

ॐ नमामि त्वां शारदा देवीं,
महाभागीं भगवतीं काश्मीर पुर्ववासीनीं,
विद्यादायिनीं बक्ष मां बक्ष माम्। नमामि त्वाम्।

hār-van

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan



हॉर-वन

'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

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Kashmir Arts & Crafts : Silk embroideries with floral patterns

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Editorial

Kundan

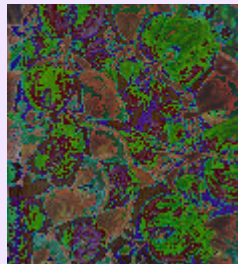
Our Tradition

Last month we heard about the sad demise of Dr. Baljinnath Pandita. He was a great Shaiva philosopher, an ardent and caring teacher and a thorough gentleman besides being an exalted spiritualist. He was my teacher and naturally his death made me think about our tradition. The Sanskrit equivalent of the word tradition is 'Parampara' which means from one to another or from generation to generation. Thus tradition is what we have inherited from our ancestors. I could readily think of two major items that we can justifiably be proud of. These two items are 'Rishi Parampara' (Ryeshyut in Kashmiri) or the tradition of sainthood and 'Kashmir Shaiva Darshan' or the Trika Philosophy of Kashmir. In fact the two are so intermingled that no line can be drawn to demarcate their area of influence.

Let us take the latter first. It was the sage Vasugupta who meditated on the great Shiva and begged of Him to reveal the profound secret. He guided him to a rock, which when touched by him overturned and there were 'Shiva-Sutras' written on it. These aphorisms became the foundation on which the philosophy of Kashmir was built up. It developed into three major branches, the 'Spanda' or the divine throb, the 'Pratyabhijna' or the cognition and the 'Tantra' or the mystical exercises. This philosophy is basically a non-dualist ideology where the creator and the creation are considered as one. It is believed that there are thirty-six elements from the gross element of the earth to the subtlest element of the Parama Shiva. The seeker has to rise from the gross element to the subtle element and realize the Divine, which coincides with self-realization. The creation is believed to be the manifestation of the creator and thus both are real and that there is no illusion except when the vision is blurred by the sense-objects.

There is a galaxy of the great Shaiva scholars, who have written treatises, commentaries and original works about this great philosophy including Kallat, Somananda, Utpal Dev and the genius Abhinavguptapada. The last named is

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Know Your Motherland

Kashmir is famous throughout the world for its **Arts & Crafts**. The beautiful products produced mostly in cottage industries with unique craftsmanship and matchless excellence, are the most sought-after items on a tourist's list. Silk embroidery holds a high place in the textiles of Kashmir in the shape of shawls and sarees. The embroidery patterns called 'Kaseeda' are freely drawn by the craftsman called 'Naqqash', generally from his memory. The finest embroidery on shawls and sarees has no 'wrong' side, which means that it displays the same fineness of work on both sides. ♦♦

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the author of the monumental work on Shaiva philosophy called 'Tantraloka'. In this philosophy God has been conceived as a universal Consciousness, which pervades everything and yet transcends everything, 'Vishwa-atmikam tad-uttirnam hridayam parameshatuh. Paradi shakti rupena sphuranteem samvidum numah'.

As regards the Rishi cult, it is to be noted that Kashmir has all along been called 'Rishi-vaer' or the garden of sages. Although the hidden source of this tradition is the same Shaiva philosophy, yet the visible source is Lal Ded, whose 'Vakhs' (lit. power of giving expression to the knowledge) are on the tip of the tongue of every Kashmiri. She was followed by Nunda Rishi, whose 'Shrukhs' ('Shloka' in Sanskrit) are again very popular. Thereafter we come across the writings of the Muslim Rishis from Shams Faqir to Ahad Zargar, whose poetry in native language is seeped into this non-dualistic philosophy. We also have devotional songs written by Paramananda, Krishna Joo Razdan, Prakash Ram and others. These are also written in the backdrop of the non-dualist philosophy of Kashmiri thinkers. In Kashmir, scholars like Dr. Neel Kanth Gurtu have done a lot of work on this philosophy. Outside Kashmir also there are some scholars who have worked on various important texts of this philosophy. Dr. Pandey in Lucknow, Dr. Chaturvedi in Jaipur and others have highlighted the distinguishing features of this rich tradition of ours. There is an Abhinavgupta Centre of Kashmir Shaiva Darshan at Lucknow. Dr. Chatterjee has written a history of Kashmir Shaiva Philosophy. There are, however, still many areas that require a concerted research so that the uniqueness of this thought is prominently brought out. It is time that our young scholars take up the work from where scholars like Dr. Baljinnath have left and thereby enrich our tradition by opening newer vistas of knowledge. ❀❀

Editors' Mail

Pamposh Enclave, New Delhi

Dear Mr. Maharaj Krishen,

I have gone through the inaugural issue of "har-van". It is good and I admire the effort each one has put into this to give their best. I wish you have regular flow of valuable articles to keep the interesting and informative magazine going. It will be my pleasure to keep you sending some material good for printing and keep the mission going. I am sending an article, hope you find this worth printing.

If you like I can regularly send you a quiz comprising of 10 questions and their answers which can be printed in next issue. Persons attempting the quiz have to mail their answers. Selection of winners will depend on faster and maximum correct. Winners for the first and second position will receive prizes.

My concept of a magazine is that our young generation should be attracted to it and before passing it to the elders, they should scan their portion of the magazine. Otherwise we are thinking only of the older generation which is much less in number compared to the young ones.

With regards,

A K Jalla

BHU, Varanasi

Mahara namaskar

This is splendid, a job that a person like me would take ages to do. Many many Congratulations and may Maa Sharada Bless you.

Raj Nath Bhat

Vaishali, Ghaziabad

Dear Raina Sahib,

Namaskar. Going through the second issue of 'här-van' has given me as much, if not more, pleasure as the first one did probably because that was a maiden attempt and gave a novel sudden surprise which was so very welcome. The standard of the magazine continues to be high and it is a great pleasure to enjoy the material.

The entire har-van parivar, comprising the various persons sincerely engaged in their own way in bringing out the publication, deserve our gratitude and heartfelt thanks for the laudable role they are playing in making the project a

Continued on Page 4

reality, month after month. Harwan (or har-van), a village near Shalimar Garden, has many nostalgic memories for me. In between Srinagar and Harwan, very close to the Nishat garden, is the Ashram of Swami Lakshman Joo (whom we call Ishwar Swarup ji) where I regularly went, being closely associated due to close relationships particularly with Sushri Sharika Devi and Prabha Devi, Swamiji's nearest disciples. Gurudev Swamiji was our family's spiritual guide and mentor and he would often have picnics to Shalimar, Harwan, etc., with our family and at times some others. At such gatherings, we enjoyed by getting closer and listening to his gems of spiritual messages meant to cleanse our spirits; in between he would also cut meaningful jokes, the real purport of which needed to be understood after closer analysis. It is very difficult to pen down the ecstasy all this created. AH! how much we miss the golden times gone by, only sweet memories of which we cherish now.

I pray to Almighty to grant long lasting continuity to your endeavours so that the community gains immensely from the penetrating contents of 'här-van'.

Orzoo and regards,

Kapil Kumar Sopory

Muscat, Oman

Dear Raina Saheb,
Thanks a lot for sending this month's edition. I was really looking forward to this. Me and my wife enjoyed the last edition and were awaiting the next edition.

God bless us all.

Daleep Kashkari

Hyderabad

Dear Sir,
I am extremely impressed by the quality of publication in 'här-van'. I am sending you herewith a short story "Kohl in my Eyes" and two short write-ups about my two books that have been published. I request you to kindly publish them in the coming issue of 'här-van'. If you need any other information,

please write to me. Thanking you and with regards,
Parineeta Khar

Kunjwani, Jammu

Wonderful and exciting! It will not be exaggerating to say "You are genius" to explore in exile.

'brîjû dâs chhû vanân lâsîv tû bâsîv'

B.K.Dass

Bandra, Mumbai

Raina Sahib,
Namaskar. Thank you for the story "TOTU SUNZ KATH", both in Devanagiri and Roman Script. Look forward to many more.

Avtar K. Misri

Namaskar,
Thanks a lot (for congratulating me for the Microsoft Award). It is the result of your blessings and Prayers. New generations owes it all to your generation ... who sacrificed so much to give us knowledge and empowerment in this world. I am just an offshoot of the plant which you people watered from 1990 onwards with care and dedication. It is the result of every Kashmiri Pandit who might have even contributed Rs 1 to Kashyap Bhawan, wherefrom I started my career.

With great Regards

Veer Ji Wangoo

Tomal, Bohri, Jammu

Dear Mr. M.K.Raina,
Some days back we had gathered in the K.L.Saigal Hall of Abhinav Theatre, Jammu to honour Kashmiri literary icon Shri Arjan dev Majboor. It was a grand programme organised by J&K Academy of Art, Culture & Languages. I was glad to know that you have started a website to record the literary and other achievements of Kashmiri writers. In fact, my friend Shri Prem Nath Shaad had downloaded my pages and asked me to send my previously published book, a photograph and bio-data to you. He actually provided me your address and contact number.

I am sending one of my books (a poem

collection) entitled 'Poshi Kuj'. I would feel thankful if you could include me in this project and also provide me the website so that I could get it downloaded, and remain in touch with it. I hope to know much more about this project.

Moti Lal Koul 'Naaz'

तालाब तिलो, जोम

आदरनीय रैना सॉब,
येमि हिसाबु हॉरवन ब्रॉह ब्रॉह पकान छु, तमि हिसाबु वाति यि जलदुय सारिनय रिसालन सरस। तुहँजि कामि मंज छि अख कथ ब्योनु। तोह्य छिवु कॉशिरि ज़बॉन्य मायि बोरुत सग दिवान तु कॉशिर्यन लिखार्यन यज़थ अफज़ॉयी बख़्शान। यितुय योत नु केंह, तोह्य छिवु प्रोन कुमती कॉशुर अदब ति असि ब्रॉह कुन वातुनावान। यि कथ छनु बाक्यन रिसालन मंज। कॉशिरिस सुत्य ख्वय थवन वॉल्य रोज़न हर हमेशि तुहँद्य शुक्र गुज़ार। कॉशिर्यन लिखार्यन, यथमंज जादु तर कॉशिरि ज़बॉन्य मंज लेखन वॉल्य शॉमिल छि, लूकन ब्रॉह कनि पेश करनु बापथ युस कदम त्वहि तुलमुत छु, सु छु मुबारकस लायख। हॉरवनु किन्य हेचुन असि वारु वारु यिथ्यन लिखार्यन सुत्य ज्ञान सपदुन्य। कनन छुम गोमुत जि तोह्य छिवु प्रॉन्य कॉशुर कथ 'गुले बकावली' नवि सरु लेखान। यि कर ह्यू यियि परन वाल्यन ब्रॉह कुन ?

'Peculiar & Uncommon Kashmiri Words & Phrases' पॅरिथ सपुद दिल ख्वश। वारयाह यिम लफ़्ज छि सानि द्यमागु मंजु न्यबर द्रामुत्य। व्वमेद छम जि अमि सुत्य सपदि लूकन हंजि ज्ञानकॉरी मंज वारु हुर्यर।

म्यानि तरफु छु बेयि अकि लटि कुन्दन सॉबस तु त्वहि वछि वॉलिजि मुबारख।

विजय कौल

We invite your views on the contents of 'här-van'. Kindly write back to enable us to make the journal more attractive and interesting. Post your input at:

editorharvan@yahoo.co.in

Humour

How to recruit right person for a job

Put about 100 bricks in some particular order in a closed room with an open window. Then send 2 or 3 candidates in the room and close the door. Leave them alone and come back after 6 hours and then analyze the situation.

If they are counting the Bricks, put them in the accounts department.

If they are recounting them, put them in auditing.

If they have messed up the whole place with the bricks, put them in engineering.

If they are arranging the bricks in some strange order, put them in planning.

If they are throwing the bricks at each other, put them in operations.

If they are sleeping, put them in security.

If they have broken the bricks into pieces, put them in Information Technology.

If they are sitting idle, put them in human resources.

If they say they have tried different combinations, yet not a brick has been moved, put them in sales.

If they have already left for the day, put them in marketing.

If they are staring out of the window, put them on strategic Planning.

And then last but not least. If they are talking to each other and not a single brick has been moved, congratulate them and put them in top management.

(Input: Avtar K. Misri, Bandra, Mumbai)

गवर्नमेंट आफ इंडिया

नॉयिद वानस प्यठ ओस अँकिस नामावर लीडरु सुंदिस बयानस प्यठ बहस चलान। अँक्य वोन, “हे, च़ठ सॉ कथाह ! दपान छी, रातुकि बयानु सुत्य छ्य सेंट्रल गवर्नमेंटस थरु च़ामुच़।” नॉयिदस गव नु यि बरदाश केंह। दोपुनस, “हता यारु, च़ु कथ सेंट्रल गवर्नमेंटुच कथ करान। बु छुसय वनान, गवर्नमेंट आफ इंडियाहस ताम आसि तुर फँटमुच़।” बाक्यव सारिवुय कोर नॉयिदु सुंजि कथि तॉयीद।

- (अँछव वुछमुत)

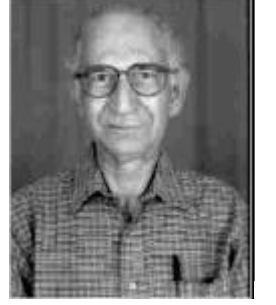
ख्यफ तु छ्यफ - २

पँडित साँबन न्युव मखनु पानस सुत्य कामन रुमस मंज तु चपरॉसिस अथि अनुनॉविन अुठचमि जमॉन्न मंजु बाक्य साँरी राह ज़द लँडक बुलॉविथ। पतु पुछुनख, “पोज़ पोज़ वँनिव, त्वहि क्याज़ि लोयिवु शम्भूनाथस?” अमि ब्रॉह जि बेयि कांह मुन्नरिहे आँस, मूती हरकारन वोन पँडिथ साँबस, “अँम्य हज़ कोर यवु गिंदुनस मंज टड। व्वन्य येलि असि अज़ दोपुस जि च्नु छुख टडल, अँस्य गिंदुनावोथ नु पानस सुत्य, अँम्य हज़ चारि नन्यय नन्यय ल्यकु। असि हज़ खँन्न च़ख तु असि हज़ लोयुस।” पँडिथ साँबन पुछु बाक्यन अतुर करन वाल्यन जि यि छा पोज़ ? सारिवुय कोर आंकार। पँडिथ साँबन वोन यिमन कसूरवारन, “तोह्य प्रॉरिव येती, बु आसवु।” सु गव ह्यड माश्टर सुंदिस दफतरस मंज तु तति पुछुन मखनस, “चु वन साँ, च्ने क्याज़ि लोयिहँय यिमव लँडकव?” श्वम्भन द्युत नु जवाबय, बँल्यकि गव तस कलु ब्वन वुन। पतु पुछुनस, “च्ने चारिथु तिमन ल्यकु?” श्वम्भु रूद तोति छ्वपु दम वँरिथ। ह्यड माश्टरन तु पँडिथ साँबन कोड तर जि यि छु इंतियॉही इस्तियाल अंगेज़ी हुंद मामलु तु मूलु तलु छु अम्युक जिमुवार श्वम्भूनाथुय। ताहम कामन रुमस मंज फीरिथ यिथ कोर पँडिथ साँबन लायन वाल्यन शुर्यन लानु तानु तु समजॉविन, “त्वहि पज़िहे अँमिस खलाफ ल्यकु चारनस प्यठ मे निशि शकायथ करुन्य, न कि यिथु पॉठ्य सँमिथ अँमिस ब्यदर्दी सान लायुन। त्वहि छुवु पय जि तुहँजि अमि हरकँन्न हुंद सज़ा हेकि स्यठाह सख आँसिथ। तोह्य यियिव स्कूलु मंजय खॉरिज करनु। तुहुंद मुस्तकबिल गछि खराब, त्वहि लागि वुम्बरि बापथ वट। तुहुंज ल्वकट वॉस तु नासमजी नज़रि तल थँविथ छुसवु बु त्युथ सख कदम तुलनु निशि पथ रोज़ान। अमा पोज़ त्वहि गछि बास लगुन जि लोरि शलख क्याह गव ?” पँडिथ साँबन ओन पनुन रूलर तु वोनुन मखनस, “शंग साँ यथ टाठस प्यठ।” पतु वोनुन मूती हरकारस, “रठ साँ येमिस ख्वर थोद।” मूतियन तुल्य मखनस ख्वर थोद तु पँडिथ साँबन तुल रूलर फेकि ह्योर। वुनि ओस माश्टर जियस रूलर दब वालुनय जि मखनन लोग मँचलु, “हतु हज़, मूदुस हज़। मॉफी दिम हज़। व्वन्य हज़ करु नु यिछुहरकथ ज़ांह।” माश्टर

जियन वोल रूलर हुकु, अमापोज़ ख्वरन निशि वॉतिथ रोदुन अथु तु लोयुन रूलर मखनस ल्वति ख्वरन। दर अस्ल ओस पँडिथ आँरी मिज़ाज़। अमापोज़, सज़ा ओस हावुदोरु बापथ द्युन। मखनन, येम्य अँछ तु म्वछि चीरु आसु वचिमचु, त्रोव फ़ख तु वोथ आँखिथुय अँहराय करान। यिथी हिव्य जु जु च़ोर च़ोर दब बाक्यन सज़ावारन दिथ तु तिमन तंबेह कँरिथ द्राव पँडिथ साँब कामन रुमु मंजु तु दितुन ह्यड माश्टर साँबस रपोट तु कँरुन सुफॉरिश जि मामलु करव खॉरिज। श्वम्भन तु तँम्यसुंद्यव गरिक्यव ति द्युत नु मामलस ज़ेछर, ज़ॉहिर अमि म्वखु जि श्वम्भन आसिहे पनुन अतुर खँटिथ थवनु बापथ गरिक्यन पनुनि रतिदॉव्य गछुनुक बदलय कांह वजह वोनमुत।

तमि द्दह प्यठ त्रॉव मखनन तु बेयव कलासुक्यव बट लँडकव श्वम्भस सुत्य कथ बाथ करुन्य। गिंदुक ओस नु सवालुय। कँह रेत्य पतु अुठचमि हुंद इम्तिहान दिथ गँयि शुर्य वख वख हाइ स्कूलन। मखनु तु श्वम्भु गँयि छ्यनु तु अज़ पेयि अख अँकिस शेयि वुहुर्य बुथि। अमि ब्रॉह दपव तिम मा अँस्य नु अख अँकिस समुखान! समुखान अँस्य, अमापोज़ दूरि दूरि तु द्दशुवय अँस्य कलु फिरिथ या अँछ ब्वन कुन छुनिथ पनुनि पनुनि वति पकान। अज़ सपुद हंगु मंगु नखु पॉठ्य समखुन, तु श्वम्भुनि खलाफि तवकू दोस्तानु पॉठ्य पेश यिनुसुत्य गँयि मखनुस ज़ंमीरस दुनन। सु गव स्यठाह नॉदिम।

यिमन पँतिम्यन शेन वँरियन मंज गव ज़मानस यि दँप्यजि ति, तलुक प्यठ। जरमँन्य जंग वोत अंद। जापानस त्रोवुख अटम बम तु दिवनोवुख डिकसु। जरमनी गँयि ज़ु हिसु, अम्रीका बन्योव अख बेन-उल-अकवॉमी ताकथ, अकवामि मुतहिदा आव मनज़ूम करनु, हिंदुस्तान गव आज़ाद, अमापोज़ दून टुकरन मंज। शहरु गाम गव कतलु गॉरथ, कँशीरि प्यठ कोर पॉकिस्तानन कबॉल्य बुथि दिथ हमलु, महाराजा हरी सिंग च़ोल हकूमथ त्रॉविथ, अवॉमी राज आव तु तँथ्य सुत्य आव बेबूज, बटन हुंदि ओबुरयुक तु यख्तियारुक सिर्यि गव लूसिथ,



बेतरी। मखनुन्य गरिक्य, वूठ, यिम चकदार ऑस्य, तु यिमन हरदु कुनिथ दुनिथ ओस वॅरियस सुंब दानि तु पजन हुंजु पजि तील गुर्यन प्यठ मुलुगामु वातान, पैयि रसँज प्यठ। गर ओस ल्वकट्यव बड्यव वुह बाँच, रसद ऑसुख पांछ खॉर दानि यिवान। यि दानि ओस अुठ्युम हिसु रय लद तु अुठ्युम हिसु कनि आसान। रय लद तु कनि कॅडिथ ओस मुनिथ दुनिथ अथ मसा त्रे खॉर तोमुल नेरान। यि तोमुल ओस यिथिस अयालस, येति दूहस डाय त्रख तोमुल ओस लेलिस प्यवान, मसा वुहन दूहन पोशान। याने अति ओस शूशस ति पुशय। परुगी ऑस बाज़रु बबुनि म्वलु तोमुल मॅल्य ह्यथ पूर यिवान करनु। अवय ओस र्यथ खसवुनुय शूभावॅतियि फिफुरन लगान जि रसद गॅछ खारनुयिन्य। यि कॉम ऑस बाँयलालस मटि। बाँयलाल ओस शूभावतियि ज्युठ द्यु, ल्वंडुर म्वंडुर तु ब्यकार। सुय ओस गरिच बाज़रु कॉम करान, तमी बहानु ओस सारिनय ऑशुनावन नून तील दिथ यिवान, शुर्यन नज़र गुज़र थवान, ओरुचि योरुचि टुडि खबर अनान, बेतरी। अँज्यकिस ओस बाँयलालस तँबियथ नासाज़। (तँबियथ ओर नु आसुन ओस हीथ। असली तलु ऑस्य तिम मँज्य मज्य ह्वड ह्यवान पनुनिस पानस बोश खारनु बापथ तु यि च्नेनुनावनु बापथ जि तिमन रोस पकि नु गरय। अज़ ति ऑस्य तिम दरकु रॅटिथ कपर च़ादर वुरुन्य ह्यथ पनुनिस कुठिस मंज़ डाफ त्राँविथ।) तवय प्यव शूभावॅतियि नेचिविस रसद खारनु बापथ ज़ारु पारु करुन।

