



Net-journal of 'Project Zaan'

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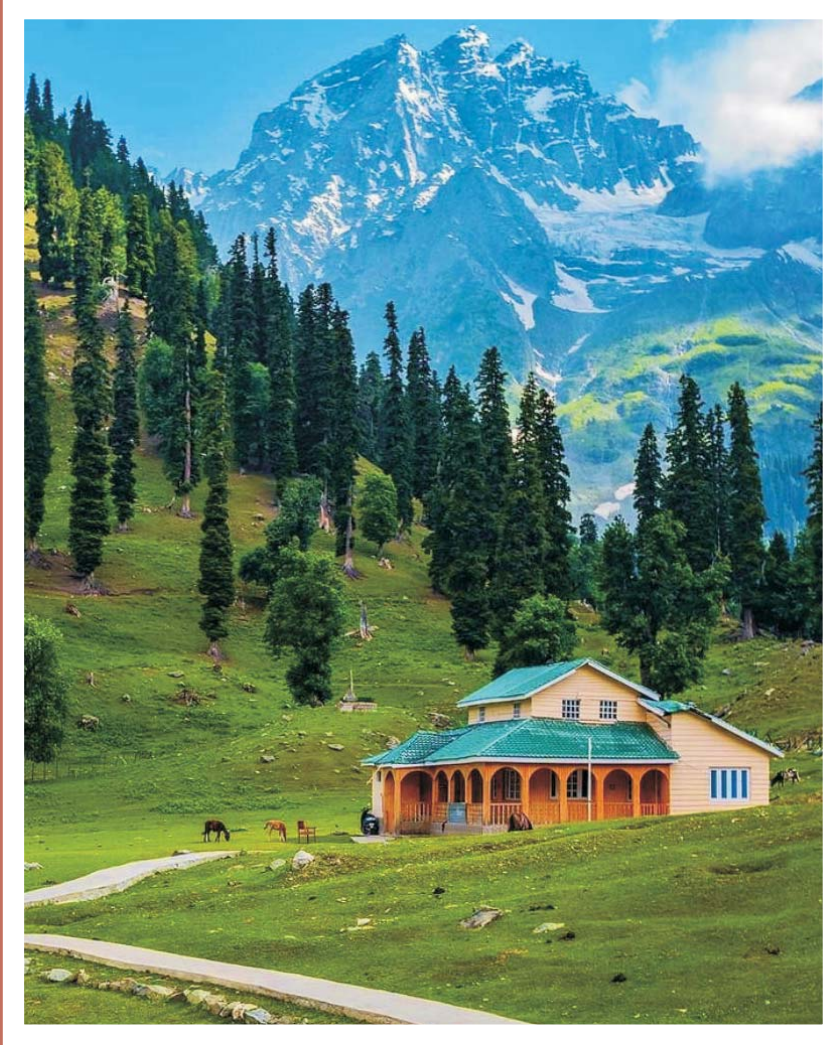
Connecting Roots

प्रागाश
प्रागाश



Praagaash
प्रागम

Dedicated to Our Heritage, Our Language and Our Culture



Sonamarg : Image courtesy @sidbakaria

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

वर्ष ६ : अंक ६ ~ जून २०२१ Vol 6 : No. 6 ~ June 2021

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Editorial - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'



We are here with another issue of Praagaash at a time when the entire world is facing a deadly virus. Thousands of lives have been lost, thousands of households have been shattered and thousands are fighting the battle for survival. We offer our condolence to those of our readers and contributors who have lost their near and dear ones. For those who are suffering, we offer our prayers and beg of the Almighty Divine to rid the mankind of this pandemic. This is the time when our patience and faith are tested. We must be positive in our outlook and must hope that tomorrow will be safe and favourable.



In the meantime, we have heard about the unfortunate demise of two of our litterateurs J.N.Sagar and T.N.Ganjoo Vishwas. Before that, we have lost Marghoob Banihali and Maqbool Nadeem, two more legends in the field of literature. Their demise is a great loss, both to Kashmir as well as to Kashmiri literature.

The Dictionary of Peculiar and Uncommon Kashmiri Words & Phrases compiled by the editor of this journal Shri M.K.Raina is under print and hard copies will be available soon. We have to be thankful to him and appreciate his untiring efforts in doing this colossal task. As we all know, he is committed to the propagation and popularisation of our mother tongue. He teaches the Kashmiri language to Kashmiris and non-Kashmiris, he writes in prose and poetry and now this great achievement. This is yet another feather in his cap. We are indebted to him for this great job.



Inspiration : Late Shri J.N.Kachroo ~ Guide & Consulting Editor : Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' ~ Editor : M.K.Raina
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واخ - لال دد

شْرُخ - شِخ نُوْر-ؤد-دِین وِلی

پوت جُونِی وَئِثِیْث مِوت بولونووم
دگ لالونووم دایِی سُنْجِی پْرِیے |
لَئْیْ لَئْیْ کَران لالو وُجْونووم
مِیْلیْث تَس مَن شْرِؤْیْوم دِیْهے | |

کَؤْیْ خِیْیْ گُؤْج کَان سَتِیْس
نْیْپْثِیْس مَرُن کَنْدے |
بَرابَر هُنْد لولَؤْر پْیْو کْکَر پُوتِیْس
ؤتَنِی بَلایِی توتِیْس وَاْدے | |

پُوت زُونِی وُتْهَیْ مِوت بولونووم
دِگ لِیْ نَؤْوم دِیْی سِنْزِ پْرِیے
لُؤْ لُؤْ کَران لالِی وُزُونووم
مِیْلیْثِیْس مَن شْرِؤْیْوم دِیْهے

کَؤْیْ کْھِیْیْ گُؤْج کَان سَتِیْس
نِیْپْثِیْس مَرُن کَنْدے
بَرابَر هُنْد لولَؤْر پِو کُؤْ کُؤْ پُوتِیْس
ؤتَنِی بَلایِی توتِیْس وَاْدے

عتيقہ صديقي

آدمیت دفن ہے



یہاں کون رہبر یہاں کون رہزن
 سمجھنا چبھن ہے بتانا گٹھن ہے
 وہی پھرے داری کا دعویٰ کرے کیا
 کہ جس میں چھپا ہو غبن ہی غبن ہے
 جو تھی تاجداری کی گرسی پہ بیٹھی
 وہی آدمیت ہوئی اب دفن ہے

آدمییت دفن ہے

अतीका सिद्दीकी

यहां कौन रहबर, यहां कौन रहज़न।
 समझना चुभन है, बताना घुटन है।।
 वही पहरेदारी का दावा करे क्या।
 कि जिस में छिपा हो, ग़बन ही ग़बन है।।
 जो थी त़ाजदारी की कुर्सी पे बैठी।
 वही आदमीयत हुई अब दफ़न है।।

कहानी - रवी धर

पकवान

पकवानों का आनन्द त्यौहारों पर जितना आता है उतना साधारण दिनों में नहीं आता। तरह तरह के पकवानों की झड़ी सी लग जाती है। कई बार, मेरी समझ में यह नहीं आता कि एक बार ही दो तीन दिनों तक ऐसे ऐसे भोजन खाने को मिलते हैं जिनका पता साल भर तक नहीं रहता है। पकवान इतने कि सप्ताह में यदि एक पकवान खिलाओ तो सालों बाद पकवानों को दोहराना पड़ेगा। इतने पकवान हैं भारत में। कुछ त्यौहारों पर विशेष भोजन ही पकाए जाते हैं। कभी कभी तो त्यौहारों की प्रतीक्षा करनी पडती है कि कब आए और फलों भोजन खाएँ। आज हमारे घर में भी विशेष भोजनों की सुगबुगाहट चल रही थी। घर में घुसते ही पकवानों की महक ने पेट को संदेश दिया कि भाई आज का दिन अच्छा होने वाला था।

जिस तरह की महक थी उससे लगता था माँ ने



था। साथ में पराठे, दही, पकोडे और उस के साथ अखरोट-बादाम की चटनी। सुनने से ही मुँह में पानी आ रहा था तो खाकर क्या होता। खाने की महक ने तो मेरी भूख ओर बडा दी थी। मुझे इसके अतिविक्र और भी पकवानों की महक आ रही थी। ऐसा लग रहा था जैसे खीर भी साथ में हो। वाह आज तो मजा आ जाएगा। मन ही मन मैं पकवानों की दुनिया में टहल रहा था।

जब भी कभी ऐसा मौका आता था मेरे साथ कुछ न कुछ उल्टा पुल्टा होता था। और मेरी खुशियाँ लुप्त हो जाती। सारा मजा रफूचककर हो जाता। पर आज का दिन ऐसा लग रहा था कि अब ग्रह पलट गए थे। आज कोई



गडबड नहीं हुई थी। इस के लिए मैं बहुत खुश था। मन में संतोष था कि चलो चैन से खाना तो खा सकूँगा। भूख बहुत लगी थी।

वैसे भी दिन भर खेलने से भूख अधिक लगती है। और आज तो हम ने खूब खेला था दौड़-दौड़ के खूब पसीना बहाया था। दो दिन पहले ही परीक्षा समाप्त हुई थी ना। पढने के झंझट से छूट गए थे कुछ दिन के लिए। पूरा मोहल्ला शोरगुल से भर गया था। मोहल्ले में काफी सारे हम उम्र के बच्चे थे। और स्कूल के बाद खेलना ही हमारा एक मात्र उद्देश्य था। बडई से देसी तरीके से बल्ला व लकड़ी की गेंद बनवाकर लाते और खूब उत्साह से खेलते। खिडकियों में शीशे नहीं होने के कारण डर का कोई काम नहीं था। नंगे पाँव खेलते और मस्त रहते।

आज हमने क्रिकेट के बजाए एक नया खेल खेलने का मन बनाया था। चोर सिपाही वाला। वैसे उन दिनों तो बच्चों में यह काफी प्रचलित था। कुछ ओर भी खेल थे जैसे छूपन-छुपाई, गिल्ली-डंडा वगैरह, पर हम क्रिकेट ही ज्यादा पसंद करते थे। पर आज का सब का मत था चोर-पुलिस

खेलने का। और यह भी तै हुआ था कि जब तक दोनों की बारी नहीं आती खेल समाप्त नहीं होगा चाहे दूसरे दिन फिर खेलना क्यों न पडे। हम, कुल छे: लडके थे, तीन पुलिस बने और तीन चोर। बडा मजा आया था आज के खेल में। कितनी ही बार हमने उन्हें पकड कर बन्दी बनाया था। अब कल उनकी बारी थी। और वह हमारी धरपकड में लगेंगे और हमें कैद करेंगे।

मेरे पेट में जैसे चूहे दौड रहे थे। बहुत भूख लग रही। मैं सोच ही रहा था कि माँ ने आवाज़ लगाई। 'बेटा खाना तैयार है। आ जाओ।' इन शब्दों के लिए तो मेरे कान तरस रहे थे। मैं झट से उठा, खाना खाने के लिए हाथ धोने चला गया। मन में केवल पकवानों ही दृश्य चल रहे थे। नल



के पास पहुँचा तो देख कर आँखें फटी की फटी रह गई।

यह क्या साबुन की टिकिया की जगह खीर की कटोरी। मुझे तो आश्चर्य हो रहा था। मन में विचार आया लगता है माँ अब बूढ़ी हो गई है यह खीर मुझे देने आई होगी और यहाँ रख कर भूल गई। पर जब करीब से देखा तो वह साबुन ही था। आज यह क्या हो रहा था मेरे साथ? जब व्यक्ति अधिक उत्साहित हो तो आँखें वहीं दिखाती हैं जो वह सोचता है। और मेरी बुद्धि तो आज खीर और पकवानों में दब गई थी। जहाँ भी देखो खाने की चीजें ही नजर आ रही थी।

‘मोन्टी – मोन्टी।’ अचानक बाहर से दुर्गा आँटी की आवाज आई। मैं चौंक गया। ‘क्या बात है दुर्गा?’ मेरी माँ ने पूछ लिया। ‘बबलू अभी तक घर नहीं आया। यहाँ पर है क्या?’ उसने फिर पूछा।

‘नहीं तो। यहाँ तो नहीं है। कहाँ गया है?’ यही तो मैं मोन्टी से जानना चाहती हूँ उसी के साथ तो खेलता है। दुर्गा ने कहा।

मेरे हाथ से साबुन छूट गया। लगा

जैसे पाँच हजार वोल्ट का करंट लगा हो। मुझे याद आया। अरे बाप रे वह तो अभी तक तहखाने में बंद है। खेलते-खेलते हम ने उसे बन्दी बनाया था। वह तो कई बार कहता रहा था कि उसे डर लग रहा है। पर खेल तो खेल था वह पकडा गया था तो बन्दी तो बनना ही था। आखिर जेल में भी तो कोई होना चाहिए। अगर कोई केदी ही नहीं तो हम कहाँ के सिपाही थे।

फिर हम दूसरों को बन्दी बनाने के लिए चले गए थे तो उसमें समय ज्यादा लगने के कारण हम भूल ही गए कि बबलू तहखाने में बन्द है। अब मुझे तो पिताजी का गुस्सा दिखने लगा। आज तो पिटूंगा। यह सोचते ही मेरी भूख उड गई। अब क्या होगा? मैं भागा नीचे तहखाने की ओर। बिना बताए। माँ तो आवाज ही लगाती रही।

हमारा तहखाना एक बडा सा अन्धेरा कमरा था जिसके अन्दर जाने में तो दिन में डर लगता था और शाम होने पर तो कमजोर दिल वालों की भी घिघी बन्द जाती थी। एक तो उसमें अंधेरा रहता था और दूसरा उसमें मोटे मोटे चूहों ने भी

अपनी कॉलोनी बनाई थी। बबलू तो एक छोटा बच्चा था। इतने अंधेरे में कैसे रह रहा होगा। मेरे तो पसीने छूट गए। धीरे से दरवाजा खोला और आवाज लगाई बबलू पर कोई जवाब नहीं आया। मैं घबरा गया। मैं खुद आगे जाने से डर रहा था। पर बात कंठों में फंसी थी। क्या करता डरते-डरते फिर आवाज लगाई। जवाब तो नहीं आया पर हलकी-हलकी सिसकियों की आवाज सुनाई देने लगी। मैंने फिर पूछा, 'बबलू, कहाँ है तू। बाहर आ जा।'

'कैसे आऊँ? तुम लोगों ने तो मुझे बाँध रखा है। मोन्टी ! प्लीज खोलो मुझे डर लग रहा है।' मोन्टी रोते हुए बोला।

'मुझे कुछ दिखाई नहीं दे रहा है। मैं मोमबत्ती लाता हूँ। तू रुक।' यह सुनते ही वह जोर जोर से रोने लगा। मैंने पसीने छूटने लगे। कहीं किसी को सुनाई दिया तो जान आफत में आ जाएगी। मैं झट से बोला, 'अरे तू रोओ नहीं मैं ऐसे ही खोल देता हूँ।' मैं हिम्मत करके टटोलते हुए उसके पास पहुँच गया। उसका शरीर गर्म हो रहा था। वह काँप रहा था। किसी तरह मैंने उसको खोल दिया। उसने जोर से मेरा हाथ पकड़ा।

