُو تُلِی مَی دَاغ دِیْت یِیْت بَالِہ یَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 بے شُمَارَس اَزَلِہ تَقْدِیرَس چُ وَر ، کَر نَظَر  
 غَمُچِی چَ گِیْت مَنزَدے چَ آسَان غَم گُسَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 عَام پَٹْھِیَن یَچھے کَہَاوَت ، یَیْت کَمَال ، تَی زَوَال  
 رَا بے فَنَا پے اَنجَس یَچھے اَسْتَوَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 غَم پے فِکَرِے زِیْنْدِگی پَنز بَاگَرَن ، تے اَوُڈَرَن  
 زِیْنْدِگی اَنجَر مَتَا یے نَاگَوَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 مَرگِی مُهَب چَا جُ دَوی دُون تَنَن ، کَیَا وَن ؟  
 زِیْنْدِگی اَنْدَر مے وُچ بَس لَارُ لَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار  
 مَحْفِلَن مَنزَیْت مِغَرِیَبِیَن ، وُمَرِی اَوَس ، عَقْلِہ رُوس  
 دِیَل وَدَان رُودُس دُوبے پَؤُج زَارُ زَار ، اَوَش مُ هَار

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

## Termites - The Unseen Destroyers

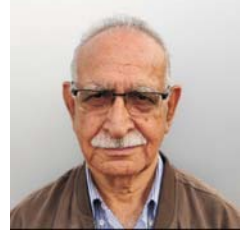
**T**ermites also called white ants have been around since time began. They are social insects, like bees and ants, that feed upon dead wood, books, furniture even clothes and are the world's most destructive creatures. They are unseen destroyers of houses and furniture - indeed of all things made from 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 celled 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.

Contact author at:  
blkaul@gmail.com



## من سیرتوؤنم - سنیتارینه پنڈت मनसर च्यूनुम - सुनीता रैना पंडित



سکونِ دل شہلِ شفقت یتھے اکھ اکھ پہ نیامت  
 सकूने दिल शुहुल शफकत। युथुय अख अख पॅहर न्यामथ।।  
 گلان ناز گڑھی پوشی ڈیکس گوڑھ یتھ بجر پتہ وتمھ  
 गुलालन नाज़ गॅछ्य पोशिन्य। ड्यकस गोछ युथ बजर पतुवथ।।  
 ژتسلاہ دکھ مے پرہہ شولیم دِنس چائِس سیٹھاہ برکتھ  
 चु तसला दिख मे पछ शोल्याम। दिनस चॉनिस स्यठाह बरकथ।।  
 تہ گڑھی انداز رازن ہندی تہ گڑھ شری پانہ چی فرستھ  
 तु गॅछ्य अंदाज़ राजन हुंघ। तु गॅछ शुय पानुची फुरसथ।।  
 مے گوڑھ آکاش آنگن در گڑھم نیٹھ زؤنہ ہنز شہلتھ  
 मे गोछ आकाश आंगन्दर। गॅछुम न्यथ जूनि हुंज़ शैहलथ।।  
 بہارن گڑھ گلن مستی تہ شارن گوڑھ ہیر انکتھ  
 बहारन गॅछ गुलन मस्ती। तु शारन गोछ हुय़र अनकथ।।

*Pilgrimages - Prof R.N.Bhat***Shri Jagannath Puri**

**S**hri Jagannath Puri is located in Odisha State, Eastern India. It is a sacred Dham for the Hindus. The temple is a gigantic structure built over a thousand years ago by the then rulers of Kalinga (Odisha). One can easily assess the deep understanding of Metallurgy, Architecture, Engineering, Wind direction, Sea-water impact etc., the builders of this magnificent shrine had in those days. The temple demonstrates the superiority in Engineering and Architecture that Eastern India ought to be proud of.

An invitation from a Linguistics fraternity persuaded me to visit the shrine. My wife and I took an Indigo flight from Varanasi that flew to Bhubhanashawar via Guwahati. We deplaned at Bhubhaneshawar at around three o'clock in the afternoon. From there a Taxi drove us to Cuttack University where we stayed in the University Guest House. Next forenoon was the inaugural session which was presided over by the Geneticist Vice-Chancellor of the Cuttack University. Incidentally, the Vice-Chancellor turned out to be my Hostel-mate from Kurukshetra University, Haryana. There was a tea-break after the Inaugural Session. I made my presentation after the tea-break.

Early in the morning of the Day-2 of the Conference, my wife and I went to Bhubhaneshwar in a taxi to have a 'darshan' of the world-famous 'Lingeshwar Mahadev'. It is a well-guarded temple where photography is strictly prohibited. The stone-work and the architecture of the temple is highly impressive. It takes nearly two hours to have a darshan of all the shrines in the temple-complex. We returned to the guest-house at Cuttuck the same day.

On day three of the Conference, a bus took us to Konark where the ancient stone-

work and the very impressive temple complex of the BC's awakened us to the glory of ancient India. Konark speaks volumes about the impressive stone-work and Engineering skills of the people of the former days. It leaves permanent impressions on one's mind.

Later we travelled to Jagannath Puri, the temple revered by Hindus, specially those who worship Lord Krishna. Jagannath Puri is a thousand five hundred years old temple complex that continues to provide spiritual happiness and consolation to millions of devotees the world over. The dust around the 'Dham' is considered sacred. We removed shoes, socks inside the bus and walked barefeet for nearly 500 meters to reach the Temple gate. After security check we entered through the gigantic temple gate, walked for around 200 meters to go up a flair of steps, turned to our left, then right to reach the main temple where murti-s of Lord Jagannatha, his brother Balabhadra and sister Subhadra are placed. After having a darshan of the Lord Krishana as Jagannatha, we had a blissful feeling of fulfilment. We came out of the temple complex through the exit door, had some curd there, bought some sweets and walked barefeet to the bus which brought us to Bhubhaneshawar where we stayed in a hotel for two nights before returning to Varanasi.



Contact author at:  
rnbhatvns@gmail.com

Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

## भगवान जियुन तसवीर

भगवान जियुन तस्वीर वुछ मे गोडनुचि लटि पम्पोश कालोनी दिलि हँदिस आश्रमस मंज। केह कालु पतु आयि तथ जायि तिहँज संगि मरमरुच्य मूर्ति लगावनु। तमि पतु गोस बु ओत आश्रम वार्याहि लटि तु ब्यूतुस अथ मूर्ति ब्रोंह कनि। पतु गोस बु अकि फिरि उत्तम नगर आश्रम। तति ति वुछुम यिहँज मूर्ति। मे आव मोकु केह किताबु यिमन मुतलक परनुक तु पतु लीछ्य मे यिहँजि जिन्दगी मुतलक किताब ति। यिमन सारिनुय किताबन मंज छि यिहिंद वार्याह तस्वीर यिम मे बराबर वुछ्य। मे छु बासान जि युहुन्द तस्वीर, यिहँज मूर्ति या फोटू वुछनु सूत्य छु अख बदलय सरूर तु आनन्द यिवान युस बयान करुन छु बडु कठ्युन। यिम वुछनु सूत्य छि स्फूर्ति यिवान, गाश फोलान तु नौव जोदथ पाँदु गछान।

गोडन्यथुय छु यिवान सु तीज बोजनु युस अमि मूर्ति प्यठु छु गाहु त्रावान। ड्यकु छु चमकान तु अमि प्यठु छि जुचु प्रवु त्रावान। अख त्युथ सौरूर छु यिवान जि दिलस छि सथ हिश गछान पाँदु। रचि खंजि छु मनुश्य खबर कथ दुनियाहस जन आसान वोटमुत, पनुनि पानुच्य छस नु खबरुय रोजान। स्व दशा छु इन्सान ह्यकान महसूस वँरिथ, बयान छुनु ह्यकान वँरिथ, करि किथु वँन्य? पतु छु अँछव मंजु अख प्रकाश नेरान युस र्यदस ताम छु गछान सँनिथ तु मन छु गछान शोद तु बोद छि ह्यवान द्यान करुन। गाहु छि तिछ तेज आसान जि अँछ छनु ठहरान तु पानय छि गछान बंद नतु छि बोन कुन नमान। पतु छि अँछ्य

बेयि ह्योर कुन वुछिथ अथ मूरुच मुदय गंडान। बबुसँद्यव वुठव प्यठु छि बासान जन वेद मंत्र छि वोटलान। माहोल छु युथ सपनान जन छु चोवातरफ ओम् शब्द ग्रजान। प्रथ तरफु छु भगवानु सँदि शब्द ब्रह्म रूपस मंज आसनुक एहसास सपदान।



येलि अँम्यसँदिस सफेद साफस तु रंगदार प्यरनस कुन छि नजर प्यवान त्रे कथु छे ब्रोंह कुन यिवान, स्यजर, श्वजर तु पजर, यिम तिमव रुतिस मनशस बापत छि ग्वन वँनमुत्य। जन छु बब असि वनान, स्योद सादु जिन्दगी बिताँविव, पजर वरताँविव तु श्वद अंतःकरण थाँविव हमेशि। बेयन नसीहत करुन्य छनु कॉफी, यिमु कथु छे पानस अमलि मंज अनुनि। सान्यन व्यचारन मंज, कथन मंज तु काम्यन मंज गछन यिम त्रे ग्वन आसुन्य। येलि अँम्यसँद्यन अथन कुन छि नजर प्यवान बासान छु अँम्यसँज क्रपा तु अनुग्रह छु हर विजि सानि बापथ हाँजिर। सु करि विजि विजि असि अथु रोट तु स्येजि वति पकुनावि। तँम्यसुन्द बोड प्यरन छु सानि बापथ बोड आसरु येमि किस शालुफाहस तल अँस्य छि सुरक्षित तु सारिवुय बलायव निशि रँछिथ। यि आसरु रछि असि तु कुनि ति बुराँई हँज छाय पेयि नु असि प्यठ। अँस्य आसव दोहय बँचिथ दुनियिहिकि दोलाबु निशि।

वोन्य पेयि नजर खोरन कुन, अख न्यबर तु अख खँटिथ। दिलन कँड वोठ, करुना पाद पूजा? दोशवय खोर मिलुनॉविथ छु बनान युहय अख पम्पोश ह्यु। पम्पोश गव ज़िन्दगी हुन्द निशानु। अथ पूज करनु सुत्य छि ज़िन्दगी पम्पोश बनान, लीफु पापु निश छलिथ, ब्यदाग, न गम न शाँदी, न सोख न दोख। भगवद्गीता ति छि वनान, ‘फद्दपत्रमिवाम्बसा’ - पॉनिस मंज पम्पोशिक पॉठ्य रुज़िव।

बब छु मे बासान मोल तु मॉज्य, ग्वर तु रछन वोल, वतु हावुक, सोरुय कँह। तसँद्यन चरनन तल छुस बु बँचिथ। अति छि मे मेलान रॉछ ति, वथ ति तु गाश ति। मे छु यकीन सु नी मे गटि मंजु गाशस कुन, धर्मचि वति प्यठ पकुनाव्यम तु म्यानि ज़िन्दगी हँजु नाव कडि सु दूलाबु मंजु बँठिस कुन। मे छु तस मंजु दय बोजनु यिवान तु सु छु मे वनान सुय दय पानस मंजु तु प्रथ कुनि मंजु डेशुन। मे छि तस प्यठ यछ तु पछ। तसुन्दिस वनुनस प्यठ छु मे यकीन। बु छुस जॉनिथ अकि दोह बासि मे पँज्य किन्य प्रथ कुनि मंजु भगवान तसँदि अनुग्रह सुत्य। तस अगर बु दुनियाँवी कँह मंगु, सु ति दियम मगर वक्ती स्वखन हुन्द लालुच क्याजि कँरजि येलि रोजुवुन तु पोशिवुन आनन्द मेलनुक सबील ओस हॉसिल? बु मंगु तस सु दैवत्व युस म्यानि ज़िन्दगी माने दिये। यि आश्वासन छु मे मेलान तसँदिस फोटूअस कुन वुछनु सुती आश्रमस मंजु ति तु गरि ति।

फोटूअच कथ थँव्यतव अँती, बु छुस तसँदिस काँसि टॉठिस भँक्तिस वुछिथ ति स्यठा ख्वश गछान या अगर काँसि सुत्य बबस मुतलख कथ करनुक मोकु छु यिवान। तमि विजि छु मे बासान सु छु अँद्य पँख्य तँतीनस। सुय छु म्यान्यन व्यचारन तु काम्यन

वथ दिवान तु नतीजि छु नेरान रुत तु फ्रूच। कुनि छु सु मे वनान श्रीगीता पर तु अँती मेली सेज तु श्रूच वथ। मे छु याद पेवान तसुन्द वनुन ज़ि गीता जी हँद्यव ७०० श्लोकव मंजु कांह अख श्लोक हैकि असि वथ हॉविथ। सुती छु सु यि ति वनान, न्यबर छांडुनस मंजु मु कर वखुत बरबाद। अन्दर छारुन तु तँती प्रावख पजरुक पय।