मखनुन ओस युहसुय मारचस मंज़ बी.एस.सी. हुक इम्तिहान द्युतमुत। सु ओस रिज़ल्टस प्रारान तु सुती ओस नेबरु कालिजन मंज़ डाक्टरी, अँजीनेरी बेतरी बापथ दरखास सोज़ान। मोल ति ओसुस नामिनेशन तु लोनु बापथ वथ वलज़ करान। अमि म्वखु ओस यिमन दूहन मखनु म्वकलुय तु जादु गरसुय मंज़ आसान। सुबुहस दूहय परबथ गॅछिथ ओस कुनि कुनि दूहु यारन दोस्तन सुत्य पनुनि या तिहुंदि गरि स्वीप या तुरुफ गिंदान। आदाथ ऑसिस जान, मा-सिवायि सिग्रेठ च्यनुकि।

गरु वॉतिथ ति ओस मखनु सौंचान जि श्वम्भु कूताह फराखदिल द्राव। तँमिस रूद नु म्योन मंदछि लायख वरताव कानि तल, बॅल्यकि सु मँशुराँविथ कोरुन मे सुत्य वछि वॉनिंजि दोस्तानु वरताव। दर अस्ल छुस बु लानॅच लायख। मेय ओस

पनुनिस अंताकरनस मंज़ चूर, तवय फेर्योस बु श्वम्भुन बुथ वुछिथुय गाठु प्यठ वापस। मे प्यठ छु श्वम्भस सुत्य स्कूलस मंज़ वरताव बॅड हॉफ। मे पजि अँमिस मॉफी मंगुन्य।

अकि बजि बतु ख्यथ वोथ मखनु बैयि कुठिस मंज़ तु रॉत्यबॅक्य पॉठ्य किताब परान परान गॅयस ज्वलु। त्रे बजे ह्युव दिच्यनस दिदन (ल्वकचि बेनि मूहनीयि) जीर, “बैया जी, त्वहि माहरा छुव ब्वनु कुस ताम नाद लायान।” मखनुन दिच्य कुठ्य दारि किन्य नज़र तु अति वुछुन आंगुनस मंज़ श्वम्भु। सु वोथ दवान दवान। कॅरुन श्वम्भस सुत्य दस बूस्य तु खोरुन पानस सुत्य कुठ। श्वम्भन वोनस, “पाँचि बजि यियि गॅनी हमाल मिशीनि प्यठ तोमुल ह्यथ। तँम्य आसि दान्यस ताफ दिथ, छॅटिथ तोतान्य सु मुनुनोवमुत।” पतु प्रुछनस, “चु क्या छुख अज़ कल करान।” यि ज़ॉनिथ जि मखनु छु बी.एस.सी. किस नॅतीजस प्रारान, दोपुनस, “तैलि पख व्वलु अँमिरा कॅदल कुन करव चकराह। पख लाग पलव वॅल्य वॅल्य। मे छि वति शाली स्टोरु सिविल सप्लाइज़ डिपार्टमेंटस मंज़ पांचन दॅहन मिनटन कामि रछा तु बैयि छु मे पनुन अँसिस्टेंट गुलाम रसूल कॉज्य नेबरु सडकि प्यठ वदनी प्रारुवुन थोवमुत।” मखनुन वोनस, “सु बिचोर क्याजि थोवुथन वति प्यठ? सु ति गोछ ना पानस सुत्य अनुन।” पलवलागान लागान वोननस, “हयो श्वम्भुनाथा! च्ने हबा छुय बोड दिल। च्ने मँशुराँवुथ स्कूलुच म्यॉन्य तु बाकुयन लॅडकन हुंजु स्व ना-शायान तु वॅहशियानु हरकथ, येमि बापथ मे स्यठाह नदामथ छे, तु येमि खॉतरु बु छुसय अज़ च्ने मॉफी मंगान।” श्वम्भु वोथुस, “तमि सातु ऑस्य ऑस्य ना-समुज तु चॉन्य तु बेयन लॅडकन हुंजु हरकथ सपुज़ शुर्यगी मंज़ सरिज़द। अमि बापथ तुन्यक्यस चोन नॉदिम आसुन या मॉफी मंगुन्य या म्योन मनस मंज़ कीनु थवुन छि ब्याख शुरिल।”

मखनु खोत पलव लॉगिथ कॉनी प्यठ। श्वम्भु खोतुस पतु पतु। मखनुन वोन माजि, “बु गछ्य शोम्भुनाथस सुत्य अँमिरा कॅदल तान्य।” श्वम्भु आव ब्रॉंह कुन, कोरुन शूभावॅतियि तु वन देदि (व्वनुमाल, मखनुनि देदि) नमस्कार तु वोननुख, “पाँचि बजि यियि गनी हमाल तोमुल ह्यथ।” शूभावॅती वॅछुस, “च्ने हबा ओरजूत आय। अमापोज, चु कोत द्राख चायि रोस? च्ने त्रेश ति च्येथ नु। तोबाह तोबाह! ज़न च़ाख मुसलमान गरु। येमिस साँबस ति छुनु कांह बाश।” पतु साँबस कुन, “च्ने

कोना बेहनोवुथन यि चायि ?” श्वम्भु वोथुस, “अँम्य माहरा कर्थाव मे ज़ोर, अमापोज़ पनुनि बांबरि तु आवरेरु मूजुब कोरुस मे ठाख। अदु माहरा नमस्कार।”

श्वम्भु तु मखनु दूशवय द्राय तु वॉत्य सडकि प्यठ। अति करुनोव श्वम्भन मखनुस गुलाम रसूलस सुत्य तोरुफ। नवि कॅदलु अपारि टांगु अडस प्यठ कोर सारिवुय टांगु वाल्यव श्वम्भस तु कॉज़्य सॉबस ‘सलाम जिनाब’ कॅरिथ स्वागथ। टांगु अडुक्य मेठन वोन टांगु वाल्यन, “हयो! कसू छुव लम्बर ? सु कॅडिवू टांगु।” अख टांगु गव यिमन ब्रॉह कनि खडा। त्रेशवय खँत्य। ब्रॉह कनि ब्यूठ कॉज़्य सॉब तु यिम ज़ु दोस पतु कनि। टांगु वॉलय कोड टांगु चूर्यमि सवारि प्रारुनय। टांगु द्राव नवाब बाज़ुर्य किन्य शाली स्टोर कुन। वति पृष्ठ ल्वति ल्वति मखनुन श्वम्भस, “त्रे कूतू काल गोय नोकरी करान ?” श्वम्भन वोनस, “साड त्रे वॅरी।” पतु नन्योव मखनुस ज़ि कमि मजबूरी किन्य प्यव श्वम्भस मैट्रिक कॅरिथुय परुन त्रावुन तु गरिच ज़िमवॉरी पूर करनु बापथ नोकरी कुन्य। श्वम्भुन प्यता पँ० नन्द लाल थपुल, युस फतेह कॅदल डाक खानस मंज़ सब पोस्ट मास्टर ओस, गव हंगु मंगु श्वम्भुनि मैट्रिक दिनु पतय स्वर्गवास, मॉज, ज़नानु, ज़ु कोरि तु ज़ु नैचिव्य त्रॉविथ। यिवनुच ऑसुस कूर, पदमॉन्य, यस खांदर गॅडिथ ओस। तस पतु ओस श्वम्भु, पतु आशितोश तु पोतुस लल। नन्दु लाल जिथिनि स्वर्गवास गछनु पतु शैयि रेत्य छुन धनुवँतियि (श्वम्भुनि माजि) स्वर्गवॉस्य बरथा सुंदि प्राविडेंट फंडु, इन्शोरन्स पाँसव, पोस्ट आफिसस मंज़ बचथ खातुकि कॅलील रकमु सुत्य तु व्वजुम व्वरुद कॅरिथ पदमानि खांदर कॅरिथ। गो कि तँम्यसुंद्य वॉरिव्य ऑस्य प्रूगस प्यठ यि न्वशि हुंदि माल्यनि वातान ओसुख, अँछन मथान, ताहम ऑस कोरि हुंद ग्वडन्युक वॅरी आसनु म्वखु प्रेथ प्रूगस प्यठ धनवती पनुनि मकदूर पेठी नेरान। कॅछा अमि किन्य ज़ि कोरि गोछ नु मनस मंज़ बबु रोस आसनुक एहसास सनुन। अँकिस बेयिस ज़ारु पारु कॅरिथ लागुनोवुन श्वम्भु सिविल सप्लाइज़ महकमस मंज़ कलर्क। डाक खानस मंज़ मुतरँहमानु बिनुहस प्यठ ऑसिस चिठी रसानु संज़ नोकरी दिवान, खसु श्वम्भन तु धनवँतियि हज़र ज़ॉनिथ नामंज़ूर कॅर। श्वम्भन करुनॉव पानस दफ्तरु न्यबर फील्डस मंज़ तबदीली तु बन्योव गाठ मुनुश। वन्य ओस अँम्यसुंदिस तनखुहस तु माजि हुंदिस म्वंडु प्यनशनस प्यठ

गरु चलान। आमदँनी कॉच्चाह ऑस ज़ि सॉरी खर्चु नेरुहँन ? ताहम तँथ्य त्रुक त्रुक त्रु पाँवी प्यठ ऑस धनवँती बूज़िथ शूचिथ क्यमांगरी सान गरु पकुनावान। मँज़्य मँज़्य ओस बोड कॅह खर्चु प्यवान, पदमानि हुंद प्रूग, आशितोशु सुंद यूनिवर्सिटी हुंद तु कालिजुक फीस, ललि हुंद मैट्रिकुक फीस, आशितोशुन्य तु ललि हुंज़ु किताबु कागज़, मील कलम, ज़ॅट पॅट बेतरी। माजि ऑस श्वम्भस प्यठय नज़र। सु ओस रेत्य तनखाह माजि दिथ ति यिमन खर्चनु बापथ पाँसुक बुंदबस करान। सु कति तु किथु ओस यि पाँसु अनान, ति ओस नु माजि पय।

शाली स्टोर वॉतिथ वँथ्य श्वम्भु तु रोसुल टांगु प्यठ मखनुस वँनिथ ज़ि च़ु प्रार टांगसुय प्यठ, अँस्य यिमोय दँहन मिनटन मंज़। रञ्चि खंजि टांगस प्यठ बिहिथ रोजनु पतु वोथ मखनु टांगु प्यठ। वानु प्यठ ह्योतुन सिग्रेठ। सिग्रेठ चोन तु पतु रञ्चि खंजि सडकि प्यठ ओरु योर करनु पतु आव तु ब्यूठ बेयि टांगस प्यठ। टांगु वॉल्य वोन मखनुस, “यि बोब क्या माहरा वाति त्वहि ? बडु दिलदार तु रँयीस मिज़ाज़ इनसान छु। असि टांगु वाल्यन ति छु स्यठाह दिलबॅरी करान।” यी वनान आयि श्वम्भु तु कॉज़्य सॉब तु बीठ्य पनुनि पनुनि जायि टांगस प्यठ। टांगु वॉल्य कोड टांगु तु प्रूछुन श्वम्भस, “अज़ कोत माहरा गॅछिव ?” श्वम्भु वोथुस, “पख सॉ कारलटन रेस्टोरेंट।” कारलटन ओस तिमन दूहन बंडस प्यठ सिरीनगरुक सारिवुय खोतु थदि पायुक रेस्टोरेंट यिवान माननु। यि ओस अंग्रेजन हुंदि वख्तु प्यठ चलान आमुत, लेहज़ा ओस अम्युक मैयार थोद। मखनु ओसनु अज़ ताम अथ्य क्याह, कुनि ति रेस्टोरेंटस च़ामुत। तँमिस बडेयि वुज़ु वुज़ु तु खोव ज़ि अमा रेस्टोरेंट क्युथ छु आसान तु अति क्याह तु किथु पाँठ्य छि लुख ख्यवान चवान। रेस्टोरेंटकिस बरस प्यठ वातुवुनुय कॅर दरबानन फरशी सलाम तु मुचरुन गुगूस करवुन बर। ब्रॉह ब्रॉह च़ाव श्वम्भु मखनुस फेकिस प्यठ टाठिन्यारु सान अथु थँविथ तु तिमन पतु पतु च़ाव कॉज़्य सॉब। श्वम्भुनि अच़वुनुय आव मायि दार कर कर करवुन चाक्लेट रंगु पठान ड्रेसस प्यठ व्वजुज सदुर्य लॉगिथ सदुर खॉन्यसामानु असान असान इस्तेक्बालस, कॅरुन श्वम्भस सलाम, वोननुस, “तुहुंद खास केबिन जिनाब छु खॉली”।

(ब्रह कुन जॉरी)

Viewpoint

A.K. Jalla

THE PARADOX OF OUR TIME

The paradox of our time in history is that we have taller buildings but shorter tempers; wider freeways, but narrower viewpoints.

We spend more, but have less; We buy more, but enjoy less; We have bigger houses and smaller families, more conveniences, but less time.

We have more degrees, but less sense; more knowledge, but less judgment; more experts, but yet more problems; more medicine, but less wellness.

We drink too much, smoke too much, spend too recklessly, laugh too little, drive too fast, get too angry, stay up too late, get up too tired, read too little, watch TV too much, and pray too seldom.

We have multiplied our possessions, but reduced our values. We talk too much, love too seldom, and hate too often. We've learned how to make a living, but not a life. We've added years to life not life to years.

We've been all the way to the moon and back, but have trouble crossing the street to meet a new neighbour. We conquered outer space but not inner space.

We've done larger things, but not better things. We've cleaned up the air, but polluted the soul. We've conquered the atom, but not our prejudice. We write more, but learn less.

We plan more, but accomplish less. We've learned to rush, but not to wait. We build more computers to hold more information, to

produce more copies than ever, but we communicate less and less.

These are the times of fast foods and slow digestion, big men and small character, steep profits and shallow relationships.

These are the days of two incomes but more divorce, fancier houses, but broken homes.

These are days of quick trips, disposable diapers, throwaway morality, one night stands, overweight bodies, and pills that do everything from cheer, to quiet, to kill. It is a time when there is much in the show window and nothing in the stock room.

Remember, spend some time with your loved ones, because they are not going to be around forever.

Remember, say a kind word to someone who looks up to you in awe, because that little person soon will grow up and leave your side.

Remember, to give a warm hug to the one next to you, because that is the only treasure you can give with your heart and it doesn't cost a cent.

Remember, to say "I Love you" to your partner and your loved ones, but most of all mean it. A kiss and an embrace will mend hurt when it comes from deep inside of you. Remember, to hold hands and cherish the moment, for some day, that person will not be there again.

Give time to love, give time to speak, give time to share the precious thoughts in your mind.

Contact author at:
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वाय, स्व कांगुर!

माग आवय

द्राग वोथुयय कांगर्योय

फागुन आवय

जागुन चोयय कांगर्योय

चिथुर आवय

मुथु प्योयय कांगर्योय

वह्यक आवय

रोजख कती कांगर्योय

जेठ आवय

ब्रेठ गॅयिखय कांगर्योय

हार आवय

लार लॅजियय कांगर्योय

श्रावुन आवय

यावुन सोर्योय कांगर्योय

Sketch Courtesy: Kapil Kaul
(KPLink.com)

‘här-van’ – the net-journal of Project Zaan

Literature in Exile

‘här-van’ intends to list up the literature (English, Hindi, Kashmiri) produced post-exodus by the biradari and give it due coverage in the issues of ‘här-van’. This will not only contribute to recognition of the work done by our own biradari members, but will also help the authors reach masses.

We may be underestimating our biradari members by thinking that they don’t bother to spend a fifty or a hundred on a book by KP. To our knowledge, the case is entirely different. We KP’s don’t mind to spend for the literature if it is easily available and if there are no hitches in locating the author, printer and publisher. Nobody wants any hassles for as simple a thing as purchasing a book. But wherefrom and how? Most of the books carry the names of authors, printers or publishers, but no telephone numbers, or no e-mail IDs. Sometimes, even the telephone numbers are found changed or not at all working.

In order to take the whole index of books written by KP authors (post-exodus only) right to the reading desk of the biradari (almost every home has a computer now and majority of them do have access to internet), we plan to publish the information on the subject in the issues of ‘här-van’ from 15 September 2007 onwards, in the following manner:

1. Name of the Book:
2. Content (Whether Prose, Poetry, Essays, History, Culture, Religion, Stories etc):
3. Language (If Kashmiri, please state whether Nastaliq or Devanagari):
4. No. of pages:
5. Author:
6. Postal address of Author with Tel. and Mob. nos.:
7. Publisher with address & Tel. No.:
8. Copyright holder:
9. E-mail ID of Author:
10. E-mail ID of Publisher:
11. Price of the Book:
12. If already reviewed, by whom?
13. Some excerpts from the Review if possible.

We would also like the authors/publishers to send **the scanned photo of the book’s cover** and the **author’s photo**. A copy of the publication if sent to ‘här-van’, will be thankfully acknowledged and paid for.

Kindly help us to reach you.

‘här-van’ will provide all logistic support to publicise your works, all free of cost.

M.K.Raina

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पछ, रथ, सिरु कथ



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ओकदोह गव अख, वख छुय वुन्यक्यन,
पख ब्रोंह, ब्रोंह पख, अख गव ईश्वर ।
तँस्य प्यठ मन थ्यर, तँम्यसुंद दान कर ।
सुय छुय आगुर, तँस्य सुत्य मेलख ।
ओकदोह गव अख ।

(२)

द्वय ज्ञान ज्ञन ज्वय, दून बठिनुय मँज्य
लारान ब्रोंह वुन, प्रारान छ कुनि ?
मारान छालय, छारान सोदुरस
जीव यिथु छारान पनुनिस आगस ।
पनुनिस आगस पमोश लागस
तँस्य सुत्य थव ख्वय ।
द्वय ज्ञान ज्ञन ज्वय ।

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त्रय गँयि त्रिकुवँट, सत चित आनंद
सुय छुय सन्वित, सुय परमानन्द ।
तँस्य मंग ऑही, तँस्य पथ मोत गछ
सुय कासी अज्ञानुक अनिगोट ।
पोशी पूजा, पोशी श्रोचर
त्रावख पथ कुन सौरुय जँट पँट ।
त्रय गँयि त्रिकुवँट ।

(४)

चोरम छि च्चाकुल, वॉनी हँद्य पँद्य
मनुचि अवस्थायि, चोर नरि गणिशस
बेयि नारायणस, वीद ति चोरय
सन अथ कथि च्युय ।
युस बाँथ त्रावख, सुय पेयि ताकुल
चोरम छि च्चाकुल ।

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पाँचम पांडव
यँद्रय क्रैयि हँद्य
यँद्रय ज्ञानुक्य । पाँचि म्वखु शम्भू ।
पाँच पंचस्तव, दयि सुंज लीला,
सृष्टि सौरुय, तँम्यसुंज खेला ।
सम्हारु वखन तँम्यसुंद तांडव,
पाँचम पांडव ।

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शेयम छु शनम्वख, शन तरफन फेर
हॉसिल नु बिलकुल ।
ब्यॉलिस मंज छुय पगहुक थोद कुल,
छारान यस छुख, सुय निशि पानस ।
ज्ञानुन सुय अदु मेली बोड स्वख,
शेयम छु शनम्वख ।

(७)

सतम छे सथ वारु, बेयि गँयि सतु रेश्य,
बोज़ रोस अँस्य पँश्य, सतसुय थफ कर,
सप्त श्लोकी गीता च्यु पर ।
विजि विजि गरि गरि, कर हरु हरु हर ।
पनुनिस आगस कर ज़ारु पारु,
सतम छे सथ वारु ।

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ऑटम छि भॉरव, सुय छुय प्रावान,
येम्य ज्ञन सोम ख्वव ।
यँच गव म्यँच तय चोर अहंकारय ।
सँम्यसुय लोर युस, तस छनु लारुय ।
टोठ सुय मोन अदु, पनुन्यव तु गॉरव,
ऑटम छि भॉरव ।

(९)

नवम नव दोरगा, नव दार त्रोपरिथ
 ज़ीवो ज़फ कर,
 मनसुय मंज छुय, तँम्यसुय थफ कर।
 नव ग्रह करनय अनुग्रह पानय।
 करुखय ज़फ कर, करुखय दानय।
 वश करतन च्युय मनुकुय तोरगा,
 नवम नव दोरगा।

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दँहम छि दँह्य दूह, नोन प्रागाशा,
 कालुच वसमथ, पगहुच आशा।
 आसुन अख तय बासुन वाराह,
 आसुन वाराह, बासुन कीवल।
 सुय प्रथ कुनि मंज, तँस्य मंज सोरुय,
 अंदु वंदु रन्नि रन्नि, सुय मारान छोह,
 दँहम छि दँह्य दूह।

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काह गँयि काहवँट, यथ प्यठ परखान
 स्वन छा किनु छस सर्तल खामुय।
 यीरु गोमुत मा, यथ लोह लांगुरस।
 प्रजुनावान छा पनुनिस पानस ?
 गाश छुसा कँह मनुचन चेश्मन ?
 गँडिथ अँमिस मा अज्ञानुच पँट ?
 काह गँयि काहवँट।

(१२)

बॉश हुंद वाह वाह म्वखु मंजु नेरान,
 वातान येलि तथ परमय दामस।
 येतिनस सोरुय अकुय छु बासान
 बासान क्याह दफ अकुय छु आसान।
 तोतुनस ऑखुर ज़ीवुय छु वातान
 वॉतिथ तोतुनस ज़ीवुय छु रावान।
 रोज़ान क्याह बस गाश तु गाह,
 बॉश हुंद वाह वाह।

(१३)

त्रुवाह त्राहि त्राहे, पाफ हव चलुनय,
 शाफ हव गलुनय, च़ख च़लि वॉर गलि,
 मुह माया पेयि सॉरुय छलि छलि
 अपज़्युक गोट च़लि, पज़रुक रव पचलि।
 आनंद प्रावख, च़लि वँह्य वाहे,
 त्रुवाह त्राहि त्राहे।

(१४)

च़वदाह गव च़ेनुन, सथ तु असथ क्याह ?
 पोज़ तु अपुज क्याह ?
 विद्या क्याह गँयि, ज्ञान विज्ञान क्याह ?
 कर्म करुन्य कम, दर्म वनान कथ ?
 जीवस तु ब्रह्मस मंज युस दूर्यर, सुय गछि मेनुन।
 च़वदाह गव च़ेनुन।

(१५)

मावस गटु ज़ोल,
 अज्ञानुक तम, अनिरुक आलम।
 च़ख, दुय, नफरथ, ज़गतुक ज़ोलानु,
 मो रोज़ माज़ान, ज़ाग ह्यतु पज़ुरस,
 खुर छुनु स्यज़ुरस।
 वख़ुक ह्योर ब्वन, अँक्य च़ोल, ब्याख च़ोल।
 मावस गटु ज़ोल।

(१५-अ)

पुनिम छि प्रागाश, पज़रुक आलम,
 ज्ञानुक च़ोंगाह, विद्यायि हुंद नूर।
 सतुकुय अनुबव, च़्यतुकुय ह्यस होश
 आनंदुकुय मस, सुय चथ मस गव।
 मूलादारु प्यठ आज्ञा च़क्रस,
 सॉराह कँरिथुय पॉन्य पान ज़ोनुन,
 पज़राह मोनुन, गटु ज़ँलिसुय गाश
 पुनिम छि प्रागाश।



Know Your Motherland



Dal Lake, Srinagar

There are numerous big and small lakes in the valley of Kashmir. Dal Lake is one of the two lakes situated in the Srinagar city, the other being Anchar Lake. Half a kilometer away from the Tourists Reception Centre, this lovely lake lies to the east of the city at the foot of Zabarwan mountain. The Shankaracharya hill is to its south and Hari Parbat to its west.