मैंने अंधेरे में ही उसको उस कमरे से बाहर लाने का प्रयास किया।

अब मुझे पिताजी का लठ साफ-साफ नजर आ रहा था। मैं इस से पहले कई बार पिट चुका था। क्या करूँ बच्चा हूँ ना। पिटना मेरी किस्मत का हिस्सा है। घर में कोई भी शरारत करे तो गुस्सा मेरे ऊपर उतर जाता था। घर में सब से बड़ा बच्चा जो था।

'बबलू देख किसी को बताना नहीं। बहुत मार पड़ेगी।' मैं खुद काँपने लगा था। 'देख कल तेरी बारी है ना, कल तुम मुझे बंद कर देना यहीं पर। कस कर बाँध देना यहाँ। मैं भी किसी को नहीं बताऊँगा।' वह रोता रहा। मैंने फिर उसे लालच देने की काशिश की। 'देख बबलू, चल तू ही जीत गया। हम हार गए।' उस समय हार-जीत आन बान और शान की निशानी हुआ करती थी। अपनी शान बचाने के लिए हम कुछ भी करने को ततपर रहते थे। पिटने से बचने के लिए इतना बलिदान अति आवश्यक था।

'सच कह रहा है ना।' यह सुनते ही मेरी जान में जान आ गई। सोचा बच गया

अब कम से कम खाना तो ठीक से खा पाऊँगा।

‘चल-चल जल्दी कर तेरी माँ आई है तुझे लेने।’

हम ज्यों ही तहखने से बाहर निकले मुझे दरवाजे पर पिताजी खड़े दिखे। ऐसे समय पर पिताजी का आगमन यह मेरे लिए दुर्भाग्य पूर्ण था। तुम यहाँ पर क्या कर रहे हो। इतने में मेरी माँ को आते देखा तो वे उनसे कहने लगे। यह दोनों यहाँ क्या कर रहे हैं। बस उनका इतना कहना और बबलू फूट पडा। अंकल जी मुझे इसने यहाँ बंद कर दिया था। और वह रोने लगा। इससे पहले कि उसकी माँ उससे कुछ कहती मेरे पिताजी ने मेरी माँ से कहा, ‘मैंने तुम्हें हजार बार कहा यह नालायक है। बबलू इससे आठ महीने छोटा है। ऐसे कोई बंद करता है क्या भला। इसे कुछ हो जाता तो? भाभी जी आप बबलू को ले जाओ मोन्टी को मैं देख लेता हूँ। आज इसकी ऐसी खबर लूँगा कि भूल जाएगा शरारत करना।’

पिताजी खोफनाक आखों से मेरी तरफ देख रहे थे। मेरा खून सूख गया। मेरी हिम्मत नहीं हो रही थी उनकी ओर देखने

की। पिछली बार जब पिटा था तो एक सप्ताह तक बैठ नहीं पाया था। अब की बार तो लगता है जान ही चली जाएगी।

और पिटा भी बहुत। देर रात तक अपने गालो को सहला रहा था। घर में कोई भी मेरा हाल तक पूछने नहीं आया। आज मुझे पिटने का इतना दुख नहीं था (वह तो मैं लिखवा के ही लाया था) जितना कि मेरे मन पसंद खाने का जायका बदल जाने का था। किसी ने भी यह नहीं कहा कि मोन्टी खाना खा ले। माँ ने भी नहीं।

मैं तो यही सोचता रहा कि मैंने किया क्या था। आखिर भूल किससे नहीं होती? फिर मैं तो अभी बच्चा था। कम से कम खाना तो ढंग से खिला देते।

हर बार मेरे साथ ही क्यों होता है ऐसा?



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کشمیر سے جانے والو اب لوٹ کے آؤنا ندثر لالی (ایم۔ اے انگلش، پی۔ ایچ۔ ڈی)



مُدھسیر لالی

کشمیر سے جانے والو اب لوٹ کے آؤنا

فولوں کی مہک بولبول کی چہک وہ ٹنڈی ہوا یے یاد کرو
میلتی تھی جو نجرے نجرے سے نجرے کی باہا یاد کرو
فولوں نے مہکنا چھوڑ دیا بلبلی نے چکنا چھوڑ دیا
اب تو ہی تو ہے چاروں اور بادِ صبا نے چلنا چھوڑ دیا
نظرے جھکاتے چلتے میں نظروں کو ملانا چھوڑ دیا

بھولوں کی مہک بلبلی کی چہک وہ ٹنڈی ہوا یے یاد کرو
میلتی تھی جو نظرے نظرے سے نظرے کی باہا یاد کرو
بھولوں نے مہکنا چھوڑ دیا بلبلی نے چکنا چھوڑ دیا
اب تو ہی تو ہے چاروں اور بادِ صبا نے چلنا چھوڑ دیا
نظرے جھکاتے چلتے میں نظروں کو ملانا چھوڑ دیا

وہ عید کہاں دیوالی کیا خوش حالی ہے بدلی بدلی
ملنے تھے گلے تہواروں پر کھلتے تھے بہاروں میں
اب عید ملن پر اوبو لے نجر ہے دل کی بہریالی
مایوس ہے ہراک چہریاں آنسو کے بدلے خون بہا
تم سے تو بہر یاد، جوان تم ہم نے کیا کیا سہا
وعدہ رہا وعدہ تو کرو کشمیر کو تم پھر آؤ گے
نجر بنا آنگن آنگن بہریالی پھر آؤ گے

امید کا دامن مت چھوڑو ماں بہن سے رشتہ مت توڑو
جس نے بھی یہ بربادی کی اس کو کبھی نہ معاف کریں
انسان کو کیا پیچھی سے بھی انصاف کریں
کشمیر سے جانے والو اب لوٹ کے آؤنا

وہ عید کہاں دیوالی کیا خوشحالی ہے بدلی بدلی
میلتے تھے گلے تہواروں پر کھلتے تھے بہاروں میں
اب عید میلن پر اوبو لے نجر ہے دل کی ہریالی
مایوس ہے ہر ایک چہرا یاں آنسو کے بدلے خون بھا
تو سے تو ہر یاد جواں تو ہم نے کیا کیا سہا
وادا رہا وادا تو کرو کشمیر کو تو فیر آؤ گے
بندر بنا آنگن آنگن ہریالی فیر لاؤ گے
امید کا دامن مت چھوڑو، ماں بہن سے رشتہ مت توڑو
جس نے بھی یہ بربادی کی اس کو کبھی نہ معاف کریں
انسان کو کیا پیچھی سے بھی انصاف کریں
کشمیر سے جانے والو، اب لوٹ کے آؤنا

Covid-19 Pandemic - RAMESH Manvati Act, And Act In Time

Very painful and unfortunate as the situation emerges, more and more people are getting caught in the fangs of deadly virus of COVID-19.

The key reason, likely it seems, for alarming increase of the deadly monster is people in general are not following STRICTLY the defined Covid related SoPs, especially wearing a face mask (preferably N95 or a triple layered mask) and not maintaining the required physical distance where necessary.

❁ Even if one is wearing a face mask; the same is NOT worn PROPERLY.

❁ Mouth is covered ; leaving the nose EXPOSED.

❁ Some are seen dangling their face masks from their ears while talking; the

ignorant behaviour is visible across the country.

❁ People are seen crowding, almost jostling against each other while buying essentials or doing unavoidable chores.

And, as recent experience has shown, perhaps one fails to-act, and, act in time-ignoring the "small" symptoms like mild cough, cold, fever, diarrhoea, backache etc., etc., as the symptoms associated with the invisible virus are ambiguous.

Governments' (particularly Health Ministry at the centre and across the states / UTs as well), abject failure in averting the crisis is another matter.

However, the same is not the focus of this write-up.

❁ As of now, given the scale and size of the grim situation, one has to assume that today every other person in the country, including in our own family, is Covid +.

❁ A majority of people are or remain asymptomatic.

❁ Therefore, the threat is real ! And, one needs to treat even smaller symptoms from day one in



consultation with one's doctor.

Keeping a pulse Oximeter in every home has become a necessary tool to monitor one's oxygen saturation in the prevailing pandemic.

As they say, precaution is the best medicine. There is no way other than to follow, strictly, the SoPs associated with the deadly coronavirus including:

- ❁ Wearing PROPERLY a triple layered face mask (preferably N95 / a double mask as the experts suggest) when venturing out of your cosy room or when attending to a Covid+ patient in the family or nearby.
- ❁ Maintaining "do gazz kee doori" - jo hai zaroori
- ❁ Frequent hand sanitisation / washing.
- ❁ Vaccinate, at the earliest, if not done.
- ❁ Leave fear; but, do take adequate Care.
- ❁ Last but not the least : Act, and Act in Time !

Luck and ignorance seem to have no boundaries, no caste and no religion !
Meanwhile, kudos to the professionals and volunteers who are risking their lives in trying to reach out to those in desperate need in present unpredictable times.

PRAYERS

Saarinee Orzuv !

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وَرث

شفیع شوق

تل تہ نکھ سورتھ

تہ پھڑ کہ ہوت بے قرار

بند کمرس منزتہ پیکارس لگتھ۔

گورزن برژا یہ دو پنم:

”بیہہ، دے شانن ژے موٹھ۔“

○

ژھوپ دوپ انہرارے ہٹہ درامڑ

زن میٹھیہ --- تہ

چارسولیس ووتھ سورمیہ گرز

ساری بندرواڑہ تہ ساریے دارژوپا سے

ہمزرنہ آے

○

پوت جُونِی وِثِیث

سُونِیْتا رِینا پَڈِیت



بَلنوکِی اِئِنِ اِمْکَان مِے وِونومَس
 گَلنوکِی ہِث سَامَان مِے وِونومَس
 وِکْتِچ کِث کَرنَس اِے مَنوْہِی
 کَلَمَس کِیَاہ اِخْچَہ اِن مِے وِونومَس
 وَاَنگُج وَاَوْرِیس مَنج اِے نَجَاکِث
 گَرنوکِی مَنج وَاَوْرَان مِے وِونومَس
 نَاَجِن نَخْرِن کِیُت اِے شَمَاہ
 دَجُونَس کِیُت پَرَوَان مِے وِونومَس
 دَاَوِی لْوَتِن جِے وِی پِنوے بَاَوِیث
 جِیو اِے کَاَنہ مِشْرَان مِے وِونومَس
 کُتِیس کَالَس نَہکُ لُکِن ہُنْدِی
 پِوشَن اَسِے اِہَسَان مِے وِونومَس



پُوتِ زُونِہ وِےتِھتِھ
 سُنِیْتا رِینِہ پِنِڈِیت

بَلِہ نِکُر جِھنِہ اِمکَان مِے وِونومَس
 گَلِہ نِکُر ہِث سَامَان مِے وِونومَس
 وِکْتِچ کِث کَرنَس چِھنِہ مَنوْہِی
 قَلَمَس کِیَاہ کِھو ہَان مِے وِونومَس
 وَاَنگُج وَاَوْرِیس مَنج چِھنِہ نَزَاکِث
 گَرنِہ مَنج وَاَوْرَان مِے وِونومَس
 نَاَجِن نِکُھَرِن کِیُت چِھَا شَاہ
 دَجُونَس کِیُت پَرَوَان مِے وِونومَس
 دَاَوِی لُوتِن زِیُو پِنِہ مِے بَاَوِتِھ
 زِیُو چِھَا کَاَنِہ مِشْرَان مِے وِونومَس
 کِیُتِیس کَالَس نِکُھِہ لُکِن ہُنْدِی
 پِوشَن اَسِے اِہَسَان مِے وِونومَس

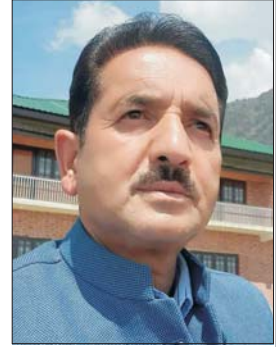
Personalities - Kaleem Bashir S.Razi : An Introduction

S. Razi, born in 1943 AD in Kanelwon, Bijbehara has a Masters Degree in Kashmiri and another in Urdu as well as a Bachelors in Education. He is a retired school Headmaster. He knows several languages such as Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu and English, and has also taught Sanskrit, Arabic and Persian at the middle school level. He is a poet, short story writer and critic.

Razi started composing verses at an early age, just after completing his matriculation in 1959 AD. He is a versatile poet and composes verses in different genres. He has written ghazals, poems, *na'ats*, *manajaats*, children's poetry and humorous poems. He has fourteen poetic collections and one short story collection to his credit. More than two dozen of his research and critical papers have also been published.

Razi has a unique style as for writing poetry is concerned. In the words of Naji Munawwar and Shafi Shauq, his "poetry is an expression of the personal experiences of a conscious poet in a rural background, however its semantic domain is universal" (*Kaeshr-e Adbuk*

Tawareekh, p. 410). He is an experienced ghazal-writer and has published two books titled *Kalam-e-Razi* (1963) and *Hamrang* (1991) that exclusively contain ghazals. Besides, his other book, *Maenz-i-Guel Myaen* (1982,



Second edition 2019) also contains ghazals along with poems. Razi composes poems at will. He has published two collections of poems titled *Samakh ta Vanai* (2001) and *Yak Raengee Haendi Saayi Nebar* (2015). The latter has been translated by Prof. Shafi Shauq under the title *Far from Shades of the Monochromatic* (2016).

Regarding translating his poetry, Shauq writes, "I derive pleasure in translating S. Razi and many a time I envy him for his simplicity of approach, vividness in imagery and spontaneity of symbolic suggestion; if a short poem has all the three qualities together, it does not need the certification of any critical jargon." His poems cover a wide range of

themes, which may, sometimes, seem superficial to the human eye but the poet in Razi succeeds in bestowing meaningfulness and universality to the selected themes. It has been aptly put forth by Prof. Shafi Shauq in his foreword to above mentioned book in the following words, "Razi's forte, however, lies in his prowess of discovering significance and surprise among the things that are usually relegated to insignificance by the codes of practical living: trees, birds, dogs, insects, rustic people, streams, pebbles, bears, and all the other objects that acquire voice only within the framework of the fable and the parable. S. Razi has a remarkable knack of getting transmuted to be in the thick of the sundry, converse in his vernacular with them without any arbitrary lesson-exacting or message-hunt. Here is a poem portraying a brute's normal life, but at the same time creating a symbolic representation of human folly.

*Over a heap of offal,
the poor thing
had a siesta;
In deep mental perplexity:
'Each and every living thing
has had a good name.
Then not so civilized I am
- a bear;
so cultured, but I ...
a ram!
I may call myself so ... hmm, hmm,
a dog!
Yes it becomes me ... 'dog.'
He changes its side,*

*shook his languor off, and
then left to verify his nature
in the marketplace.*

The bear identifiable through his ambient offal, and sloth, has a longing to assume a nobler identity, but we can easily read the "career-story" of many of the mad humbugs in our times who are at large with never-failing arrogance and complacency to seek false 'fame' and 'respect' and in order to conceal their squalid nature, fan their false ego by assuming various roles."

Razi has written extensively in the domain of religious and moral poetry. The creations include na'ats (hymns euloging Prophet Muhammad peace be upon him), hamd (hymns in praise of Allah) and munaajat (hymns invoking Allah). Razi has published four books in this genre which include Noor-un-Ala Noor (1990), Mushk (1997), Shoob (2003) and Dast ba Du'a (2013).