बबु भगवानुनि मूर्ति ब्रॉह कनि बेहन सुत्य छि एकाग्रता बडान, मन छु थ्यर गछान, ओर योर छुन छ्यफ दिवान हालांकि मन छु चंचल। अर्जुन ति छु वनान श्री कृष्णस, ‘चंचलम् हि मनः कृष्ण, प्रमाथी बलवद् दृढम्’। अत्यथ बिहिथ छु हंगु तु मंगु मनुश ह्यवान सॉचुन, ‘म्यानि आसुनुक मुदा क्याह छु, बु कँम्य छुस योर सूजमुत तु क्याजि छुनस सूजमुत। तस सुत्य क्याह छु म्योन रिशतु? बबु संजुन अँछन हँजु जुचु छि मे पय दिवान, यपॉर्य पख, यि छय असलुच वथ, यिहय वातुनावी मँजिलस। येलि अँम्यसँज चिलिम तु दून्य छु कांह वुछान तस छु ज़रूर श्रीगीतायि हुन्द यि श्लोक याद प्यवान, ‘ब्रह्मार्पणम् ब्रह्म हवि, ब्रह्माग्नौ ब्रह्मना हुतम्, ब्रह्मैव तेन गंतव्यम् ब्रह्म कर्म समाधिना। यानी सोरुय छु ईश्वरुय, अगुन ति, हुमुनुक सामग्री ति, हुमनवोल ति, ग्यव ति तु सुय छु यिमु आहुतियि ग्रहण ति करान तु यि हवन करनु सुत्य छि तँम्यसँदिसुय धामस वातान। म्योन सॉच छु वनान यि छु भगवान जीन्यन कथन हुन्द निचोड। यूत जल्द असि यि समजस यी त्यूत रोजव अँस्य फॉयिदस मंजु। त्यली प्रावव अँस्य असलुक गाश तु पजरुक पय।।



Contact author at:  
trilokinathdhar@yahoo.com

## شوکت شفا

## بیلو



شیرین چھکے بادام پھلے  
 کونگہ پوشو لاگے مائز اتھن  
 رنگہ بلبل میانیا دولہ کوچھ منز  
 ساوتھ تہ کرے لکے لکے واپس  
 چھے آلو لایاں موج کشپر  
 دوہہ لوس خبر کر دولہ واپس

شبم ستین رہ کھور چھلے  
 ہند وٹھرو عارق وٹھراوے  
 شش ناگ کہ وچھ گے وڈی پھلتھ  
 زائین تہ ہن دگ شہلاوے  
 رتہ مپلہ لکھاں بیم باتھ شفا  
 تم باتھ ونے روہہ منزلس منز  
 توتھ پیار کرے توتھ لول برے  
 پتہ سوچکھ زانہہ تنہ ثلہ واپس  
 چھے آلو لایاں موج کشپر  
 دوہہ لوس خبر کر دولہ واپس

کوت ژولہم صچ چاے چنے  
 بیلو بے تھپ تھپ تھاراں تھس  
 تر پلون دتھ بیم وائلہ کھنرتھ  
 بزاندس پٹھ موش پزاراں تھس  
 نئے دوسہ پتر کز، نئے کاڈ پٹھن  
 نے لوبرن تل چھکھ پھرس منز  
 پیہ اکہ پھر وچھتھ میانہ زوا  
 چھم دود یہ لکے ون، بلہ واپس  
 چھے آلو لایاں موج کشپر  
 دوہہ لوس خبر کر دولہ واپس

کینا کوژھ دہے بونہ شہل  
 ور وارکہ گھر گھلچ شہلتھ  
 اتھ کوچھ منز تھاوے سوتہ اڈر  
 بیہ رڈر جریں منز گندناوتھ

I am sharing one of my poems here. The stimulating event for penning down this poem was the exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from the Valley. This poem is included in my upcoming book 'Kanwale' to be released soon.

- Dr Showkat Shifa

## काव्य - शौकत शिफा

## बबलू



कोत चोलुहम सुबहुच चाय चनय  
बबल्यो बैय थपि थपि छारान छस  
तुर पलुवन दिथ यिम वाँकु खँजिथ  
ब्रांदस प्यठ मँच हिश प्रारान छस

नय दूसि पँत्य किन्य, नय कॉनी प्यठ  
नय ल्वबुरन तल छुख पहरस मंज  
बेयि अकि फिरि वुछहथ म्यानि जुवा  
छुम दोद यि ललुवुन, बलु वापस  
छय आलव लायान मोज कँशीर  
द्वह लूस खबर कर, व्वलु वापस

यिखना कोछ दिमुहय बोनि शुहुल  
विरि वारुकि कुल्य गुहलिच शेहलथ  
अथ क्वछि मंज थावय सोंतु औबुर  
बेयि रूदु जर्यन मंज गिंदुनावथ

शीरीन छकय बादाम फुलय  
क्वंगु पोशव लागय माँज अथन  
रंगु बुलबुलु म्यान्या व्वलु क्वछि मंज  
सावथ तु करय ललु ललु वापस  
छय आलव लायां माँज कँशीर  
द्वह लूस खबर कर, व्वलु वापस  
शबनमु सुत्यन रबि खोर छलय  
हंदि वँथुरव ऑरक व्वथुरावय  
शश नागुकि वछि कुय वून्य छँकिथ  
जाल्यन तु हटन दग शेहलावय  
रतु मीलि लेखान यिम बाँथ शिफा  
तिम बाँथ वनय वनि मंजुलिस मंज  
त्युथ प्यार करय त्युथ लोल बरय  
पतु सोंचख ज़ांह ति नु च़लु वापस  
छय आलव लायान मोज कँशीर  
द्वह लूस खबर कर, व्वलु वापस

Showkat Shifa, whose real name is Dr. Showkat Hussain Teli, MBBS, MD (Pediatrics), DNB/DM Neonatology is Asst. Professor, Govt Medical college, Anantnag. He writes poetry in Kashmiri and Urdu and also short stories.

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

## Tic Douloureux Facial Pain from Trigeminal Neuralgia

**R**obin, my older sibling, had arrived from Australia. Friends, relatives and neighbors had come over to meet him. We were basking in the afternoon sun of a late summer's day of 1970, in the lawn of our home, savoring snacks and tea, as he answered our queries about his life and work in the continent down under, which we had only seen on the world map. He had settled down in Wollongong, a small town nearly hundred miles from Sydney. We were meeting after three years and I would feign miss a treasure than the absorbing details of his exploits in his inimitable style - about the mountain and the sea, the kookaburra and the kangaroo, the year-round temperate climate and the university where he taught soil mechanics. But, for a phone call! It was from a colleague, Dr. Tanvir Jehan. She and I had spent a full year together in the same ward as residents in 1963-64, after which she specialized in Anesthesia and I got a postgraduate degree in Medicine. Presently we were faculty in our respective disciplines in the Medical College.

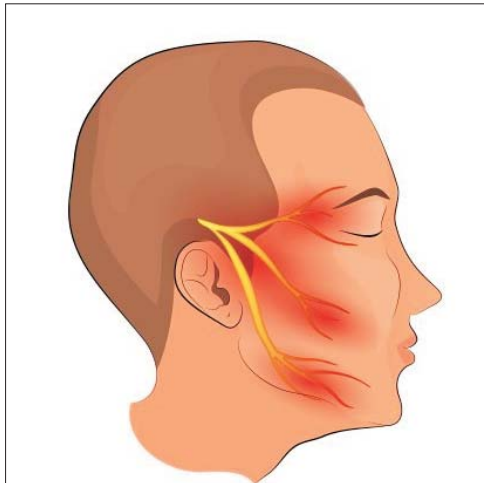
Dr. Tanvir Jehan was calling from the Government Nursing Home at Gupkar. It was about a patient, Mohamed Shaban. He suffered from Trigeminal Neuralgia, a painful condition of the face, rightly named Tic Douloureux because of the paroxysmal jabs

of pain that may be so intense as to make the victim to squirm, jump, and contract his/her face as if suffering from a debilitating tic. A day earlier, Mohamed Shaban had sought consultation for his affliction from the legendry Dr. Ali Jan practicing at the high profile Polo View, who sent him across the street to Dr. Sikand for an injection of ethanol (absolute alcohol) into the trigeminal (5<sup>th</sup> cranial) nerve, that was the source of the pain in the patient.

Dr Sikand, a leading surgeon, had never treated a patient of trigeminal neuralgia because it is essentially a medical condition. He had never injected into the 5<sup>th</sup> cranial nerve before. Yet, a referral from the doyen of medicine, even when retired from the Medical

College, was an order to be complied with, a challenge to be met. But he had no idea how to go about it.

The trigeminal nerve (5<sup>th</sup> cranial) takes its origin from the brainstem, deep inside the cranial cavity, and runs a checkered course under the surface of the brain, on the bony surfaces along grooves and canals, to a confluence at the trigeminal ganglion from





where it branches into three divisions that traverse their own separate intracranial courses to finally emerge on the face from three openings (foramina). From there, the three divisions of the nerve ramify to supply the skin of the face and the mucus membranes (insides) of the nose and mouth. It carries the sensations of touch, pain, heat and cold etc. from its area of supply. When afflicted with neuralgia, the slightest touch may be so intolerable as to make a patient cry.

Where, along the long course of the nerve, should he inject the patient, Dr. Sikand wondered. When such a situation arises doctors go back to the basics in reference books and journals. He decided to look up Lee McGregor's 'Synopsis of Surgical Anatomy', the bible of surgical anatomy, and asked the patient to report next day to Government Nursing Home, Gupkar where he would administer the injection in the operation theatre under aseptic conditions. Going home, he opened the text to recapture the surface anatomy of the nerve and study the procedure for injection. It was all there beautifully illustrated but the procedure of percutaneous injection of 5<sup>th</sup> nerve lying deep inside the cranial cavity seemed very daunting. It called for a lot of measurements and demarcations on the outside to localize the nerve and its ganglion within the skull before one could direct the needle to the precise location. He did not feel he was up to the task. Since he had asked the patient to return next day all the way from Tangmarg, it was a matter of prestige and commitment. He decided to seek the help of an anesthetist. Anesthetists are trained in giving nerve blocks during various operative procedures. That is how Dr. Tanvir Jehan came in the picture. But she too had never given a trigeminal nerve block, she informed him. "I have looked up the surface anatomy from McGregor. Let us try it; the two of us together

can sure work it out," he had reassured her.

Mohamed Shaban arrived duly next day. He was ushered in the operation theatre and seated on the table. The two doctors started with the surface markings after consulting the 'bible', drawing lines on his head like a draftsman, using the measuring tape like a tailor, and discussing the route and direction of the injecting needle like two drillers looking for a mine. There was a debate as to how deep to go and an apprehension of the needle hitting a wrong target, and alcohol causing permanent damage to a sensitive area of the brain. It was essentially a blind procedure and the whole thing looked even more difficult than opening the cranial cavity and injecting the nerve under direct vision.

What were these doctors up to, Mohamed Shaban wondered. Two years earlier it had taken a doctor just a few minutes to give him the nerve block and he had performed the procedure in his own chamber and not in an operation theatre. But he had forgotten his name. What were these elaborate measurements and discussion all about this time? He sensed that the two doctors were in some sort of a predicament, and he would not allow himself to be subjected to a wild adventure. He believed the redoubtable Dr. Ali Jan could not err in referring him to the right person, but something now seemed greatly amiss. And he must speak out.

"Excuse me, Madam; I would like to inform you that a young doctor working with Dr. Ali Jan gave the first injection into my nerve two years back. It took him just a few minutes. It was a simple. He introduced the needle on my cheek and not in the temple where you are drawing the lines and taking measurements. When the pain returned and I sought Dr Ali Jan again, I reminded him about the injection his subordinate gave me last time, but he could not recollect him since he has retired from the Medical College. When Dr Ali Jan sent me to

you, Dr. Sikand, I thought you would do it in your consulting chamber like the earlier doctor who gave me the injection in his own chamber in the hospital. Instead, you called me here in the nursing home and I believed you would perform a different procedure to give me permanent cure.”

That sent the two doctors thinking. They would not venture into an off-beat tract when the previous approach had been so simple and direct. Who could the young doctor be?

“How did he look like, this doctor who gave you the nerve block? Which year was it?” Dr. Tanveer asked him.

“It was in 1968 in ward 3 of the hospital, in the doctor's chamber. He was about thirty, medium height, with hairs curly and receding from the temples. I remember he was a Pandit.”

That clinched it. I was the only Pandit doctor who had worked with Dr. Ali Jan in 1968.

“It is Dr. Chowdhury, for sure,” Dr. Tanveer blurted out, “let us call him.”

That is when the phone rang and she explained her predicament and asked if I remembered the patient. Yes, I remembered having given the injection to a patient once, I told her. It would be a favor if I came along and helped her out of the situation, she pleaded. She was not in a mood to try it on her own when I offered to give her instructions on the phone since my brother had just arrived from Australia.

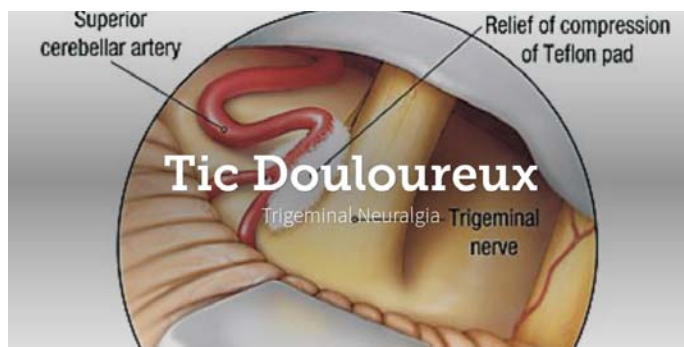
I had no heart to disappoint a lady in distress. That would be most unchivalrous. For old time's sake I could not say no, especially to a delicate lady, who though sharp in tongue was soft at heart. She had been nice to me during that formative year when we worked together, and there were many moments to share over cups of tea she made so readily for us during lunch

breaks.

I excused myself, and left my brother with the fawning crowd around him, looking at him as if he had descended from the other world. I asked him to reserve further anecdotes and episodes till I returned.

Gupkar Nursing Home was just a couple of miles from my home in S P College lane. I was there in 10 minutes. The patient's face beamed with recognition and relief on seeing me. I remembered him well. He hailed from my favorite week-end retreat, Tangmarg, a pretty hamlet seven thousand feet above the sea, on way to the famous Gulmarg resort, with the Ferozepur stream gushing down on the left and the dense pine forests on the right. Sometimes I wondered how the denizens of those celestial places, where fairies danced, angels sang and gods resided, could suffer such painful conditions; even how they could die like other mortals!