'Dal' is a Tibetan word which means 'Still'. It is believed that in ancient times, there was no lake here and instead a large meadow known as Watalanmarg existed at the place. Later due to a massive earthquake, water gushed into the meadow and took the shape of a lake.

Dal Lake was originally 6 kms. long in the north-south direction and 3 kms. wide in the east-west direction. It was divided by causeways into four parts known as Gagribal, Bod Dal, Lokut Dal and Nagin. Lokut Dal and Bod Dal each have an island in the centre called Rupa Lank and Sona Lank respectively. The jewel in the ring, is the smallest but the most lovely part of the Dal Lake, called Nagin. Separated by a causeway and only a short distance from Hazratbal (Dargah), it has deep blue waters and is encircled by a ring of green trees. This part of the Dal is famous for water sports.

The Dal is famous not only for its beauty, but also for its vibrance, because it sustains within its periphery, a life that is unique anywhere in the world. The Hanjis (House boat and Shikara community) have lived for centuries on the Dal and so complete is their infrastructure on the lake that they never have to step on land. All day to day facilities are available in tiny wooden shops on the lake near picturesque vegetable gardens and acres of lotus gardens. Because the Dal Lake is so central to the landscape of Srinagar, many places of tourist interest have over the ages, been built along its periphery. They include Famous gardens like Nishat, Shalimar, Cheshma Shahi, Naseem Bagh, Pari Mahal, Jawahar Lal Nehru Botanical Garden etc. Dal Lake is also famous for the floating gardens, which are an important source of green vegetables. The lake foliage is uprooted and allowed to float. On this, the soil is implanted, making it a land capable of vegetable cultivation. These gardens can move from one place to another and a peculiar thing about them is that they can even be stolen.

(Source: Project Zaan)

Health

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

MY MEDICAL JOURNEY**A prophet in his own house**

[And so they took offense at him. But Jesus said to them, "A prophet is not without honor except in his hometown and in his own house." Matthew 13:57]

I was an intern in the summer of 1962. Internship in India is a period of practical training after completing five years of studies for the M.B., B.S. degree. It lasts 12 months and rotates in different disciplines - Medicine, Surgery, OBGY, Eye, ENT, and Community Medicine. I had finished my degree from Medical College Patiala and had sought special permission from my university to complete my internship in SMHS Hospital, affiliated to Medical College Srinagar. My posting was in medicine.

One Sunday morning mother called me to have a look at my grandfather. He complained of pain in the abdomen. I knew from my childhood that grandfather suffered from chronic bronchitis and duodenal ulcer. He had survived numerous episodes of black motion (ulcer bleed). Often he would dash me to the grocer for a packet of baking soda and wash a spoonful down his gullet with a glass of water whenever he suffered ulcer pains. That gave him instant relief. But this pain was different, he explained. It had started early at dawn and soda bicarb had given no relief. It was intermittent and crampy, mostly centered below the navel. He had passed urine but had not moved his bowels. There was no fever; pulse and BP were within range. I set about to feel the abdomen but grandfather had worn his pajama high above the navel level. I tried to loosen the knot to pull it down so I could have a proper look but he would not let me. Only after I reassured him that I would respect his privacy did he let loose the knot just enough for me to feel the abdomen. It felt soft to my palpation; there was no tenderness but he kept covering his groin with his hand. I pulled away his hand gently only to find a swelling under the pajama!

"This is nothing; it has been there for quite some time. It comes and goes and never gives trouble. You need not bother about it. It is my tummy that hurts."

The words of my surgical registrar rang in my ears, "Do not ever forget to look at the hernia sites in

any case of abdominal pain," and I jerked the trouser down, impatiently, almost irreverently. He was unhappy with me, angry at my audacity. I felt a tense, slightly tender, apple-sized swelling. It was an inguinal hernia. The cough impulse was missing and I tried in vain to reduce the swelling by pushing it gently back into the abdomen. It was certainly obstructed - a surgical emergency!



This was the first time since I graduated that I had been asked to examine a patient on my own, and it happened to be my grandfather. I had to be very sure about my clinical impression. I opened the text book of surgery to corroborate the findings.

By now father arrived on the scene - anxious and worried. I told him that the situation called for an emergency operation. Father looked askance, incredulous.

"What are you talking about? Surgery in this fragile old man! Can he take it; can he survive surgery with that lung problem of his? Can he tolerate anesthesia?" He shot questions one after the other, like the lawyer that he was, taking on a professional witness. I felt like being in the dock. Relevant questions no doubt. I had not even considered them. Like a typical trainee I had concerned myself only with the diagnosis and none of the other details that come with experience. And, strangely, I was not behaving or thinking like a grandson whose grandfather has taken ill, but as a doctor examining a patient and wanting to get at the bottom of the clinical situation.

"Are you not making a mistaken diagnosis? Have you seen cases like that before as a student?" father wanted to be certain.

I was silent, for I had seen hernias but never an obstructed one.

"Even if it is what you say, is there no other way." He looked at me, a mixture of the disbelief on a novice and compassion and faith that only a father is capable of. The rest of the family that had assembled looked on, again with a mixed sense of concern about the

patriarch and empathy with me.

I said I was certain it was a hernia and that it was obstructed. But there was might be a small chance to avoid or delay surgery. I would attempt to reduce the hernia under sedation, though I was not sure about the procedure for I had never seen it being done during my student days. At best it would be a temporizing measure, at worst it would not work, I said.

Since it was a non-surgical intervention, it appealed to my father and my self-confidence helped generate some trust. Father was very understanding; he gave me a free hand. Not many would in that situation, but he trusted me, looking at my cool reassurance. He always believed in his children, and here was a great occasion to give that belief a chance.

I opened the textbook of surgery again and studied the procedure carefully. I gave my grandpa a shot to sedate him and tried the reduction. He was shy, restrictive, un-cooperative, again trying to shield the area with his hands.

It is one thing to have learned all the theory and graduated with honours, quite another to translate that knowledge into the nitty-gritty of everyday practice of medicine. Exactly that is what happened. I started with deep trepidation - nervous, over-cautious and gauche - as I attempted the reduction while the whole family waited outside. The swelling would not budge. I tried a second time but the hernia was stuck. I stopped, for any further attempts could precipitate strangulation of the hernia.

And then, first time since morning, I sat down besides my grandfather and looked at his deep-set brown eyes, his sunken cheeks, and the loose wrinkled skin on his thin neck. He was like a baby – innocent, pure and helpless. He looked back all compassion and affection, even as he was in obvious pain. And I loved him most that moment. He understood my predicament.

“Why do you worry; I am an old man and have lived my years. Whatever will be, will be? You did your best, I think it will settle down soon. Let me get some rest now.”

“No, I will not let us take it lightly; we cannot sleep over it.”

I came out and told my father that there was no way out except surgery. We must take him to the hospital. As if he had read my thoughts, father asked, “I know you are right, but would you like to have the opinion

of a surgeon?”

Father suggested Dr. B M Bhan, an upcoming surgeon, a FRCS from England. He was an Assistant Professor of surgery in the Medical College. I did not know him personally, had not even heard about him.

My cousin and I hired a ‘tonga’ to fetch him. I introduced myself and explained the case. He agreed to come with us.

It is an event in the neighborhood when a doctor comes visiting a patient. While Dr Bhan took time to examine the patient, the neighbors started pouring in and inquiring. I was like a student again, waiting for the result - more concerned this moment with whether the surgeon agreed with me than about the gravity of my grandfather’s illness. Dr. Bhan might have sensed my trepidation.

“Kundan is right; your Dad has an obstructed hernia. Reduction often fails in this situation. He will need surgery right away,” he addressed my father, looking appreciatively at me.

This is a rare moment in the life of a greenhorn in the profession to be encouraged thus, especially in the presence of a huge assembly of relatives and neighbours. It is a moment of triumph. But now was also the time for action. Dr. Bhan said he could not perform surgery for it was not his day admitting day. Dr. Gulam Rasool, a senior surgeon, was on call that day, he informed us.

The ‘tonga’ dropped the surgeon back home and another was hired in which we drove grandfather to the hospital. Having settled him in the ward, an ambulance was sent to Dr. Ghulam Rasool with the house surgeon’s note detailing the salient features. I decided to go along in order to expedite the proceedings and to give my own impressions on the case to the surgeon. Dr. Gh. Rasool was a bespectacled stocky fellow, more like a pugilist than a surgeon. He went through the case sheet hurriedly and, without giving it a second thought, wrote down a note and handed it over to the ambulance driver, and motioned him to go, eyeing me just once as he started to turn back inside his house.

“Sir, won’t you come and operate upon this patient?” I said with great humility.

“I will see him tomorrow; meanwhile I have written out the instructions.” He had suggested conservative measures - nothing by mouth, intravenous fluids and pain killers.

Now I revealed that I was an intern and the patient my grandfather. I explained my fears that the hernia may strangulate if not operated upon in time. Tomorrow might be too late, I said. And would he not, for the sake of a fellow professional, come and have a look?

That made him angry. "Don't teach me surgery, young man," he barked, and so did his bulldog. I thought the canine was waiting for a signal to tear me to pieces but I was not to be moved. I stood there facing the surgeon and his dog, firm and undeterred.

"In that case I will report to the head of the department and request him to examine my grandfather," I said. "I hope you have no objection."

"I do not care whom you report," he was really incensed now, "and what objection should I have, if someone else wants to take over this case?"

I wished to get away from there as soon as possible. How could I trust my grandfather with a person who seemed uncompassionate and unprofessional? This was a clear dereliction of duty. He did not like his Sunday disturbed. (We became friends many years later when I was a professor in my own right in the Medical College. He turned out to be an able administrator of the hospital – a position which was bestowed upon him after his retirement!)

I asked the ambulance driver to head for Dr. Khanna's residence. Dr. Khanna was the head of Surgery. I knew him for he had been my professor in Medical College Patiala and, after retirement last year, he had accepted the position of HOD in the Medical College here.

I introduced myself and he recalled at once that I had been his student. Lean and handsome, he was a contrast - genial, soft spoken, civilized. He made light of my disgust with his colleague, and wasted no time to board the ambulance on way to the hospital.

It was a proud moment for me to introduce my father to my illustrious professor. His tension eased the moment he realized that grandfather would now be in the best hands.

Prof Khanna won over my grandfather with his quiet manners, his wide smile and his soft touch.

"It will take us half hour to set you on course," he said reassuringly.

The patient was moved to the operation theatre and when I sought the permission of Dr. Khanna to watch the surgery, he took me off guard, "Of course,

you will wash up and assist me in the surgery, won't you?"

I did not dare to admit that I had never assisted an operation in my life and hardly watched any during my student days. I had yet to rotate my internship in surgery. But this was a matter of prestige besides the opportunity to prove myself.

It was such a smooth affair! Dr. Khanna spoke softly, almost inaudibly while operating, relating interesting anecdotes from his vast surgical experience, gently guiding me and the theatre assistant, never losing his temper at my clumsiness in handling instruments and, literally, teaching by the hand. He made us all feel at such ease that I forgot this was my first operation; I forgot that the patient under the scalpel was my dear grandfather.

It was a clean job, accomplished in half hour as the surgeon had said. The patient came out of anesthesia and was moved to the ward soon after. The whole crowd was waiting outside to thank the surgeon, eyeing me with admiration. Or, that is what I thought.

Grandfather was home after a week in the hospital, going through an uneventful recovery. It was a grand homecoming, the neighbours and the relatives had assembled to receive him – and me!

"It was all because of you," everyone patted my back in appreciation.

Till that day I was Kundan but now I transformed into Doctor Kundanlal, and people started addressing me as 'Doctor Sahib'. I was no longer a green horn, but a physician in my own right who could be trusted. I had performed a twin 'miracle' of sorts - started charity from home by treating my own grandfather and diagnosed my first test case correctly and handled it well.

I became a prophet with honour in his own house!

Dr. K.L. Chowdhury is a renowned physician and neurologist, based at Jammu. He has very kindly, not only agreed to write permanently for the 'Health' column of 'här-van', but also volunteered to answer health-related queries from the readers. We invite readers to send their queries to the editor 'här-van' at editorharvan@yahoo.co.in to be passed on to Dr. K.L. Chowdhury, or send them directly to Dr. Sahib at kundanleela@yahoo.com

WHAT IS KARMKANDA?

[Saddhak is the pen name of Shri Piyaray Raina . Shri Raina is President of Samarpan Public Charitable Trust (Regd) which among other things is involved with bringing awareness of our cultural heritage among our youth. He is a regular contributor of religious articles in various community journals in India and abroad. He is the author of book 'Socio-Cultural and Religious Traditions of Kashmiri Pandits' published in USA. He lives in Atlanta, USA and DLF Gurgaon, India]



Before going into the details of how the worship is conducted and the logic behind various kriyas (actions) I feel it will be better to let the younger generation know about how the concept of worship developed into its present form.

We humans are strange beings .Our intelligence is far above the normal intelligence of our fellow animal beings into which biological science has classified us together. To put it in empirical terms human brain cavity ,which is the measure of intelligence is around 1200 CCs, that is, four times the tiger (300 CCs), the most swift and ferocious animal and three times the elephant (400 CCs) the most intelligent animal next to a human beings.

It is our intelligence which drives our curiosity to know and understand the movements of Universe around us. Our desires, attachment, fears etc. are all due to our responses to our well being which are guided by our intelligence. Think of a lamb being driven towards slaughter house with a pack of green grass in its front. The intelligence of animals is limited to just for survival on the day to day basis. We bother about not only about our well being but for our several generations down the line.

Yet our intelligence is far far limited to understand all that makes

things move in such uniformity and regularity at macro and micro level. Look at the structure of the all pervading Universe, as we understand it now, and the structure of the minutest atom – they both have same pattern. The electrons move around the nucleus in the same way as various Planets move around Sun and Sun moves around bigger object in the galaxies.

Our ancients made these observations long back before they learned how to read and write. In India our Vedic seers recognized the cosmic powers behind the various cosmic activities as Devas . These Devas, 33 in number, were described as custodians of cosmic order (*ṛta*) which is indicated by the regular alteration of day and night ,the waning and waxing of Moon ,the flow of river water from upper slopes to lower slopes .There was no concept of god then, nor did they visualize these forces as having any form. They just described them as sentient Beings. Thus *Indra Deva* was recognized as the most powerful being that controls all cosmic activities which bring timely rain on Earth which in turn made cultivation of crops possible. *Rudra Deva* was describes as the cosmic power which ensures regularity of movements of cosmic bodies such as Sun, Moon, planets

etc. *Agni Deva*, who provides heat for growth of crops. *Varuna Deva* was recognized as holder of water bodies such as oceans, rivers, and lakes etc which are essential for human survival. Like that *Vayu Deva* for winds and host of other *Devas* were described as custodians for human survival on planet Earth. The whole cosmic world was divided into three regions called *lokas*: *Dhyo loka*, *Prithvi loka* and *Antariksh loka*. *Devas* live in *Dhyo loka* which is up in the sky, our Earth is *Prithvi loka* and the region between Earth and *Dhyo loka* is *Antariksh loka* where malicious beings called *Asuras* live. Females were not given any roles though they were recognized as mothers, sisters, daughters of *Devas* and *Asuras*.

A liturgy was later on developed to praise these *Devas* for their beneficial acts. Offerings of the farm produce called *bhoga* were made to these *Devas* through *Agni Deva* who was recognized as carrier of these *bhogas* to *Devas* as he lived simultaneously in all the three *lokas*: as Sun in the *Dhyo loka*, as fire in the *Prithvi loka* and as lightening in the *Antariksh loka*. Thus *Agni Deva* was invoked by lighting fire in a pit at a clean place in the ground and offerings for *Devas* were made into this fire with the recitations of mantras from Vedas which came to known

as *yagnya* (sacrifice) Yajur Veda describes in detail the methodology for performance of *yagnya* and other rituals.

Over a period of time, in the post Vedic time around 2500 years back Vedic philosophy was described in detail on the basis of Upanishads .It was at this time that god was recognized as the Supreme Power controlling not only *Devas* but the whole Universe. God was described as transcendental power which is beyond human description but for manifestation of Universe god adopted an immanent aspect. Two different schools of thought describe manifestation. One school of thought described god as *Brahman* (in His transcendental aspect) and as *Ishwara* in His immanent aspect. *Ishwara* further down the line is projected as *Brahma* (in His manifestation aspect), *Vishnu* (for maintenance of Universe) and *Mahesh* or *Shiva* (for dissolution of world at the end of certain number of years called epoch). This school of thought came to be known as *Vaishnavism*. The other school of thought recognized *Parmshiva* as the Supreme Power in His transcendental aspect and *Shiva* in the immanent aspect who created Universe through His energy power *Shakti*. This school of thought came to be known as *Shaivism*

While *Devas* had neither form nor temples for worship, the post Vedic gods were given definite anthropomorphic forms and temples to live in. The attributes of gods came to be depicted by iconography. Thus, these gods were depicted as seated on a lotus (sign of purity), having number of arms (sign of strength), many heads (sign of control over directions and so on. The methodology for worship, while retaining the original Vedic liturgy and *yagnya* concept, developed into diverse ways which in due course of time adopted regional pattern which came to be known as *Karmkanda*.

The *karmkandas* of various regions of India have been upgraded from time to time to suit the needs of living generation. The *Karmkanda* followed by Kashmiri Pandits has been written by one learned brahman known as Lorareshi, perhaps in 17/18 century. It is almost lost now but our learned priests have retained relevant portions of this book which they use for conducting ritualistic *pujas* on various occasions .Time has come to upgrade our *karmkanda* to suit modern needs. We need to work on it.