Although Razi's poetry is often laced with a humorous tinge, he has a separate collection in Daph Shaabash (1987) which contains humorous and sarcastic poetry only.

S Razi also writes short stories and has so far published a collection of his mini-short stories under the title *Ba ta Myon Badan* (2015). It is an interesting experiment of expressing the biographical element through the genre of short story (Shauq, Ibid, pp. 491)

Razi is a prolific writer as for the children's literature is concerned and has

published three books in this genre, namely, *Bulbul* (1993), *Gul ta Gulzaar* (1999) and *Samakh ta Vanai* (2007). He taught children for more than four decades in schools which made him well versed with the psyche, needs and desires of the children.

In his book *Shur Adbuk Tawareekh* (2020, pp. 115), Ghulam Nabi Aatash has written about the children's poetry of S. Razi as follows: "In nutshell, the poems or rhymes of Razi Sahib are for the children of young age. However, sometimes the old aged children as well as adults derive pleasure from them. Razi Sahib has made a successful attempt that the child should understand and know about his surroundings in an early age. He conveys moral lessons to children unwittingly, provides them information about their surroundings and entertains them too. The poems and rhymes about birds, animals, trees, plants and flowers immediately catches attention of the children. Most of the poems serve as the means of entertainment and amusement, but also have a purpose of imparting moral training in the background. The tinge of humour and sarcasm make Razi's poems even more interesting" (translation mine). He further writes, "The poetic collection *Bulbul* contains two poems of scientific nature which are perhaps first attempts of its kind. It does not mean that no poems have been written before on scientific subjects but the fact is that they have been written from a new perspective as per the taste and nature of children. For example, tsepa tsor

(Hide and Seek) was a traditional game of Kashmiri children which is not played nowadays. In this game, some children hide themselves and one child searches for them, or one child hides and the other searches for him. Then the second one has to hide and the first one has to search for him. This is called tsepa tsor (Hide and Seek). Some children's rhymes are also sung along. Razi Sahib's poem 'tsepa tshor' is an interesting poem in which the child plays hide and seek with the air" (pp.117).

Kath Vanai (2007) is the third book written by Razi for children. It has four sections and contains twenty-nine stories in verse form. Prof. Shauq writes about the stories as: "Sheikh Razi creates presumption of a story at the back of simple words and their rhyme, in which moral thousands of years old moral values remain dominant. Though the stories have been written basically for children, they are not meaningless even for the adults" (*Kath Vanai*, pp. 12). When Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi initiated the award for children's literature, Bal Sahitya Puraskar, in 2010, the book, *Kath Vanai*, got the first award for Kashmiri.



[Author Kaleem Bashir is the Kashmir Associate of Praagaash]

Environment & Life - Prof. B.L.Kaul

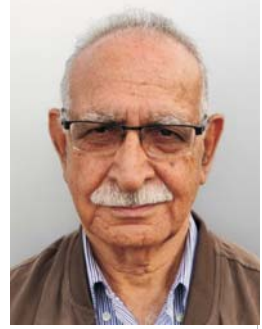
How Do Animals Communicate

All members of the animal kingdom communicate extensively among themselves without using any apparent words. In addition, some species, like whales, dolphins and elephants, employ sounds or body language as well. Our domesticated pets are excellent examples of animals who consistently try to communicate with humans. Any caring person who's ever been on the receiving end of intense shining eyes, alert ears, and wagging tails can usually comprehend the message they are trying to communicate - I want a treat, let's play, let's go for a walk, let's go for a ride in the car. Or a pet may communicate that he or she needs to go outdoors, wants dinner, or wants an ear or body massage. Our pets also often have to add some body language when they express their thoughts in order to accurately get their messages across to us.

Animals have voices and can call to each other though tongue is not used in making the call. They make different calls to indicate different things. We all hear house crows making certain sort of note



when one of their kinds is found dead on the road side. We are informed about the presence of a cat or a snake when a myna makes a shrill note. In no time a large number of their kind start fluttering about wildly. House crows and other birds also join them to render fullest cooperation to force the intruder to retreat.



The ordinary backyard hen will teach us a lot if we listen carefully. There is the call when she has to lay an egg, the maternal chucking when she is tending her chicks, the contented crooning when fed with something she likes, the angry squawk if another hen tries to take it way.

If a hawk passes overhead and its shadow falls on the ground the hen gives a sudden alarm note and the chicks scurry under her on hearing it. Here we can also quote example of the house sparrow. If a fast-moving enemy appears





they give one kind of call and all sparrows within hearing of it take refuge. If the enemy is slow moving a recognizably different note is used and all the sparrows assemble to mob it. The male sparrow produces a different sound to attract females into the nesting site.

We have just mentioned common place examples and every one has at one time or the other noticed these phenomena. In order to see if these sounds after all mean anything we could make a sort of a test. Many people can produce animal sounds of various kinds. They can make birds such as doves, cocks and other animals to answer their calls. This tactics is in fact used by many hunters and poachers to shoot their game.

Bats have poor eye sight. How do they manage to fly so fast without dashing against something? The answer is simple. If we shout in front of a wall or mountain side, the sound returns. This we call echo. If the wall is nearer the echo returns sooner but if it be far away the echo must take a longer time to come back. So by simply noting the time taken by echo to come back, we can say how far mountain is from us. Bats also produce sounds and find out whether there is an obstacle in their way or not. And if there is an obstacle how far off is it from them. This is called echolocation. If the hearing organs of a bat



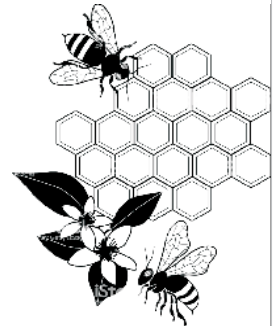
are damaged it becomes helpless and dashes against objects which it would otherwise avoid.

A word about the mimicking capacity of many birds. We are all familiar with the way parrots can imitate human speech. This ability is not limited to these birds alone for ravens, magpies, jackdaws



and mynas can be taught to speak. It is not generally realized, however, that a very large number of birds can mimic other birds. The lyrebird of Australia has been heard not only to imitate the songs of more than score other birds, with widely different calls, but also the tooting of a motor car horn. Astarling is said to have once imitated a bicycle bell.

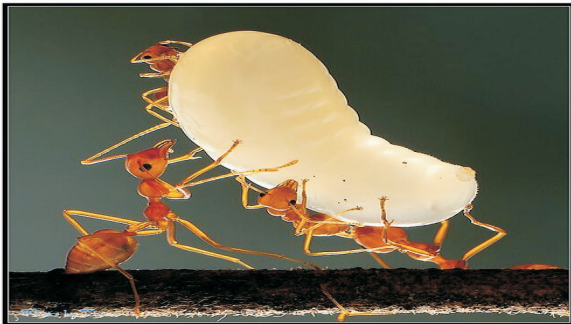
One of the most astounding discoveries of the twentieth century in behavioral sciences concerns hive-bees. If a bee finds a supply of nectar or pollen it returns to the hive and communicates to other members using a kind of dance language to indicate direction and distance. If the distance from the hive to the source is over 100 meters the bee performs a tail-wagging dance. If the



distance is between fifty and hundred meters the dance shows a gradual change over from the round to the tail-wagging dance, according to the distance. In a round dance the bee describes roughly a circle, a few turns to the left and few turns to the right. The tail wagging dance follows a figure of eight, with first a half circle to the right, then back along its diameter to perform a half circle to the left as she does this she waggles her abdomen(belly).

The farther the nectar is away, the fewer the number of times she waggles her abdomen. Now as to direction. If the bee alights on the side of the hive and she moves directly upwards then she is saying that the nectar is in the direction of the sun. If she moves directly downwards then she is saying that the nectar will be found in the direction opposite to the sun. Other directions are indicated by the angles she makes with the vertical.

All of us have noticed ants moving in a file carrying food to their nests. They communicate with each other by chemical means and touch. Ants produce chemicals called pheromones to recognize colony members, mark trails for food/water



sources, determine caste and signal attack and defense. Communication by touch is mainly used as request for food between adults.

Recently scientists have discovered that whales and dolphins produce sounds to communicate. They have also found that Humpback whales can sing. Baleen whale sounds in the form of moans, grunts, thumps, knocks, chirps, cries and whistles are the loudest (100 to 5000Hz) and may travel for tens or hundreds of kilometers under water. These sounds may be for long-range contact, assembly calls, advertisement for mates, greeting, location, threat or individual identification. Research is going on to find out more. Bowhead and Humpback whales also produce a series of repeating units of sound upto 5000 Hz that are classified as "songs". These are produced primarily by males on the breeding grounds. The songs, which can last upto 36 minutes each for Humpbacks, probably communicate species, sex, location mate status and readiness to compete with other males for mates. More analysis of the behaviour and song is needed before the true function of whale songs is known. Whales also use body language to communicate. Noises such as forceful sprout may signal aggravation. Slapping pectoral fins may indicate arousal, excitement, or aggression.

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لون اتیاز

بشپ

پان کیا !

روح تامتھ چھس کوٹھس کہتھ، کہہ والن منز
 پیچھ سندھ چرج، پیہ ہے صحیفس غلاف کرتھ
 ہٹھ نے کہوہ چھس تو ہندن، صلپس کھہرن کھالتھ
 قربان گاہ کھوتہ وانجہ نکھ چھس دسترخوان
 بستہ اندرتھجھے وڈتھمت پنچہ ہتھ
 اطلس پیے ژادر منزٹھ چھس تو نتھ رتج
 دون زائن ہندا ستھ، تو نتھ چھ تھڑ تھڑ روس
 ژٹھ تس ژادر، کھنڑ تس ریش، تو ندرس ژھن تس در بغل کتاب
 تھائوس موچھ کہتھ کھٹھ کھوٹ کینڑھا، گڑھ پتھ وچھ
 اسنا کرتھ وہڑ و مت ژھنہ پتھ کھنہ بل بون

ونہ وُن تہ وردن

تنہ اوس

بزاندہ بونی پہن، لبہ ستر لبہ تس
 پھرن ہند، بگہ تنہ آمت قبرستان
 اُزری گو کہنیہ تام، ژھ پھ درایم

رُڈ شراہن اُس بانبر پھڑ ہڑ
 لگراین اوس کنہ بل پانس
 ویشوٹھہن اُس پکھڑ ژھٹھ کڈمڑ

اُتھڑ منز دزائے سولوت لوت، اُزری
 کھریہ اکہ منز و ژھ، سُرک سپد تھ
 کھوڈ اکھ کھون تمہ ما نر نموتڑ
 اُکڑ دزائیس، تنھ لہ لہ منز ژھینس مال ہیچ
 اُتھڑ منز وُن وُن مہرڈ وردن، بنگر یوسان
 یُس یو لاکھ تڑ اُ و مڑ اُسکھ، ونہ وُن بٹھ

From the Pages of History - M.K.Parimoo Shiva Temple of Fatehgarh

During nineteenth century A.D. Major (rtd.) Henry Hardy Cole was appointed Superintendent of the Archaeological Survey Of India in undivided India which included its North Western Provinces also. He had written a historical book entitled "Ancient Buildings Of Kashmir". The book was published by Indian Museum London. According to an Archaeological Survey of India report, Henry Cole gives a vivid description of the Shiva temple of Fatehgarh Kashmir. According to Major Cole "The temple is circular from the interior but square externally. The plinth of temple is about sixty four feet in area and the worship room inside the temple is twenty eight feet. It has four balconies each measuring twenty seven feet in length with a width of



three feet. Like the Booniyaar temple, it has three doors. The pillars are decorated with sculptured figures of flowers. Black soft stones have been used in the



construction of the temple. Some of large stones used in the construction measure eleven feet in length, six feet in height and three feet in width. In the center of the worship room, there is a stone called 'Bhadrapetha' which is decorated with flowers sculptured on its rim. Around it there is a space for the circumambulation. An idol was also found while cleaning the worship room."

According to Henry Hardy Cole, the Shiva Temple must have been got constructed during 500 - 600 A.D.

From the idols retrieved at the sight of the temple, it appears to be a Shiva temple of the sixth century. This Shiva Temple of Fatehgarh is at a distance of seventy kilometers from Srinagar and ten kilometers from Baramulla bus stand located in the Fatehgarh village of Baramulla district in the union territory of Jammu and Kashmir state.

Upto 1976 A.D., the whole temple

was below the rubble but was got excavated in full by the Archaeological Department of India during 1977 A.D. Most of the history books are silent about the details of the temple. However according to some eye witnesses the Fatehgarh Shiva temple had regained its full shape and size due to the honest efforts of the Archaeologists. During the archaeological excavations of the Shiva Temple of Fatehgarh, a magnificent human sized idol made out of soft brown coloured stone was found. It is believed that the idol has no parallel among the ancient idols of Kashmir. The idol has been sculptured on both the sides with Shiva in the Trimurti shape on one side and on the other side there is sculptured Aghor manifestation of Lord Shiva, which is worshiped as His Bhairav Manifestation. Some other historians are of the view that a fort was also got constructed during Maharaja Ranbir Singh's time and a large number of stones meant for the extension of the Shiva temple were used in the construction of the wall of the fort, which makes it difficult to assess the different things found round the temple. In the Trimurti shape, the central head of the Diety was bigger than the two on its sides. The head on the right manifested Goddess Uma in a calm pose. In the front of the idol was a sculpture of Nandi in the seated posture. The central idol had three eyes engraved on it. A crescent and a crown was also above it. Goddess Ganga has also been sculptuerd

with a vessel of water in Her left hand. Many garlands decorated the idol, while the longest garland was in the centre. The lower portion of the Trimurti idol was clad in a cloth and a tiger's head appeared above the left thigh. The three arms of the idol were in the broken state while the fourth was intact. The right upper arm had a Garland of beads in it. On the other side was the agora shaped Shiva with a sculptured woman seated in a particular posture above the head of the idol, while the idol of Shiva had all the three eyes open. Hanging sculptured serpents with their tails entangled with each other were hanging from the ears of the idol near the chest. Sculptured Vasuki was below the chest. In the right hand of the Shva was a trident, where as in the left hand was a bell. According to various media reports, the ancient Shiva temple of Fatehgarh is in a ruined state but the walls of the sanctum of the temple survive. However a fragment of a sizeably large Shiva linga is found over the platform of the sanctum. The ruined temple is at a distance of fifteen kilometers from Baramulla Railway station and twenty three kilometers from Booniyaar village.