Mohamed Shaban was the only patient I had ever given a nerve block in the trigeminal. That time also he had sought Dr. Ali Jan's consult who had directed him to report on a Tuesday when we held the neurology clinics in my chamber in ward 3 of the Medical College. I was the Medical Registrar (chief resident) with an aptitude for Neurology. Dr. Ali Jan, my Professor, recognizing my interest, granted me the privilege to conduct, what came to be known as, 'The Tuesday Clinics' which he blessed with his august presence. We had



taken the decision to try absolute alcohol injection into the 5<sup>th</sup> cranial nerve of Mohamed Shaban since he had not responded to the drugs available at that time. Those were still early days in neurology. There were hardly any drugs for this painful condition. Phenobarbitone and phenytoin gave relief in some. Others took recourse to codeine. Carbamezapine, the wonder drug, was still a few years away. Not only do we now have an array of new drugs for treatment of Tic Douloureux - from Carbamezapine to Gabapentine - but we also have the MR imaging techniques so advanced and perfected as to provide exquisite 3-D images of the ganglion and the nerve inside the cranium which can be targeted fairly accurately for surgical procedures without opening the skull, through thermal and radio-surgical destruction of the nerve (Percutaneous Stereotactic Differential Radiofrequency Thermal Rhizotomy and Stereotactic Radiosurgery using a gamma knife).

But those were different times. The best option we had in patients with intractable facial pain was Alcohol injection to destroy the 5<sup>th</sup> nerve. I even remembered that the patient had procured a vial of absolute alcohol from the Department of Chemistry of S P College for Boys, since the chemical was not sold from chemist shops. I had injected it into the second division of the nerve. But peripheral nerves, unlike the neurons in the brain have the potential to re-grow and re-innervate at a rate of approximately ½ mm a day. There was always the likelihood of a relapse within a year or more even after alcohol injection. Mohamed Shaban too had relapsed.

“So how are you doing, sir?” I asked him as he grasped my hand in gratitude for the previous service rendered and the service about to be provided.” He was around fifty with short stubble and wore a fur cap, a short waistcoat over a shirt and *shilwar*. He was in

pain.

After you gave me the previous injection I did well for one and a half year. Then the pain started coming back - mild and occasional to begin with but getting more intense and more frequent every day. Even light touch causes me to wince now; food in my mouth evokes severe pain and chewing is out of question. I cannot shave nor can I wash my face; even a soft breeze blowing in my face is like a whiplash and I hide my face in my *pheron*. The pain is burning, pricking, stabbing and lancinating at different times. It comes and goes on its own and leaves me tired, sleepless and depressed.”

Can you trace the painful area with your finger?” I asked him and, without touching his face, he pointed out the area between the eye and the mouth, including the middle portion of the cheek, the side of the nose, the lower eyelid and the upper lip on the right side – area supplied by the second (Maxillary) division of the trigeminal nerve (5<sup>th</sup> cranial).

I looked for trigger spots by lightly touching or tapping in the specified area, and there were quite a few. Then I turned to the two doctors.

“We will inject the Maxillary Division of the nerve (second division) inside the infra-orbital foramen. That is what I did two years ago.”

I marked the junction of the medial (inner) and intermediate thirds of the supra-orbital margin (the bone that overhangs the orbit) and drew a line from here down to the lower border of the mandible. The infra-orbital foramen lies about 1 cm. below the margin of the orbit which I marked with a dot as the point of entry. I filled a syringe with 1 ml. of a local anesthetic and another with ½ ml of absolute alcohol. Directing the needle with the local anesthetic from the point of entry into the tissues till it hit the bone. I moved the needle tip around to push it through the foramen. When I got there I introduced the local anesthetic. I



tested with a cotton wool and a pin. The area under our scanner became anesthetic to touch and pinprick which confirmed that the nerve had been targeted. Leaving the needle in place I now injected absolute alcohol from the second syringe. The whole procedure took ten minutes.

"What you were trying to inject is the main trunk of the nerve inside the skull. I have never attempted that procedure nor does he need it. If the whole face were involved it would be justified. But here we had a simple solution since only the second division of the nerve was affected." The doctors thanked me profusely.

"It was so simple, so commonsense," Dr. Tanveer said with great relief.


"We were off track, because we did not take a proper history. It was a humbling experience," Dr. Sikand acknowledged with humility and I hurried back to hear more of my brother's adventures.

But it was the patient who pronounced the last judgment when he came to my house after a week to say thanks: "When doctors do not know they should be honest and say so, rather than make a patient pay for their ignorance," he proclaimed.

I explained that the practice of Medicine was not like solving a simple mathematical equation. It was a science that called for experimentation and an art that had to be perfected and re-perfected through innovation. It needed determination, dedication and daring from its practitioners and patience and sacrifice from the patients. That convinced him that the two doctors were only trying their best and in his interest.

He continued to see me and received some more injections down the years till I had to leave the valley. I miss the gift of the best apples from his small orchard which he would bring every fall.





سرفنی آر کر تھ آس بہتہ  
شاید اُس دآد لدنی  
ہندریمیش تہ چھندریمیش  
کریڈ زالس منز ہینہ آمز  
آر برژ نظرو آس وہ چھان  
لوک دنیا ادس شاید کروٹھ پیومت  
گمء سری آچھروال اُس پن  
زن لال پن اُس منز سدرس  
صحراوس منز سیکہ ہند پآٹھی  
قطرہ باپتھ اُس کریچھان  
لؤلہ سدرس متہ گراے لج  
لہروتش دیت دلکین ارمان  
بہ تہ آوس ہینہ منز کریڈ زالس  
دنہ چھم نہ کانہہ تہ موکلن پآے  
سرفن آخر زہر دتھے ترے

مسرور امین  
کولگام

काँशिरि सुत्यन काँशिर साँरी  
नतु वॉरानुक्य हॉरान काव

अमीन कामिल

چھونچہ پُت - پڑ پڑ کچھ - ظریف احمد ظریف

छॉचि पूत - रुचु रुचु कथु - ज़रीफ़ अहमद ज़रीफ़



زِٹھی بیلہ آسن پڑ کچھ ومان اول تھ گڑھ تھون کن

ज़िठच येलि आसन रुच कथ वनान अव्वल तथ गछि थवुन कन

تے بچہ لسان نوان بکاریم بن بزرگن

तिमय बच छि लसान नवान बकार यिम यिन बुज़र्गन

وقس یس چھ قدر کران ٹس چھ گوشن پھولان پوش

वक्तस युस छु कद्र करान तँस्य छि गोशन फवलान पोश

بائل پانس پانے پھران وز وز وُجھس ڈلان ہوش

जॉहिल पानस पानय फरान विज़ि विज़ि वुछहस डलान होश

ہتی شری زٹھین ندمتہ کران تے بنان اُچھن گاش

रुत्य शुर्य ज़िठचन खँदमथ करान तिमय बनान अँछन गाश

ساری اِد چھکے دعاے نار کران بدین تہنزی روزان آش

सॉरी अद् छिख दुआए खॉर करान बड्यन तहंजुय रोज़ान आश

*From the Pages of Ancient History - M.K.Parimoo*  
**Pandrethan Mandir & Stupa**

**I**t is a well-known fact that Panderathan (Kashmir) was established by the king Ashoka of Mauryan dynasty, (264-228) years B.C, as the Capital of Kashmir. Many archaeological remains have been excavated at Pandrethan, among which an ancient temple and some idols have also been found which were kept reserved at Sri Pratap Museum Lal Mandi Srinagar (Kashmir).

According to the Archaeological new, the construction of the religious temples and vihaars had been started from the time of king Ashoka at Pandrethan. The architectural artifices belonged to Buddhism. Among these ancient archaeological remains, three Bodhisattva were found at the site up to 1917-1918, but later these sites have been badly



damaged.

During 1914-16, an archaeologist Daya Ram Sahani excavated some remains of certain ancient constructions. Sir John Marshal also excavated the plinth of a 20 feet height Bodhstupa. From the architectural design of the plinth, Sri John Marshal drew the conclusion that the original Bodhstupa must have been constructed on the huge plinth having the area of 72 square feet. The Stupa must have four specified architectural spaces

meant for four idols of Bodh deities and one among them was that of the Padap Paani, a Bodh deity.



The ruins of the 8<sup>th</sup> century A.D., discovered by some archaeologists at Pandrethan indicate that stone construction used for idols and Stupas was at its peak in Kashmir. It clearly indicates that such skilled construction was in abundance during 695-731 A.D. during King Lalita Ditya Mukta Peed's reign. Moreover on the Eastern side of Pandrethan one of the ministers of Lalita Ditya named Chunkan had also constructed a stupa and he also had got installed an idol of Lord Buddha inside the stupa. During 960-70 A.D., a fierce fire broke out in Pandrethan which damaged two stupas.

According to R.C.Kak and A.Cunnigham, Pandrethan temple was completely constructed on a marshy land, in stone work and is about four and a half kilometers away from Srinagar city on Srinagar-Jammu National highway. The temple is surrounded by the water of a pond. R.C.Kak's opinion is that the pond must have been constructed after the completion of the temple, but according to some other historians due to a slight difference between the river Vitasta (Vyeth) and the base of the temple, the water must have been filling the pond during the floods caused by heavy rains. "In the south end of the temple, water oozes out of the ground and flows out continuously" as reported by some archaeological researchers at Pandrethan temple.

There are various views given by various archaeological researchers about the year of

construction of Pandrethan temple. According to Manohar Kaul and A.Cunnigham, the construction of the Pandrethan temple must have taken place during the years 914-23 A.D. It was got constructed by one Mir Vardhan, who was a minister of the king Paarth. The temple had been named Vishnu Mir Vardhan Swami temple. According to the Archaeologist Pt. R.C.Kak, the temple had been got constructed by Rilhana during the years 1128-55 A.D. Rilhana was a minister in the court of the King Jaisimha. The temple was named Shiv Rameshwar temple, because above the Northern Gate of the Pandrethan temple, there is an idol of Lokesh, carved out of the stone and Lokesh is one of the manifestations of Lord Shiva. Lokesh is also known as Lokeshwara and Avalokeshwara which are the two names of the same manifestation of Lord Shiva. Lokesh is a Bodhisattva and belonged to the Mahayaan lineage of Buddhism. On the ceiling of the Pandrethan temple Yakhshaas seated in various yogic poses had been beautifully carved out of a huge stone. This sculpted work is a testimony to the fact that Pandrethan temple belongs to the Buddhist temple architecture. Lord Shiva was being worshipped as a manifestation of Lokeshwara from 4<sup>th</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup> century A.D. in India, as such some of the archaeological researchers such as S.C.Kaul and others are of the view that Pandrethan temple must have been got constructed during this very period. Later the idol was taken from the Pandrethan temple and placed in the Museum at Lal Mandi Srinagar.

Some other archaeologists are of the view that archaeological design of the temple does not correlate with the design of the Hindu temples, otherwise in the case of a Shiva temple, the door ought to have been towards west and in case of a Vishnu temple, and the gate ought to have been towards east. Some researchers are of the view that it must have been a temple of Buddhist

architecture and later must have been converted into a Hindu temple, because up to the last decade of the 20<sup>th</sup> century A.D., there were various idols of the Pandrethan temple, lying scattered around it and the idols belonged to the ancient Hindu period of Kashmir.

From the base to the top, the Pandrethan temple has been constructed with stones and this ancient temple was of wooden architectural design in Kashmir. It won't be out of place to mention that Pandrethan (Puraan adhishtaan) was the name of the ancient Srinagar established by the King Ashoka of Mauryan Dynasty. The pillars and beams of the Pandrethan temple have been designed and installed so as to allow the sunlight inside the temple and also to create a cool and a calm atmosphere within the temple. Such considerations are not found in the other temples constructed prior to the Pandrethan temple. The doors of the temple are towards North East and also towards West, while a window is on the Southern side of the temple. There is a seven square feet deep space inside the Pooja room. According to some archeological researchers, there ought to have been a platform for the installation of the idols. During the mid-eighties of the last 20<sup>th</sup> Century, the seven square feet deep space has been filled up with cement concrete and a Shivalinga of a smaller size has been installed on a small square shaped cement platform and the Shivalinga has been fixed on it with a cemented pranali. As already stated above, the inner ceiling is a highly decorative piece of stonework, at the centre of which is a twelve petalled lotus carved out of the stone ceiling at the centre. The lotus is surrounded by twelve triangles. Some researchers are of the opinion that the inner ceiling of the Pandrethan temple is in accordance with the Tchaang architectural design of China.



## جन्नत کا پ्याلا

کَنور کِشان کَول 'ہمدَم'



جنت کا پیا لا  
کنور کیشن کول ہمدَم

لَبدوِجّ یھ لَبرےجّ مِلا چای کا پِیالا  
جन्नت سے اُتارا ہئ کِیا چای کا پِیالا

بھر دےتا ہئ بَیجلی سِی اُتارے ہی گالے مَں  
ساکّی ن پِیلا جَام پِیلا چای کا پِیالا

سَردِی ہو کِی گَرمِی ہو یا بَرساات کا مَوسَم  
ہر دَور مَں لَگاتا ہئ بھلا چای کا پِیالا

ہو پاَدری یا پَنڈِیت کوئی ج्ञانی یا مُلّلا  
ہر دِیل کو لُبااتا ہئ سدا چای کا پِیالا

مِیٹِیَنگ ہو مااتَم ہو کِی شادی ہو یا جَلسا  
ہر مَؤکّے پے یے خُوب چلا چای کا پِیالا

لَبدوِیہ لَبرِیز مِلا چاے کا پِیالا  
جنت سے اُترا ہے کِیا چاے کا پِیالا  
بھردیتا ہے بَیجلی سِی اُترے ہی گالے مَں  
ساقتی نہ پِلا جَام پِلا چاے کا پِیالا  
سَردِی ہو کہ گَرمِی ہو یا بَرساات کا مَوسَم  
بہر دَور مَں لَگتا ہے بھلا چاے کا پِیالا  
ہو پاَدری یا پَنڈِیت کوئی گِیا نِی یا مُلا  
بہر دِیل کو لُبااتا ہے سدا چاے کا پِیالا  
مِیٹِیَنگ ہو مااتَم ہو کہ شادی ہو یا جَلسا  
بہر مَوقّے پے یے خُوب چلے چاے کا پِیالا

Prof. Kanwar K Kaul is currently Emeritus Professor of Pediatrics at Medical College, Jabalpur. He retired as Dean of the College in 1991. Later he served a brief stint as Professor & Director Residency Program at the King Faisal University and its teaching hospital at Dammam & Alkhobar in Saudi Arabia till 1995. He lives at Jabalpur and has lately been writing Urdu poetry. He has also authored the book 'When My Valley Was Green' published by Notion Press in 2017.