Contact author at: pl_raia@yahoo.com

कॉशिर्य मंजुल्य बाँथ

(Kashmiri Nursery Rhymes)

हु कुस बु कुस
तेलि वन च कुस
ओनुम बतुख लोदुम देगि
शाल किच किच वांगुनो
ब्रमजि हारस पोन् चोकुम
ब्रमजि बेने टेकिस टचकाह
रहमान डारस गुराह प्यायि
गुर्य खेयि बंगु
ल्वबर चंगु
खाबरि खाह - जाह

★★★

जून मॉज जूनी
अंगन मंगन चतुजी
तिम कस कने
रॉयिस कने
तॅम्य क्या दितुय
खसुन गुर, वसुन्य नाव
गछान तु गॅयस
ब्वटन कुनुय
तॅती वुछिम
ल्वकुट म्वकुट
मामनि हना
तमी द्युतुम
ग्यव दूरा
सुय लोदुम
जेजीरे
जेजीर लॅजिम नच्चुने
काव लॅगिम बोलुने
हकु ची ची

★★★

Zaan - the literature from 'Project Zaan'**PECULIAR & UN-COMMON KASHMIRI WORDS & PHRASES - 2**

àjì darshún (àdí darshún) आज् दरशुन (आदि दरशुन) (a ceremony in which a person inspects the reflection of his or her face in the clarified butter before it is offered as an oblation)	(utter surprise ~ loss of senses)	(the end of a dispute or a transaction ~ all is well that ends well)
ajlàph अजलाफ (one from a low caste ~ poor)	alàl khàn अलाल खान (a rich person or an imaginary rich person ~ a prince)	alûbäl अलुबाल (a fat man, who does not apply his mind)
akḍayí mäsüm अकडायि माँसुम (one, who inspite of his good age behaves like a child)	alí tí shàph tû balí tí shàph अलि ति शाफ तु बलि ति शाफ alí tí shràkh tû balí tí shràkh अलि ति श्राख तु बलि ति श्राख (cursing a person whether he is offering a service of very small value or whether he is doing anything of great difficulty and involving self-sacrifice ~ cursed this way or that way ~ to be on the receiving end both ways ~ between devil and the deep sea)	alûgãḍî tû malûgãḍî अलुगँड्य तु मलुगँड्य (a great man and a base man ~ high and low ~ everybody)
akh tû zû karàn अख तु जु करान (to do something in no time ~ without waiting)	alûgãḍî tû malûgãḍî tûlûnî अलुगँड्य तु मलुगँड्य तुलुन्य (to provoke everybody to create commotion)	
akiy nâlû phêran kaḍún अकिय नालु फ्यरन कडुन (to be very close to one another ~ bosom friends)	alû gaḍûr अलु गडुर (a small gourd with the interior extracted, used by mendicants as a water vessel ~ kamandal)	
aklû bakal अकलु बकल	älivàkh ऑल्य वाख (a polite greeting ~ a gentle salutation)	alûgûzàr अलुगुजार (little effect)
	allàh allàh khär salàh अल्लाह अल्लाह खॉर सलाह	(To be continued)
		For more Kashmiri literature, visit www.zaan.net www.mkraina.com

खुद को पहचान रे बंदे

डा. शिवन कृष्ण रैणा

कश्मीरी की आदि कवयित्री - लल घद

कश्मीरी की आदि संत कवयित्री ललघद (चौदहवीं शताब्दी) कश्मीरी भाषा—साहित्य की विधात्री मानी जाती हैं। ललेश्वरी, लल, लला, ललारिफा, ललदेवी आदि नामों से सर्वविख्यात इस कवयित्री को कश्मीरी साहित्य में वही स्थान प्राप्त है जो हिन्दी में कबीर को है। इनकी कविता का छंद 'वाख' कहलाता है जिसमें कवयित्री ने अनुभवसिद्ध ज्ञान के आलोक में आत्मशुद्धता, सदाचार, और मानव-बन्धुत्व का ऐसा पाठ पढ़ाया जिससे कश्मीरी जनमानस आज तक देदीप्यमान है।

ललघद का जन्म पांपोर के निकट सिमपुरा गांव में एक ब्राह्मण किसान के घर में हुआ था। यह गांव श्रीनगर से लगभग 15 किलोमीटर की दूरी पर स्थित है। तत्कालीन प्रथानुसार ललघद का विवाह उसकी बाल्यावस्था में ही पांपोर/पद्मपुर ग्राम के एक प्रसिद्ध ब्राह्मण घराने में हुआ। उसके पति का नाम सोनपण्डित बताया जाता है। बाल्यकाल से इस आदि कवयित्री का मन सांसारिक बन्धनों के प्रति विद्रोह करता रहा जिसकी चरम परिणति बाद में भावप्रवण 'वाक्—साहित्य' के रूप में हुई।

कबीर की तरह ललघद ने भी 'मसि—कागद' का प्रयोग नहीं किया। ये वाख प्रारम्भ में मौखिक परंपरा में ही प्रचलित रहे तथा बाद में इन्हें लिपिबद्ध किया गया। इन वाखों की संख्या दो सौ के लगभग है। सूत्रत्मक शैली में निबद्ध ये वाख कवयित्री की अपूर्व आध्यात्मिक अनुभूतियों की अभिव्यंजना बड़े सुन्दर ढंग से करते हैं।

योगिनी ललघद निःसन्देह संसार की महानतम आध्यात्मिक विभूतियों में से एक हैं जिसने अपने जीवनकाल में ही परमविभु का मार्ग खोज लिया था और ईश्वर के धाम /प्रकाशस्थान में प्रवेश कर लिया था। वह जीवनमुक्त थी तथा उसके लिए जीवन अपनी सार्थकता एवं मृत्यु अपनी भयंकरता खो चुके थे। उसने ईश्वर से एकनिष्ठ होकर प्रेम किया था और उसे अपने में स्थित पाया था (बुछुम पंडित पननि गरे)।

ललघद के समकालीन कश्मीर के प्रसिद्ध सूफी—संत शेख नूरुद्दीन वली/नुन्द ऋषि ने कवयित्री के बारे में जो उद्गार व्यक्त किए हैं, उन से बढ़कर उस परम योगिनी के प्रति और क्या भावपूर्ण श्रद्धांजलि हो सकती है —



'उस पद्मपोर/पांपोर की लला ने
दिव्यामृत छक कर पिया,
वह थी हमारी अवतार
प्रभु! वही वरदान मुझे भी देना'
ललघद के कुछ लोकप्रिय पदों का भावानुवाद प्रस्तुत है—

(1)

गगन तू भूतल भी
तू ही दिन पवन और रात,
अर्घ्य, पुष्प, चंदन, पान
सब—कुछ तू फिर चढ़ाऊं क्या तात!

(2)

प्रभु को ढूंढने घर से निकली मैं
ढूंढते—ढूंढते रात—दिन गए बीत,
तब पंडित/प्रभु को निज घर में ही पाया
बस, मुहूर्त साधना का निकल आया
मेरे मीत।

(3)

चाहे लोग हंसें या हज़ारों बोल कसैं
मेरे मन/आत्मा को कभी खेद होगा नहीं,
मैं होऊं अगर सच्ची भक्तिन शंकर की
आईना मैला कभी धूल से होगा नहीं।

(4)

हंसता, छींकता, खांसता, जम्हाई लेता
नित्य स्नान तीर्थों पर वही है करता,
वर्ष के वर्ष नग्न—निर्वसन वह रहता
वह तुम में है, तुम्हारे पास है रहता।

(5)

हम ही थे, होंगे हम ही आगे भी
विगत कालों से चले आ रहे हम ही,
जीना—मरना होगा न समाप्त शिव/जीव का
आना और जाना, धर्म सूर्य का है यही ।

(6)

अविचारी पढ़ते हैं पोथियों को
ज्यों पिंजरे में तोता रटता राम—राम,
दिखलावे को ये ढोंगी पढ़ते हैं गीता
पढ़ी है मैं ने गीता, पढ़ रही हूं अविराम ।

(7)

गुरु ने बात एक ही कही
बाहर से तू भीतर क्यों न गई,
बस, बात यह हृदय को छू गई
और मैं निर्वस्त्र घूमने लगी ।

(8)

पढ़े—लिखे को भूख से मरते देखा
पतझर से जीर्ण—शीर्ण ज्यों इक पत्ता,
मूढ़ द्वारा रसोइए को पिटते देखा
बस, तभी से मन मेरा बाहर निकल पड़ा ।

(9)

मरेगा कौन और मारेंगे किसे?
मारेंगा कौन मारेंगे किसे?
भई, हर—हर छोड़ जो घर—घर कहे
बस, मरेगा वही और मारेंगे उसे ।

(10)

धुल गया मैल जब मन—दर्पण से
अपने में ही उसे स्थित पाया,
तब सर्वत्र दिखने लगा वह, और
व्यक्तित्व मेरा शून्य हो गया ।

(11)

मुखाकृति अति लुभावनी, पर हृदय है कठोर
तत्व की बात कभी उसमें समायी नहीं,
पढ़ते और लिखते होंठ—उंगलियां घिसीं तेरी
मगर, मन की दुई कभी दूर हुई नहीं ।

(12)

तेरी लाज ढकता, शीत से भी रक्षा करता है
स्वयं बेचारा तृण—जल का करता आहार,
फिर दिया किसने उपदेश तुझे रे पंडित?
जो अचेतन पत्थर पर चेतन बकरे को बलि चढ़ता है ।

(13)

लोभ, काम, मद, चोर को मारा जिसने
इन राहजनों को मार बना जो दास,
ईश्वर सहज में पा लिया उसने, और
बांध लिया सब में उसने ही श्वास ।

(14)

जानकर भी मूढ़, देखकर भी अंधा
सुनकर भी गूंगा, बनना एकदम अनजान,
जो जैसा कहे, उसकी सुन लेना
तत्वविध का, बस, यही है अभ्यास ।

(15)

मार दे काम, क्रोध और लोभ को
नहीं तो मारेंगे ये हत्यारे पलट के,
खाने को दे इन्हें सुविचार—संयम
तब होंगे सब—के—सब असहाय ये ।

(16)

रे मनुष्य! क्यों बट रहा तू रेत की रस्सी?
इस रस्सी से खिंचेगी न तेरी यह नाव,
नारायण ने लिखी तेरे कर्म में जो रेख है
वह टलेगी कभी नहीं, छोड़ दे तू अहंभाव ।

(17)

कुछ नींद में भी हैं जागे हुए
कुछ जागे हुए भी सो जाते,
कुछ स्नान करके भी अपवित्र—से
कुछ गृहस्थी होकर भी अगृही होते ।

(18)

शिव व्याप्त हैं थल—थल में
तू हिन्दू और मुसलमान में भेद न जान,
प्रबुद्ध है तो पहचान अपने आपको
साहिब से यही है तेरी पहचान ।

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LYRICISM IN NADIM'S POETRY

At the outset let me make it clear that I am not a critic. I did not aspire to be one for fear of inviting the comment of Alexander Pope that 'those who fail as poets become critics'. I am a poet and, therefore, I shall make my observations about Nadim's poetry as a poet only. Pt. Dina Nath Koul 'Nadim' was born on March 18, 1916. His father, Pt. Shankar Kaul passed away when he was only six year old. His revered mother, Smt. Sukh Mali, who lived another two decades to give Nadim a firm base for writing poetry full of music and melody, brought him up. Initially he wrote in Urdu and Hindi but later he switched over to his mother tongue, Kashmiri, which augured well for him and for the language as well. Nadim struggled from his younger days and had to give tuitions to students in order to augment the earnings of his mother from her spinning wheel. His mother, a lady of great determination, would sing in the accompaniment of the spinning wheel that left an indelible mark on his young and fertile mind.

In one of his interviews, Nadim has revealed to Shri Zafar Ahmad that initially Ghalib as also Iqbal influenced him. Later he was impressed by the poetry of Chakbast. In his youth Josh, Ahsan Danish and a local poet Mastana, who incidentally was an ascetic, influenced him a lot. Ideologically the writings of Nehru, Bertrand Russell, Mychovasky, Chekhov and the Neo-romantic writers of the English Classics affected him. In the same interview he has referred to his maternal grandfather Pt. Vishnu Bhatt and his mother Smt. Sukh Mali both of whom used to write poetry in Kashmiri. This interview brings to light three very important areas of influence that shaped Nadim's creativity, Mastana, Neo-romantic English poets and his mother. Once he told me that his mother used to sing the poems written by the great 18th century poetess Arnimal and a poem composed by a contemporary poet Dina Nath Almast, which had appeared in an issue of the 'Pratap' the college magazine of Shri Pratap College Srinagar. Arnimal was not only a poetess of repute but was well versed in Kashmiri Classical Music. According to the well known classical singer of Kashmir, Mohammad Abdullah Tibetbaqal, it was Arnimal who rearranged the ragas of Kashmiri Sufiana Kalam called Maqam,

which are in vogue even to date. No wonder that her compositions are melodious and musical.

Nadim has, it seems, acquired the delicacy of mysticism from the poetry of the ascetic poet Mastana, the scintillating musicality from the rich lyrics of Arnimal and sensitivity and emotional finesse from the writings of the Neo-romantic English poets. He has got the melody from the songs sung by his revered mother, which must have been resounding in his ears all the time. I am not discussing here the ideological influence that he absorbed from the writings of the great thinkers and writers mentioned by him, as my only intention is to highlight the beauty of form and the lyricism in his compositions and not the richness of thought and content, which no doubt they have. Any creative art has two aspects to it, its content and its form. The form invariably goes after the content and in case the form is not suitable to the content the poetry becomes weak and tasteless. An attractive form with a weak or shallow content may still attract for the sheer music of it soothing to the ears, as most of present day film songs, but even a meaningful content loses its effect and charm if the form is inappropriate. Nadim has been conscious of this fact and has invariably used a form best suited to the content of his composition. It is said in Sanskrit poetics that a tasteful sentence from which we derive pleasure is poetry, 'Vakyam rasatmakam kavyam'. There is no doubt that a musical and lyrical composition does give us a pleasure in a great measure.

Once during a conversation with me he said that his mother used to sing Arnimal's lyrics like 'Gaen gaen mo kar ranga yandro, kanaryan ti phalilay malayo bo', 'Arni rang gome shrawaen hiye kar yiye darshun me diye' and others. He also said that she liked the poem written by Almast in his college days, 'Vyesiye tsala hai tsala hai tsala hai, sur panas mala hai, malith ti tsala hai vana naey'. Listening to his mother sing such powerful and musical lyrics brought home to him the importance of musicality and lyricism in poetry. Even when he wrote revolutionary poems like 'Ba gyava na



az' he made a rich use of repetition of words and phrases to give it a musical effect. 'Ba gyava na, gyava na, gyava na zanh'. The internal rhyming of the words made this powerful song attractive and smooth like a running brook, 'Gulan ta Bulbulan' 'Khumara ho't ta mara mo't'. The effect got redoubled when it came to be used in pure lyrics like 'Vegetable vendor's song, 'Dal Hanzeyeni hund gyavun', 'Kyah vanay paetmi brasvari pyayas, zor aesim na laeth zora drayas, do'da hyadur trovum pharitalai hai, hai volay hai, volay hai, volay hai' or the song 'My motherland', 'Myon Vatan'. Here he describes the motherland in this rich expression and rhyming similes: 'Gama pyatha yatskael vo'thmut trela hyath zan mam hyu, Adanuk badam hyu'. Nadim was accused of using unsuitable similes at times. He has taken more care about the musical qualities of his compositions and for this he has used musical and lyrical rhymes even if the simile may not have been appropriate. He writes in his famous sonnet, 'Zoon khaets tso't hish, pana pana gaemaets pompaer po't hish'. Again in that remarkable poem describing moles on the face of a damsel he says, 'Lakhchi chhu lakhchun, taph prazalvun'. Many more such examples can be quoted where he has preferred melodious and musical expressions in spite of similes not fully appropriate.

Arnimel has used internal rhyming with a great aplomb.

Take for example this couplet of her: 'Qanda naabada aerada mutui, phanda karith tsolum kotui, khanda kaernam lookan thiye, kar yiye darshun me diye'. Nadim follows suit in a number of his compositions. As an illustration let us take these excerpts from one of his poems: 'Achhidari vonum vatnaech doluth, Sonahari dopum pazi hubi mehanath, Vanhari thovum rut naav, divath. Na chha shaha khasavas, na chha kuni Vosa dros'. In another song titled 'The first Bloom' 'Adanuk Posh' he writes, 'Mo't yavun zan po't aam phirith', 'Zan drav buji kuji dedi kun zenani go'brah tankahdara hyu', 'Mudai gandith me thali thali vuchhmas, do'pmas naevnai kunsae bag'. He does not give up this beautiful technique even when he writes a free verse. This gives his free verse compositions an effective smooth flow of a waterfall or a mountain brook. Take the case of a poem like 'The thief, 'Tsoor'. He writes, 'Doh dyan guzrovum zonum lo'b myay lo'b' and 'Asavun shokhah vasavaen mai'.

Conservative writers have always emphasized the importance of the meter and the rhyme scheme in poetry. Nadim was a revolutionary. How could he afford not to revolt against the rigidity of the rules prescribed in various treatises on Poetics? He was head on in the political arena and a forerunner in the fight for the downtrodden. He was a committed writer who was opposed to all forms of exploitation, colonization and subjugation. He could not be cowed down to the restrictions of the meter and rhyme scheme as such. That is the reason perhaps that he did not write too many Ghazals. He wrote a lot in free verse. Yet he made it sure that the compositions did not lose on music or melody. Words in melodious arrangement came to him naturally and that too in a perfect order as if a fountain of water gushing forth from its source unhindered. I give here two examples to bring home this fact. 'Gulan ta bulbulan ta so'mblan hundui, khumara ho'tta mara mo't, mo'dur mo'dur ta nyandri ho't su nagma kanh, bo gyava na az' and 'Vushun vo'zul, vushun vushun, vushun vo'zul, vo'zul vo'zul, yi khoon myon.jawan chhus tuphan hyu janoon myon'. He has written a monumental masterpiece in defence of world peace called 'Mye chham aash pagahaech', 'I have hope for tomorrow'. He read it in the Biscoe Memorial Hall in a conference of young writers presided over by the great legendary poet Master Zinda Kaul and Professor Jay Lal Kaul, the well-known connoisseur of literature raised his hat and gave him a standing ovation. The melody of this poem is marvelous, a treat to listen. 'Do'has gash huri gul ta gulzar prazalan, zaminas saesar lagi ta sabzar prazalan, vachhas manz humis lola phamvar prazalan' 'Kazul laganay me gatshan aechh kazali, diyamtsaeh ta babityend gatshan me vo'zali, ta dahi vahaer dashahar yi son saeli' – 'Dapan jang chhu vo'thvun pagah gotsh na sapdun.'

Nadim excels in his diction. His use of words and phrases is unparalleled. True, the Kashmiri language cannot be dismissed as a dialect. It has a rich source in the Vedic Sanskrit from which it has originally been derived when it was called 'Lok Bhasha' or the common man's lingua. It is enriched by the vocabulary drawn from so many languages, Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi and so on. Yet when we read masters of this language we find that they have heavily borrowed from other languages, Sanskrit and Persian in

particular. Mehmood Gami, Maqbool Kralawari and even Mehjoor have used Persian words in abundance. Paramanand, Krishna Razdan and many others have drawn from Sanskrit. Nadim has discovered an ocean-like depth in his mother tongue. He has found vast scope in ordinary day-to-day usages and has used them with a remarkable deftness, finesse and artistry. He writes, 'Martsa vangan ta vangan chhi byon byon, mas malaer hiv ruvangan chhi byon byon, navi manz chhi karan tho'la tho'lay, hay vo'lay hay vo'lay hay' and again 'Taza muji baed chhi hili tshayi zotan, demba go'gjah vo'zaej beeba khotan, phula vangan ta paerimi alay hay, hay vo'lay hay, vo'lay hay, vo'lay hay'. No wonder, therefore, that the song 'Bo'mbro bo'mbro shama ranga bo'mbro' from his famous opera, 'Bombaer ta yambaerzal' should have become so popular throughout the country when it was used in a Hindi film sequence. Arjan Dev Majboor calls him 'Monarch of Words' and remarks that 'when he picks his words they touch the loftiness of the sky'. His son Shantiveer has observed that 'Nadim has superb control over the phonetics of his language and his lexical repertoire is phenomenal. His imagery is breathtaking and his lyricism intimate'. Ravinder Ravi has this to say: 'He coined new words, created new imageries and symbols to enrich Kashmiri language. He extricated and excavated words, scanned and chiseled them and used them artistically in his couplets'. In his book 'Kashmiri Sahitya Ka Itihaas' Dr. Shashi Shekhar Toshkhani has stated that 'Nadim not only exploited the strength and scope of the language to its full but also expanded it enormously. He was particularly conscious about the musicality of his compositions in addition to the usage of words. The originality that he possessed in the matter of symbols and imageries is unsurpassed and unparalleled'.

Nadim has been a trendsetter. He has for the first time written free verse, sonnet and opera in Kashmiri language. He has also used traditional forms of Geet, Ghazal, Rubai, Vatsun, and Nazm. He used to draw a plan for his compositions, determine an outline best suited to the message that he wanted to convey and then write using choicest words, superb technique and delicate phrases. He would give new meaning to ordinary words and play with his vocabulary as a master artist and craftsman that he was. He had a unique capacity to accommodate an ocean of idea in a small

pot of verse. Once he told me about a four-liner called 'Tukh' written by him that he had originally planned to write a long poem on that topic. Then he decided to condense it into a 'Nazm' but eventually he settled on a four-liner. Reading his poems one wonders wherefrom he gets all these words and expressions and how he weaves them into an effective verse. One can cite examples galore but suffice it to give a few of them here. 'Vo'thi bagaech kukli koo koo kaer kaer baga babaer vuzunavane', or 'Aechharvalav daenan dits aesh pheryan do'n, pathar pyayi kagadas pyath mo'khta lar zan' or 'Un samrajuk pal vurkaevith chhamba din daerith – Allah ho' or 'Samayichi honji zan lakhchun prazlyav chamnan zan raet sontas sai, chilai kalanuk tapa do'ha hyu magas basyom hara hyu' or 'Tsa nar chhuk alav chhuk, tsa yavanuk jalav chhuk'.

A poet observes what an ordinary person also observes but he sees through it and perceives the underlying essence of the object of observation. He then describes it in the backdrop of the life's philosophy that he has evolved over the years. Nadim had an uncanny capacity to observe and then present it in a melodious composition. He would, on the one hand, write a powerful poem like 'Trivanzah' lamenting the plight of the hungry masses in these words: 'Trivanzah trivanzah, khyemav kyah, khyemav kyah'. On the other hand he could take up an insignificant topic like 'Haersath' and drive home a message of unfulfilled aspiration with the help of the symbol of a torn shoe thrown on a wayside. 'Boota kho'rah akh vati pyath pyomut, aesa vahrith tsharan tresh, hoonah akh aav lamuna ko'rnas, phuchi matsi buthi khanji dyutnas phesh, dakah dith nyun nali akis kun, treshi hatish ma az phut tresh?'

I have had the privilege of meeting Nadim Ji many a time, almost every time I went to Kashmir on a holiday. During my student days also I not only met him quite often but also participated in many Mushairas along with him and many contemporary senior poets. In his later years also I met him at the house of his brother-in-law Shri J.N.Kaul. In these private meetings and conversations I had the occasions to recite my own poems to him. He was a great listener. He would listen to other poets, young and old, with rapt attention. He would seldom hasten to clap or applaud but whenever he heard some poet recite a truly good piece he would say 'Vah Vah' and express his appreciation. He was a

source of inspiration for many a young and budding poets. I used to write in Hindi those days and it was at his instance that I switched over to Kashmiri. I know from my own experience with him that he would appreciate musical and melodious compositions written in chaste Kashmiri with a powerful humanistic theme. Since he was associated with the political movement and concerned about scourges of war, exploitation, slavery and subjugation, his initial poems did sometime appear propagandist and bordering on slogan-ism e.g. 'Jangbaaz khabardar', 'Mye chum taza yavun', 'Ba gyavana az' etc. With the passage of time he matured into a serious poet of great merit and mettle. He wrote delicate poems on human emotions and feelings as also values of universal appeal e.g. 'Mye chham ash pagahaech', 'Dalhaznihund gyeven', 'Lakhchun', 'Baran coat', 'Nabad tyethvyen', 'Adnuk Posh' etc. In either case, however, his compositions were musical, melodious and lyrical. His diction, selection and usage of words and phrases, the flow in his poetry and the smoothness verse after verse, all were superb. It was perhaps the quality of lyricism in his poetry that prompted Nadim to write his famous operas, particularly because he found this medium very powerful to bring home his message for the emancipation of the downtrodden, spread of love and brotherhood and to strengthen the forces fighting for justice and peace. These operas include 'Bomber ta yamberzal', 'Heemal Naegrarai', 'Neeki badi' 'Safar ta Shehjar' 'Madanvar ta Zuvalmaal' and many others written for Radio and then staged by various schools and institutions. Lyricism was in his blood perhaps because his soul was attuned to the singing and humming of his mother. He was 'Rasa-siddha', full of music and melody and his compositions are nectar to the ears.