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Dr. Rafiq Masoodi



اورے یور تہ یورے ہور گزّان
کنہ ور قن ہند سیاہی منز غاب تہ گزّان
کنہ لولہ سان کنہ خشمہ ہژو آچھو میہ کن
وچھان

میون ریزے ریزے وجود چھو پران ز۔۔
یہ تلمہ میہ بیہ تہ ہیہ پران
مگر۔۔۔
امی ہائے بہ کمرے کس کونس منز تر آوتھ
مشروس۔۔
گرد بڑ کورنس۔۔۔



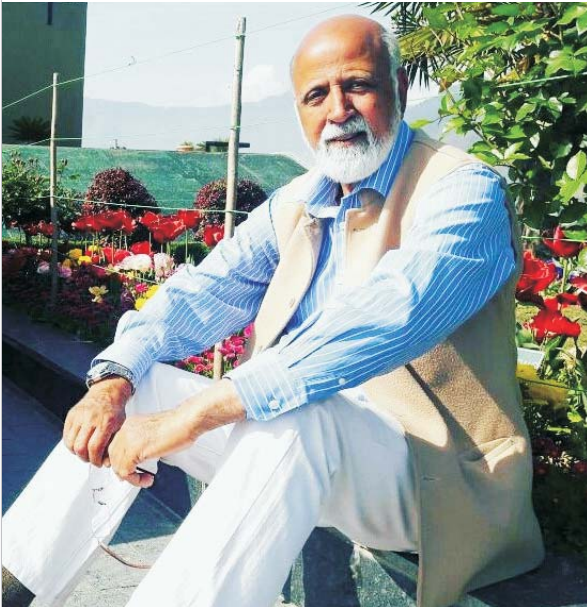
Syed Abdul Rashid Jawher



دپاں نو وباء ”بلیک فنگس“ چھہ عام
طور آچھن تہ نستہ نمی آسنہ موجب
زور گزّھاں۔ خونک دوران متاثر
کرتھ انسان سند حلّیہ بد صورت
بناواں۔ مے باساں یتہ چھہ پروں
وباء یتھ عرفِ عامس منز ”مسخ
صورت“ وناں آسی تہ اوے آسی
لکھ کاتسہ بد دعا کراں زء فلاں
شخصس گزّھن ”مسخ صورت“
خدا دین امہ وباء نش نجات
آمین

Personalities - Mushtaque B. Barq
Syed Zeeshan Fazil
A Bard with different Ballad

Born on April 19, 1952, a legend known traditionally for his role in Production, but his bona fide position is yet to be explored. His literary acumen needs a serious re-examination for certain reasons. From Dab Tal, Ali Kadal, downtown area in Srinagar popularly known as Rehbab Sob, to the studios of Mumbai and in the city of glamour, Syed Zeeshan Fazil carve out a niche of his own by ante up a great deal of literary works. Son of Ghulam Ahmad Fazil Kashmiri, a poet of enormous intellect, and well versed in Arabic, Persian, Urdu, Kashmiri and English literature. His mother Syeda Andrabi would take him in



her lap to examine the scenic beauty of Lolab Valley, popularly known as 'Land of Beauty'. It is abutted by the south and the Neelum River to the north and is separated by Nagmarg meadows from Bandipora.



In the Sulphur springs of Lolab Syeda would encourage him to take a bath and listen to the serenity of the meadows which imbibed in him the power of observation that later assisted the legend to deck up his literary works. Preserving these raw images and lush meadows in the mind, and with the passage of time, his incubation period perfectly chiselled him for the reason he was to move with the transfer of his father from Lolab to Anantnag, Rafiabad, Sopore to Tangmarg and then to Badgam area. The topography of these areas, the culture and the tradition amidst Fazil Kashmiri's meditation and intense inspection of unspoiled beauty and his association with natural objects not only crisped the verses of Fazil Sahab, but also broadened the horizon of his son to build up literary acumen.

After primary education, Syed Zeeshan Fazil joined the Department of

Political Science at The University of Kashmir in 1972. His stay in the department nurtured his curiosity as many influential educationists were around to enrich their students. His interest in the Radio programmes leads him to Radio Kashmir, more to the point taking part in Bazm-e-Adab at University in the company of some notable legends of the time like Prof. H U Hamidi, Dr. Shakeel-ul-Rehman, Prof. Asad-ullah Kamili and Mirza Zaman Azurda.

Golden Harvest (an autobiography) has vividly carried kaleidoscopic of Syed Zeeshan Fazil's Production and Direction career. It is a lifetime achievement for the reason Autobiographies are extraordinarily difficult to diffuse into the society of which one is a part and parcel amidst the contemporaries with wide-ranging opinions and differences. Most inevitably in an emblematic autobiography, factual stories of a protagonist ought to be narrative aided with essential elements like Conflict to make the narrative flow like a running brook, so to call it a typical autobiography seems far from the standards set for autobiographies. This book is wonderful in two different ways, one that it has highlighted how passion can be changed into an achievable objective and the second for the reason that it carries sweet memories of the author, so it is close to be called a memoir. A memoir is an assortment of various personal memories related to specific moments or experiences in the author's life and written

in the first person. *Golden Harvest* is a personal account of a specific time and experience and offers access to personal feelings, reactions and responses, thoughts and reflections of Syed Zeeshan Fazil.

Kayinaat is an informative diary referring to an extensive topics in the Kashmiri language published in 1980 when the information was limited to databanks. At the time when Internet services were limited to few countries, Syed Zeeshan Fazil's *Kayinaat* must have been of some importance. This Kashmiri informative book has not only mentioned the scientific facts of evolution, but also the story of water, about snakes, worms and wheel and vehicles, space and diseases. The book stands witness as to how its author has worked tirelessly to hunt for its content and then translating the scientific information into his mother tongue. This work is appreciable for the reason that the author has shown a keen interest in preserving the facts around him in Kashmiri, which approves the author's love for his mother tongue.

Stranger On Black Highway is another literary work of Syed Zeeshan. He has emerged as a storyteller. His stories are copious with intricate portrayals in the garb of social sensitivities. All the 14 stories are framed in a way that better suits them.

In *Mysterious Lily*, the portrait of a cat not only better showcases the plight of an animal, but also the lack of human warmth towards the animals. The story

catches the attention of a sensitive human being who believes every creature must be given due care. The storyteller has highlighted the insensitivity of a man whose ego knows no boundaries to eliminate the poor animal.

Ideal is another short story depicting love and companionship. A man cannot love without camaraderie, but he hesitates to express his interest for the reason to be rejected. The author has found a way in the story to express human needs by taking refuge from the written words. A letter has a significant role in the story which has been impressively used by the author to reach the climax of the story.

Courtyard is a story that again brings at fore the struggle of a man. A passage in the story has been so minutely woven that it itself reveals the skill and creativity of the author that has been employed to intensify the undercurrent delicate storyline: it was raining. Suhail's mental state was no different than the windshield of his car. Though wipers were on, but each brush removing a coat of rain from it, was as if making way for another drizzle to accumulate on it ...

In *Doomster*, the author has interestingly executed suspense when under such situations, romance and fantasy would have served, but keeping the sanctity of plot into consideration, a daring step by the author once again reveals how the author has put in use his art of creating and breaking suspense with a jawbone breaking shock: sitting on flower-laden bed, Nyla, the bride is waiting for Shahid. After a while Shahid walked

into the room. Happily walking towards Nyla, he took a chair besides the bed. Then he took out a cigarette from case and lit it to smoke. His love Nyla is right in front of him. Now he had a reason to believe that he had reached his goal. He closed the cigarette case with a bang and breaking through the silence of the room thundered..... Shahid took a file from the table and tossing it towards Nyla said: "Khalida's daughter, here in this file is the entire life history of your mom!"

21ST Century, the author has like a typical storyteller under the garment of characters brought before the audience the biological needs of a man and woman. What matters in the story is not the situation under which the intimation has brought humiliation, but at a serious note, the author has for the matter of fact awakened us from the slumber of sleep. Syed Zeeshan has knocked at the door of every man to understand the bodily needs of an individual.

Overall this collection is a wonderful read. Syed Zeeshan has emerged as a serious story writer who has not only festooned the opus of society by brush strokes of satire, irony aided with the texture of experience and observations. All the characters are dynamic, they move and act, they are not just puppets to be utilized for a temporary thrill, but they act, they speak and move like real human beings. The settings in his stories are dense like a garden packed with varied species. The art of writing varies from person to person so Syed Zeeshan Fazil's style of narration is

neither extremely thin nor too compact, he has employed a midway to discover his place both in literary forums and common man's collection.

Falcon's of Paradise is another praiseworthy literary work of Syed Zeeshan Fazil. The book has enlisted 92 eminent personalities, starting from Shiekh Noor-ud-din Wali (R.A) to Professor Abdul Jabbar. This collection has historical significance as the author has evaluated his best to bejewel the canvas of Kashmir. Right from Sufism to Art, Literature, Social work, Education, Musicians, Cartoonists, Journalists, Politics and the contemporaries who have marked the peaks of excellence in their respective fields.

Apni Baat is Syed Zeeshan's Urdu version of his autobiography. This rendering has not only reached to Urdu audience, but the author has earned a fame as a translator. The translation is as tough as breaking the block into its constituents, but when the author translates his own work from one language to another, authenticity, accuracy and originality is least compromised. Syed Zeeshan has not only inspired the budding authors to look for self-translation but has also encouraged the audience to enjoy a dish in two flavours.

Focus - Radiio, TV and Print Media is a pick of bunch for the aim that the author has emerged as an authority on facts and actuals of writing. It is equally important for a writer to have his focus on themes like writing and Mass media. Syed has like an expert deliberated upon the use of

language, techniques and rules of Communication. Production Grammar, the language of Camera, Syntax of Visualization, the algorithm of animation, Formulas of formatting, Elements of editing and what not has been discussed in the book. This book is a must read by the students of mass media.

Syed Zeeshan Fazil is a multidimensional artist. He uses his pen to ponder over what all he observes around him. He knows the art of converting the text into visuals and brings at fore the lens to cater to the needs of the different audiences. His literary contribution is not limited to above mentioned, but his other literary works include: *Salsabeel, Dhuan Dhuan Suraj, Paighamber, Flash Back, Focus 2nd edition* and *Siratul Hameed*.

Syed Zeeshan Fazil has the following distinctions in his favour: Deputy Director General (IBC) Cambridge England, Member of Advisory Board (ABI) The United States of America, and Member Advisory Council (IIBC) United Kingdom. He has won some prestigious award like: All India Hindi Urdu Sangam Award (1981), Adeeb International Award (1985), Apfata Award (Best Drama Director 1995), Rajdhani Rattan Award (1966, 97 and 1999 respectively), Lifetime Achievement award by ABI of The United States in 1999.

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Breathless

Vidushi Dembi



The cottony azure sparkles in the sunlight,
the sun rays turning the buildings bright.
The brume filled past week with gloom
Not today, for the rays have won the fight.

New buds and blades on the trees - they sway
with the wind to and fro. The birds, they play
and chirp on the branches and sing, begging
the mist to hold off and the sun to stay.

The cars and the bikes vroom and ting
on the roads, but there's not a soul strolling
For they say there looms the plague in the air,
These days fear rules and despair is king.

Alongside the highway, a Sunday afternoon,
Boy in the garden, playing, waiting for June
Catch a glimpse of the boy, now sitting on the bench
I try focusing back on my Japanese cartoon.

Gazing at the moon is a girl on my TV,
I'm reminded of the big bright moon of perigee
that I witnessed while at home, where the sun always won
"It's bleak now", I'm everyday being told by family.

The wind isn't enough, the people can't breathe
The piling cadavers forming a murky airy wreath
over entire kingdom, some overwhelmed with fear
while some lie in the sun, with despair they seethe.

I'm chilly - with fear, or is it the weather?
It's May already, isn't it supposed to be summer?
This disease or changing climate - which evil is the lesser?
I look through the window, around I wrap my sweater.

The boy in the park, now nowhere to be seen
The sky and the wind still painting the leaves green
"Why did I look outside! I need to slip through this net."
and I offer myself again to be hexed by the screen.



مادری زبان .. ہماری پہچان

مجید مسرور

اقبال کالونی

اللہ تعالیٰ نے لوگوں کی زبانیں مختلف ہونے کو اپنی نشانی قرار دیا ہے۔ ظاہر ہے اللہ تعالیٰ کی نشانیوں کی حفاظت چاہیے نہ کہ ان سے دشمنی اور انہیں مٹانے پر کمر کسنا۔ بلکہ اگر کوئی بہت چھوٹی اور نادر زبان بولتا ہو تو اس پر فخر بھی ہونا چاہیے کہ میں ان چند آدمیوں میں سے ہوں جس نے اس نشانی کو ابھی تک محفوظ رکھا ہوا ہے۔

انسان کی سب سے پہلی تربیت گاہ ماں کی گود ہوتی ہے بچہ اپنی ماں سے گود میں جو بھی باتیں سیکھتا ہے۔ وہ عمر بھر اس کے ذہن میں پختہ رہتی ہیں اور اس کے اثرات بچے کے ذہن پر نقش ہو کر پختہ رہتی ہے۔ مادری زبان صرف بولنے تک ہی محدود نہیں ہوتی بلکہ حالات، پس منظر، تہذیب اور سقافت اور انکی روایات پر محیط ورثہ بھی موجود ہوتا ہے۔ زبان اصل میں کسی بھی تہذیب کا سب سے بڑا اظہار ہوتی ہے۔ مادری زبان کی تر اکیب انسان کی زبان کے علاقائی پس منظر کا اندازہ لگانے میں کار آمد ثابت ہوتی ہے۔

اخلاقی لحاظ سے بھی دیکھیں تو اپنی زبان کو چھوڑنا عموماً کمتری کے احساس سے ہی ہوتی ہے۔ ہاں اگر آدمی کسی دوسرے ملک چلا گیا ہے جہاں اپنی زبان کوئی نہیں بولتا تب تو اور بات ہے ورنہ اپنے علاقے میں رہتے

ہوئے اپنی زبان کو چھوڑنے کا کیا جواز ہے ہاں۔ ضرورت اس بات کی ہے کہ جس زبان کی ضرورت ہمیں وقتی طور محسوس ہو، ہمیں چاہیں اسکا فائدہ اٹھانا لیکن اپنی مادری زبان کا پھر بھی خاص خیال رکھنا۔

کوئی بھی زبان قوم غیر زبان سے ترقی نہیں کر سکتی، ہر زبان کو اپنی جگہ پر ہی رکھنا سب سے بہتر ہے۔ مادری زبان کے علاوہ کوئی اور زبان استعمال نہ کریں۔ جب تک مجبوری نہ ہو، اگر کوئی آدمی آپکی زبان نہیں سمجھ سکتا ہے تو ظاہر ہے ایسی زبان استعمال کرنے میں کوئی حرج نہیں۔ جو وہ بھی سمجھے۔ انگلستان کے ایک بڑے علاقے میں چھوٹی سی زبان کو بھی سرکاری حیثیت حاصل ہے۔ کیونکہ وہاں کے لوگوں کی wale اصلی زبان یہی ہے۔ ان لوگوں نے ہر گز انہیں فرانسیسی، ہسپانوی یا انگریزی سیکھنے پر مجبور نہیں کیا۔

ڈاکٹر و لسن کہتے ہیں اگر کوئی فرد یا قوم اپنی مادری زبان میں بات کرنے سے بچہ کچاٹ محسوس کرتا ہے تو مان لیجئے وہ فرد یا قوم ذہنی غلام ہے ہر قوم کی پہچان انکی مادری زبان ہوتی ہے۔ اگر کسی قوم کی زبان مرجائیگی تو مان لو وہ قوم ختم ہوگئی۔ ہاں اگر قوم مرجائیگی تو زبان زندہ ہوتو سمجھ لو کہ قوم زندہ ہے جس قوم کی زبان زندہ ہو وہ کبھی مرتی نہیں۔ کونکہ زبان ہی پہچان ہوتی ہے۔