## Folk Tales of Kashmir

Onaiza Drabu

## The Goat and Her Children

**D**apaan there was once a goat that lived with her old master. In the cold and grey winter, when grass turned brown and fresh food was hard to come by, her master would feed her scantily. When the smell of the first narcissus filled the air, the goat was filled with hope. Sadly, her old master continued to feed her some grain here and some fodder there. He

was busy in the many things that occupied him and forgot to pay attention to the goat. After months of waiting, the goat gave up. She bleated a sigh that sounded like a mix of resignation and regret – a sigh of *jaera* and left for the mountains.

The determined goat took long strides but as soon as she started her ascent, she spotted a jackal eagerly waiting in a corner. Seeing her from the corner of his eye, his face lit up in a sly smile. Looking at her he said, 'I've been waiting for you for a while. Why are you



so late, my dear?'

The goat replied, 'Shalkaka, may I face your demons, I was away for the winter. I stayed hungry and I am weak. Look how my bones peek through my skin! I thought I'd go up the mountains, fatten up and come back to you healthier. I've left my old master to go to the pastures to graze. If you wait until autumn, I'll be fat and thick. If you eat me then, I'll be healthy and you shall be fed.'

'She is right,' the jackal thought to himself, 'if I eat her now, I eat a skeleton. How will I be full.'

'Okay, leave for now. Autumn come and I shall be waiting for you.', said the jackal.

She walked ahead and came across a lion. He too said the same thing to her. 'I've been waiting for you for a while. Why are you



so late, I am hungry?'

The goat looked at him with a bowed head and said, "Padhshah, you have a right, you can eat me whenever. But today, look at

me. This long winter has been harsh. I've shrunk to be a skeleton. My meat will not feed you stomach. If you wait till autumn, I'll be fat on all ends. If you eat me then you'll enjoy and your stomach will also be full.”

‘Okay, leave for now. Autumn come and I shall be waiting for you.’, said the lion.

Walking further down, the goat met a bear. The bear also tried to eat her and she got



rid of him the same way and finally reached the meadows she had longed for. Full of fresh flowers and cool spring grass, she grazed to her hearts content. A few months passed by idly and spring turned to summer. In summer, she gave birth to four children and with these young children in tow she didn't think it wise to leave for the winter. Autumn came by and went too. She found herself a cave for the winter where she fed and raised her children. Spring brought with it fragrance of the narcissus she loved nibbling on and she fed her kids to their hearts content. They ate grass and flowers wherever they could find and ran free across the meadows all summer until the next autumn was close.

The goat was worried. She had raised her children well but she had to go back home to her old master too. She was confident she raised them well and looking at them she said. 'This year we should go back home my children. You need to see where you belong. But we have a problem. On our way, a lion, bear and jackal would still be waiting for me – waiting to eat me. The children had the fervor of youth were adamant to go ahead. They took it as a challenge upon themselves. , 'Let us go ahead mother. Let us see what they do.’ She looked at them and thought, “My kids have sharp brains and sharper horns. One had horns with edges like that of a knife. The other would had such strength in his push that he could break open a stone with his head.” So as the first leaves of autumn browned, they left to go home.

They reached the bear who was still waiting. “Why did you break your promise? You didn't come last year.” Take a look at my guardians here, she flourished and in a chorus the children sang,



“Hengal maari hyengav seet  
Shrakal maari sharkaov seeth  
Dhakkal maari dhakkov seeth  
Tontal wael thoal  
Chukhai gaatul te tsal”

*The horned one with his horns will hurt you  
The knifed one with his knives will slash you  
The brash one with his shoves will strike you  
And then you'll be knocked down by the  
stubborn one,  
If you call yourself wise, then run.*

Surprised at the angry goat and her children the bear could only run! Overjoyed by their victory, they marched ahead and up ahead came the lion.

He was furious and you could see the blood rise to his face. He saw the goat and was just about to pounce on her when she announced, ‘My king. These kids of mine are fierce and angry, their faces are hard and they are strong. They killed the bear as well. Take one look at these *pahalwans*.’ And in a chorus they began,

*“The horned one with his horns will hurt you  
The knifed one with his knives will slash you  
The brash one with his shoves will strike you  
And then you'll be knocked down by the  
stubborn one,  
If you call yourself wise, then run.”*

“Okay, okay” said the lion in a huff.  
“Leave. I am not too hungry today anyway.”

Then they reached the jackal and before he could even greet the goat, she beckoned to her kids who broke into a chorus,

*“The horned one with his horns will hurt you  
The knifed one with his knives will slash you  
The brash one with his shoves will strike you  
And then you'll be knocked down by the  
stubborn one,*



*“If you call yourself wise, then run.”*

Jackal was truly wise. He ran as fast and as far as his feet would take him. Overjoyed, the mother and children walked home. The goat was back after two years and happy to see her old master. All the villagers gathered around to welcome her and her children and to hear their tale. They were amazed by her bravery and wit and rewarded all five of them with much food to eat.

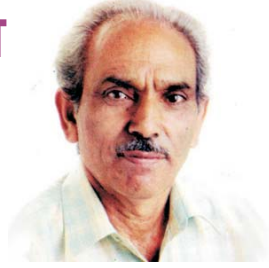
[Source: Memory. GNAtash]

Author can be contacted at :  
onaizadrabu@gmail.com



## यादन हुंद आदन गाम

प्रेम नाथ शाद



يادن هندا دن گام  
پریم ناتھ شاد

दिलस मंज़ छम बँसिथ तसवीर चॉनी  
यिमेन साज़न सरुदन ज़ीर चॉनी

खश्म होवुथ कोडुथ येलि कश कमानन  
जिगर ज़ख्मी कॅरिथ गॅय तीर चॉनी

शक्ल नूरानु हुस्नुच तर्जमॉनी  
नबुक्य तारख करान तशहीर चॉनी

लछन सासन अंदर नॅन्य ज़ू फ़िशॉनी  
छि मंज़र क्वदरतुक्य जॉगीर चॉनी

चु पॉज़न पर तु म्यान्यन हावसन तर  
मे खाबन अनहर्यन तॉबीर चॉनी

चु शादस शोकु शारन छख तरनुम  
कद्रदॉनी मोदुर्य तॉसीर चॉनी

دِس مَنز چھم بَستھ تصویر چّانی  
یَمِن سَازن سرودن زَیر چّانی

خَشْم ہوو تھ کوڈ تھ ییلہ کش کمانن  
جَگر زخمی کَر تھ گئے تیر چّانی

شَکْل نُوْرانہ حُسنُچ تَرْجَمَانِی  
نَبُکُو تَارَکھ کَران تَشْهیر چّانی

لَچھن سَاسن اَندر نَئْی جُوشَانِی  
چھ مَنظَر قوَدَر تَکُو جَآگِیر چّانی

تُر پَازن پَر تہ مِیانن ہاوسن تر  
مے خَابن اَنہرَن تَآپِیر چّانی

تُر شَادَس شَوَقہ شَارن چھکھ تَرَنُم  
قَدَر دَآنی مَوْدُورِی تَآثِیر چّانی

## Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites &amp; Rituals

## Yegneopavit or Mekhla

- Vishal Raina

**Y**egnopavit is by far the most important Samaskar, a Kashmiri Pandit male must undergo. The function derives its name from the sacred thread Yagnopavit (a strand of three threads with a common knot Brahmagand which turn into six strands on marriage). Mekhal comes from the name for the thread worn round the girdle on this occasion. For a Brahmin, it is treated as second birth.

Guru does not only bestow the sacred thread to the subject but also conveys the Guru Mantra - in this case the Gaytri Mantra, into the boy's ears. A Yagya ( H a v a n )



accompanies the ceremony where Hums (offerings) are made through the Agni (fire) by which all Gods and Goddesses are invoked to bless the boy. The boy is made to shed his hair, wear ochre robes and hold a staff and a begging bowl like a mendicant. Abhid (alms) collection is passed on to the Guru as Dakshina.

The social aspect of the ceremony appears to have

Continued on Page 56

Hence Brahmins are called twice born. Though this is for males only, Arya Samaj sect does it for girls also.

Traditionally, it was an occasion when the boy would be initiated by his teacher-Guru as a householder in performance of his duties towards the society, the Gods and the Manes (dead). All the Samaskars from birth are again repeated on this occasions. The



## आपुन लोल डा. रफीक मासूदी



नु रुद सु मेचिव मकानु  
 सु खाम सेर्यन हुंद महल  
 यथ मंज स्व जन्नतगारेन्थ आपु ऑस  
 पॅरियन हुंजु देंलीलु बोज़ुनावान  
 मे तु निसारस प्रेथ दूह  
 नु रुज़ स्व आपु यस  
 चेशमन नागराद ऑस्य प्रेथ शामु  
 छठ कडान  
 मगर तिम पॅरीयि तु सु नागराद  
 छि अज़ ति मे समखान  
 यथ संगलाख मकानस मंज  
 यि छा दु-ब्योत  
 किनु यादु-वोतुर,  
 किनु आपुनि लोलुच करामात  
 ति छुम नु पय

آپن لول  
 ڈاکٹر رفیق معودی  
 نہ روڈ نہ میزو مکانہ  
 نہ خام سیرین ہند محل  
 بیتہ منز سو جنت گاریزی آپہ آس  
 پڑین ہنہز ڈلیلیہ بوڑناوان  
 مے تہ تشارس پریتہ دوہ  
 نہ روڑ سو آپہ یس  
 چشمن ناگہ راد آس پریتہ شامہ  
 ٹھٹھ کڈان  
 مگر تم پڑی یہ تہ نہ ناگہ راد  
 چھ ازتہ مے سمکھان  
 بیتہ سنگلاخ مکانس منز  
 یہ چھا ڈڑیوت  
 کینہ یاد ووٹر - کینہ آپنہ لوچ کرامات  
 تہ چھم نہ پے

## Preserving Culture - Our Customs, Rites & Rituals

### Wedding Customs of Kashmiri Muslims

- Dr. Zarka Batul

**M**uslim Kashmiri weddings are quite interesting, the customs and traditions are followed in the most regions of Kashmir.

It all starts with *mānzīmyòr* (match maker). People who go for arranged marriages ask the *mānzīmyòr* to share the profiles of the boy/girl to look for a match. Once both parties are happy and approve, then the family of the groom gifts some gold ornaments to the would be bride. This is called *thaph tràvûn*<sup>1</sup>. After this some people go for formal engagement which is called *nishān*<sup>1</sup> in Kashmiri.

Some people go for *nikah nishān*<sup>1</sup> where they have proper *wāzwān* and invite their friends and families. This happens at the girls place. Everyone is

present except the poor boy (groom) for some reason. He is not allowed to visit the girl's house before the actual wedding. The *nikah* takes place in his absence (*wakàlatan*).



Next step is to set the date for the wedding and announce it, which is called *sātnāmû*. When the date of wedding is near, preparations start with *tómûl tshatûn* which is when quintals of rice is bought and the females of the family sit together. They sift the rice of all impurities. They sing *wanwûn* as they clean.

Main celebrations start two days before the wedding. The day is called *mal mānz* when the brides hair is oiled and tied into tiny braids. Later in the evening, all the married ladies sit together and open those braids one by one.

One day before the wedding the bride applies henna on her hands and feet. Grooms are expected to put some henna on their right little finger. This is called *mānzirāt* and both families celebrate it with singing. Sometimes the local professional singers are hired and they sing throughout the night.

The *wāzû* (professional cook) comes a day before the wedding. The ladies of the family peel garlic and shallots for him. This is called *ròhan pràn zûlûn*.





The *wanwún* and singing continues throughout the ceremonies. The house smells of *izband* (seeds burnt in a *kàngûr* releasing fragrant smoke). The nikah ceremony is done by the Qazi who recites Quranic verses and makes *dúa* for the bride and groom. It is done either *asàlatan* (both bride and groom are present) or *wakàlatan* (groom is first asked about his consent in marrying the bride in a formal setting). Once the groom gives his consent, the delegation goes to the bride's place to seek her consent. This is usually done on the morning of the wedding or just when the groom arrives. The groom has to pay the dowry called *mahr* to the bride as a gift upon completion of the marriage ceremony.



The day when the groom goes to the bride's house is called *yénívòl*. The family, friends and neighbours are invited for the feast. The groom's family gets a royal treatment. At the reception of *baràt* the groom is welcomed with garlands and flowers. They are then served with a grand feast which is a bit superior than the other guests. This is called *mahràzû sàl*.

When the feast ends, it is time for the bride to bid farewell to her family. She has to go to her husband's house and this moment is quite emotional.

During the return journey, the groom's vehicle is stopped by his friends and he is asked for *kàdlû tàr* (money to pass any bridge enroute home). They don't let him pass until he pays the amount. Similarly when the bride and groom arrive, before entering the house the groom's sisters ask for money called *bràndû tàr*.