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बोम्बुरो बोम्बुरो शामु रंगु बोम्बुरो (ओपरा 'बोम्बुर यँबुरज़ल'से)



.... दीना नाथ 'नाँदिम'

बोम्बुरो बोम्बुरो शामु रंगु बोम्बुरो, किहोज़ि छुख च़ु यूत नालानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
हाल बाव पनुनुय हा शामु स्वंदुरो, अँस्य करोय जान क्वरबानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
हरदन ज़र्दी फिरवुम चमनस, बाग मा गछि वॉरानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
यँम्बुरज़लि आँविजि ज़ॉविज थफ दिथ, च़ोलमुत छु त्रटु तूफानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
फ़ख़ त्राव टख दिख तूफान वालोन, हरदुकि तकुदुम सानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
बागस मागुक्य अरुसरु कासव, पेश थावोस जुव जानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
चमनस अँद्य अँद्य ज़ॉविल्य कँड्य, बो, थावस तीर कमानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
वछि तलु रछिवुन नार वुज़नाँविथ, टिकुनावोन तूफानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
बोम्बुरस यँबुरज़ल बेयि समखावोन, नेरन प्रॉन्य अरमानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
तूफान शेतान नरि ज़ंगु फुटरिथ, सावोन मंज़ मॉदानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
चमनुक यावुन बेयि वुज़नावोन, असुनावोन बोस्तानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो
अदु किथु अनि गोट करि केंह जूरथ, प्रेज़ि येलि पोज़ नूरानो
हो हो हो हो हो हो हो

★ ★ ★

सोंतस अँछदर बुछने आय

वुडरन सुलि ओस यावुन छारान
नीजर दवि ओस ब्रोंह ब्रोंह लारान
बेरन जोयन व्वटु ओस तारान
विरि किम्य जामु वॅलिथ ऑस्य प्रारान
टेकु बटन्य ऑस शबनम सारान
ब्रॅड्य कुल्य मन ओस फवलनुक कोरमुत
चूँठ्य कुल्यव ओस वरदन वोलमुत
नागु दंघव ओस अवशद छोलमुत
आबु छुकव ओस पशपुन ह्योतमुत
चुनुन्य कुजव ओस पानाह रौंगुमुत
शीनु टेचव ऑस्य वीग्य वॅह्यमृत्य
कॅतिजव प्रॉनी ऑल्य मुचुरमृत्य
बुलबुल दमदरि बूल्य करान ऑस्य
दिदर्यव वनुवन हुर्य ऑस्य तुल्यमृत्य

सोपुनस मंज़ ओस गामाह शौंगुमुत
कॉमाह काराह कॅर्य कॅर्य छ्योनमुत
चंद्रमु दार्यव मँज्य ओस ज़ोतान
कानुल्य वार्यन अँछ ऑस फोरान
शुर्य ऑस्य फ्रुस्तन ख्वनि मंज़ रोशान
माजन म्वम चे चे आस्य तोशान

अँथ्य मंज़ टुक टुक गव दरवाज़न
नैद्री हत्यन गॅयि वॉलिंग वॅस्य वॅस्य
खोफन ऑद पोक ऑसस मंज़ रोट

दम गव हवसन चम गव दरती
जानुवरव तुल हुय च्वपासे
मंदरुच मूरथ मंदरु सानुय
हंगु मंगु आयि वॅसिथ यक पासे
रॉछदरव कॅर च़लनुच कॉमाह
मोतुक्य मोकल जोशस आये
सादु मनूशन वॅछ थथुराये
गोल्हन दूरी लॅज टिसुराये
मोसूमन फॅट बरबुज्य लाये



आंगुन रतुसॅर्य लाशन डेर
अखताबस गव खसुनस च़ेर
सोंतुच माहरेन्य वटुस्य सपुन्य
मातृ शक्ति दावस लॅज
माजि कॅशीरे ज़्यव गॅयि कॅज
सोंथ यिवान ओस गुल छँकरावान
लूकन मुश्के सुत्य वुज़ुनावान
तस ति नु सॉ अज़ पोशन पाय
सोंतस अँछदर बुछने आय



राख यादों की

(२२ जुलाई २००७ को जम्मू में कलचरल अकादमी की ओर से मेरे सम्मान में एक विशेष कार्यक्रम हुआ। उस में मुझ से कुछ प्रश्न किए गए। एक प्रश्न था मेरी रचनओं की प्रासंगिकता का। यह कविता मैंने १९९४ में लिखी थी। इसकी प्रासंगिकता आज १३ वर्ष बाद भी है। पाठक यह तथ्य देख सकते हैं।)



वर्षों से
घर से बाहर
सह रहा हूँ कितने घाव
चुपके चुपके आँसू पी कर
अपनी भूमि की
जाने कितनी यादें, चुभती हैं -
पर्वतों पर श्वेत हिम,
अंकित है अक्स जिसका

हृदय पर मेरे
इतिहास साक्षी है मेरी सहिष्णुता का
हरे पत्ते चिनारों के
आंगन में चाँदनी की -
अन्मुक छटा
देखी नहीं है इन बरसों में
घर के पास चश्मे पर
कुछ क्षन बैठने की ललक
अभी शेष है
हरे बेद की शाखों से
अठकेलियां करती नदियाँ
हर सुबह बुलाती हैं
कि “आओ, डुबकी लगाने
शीतल जल में
कि आदत नहीं है तुम्हें
बालटी भर पानी से नहाने की”

दूर पर्वतों के बीच
नगर की गोद में
गुम-सुम ‘डल झील’
कहती है - आओ
और अपने सभी दुःख
मुझे दे दो
और थोड़ी देर के लिए
खो जाओ
सुरमई शाम के रहस्यमय
क्षणों में, मेरे किनारे
शाही-चश्मे के पास”।
‘अनन्तनाग’ की रंगीनियों को
नहीं देखा है
हज़ारों दिन बीत गये
‘स्वर्ग’ नामी होटल की खिडकी से
‘लाल चौक’ की उफनती,

उमडती भीड़ देख
चाय की चुस्की के साथ
सौंदर्य की हलकी सी लहर
निहाल करती थी जो
और दे जाती थी
प्रेम की खामोश सिंहरन।

‘अच्छाबल’ का उछलता जल
‘वुककरनाग’ के गुलाब के बन
‘शुपयन’ की मीठी सी टंडक
बुलाती है मुझे और कहती है -
आओ, रोके किस ने हैं तेरे पाँव ?

केसर के फूलों की महक
पीला मुख मेरा देख
अन्दर के घाव पहचान गई है
और रो रो कर कहती है -
“रक्त भरी घाटी का
विदग्ध शरीर
नहीं देखा जाता अब
कि बम, आग, गोलियाँ
नहीं है संस्कृति मेरी
कि दूत हूँ बौधों की
संगीत वितस्ता का
शब्द अभिनवगुप्त के
इतिहास कल्हण का
हृदय श्री भट्ट सा
और मेरे हर सांस में
बसी है ऋषियों की वाणी
इसी लिए मुझे रोकने वालो
जवाब दो, कि क्या कसूर है मेरा ?
यही ना, कि मैं बे-कसूर हूँ
जवाब दो कि कब तक
राख - मेरी यादों की
पददलित होती रहेगी
मेरी आशाओं के उपवन में
जवाब दो, जवाब दो



काव्य

शकुन्तला मोती

अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव?



अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव
कथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, मुजॉहिद ज़ाव

बटु ओस तनु प्यटु करान वॅह्य तु वाह्य
प्यँड तु पुरन खेयिहॅम बैयि खेयिहॅम जाय
गरु छुम तति तय, वति प्योम वाव
अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव

कॉशुर बतु तय हाख छुम तेलान
नकली हाख छुम येति मेलान
ख्यमु नय तु करु क्याह, नतु व्वथ्यम ताव
अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव

वुह वॅरी वॉतिम गरि द्रामुतिस
अकि लटि पनुनुय गरु गछुहा
डर छुमय मारुनम पांचॉल्य काव
अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव

राजि बागु ऑसुस राजि रोज़ान
स्वनु सुंद गरु ओसुम आसान
कुकिला ऑसिथ ज़न बनेयस काव
अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव

बटु ओस शर्मदार, कॅरुहॅस लार
वति वति फीरिथ गव बेमार
व्वज़ुलिस गुलालस ज़न लोगुम दाग
अथ कॅशीरि क्या गव, ज़न कोरुन वाव



Short Story

Parineeta Khar

KOHL IN MY EYES

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

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

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

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

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

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

And I wished my little girlish existence attained youth. I was in a hurry to grow to have the freedom of decorating my anatomy. Mother forbade me to touch her narrow silver *Surema dhani* (the kohl dust container) after I had scattered the greyish black powder over the floor and messed up her beauty box. And then in the 70s - my college days - again kohl took a backseat. Teenage girls did not apply kohl to their eyes - it was not in vogue. It was boorish. In my academic pursuit and under an admonishingly strict upbringing, my fascination for kohl went into hibernation. Meanwhile my mother's little finger also ceased the beautifying commission. She had stopped kohling her eyes; at thirty-

four she was a middle-aged woman. She had to restrain the desire to look anything other than commonplace.



My kid sister came of age. I caught her doing something to her blue eyes, making a *soram laet* (kohl tail) with the tip of a kohl needle; she left an arched dash of kohl at the corner of her eye. And lo and behold! How it changed the school kid to a coquettish young thing. She looked really smart. I threatened to let the secret to our father. "I will report you to father, you go to school with all these peacock colours". "Father knows!" She retorted with the obstinacy of a tenacious kid. My mouth was agape. "He feigns he can't see". My sister had become an artful dodger. She had freed herself from the manacle of father's watchful eyes; she even faintly painted her lips, I could notice.

Father's advancing years meant he did not intervene in petty matters anymore. The stamina to appear boss and master had left him. So, when I was in university and twenty, I became a daredevil. I kohled my eyes - it was more a suggestion of make-up, not exactly flamboyant. The tail of kohl at the corner made the innocence of simple round eyes look brilliantly splendid, strangely confident and prim. The dreamy eyes had arrived

at the scene of youth and beauty. My kohl laden eyes were the cynosure of many a heart. Heads turned at my single glance. The world was at my feet; my *joie de vivre* was reigning over the universe just with a pair of kohl laden eyes. One day, I remember being in the university library, cradling Thomas Hardy's "A pair of blue eyes". Somebody remarked from behind "Look up, let me see if they really are". I was annoyed, gave him a nasty look. He shrieked "A pair of kohl laden, fuming, blazing eyes".

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

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

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

And then I kohled my eyes to all my hearts desire; with the security and stability of a married woman and expectations of a better tomorrow when no one would prevent me from the dear indulgence. I tried blackening the upper eyelid at the roots of the lashes. This was an improvisation, somebody had imparted the all-important knowledge, "Your eyes look dusky and heavy that way". Then another experiment – one's young eyes looked mysterious when kohl is

applied near the nictitating membrane and at the corner leaving the central portion without. Some actresses of the 70s had set the trend.

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

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

Mark Twain in one of his speeches had said "May you always keep your youth". Time is constant, what really goes through changes is the human being. My kohl remained but my eyes developed saggy bags with the emotional hollowness of middle age.

The empty nest syndrome caused flooding down of my kohl with cascades of tears. All my life, being a prig left its mark. The strain of doing only good, appearing good and nothing else, talking good even when my heart ached. My weary physique appeared altered. Kohl became a necessity to cover the grotesque sacks under my eyes, attributed to Beta blockers. Who has and who could, preserve the sap of youth? The eyes were fatigued, the kohl dull. Failing vision made the hazy outline of kohl appear dim and the luster was missing. The mirror reflected the truth—the kohl line was a blur. I had to wear glasses to wipe smudgy blotches of it from puffy lids.

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

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

What if youth has bid its

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

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ललु वाख

कथा बूजुम कथा कॅरुम
कथायि कॅरुम छोर्य सथ ।
शास्त्रुकी कथा बूजुम
कथायि बास्यम सतुच वथ ।



कमसन नैदरि तय कमसन वुदी
कमसन न्यश-ब्द बवन ।
कमसन लोलु नारु दैदी
कमसन सास तय कमसन स्वन ।।
कमसन मरनस ब्रोंठ मूदी
तिम ऑस्व् सास तय सपनी स्वन ।।।



Pain of Exodus

Aalok Aima

FAIZ - THE KASHMIRI PANDIT IN EXILE

Faiz is one of my favourite poets and some of his best work has been produced when he was in exile. I have taken the liberty of attempting to translate one of his finest "in exile" poems. My lack of skill has forced alterations in both structure and content. In it is a transmigration of "exiles"; from his to mine.



Faiz -
The Kashmiri Pandit in
Exile
(with apologies to Faiz)

dill-e-munn
musaafir-e-munn
(The original by Faiz Ahmed
Faiz in exile : London 1978)

Hark, my heart, itinerant soul
It has been so ordained
Now you and I exiled again

meray dill meray musaafir
hua phir se hukm saadir
ke vatan badar hoon hum tum

Town to town our pathways
Our cries rending alleyways
Seeking clues of the tidings bearer
A question for every stranger
What more has befallen my Land

dein gali gali sadaayain
karein rukh nagar nagar ka
ke suraag koi paayain
kisi yaar-e-naamaabar ka
har ek ajanabi se poochein
jo pataa tha apnay ghar ka

Unfamiliar and alien streets
Our days merging into night
Speaking to this one
Speaking to that one
Conversations held with no one

sar-e-ku-e-naashanaayaa
hamain din se raat karnaa
kabhi iss say baat karnaa
kabhi uss se baat karnaa

How shall I tell you about it
The suffocation of woeful nights
If 'twere to come into account
My death I would not rue
Deliverance for a wretched state
But how many deaths shall I die

tumhein kya kahoan ke kya hai
shab-e-gham buri balaa hai
hamain ye bhi tha ghanimat
jo koi shumaar hota
hamain kya buraa thaa marna
agar ek baar hota

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OUR HERITAGE

The language and the customs for any community is the symbol of their culture. It is because of these traits the individual is identified with a particular community. We, Kashmiris, too are identified by our customs and language. When ever we see a lady with dejhor, or a gentle man speaking in Kashmiri language, we identify ourselves with them. It is because of this fact that these days many of us, who are concerned about the continuation of our race, talk about preservation of our language. Luckily, because of the aesthetic and sentimental values, quite a number of our ladies do use dejhor and tika. At the same time, because of the surrounding conditions, we find it very difficult to preserve our language.

While I appreciate the importance being given to preservation of our language, but at the same time, I feel, it is more important for us address the problem of our forgetting Kashmiriyat. It is because of our culture and social values that we were respected by others, and not because of the language. Our respect for elders, concern for needy, humility in our approach, respect for education and our zeal of acquiring knowledge on various subjects, and many other similar characteristic of our community had placed our community on higher pedestal. Our name 'Batta' itself has come from word Bhatt meaning knowledgeable person. People around us respected our community

because of these qualities, and not because of our language. If we forget all these, and retain language only, it is needless to say, we will lose that edge over others and in turn lose the respect that others have for us.

When ever we remember our past, even we ourselves feel proud of our culture. We cherish the memories of our culture, our value system, our way of living and all that we would practice. But, with the passage of time, we are forgetting all these, and are behaving in many ways worse than others.

It is needless to say, if we continue like this, and forget our Kashmiriyat, over a period of time we too will be treated like any other community. We will lose the charm of being treated as respectable community. It is sad that, this trend has already set in. Most of us have already recognized this fact. When ever we meet, we condemn our community. 'He yim bhatta' is the beginning of every sentence 'divath maharah chih vichimuch yiman bhattan' is the end. As if we are not part of it. The irony is that, rather than finding out the ways of improving the situation, we just stop at condemning ourselves and take pride in doing that. It has gone into our psyche that this situation can just not be improved and we deserve condemnation only.

Today we are condemning our community; time is not far when others will. Those communities, who are in close contact with us, like

Dogris and Sikhs from Kashmir, have already started observing our shortcoming. It is not far when others too will join them.

The biggest sore at present in the community are children failing in their exams and increasing trend of divorce. These were the two aspects where we as community were always proud of. In our community divorce was unheard of. To encourage our children to do well in their studies, the relatives would visit them with gift and sweets, when they would pass in exams. But with the passage of time we are forgetting all this.

Let us study the problem of divorce and find how in the past our elders would prevent it.

The other day when I was involved in one such case I was amused to learn the simple ways our elders had evolved to take care of such problems. One gentleman made a statement that 'we were barred from going close to the village where a divorce had taken place. It was considered a cursed village, and the people would desist from even going close to such villages'. This is typical part of Kashmiriyat. Divorce among Hindu was unheard of. If at it would take place, it was among Muslims only. It shows, in Kashmir, even amongst Muslims divorce was not appreciated.

If we analyze this custom, it was a pressure tactic from the society to force the couple, their parents, their relatives and village heads to put all the effort to prevent any divorce. In

north India, the tradition of 'Hukka Pani Band' was another similar form of pressuring an individual to honour the customs of the society.

In addition to it, girl side people would go out of their way to please the boy side people. The statement 'koriwol chhus' would mean just that. These were the social ways to ensure that girls are accepted in their in-laws. Girls carrying 'atagath' and gifts for in-laws when ever they would visit 'malyun', inviting in-laws in the family functions and giving special respect to them, were some of the additional ways of ensuring just this. Tradition of respecting a Zamtur by the complete Mohalla was a part of the same. Giving husband the status of God and treating wife as part of himself 'Ardangini' were the teaching given to children to ensure pleasant married lives of our children. It is sad that even our own children, who are likely beneficiary of such customs; make fun of the statement, whenever they are suggested to treat husband as God and wife as ardingini, by their well wishers.

I think we all have forgotten these customs, in other words have forgotten our Kashmiriyat. As a service to the community, can any one, especially who plead for preservation of our language, apprise the youngsters as well as our elders of our customs through their write ups in our magazines or in the form of short stories for children or by adopting any other means, and try to revive them. This way we will not only preserve our culture but also solve the many burning problems of the society. Kindly think. This, in my opinion, will serve our community better than the service provided by kind of articles we read these days in our magazines.

In order to solve the present burning problem of divorce in our community, can our elders in community adopt similar strategies that will force the couple, their parents and the relative to desist from going ahead with the divorce and save the community from this evil? In addition to can our daughter's parent adopt more humble approach while dealing with their daughter's in-laws? Will they accept it as their most important duty to keep pleasing their 'samdis' especially till the daughter in laws are treated like daughters in their in-laws? These have been our traditions. To serve your selves and your daughters, please preserve them and don't forget them.

Let us not just talk with disgust about the unpleasant trends setting in our community. Let us do something about it. Let us adopt our long tried out customs. In other words let us revive our kashmiriyat. This is only way we will solve our social problems and will retain our respectable status.

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रोशि रोशि छुख ब्रलान

... गुलाम अहमद 'महजूर' ...