جو لوگ آج اپنی مادری زبان چھوڑ کر کسی بڑی زبان کو اپنانے کی کوشش کرتے ہیں کل جب انکی اپنی زبان سرکاری زبان ہوگی تو ان کے بچوں کو شرمندگی بھی ہوگی اور اس زبان کو نئے سرے سے سیکھنا بھی پڑھے گا۔ اسلام نے انسان کو خوداری کا سبق دیا ہے، کسی اور آدمی قوم، زبان یا مذہب کے سامنے زیر ہونا مسلمان کی شان نہیں۔ اپنی شناخت کو بچانا ہی انسان میں غیرت و خوداری کے فضائل پیدا کرتے ہیں۔ زبان شناخت کا ایک نہایت اہم ترین حصہ ہوتی ہے۔ لہذا شناخت کو محفوظ رکھنا چاہیے۔

ڈاکٹر حسن رضا-کے مطابق انسان کی فطرت و جبلت کا جُز مادری زبان ہوتی ہے۔ اکثر بچہ کو ابتدائی تعلیم مادری زبان میں دی جاتی ہے تو وہ بڑی آسانی کے ساتھ زبان سیکھ جاتا ہے۔ اور باتیں بھی آسانی سے اسکی سمجھ میں آجاتی ہے۔ اسی لئے ماہرین تعلیم اور دانشور لوگوں کا کہنا ہے کہ بچے کی ابتدائی تعلیم مادری زبان میں ہونی چاہیے تاکہ بچہ آسانی سے علم سیکھ سکے۔ انسانی سماج میں مادری زبان کی تب زیادہ اہمیت ہے۔ مادری زبان وہ زبان ہے جس سے انسان جذباتی طور پر منسلک ہوتا ہے۔ یہ وہ زبان ہے کہ اگر کوئی شخص اس زبان کو چھوڑ کر کسی دوسری زبان کو مادری زبان بنائے تو اس صورت میں وہ ذہنی طور پر زندہ رہ سکتا ہے مگر جذباتی لحاظ مفلوج ہو جائے گا۔ دوسری زبان بولنے سے ہم --- ہم 'نہیں رہیں گے بلکہ اجنبی لوگوں کی نقل بن جائیں گے۔

خدا کریں ہمیں اپنی مادری زبان پر قائم و دائم رہنے کا موقعہ فراہم کریں۔ زبان ہی ہماری پہچان ہے آئیے ہم سب ملکر اپنی مادری زبان (کشمیری) کی خدمت کر کے اسکو زندہ اور جاوید رکھیں۔ آمین

Majeed Masroor, Iqbal Colony, Khan Sahib, Kashmir

9906305239 / 9419018009

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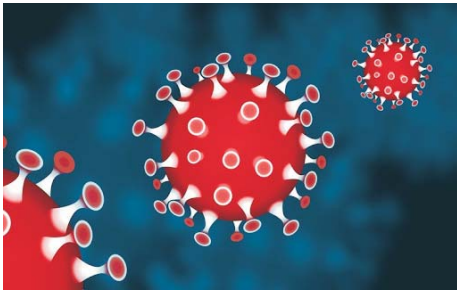
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कोरोना का शहर

डाः कंवर किशन कौल हमदम



सडक पर कोई आदम न आदमज़ाद है
 धर धर में कैद आदमी नामुराद है
 यह कोरोना का शहर है फासले से मिला करे
 न जाने किस किस पे नाज़िल यह जल्लाद है
 हाथ मिलाना गले मिलना तो हुवा मुहाल
 मुदत्ते फिराक भी लगे बे मियाद है
 कुदरत उरयां आलम पुर सुकूं है
 हमदम कफस में परिंदा आज़ाद है



ECHO OF THE SOUL

Ravi Dhar - Pillani



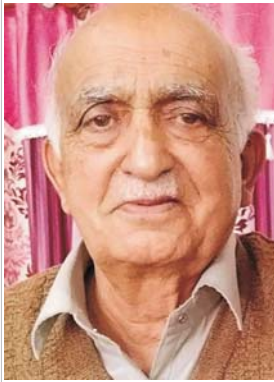
Souls live for ever but bodies have to die
 As sounds make echo and so isn't a lie
 Love makes delight and hate only cry
 Fragrance of kind heart is spread by and by

Oceans bring thirst but springs quench too
 As thorns drive you away but flowers call you
 Beauty rests in ones eyes that one may see
 As untruth endanger life and truth saves thee

Man has to move as halt loses grace
 As water rots when rests at one place
 Think not o dear and make thoughts pure
 Goal will be near and that's for sure

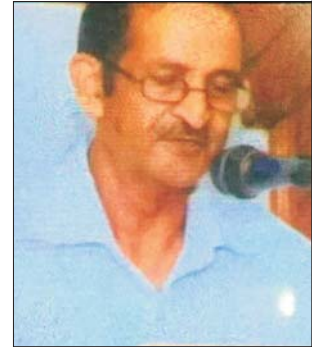
This Land belongs to us as it is our mother
 One mother we inherit so all be together
 Such bonds of friendship even foes envy do
 As open minds soar all religions through



Homage**Remembering Shri J.N.Sagar and Shri T.N.Ganjoo Vishwas**... **Upender Ambardar**

The sad and unfortunate demise of the reputed Kashmiri poet, writer and critic Shri J.N Sagar has come as a rude shock to a vast multitude of his admirers. He was a versatile poet known for his thought provoking and resonant poetic outpouring. His poetic collections are evocative of his high quality poetry, which received all round appreciation and acknowledgement in the literary circles. He had an acknowledged hold and mastery over Kashmiri, Urdu and Persian and could write with ease all of them. He was also a literary critic and his critical analysis would evoke appreciative acknowledgement from all. He was a frequent n regular participant in poetic symposiums and his resonance filled poetry would instantly draw appropriating appreciation and applause from the audience. He was also a regular participant both as a poet and writer critic in Kashmiri programme Pamposh of Radio Station Jammu. His demise is a great loss to the literary matrix of Kashmiri language.

Another unfortunate and shocking news was the demise of acknowledged Kashmiri poet Shri T.N.Ganjoo Vishwas, who passed away a few days back. Shri Vishwas was also known for his high quality and resonant poetry. Many of his soulful poetry has also been put to music and they enjoyed immense popularity amongst the listeners. He was also a regular participant in poetic symposiums in radio programme Pamposh.

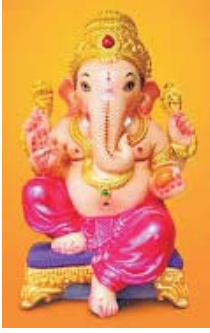


Heartfelt condolences to the bereaved families, peace to the departed souls and courage to the families to bear the irreparable loss. Om Shanti Om.

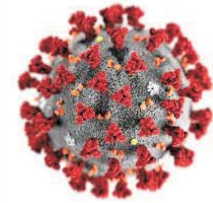


हे कृपालु भगवन

डा. ननसी पंडिता



हे कृपालु भगवन दूर कर सारे जग से महामारी
हे कृपालु भगवन दूर कर सारे जग से महामारी
घर घर त्रासदी मची है महामारी घर घर आई
बच्चे बूढ़े सब इसके चंगुल में है आए
शहर गली कूचे सब सूने है पड गए
दुकानें माल रेस्तरां सड़कें सब है खाली
घर खाली दीवारें मायूस और आंगन बैचेन
चार सदस्य चार कक्षों में है कोरनटीन
चेहरे देखने को तरस उठा है तेरा इन्सान
चेहरों पर नकाब और जुबान पर लगाम
हाथ मिलने मिलाने को तड़प रही है रूह
गले मिलने से कांपती है ममता
कैसी है यह महामारी त्राहि त्राहि है फैलाई
घर घर में भय और चिंता छाई
हर जगह आतंक बीमारी ने फैलाई
महामारी ने रौब जमाया दहशत को थमाया
अपनी गिरफ्त में सबको डाला
अनिश्चितता और अस्थिरता को लाया
दुनिया भर को चिन्ता में डाला
देश की अर्थव्यवस्था को ललकारा
रोजमर्रा के जीवन को दुविधा में डाला
दैनिक जीवन को दांव पर लगाया
हे कृपालु भगवन दूर कर सारे जग से यह महामारी
वापस दे हमको वह पहले जैसे सवारी



ہفت روزہ
سبزار

By arrangement with
Weekly Sabzar



اشرف رازی

غزل

باہر بخت دل اگر سنبھلاؤ بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
میں شوق و چہ بڑے ترساؤ بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
زور ہندو پانچھن گھر کھلے ہاتھ ملے ہاپو پانچھن
چاہے ہنہنکو پشیم نظر اتر پو بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
دولہ تھو و پچکان پتہ نی سرز ز تہ لیکھو داستان
ناور ناویں اگر لیکھو تہو بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
مادو تھو تیلہ ہینہ سیت سس دوان شس موز روپس
میلا گل ناؤ دے گن تھو بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
دو دسہ تھو ہاتی سیکتا س چھ زن آچھ و پوھے
باتہ چاواکھ دام دل رزوناؤ بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
والہ واسے مزر رنہ تھو لہلہل تہ کو تھن تہر چھون
پوشہ ہانس سال تیلہ کرناؤ بن تیلہ سمکھ بے
موت کو مت رآؤ تہ چانے کج او آؤنی ہند سب
لولہ سزس مزر اگر ازماؤ بن تیلہ سمکھ بے



پروفیسر مکھن لال اودے

غزل

گوہرن زن سے باسان پھ کینہہ تام و پھس مزر
گئے زون پہ آسان سانس لھس مزر
پہ سزاور سزاوره و نان تھہ چھ ڈنیاہ
نے زن گنڈو چھ باسان چھ زن سوے گھس مزر
پہ پیوس ونا ہنز تہ لوکھس یہ مگوو بڈ
گزن ماتے دیوانہ ہنھس مھس مزر
چھا ہنم دما دم چھ زن قتیہ تہ بھدران
نے زن شس چھ ہاون چھ زو پھہ اچھس مزر
چھ نا کینہہ تہ آسان بوضلاہ عقیدہ
نے نیم پٹھو چھ باسان انسان گھس مزر

پیاد پروفیسر شوریدہ کشمیری

پروفیسر غلام محمد ملک شوریدہ کشمیری کی برسی ہر سال 4 اپریل کو منائی جاتی ہے لیکن گذشتہ دو برسوں سے کوڈسیت چند
تاکذیر حالات کی وجہ سے یہ برسی نہیں منائی جا رہی ہے۔ اس کا قطعی یہ مطلب نہیں کہ یہ ان کے ماحول اور شاگردوں میں
کئے تعین کوئی سرورہری کا مظاہرہ ہے۔ وہ اب بھی اردو ادب میں درخشندہ ستارے کے مانند ہیں اور ان کے چاہنے
والوں کی عقیدت میں کوئی کمی نہیں آئی ہے۔ اخبار سبزار آج اپنا دینی سٹھانے کی نام وقت کر رہا ہے۔

خوگر قاری حقہ زمیں تھی کیا؟

○
چاہتا ہوں پھر پھراؤں زور سے میں بال و پر
جس سے برپا حشر کا ہوشور و شر
پانچس کو تو ذکر
بندھوں کو چھو ذکر
میں چلا جاؤں کس اڑتہوا
ہو جہاں پر اک نضائے تابناک
صاف و پاک
روح منظر کی جہاں تکسین ہو
شاہ دل کے واسطے تکسین ہو

○
یہ نضا سموم ہے ماحول بھی غمناک ہے
اڑے ہیں ہاں گھر
چندر کا سے چند چٹیلیں چند گدھ
جو پھر سے پھر ہے ہیں فوق و تحت
تحت فوق

○
اورا فتادہ زمیں پر ہے شکار
ایک مردہ سا شکار
اس نضائیں کا ش آئے
باپر پردا کوئی شاہباز
جو کہ اپنے پتھر فولادیں
نردہ خواروں کو دو بچے و مہدم
اور پھر وہ چھوڑ دے
ان سہوں کو جان کنی کے حال میں!

☆☆

سناٹا

یہ نضا سموم ہے
دم گھٹا جاتا ہے آف
رکتہ ز غمناک ہے ماحول بھی
ایک سناٹا سا ہے چھایا ہوا!
کوئی کیا جانے کہ دن ہے یہ کد رات
روشنی ہے یا اندھیر
باغ ہے کیا یہ کد رات؟

○

نغمہ بگھل گئی
کوئی الو بھی نہیں اب بولتا
کوئی نہ ہو بھی نہیں بڑ تو لہتا
وہ کہوتر کی غمخوئی بھی نہیں
فانیت کا بھی نہیں وہ کا کانا
اور گرد و گرد کی ہی نہیں قمری طواف
بھول بیٹھا ایک بھی اپنا خرام
کوئی چڑیا چھپاتی ہے کہاں
جتے مہسیتا رہیں بس زیر پر منقار ہیں
اکت وصامت ہیں سب
ایک سناٹا سا ہے چھایا ہوا
○
تھکو ہے احساس تہائی شدید
ہمو اکوئی کوئی ہمد نہیں
دل کے زخموں کیلئے مرہم نہیں
کتے تھہ ایسے پڑے ہیں قید بے زنجیر میں
خودا سری میں ہوئے ہیں مٹھلا

Our Cultural Legacy - G.N.Atash Intangible Heritage of Kashmir - 4

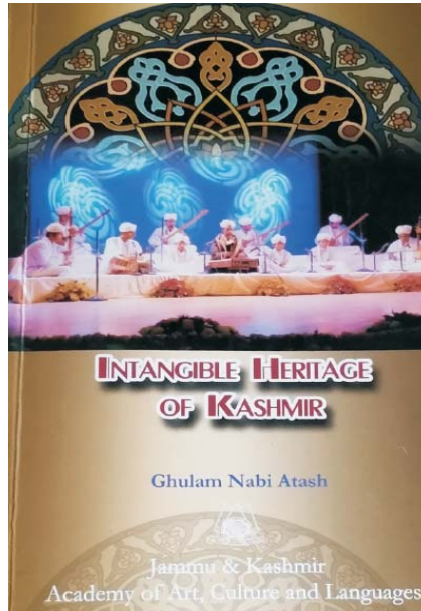
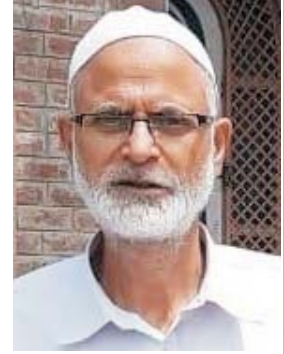
SHRAN SUNDER

On the seventh day after delivery, the mother and the baby are given a hot bath. Special vegetarian/non-vegetarian dishes are prepared on the occasion. Pieces of paper (Burzi) are burnt in an earthen plate and circled thrice round the heads of the mother and the baby to ward off evil. Seven plates of special food are served to the paternal aunts of the baby. This is exclusively women's basket which contains clothes, rotis, sugar, spices, a cask for the newborn and its parents and grandparents. This ceremony is called 'Shran Sunder'.