The bride is welcomed by all friends, family and neighbours. The sound of *wanwún* and the smell of *izband* fills the air. Once the bride settles, the mother-in-law comes to





welcome the bride. She lifts her veil to see her face and gifts her some gold ornaments. This is called *móhar túlûn'*.

Next day is *wâlimû* when the groom's family serves a feast to all their relatives, friends and neighbours. The bride's family is invited for dinner and now it is their turn for the royal treatment.

A few days after the *wâlimû*, a party for the groom's family is hosted by the bride's family. This is called *phir sâl*. Then on the 7th day there is a party at the groom's house and the bride goes back to her parents' house to stay for a day or two. This day is called *sâtím dóh*.

[Author lives in England]



## آسُونے تہ لَسُو کتچہ بہانا

بیوی نے ناند سے پوچھا "آج بھر آپ نے پارٹی  
میں بہت زیادہ پی لی"

ناند نے جواب دیا "سب بڑے دوستوں کی وجہ  
سے"

"بڑے دوست کیوں؟ وہ تو سب آپ کے پیارے  
دوست ہیں اور ان میں سے تو کسی ایک نے بھی  
نہیں پی؟"

"تجھی تو! شراب کی پوری بوتل تھی، پوری مجھے ہی  
پینی پڑی"



## بہانا

پत्नी ने पति से पूछा, 'आज फिर आप  
ने पार्टी में बहुत ज़्यादा पी ली?'

पति ने जवाब दिया, 'सब बुरे दोस्तों की  
वजह से।'

'बुरे दोस्त क्यों? वह तो सब आप के  
प्रिय मित्र हैं, और उन में से तो किसी  
एक ने भी नहीं पी।'

'तभी तो। शराब की पूरी बोतल थी, पूरी  
मुझे ही पीनी पड़ी। \*'

*Poetry - Dr. Mudasir Firdosi***Hope**

Let's talk of hope  
 Hope to be, to exist, to live  
 To breathe free, talk and cry  
 To laugh and smile, joke and giggle  
 Let's talk about being human  
 Human to ones own being, body and soul  
 Human to other beings, men and women  
 Children, those aged and not able to stride  
 Human, but humane to all colours and shapes  
 Human to the lovers of all gods, of all dieties, and of none  
 Let's talk, not of hate any more  
 Hate consuming the reason for no good gain  
 Hate dividing families, villages and inner peace  
 Hate burning the soul into a hideous unknown.  
 Let's talk of hope, to hope for spring again  
 Full of flowers of all shades, blossoming full on  
 The ambiance, an eternal cure for tired souls.  
 Let's talk of hope of a rising sun  
 Warm, glowing, creating life on the muck.  
 Sweet sleep under the shade of the walnut tree  
 and falling leaves of Chinar on banks of the Dal  
 Let's talk of love, unadultrated flowing through  
 the eyes, meeting briefly for the first time  
 Love to cure us of our misery and malign.  
 Let's talk of hope to be here tomorrow,  
 in peace, for what we cherish will come.

Dr. Mudasir Firdosi MBBS, MD, PGDip, MRCPsych is Consultant Psychiatrist & Honorary Senior Lecturer at St George's University of London. He lives in London. He writes poetry in English.

## अलगुय दुनियाह

रतन लाल जौहर



الگے دُنیاہ  
رتن لال جوهہ

हक़स हयाँती बख़्शनु म्वख़ु  
ज़हर ति प्यवान सुक्ररातन च्योन  
हरगाह रावुन आसिहे नु मारुन  
ज़न्मुय कथ रामस ओस ह्योन  
म्योन आसुन ति छे हँक़ीकत  
मे ति छु पनुन अलगुय दुनियाह  
तति ति प्यवान  
विज़ि विज़ि छु अपुज़ काँठिस खारुन  
तति छु फ़क़त तहज़ीबी आगुर  
तु तिमनुय साँरी बोसु दिवान  
तति छुनु कांह ति करान  
यिछि पछि प्यठ कतरि बतर



हस حیاتی بخشہ موکھ  
زہرتہ ہوان سقراطن چیون  
ہرگاہ راؤن آسہ ہے نہ مارن  
زہنے کتھ رامس اوس ہیون  
میون آسن تہ چھہ حقیقت  
مے تہ چھہ پُن الگے دُنیاہ  
تہ تہ ہوان  
وزوز چھہ اُپز کاٹھس کھارن  
تہ چھہ فقط تہذہ ہی آگر  
تہ تہنے ساری بوسہ دیوان  
تہ چھہ کاٹھہ تہ کران  
یٹھ پٹھ پٹھ کتر بتر

*Spirituality & Religion - M.K.Parimoo***Na-Ma-Shi-Va-Aiy**

**I**f we scan any authentic book of ancient history of Kashmir, we come across either a temple of Lord Vishnu or a temple of Lord Shiva got constructed by some King ruling over Kashmir. Moreover most of our ancestors across the length and breadth of Kashmir have been reciting from ancient times, The Holy Panchakhshara Mantra. This Mantra is very powerful and is recited every day in various Shiva temples, especially on the Shivatriyodashi during the dark fortnight of Maag month and also during Shivratri Pooja.

As chronicled in the vedaas 'In the beginning of the beginning the Parmaatman existed indivisible in all pervading eternal void from the molecular atoms to the highest'. According to the Vedaas, these countless millions of atoms were whirling round at terrific speed in cosmic unity. In the process of evolution, clashes took place between the atoms and sound (naad) was first produced. During this continuing process a dot of light called bindu is emitted.

From this primordial sound & light (naad & bindu), the three original sounds A-U-M emerged as Omkara-Pranav mantra. Again from this Omkara-Pranav mantra emerged the root alphabets 'Na-Ma-Shiv-va-ai', the Panchakhshara, which again blossomed into 51 sacred letters. From the subtle power of 'Na-ma-Shi-va-ai', evolved the many forces that are the 96 tattvaas including the five elements which constitute the world i.e. Earth, Water, Fire, Wind & Ether. Their significant potential equivalents Lam, Vam, Ram, Yam & Um have their respective geometric forms as shown below (Ref: figure drawn below):

Square

Crescent Trikona

Shatkona

Sphere

The five elements namely Earth, Water, Fire, Wind and Ether created and sustained microcosm as well as macrocosm only by His Grace.

'Na-ma-shi-va-ai', the mula mantra Panchakhshara, along with life giving vowels a,e,i,o,u, the 51 varied powerful forces covered by the numbers 9,11,4,15 &12, and the above five geometrical forms.

It has also been practically proved that manifold benefits will accrue if yantraas containing the aforesaid five kinds of powerful symbols are engraved in the 5x5=25 squares according to the mantra shaastra on gold or silver or copper plates & worshipped.

The ultimate revelation of the siddhaas is in the knowledge that which is in the macrocosm is also in the microcosm. The macrocosm is the Universe and the microcosm is the body.

Thus the Primordial Parmaatman with the basis of the pancha bhutaas and the 96 tatwaas, has become the moving force of the Universe as well as the body.

**The 96 tattvaas are:**

5 bhutaas (primordial elements): Earth, Water, Fire, Wind and Ether.

5-jnana indriyas (organs of knowledge or perception): Skin, Tongue, Eyes, Nose and Ears.

**5-koshaas (sheaths):**

annamaya(physical), praanamaya(vital), manomaya(mental), vighnaamaya(supramental) and aanandmaya (spiritual)



**5-Aasyaas (receptacles of the body):**

amaara(mouth), pakwa (stomach), mala (intestines), jala (kidneys) and shukla (smlinal vesicle)

**5-Pulan (functions):**

shabadha ( hearing),  
sparsha(touch),rupa(sight), rasa(taste) and  
gandha (smell).

**4-karanaas (intellectual faculties):**

manas (mind), buddhi (intellect), chitta (sub  
conscious mind) and ahamkaara (ego).

**3-Trigunaas (qualities):**

sattawa (purity), rajas (activity) and tamas  
(inertia).

**3-Malaas (deterrents):**

anavam (pride), maya (illusion) and kaamyam  
(selfish desire).

**5-Karmendriyaas (organs of action):**

vaak (speech), paan (hands), pada (leg),  
payu (anus) and upastha (genitals).

**8-Ragas (attachments):**

Kama (desire), Krodha (anger),  
lobha (covetousness), moha (infatuation),  
mada (arrogance), matsya (jealousy),  
idumbai(fear) and vegam (haste).

**10-Nadis (astral nerves):**

ida, pingla, sushmana, sankini, pusha,  
ganohari, agni, alambusha, singuva and  
guna.

**6-Aadhaars (yogic centers):** muladhaara,  
swaadhishtana, manipura, anaahata,  
vishudha and ajna.

**3-Mandals (worlds):**

Agni, aditya and chandra.

**5-States (avasthaas):**

jagriti (waking), swapna (dream), sushupti  
(sleep), turiya (deep sleep) and ati turiya  
(laya of the process.)

**3-Doshas (humours of the body):**

vaata (wind), pitha (bile) & sieshma  
(phelgm)

**3-Eshanas (desires):**

artha (wealth), putra (son) and loka (wife).

**10-vaayus (nerve currents or praanas):**

Praana, apaana, vyaana, udaana, samaana,

naga, kurma, krikara, devdatta and  
dhananjaya.

**2-vinay (actions):**

nal vinay (good deeds) and tee vinay (bad  
deeds).

**1-knowledge.**

Total= 96

So long as these 96 tatwaas are  
embedded in the body, a human being is  
capable of enjoying happiness or undergoing  
suffering. When these 96 tatawaas (forces)  
cease to exist in the body, the human being  
dies and returns to dust. ‘Death in the physical  
is the birth in the astral’ is the truth left behind  
by our ancestors and is well worth pondering  
over.

(To be continued)

हेना सुपुनो!

शुभ्रिन कथे छु राह खारुन ?  
तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य काँशिर्य पाँट्य कथ  
करान ?  
शुभ्रिन सुती योत क्या ? तोह्य छिवु पनुनि वाँसि  
हुँद्यन सुत्य ति काँशिर्य पाँट्य कथ करान ?

हेना सुपुनो!

काँशिर्य ज़बान किथ पाँट्य रोज़ि ज़िंदु ?

**हना सूचिव !!**

शुभ्रिन कथ छु राह खारुन ?

तोह्य छिवु तिमन सुत्य काँशिर्य पाँट्य कथ  
करान ?

शुभ्रिन सुती योत क्या ? तोह्य छिवु पनुनि वाँसि  
हुँद्यन सुत्य ति काँशिर्य पाँट्य कथ करान ।

**हना सूचिव !**


काँशिर्य ज़बान किथ पाँट्य रोज़ि ज़िंदु ?

## Elegy

## The Demise of Nale` Mae`r

Dr. K.L. Chowdhury

A Sequel to 'Kashmir - The Halcyon Days' by Late Chaman Lal Chowdhury  
(Praagaash Supplement February 2020)

 Oh, where is *Nale` Mae`r*,  
the canal that flanked my backyard,  
from where we slid down the slope  
for a dip now and then,  
and walked along her banks,  
keeping pace with the oarsmen  
that ferried fair-skinned tourists  
while we sang them a comic rhyme:  
'*Me`m sahib salaam  
pate` pate` gulam*'?

Oh, where is the arch bridge,  
a grand mosaic of brick and stone -  
on whose parapet walls we sat  
till dusk merged into night,  
watching the crows,  
flock after flock,  
flying across endlessly,  
turning the sky into a black canopy,  
cawing all the way,  
coming home to roost  
on tree tops and house roofs.

I hear *Nale` Mae`r* has been filled up  
and there is an asphalt road instead  
where automobiles move furious and fast  
raising clouds of dust and noise,  
drowning peace of the neighbourhood.

The quaint little bridge is gone too  
as also the boats and passengers.  
Kids no longer play the water games,  
the crows no longer fly across the sky,  
and when it rains,  
the city floods in no time,  
for the benevolent *Nale` Mae`r*  
is no longer there  
to channel the rainwater away.



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

مسرور مظفر

मसरूर मुज़्ज़फर



غزل

गज़ल

رٲاں چھے اگر از قدم یتھ سمندر  
پگاه کڑ کنڈبو پیٹھی بدل وتھ سمندر

रटान छुय अगर अज़ कदम पथ समंदर  
पगाह कडि कंडचव पेठ्य बदल वथ समंदर  
ग़्ज़هن शामہ ٲتی کوٲ اژن کتھ مرس مژ  
دپاں کوٲرن نیہ ڈٲتھ چھتھ سمندر

गछन शामु पॅत्य कोत अचन कथ मॅरिस मंज़  
दपान कोतरन नियि डॅहिथ छथ समंदर  
रچهن والہ رچھی زبن یہ بُستی وں پانے  
لکھتھ گو مکانن وزج کتھ سمندر

रछन वालि रॅछ्यज्यन यि बस्ती वं पानय  
लेखिथ गव मकानन वज़ुज कथ समंदर  
ग़्ज़هن آبه بُزی خاب چشمن وں لوکن  
چھ دراٲت ٲلتھ از ڈبکس रتھ سمندر

गछन आबु बुज़्य खाब चश्मन वं लूकन  
छि द्रामुत्य मॅलिथ अज़ ड्यकस रथ समंदर  
وداں तीٲत राٲस चھ مسرور مظفر  
أچهن مژ تمس از پهٲن سته سمندر

वदान त्यूत रातस छि मसरूर मुज़फर  
अॅछन मंज़ तॅमिस अज़ फटन सथ समंदर

## Profile

*Our Shining Stars - M.K.Raina*

## Megha Tata - A Leader & An Achiever

**M**egha Tata is yet another bright face in the series on our Shining Stars. Megha is the Managing Director, Discovery Communications - South Asia. She is a leader and an achiever in real terms.