रोशि रोशि छुख ब्रलान पाय करू म्योन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ।
 पौर्य पौर्य लगुयो वंदुयो क्रोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

आलुवन म्यान्यन छुनु तौसीर
 चानि मिलुचरुक क्या छु तदबीर ।
 वनतो किथुपौठ्य सपनख म्योन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

शोकु चानि पानस कर्योम पौराव
 मदनो अदु नो ह्योतुथम नाव ।
 ज़ायि गौम माँज़ि नम तु महारेन्य तोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

हुस्न दमु दमु रंग बदलावान
 लोल प्रथ रंगु तस परजुनावान ।
 पोश आयि नॅव्य नॅव्य तु बुलबुल छु प्रोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

रुदुम नु पानस प्यठ यख्तिगार
 तस पथ दिल गोम युस छु बे आर ।
 ज़ोरावार प्योम अज़लय लोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

आदनुक यार गोम थौविथ आमताव
 क्या मे फोलराव्यम सौंतुक वाव ।
 दिल छा पोशि टूर असुनावोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥

दिल महजूर तय चेश्म मखमूर
 नखु नखु आँसिथ छि वाराह दूर ।
 चेश्मव बुछ, दिलन दिलबर ज़ोन
 बु नो ज़रु मदनो दूर्यर चोन ॥



ॐ ॐ ह्रीं सृष्टि - नवरात्र के सन्दर्भ में

ॐ प्रथमं शैलपुत्री द्वितीयं ब्रह्मचारिणी ।
 तृतीय चन्द्रघन्टेति कूष्माण्डेतिचतुर्थकम्
 पञ्चमं स्कन्दमातेति षष्ठं कात्यायनीति च ।
 सप्तमं कालारात्रीति महागौरीति चाष्टमम् ।
 नवमम् सिद्धिदात्री च नवदुर्गा प्रकीर्तिताः ।

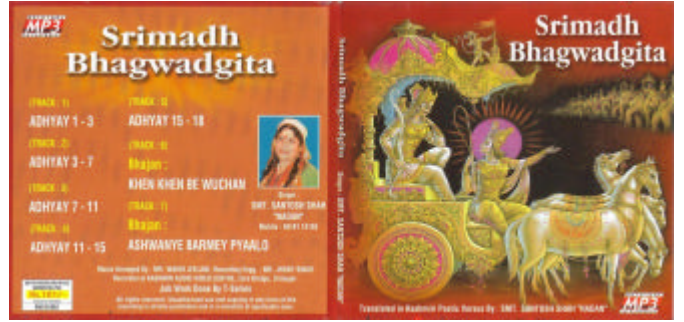
ॐ वेद और आगम शास्त्र है
 हमारी पूज्जी
 जिसमें नव दुर्गा का है ...
 एक शाश्वत अभिनन्दन
 शैलपुत्री पृथ्वी तत्त्व है इस सृष्टि का
 जिसमें निहित है निखिल संसार
 इसी दिव्य जगत् का ।
 दिव्य दृष्टि
 ब्रह्मचारिणी पूर्ण ब्रह्म की स्थिति ...
 है निर्माता ब्रह्म की
 चैतन्य अवस्था है,
 इस ब्रह्माण्ड की !
 जो वास्तव में अभिनेत्री है
 इस सृष्टि की ...
 चित्ति बन कर
 नमन करते उसी देव को
 जिसे दुर्गा के नाम से पूजते हैं
 भवानी भी रुद्राणी भी वही है
 काली भी कालातीत अनन्त भी
 नव रात्रों में पूजते हैं
 देवी को
 महिषासुर-मर्दनी के अचिन्त्य रूप में
 चन्द्रघन्टा शीतलता है
 इस भव्य स्वरूप में
 कूष्माण्डा देवी बीज की
 है नव निर्माण की पूर्णता,
 शक्ति भी शक्तिमान भी
 संतुलित स्वरूप में ।

जहां से सौर मण्डल का प्रकाश
 निखरता है चारों दिशाओं
 उत्तर दिशा में
 है स्कन्दमाता ...
 कुमार कार्तिकेय की जननी
 वही है पर्वत-पुत्री पार्वती
 सती भी वही है, उमा भी ।
 कात्यायनी पूर्ण योग की अवस्था है
 अन्तनिर्हित जाने की
 भव्य दर्शन करने की
 है वही वैष्णवी नित्य ...
 शिव के अतुलित नृत्य में
 गौर श्वेत वर्णा देवी है
 महा गौरी ...
 उसी में निहित है,
 हिरण्यगर्भ अन्तर्ध्वनि में ।
 शब्दारोपण में ब्रह्म रूप से ।
 आन्तिम् अवस्था है ...
 नित्य जागरण की
 वही है अनन्त शक्ति
 सिद्धि को देने वाली
 सिद्धि धात्री ।
 यही नाम दिये हैं ब्रह्मा जी ने ...
 उस रात्री सूक्त में,
 जिसे योग निद्रा में स्मरण किया,
 ब्रह्मा जी ने
 विष्णु के नाभि कमल के ऊपर ।
 आज यही दिव्य देवी हम सभी की
 रक्षा करे असुर जाति से
 जो दानव भी हैं दैत्य भी
 मानव के रूप में ।



श्री दुर्गा देव्यै नमः, ॐ ह्रीं

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सी.डी.: श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता**कश्मीरी पद्यानुवाद व प्रस्तुति:** श्रीमती सन्तोष शाह 'नादान'**संगीत निर्देशन:** वहीद जीलानी**मूल्य:** १०१ रुपये**समीक्षा व परिचय:** प्रोफेसर (डा.) भूषण लाल कौल

विस्थापन के पश्चात कश्मीरी काव्य-सर्जना में प्रबुद्ध महिलाओं का महत्त्वपूर्ण योगदान रहा है। श्रीमती बिमला रैणा (रेश्य माल्युन म्योन; व्यथ मा छे शॉंगिथ), श्रीमती गिरिजा कौल (गुरु दक्षणा; तुलसी तपस्या), श्रीमती चंद्रा डासी (चन्द्र वाख, पज़रुक नाद), श्रीमती मोहिनी कौल (शुहुल नार), श्रीमती प्रभा रैणा (वावलुन्य), श्रीमती राज दुलारी कदलबुजू (मन पम्पोश; आत्मज्ञान), श्रीमती सुनीता रैणा (रिहिजयाद; सौज़ल; पोत जूनि वथित; मन सरु च्युनुम), श्रीमती जया सिबू रैणा (मात्रिक भजनदीपिका) एवं श्रीमती सन्तोष शाह नादान (पोशि गौद) का योगदान बक्ति काव्य, नई कविता एवं 'विस्थापन की कविता' के क्षेत्र में विचारणीय रहा है।

श्रीमती सन्तोष शाह 'नादान' (जन्म सन् १९४६ ई०) गंजीवारा, अनन्त नाग, कश्मीर की मूल निवासिन है। जम्मू-कश्मीर राज्य के शिक्षा विभाग में अध्यापिका रही है और स्नातकोत्तर स्तर तक शिक्षित हैं। लेकिन महत्त्वपूर्ण बात यह है कि सन्तोष जी भक्ति साधना में आज भी लीन है। पहले प्रसिद्ध सन्त स्वामी हरे कृष्ण महाराज से दीक्षित हुईं और तत्पश्चात लोलाब, कश्मीर के चंडीग्राम गाँव में स्थित चंडी देवी मन्दिर के साधु महाराज स्वामी रमेशानन्द चैतन्य से गुरुदीक्षा लेकर वृत्तार्थ हुईं। वह केवल एक भक्ति कवयित्री ही नहीं है बल्कि समसामर्थक युग से प्रेरित होकर उन्होंने विचारोत्तेजक कवितायें भी लिखी हैं तथा विस्थापन की यातना से पीड़ित मानव-मूल्यों के बिखराव को भी अपनी काव्य रचनाओं के माध्यम से वाणी प्रदान की। 'पोशि गौद' शीर्षक से इन का चर्चित काव्य संग्रह सन् २००५ ई० में जम्मू से प्रकाशित हुआ।

सन्तोष जी के प्रमुख आराध्य श्री कृष्ण हैं। अधिकांश भक्ति रचनाएँ उन्होंने कृष्ण प्रेम के माधुर्य रस से सिक्त होकर

ही लिखी हैं।

अनुवाद के क्षेत्र में सन्तोष जी ने पूर्ण निष्ठा और संकल्प के साथ प्रवेश किया। श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता के ७०० श्लोकों का कश्मीरी भाषा में पद्यानुवाद प्रस्तुत करके आप ने पनी अद्भुत रचना क्षमता का परिचय दिया है। मेरा विश्वास है कि सफलता पूर्वक अनुवाद कार्य करना मूल काव्य सर्जना से कहीं अधिक जानलेवा एवं कठिन है। मैं स्वयं इस पथ से गुज़रा हूँ। अपने निजी अनुभव के आधार पर मैं इस निष्कर्ष पर पहुंचा हूँ कि एक अनुवादक के पास प्राचीन एवं आधुनिक भाषाओं का भाषा-वैज्ञानिक बोध एवं पर्याय सूचक शब्द तय करने की विशिष्ट क्षमता होनी चाहिये। हृदय की सरसता और अनुभूति की मार्मिकता से अधिक आवश्यक है शब्दों की अन्तरात्मा की पहचान। प्रत्येक कवि अनुवादक नहीं हो सकता पर प्रत्याक अनुवादक के पास विवेक शील मस्तिष्क के साथ साथ माधुर्य सिक्त हृदय का होना नितान्तावश्यक है। अनूदित रचना में वही सौगंध्य और माधुर्य रस प्रवाहित होना चाहिये जो मूल रचना का प्रमुख आकर्षण होता है।

सन्तोष शाह 'नादान' के व्यक्तित्व में हमें तीन विशेषताएँ एक साथ देखने को मिलती हैं। ये विशेषताएँ एक साथ बहुधा प्रत्येक कवि/कवयित्री में नहीं पाइ जाती हैं। विशेषताएँ इस प्रकार हैं:

- १) सन्तोष जी एक कवयित्री है तथा एक कुशल मिला अनुवादक।
 - २) सन्तोष जी एक लोक गायिका है।
 - ३) सन्तोष जी एक साधना रत ईश उपासिका है।
- इस प्रकार सर्जन, गायन तथा आत्मनिवेदन का अद्भुत संगम

हमें उनके व्यक्तित्व में देखने को मिलता है। उन्होंने ने वर्षों तपस्या की, निरन्तर प्रयोग करती रही। अपने व्यक्तिगत जीवन को ही एक प्रयोग शाला का रूप देकर वह गीता जी के एक एक श्लोक को जनमानस/लोकमानस में उतारने के हेतु साधना रत रही। साहित्य लेखन भी वस्तुतः एक कठिन साधना है और वर्षों के निरन्तर प्रयास से ही कहीं उपलब्धि के मौक्तिक कण हाथ लग जाते हैं। अपने जीवन के अंतिम वर्ष में 'गोदान' (१९३६ ई०) लिख कर प्रेम चन्द अमर हो गये। तब तक उन्होंने दस से अधिक उपन्यास लिखे थे लेकिन १९३६ ई० में खिला पुष्प ही सर्वत्र महक उठा।

अनुवाद कार्य की समाप्ति पर लोक गायिका होने के नाते सन्तोष जी ने ७०० अनूदित श्लोकों को पाँच कैस्टों में रिकार्ड करवाया। यह कोई साधारण बात नहीं है। इस कार्य को पूरा करने में भी उन्हें एक वर्ष से अधिक समय लगा। यहाँ मैं इस बात को स्पष्ट करना चाहता हूँ कि सन्तोष जी कश्मीर घाटी की एक चर्चित लोक गायिका हैं। कवयित्री की एक प्रसिद्ध कृष्ण लीला है -

स्वनु पोश व्यनु पोश लागय श्रे
खसू म्यानि हेरे हेरे कृष्णो।

हिन्दी अनुवाद: (स्वनु पुष्प एवं व्यनु पुष्प शीर्ष पर निछावर कर दूँगी। कृष्ण! मेरी (देह-रूपी) सीढी से चढ़ कर तो आ जाना।

कश्मीरी भाषा में व्यनु पोश एवं स्वनु पोश नामवाचक शब्द विशिष्ट स्थानीय फूलों के लिये प्रयोग में लाये जाते हैं। व्यनु एक सर्वासित जडी है, फूल नहीं। शिव पूजा में इस का विशेष महत्व है। जिनहों ने इस लीला को सन्तोष जी के माधुर्य सिक्त कंठ से नहीं सुना है, वे कश्मीरी लोक गायन के आनन्द से वंचित रह गये हैं।

श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता १८ अध्यायों में विभक्त है। १८वीं अध्याय में सब से अधिक श्लोक (७८) हैं और १२वीं तथा १५वीं अध्याय में सब से कम श्लोक (२०) हैं। 'नादान' जी ने पूर्ण समर्पण भाव से भगवद्गीता के प्रत्येक श्लोक को विशिष्ट लय के साथ प्रस्तुत किया है और उन की प्रस्तुति निस्सन्देह मार्मिक एवं हृदय स्पर्शी है। सुनते सुनते मन ही मन आत्मानन्द की लहरें तरंगित हो उठती हैं और अध्यात्माभास के द्युति कणों से मानस के गहन प्रकोष्ठ चमत्कृत हो उठते हैं।

'श्लोक' मूलतः संस्कृत का अनुष्टुप छन्द है जो कुल

मिला कर ३२ अक्षरों से बनता है और प्रत्येक चरण/पाद में ८ वर्ण होते हैं। अनुवाद में सन्तोष जी ने श्लोक के इस शास्त्रीय बन्धन की ओर विशेष ध्यान नहीं दिया है। मैं समझता हूँ कि ऐसा करना उन के लिये सम्भव भी नहीं था क्योंकि प्रत्येक भाषा की संरचना विशिष्ट भाषा वैज्ञानिक नियमों के आधार पर होती है और हर भाषा की संरचना एक समान नहीं होती है।

पाँच कैस्टों के अतिरिक्त सन्तोष जी ने एम.पी.३ एक सी.डी. भी तयार की है जिसमें लगातार पाँच घण्टे की समयावधि में १८ अध्यायों का सस्वर गीता पाठ कश्मीरी भाषा में रिकार्ड किया या है। इन पाँच कैस्टों एवं एक सी.डी. की रिकार्डिंग 'कश्मीर ऑडियो वीडियो सेंटर', ज़ीरो ब्रिज, श्रीनगर में की गई है। श्री वहीद जीलानी इस के संगीत निर्देशक हैं ता श्री जॉनी सिंह इस के रिकार्डिंग इंजीनियर हैं। कुछ ही दिनों में इस अनुवाद कार्य को सन्तोष जी पुस्तकाकार में प्रकाशित कर रही है जो मेरे विचारानुसार साहित्यिक विश्लेषण एवं आलोचनात्मक अध्ययन के लिये नितान्तावश्यक है।

यहाँ इस बात को भी स्पष्ट करना आवश्यक होगा कि श्रीमती संतोष 'नादान' पहली कश्मीरी महिला है जिन्होंने अपनी सर्जनात्मक प्रतिभा का परिचय देते हुए श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता का पद्यानुवाद किया है तथा उसे स्वयं गा कर कैस्टों में रिकार्ड किया है। यह बताना भी आवश्यक है कि श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता का कश्मीरी पद्यानुवाद कई महानुभावों ने किया है। सन् १९६२ ई० में फतेहपुर, ज़िला अनन्तनाग, कश्मीर के मूल निवासी स्वर्गीय पण्डित मान भट्ट 'मान' ने गीता जी को कश्मीरी पद्य में रूपान्तरित किया है। इस रचना की भूमिका गोसानी गुंड, अनन्तनाग कश्मीर के महान सन्त स्वामी आत्माराम जी ने लिखी है। सइस के पश्चात 'कॉशुर गीता' शीर्षक से पण्डित कृष्ण जू धर ने, जो राज्य सरकार के एक सेवानिवृत्त वरिष्ठ अधिकार थे (निर्देशक, खाद्य विभाग), कश्मीरी में भगवद्गीता का पद्यानुवाद करके नई दिल्ली से प्रकाशित करवाया। इस पुस्तक की भूमिका स्वर्गीय जानकी नाथ 'कमल' ने लिखी है। इस के पश्चात 'कॉशिर भगवत गीता' शीर्षक से पण्डित प्रेम नाथ कौल 'अर्पण', निवासी बुगाम, कोलगाम, कश्मीर ने सन् १९९५ ई० में अनुवाद कार्य पूरा किया और २००० ई० के आस पास 'वितस्ता प्रकाशन', जम्मू से इस रचना का प्रकाशन हुआ है।

स्वर्गीय पण्डित सर्वानन्द कौल 'प्रेमी' ने भी श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता का कश्मीरी पद्यानुवाद किया था। प्रेमी जी अपने जवान बेटे के साथ आतंकवाद की भेंट चढ़ गये। निर्ममता के साथ बाप-बेटे को कत्ल किया गया। रचना की पाण्डुलिपि जाने कहां रह गई। उन के सुपुत्र श्री राजेंद्र प्रेमी इस दिशा में प्रयत्नशील हैं। आशा है कि उन्हें पाण्डुलिपि प्राप्त होगी और यह रचना हम तक पहुंचेगी।

२००७ ई० में संतोष जी ने पुनः श्री हरि के चिन्तन प्रधान गरिमामय वचनमृत को कश्मीरी भाषा में शब्द बद्ध करके न केवल कश्मीरी भाषा को गौरवान्वित किया अपितु अपनी रचनात्मक प्रतिभा और माधुर्य सिक्त वाणी से जन मानस में आनन्द स्रोतस्विनी भी प्रवाहित की। पुस्तक जब प्रकाशित होगी तो सन्तोष जी सर्जनात्मक प्रतिभा पर आलोचनात्मक दृष्टि से विचार किया जायेगा। यहाँ केवल एक उधाहरण प्रस्तुत करके मैं मूल संस्कृत श्लोक के साथ कश्मीरी अनुवाद का एक आकर्षक सौन्दर्य बिंब प्रस्तुत करने का प्रयास करूंगा - श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता - अध्याय २, श्लोक ३७:

हतो वा प्राप्स्यसि स्वर्गं
जित्वा वा भोक्ष्यसे महीम् ।
तस्मादुत्तिष्ठ कौन्तेय
युद्धाय कृत निश्चयः ॥

कश्मीरी अनुवाद - सन्तोष शाह 'नादान':

मरखै योदस मंज स्वर्गस च वातख
बूगख राज त्यलि योद च जेनख ।
योद अर्जनु योदुक संकल्प च करख
वोथ थोद तु योद कर यिनु नेरख ॥

हिन्दी पद्यानुवाद (लेखक) :

यदि युद्ध में मर जाओगे, स्वर्ग पहुँचोगे
यदि विजयी होंगे, राज भोगोगे
तो अर्जुन! पूर्ण संकल्प-बद्ध हो कर

खड़े हो जाओ और युद्ध लड़ो निश्चय के साथ।

उनिस्संदेह श्रीमती सनतोष शाह 'नादान' का यह प्रया स्तुत्य है।

**Learn Kashmiri.
It is your mother-tongue.**

लालस वनतय छुस सवाल ... रसूल मीर ...

लालस वनतय छुस सवाल। सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

मदु छस अज़ छुम कमाल, अदु नय रोज़्यम कॉलिये।
वदु ना रोवुम जमाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

चारदान तय काँठु माल, तस कित्य छिम कनु वॉलिये।
कनु फॅल्य बंगॉल्य छाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

खूब रोय माह मिसाल, अबरो छिस जु हिलॉलिये।
रुबरु डेशुन महाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

ऑलिफस कोरनम दाल, जुल्फन क्याह छिस ज़ॉलिये।
उल्फतु वोलुनम नाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

डीशिथ तॅम्य सुंद खाल, दाग ह्यथ जून गॅयि खॉलिये।
सूरुस हुस्नुक खयाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

मस खॉस्य मालामाल, बॅर्यनस कॅम्य कलुवॉलिये।
चेश्मु छस रश्के गज़ाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

मोहु तीर अँछर वाल, जिगरा कॅर्यनम ऑलिये।
वनुहस बोज़ि ना हाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

रोशन छुस म्योन हाल, रोशन कवु छुम बॉलिये।
पोशन करुसय माल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥

नेरान छुस नु मलाल, फेरान छुम बॉल्य बॉलिये।
रसूल छुस दिवान नाल, सालस अनतनी बॉलिये ॥



कविता

जया सिबू रैना

शब्द ही शब्द सर्वत्र

शब्द ही शक्ति है
 शिव की संवित् स्वरूपिणि शक्ति ।
 ईश्वर का स्वरूप है शब्द ।
 शब्द का आदि स्रोत है प्रणव -
 वही ॐ है
 जिसे वेद की वाणी ने समेटा है,
 अपनी श्रुतियों के आंचल में ।
 मन्त्र की आत्मा में
 तन्त्र के अनुष्ठान में
 यन्त्र की सृजन शीलता में
 अणुप्राणित है शब्द ।
 श्वाश्वतभाव मे
 छन्द में तथा पद में
 वाक्य - विन्यास में
 सन्धि में और समास में
 है शब्द ।
 आत्मनेयपद और परस्मैपद की
 भव्यता में
 गुम्फित किया
 ाचार्य अभिनवगुप्त ने
 शब्द की व्याख्या
 तत्सम और तद्भव में है शब्द ।
 जिज्ञासु की तृष्णा में
 मध्यमा और प्रतिपदा में गर्भित है
 यह शब्द-संवित् ।

निरुक्त ने शब्द का अर्थ
 प्रतिपादित किया;
 ध्वनि के अनुसंधान पर
 भर्तृहरि का ध्वन्यालोक
 एक सिद्धान्त ही नहीं है
 केवल;
 परन्तु है एक शब्द स्तम्भ ।
 आरोहण विज्ञान भी है
 स्पन्द भी है यह शब्द ।



संवित् स्वरूपिणि शक्ति से
 परिपूरित भी यह शब्द ।
 जिसे स्पन्दकारिका में पिरोया गया
 तभी
 वैदिक वाक् के आधार पर ।
 अन्तर्मुख का अवसाद लेकर !
 कवि का आकर्षण पाकर
 विलक्षण है शब्दविज्ञान !

शब्द से ही शक्तिपात सम्भव होता है
 बनकर मृदुल स्फुरित वचन ..
 तभी उस दार्शनिक कविता में
 सुन्दरता भी झलकती है
 अक्षर-अक्षर ।
 शैव शास्त्र के मन्थन में
 कविता हृदय का स्पन्दन है
 उच्चतर मानस के पटल पर ।
 अनुभव के आधार पर
 कश्मीर शैव-आचार्यों ने
 अपने वृत्तित्व में
 उन्मेष में निमेष में
 लय होकर
 लल्लेश्वरी ने वाख में
 प्रफुल्लित किया
 यही मेरी अन्तर्ध्वनि है ।
 अन्तर्नाद बन कर
 जिसे अक्षरज्ञान कहते हैं
 परा-प्रावेशिका के रूप में ।
 कवि के मन को प्रसारित करने के लिये
 शैवी विलक्षण शक्ति बन कर
 वही शक्ति तुम्हारी और मेरी भी है
 पूर्णतः शब्दशक्ति बन कर ।

Sign Posts Without Comments

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

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

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

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

If your wife wants to learn
 to drive, don't stand in her
 way.

Time flies when you don't
 know what you are doing.

He who laughs last,
 didn't get the joke.

Why be difficult when with
 a bit of effort you can be
 impossible.

Reaching Out

S.P.Kachru

JUST POLITE LIES?

"..He is just barking, it is his nature....". A dog owner recently said this to me in all innocence, in response to the indignant look I gave her when her yapping cur interrupted the peace of my morning run by bounding after me. How right she is, I thought, once I had given vent to my own nature by uttering a few energetic curses. Notwithstanding the refrain that genuine rudeness is better than mendacious politeness. But only question is that whether this thought is so noble as to prefer the incivility of the other person over a lie, or whether it is meant to rather behave uncouthly by the person concerned. If the latter is intended, it would be less virtuous, but all the more correct. There are actually scientific studies which show that when service providers remain polite under all circumstances, this leads, not infrequently, to coming down with the dreaded burn-out syndrome. In short, politeness is not just a deformation of our intrinsic beautiful natures, it actually makes us ill. And if such compulsively repetitive offence is from an elderly person, blame everyone but the elder.