On the ninth day after the birth (Sunder) the mother and the child are bathed in some auspicious hour and the child receives its name. On that day too, the child is given clothes (Zafiru) and the midwife throws away the old straw bed and makes a fresh one. After bathing, seven vessels either of clay or of bronze are filled with food. These vessels represent seven deities, and as some are flesh-eating deities and some vegetarian, the foods

chosen have to be selected with care. Pulse, rice, walnuts and meat are the common selection, and they are worshipped. Seven women of the household must be present to represent the seven deities.

After the food has been made holy, the midwife lights a torch of birch-bark and waves it around the head of mother and child and finally flings it into an earthen bowl with water. She then takes her leave and in rich families is succeeded by a Musalman wt nurse, and the holy food is distributed among relatives and neighbours.



KAHNETHAR

On eleventh day, an important ceremony is performed. The mother has to drink five products of the cow. The seven vessels are again filled with food and given to friends and relatives. When the Brahman priest

has discharged his functions, the astrologer of the father and mother make the child's horoscope (Zatuk). It is called 'Kahnether', the ceremony of purification. A small 'Hawan' is performed in the house and a 'Tilak' is applied on the forehead of the newborn. This all impurity is removed. There are various folk songs in Kashmiri regarding this ceremony.

If the mother's recovery is slow, the deities have to be appeased and the Kahnethar ceremony is repeated and if the child wails or refuses nourishment, the Sundar rites are again performed. Kashmiri folk poetry has preserved this rite as :

*Dahan Dohan Dah Haend Marimai
Kahimi Doh Kormay Kahnethar
Ghootshan Te Panditan Saalkay Kormai
Kormai Barkhurdarai Naav
Maile Lukhui Zatuk Shokh Te Chawai
Magi Korui Goor Goor Shuk Manzlay
Thanh Yali Peoham Ranh Peav Karmai
Kormay Barkhurdarai Naav*

[O, my dear, as soon as you were born, feasts were prepared. Ten rams were slaughtered in ten days. On the eleventh day your 'Kahnethar' was performed. Purohits, sadhus and scholars were invited. I, your mother, waved you in the cradle. Your father prepared your horoscope (Zatuk). I gave you your name as soon as you were born.]

MAS NETHAR

When the child is a month old, he receives

new clothes and a feast of rice and milk is given to relatives and friends. These new clothes are made by the priest's wife, and she uses not a needle but a thorn of the wild rose. The needle is made by man, the thorn by God and there was a superstition that the child whose first clothes were made with a thorn will never handle a sword or hurt man or beast.

'Tahar' (rice and pulses cooked in oil) is also prepared and after waving some of it over the head of the child, the 'Tahar' is scattered near the house where crows and other birds eat it. Some of the 'Tahar' is distributed among neighbours, children and family members. The child receives new clothes. The ceremony is known as 'Masnethar'. All these ceremonies are performed with dedication and devotion. Cleanliness is taken care of at all occasions. The rite is preserved in this folk song :

*Masnethar Sivmai Karh Te Khali
Sarisay Shahrash Bagranh Aai
Prasken Dearan Kanvale Girmai
Kumai Barkhurdarai Naav*

ANN PRAS

On the 12th day, of his/her birth, the baby is put on a rangoli laid in the house threshold (porch) and a piece of sweet is touched to his /her lips, the family elders shower blessings on the baby. The baby and mother visit maternal grandparents, where they may stay for a few days. On their return, the grandparents send baked items, mutton preparations, curd, milk and

clothes for the baby, his parents and paternal grandparents.

The ceremony of giving first food to the child is called 'AnnaPras'. When the child reaches the age of six months, he takes his first taste of rice boiled in milk and his ears are pierced. On this day, food is distributed among relatives and friends and various articles are placed before the child such as pen boxes, grain and 'Khir' (rice boiled in milk). If the child touches the pen box first, it is considered a sign that he will take to writing as profession. The rite is preserved in the following folksong:

*Bahimh Doah Lukhmai
Rangh Mandoloui
Aakaesh Nakash Vege Lekhan Aai
Bahim Doah Wati Matamalay
Koche Heanh Duthai Akh Jagir*

[On the twelfth day of your birth, I got prepared your 'Rangoli'. The 'Rangoli' writers came from heaven. On the same day came your maternal relatives and on taking you in to their lap they gave you 'Jagir'.]

*Shimasis Kurmai Anprapeanai
Maan Dodas Kurmai Khit Tayar*

[At the age of six months I made you to taste 'Khir' (rice cooked in milk). I prepared the 'Khir' with maunds of milk.]



Editor's Note

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

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

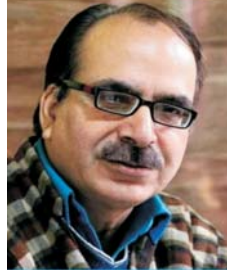
Write-ups generating hatred, demeaning anybody or any religion, or with political overtones will not be accepted for publication.

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

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

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

ब्याख्यान - डा. अग्निशेखर
कालजयी ललद्यद - ४



आयेयि वांनिस गय कांदरस"

अर्थात् आई तो तेली के पास थी पहुँची नानवायी का यहाँ ।

ऐसी दंतकथाएं फैलाई गयीं कि ललद्यद ने सैयद मीर अली हमदानी के प्रभाव में धर्म परिवर्तन किया। यह किसी भी फारसी इतिहासकार ने नहीं बताया कि ऐसी कौन सी बात ललद्यद को तैमूर के आतंक से अपने 700 अनुयायी सैयदों के साथ जान बचाकर कश्मीर भाग आए सैयद मीर अली हमदानी में दिखी कि उसने शैव चेतना की ब्रह्मांडीय संवेदना का सार्वभौम दर्शन को तिलांजलि दी। डा॰ शशिशेखर तोषखानी के अनुसार वह 'वहदत्-उल- वजूद ' या 'अनल हक' जैसे अस्तित्व की सार्वभौम एकात्मता को भी मानने वाला धर्म प्रचारक भी नहीं था। यदि होता तो तत्कालीन कश्मीर के सुलतान को घाटी में काफिर प्रजा के जिंदा रहने की घोर अमानवीय और अपमान जनक शर्तें "ज़खीरात-उल-मुल्क" शीर्षक किताब में कैसे लिखता ?

इस सन्दर्भ में डा॰ शशिशेखर तोषखानी यहाँ एक और मजेदार लेकिन प्रासंगिक कुतर्क का उल्लेख करते हैं । जम्मू-काश्मीर राज्य की अकादमी की पत्रिका 'शीराजा ' के ललद्यद अंक (1979 ई.) में मुफ्ती जलालुद्दीन अपने आलेख " ललद्यद शाह हमदान के हुजूर में "में फरमाते हैं,"इससे क्या फके पड़ता है कि उक्त घटनाएं इतिहास-सम्मत हैं या नहीं! अंततः ऐसे मुद्दों को लोक विश्वास ही पुष्ट करते

हैं।"

ऐसे निराधार और मनगढ़ंत किस्से यहीं तक नहीं रुकते। एक फारसी इतिहासकार पीर गुलाम हसन के अनुसार लखद जलालुद्दीन बुखारी और सैयद हुसैन समनानी से मिली और समनानी के हाथों लखद ने इस्लाम कबूल कर लिया। अब वह 'बीबी लल्ला आरिफा" कहलाई। और देखते ही देखते लखद के नाम से ऐसे वाख गढ़े गए जिनमें ऐसी स्वीकारोक्ति थी कि मैंने कलमा पढ़ा और कलमा साध लिया जिससे मैं प्रकाशस्थान (लख्य) पहुँची।

इस तरह कश्मीर में लखद को लेकर आपको ऐसे लोग मिलेंगे जो यह तो मानेंगे कि लखद महान कवयित्री थीं, एक माँ थीं, लेकिन वह बाद में मुसलमान बनी थीं।

दूसरे वर्ग के ऐसे लोग मिलेंगे जो कहेंगे कि हाँ, लखद महान शायरा थीं। लेकिन उसपर इस्लाम का असर था।

उसे यदा कदा सूफी दर्शन से प्रभावित शायरा भी कहा जाता है या जब कि उसका दर्शन का नक्शबंदी, नूरबखशी, कादिरी, कुब्रवी, सुहारवर्दी जैसे किसी भी सूफी सम्प्रदाय से दूर का भी रिश्ता नहीं। ये सूफी कट्टरपंथी थे और शरिया का अनुपालन करने पर जोर देते रहे हैं। लोगों को कम से कम 'तोहफ्तुल अहबाब' और "बहरिस्ताने शाही" पढ़नी चाहिए। वह बिना लाग लपेट के कश्मीर शैव दर्शन से प्रभावित हैं।

"लखद एंड हर वाख : एन एन्सैक्लोपीडिक कलैक्शन" के विद्वान लेखक आर.एल.भट (पृष्ठ 23) लखद पर सूफी प्रभाव की बात को सिरे से नकारते हुए कहते हैं कि वास्तव में लखद के बाद कश्मीर में सूफी फलसफा पूरी एक शताब्दी के बाद नमूदार हुआ। लखद के समय में सूफीमत नाममात्र के लिए भी न था।

कभी कभार यह भी सुनने को मिलता है कि वह शैव दर्शन और इस्लाम के बीच एक पुल की तरह थीं। यानी हिन्दु मुस्लिम एकता का कोई प्रतीक मात्र थीं। इतिहासकार पी.एन.के. बामजयी और प्रोफेसर आर.के. पारिमू तक जब ऐसी बेतुकी और निराधार बात कहते हैं तो हैरत होती है। प्रोफेसर आर.के.पारिमू तो अपनी पुस्तक "एसेंट ऑफ सेल्फ" में लल्हद के जीवन से जुड़ी एक कहावत को भी वाख बता रहे हैं :

'होंड माऑरितन या कठ, ललि निलेंवठ चलि नें जांह' अर्थात् वे (उसकी ससुराल वाले) चाहें भेड़ मारें या बकरा मारें, लल के भाग्य में तो सिलबट्टा ही लिखा है। प्रोफेसर पृथ्वीनाथ पुष्प क्यों किसी से पीछे रहते ! वह पता नहीं कहाँ से "कलमा पढा और कलमा साधा मैंने" जैसा छद्म वाख खोज कर ले आए और लल्हद को सेक्युलरइज्म की मिसाल बना गए। अब तो गुलाम नबी गौहर जैसे वरिष्ठ कश्मीरी साहित्यकार भी मिलेंगे जो कि अपनी किताब में लल्हद के वजूद को ही नकारते हैं। लल्हद थी ही नहीं कोई। यह तो ऐसी ही बात हुई जैसे वरिष्ठ साहित्यकार अमीन कामिल भी अठारहवीं शताब्दी की कश्मीरी कवयित्री अरणिमाल जैसी कवयित्री के होने को ही सिरे से नकारते हैं।

इसी तरह लल्हद का गुणगान करने वाले संत कवि नुन्दऋषि के समग्र काव्य 'कुलियाति शेख-उल-आलम' के लेखक और विषय विशेषज्ञ पद्मश्री मोतीलाल साकी (पृष्ठ 148, पाद टिप्पणी) लिखते हैं कि कई ऋषिनामों में लल्हद को अपना अवतार कहने वाले नुन्दऋषि के विनय गीत की तीसरी पंक्ति "स्व साऑन्त्य अवतार लले" को संशोधित कर "स्व साऑन्त्य अवतार नो लले" किया गया है। अर्थात् वो लल्हद हमारी अवतार नहीं है।

यहाँ प्रसंगवश मुझे कश्मीरी साहित्य के वरिष्ठ आलोचक मुहम्मद यूसुफ टैंग के

ललघद के बारे में एक वक्तव्य याद आ रहा है। उनके शब्दों में, "ललघद माउंट एवरेस्ट हैं। पिछले पांच हजार साल में कश्मीर की संस्कृति और सभ्यता की एकमात्र प्रतिनिधि हैं ललघद। देखा जाए तो पूर्व में दो ही महान हस्तियाँ पैदा हुई हैं - रूमी और ललघद। रही बात नुंदकृषि की, वह तो ललघद का शिष्य था जो उसने अपनी कविता में माना भी है। इस तरह ललघद कश्मीर है और कश्मीर ललघद है।" उन्होंने यह महत्वपूर्ण वक्तव्य 15 जनवरी 2015 को जवाहर लाल भट की अंग्रेजी पुस्तक 'ललघद' का जम्मू के के.एल. सहगल हॉल में लोकार्पण करते हुए दिया। मेरे मन में विचार आया कि यदि टैग साहब सच में ऐसा मानते हैं तो इन्होंने कश्मीर युनिवर्सिटी में शेख नुरुद्दीन वली उर्फ नुन्दकृषि की चियर स्थापित करने से पहले ललघद चियर स्थापित करवाने की बात क्यों नहीं रखी। इसके विपरीत जब यहाँ जम्मू में कुछ बरस पहले 'नागराद अदबी संगम' के तत्वावधान में निर्वासित कश्मीरी पंडित कवियों के सम्मान-समारोह अवसर पर बोलते हुए आप ही ने यह कहा कि हमें यहाँ जम्मू युनिवर्सिटी में 'ललघद चियर' कायम करनी चाहिए तो मुझे कोई आश्चर्य नहीं हुआ था। ललघद के साथ की गयी राजनीति का लंबा सिलसिला है।

यहाँ फिर भी 'ललघद को कश्मीर और कश्मीर को ललघद' कहने के लिए मैं मुहम्मद यूसुफ टैग का स्वागत करता हूँ। ललघद के बारे में सोचने मात्र से हम उनके ऐसे विलग अनुभव-संसार में तथा उनके विषय में रचे बुने कथालोक में पहुँच जाते हैं जहाँ उनका संघर्ष, सत्य, सौन्दर्य, कविता, स्वप्न और कश्मीर शैव दर्शन की ऐसी सम्मिश्रिता व्याप्त है कि आप अभिभूत हुए बिना नहीं रह सकते।



*Vigya Kaul***Poetry – An Origin of Emotions Hereby****Poetry -An Origin or Emotios hereby**

Being a poet everyone wants to fascinate you through the possibilities our mind creates. Fair enough but hide the reality behind those metaphors! Ain't really the way.

My fate tells me to let know what lies behind those fabricated curtains of my mind and maybe others!

May be my frequency is totally different from that of yours but being an original writer or thinker of some sort, the people are pushed to think the way we feel profitable to commercialise our thoughts because Come On, of it was not for the sake of the world, the idea wasn't meant to sustain that complicated fist.

So, here do I try to goof around a little through the realm of what's infinite to discover new dimensions that were waiting for companionship or empathy and add a change in its meaning.

**Poetry -An Origin or Emotions hereby**

Let's begin to understand its origin.

Oh well, that line meant some meaning.

I must say.

A dotting poet worked heart-wrenchingly to overwhelm its audience.

How much efforts did you, as a layman make, ask my parents.

Day in and day out, they put words in my mouth.

Unapologetically, not a penny bears my bank account.

Not for the sake of words.

None have what they deserved but wait what then kept it alive?

Had it been worthless, it would have died.

Something again struck my mind.