Megha (formerly Monica) Tata graduated from Narsee Monjee College of Mumbai in the year 1989 and started her career with a Dalmia Group company. She joined the Star India as a sales coordinator in 1992 and rose to be its Sr. Vice President.

advertising sales, research and marketing communicating functions. In 2016, Anil Ambani Reliance group owned business broadcast network, appointed Megha as Chief Operating Officer to



manage the relaunch of its 24-hour business news channel following the exit of Bloomberg News from the venture. Bloomberg TV India was later rechristened BTVI.

Megha Tata joined Discovery Communications India as Managing Director of South Asia on April 01, 2019. A media & entertainment industry veteran, Megha has held leadership roles at organisations such as BTVI and HBO in addition to Turner International and Star TV, in

an illustrious career spanning more than 28 years.

Megha Tata was identified as one of the top 50 influential women



Here, she was responsible for advertising revenue for Star Movies, Star World, Channel V and National Geographic Channel. Megha subsequently joined Turner International in 2004 where she served as General Manager, Entertainment Networks - South Asia. She was responsible for steering and overseeing all network initiatives across Turner's brand portfolio in South Asia and was overseeing the







in media and marketing by a leading media magazine IMPACT in 2012 and 2014. She received Women Leadership Award from World Women Leadership Congress in 2014. She was judged amongst India's top 100 important people in the industry by Digital Studio, a leading publication.

Megha currently leads multiple national as well as international industry forums. She was recently coopted as the Director on board of Indian Broadcasting Foundation. She is on board of the National Media & Entertainment Committee of FICCI and is the Vice President of the Indian chapter of the International Advertising Association (IAA).



Megha has also been Jury member of leading industry awards like International Emmys, Promax, Children's Film Festival, Golden Mikes Awards, International Women in Sales Awards, Impact's 30 under 30 and many more. Besides being involved in industry initiatives, she feels energized by engaging with young minds through guest lectures at leading educational institutes including IIT, IIM, ISB, UBS and more.

Megha has been bestowed with multiple industry accolades in her career. Recognized as the 'Top



50 influential women in media, marketing and advertising', Megha was conferred 'Women of the decade in media' by the Women Economic Forum in 2018.

Megha is passionately involved as a Volunteer with Isha Foundation - a non-profit organization started by Sadhguru.

Both Megha and her husband Ariez are motorcycle enthusiasts. "I would love to go on a bike trip on the ASEAN route. It passes through five countries, from India to Myanmar to Thailand, Cambodia and then to Laos" says she. In addition to biking, Megha loves trekking, skydiving, bungee jumping and river



rafting. "I attempted skydiving in Croatia - it gets my adrenaline working," she says.

Self-growth is a crucial aspect of moving forward, opines Megha. "I love music and anything that makes me groove, be it rock or trance, ghazal or jazz. I actually did attempt to learn singing. My husband is a musician so there is inspiration around me," says the music connoisseur who enjoys the annual Jodhpur Music Festival.

Megha is the proud daughter of Wing Cdr. B.B.Koshal (Rtd) (Vayu Sena Medal) and Pushpa Koshal, a known Mumbai KP Socialite and a renowned face in the post production of films. Pushpa has the distinction of appearing four times on the pages of Praagaash in the year 2019 (May, July, August, December) for her remarkable achievements in the film industry. "Being the elder daughter, she has been my best friend philosopher and guide", says Pushpa.

Pushpa was in fact a lecturer at the

Women's College, Jammu before she joined film industry. "It was Megha only who inspired and motivated me for this", says she. She has also taught at Burn Hall School, Srinagar.

"Megha was always very clear and focused on her goals in life. In schools and college, she was an all rounder - Sports, Drama and Dancing. She has won few competitions when she was in the prestigious NM college. She started at a very young age with Star TV and whatever she has achieved is due to sheer hard work. She is an Ideal Daughter, Sister, Wife, Mother and even



**With husband Ariez Tata, daughters Dania and Ananyaa**



With her mother and the author at a social gathering

Daughter-in-law. And the best thing about her is that she leads by example. She is a Motivational Speaker and is invited by many colleges to deliver the lectures. As a mother I can go on and on about her”, says Pushpa.

As an Air Force Officer's daughter, Megha has traveled all over India and studied in schools all over. So as they say, Traveling is best means of Education. Being A Fouji child, she has got the discipline inculcated in her automatically. And she has inherited the best qualities of Kashmiri mom and Punjabi dad.

Megha is married to Ariez Tata, President, Renaissance Jewellery. Ariez is a big support and factor behind her success. They have two lovely daughters Dania Tata and Ananyaa Tata.

Praagaash wishes Megha and her family more laurels in future.



### Sign Posts

Never underestimate the power of human stupidity.

The number of people watching you is directly proportional to the stupidity of your action.

Always remember you are unique, just like everyone else.

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

When in charge, ponder.  
When in doubt, mumble.  
When in trouble, delegate.

A Conclusion is simply the place where someone got tired of thinking.

Money can't buy happiness but it can certainly rent it for a couple of hours.



## ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

निगहत साहिबा



زرد پنیکی ڈیر  
نیگت صاحبہ

समखॉव्य समंदर ति सराबन तु सेकिल्य सॉम्य  
फोलुरॉव्य वनस पोश गरस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

سمکھاؤدی سمندر تہ سرابن تہ سیکلی سأمی  
پھولرأؤدی ونس پوش، گرس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

प्रथ रॉच सब्ज खाब दूहस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर  
तनि फुलयि वनुक्य जामु मनस ज़र्द पनुक्य

پرتھ رآؤ سبز خاب دوہس زرد پنیکی ڈیر  
تنہ پھلیہ ویکو جامہ منس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

असमान येमिस त्रावि पथर तस ति तुल्या कांह  
कथ पान वलान बोनि ग्वडस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

اسمان تیس تراو پترتس تہ تلیا کاہہ  
کتھ پان ولاں بونہ گوڈس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

तूफान छु लरज़ान वुछिथ म्यानि गरुक्य चॉंग्य  
सब्ज़ार छु लेखान मे बरस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

طوفان چھ لزان وچھتھ میانہ گرکڑاؤنگو  
سزار چھ لیکھاں مے برس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

युस शोख नज़र, शाम, शिहिज बून्य, व्वज़ुल्य पोश  
मॅशरावि सु क्याह थावि च्यतस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

یس شوخ نظر، شام، شیج بونی، ووژلر پوش  
مشرأو، سہ کیا تھاو ژتیس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

कुस आव कोरुन यादु महल म्योन दुहुय दुह  
कॅम्य ज़ॉल्य येत्यन पूर शबस ज़र्द पनुक्य डेर

کس آوکۆرن یادو محل مین دہے دہہ  
کمی زألر بیتین پور شیس زرد پنیکی ڈیر

*Nostalgia - Nirmal Bhatt*

## The Last Day of The Winter

**W**ith the onset of winter, the school holidays had just begun, I was looking forward and waiting for the first snowfall when the the fields will be covered with white blanket and the hills will be ready for skiing.

But there were better things to do before that, and one of them was to play lot of cricket with the friends, till the sun was still shining, organise matches with the boys from neighboring villages. Beat them and celebrate or lose and crib. It was nothing new and was a yearly routine. It was one of those cherished, beautiful and bright days of the winter and we were having the match of the day at the village playground full of walnut trees, on banks of the river, flowing through our peaceful, serene and picturesque village. It was a friendly one



among the boys of our village, but sadly it ended with no result. The ball tore apart before the game could finish, and there was no spare ball too. So we all winded up a bit early. All of us bid goodbye to each other and went back to our homes, but with a promise to catch up tomorrow again for another game.

It was early evening when I reached home, my father was not back yet, I always ensured I am back home before he is back, so I was relieved man. About an hour later he arrives, looking very tense and worried. He had a brief chat with my mother and went out again in a hurry to be back with his cousin in no time. They again get into a huddle and my father sends his cousin with some task.



My two little sisters (11 and 3 Years old) and I have no idea what is transpiring, but the situation was not normal, we could sense something is not right. My grandmother, my uncle and aunt, who lived upstairs also join the adults now and the things started to get worrisome. Everyone was tense and extremely worried, giving an impression of some calamity has unfolded. It was crisis situation, to say the least, and we are terrified and huddled in one corner of a room, no one was telling us anything.

In couple of hours time, the cousin comes back and informs my father that he has arranged a Taxi for tomorrow early morning. I still have no clue what is happening and had no courage to ask. My mother started packing some basic essentials (whatever could fit in the boot of the Taxi). I was given a task to remove the TV Antenna from the balcony but it has to be done



when its dark. I go up and do my job, as was told, but a neighbour noticed and came over to ask my mother as to why are we removing it, she replied we are visiting my uncle for couple of months, and don't want it to break when it snows. I was elated to hear that, wow! But nobody blinked an eye whole night and I could hear my grandmother, my mother sobbing the entire night.

Next morning, the taxi arrived and we left with what was bare minimum needs, leaving behind our home, my fathers dream home. No one spoke a word throughout the journey and finally after crossing the Banihal Tunnel, we finally stopped for a break and I asked my mother, where are we going? She replied, I don't know but somewhere safe for couple of months, with tears in her eyes. I realized we are not visiting anyone and had that sinking feeling that we may not come back

again. And the journey continued till we reached Jammu, with almost no talk throughout the trip. It was supposed to be a temporary visit for couple of months but the journey never ended and we are still in transit, not knowing where we are heading!

It has been thirty winters, but I am stuck with the promise I made to my friends for another game of cricket tomorrow. Alas! The tomorrow never came. I am still longing to see the fields covered with the white blanket of snow.

I wish to go home some day! With a hope to see my home still there. With every passing winter the memories fade, but this one memory with remain forever!

Author can be contacted at :  
[nirmalsbhat@yahoo.com](mailto:nirmalsbhat@yahoo.com)



## نَجْم

## نَوید بَخْشَا

چَانی ہُسنوک یُث تْیُث نَا گُوم اَسسَر مَدُنُو  
 دُھ رَاث رَوِّمِ، چُھْیُنُو مِے گُوم جِیْگَر مَدُنُو  
 چُ رُکُتَم بَےی اَخ پَہَر، دِیَل مِے بَریْہَا  
 نَتُو ہُو چُھَارَی بُو جِیْدُو جُؤُؤ کَبْر مَدُنُو  
 بُو پَاَدَن نْیْمْبَی، چُ تْرَاوْہَم نَا مَلَالُوْدَؤْری  
 چُ نُو آوُخْ گَرُو، مِے نُو رُوْجِی سَبْر مَدُنُو  
 چَے رُؤُؤ ی نُو کَاہ جْوَن مْیَانِی اَشْکُ نَارُکُ  
 مِے چَانِے ہِجْر فِجْرَس تِی گُوم دِیْگَر مَدُنُو  
 مِے چَانِے ہِجْر فِجْرَس تِی گُوم دِیْگَر مَدُنُو  
 کْیَا جِی چُ چُؤُلُوہَم اَشْکُ رَنُگُکِی نَاو لَےخْرَنِ  
 چَے لُؤُبُوث نَا مْیَانْیَن اُؤْشَان ہُنْد پَجْر مَدُنُو  
 چَے نُو چُؤُلُوث مْیَانِی دِیْلُک بَار فِکْیَن پْیْٹ  
 دَاَدِی چَانِی پْوَلْوَنِی جَوَّوْنِی گُوم بُوْجَر مَدُنُو  
 نَوِیْد رَاتُو کَالَن چَانِی نَاوُچِی گْجَلُو کَرَان تَہْرِیْر  
 چَے رُؤُؤ ی نُو خَبَر، تْرَؤُؤ تْہَم سَاہِہ پَسْرَنِیْسَر مَدُنُو



## نَظْم

چَانِے حُکُک یُتْہ تِیْتْہ نَا گُوم اِثْر مَدُنُو  
 دُوہ رَاتْہ رَاؤْم، رْہِیْنِے مِے گُوم جِکْر مَدُنُو  
 رْکُتْم بَیْیِے اَکْہ مِہْر، دِیَل مِے بَریْہَا  
 نِتْہ ہُو رْہَارِے پَہ زِنْدِ رُو قَبْر مَدُنُو  
 پَہ پَاَدَن نِیْجِے، رْٹْرَاؤْہَم نَا مَلَاپْہ دَاُری  
 رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ گَر، مِے نُو رُوْزِی صَبْر مَدُنُو  
 رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ نَا کَاہ نَہ زَوْن مِیَانِے اَشْکِ نَارُکِ  
 مِے چَانِے بَیْجَر فِجْرَس تِے گُوم دِکْر مَدُنُو  
 کِیَا رِٹْرَاؤْہَم رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ رَنُگُکِی نَاو لِیْکْہِنِے  
 رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ نَا مِیَانِیَن اُؤْشَان ہُنْد پِزْر مَدُنُو  
 رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ مِیَانِے دِکْک بَار فِیْکِیَن پِیْٹْہ  
 دَاَدِ چَانِے پِچْہُو پُونِے جَوَّوْنِی گُوم بُوْجَر مَدُنُو  
 نَوِیْد رَاتْہ کَالَن چَانِے نَاؤْچِے غَزَل کَرَان تَہْرِیْر  
 رْٹْرَاؤْکْہ نُو خَبَر، تْرَؤُؤ تْہَم سَاہِہ پَسْرَنِیْسَر مَدُنُو