What would happen if we tried ignoring the rules of etiquette for a while? Well, as per the forbidding prospect – A person who always says the truth as it is, could hardly walk down the street without being attacked as the enemy of all. Another pragmatic view of good manners could be considering politeness to an air-cushion, which may not have

anything in it, but it does soften the blows of life.

Perhaps the difficulty lies in the fact that we are so used to thinking in pairs of opposites. We say, politeness versus naturalness, politeness versus honesty. But may be courteous behavior represents a kind of fundamental respect for the other person. Moreover, it can act as a kind of de-escalation programme. Otherwise, all too often one frank word leads to another until finally a veritable war gets underway. I seriously doubt whether the two parties engaged in this are still interested in conveying the truth at that point. Another questionable postulation is the matter of rudeness being intrinsic to our natures. When I stop to think about all the things in my nature – me, whom I consider to be relatively harmless individual – I really would not like to know the unpleasant surprises hidden in the makeup of other people.

Finally, that which is not true now, can become so at a later point in time. At least that is my own reaction when someone consistently envelopes me in a nice talk. It didn't matter how exhausted I felt, for example when my neighbour's child drove me crazy with his admittedly entirely normal lusty play in my living room, bedrooms etc. My neighbour's indefatigable politeness was impossible to withstand. Such courteous behavior makes you helpless. First you are disarmed and feel deflated. Then you might honour yourself with the

same candour and realize that your position is in fact open to critical questioning. Consequently, you discover that the other person is actually quite genuinely nice. That would then be worth the try - or would it?



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spkachru@rediffmail.com

A Request to Writers

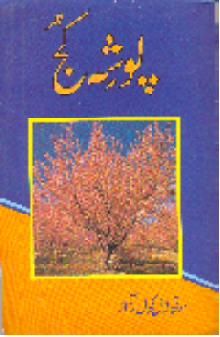
We accept write-ups on any topic concerning Kashmir & Kashmiris in English, Hindi & Kashmiri. The write-ups should be original and exclusive to 'här-van' except for News, Views & Reviews. No controversial topics please!

Kindly e-mail your articles to us at

editorharvan@yahoo.co.in

Books ... Books ... Books

Post Exodus Publications of KP writers



किताबि हुंद नाव : पोशिकुज (नस्तालीक लिपि)
विषय : काव्य
लेखन वोल : मोती लाल कौल 'नाज़'
 (फोन: ९४१९६६३९१३)
छापन सन : २००१ ई.
ख्वश नवीस : पी.एन.कौल 'सायिल'
म्वल : २०० वर्षयि

किताब मेलनुक पताह :

१) ९५, नेहरू अपार्टमेंट, कालकाजी,
 नयी दिल्ली ११००१९.
 २) श्री एम.एल.रैणा, मकान न० ३२, उदयवाला,
 लेन न०. २, जम्मू १८०००२.

★ ★ ★

लिखॉर्य संज ज्ञान :

कलमी नाव : नाज़
बिज़ाँती रोज़न जाय : रैनावारी, श्रीनगर, कश्मीर
हाल : लक्ष्मी विहार, तोमाल, बोहरी,
 तालाब तिल्लो, जम्मू.
जा तॉरीख : २७.०९.१९३६

★ ★ ★

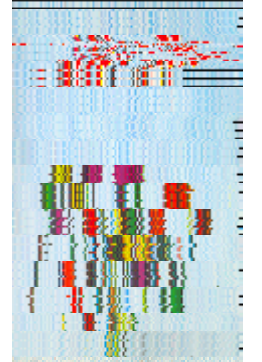
किताबि मंज़ुक्य केंह शाह पारु:

असी इनसाँन्य कदुरन ग्वड छु बोरमुत
 हिमालुक ह्यू थज़र सान्यन यरादन
 रवादॉरी तु लोलुक्य शोलुवन्य रंग
 छि जॉचल पोश गुलदानस सजावान

छु मंदुरव, मस्जिदव, गिरजव स्यठाह थोद
 वतन
 यथ मंज़ ति अँस्य साँरी प्रथान आय
 वतन
 यथ मंज़ ति अँस्य साँरी मरान आय

★ ★ ★

चे निश छा केंह खँटिथ सोरुय चे छुय वोन
 बु छुस यथ बीरु बारस मंज़ कुनुय ज़ोन
 मे छम बस चाँन्य सथ चाँनी रफाकत
 वतन हुंद वोन दितम, नतु छुस पकान ओन



किताबि हुंद नाव : पोशि गौद (देवनागरी व
 नस्तालीक)
विषय : लीलायि तु वचन
लेखन वाजेन्य : संतोश शाह 'नादान'
छापन सन : छुनु दिथ केंह
म्वल : छुनु दिथ केंह
ख्वश नवीस : बट्टी नाथ अभिलाश
डी.टी.पी.: रिन्कू कौल, जम्मू
 (२५९५१३६)

किताब मेलनुक पताह :

१) मकान न० १६२/अ, जवाहर नगर, तालाब तिल्लो,
 जम्मू १८०००२.
 २) दुर्गा प्रिंटिंग प्रेस, वेयर हाउस, जम्मू।

- ३) चंडी आश्रम, उदमपुर।
 ४) किताब घर, मौलाना आज़ाद रोड, श्रीनगर।
 ५) किताब घर, केनाल रोड, जम्मू।

★ ★ ★

लिखॉर्य सुंज़ ज़ान :

कलमी नाव :	नादान
मॉल्य सुंद नाव :	पं० नंद लाल शाह
माजि हुंद नाव :	श्रीमती शोभावती
महाराज़ सुंद नाव :	श्री महाराक कृष्ण बम्बरू
बिज़ॉती रोज़न जाय :	गंजीवारा, अनन्तनाग, कश्मीर
हाल :	मोहला गुजराल, लेन १, केम्प रोड, तालाब तिल्लो, जम्मू

★ ★ ★

किताबि मंज़ुक्थ केंह वज़न :

छस कॅशीरि ज़ामुन्न, छस कॅशुर कूर
 खता रोस ऑसुस, कॅडुनस दूर
 दावस लॉजिनस डेरु वावस तय
 वनतय कस वनु बु पनुन हाल

★ ★ ★

गुल्य गॅड्यथुय मॅग्यतव बगुवनस
 द्यवु रोट करि ततिकिस तूफानस
 करि असुरन क्षय बोज़ि सोन फॅरियाद
 असि पानुवॉन्य कोताह ओस इतिहाद

छापन सन :	२००३ ई.
ख्वश नवीस :	मसरूफ
म्वल :	१०० वर्षियि

किताब मेलनुक पताह :

- १) मकान न०. १२४, गली न० ९, गुडा बरनाई,
बन तालाब, जम्मू।
 २) नागराद अदबी संगम, जम्मू।
 ३) किताब घर, मौलाना आज़ाद रोड, श्रीनगर, कश्मीर।
 ४) किताब घर, कनाल रोड, जम्मू।

★ ★ ★

लिखॉर्य सुंज़ ज़ान :

कलमी नाव :	मसरूफ
बिज़ॉती रोज़न जाय :	छुनु दिथ केंह
हाल :	मकान न०. १२४, गली न०. ९, गुडा बरनाई, बन तालाब, जम्मू
जा तॉरीख :	छुनु दिथ केंह

★ ★ ★

“मोती लाल मसरूफ ति छु शॉयिर तु ख्वश नवीस। मगर शॉयिर क्युथ ह्यु? बु गोस, पज़र बूजिव, अँम्य सुंद कलामु पॅरिथ हय बुंगु। यूत नॅफीस तु प्वख्तु शॉयिर वुन्युक ताम सान्यव नज़रव निशि चूरि, यि छु तॉजुब तु हॉरथ।”

- अमीन कॉमिल

★ ★ ★

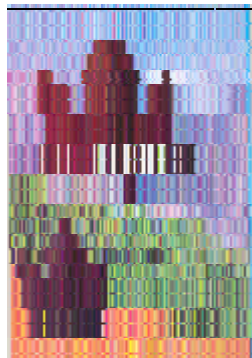
किताबि मंज़ुक्थ केंह शार :

लवु पेयि सुबहय टूर्यन, फॅल्य शादाब सपुद्य
 सॉचि सरन तलवास तुलुख गिरदाब सपुद्य
 अनहॅर्य जज़ुबन शूरिश, स्वरमॅल्य सॉथ अँछन
 हरुफ हरुफ पोर याम कथन संगलाब सपुद्य

★ ★ ★

किहिन्य त्युथ गव नु कथ प्यठ दिल यि शोर्योव
 पॅदिस प्यठ पोद थॅविथ बुंज़ अख नु ठॅहर्योव
 मिज़ाज़स डोल पनुन आहंग वॅटिन नेट्य
 यरादय गव बदल अफसानु डोल्योव

★ ★ ★



किताबि हुंद नाव :	यथ वावु हालि मंज़ (नस्तालीक़लिपि)
विषय :	काव्य
लेखन वोल :	मोती लाल 'मसरूफ'

The Other Face of a Teacher

B.K.Dass

HAVE FAITH IN HIM

Until class V, I was a student of Habba Kadal Mission School. So I had the privilege of being the student of Rev. Biscoe. The motto of our school, written on our emblem was "In All Things Be Men". One must be master of one's trade....no matter if it is a doctor or a teacher or an engineer or a *koker choor*. Being the student of Rev. Biscoe, I always remembered the motto. I flourished in all my trades whether it was a full time job as *koker choor* or as a teacher thereafter. I did not make a poor student of the greatest teacher. I continued with the former trade until I could run faster than the prey. So there was no question of having been caught red handed. The only agony was that there was none in the family to inherit the trade.

I have tremendous faith in God. Being optimistic, I was sure that one day a legal heir to the trade will appear. The proverb 'God helps those who help themselves' was the only ray of hope. In our neighbourhood at Zainakot Srinagar, our Muslim neighbours used to let loose their poultry to spoil the standing vegetable crop of our kitchen garden. We were disgusted with the nuisance. No plea worked. By this time I had become an honourable citizen with a *kenthlangot* round my neck. Hens around were looking at me with a sarcastic smile. Though Principal of an Educational Institution, I wished I could run faster than the hen to teach them a lesson. As it is, all wishes don't get fulfilled. Despite intake of rich diet, I could not recover the speed.

One fine morning, you can't imagine when I discovered my legal and natural heir to my trade in my sixth class daughter who is a senior scientist this time at BARC Mumbai (kmr@mtnl.net.in). In view of my dead speed, the hens around had become bold enough to visit even our attached bathroom at the second floor. My legal heir imprisoned the prey. Next morning, the hen was handed over to Javed, cleaner of one of our buses, and asked to slaughter the bird. Javed went to our neighbour Ali Dar for the job. Ali Dar questioned Javed: "This is my hen. Wherefrom did you get it?" Javed replied: "Are you mad? She belongs to Dass. They are so affluent. Do you think, they will take your hen? God has given them enough to feed poor people like you." Ali Dar silently read *kalima* and slaughtered the hen who had a few days before given a sarcastic smile at me. I was happy to discover legal heir to my trade. I had faith in Him and he fulfilled my desire.

'Brijû Dàs chhú vanàn lāsív tû bāsív'

Contact author at: kunjwani@sanchamet.in

FRIENDS TURNED DODO

"Life has become monotonous. Know not why"? Expresses Brijdass to one of his friends.

The friend, abroad, gives the solution: "I am sure you must have known it by now, life by itself has no meaning and purpose: we give meaning and purpose to it. Try it tonight, but better after the Navratras: arrange a small party of your friends in the soft lights of an evening, play some ghazals, talk about good things of life over sips of whisky or whatever drinks you prefer, and then see how the evening flowers into a beautiful thing. True, you may not be able to do it every evening. On other days, you can pass your time in reading, writing, thinking, listening to music. There are many ways to make life interesting. Wishing you all the best in the days to come."

Brijdass: "Your solution to the problem is impracticable. Only my basic character will one day come out triumphant like that of the hero of a Hindi Movie.

In the present scenario, you may discover a dodo, but not a friend. Gone are the days when one would find one's friends around in sun and shower. All are dispersed and lost in exile. They are continent apart, some physically and some mentally. Friends used to be next door. My invitation to friends is being postponed beyond the date yet to be fixed by consensus. I had even promised fuel to their vehicles but all in vain. Meeting almost all friends every evening at Habba Kadal or Kanya Kadal has remained only a sweet dream shelved in the archives of mental memory.

Each age group had a meeting place. Grandfathers' 'bathek' (Pt. Jia Lal Tikoo's saffron shop at Krakhod) was the seat of

great saints and intellectuals. It had become a seat of learning. Legendry figures like Master Zind Koul, Prof. Toshkhani, Pt. Jia Lal Nazir, Pt. Sarwanand Charagi and the like used to honour the 'bathek'. It has left behind a monumental imprint. A little ahead across the river Jehlum, at Habba Kadal, was the 'bathek' of late Shri Gopi Nath Parimoo. It was an assembly of all political parties, Parimoo playing for Chaterji. Prof. (Dr.) Suraj Hashia's 'bathek' was serving as the meeting place at LOC dividing Karan Nagar from the slum Chota Bazar for the youngsters.

Mr. TIME has thrown us to a deserted place which lacks the facility of a Coffee House, a common feature of all civilized cities. Jammu is the place of Prof Bhim Singh, who has never been to a class and still prefixes Professor to his name. Recall, how intellectuals and so called intellectuals would park their bicycles along the footpath and gossip for hours together over a cup of coffee in the India Coffee House Regal Chowk, Srinagar. Those days only a few had a scooter. Scooters were not available in the open market. Police & Secretariat employees had a fixed quota on priority. Most of them would sell the same on premium. A few could afford to purchase it in the black market. Today your bicycle in such unclaimed situation will be suspected as a bomb and invite attention of all the armed forces and the bomb squared unit. NDTV, Aaj Tak, Barkha Datt will not miss the opportunity to make news.

My house had become a temporary Home for a fortnight. Both my daughters along with my grand daughter Bulbul Sherien Jalali +2 had joined me. They left on first April, feeling that they have set the house in order, little knowing that the only inmate has been left upset. Until their arrival, I had a smooth living, unconscious of the difference between the Home and the House. Their company had given me a feel of homely atmosphere. Soon, I shall overcome the situation and be a normal boy.

'Brijû Dàs chhû vanàn lâsiv tû bâsiv'.

Contact author at:
kunjwani@sanchamet.in

कश्मीरी राईम्ज़ फ़्राम डिस्टेंट डाइस्योरा

डा. बी.के.मोज़ा

तबरदारा सबुर कर - १



गामस अँकिस ओस अख तबरदार
फालुवान सुब शाम ओस ज़िन्य खार
जंगुलस गछान ओस शीनस तापस
शामस तुलान ओस थँकिथ बॉर खार
मशकथ अँम्यसुंज मिसाला ऑस
ज़ेवि प्यठ नु शिकवु ज़ांह, ओस सबुरदार
कुन तु कीवल कडान ओस दूहा
आलुमस निशि गॉफिल, पनुनि कामि ज़िमुवार

गामा अँम्यसुंद स्वंदर तु शांदार
ज्वय पकान मंज़ बाग, नपान वफुदार
बालु तलु यि बँस्ती सुनसान ऑस
छवपु अति यीच्चा तु ज्वय ग्रज़ान जांदार
मयसर अति आबे हयात तु बोनि शेहजार
अँछन गाश अनान पोश अति रंगदार
हथ शथ गुरु अँद्य पँख्य रोज़ान
ग्वरबथ गुरु गुरु, लूख ऑस्य दानथदार

ज़ामुत यि अँथ्य माहोलस मंज़ ओस
बडचोमुत किथुपॉठ्य ग्रीस्तनि गरि ओस
माजि दग पेमुच्च दूदु शुर येलि ओस
ख्वरुनँन्य दर्योमुत मॉल्य सुंद फाह ओस
वुछमुत माजि लोल न ल्वकचार ओस
बडचोमुत यकदम ज़्यनु प्यठु जवान ओस
कुन तु कीवल यि दूहा कडान ओस
लोला नु कांह वुछमुत, कीवलतायि ओस

(ब्रॉह कुन जॉरी)

Contact author at: bk_moza@yahoo.co.in

Recalling Memories

Avtar. K. Misri

MY GRANDFATHER & GAYATRI-MANTRA

When I was very young, young and not so young, I would observe my Grand Father while saying his morning prayers and reaching the Gayatri Mantra part, seated crossed legged with left hand resting on his left knee thumb touching index finger, the righthand with thumb and index finger touching, the other three fingers extended, would sweep his body from above his head right round to the groins and back again to the top of the head, every now and then pressing here and there ever so lightly in a sequential order. It made me curious and I always meant to ask him what exactly he was doing.

To me my Grand Father always seemed an Old man ever since I can remember and never aged with time. In 1948 we migrated leaving behind our Grand Parents in Kashmir. I always meant to ask him what exactly he did when reciting the Gayatri Mantra but out of foolishness put it off for tomorrow which never came. Time went by and years flew and yet I never asked him till he breathed his last in 1969 at grand old age of 92. It never occurred to me that like all others he too would one day become a memory. My Grand Father was a self taught man. He knew Sanskrit, Persian, Urdu, Hindi, English and above all Sharda. He knew all Prayers and Rituals to the 'T'. Our community Guruji would get nervous if he had to perform any Puja and my Grand Father was around.

In spite of being so knowledgeable he never taught us anything about religion. No Ramayan or Mahabharat stories. The only thing I distinctly remember is encouraging us to attend evening Arti at Ramchandrun Mandir at Sathu Barbar Shah which was a stones throw from our home. This was of course before we left Kashmir for good.

After his passing away I often asked myself did he leave me with only memories? And slowly I realized that he did teach me a lot though very subtly. Whenever he was with us and I be around he would invariably ask me to clip his nails or encourage me to get my hair cut irrespective of the day of the week. He would make us wear new clothes as and when we wished. Ladies were encouraged to wash their hair as and when required. No restrictions of any kind. I once asked him wasn't all this against normal traditions. He smiled and said one must change with times, situation and needs. There were many other similar superstitions he helped us to get rid of and I am so grateful to him.

But the best imprint he left on my impressionable mind was when he finally shifted to Bombay in 1962. When on his first morning he was offered the usual Kahwa in a Khos he sent it back and said "From this day I shall be served tea in a cup as all others. No restraint in using Garlic and Onions in the food. Just treat me as one of the family members.

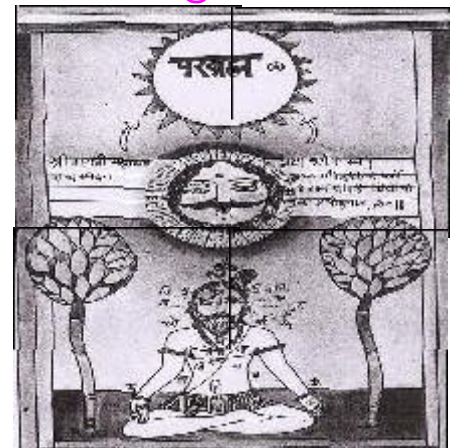
Since I have left Kashmir for good "it is I who will change to the present and not the rest of you to the past."

I do not believe four decades ago any person at the age of 85 could have been more generous to his kin. I think that was the greatness of his love and consideration for us.

Many years went by. The subconscious had been seeking the answer to what Grand Father did when reciting Gayatri Mantra. And it happened of all the places in Brazil. In 1986 I was at the Indian Embassy in Brasilia renewing my Passport and while waiting at the reception I spotted the "TAJ MAGAZINE" which answered my curiosity. Below picture tells us the various points in the human body where the sounds of the Gayatri Mantra should vibrate.



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सिलसिलऽवार - क्याह क्याह वन ?

म.क.रैना

स्वर्ग तु नरुक



म्यानि स अमानथ दिनस सुती गँयि हटु कटु जवान जोराह मे ब्रॉह कनि पॉदु। यिम आसुहँन नवि ज़मानुक्य यमदुथ। बुथ ओसुक प्रोन तु हँग ति ऑसिख नु कँह। अँकिस ओस क्लीन शेव तु बेय ओस फ्रँच कट थोवमुत।

बु ओसुस वुनि युहुंद कद तु बाडवुय सरु करान जि यिमव कँर मे नर्यन दून थफ तु तुलुहँस थोद। अमि पतु तुल यिमव आकाशस कुन कदम। बु गोस हॉरान तु परेशान। मे ओस नु ज़ाह ज़मीनि प्यठ स्योद पकुन तगान मगर यिमन सुत्य सुत्य ह्योतुनस बु ति हवुहस मंज़ वुडव कँरिथ पकुन। योदवय म्यानि नरि जंगु आसु नु हिलान कँह, मगर बु ओसुस रज़ि रोस्तुय ज़न हवाँयी फोजुकिस जंगी जहाज़ुक्य पॉठ्य पकान। मे ज़ोन जि मे छु ज़िंदगी निशि अथु छोलमुत, मगर दिलुक तमाह, सु ओसुम ज़न वुनि ति कलु कँडिथ। मे दिच ब्वन कुन वारु नज़र। शाहमार ओस खडस मंज़ वुनि ति ऑर कँरिथ बिहिथ। शायद ओस तस वुनि ति यि फ्रठ जि बु मा यिमु वापस तु खज़ानस करु कबज़।

दुनियिहा अख कँडिथ वॉत्य अँस्य कथ ताम जायि। मगर मॉफी दिज़्योम! येति कति ओस दुनियाह ? सु ओस ना मे मँरिथ पथ वुन त्रोवमुत। आ, दँपिव असमाना अख कँडिथ वातुनोवहस बु यम दुतव अँकिस जायि। क्लीन शेव यम दुतन कोड पतलोन चंदु मंज़ अख चीज़ तु रोटुन ऑसस ब्रॉटु कनि। यि चीज़ ओस त्युथुय युथ सॉनिस दुनियिहस मंज़ टेलेफोन आसान ओस। रंग डंग ओसुस जान। शायद आसिहे यि ति टेलेफोनय, मगर तार ऑसुस नु कँह। असि ओस बूज़मुत जि व्यलायतस मंज़ छि तारि वरॉयी टेलेफोन आसान। शायद मा आसिहे अँम्य जवानन ति तती प्यठ अनुनोवमुत। खॉर मे क्या अथ सनुन ? मे ओस ज़मीनि प्यठ पनुनिस गरस मंज़ फोन लागनुक अरमानुय रूदमुत। म्याँन्य मॉल्य ओस टेलेफोन महकमस मंज़ दँह वॅरी ब्रॉटु पांछ हथ र्वपयि बँरिथ फोन बुक कोरमुत। मगर सु कति फोन ? येलि बु अफसरन पृछनि गोस, दोपुहम, “हता यारु चु मा छुख पागल गोमुत! येति छि वुह वॅरी ब्रूटिम ‘ओन योवर टेलेफोन’ वॉल्य ज़ु ज़ु सास बँरिथ ति यपारी। चु कथ छंड़ान पांचन हतन प्यठ फोन ?” मे फोर्यव नु जवाबुय। व्वन्य करेयि फँकीरन मे यॉरी तु मे सॉचोव जि बु ह्यमु ततकाल

सकीमि मंज़ुय व्वन्य द्रोगि म्वलु फोन, मगर ज़िंदगी द्युत नु साथ कँह। हरगाह मे क्वदरथ खज़ानु लँबिथ निनुक वख दियिहे, द्यव बु ति पनुनि दारि प्यठ बिहिथ तु फोन अथस मंज़ रँटिथ मखन लालस आलव लायिहॉ, युथ तस हेरिम शाह ह्योर तु बँनिम शाह ब्वन गछिहे! मगर सु कति। चकि बु शिकस लद। वनु कस ?