Continued on next page

Pencil could be erased but ink is the innovation of science.
 If accolades were easy, frauds wouldn't be in times,
 if times were easy they wouldn't need chimes.
 Had success not been accounted for,
 we wouldn't structure the world we have desired for.
 The meaning to our success defines us,
 the Buddhist science of Cause and Effect.
 What causes that success?
 What effect has it put to the world?
 There is a balance to all
 Let's begin to understand its origin.
 A thinker drowns in the affirmation of possibilities
 Another finds it unrealistic to fame
 A poet is indifferent but feels the need towards hard wrenching work
 A state of qualm that it leaves by !
 A statement becomes an affirmation by the stage
 Like procelain porch or patio needs a management by the end of its day.

My pen has always been more than just a family to me. Not because it has seen my vulnerability but because it has held me to overcome pessimism and strengthen the world for me.
 - Vigya Kaul

Praagaash is your own magazine.

Make it popular.

Kundanspeak - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

अभिनवगुप्त

काश्मीर के शैवाचार्यों में अभिनवगुप्त का नाम सर्वोपरि है। यह सन् ९५० में कश्मीर के एक ऐसे परिवार में जन्मे जो विद्वत्ता एवं आध्यात्म के लिये ख्याति प्राप्त परिवार था। इन्होंने शास्त्र तथा दर्शन की विभिन्न शाखाओं की शिक्षा १५ अलग अलग आचार्यों से प्राप्त की। शैव दर्शन में, जो कश्मीर की एक देन है और जिसे त्रिक

शास्त्र भी कहते हैं, वे पारंगत तो थे ही। इसके साथ साथ सौंदर्य शास्त्र, काव्य, नाटक एवं न्यायशास्त्र में भी वे सिद्धहस्त थे।



काश्मीर का शैव मत यूं तो अद्वैत मत ही है

परन्तु शंकर के अद्वैत की भांति यह संसार को माया या मिथ्या नहीं मानता। इस मत की धारना है कि सृष्टि ईश्वर का ही रूप है अतः यह भी ईश्वर की भान्ति सत्य है। इस दर्शन में पृथ्वी से परम् शिव तक ३६ तत्त्वों की परिकल्पना की गई है। जीव पृथ्वी तत्त्व से उठकर शिव तत्त्व तक अपनी साधना से पहुँचने में सक्षम है।

दर्शन के क्षेत्र में अभिनव ने दर्जनों कृतियां दी हैं परन्तु इनमें तन्त्रालोक नामक कृति सब से उत्कृष्ट मानी जाती है। इसमें शैवमत की विभिन्न शाखाओं, कौल, स्पंद, प्रत्यभिज्ञा तथा तन्त्र का सुन्दर समन्वय किया गया है। उन्होंने ईश्वर की पांच शक्तियों,



आचार्य: अभिनवगुप्त:

इच्छा, ज्ञान, क्रिया, पिदान एवं अनुग्रह का सम्यक् विवेचन किया है।

उनकी माता विमलकला का देहान्त तब हुआ जब वे केवल दो वर्ष के थे। उनके पिता नरसिंहगुप्त संयासी जीवन व्यतीत करने लगे और अभिनव प्रकृति से ही विरक्त स्वभाव के हो गये। अपने पिता से उन्होंने व्याकरण, न्याय तथा साहित्य की शिक्षा प्राप्त की। उनके कुटुम्ब के अन्य लोग भी अध्यात्म विशेषकर शैवमत की बारीकियों में विशेष रुचि रखते थे। उन्हीं में से कुछ उनके शिष्य भी हो गये और उनसे ज्ञान प्राप्त करने में संलग्न हुये। अभिनव ने अपने पूर्वजों की बात करते हुये अत्रिगुप्त का नाम लिया है जो मध्यदेश के वासी थे। हिमालय और विन्ध्याचलके बीच के क्षेत्र को मध्यदेश कहा जाता था। इस बात से स्पष्ट होता है कि उस समय भी काश्मीर का स्थान सारे देशके साहित्य प्रेमियों एवं दार्शनिकों में कितना ऊंचा था कि ज्ञानी और गुणी जन विभिन्न क्षेत्रों से आकर काश्मीर मे बस जाते थे। इसे ऋषि भूमि कहा जाता था।

अभिनव के पांडित्य का रहस्य इस बात में छिपा है कि उसने सभी विषयों के आचार्यों से ज्ञान प्राप्त किया जिनमें वैष्णव, बौध, शैव तथा

त्रिक शास्त्र के आचार्य सम्मिलित थे। यह ज्ञान पाकर उसने सभी विषयों को एक नये और मौलिक रूप से प्रस्तुत कर अलौकिक काम किया।

उसने मौलिक ग्रन्थ भी लिखे, टीकायें भी लिखीं और काव्य एवं नाटक भी लिखे। जीवन भर वे अविवाहित रहे और कौल सम्प्रदाय के अनुरूप अपने ओज को अपनी शक्ति बनाया। वे ३०-३५ वर्ष की आयु तक अध्ययनशील रहे और इसके लिये उन्होंने सारे काश्मीर का भ्रमण किया। अध्यात्म में उनका पथ प्रदर्शन शम्भुनाथ ने किया जो कौल शैव दर्शन के महान आचार्य थे। अभिनवगुप्त लेखक भी थे अध्यापक भी। उन्होंने बहुत सारे स्तोत्र भी लिखे हैं जिनमें भैरव स्तोत्र सब से प्रसिद्ध है। कहते हैं कि सन् १०२० के आस पास वे अपने शिष्यों के साथ भैरव स्तोत्र पढ़ते हुये बीरवा नावक एक गाँव की गुफा में प्रवेश कर गये और फिर किसी ने न उन्हें देखा न उनके शिष्यों को। इसी कारण इस ग्राम का नाम बीरवा अर्थात् भैरवग्राम पडा है। इस स्तोत्र का एक श्लोक है: 'अन्तक! माम प्रति मा दृश एनाम् क्रोध कराल तमाम् विधि देही। शंकर सेवन चिन्तन धीरो भीषण भैरव शक्तिमयोस्मि।' वे मृत्यु को



Image : Times Now

का बहुत नाम है। यह भरत मुनि के नाट्यशास्त्र पर एक आधिकारिक आलोचना है। उनके स्तोत्र भी उच्च कोटि के माने गये हैं। उन्होंने आनन्दवर्धन के ध्वन्यालोक पर विवृति लिखी है। वे जितने महान योगी थे उतने ही सिद्धहस्त लेखक एवं विचारक भी थे। दर्शन पर उनका असाधारण अधिकार था। सौन्दर्यशास्त्र में उनका

ललकार कर कहते हैं कि वह क्रोध भरी दृष्टि से उसकी ओर न देखे। वह शंकर की सेवा तथा चिन्तन में मग्न रहने के कारण भीषण भैरव की शक्ति सम्पन्न हैं और मृत्यु उसका कुछ नहीं बिगाड़ सकती। इस स्तोत्र में अन्तिम श्लोक में वसु-रस शब्द का प्रयोग हुआ है जिस से पता चलता है कि इस स्तोत्र की रचना ६८ में हुई वह भी पौष मास में कृष्ण पक्ष की दशमी को। यह ६८ कौनसा कैलंडर है अनुसंधान का विषय है।

दर्शन में जहां उनका तंत्रालोक प्रसिद्ध है वहीं टीकाओं में उनकी ईश्वरप्रत्यभिज्ञाविमर्शनी बहु चर्चित है। काव्य में उनकी अभिनवभारती

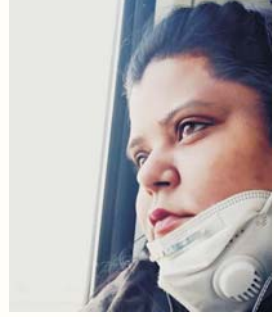
अधिकार रस तथा ध्वनि दोनों ही क्षेत्रों में था। उन्होंने दोनों को मान्यता दी और दोनों की विस्तृत विवेचना भी की। उनकी कृतियों से जान पड़ता है कि वे बहुमुखी प्रतिभा के धनी थे। विशेष कर दर्शन में उन्होंने अनुभूत सत्य की ही विवेचना की। वे नित नूतन हैं और उनका नाम अभिनव भी सार्थक है।।



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Memories of you surround me

Dr. Nidhi Kansal



Memories of you surround me
 Memories of you surround me,
 You're beating my every heart beat,
 The love you have given defines me,
 My life is no longer without you.

I am one who better knows you,
 I am all lost without you.
 You make me complete,
 I cherish you night and day.

Off your presence nothing suits me,
 You are in my soul,
 You are my only hope,
 One who I desire to be mine.

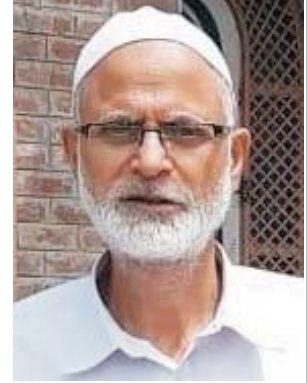
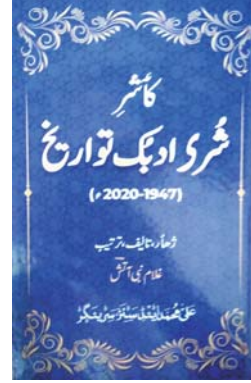
Without your breath,
 I can't survive,
 I need your lips,
 they are mine,
 Nothing wouldn't make us apart,
 You are my everything and my better half.

In your arms I find myself safe,
 I am so happy and always feel great,
 Never in life you feel alone,
 I am always there for you,
 My Soul.





از : لون امتیاز
بمرتھہ کو لگوم



غلام نبی آلیش ☆ مورخ کاشمیری ادب ☆

پاولو کو بلو چھ برازیلی ناول نگار یسنز شہرہ آفاق ناول ”الکمیسٹ“ چھ۔ یوس ۱۹۸۸
منز تخلیق مپز۔ امہ ناولک پلاٹ چھ سانتیاگو (Santiago) ناولس کردارس اُنڈر اُنڈر
سبٹھاہ فنکاری سان وونہ امت۔ تتھ منزسہ اکھ خاب چھ وچھان تہ تعبیر گرس نش و اتھ پچھس
معلوم سپدان زتس چھ اکھ خزانہ میلن وول، یس اہرام مصرس منز دفن چھ۔ خابک تعبیر
ژھانڈنہ موکھ چھ سہ سپین پٹھہ افریقہ تہ تتھ پٹھہ صحرا وک و تو مصر و اتان۔ مگر مصر و اتھ چھس
پنہ خابک حقیقی تعبیر پانے میلان زیمہ خزانہ باپت تم سفر کن پینن کلڈ رین حالات تن و ژسہ
خزانہ ہے چھس گری ٹلہ کلر گونڈس حل پیتھ پٹھہ تم پنہ نس سفرس بسمہ اللہ اوس کو رمت۔ تہ
پنن وطن واپس تتھ چھس چھ پزی ٹل کلر گوڈس تہلی سہ خزانہ میلان یس تم در خاب وچھمت
اوس۔“

سانتیا گوئند خزانہ اوس زینہ اندردو برتھ تہ سون خزانہ فردس فردس تہ ورس ورس پٹھ
چھکرتھ، نہ کانہہ پے تہ نہ کانہہ نیب، نہ گنہ اندتہ کانہہ شانہ۔ ہئی اوس رآ ژ ہندس لہ گٹس اندر
خوب وچھمت تہ یوکو ڈ ڈبلو گاش مژتتھ خابس تعبیر۔

”کاشٹری ادبک تو آرئج“ یمہ کتابہ ہند وجود چھ تہ کتھ ضامن ز یہ چھ کاشٹری
ادبک قدم بہ قدم ترقی ہند خاکہ، واکھ بڑ ونہہ پٹھ سانٹس تام۔ ترتیب کارن چھ تہ پٹھ از تام
کلن شاعرن تہ ادپن تہ تہند کلامکو نو مونہ پتھ پرن والین تام واتناوتی۔ یہ کتاب
چھہ بیون بیون زمانن مژنم نہ والین ادپن تہ شاعرن ہندی فنی نو مونہ بلکہ چھ یہ کتاب تم
دور خاص کرا دبی، تہ تہذیبی ساخت پتھ برونہ کن انان۔ مولف چھ یہ کتھ پور پٹھکر زانان ز
ادبچہ ماجہ ہند گوڈ نیک سنتان چھ یو ہے شری ادب۔

”شری ادب دپتھ گو شاعری تہ نثرک سہ انبارئس خاص پٹھکر شری ہند باپت لکھنہ
آمت چھ یا معنویت تہ افادیتہ کنی سہ شری لایق آسہ۔ بے شک گڑھ شری ہندس ادب
مژ تہ جزئج صداقت، زبانی ہنز لطافت تہ بیانک حسن شامل آسن“
(کاشٹری ادب جلد ۱ غلام نبی آتش)

”کاشٹری ادبک تو آرئج ۱۹۴۷ پٹھ ۲۰۲۰ تام“ یہ چھ سہ نادر خزانہ ئس پہلہ پہلہ

تقریباً پانچاھن کتابن ہند خالق (غلام نبی آتش) سؤ مبران چھ تہ پتہ یمہ ناوچہ داوتار تھ اسہ
بڑ ونہہ کنہ مولا نکو نہ باپت تراوان چھ۔

”کاشتری ادبک تو آرتخ ناوچہ اتھ کتابہ بیلہ پرن وول مثران چھ تہ تس چھ
موخسر گوڈ کتھ پتہ اکھ مدل تہ مفصل مضمون ”شتری ادب تہ امیک تو آرتخ“ صفہ نمبر ۱۲ پٹھ
میلاں۔ شرس چھ ونان، اُمس باپت تخلیقی ادب کیوتھ گڑھ آسن، و اُنسہ ہنز تفاوت کتھ پٹھ
چھ شتری ادبس پٹھ اثر انداز سپدان۔ شتری ادبک تارخ کوتاہ پرون چھ۔ رومانس تہ سسپنس
کوتاہ اُہم چھ امہ ادبہ باپت۔ یمن بنیادی سوالن علاو چھ آتش صاب عالمی ادبی منظر نامس
پٹھ نظر تراوتھ اسہ ایچ اہمت، افادیت تہ ورتاوس پٹھ پنہ نمن موللین خیالن ہند اظہار
کران۔ یس ترقی یافتہ ملکن منز کتابو پٹھ تھو دوتھتھ و رچول (Virtual) برقی و تھ
پڑا و تھ کمپیوٹرن، لپ ٹاپن تہ رابوٹن تام وومت چھ۔ تم چھ یہ لکھان زشترن باپت اولین
کتاب لکھنک سہر چھ انگلستانکس پیشپ ایلڈ ہم سندس سرس، اُس ۶۴۰ پٹھ ۷۰۹ تام زہد
چھ اوسمت۔ تھامس مورے، پیرالٹ، جان نیوبیری، ولیم بلیک، جانا تھن سوفٹ، الکسز نڈر
پشکن، کرٹین انڈرسن، لیوس کاولن بیتر عظیم لکھارن ہنز زان تہ چھ سہ اتھ کتابہ منز کرناون
، یموڈین ہندس ادبس منز پتہ الگ تہ منفرد جائے پڑا و تھ شترن ہند باپت تہ اعلیٰ تہ معیاری