## سلسلہ وار کتھ

# تبدیلی

### م-ک-رینہ

Episode

5

Page 1

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

گر واپس پینہ بز وٹھ کر نوو گوکل ناتھن تہ شام لالن مہہ کاک  
دپوی بل تہ چکراہ۔ مہہ کاکس آواتہ منس بڈ سکون۔ پینہ نس پانس ستر کورن  
اسناہ۔ سوچن، وچھ کتھ پڑ جلیہ تہ کمن پرتن انسان اوسس بہ دکہ دوان۔  
ییلہ مہہ کاک واپس گر کھوت، تس اوس من شانت۔ زنانہ تہ وشن  
سارے دلہ۔ سو گئیہ یہ بوزتھ سبٹھاہ خوش ز مہہ کاک اوس وونی ورمل  
گرہنس پور پٹھی تیار۔ مگر امہ علاو اوس تہندس نش گرہنس پینہ ز وجہ۔ اکھ  
یہ ز مہہ کاکس آماہ گرہنس منز اوس تہندس باے سٹد سبٹھاہ اتھ، تیمہ کنز مہہ  
کاکنہ نظر منز باسکر ناتھن مرتبہ کافی بڈو۔ پینہ یہ ز شین جیس تہ آشاجی  
ترہے فکر، کانسہ زہٹھ ہند ستر کاژاہ شوب چھ گرس آسان۔ تس اوس نہ کتھ  
کتھ پٹھ آشاجی ہنز نس تالہ پٹھ کھارنی وونی پسند۔

بٹہ وار دوہہ صہنس گو وار کار مہہ کاک پٹن دفتر۔ رلو گرہنہ خاطر  
اوس امہ دوہہ باہہ بکے تاپے ساتھ۔ دفتر نیرہ بز وٹھ کر مہہ کاکن پٹن زنانہ،  
باسکر ناتھ، نچو و تہ نوش کینہہ ضروری سامانہ ہتھ، ہتھ منز مسند، سٹو، کھنہ چنکو  
ضروری بانہ ہتھ شامل اوس، ورمل رولہ۔ از اوس اوس گرس اٹنس تہ نوو  
چولہ زانس تہ باہہ بکے تاپے ساتھ۔ فاصلہ سپد ز مہہ کاک واتہ رلو گرہنہ  
پتہ سیوڈے ورمل۔

Continued on Page 48



دفتَر وَاَتھ بُلُو مہِہ کَاکن رُوشن لَال تہ پُرژھنَس صَا جس مُتَلِق۔ تَمُر  
وَاُنَس زِ صَا حَب چھُ تَر پُرکِ پِنہ وول، تِکلیَا زِ سُه چھُ مہِنگ مَنز گُومَت۔ مہِہ کَاک  
کُوو یہ بُو ز تھ پَریشَان۔ خَبَر صَا حَب وَا تِیَاہ بَاہہ بَجے تَا تِی وَا پَس؟ تُو تہ زون نہ  
مہِہ کَاکن وُق زَا لِیہ کُرُن مُنَا سَب۔ تَمُر ہِیُوت پُنن ہِیُنڈ نِگ اور نوٹ بِنَاؤن۔ از  
اوس نہ تَس اتہ دفتَرَس مَنز پِلکَلِے دِل لگان۔ بَا قِبِن مُلَا ز مِیْن وُنی نہ تَمُر پَنزِ وِر مِل  
گُوہِنچ شِچھ کِیٹہہ۔ بَاہ بَجے تَا پے جَان سَا تھ آسِچ کتھ وُنی تَمُر لُو تہ پَا تھُر رُوشن  
لَالَس، مَگر سُه کِیَاہ کَر ہِے؟ صَا حَب ہِنڈ پِنہ وِر آے مَا ہِیکِہ کُنہی سِپَد تھ؟ تُو تہ  
تھُو تَمُر تِپَس کَالَس مہِہ کَاکن رِل پُو نِگ آرڈر بِنَاؤ تھ۔

صَا حَب آو بَرَا بَر دُونہ بَاہ بَجے۔ مہِہ کَاک اوس رِل پُو گُوہِنہ خَا طِر  
بِیتَاب۔ بَا قے سَا رِی مُلَا زِم اَسِ دِل مَو لُول۔ تَم اَسِ نہ تَس بَر وُٹھ گُن بِنہ رَانِے  
پِنَس۔ تہنڈ مُطَا بِق اوس مہِہ کَاک بُتھ تَز گُر گُر تھ نِیر چُج جِلدی ہَا وَا ن، مَگر تَرَ کِہ  
آسِہ ہِے سُه اَنڈر اَنڈر اَنڈر گُوم ووتُمَت۔

مہِہ کَاک تَا و نہ پَانہ صَا جس نِشہ کِیٹہہ۔ تَس اوس وُونِی صَا حِب سُنڈ بُتھ  
تہ کھَرَان۔ مہِہ کَا کِنہ مُطَا بِق اَگر صَا حِبِن یُو تھُمَت آسِہ ہِے، تہنَز تِبَدِلی رُکَا وُونِی  
اوس نہ کِیٹہہ مُشِکَل۔ اَگر یہ اَسِ وُونِی پُر آنی کتھ۔ مہِہ کَاک اوس نہ اتھ دفتَرَس  
مَنز نِپِد اَکھ دُو ہہ لَتہ یَر شَا ن رُوژن۔ سُه اوس اَمِہ دفتَر مَنز جِلد کھُو تہ جِلد نِیْرِن  
تہ وِر مِل گُوہِنَس بِیتَاب۔ تَس اوس نہ یہ دفتَر وُونِی نُو دفتَر ک پہہ تہ بَا سَا ن۔  
مہِہ کَاکن کُو ر رُوشن لَالَس آلو تہ کُو رِنَس پُنن ہِیُنڈ نِگ آرڈر نوٹ

Continued on Page 49



حوالہ۔ اتھ نوٹس اوس تکر جلال صابنہ پھز وژ پارکر قلمی ستر دخط کورمٹ۔  
روشن لالن تہ کور اتھ پئن دخط تہ ژاو صاحبس نشہ۔ مہہ کاگن رلپونگ آڈر تہ  
نیون ستر۔ اندر گئیہ کینا ہتام کتھہ کتھہ۔ شاید اوس روشن لال صاحبس باہ بجنہ  
بزونٹھے رلپونگ آرڈرس دخط کرنہ خاطر اسرار کران۔ امہ پتہ یوز مہہ کاکن  
وار، صاحب تہ روشن لال اُس اکھ اُس وژھ وانجہ مبارک کران۔ مہہ  
کاکس آو پور پاتھر سچ ز صاحب تہ روشن لال اُس دوشوے تہندس نیرس  
خوش۔ مگر مہہ کاکس تہ اُس نہ کم خوشی کینہہ، تکیاز انداز مطابق سپد اندر باہ  
بجے بزونٹھے کاکس دخط۔

کینہہ کالہ پتہ دژاو روشن لال صاحبہ پند کمر مژنہبر۔ مہہ کاگن  
ہینڈنگ آرڈرنوٹ اوس کھوہری تھس مژنہ۔ ڈچھنہ اتھہ کوڈ تکر چند مژنہ بناکھ  
کاکد تہ تزوون مہہ کاکس بزونٹھے کنہ۔ مہہ کاکس پھولے یہ بوکہ۔ باہ نکنس  
اُس ونہ تہ ز منٹ باقی۔ روشن لال روث مہہ کاگن اتھہ زور تہ کورس  
مبارک۔ تس وچھتھ آہ باقی ملازم تہ بزونٹھے گن تہ کورس مبارک، تکیاز  
باہ بجے بزونٹھے رلپونگ گھنچ کتھہ اُس نہ تہمن نشہ تہ ژور کینہہ روزمژ۔ مہہ کاک  
اوس نہ کائہ ہند کینہہ یوزان۔ سہ اوس نصب ورمٹل ووتمت۔

مہہ کاکن لوگ عاکھ۔ خوش گودھتھ مژو ووتکر روشن لال کاکد تہ  
ہیویشن پزن۔ کاکد پرتھے گوتس ہیرم شاہ ہیور تہ ہنم شاہ بون۔ دم پھڑ گودھتھ  
رودسہ گرا اتھ کاکس وچھان تہ گرا جلال صابنس پھز وژ پارکر قلمس۔

صاحبن اوس زبردست رسوخ لداوتھ مہہ کاگن تبدیلی ہند آڈر رد کرنوومت۔



## Episode

## 5

## Page 1

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

## सिलसिलुवार कथ

## तबदीली

म.क.रैना

गरु वापस यिनु ब्रॉठ करुनोव गूकल नाथन तु शाम लालन महि काक दीवीबल ति चकराह। महि काकस आव अति मनस बडु स्कून। पनुनिस पानस सुत्य कोरुन असुनाह। सूंचुन, वुछ कथ रुत्रि जायि तु कुमन रुत्यन इनसानन ओसुस बु दकु दिवान।

येलि महि काक वापस गरु खोत, तस ओस मन शांत। ज़नानि ति वॅनिन सॉरुय दॅलील। स्व गॅयि यि बूज़िथ स्यठाह ख्वश ज़ि महि काक ओस व्वन्य वरमुल गछनस पूरु पॉठ्य तयार। मगर अमि अलावु ऑस्य तसुंदिस ख्वश गछनस बेयि ज़ु वजह। अख यि ज़ि महि काकनिस आमादु गछनस मंज़ ओस तसुंदिस बॉय सुंद स्यठाह अथु, येमि किन्य महि काकन्यन नज़रन मंज़ बासकर नाथुन र्वतबु कॉफी बड्यव। बेयि यि ज़ि शिबन जीयस तु आशा जी तरिहे फिकिरि, काँसि ज़िठ्य सुंदि सुत्य काँत्राह शूब छि गरस आसान। तस ऑस नु कथि कथि प्यठ आशाजी हुंज़ नस तालि प्यठ खारुन्य व्वन्य पसंद।

बटुवारि द्वह सुबहस गव वारु कारु महि काक पनुन दफतर। रिलीव गछनु खॉतरु ओस अमि द्वह बाह बजे तामुय साथ। दफतर नेरनु ब्रॉठ वॅरुय महि काकन पनुन्य ज़नानु, बासकर नाथ, नेचुव तु न्वश कॅह

ज़रूरी सामानु ह्यथ, यथ मंज़ मसनंदु, स्टोव, ख्यनु चनुक्य ज़रूरी बानु बेत्रि शॉमिल ऑस्य, वरमुल रवानु। अज़ ओस

नॅविस गरस अचुनस तु नोव चूलु ज़ालनस ति बाह बजे तामुय साथ। फॉसलु सपुद ज़ि महि काक वाति रिलीव गछनु पतु स्योदुय वरमुल।

दफतर वॉतिथुय बुलोव महि काकन रोशन लाल तु पृछनस साहबस मुतलिक। तॅम्य वोनस ज़ि साहब छु च़ीरी यिनु वोल, तिक्याज़ि सु छु मीटिंगि मंज़ गोमुत। महि काक गव यि बूज़िथ परेशान। खबर साहब वात्या बाह बजे तान्य वापस ? तोति ज़ोन नु महि काकन वख ज़ायि करुन मुनॉसिब। तॅम्य ह्योत पनुन 'हैंडिंग ओवर नोट' बनावुन। अज़ ओस नु तस अथ दफतरस मंज़ बिलकुलुय दिल लगान। बाक्यन मुलॉज़िमन वॅन्य नु तॅम्य पनुन्य वरमुल गछनुच शेछ कॅह। बाह बजे तामुय जान साथ आसनुच कथ वॅन्य तॅम्य ल्वति पॉठ्य रोशन लालस, मगर सु क्याह करिहे ? साहबु सुंदि यिनु वरॉय मा हेकिहे किहीन्य सपदिथ ? तोति थोव तॅम्य तीतिस कालस महि काकन रिलीविंग आर्डर बनॉविथ।



## Episode

## 5

## Page 2

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

साहब आव बराबर दूनि बहि। महि काक ओस ‘रिलीव’ गछनु खॉतरु बेताब। बाकय सॉरी मुलॉज़िम ऑस्य दिल मोलूल। तिम ऑस्य नु तस ब्रॉठ कुन बॅहरानुय यिनस। तिहँदि मुताँबिक ओस महि काक बुथ त्रकुर वॅरिथ नेरनुच जलदी हावान, मगर चकि आसिहे सु अँदुर्य अँदुर्य चँदुरगोम वोतुमुत।

महि काक चाव नु पानु साहबस निशि कॅह। तस ओस व्वन्य साहबु सुंद बुथ वुछुन ति खरान। महि काकुनि मुताँबिक अगर साहबन योछमुत आसिहे, तसुंज तबदीली रुकावुन्य ओस नु कॅह मुशिकल। मगर यि ऑस व्वन्य णँन्य कथ। महि काक ओस नु अथ दफतरस मंज़ मँज़ीद अख दूह ति यछान रोजुन। सु ओस अमि दफतरु मंज़ु जल्द खोतु जल्द नेरनस तु वरुमुल गछुनस बेताब। तस ओस नु यि दफतर व्वन्य नवि दफतरुक पहा ति बासान।

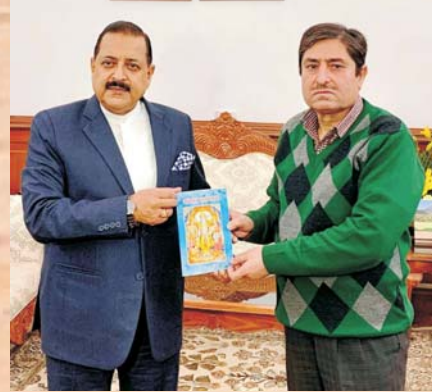
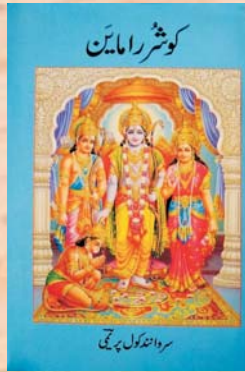
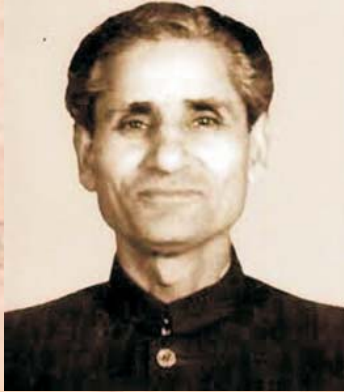
महि काकन कोर रोशन लालस आलव तु कोरुनस पनुन हँडिंग ओवर नोट हवालु। अथ नोटस ओस तँम्य जलाल सॉबुनि फ्रीचि पारकर कलमु सुत्य दसखत कोरमुत। रोशन लालन ति कोर अथ पनुन दसखत तु चाव साहबस निशि। महि काकुन रिलीविंग आर्डर ति न्यून सुत्य। अँदुर गँयि क्याहताम कथुकथ। शायद ओस रोशन लाल साहबस बाह बजनु ब्रॉठुय रिलीविंग आर्डरस दसखत करनु खॉतरु इसरार करान। अमि पतु बूज महि काकन वारु, साहब तु रोशन लाल ऑस्य अख अँकिस