ادب لیوِکھ۔

شُرن ہندس عالمی ادبس پٹھ کتھ کرتھ چھ سہ پنہہ ملکس منز تخلیق سپد متس ادبس
کتھ منز خاص کرتھ اردو ادب شامل پُچھ کتھ کران تہہ حمن اُدپن تہہ تنز تھکُن لایق کامہ ہندتہ
ذکر کران کتھ منز ڈاکڑ ذاکر حسین، محمد اسماعیل میرٹھی، محمد شفیع نیر، حامد اللہ، ملوک چندر محروم،
ڈاکڑ سر محمد اقبال، برج ناراین چکبست، محمد حسین آزاد، جگن ناتھ آزاد بھتر۔ امہ علاو چھ آتش
فارسی زبانی ہنز مشہور کتابہ گلستان بوستان تہہ کلیلہ دمن ناوچن آفانی کتابن ہندا، ہم پٹھی ذکر
کران۔

غلام نبی آتشن چھ یمہ کتابہ برونبہ شُری ادبس متعلق پنہہ زبُون بیُون کتابہ ”کاشر
شُری ادب سؤ مبرن جلد ۱ نثر تہہ ”کاشر شُری ادب سؤ مبرن جلد ۲ شاعری“ کلچرل اکیڈمی ہند
وسادژ چھاپ کر مٹر۔

کتھ تو اُرینچی کتابہ کتھ کاشرس عمومی ادبس منز مپلہ کنہ ہنز حثیت حاصل چھے چھ دون باگن
منز منقسم۔ اُکس چھ یمو شاعری (۱۹۴۷ تا ۲۰۲۰) تہہ بیس نثر (۱۹۴۷ تا ۲۰۲۰) ناو
تھومت۔ گوڈنکس حصس منز چھ یمو شُری ادب کو تم منظوم فن پار اُنی متز یمین اتھ شعس منز جاودنی
چھ حاصل۔ تو اُرینچی اعتبار چھ یمو پہ سلسلہ بلا تفرک یُس کتھ باگس ڈبکہ نلکہ شو بہ ہے تمنے
چھکھ جائے دژ ہرہ یعنی گوڈنیک ناو پیرزادہ غلام احمد مجور ۱۸۸۸ تا ۱۹۵۲۔ آتش صابس چھ

دل و نال ہتھ جا پہ سلوٹ کرن تہ کیا ز مہور سندا کلام پیش کرنہ بڑ ونہہ چھ تم گوڈ تسنز بچہ تہ کھجہ فنی
تہ اُ دیبانہ زندگی ہند پلاٹ اسہ پر نہ با پت بڑ ونہہ کنہ تھا وان۔ تم چھ لکھان
”شاعر کشمیر پیر زادہ غلام احمد مہور اُسر نو شاعری ہند یو بانی کار و مثر۔
تمو لیکھی وژن، نظم تہ غزل۔ اکھ مشنوعی تہ چھکھ لچھہ۔ کاشرس تو اُرتخس
پٹھ اُ سکھ سنی نظر۔ شرن ہند با پت چھنہ تموا لگ پاٹھر زیاد لیو کھمت
اما پوزو طنک محبتکو، برادری، مذہبی، رواد اُری تہ انسان دوستی
ہندی یم با تھ تمو لیکھی تمہن ہنز سادگی، روائی، درد مندی تہ تاثیر کنر
کری واریاہ با تھ شریو تہ پسند۔ مثالے مناجات، گلشن وطن چھ
سونے نیایے تزا ووماے تھا او پانہ وانی بہتر“
امہ پتہ چھ تمو تہند مشہور زماں نظمہ ہند کنہیہ بند مثالہ با پت وڈی مثر۔ مثالے
صاحبو ستھ چھم مے چانی و تھ مے ایلچ ہا تم
کوت کالا روز بے زان، زانی ہند مس چا و تم

To be continued



Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

(A Joint venture of Project Zaan and KAIL)



Koshur Saman-bal

Kosam

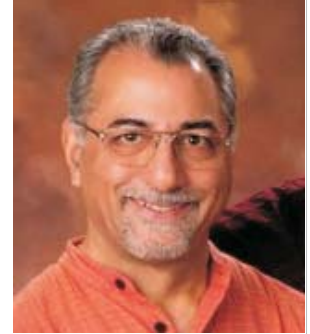
Contest No. 6 : Kashmiri Vocabulary Quiz No. 2

Contest was held online on 23 May 2021 at 5.00 PM. 76 people participated. Following won the Prizes :

1st Prize (Cash award of Rs. 1000.00)
Sarla Kachru



2nd Prize (Cash award of Rs. 750.00)
Ashok Dullu
Vadodara, Gujarat



3rd Prize (Cash award of Rs. 500.00)
Girja Raina
Vasundhara, Ghaziabad



Praagaash congratulates all.



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Maqbool Nadeem Legend of Kashmir is no more

With profound grief and reverence, we announce the death of Maqbool Nadeem, a legend of Kashmir, great poet, scholar and writer. Maqbool Nadeem died due to sudden cardiac arrest on 3rd May 2021 at his residence 'Gulshani Maqbool' at Bijbehara, Anantnag.

Maqbool Nadeem, born on 11th March 1940 in the historical Town Bibehara, started his literary career with his associates such as Prof. G.M.Shad, Mohan Lal Aash, Rasool Pampori and Ghulam Nabi Atash, all well known poets, scholars and writers of Kashmir. Maqbool Nadeem studied at Gorakhpur Technical University (UP) where he got a Degree in Mechanical & Electrical Engineering in 1957. During his studies at Gorakhpur, he continued his literal work under the guidance of Anjehani Shri Kotiyar, a renowned journalist who published Maqbool Nadeem's poetry and fiction in his



leading newspaper. Maqbool Nadeem took up his Government job as ITI Inspector in 1958 and worked with honesty and integrity throughout his service career. He retired as Divisional Engineer, Mechanical PHE in 1998. He was so handsome and decent personality that he was called 'Prince' in the literacy circles. He always maintained his relationships with his friends, associates, scholars but not with politicians though Ex. Chief Minister of the erstwhile state of J&K Mufti Mohammad Sayed was his classmate and was



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



having close relations with him during early studies.

Nadeem Sahib had great interest in other languages and often visited residence of Pandit Aftab Ram, a great Sanskrit Scholar of Northern India, a resident of his hometown, for learning knowledge of stars from him. His creative way with nature and different angles of life is well depicted in his poetry which is having an aspect of intensity. His different colours of poetry impressed me alot. He was kind to everyone and his smile always guided research scholars in a philosophical manner.

He has left behind two sons, four daughters and wife Madam Fatima Ji. His elder son namely Iqbal Nadeem, having literal taste was in great shock but promised that he will not leave any stone unturned to publish his poetry and other philosophical papers which were penned down by his dear father Maqbool Nadeem. He also mentioned that his several book's were released so far in his absence but he will ensure to personally release his new book very soon. Prominent Cultural Organisations and Writers especially Ghulam Nabi Atash, Dr. Mohd. Shafi Ayaz, Iqbal Anjum, Rashid Sarshar, Nadir Ehsan, Yosuf Jahangir, Reyaz Anzenoo, Syed Ezhar Mubashir, Mashroo Nasibabadi, Dr Gulzar Rather, Dr. Shida Hussain Shida and Prof Nisar Nadeem paid rich tributes to this shining star of literature. May Almighty Allah shower His blessings upon the deceased and may grant him highest place in Janatul Firdoos.





Kashmir Report

Kaleem Bashir



Gayoor Foundation pays rich Tributes to Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi

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

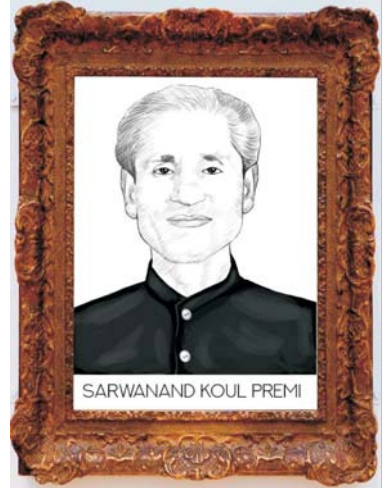


Srinagar, May 01: Renowned literary, cultural & developmental forum Gayoor Foundation today paid rich tributes to Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi on his 31st death anniversary. In a statement issued here, patron of the foundation Prof (Dr) Shaad Ramzan and President Er Showkat Gayoor Andrabi have paid rich tributes to the legend. Andrabi, in tearful-eyes, termed him a great scholar, educationist, writer, poet and translator and said that Premi Sahib was a close friend of his father. He

said, "Premiji's contributions towards art, culture & literature is immense. He was a torch bearer for the generations ahead and he will be remembered for ever."

Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi ji was gunned down by un-known gunmen on 1st of May 1990 at his native village Achabal in District Anantnag.

Gayoor foundation has demanded for starting a research programme in universities of Kashmir & Jammu on his literature. Convenor with additional charge as general secretary SGM Andrabi Kreeri, Vice presidents Imdad Saqi, Ab Rahman Fida, Shri Piraay Hatash, Spokesperson Sayed Tajamul Islam and other Executive Members paid rich tributes to the legend and extended their sympathies with the family of deceased Sh. Sarvanand Koul Ji.



Your Own Page



Raja Naveed Anjum of Bejbehara, Kashmir got his Master's Degree from University of Leeds, Manchester, UK. Naveed is son of Kaleem Bashir Ahmad, Praagaash's Associate for Kashmir.

Praagaash congratulates Naveed

RIYAANSH GAMING

Riyaansh Raina enters YouTube Gaming V-logging. Riyaansh is son of Shweta & Vishal Raina of Vasai, Mumbai.

Letters to Editor

Dear Raina Sahib,

I have liked your article on Mansabal lake, which appeared in Praagaash, May 2021 edition. This article has truly touched my nerves. It has taken me back to my childhood memories when I was hardly 10 - 12 years old wherein I along with school friends used to swim in this lake just near its banks and pluck lotuses which used to be in abundance in the lake.



This lake is more than a pool of waterbody, pure, calm & truly embodiment of divinity with religious connotations experienced by me in person wherein we used to boat with the help of boatman along with our elders to pay obeisance almost near to the source of this lake by offering pure cow milk and flowers and interestingly the flowers & milk used to immerse and penetrate in the deep water without overflowing and mixing in the pool of water. There is a saying that there is a spring in almost centre of the lake which is main source of this lake and some great saint few 100 years back on the lake bank called 'Jroag bag' used to meditate for years and as a mark of his offering after successfully completing his **Dayna**, he offered his body in pieces and immersed same in this divine spring and thereafter flowers appeared on the surface of the water.

I still vividly remember whenever we as a family wanted to boat to the main source of this lake, we used to enter into the tiny colony of fishermen who used to live in small hutments on bank of this lake and our elders used to ask a particular family to help us to take us across to the spring called 'Nagbal' and then only a senior member of the family would boat us as he knew the particular spot by his experience and tutoring received from his elders. Interestingly while offering prayers in the centre of the lake, the boat never used to simmer around at that point, would remain in a static position. Otherwise in normal course while boating, the boat would go up & down due to waves floating around.

My ancestors who were inhabitants of Kulpur Mohalla, village Safapora on the upper banks of Manasbal lake just opposite to Kondbal village mentioned by you in the article, is located near the main road leading to Bandipora Tehsil town from Srinagar city. I have lived in my ancestral home for about 2 years from 1961-63 along with my parents as my father wanted to live for some time in his parents' home which was depleted and almost abandoned after the 1947 tribal raid in north Kashmir. My father managed to get his posting done near a tehsil town Sonwari (Sumbal) which is around three kms from our original ancestral home and in the process he got his ancestral house

Letters to Editor

renovated with modern facilities existing at that time just to live for some time and pay his obeisance to his late elders.

Surprisingly, I have coined for myself an additional surname as Safapuri though my entire family including my father and uncles were with their surnames as Kauls only. I did this job without knowledge of my father when I joined as a student in a professional college. When my father learned about this adoption, he patted me on my shoulders, reason being I and my tiny family were born & brought-up in Srinagar city and it was something unheard those days. I still owe my respectful homage & obeisance to my grandfather for his vision & foresight who somewhere in between 1935-1940 purchased an old house in down-town Srinagar city merely for the sake of giving education to his children.

The passion behind adopting my additional Surname was the inherent attraction of Manasbal lake which would attract me even now merely for its uniqueness & overall serenity and also keep me alive to my original roots throughout my life.

I had an inner desire to build a small hut type cottage at the banks of Manasbal Lake wherein my ancestors had left a big rectangular piece of land engulfed with willow trees but unfortunately could not be accomplished due to sudden exodus of 1990. I had a dream to utilize this so-called

hut after my retirement to experience the tranquillity of life. This is the precise reason I got Goose bumps on my skin when I read your article on Manasbal Lake. Great Job done for me! God Bless! Kind regards

Omkar Safapuri
Bangalore



Dear Sir,

Thank you very much for giving me opportunity to be a part of such a platform (Praagaash magazine). I really appreciate the love, sincerity and guidance of K a l e e m S a h i b , Praagaash's Kashmir representative. He is a good influencer and I hope his helping hand will always be there on upcoming talents.

Regards

Dr. Nidhi Kansal
Etawah (U.P)



Dear Raina Sahib,

Thank you for the latest Praagaash. Looks as good as ever. Kundanji's editorial is very effective and timely in these very difficult times of Covid 19 second wave in India. I hope his instructions and advice are



Letters to Editor

helpful to readers. From the letters, I note that your book on Kashmir has been received by several readers and greatly appreciated. I have not yet received a copy of this book on Kashmir although I replied in the affirmative. Regards,

Robin Chowdhury
Australia



Namaskar,

I have gone through a copy of Praagaash. am extremely delighted that you are doing the most needed work of the day. The grouping of mind currents of Kashmiris under an umbrella of Praagaash is an audacious work to rescue Kasheer from the blizzard of hideous invasion of hate and division, more importantly the ethos and the core value of Kashmir .

I was moved to read the material subscribed by colorful Kashmiris indistinguished in the soil of Kashmir - the Saivist. I am not aware if any material on Kashmir Shaivism has appeared in the media so far. What I mean is whether any elementary introduction to the Trka philosophy like its primer has appeared in English language. I wish to know because I would like that this is introduced to youngsters more than recalling its past glory and writing about Who is Who. I believe that our identity lies in what the land has bestowed upon us and we must at least make an attempt towards that direction .

My love and regards to each one of you including Doctor Chowdhury They were our neighbours, Chaman Lal his elder brother and me were in the same school, DAV School Wazapora. That was of course a very long time ago.

I have made a modest attempt and tried to compose a kind of essay on the Elementaries of Shaivism of Kashmir, the space which Kalhan has described as Spiritual geography of the land. This runs into over thirty five pages. I am not aware if such like literature has already appeared in English language .

Durga Nath Tiku
Bag-e- Mehtab, Srinagar



دلوہا کاشٹریو بڑ وئہہ گن نڈر پچان پیدا کر
ٹنہ رنڈ ناوڈی نڈر کاشٹریو زبان بڑ تھ جاپہ جھے فخر



دلوہا کاشٹریو کاشٹریو زبان جھے پر رنگ انہار
رئمن، لہہ ڈن تہ رڑھراؤن آتی سہدکھ ڈ بختاور
(مجید مسرور)