वछि वालिंजि मुबारक करान। महि काकस आव पूर पॉठ्य समुज जि साहब तु रोशन लाल ऑस्य दूशवय तसुंदिस नेरुनस ख्वश। मगर महि काकस ति ऑस नु कम खुशी कॅह, तिव्याजि तसुंदि अंदाज़ु मुताँबिक सपुद अँदुर बाह बजे ब्रॉठुय काकुदस दसखत।

कॅह कालु पतु द्राव रोशन लाल साहबु सुंदि कमरु मंज़ु न्यबर। महि काकुन हँडिंग ओवर नोट ओसुस खोवरिस अथस मंज़। दँछिनि अथु कोड तँम्य चंदु मंज़ु ब्याख काकुद तु त्रोवुन महि काकस ब्रॉठु कनि। महि काकस फवलेयि ब्वकु। बाह बजनस ऑस्य वुनि ति ज़ु मिनट बाकय। रोशन लालन रोट माहि काकुन अथु ज़ोरु तु कोरुनस मुबारक। तस वुछिथ आयि बाकय मुलॉज़िम ति ब्रॉठु कुन तु कोरुहँस मुबारक, तिव्याजि बाह बजे ब्रॉठुय रिलीव गछनुच कथ ऑस नु तिमन निश ति चूरि कॅह रुज़मुच। महि काक ओस नु काँसी हुंद कॅह बोजान। सु ओस न्यसुब वरुमुल वोतुमुत।

महि काकन लोग ऑनख। ख्वश गँछिथ मुचरोव तँम्य रोशन लालुन काकुद तु ह्योतुन परुन। काकुद पँरिथुय गव तस हेरिम शाह ह्योर तु बँनिम शाह व्वन। दम फुटच गँछिथ रुद सु गरा अथ काकुदस वुछान तु गरा जलाल सॉबुनिस फ्रीचिस पारकर कलमस।

साहबन ओस ज़बरदस्त रसूख लडॉविथ महि काकुन तबदीली हुंद आर्डर कैन्सल करनुवमुत।

**Your Own Page - Sarvanand Koul Premi's Ramayan**

### Sarvanand Koul Premi's Kashmiri Ramayan presented to Dr Jitendra Singh

Martyr Sarvanand Koul Premi's translation of Ramayan in Kashmiri language was presented to Union Minister of State in PMO Dr Jitendra Singh by Premi's son Rajinder Premi in New Delhi on January 24, 2020. Rajinder Premi, while presenting book to Union Minister highlighted the contribution of martyr Sarvanand Koul Premi towards art, literature, society and preservation of composite culture in the Valley. Rajinder Premi informed the Union Minister that successive governments have failed to commemorate this true son of the J&K who had made significant contribution in various fields of life and nurtured secular values throughout his life. He demanded a documentary be made on his life and contribution. Dr Jitendra Singh assured him that he will take up the matter including the removal of encroachments from the land of late poet and writer with Lt. Governor of J&K.

It may be mentioned that the poet and scholar Sarvanand Koul Premi became a target of militants at the height of militancy in the Valley. He was kidnapped along with his younger son on 29 April 1990 from his home at Soaf Shali in Kokernag. His dead body and that of his son were found on 1st May 1990 on the roadside.

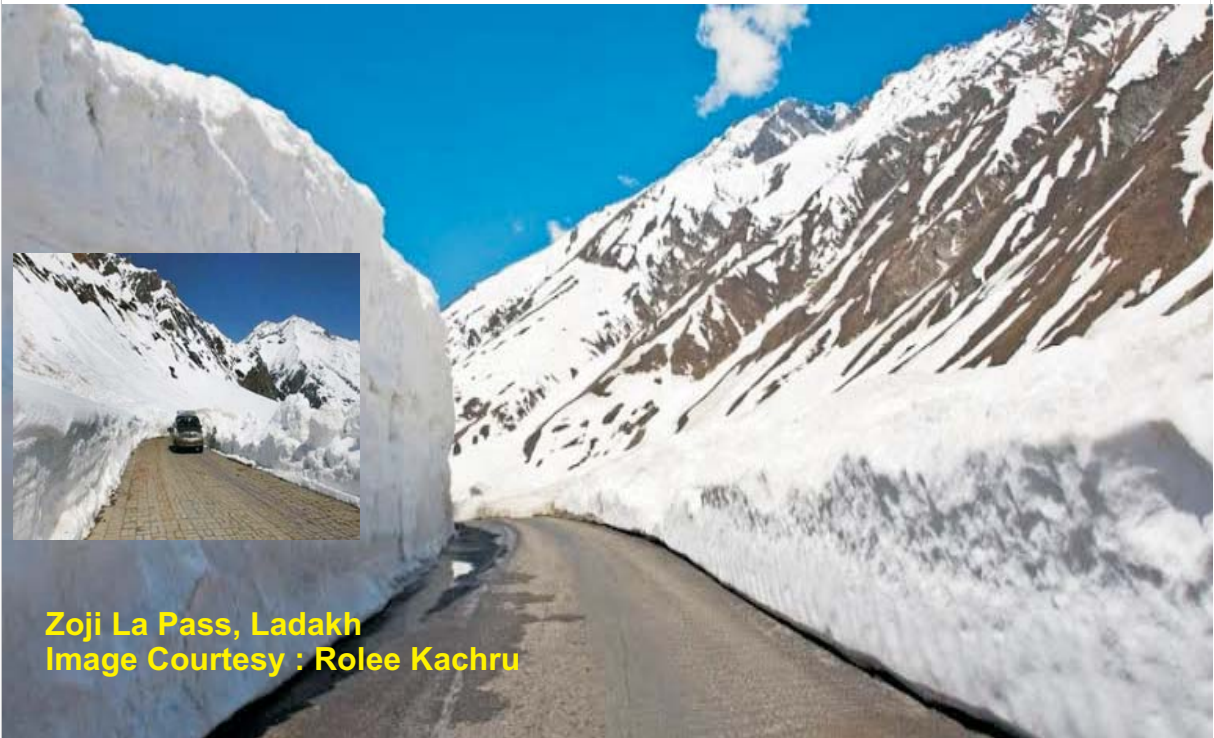
## Photo Feature



kashir Wura  
Image Courtesy : Mudasir Ali Lone

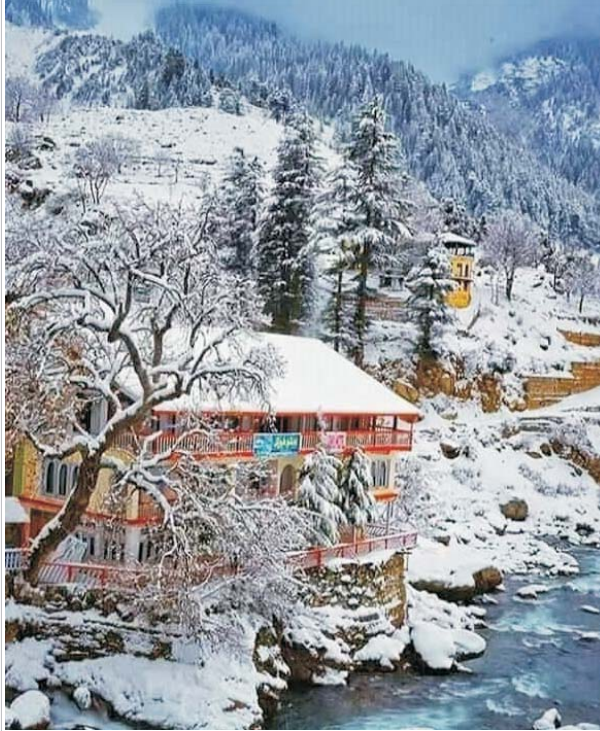


kashir Wura  
Image Courtesy : Kaiser Rashid



Zoji La Pass, Ladakh  
Image Courtesy : Rolee Kachru

**Photo Feature**



**Top:**  
**Winter in Kashmir**  
**Image Courtesy : Syed Rashid Sahab**



Indranil



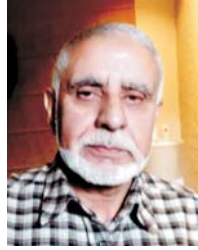
**Top:**  
**Royal Spring Golf Course**  
**Image Courtesy :**  
**@inder 913**

**Left:**  
**Pahalgam in Winter**  
**Image Courtesy :**  
**Asif Iqbal Burza**

## Letters to Editor

**Dear Raina Sahib.**

After going through the short text on Rituals on the birth of MUSLIMS, I have made the following observations for information of all Praagaash esteemed readers:



1) It is not mandatory that recitation of Adhan in the right ear of the baby should be done by his/her father only but anybody present including any female can also do it in absence of the father.

2) The Aqeeqa for a male baby is performed by offering the sacrifice of two number sheep and one number sheep in case of the female baby.

3) The baby is not assigned by any Arabic name but preferably any name found in Quran. However, other Muslim names not found in Quran are also assigned. Thanks.

**Er. Manzoor Nawchoo**  
Srinagar, Kashmir



**Dear Shri M K Raina,**

I have met you before in the house of brother Kundanji in Jammu about 10 years back. Let me introduce myself again. I am Robin, second of six siblings. I have lived in Australia for several decades. The main purpose of this note is to thank you for the Supplement to Praagash February 2020.



The material, as a whole, reads and looks well and hopefully readers will enjoy it. Moreover, it is an attempt to recall a different era, when we were just children, as faithfully as possible. And now this becomes a valuable record and resource for further exploration and research.

I believe that the decision to publish this material as a supplement was a very good one. Of course, this decision has meant more work for you as the Editor of the magazine. I admire your interest, commitment and dedication to this project.

You have done an outstanding job as editor. The layout is great and the content is visually appealing. Let me also express my great appreciation for your continuing work as Editor of Praagaash over the years. It is an interesting and inspiring community magazine which includes contributions in Kashmiri language using alternative scripts and a mix of prose and poetry. I hope this type of creative treasure lasts a long time. May it continue to help stimulate renewed interest in Kashmiri culture and traditions.

With deepest regards

**Robin Chowdhury**  
Figtree, NSW, Australia



**Dear Raina Sahib,**

Praagaash latest edition was great. Bicycle story of Sh Chaman Lal Chowdhury was very inspiring, awakening a flood of nostalgia. Dr Chaudhary as always is in his elements. Thanks for bringing us all the stories and a beautiful magazine.



I am amazed and proud of you for rendering such an exemplary service to the community.

**Dr. Sanjay Dhar**  
Navi Mumbai



**Dear Editor,**

I just read Praagaash February 2020 issue. It is really heartbreaking to see the images of Holocaust caused by the exodus of Kashmiri



## Letters to Editor

Pandits from their own homeland. But I think the main issue here is not touched properly. Agreed that there were a handful of people who tried to inflict the communal tensions in Valley but as the history suggests, many of killings whether of KPs or KMs were mainly political but not communally motivated.



**Navid Baksh**  
Sopore, Kashmir



Sir,

You are doing a great work with your magazine for Kashmiri language and for exiled Kashmiri community. I am inspired. You (at Praagaash) have got a bigger network. If any Kashmiri scholar or writer is interested, I can arrange a Seminar in my Department. Funding is a problem but I can try for it. I will also speak about your magazine to my students and who knows they will subscribe to it as long as there are some Urdu written articles.



**Shahzaman Haque**  
Paris, France

Co-director,  
Department of South Asia and Himalaya,  
INALCO, Paris



**Yegneopavit ... From Page 28**

overtaken the sacred value of the function. Like a marriage ceremony, it starts with livun, Mehandiraat and Devgon. The function proper takes nearly twenty four hours. Close

relations observe fast for the day. Those observing fast are entertained with milk, fruit and other permitted items like Shakarpara made of waternut flour, by other relations. These are then shared with whoever comes to offer Abhid. The ceremony concludes with the boy returning to the dress of commoners including a turban, visit to a nearby temple and a meal as Prasad. Following day, a small thanks giving puja with a meal is held (Koshal hom).

The focal point of the Yagnopavit is the Gayatri Mantra. A mantra achieves special significance when it is transmitted by the Teacher-Guru to the student. Although Gayatri Mantra is prayer in itself, it is not the meaning but the sound and the meter that matters the most. Gayatri is rather a meter, to which Savitur Mantra with its estonic sound, is set to.

ॐ भूर्भुवः स्वः तत्सवितुर्वरेण्यं भर्गो देवस्य  
धीमहि धियो यो नः प्रचोदयात्।

[Source : Project Zaan Archives]

### Editor's Note

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

We invite our readers and writers to write for Praagaash. Write ups can be in Kashmiri (Devanagari & Nastaliq scripts), Hindi, Urdu or English, concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiri culture. We also invite our readers to send their comments/critical appreciation on the published material through an e-mail to the editor.

Write ups on subjects of general interest, Science, Medical Science, Health, achievements by our Children, Young & Old are welcome. Fiction, poetry, humour is also welcome.

Write-ups showing disrespect to a person or group or showing hatred against anybody will not be entertained.

Articles can be e-mailed to Praagaash at [rainamk1@yahoo.co.in](mailto:rainamk1@yahoo.co.in)