मे त्रोव ज़्यूठ व्वश तु त्रॉवुम बेयि यम दुतु सुंदिस तारि रोस्तुय फोनस कुन नज़र। सु ओस कस ताम सुत्य कथ करान। मंज़ु मंज़ु मे कुन नज़राह त्रॉविथ कलु हिलावान तु मंज़ु असन खंगालु त्रावान। ब्याख यम दुथ ओस वुनि ति मे अथस थफ कँरिथ।

कँह काल गँछिथुय त्रोव यम दुतन फोन चंदस तु पृछुन मे नाव। मे वोनस, “बाया, ज़मीनि प्यठ ऑस्य मे लूख लोलु सान वनान ‘साहबु’। नतु हरगाह पज़र बोज़ख, असली नाव ओसुम कृष्णदास। कृष्ण सुंद दास कम तु पनुन ज़्यादु।” क्लीन शेव यम दुतन कँर मे बुथिस कुन नज़राह। वापस द्युतुन नु जवाबाह कांह। अँस्य रूद्य पकान, या वँन्यतव वुडान। बुथि ओस सख ओबुर। मे पेयि बदनस ठँडी। मे हेचॉयि यम दुतन सुत्य बेयि कथ करुन्य मगर तिम ऑस्य दूनवय मनहूस बलायि। म्यानि कथि द्युत नु तिमव कन कँह। मे पेयि रुसवा गँछिथ छूवपय करुन्य।

ओबरु मंज़ु येलि अँस्य न्यबर द्रायि, मे वुछ बुथि अख बोड देवारु। देवारस ऑस्य ज़ु दरवाज़ु। अँकिस प्यठ कनि ओस लीखिथ स्वर्ग तु बेयिस प्यठ कनि नरुक। मे ह्यचॉयि बडु कुदामु सान स्वर्गस कुन पँद्य त्रावन्य जि यम दुतव फ्युर ज़बरदस्ती म्योन चॉठ नरकस कुन। मे मान्योव नु कुनि वति मगर चलयोम नु कँह। मे ओस नु ज़न नर्यन जंगन ताकथुय। अंदर अन्नान अन्नानुय गव मे अँछन अनि गोड। मे यिनरकस मुतलिक बूज़मुत ओस, बराबर ओस ती। जायि जायि ओस नार दज़ान तु यम कँकर नारस ब्रॉटु कनि नन्नान तु नग्मु करान। शायद आसुहन क्वकर्मि अथ नारस मंज़ दज़ान। कुनि कुनि जायि ऑस्य इनसान कुल्यन अलूंद त्रॉविथ। अँकिस जायि ओस लूकु अरसाथाह सँमिथ। तिमव ओस सख शोर लोगमुत। दर्म राजु ओस पंडालस प्यठ बिहिथ तिमन सज़ाह बोज़ुनावान। बु येलि तिमन नज़दीख वोतुस, मे प्यव ज़न तु असमान कलस प्यठ। मे वुछ अति तिम

तिम नफर, यिम ज़मीनि प्यठ स्यठाह दान तु प्वन्य करान ऑस्य। यिमन हुंद अख दर्शुन करनु बापथ लूख सासु बोद खर्चान ऑस्य तुमीलु वादु पकान ऑस्य। “गव सु ओस सोरुय अपजुय!” , मे वोन पानस सुत्य। मगर म्यानि सौंचुनुच आवाज़ ति ऑस बडि गछान। फ्रेंच कट वॉलिस यम दुतस गॅयि म्यॉन्य कथ बूज़िथ कन खडा। योदवय तस फिकरी ओस नु केंह तोरमुत, मगर तोति दोपुन, “अज़ कथ छुख नारस नरि दिवान ? तति क्याज़ि सूंचुथ नु ?” मे दोपुस, “बाया! बु छुस नु ति सौंचान यि वु सौंचान छुख। बु छुस हॉरान गछान जि यिमव ज़मीनि प्यठ रुत्य कर्म कॅर्य, तिमव मंज़ु ति छि वारयाह मे येति नज़रि गछान।” यम दुथ ओस शायद ज्ञानन वो। दोपुन, “ति छनु कथ। असली तल छि ज़मीनि हुंघ लूख आसान क्याहताम, तु बासान क्याहताम।” मे म्यूल पनुनि सवालुक जवाब। पानस मुतलिक ओस नु मे शखुय कांह। बु ओसुस सिरिफ तु सिरिफ नरकु खॉतरय ज़ामुत। हरगाह मे कुनि सातु कांह रुत कर्म कोरमुत ति ओस, सु ओस मे तमी सातु दुनियिहस निश कुनिथ ख्योमुत। सु ओस नु कांह त्युथ नफर युस बु ज्ञानुहॅन तु यस नु मे पनुनि रुचि कामि हुंज़ कथ कन पॉव्य पॉव्य आसिहे वॅनिमुन्न। मगर बु ओसुस सौंचान यिमन नफरन हुंद, यिमन ज़मीनि प्यठ स्यठाह नाव ओस तु यिम रुत्यन नफरन मंज़ शुमार ऑस्य सपदान। म्यान्यन नज़रन तलुय ऑस्य वुन्यक्यन कम अज़ कम अख दरजन तिथ्य नफर दर्म राजस ज़ारु पारु करनस लॅग्यमुत्य। मगर जान गव, तिमन पैयि नु मे कुन नज़र, नतु गछिहेख वारय रुसवाँयी तु मे खसुहॅन बॅल्य पाफ।

म्यानि खॉतरु ओस शायद क्वदरतन रुतुय सूंचमुत। मे ऑस स्वरगुच बुकिंग कॅरमुन्न तु तम्युक रॅसीदु ओस मे वुनि ति चंदस मंज़। मे छुडोव पनुन अथु जवानु सुंदि अथु मंज़ु तु ब्यूदुस अँकिस कनि पलस प्यठ। गासु द्रमुन मा ओस अति कुनि जि तथ प्यठ बेहमुहॉ! फ्रेंच कट वॉल्य त्रॉव मे कुन दोलु नज़राह, तु पृछुनम, “क्या साँ यिती सुत्य थोकुखु ? वुनि छनु कथुय।” मे वोनस वापस, “न साँ, स्व दॅलील छनु केंह। असली कथ छे यि जि मे छि स्वरगुच बुकिंग ज़मीनि प्यठुय कॅरमुन्न। पछ नय बिही, रसीदु हावय।” यम दुतस बीठ नु पछुय। दोपुन, “हे यार, त्रे हिविस शिकस लदस कपॉर्य गॅयि स्वरगुच बुकिंग ? स्वरगुचि टिकटु छा आसान वति पेमचु जि त्रे तुजुथ अख पानस किन्न। तलु बा हाव ?”

मे कोड चंद मंज़ु काकुद तु होवुमस। काकुदस ओस

टाकारु पॉठ्य दर्म राजु सुंदिस दुथु सुंद दसखत। जवानस फीर बुथिस लेदरि छठ। काकुद होवुन पनुनिस सॉथियस। तमि पतु कॅरुख क्याहताम कथ पानुवॅन्य कथ ताम बदलुय बोलि मंज़। शायद आसिहे यि संस्कृत। मे आव नु केंह समुज। असि कर ओस संस्कृत पोरमुत ? भगवत गीतायि हुंघ ति ऑस्य असि ग्वडनिक्य पांन्न या सथ श्लूक तगान परुन्य, तिक्याज़ि तिम ऑस्य ज़बॉनी याद। नतु कति अँस्य तु कति संस्कृत ! मोल मॉज ति ऑस्य दिवान अंग्रीज्य परनसुय प्यठ ज़ोर। दपान ऑस्य पतु कथ लगिवु संस्कृत ?

बु रूदुस कटु चेशमव तिमन दूनवुन्य यम दुतन कुन वुछान। फोन वॉल्य यम दुतन कॅर मे नरि थफ तु दोपुनम, “हे बाया! सॉन्य छय नु कांह गलती। असि यि वोनुख, ती कोर। व्वलु हुमिस दर्म राजस हावव यि काकुद तु पृछोस जि व्वन्य क्या छु करुन ?” मे रोट दरकु। दोपुमस बस, येमि अलाव पकय नु बु अख कदम ति। त्वहि छुव गछुन तु गॅछिव। बु प्रारोवु येती।” तिमव द्युत मे इजाज़थ पथर बेहनस तु पानु गॅयि दर्म राजस निश। बु रूदुस यीतिस कालस ओरु योर वुछान। यि अंघ पॅख्य सपदान ओस, ति वुछनु सुती ओस दहशथ गछान। मे वोन कृष्णु बगवानस वुन, “व्वन्य रॅछिज्यम येति योर। ऑखुर युथ छुस तु त्युथ, मगर म्यॉनिस नावस सुत्य छुना चोन नाव ति। हरगाह मे केंह वुल्टु गछि, तमि सुत्य गछी ना त्रे ति बदनॉमी। लूक वनन ना कृष्णु बोरुख नरकस।”

शायद बूज़ म्यॉन्य व्यनथ कृष्णु बगवानन। दूनवय यम दुथ आयि असवुनि बुथि वापस तु दोपुहम, “हे बाया! न्यसुब मुश्किल गोय हल। मगर त्रे छय शीथ र्वपयि वुनि बकायाह। तिम कति अनख ? हरगाह शीथ र्वपयि अँज्य बरख तु अँज्य निमोथ स्वरगस। नतु छुय येती ब्युहुन।” मे ओस नु चंदस पाँसाह कांह। मे दोप तिमन आरु हति बुथि, “बलायि लगोवु, दियिव ना तामथ व्वजुम। बु दिमोवु पतु वापस। स्वरगस मंज़ आसि मे कांह नतु कांह पनुन पाँसु वो।” तिम वॅथ्य दर जवाब, “असि कति गॅयि हारु पाँदु ? येति छा काँसि तनखाह मेलान वख्तस प्यठ ? अगर बिही, त्रे र्यथ गॅयि तनखाह निनुसुय। त्वहि छवु पताह अँस्य छि येति ऑश करान। ज्ञानि हा यारु सोन पान, किथु कॅन्य छि अँस्य द्रह द्रह कडान।” बु गोस यि दॅलील बूज़िथ हॉरान। दोपुमख, “क्याज़ि, येति छुना बजठ वजठ किहीन्य आसान ? तिम पाँसु कोत छि गछान ?” तिमव त्रोव व्वश। दोपुख, “आसान क्याज़ि छुनु ? आसान छु, मगर सु सोरुय छु दिवताहन हुंदिस टी.ए. तु डी.ए. हस प्यठ खर्च

गछान।”

“टी.ए. तु डी.ए.!! क्युथ टी.ए. तु डी.ए.?” बु गोस हॉरान। तिमव वोन व्यस्तोरिथ, “तिम छिना कालु पगाह लाव लश्कर ह्यथ पृथवी लूक तु पाताल लूक गछान। तति छिनु तिम ज्याद दहन ब्यहान केह, मगर तोत ताम युस ज्यूठ फॉसलाह छु, तिम छि तमी हिसाबु चार्ज करान। व्वन्य हय बचि तु बचि क्याह? अँस्य ति छि छवपु दम कॅरिथ सोरुय बरदाश करान। करव ति क्याह? येति मा छु तुहुंघ पॉठ्य हाई कोर्ट तु सुप्रीम कोर्ट? यि दिवता पानु वनि, ति छु फाईनल तु अटल।”

यिमु दॅलीलु बूजिथ त्रायि मे तुर। मे सूच, अमि हिसाबु छु जॅमीनि प्यठ जनथ। हरगाह कांह नफर येति प्यठ हुत ताम ति क्रकु दिवान दिवान पकि, दॅहन जायन पृछनस वति पकवुन्य जि बाया कुस तकलीफ छुय? येति छु यि बदलय तान। असि मा छु युथ कुसाह जांह वुछमुत! हरगाह जॅमीनि प्यठ अँकिस दहस ति काँसि तनखाह बंद करन, हाई कूटी ताम कर्यख लार।

मगर वुन्यक्यस ओस नु अथ मसुलस प्यठ बहस करुन मुनॉसिब। वुन्यक्यस ओस सवाल शीतन र्वपुयन हुंद। मे वोन फोन वॉलिस यम दुतस, युस द्यव मंजु सीनियर ओस बासान, “बाया, मे मानतु च्चु पनुन ल्वकुट बोय। छुना सलाह, मे निख वापस तथ बुरजु वुगलिस निश। खबर शाहमार मा आसि त्रोलुमुत, बु दिमुहॉ खजानस थफ। हरगाह बरादॅरी कॅरिव, न्यसुब गव तुहुंद तु न्यसुब गव म्योन। त्वहि हरगाह यि फ्रठ छु जि बु मा च्लु, हतुसाँ मे थँव्यतव जंगन गंड कॅरिथ।” मगर अमि सुत्य अंदेयि नु काँम केह। तिमव वोन जि अकि लटि परलूकस मंजु यिथ छुनु वापस गछुनुक सवालुय व्वथान। मे रँट्य तिमन खवर जि कांह सँबीला सूचतव म्यानि खॉतर। ऑखुर म्यानि वुह र्वपयि, यिमु मे बुकिक करुनस दिचु, मा गछन बिलकुलहय फँक्य?”

फोन वॉल्य कोर बेयिस साँथियस सुत्य मशवर। तमि पतु कोडुन चंदु मंजु बेयि फोन तु कॅरुन कस ताम सुत्य कथ। बुथि तलु ओस बासान जि काँम छे अंदन वाजेन्य। केह काल कथ करनु पतु थोव तँम्य फोन बेयि चंदस तु वोनन, “हे अख सँबील छय। हरगाह च्चे जांह कालि काँसि बेछुनुनिस या काँसि फँकीरस कांह पाँसु छुय द्युतमुत, सु यियी मुजराह।” मे प्यव याद, मे ओस तँस्य फँकीरस नपु नपु करवुन हँत्युन द्युतमुत, येम्य मे खजानुकपय ओस वोनमुत। तु यिहँय अख कथ आँस नु मे काँसि वँन्यमुच तिव्याजि बु मा ओसुस यछान जि कांह

गछि खजानुकिस राजस वॉकुफ गछुन। मे वोनुमख, “आ, द्युतमुत क्याजि छुम नु! फलॉन्य फँकीरस मे पूर हथ र्वपयि द्युतमुत। व्वन्य गव च्चु वनुहम रँसीदु हावुन, सु मा छुम!”

जवानन कॅर बेयि फोनस प्यठ कथ, तु हिलोवुन कलु। दोपुन, “कुसमतु वोल छुख। योहय अख रुत कर्म छुय नु च्चे काँसि निश वोनमुत तु अम्युक फल म्यूलुय वुन्यक्यस। व्वलु पख स्वरगु लूकस कुन।”

अँस्य हेतिन स्वर्ग लूकस कुन नेरुन्य जि पँत्य किन्य वोथ हुय। नरकु मंजु पेयि किथु ताम पॉठ्य म्यान्यन कॅचन जॉन्यकारन मे प्यठ नजर। तिम आयि दोरान दोरान तु कॅरुख मे खवरन थफ। दोपुहम, “बलायि लगेय। अँस्य छि येति कुन्य मँशीदि हुंघ जिन ही गॉमुत्य। कुनि छुनु दिल लगान। च्चुय योत ह्यकख असि दिलासु मदारु दिथ। मत्तु गछतु स्वर्गस केह। असि सुत्य रोज तु येत्य। अँस्य आँस्य ना जॅमीनि प्यठ चाँनिस प्रथ पँजिस अपजिस साथ दिवान! वुन्यक्यस कथ छुख असि वुछिथ कलु फिरान?” यिमन मंजु ओस गूकलु ति, येमिस मे जिंदु पानस हसमतुन्य वसमथ ताम खेमुच ऑस। सु ओस ज्यादय पहान रज्जन खसान।

मे सूच हरगाह बु यिहँजि कथि कन थवु, बु गछु येमि मोकु निशि अथु छँलिथ। कँह्यताम कँह्यताम बनेयि मे सवर्गस गछनुच सँबील जि यिमु शिकस लद गॉयि बूद। हता यारु बु क्या दारोवु केह? जॅमीनि हुंद हिसाब म्वकल्योव जॅमीनि प्यठुय। गँछिवू यारु, तोह्य पानस तु बु पानस। मे वोन तिमन आरु हति बुथि, “हे यारु बु जानोवुय नु तोह्य। मे कथ छिवु अनान आँर्य कटिन्य तॉर्य कँट्य वॉलिथ। गँछिव कॅरिव पनुन्य काँम।” मे कोर यम दुतन इशारु जि पँकिव जल जल स्वर्ग लूकस कुन। तिमव रँट मे नॅर तु हेचुख वुडव करुन्य। मगर च्चकि म्योन कुस्मथ खराब। युथियु बु ह्योर कुन ह्योतुनस खसुन, गूकुलन कॅर मे जंगि थफ तु द्युतुनम द्रसु। बु आस याशाह कॅरिथ कनिविस देवारस प्यठ लायिनु तु फोटुम कलु।

अँथ्य सुत्य गोस बु नॅदरि हुशार। मे वुछ पनुन्य माँज म्यानि जंगि थफ कॅरिथ द्रसु दिवान तु वनान, “व्वथू व्वन्य। परबथ छुय ना गछुन! च्चेर गोय। यिमन यारन वोतुय आँदि प्यठु प्रारान।”

(ब्रॉह वुन जॉरी)

Contact author at: rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

AIKS Salutes Martyrs



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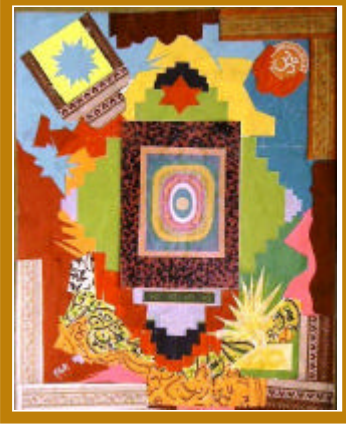
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Aprayer meeting and a candle light vigil at India Gate in memory of Major K.P. Vinay and Major Dinesh Raghuraman who sacrificed their most precious lives for the nation in Tangamarg Sector of Kashmir.



Your Own Page

ART IN EXILE**Collaged Painting No. 3
VETHAVOTTUR****About this Painting:**

O Mother Vitasta! I am unable to visit you but seek your blessings. You are always in my heart. I have collected the invitation cards from all sides, and given an invitation to you, to grace us, where ever we would be. I have glued this "Collage" with the emotional love of my tears, and put a grand decoration around your YANTRA, which is the virgin form of Sati - the Divine Mother.

Chaman Lal Raina, Miami, USA.

व्यथुवोत्तुर**कौशुर भावानुवाद : जया सिबू**

श्री व्यतस्ता छख पानु माता सँती
पाद चॉन्य छि स्यठाम्वख्तु छँती
पोन्य चोन साफ शफाफ न्यरमल
व्यतस्ता महात्म्य छु अँकार कीवल
ग्यानुक आगुर चोन अख अख यारबल
नंदकीश्वरुन वास येति वनान तथ सुम्बल
छे सिरिफ चॉन्य चेतना सॉन्य आरादना
कर सँबील पानय, कँशीरि करोय सादना
चॉन्य सोपुन वुछिथ त्वता छस बु चॉन्य करान
ममतायि हुंद वाख व्यथु त्रुवुश प्यठ 'जया' सोज़ान

★ ★ ★

ELEVATED

Dr Satish Ganjoo, Professor of History and eminent author, has taken over as Head of the Post Graduate Department of History, Ramgarhia College (GNDU), Phagwara (Pb). He has authored and edited about 12 books on diverse topics of history, politics, international relations and Islamic Studies. These books are widely referenced source for doctoral studies, books and articles. Before migration, he served as Senior Faculty Member at Govt Degree College, Baramulla; CASET Post Graduate Evening College, Srinagar: and, Centre of Central Asian Studies, University of Kashmir. Dr Ganjoo joined Ramgarhia Collegew, Phagwara, in 1990. Besides teaching post graduate students, he is also supervising the M Phil/ Ph D scholars. Different NGOs have honoured him for his excellent contribution in academics, research and teaching.

**AWARDED**

Shri Veer Ji Wangoo (who started his career from Mumbai) has been selected by the Microsoft Corporation for the 2008 Microsoft MVP Award in appreciation of his extraordinary efforts in Windows Server System - SQL Server technical communities during the past year.



This is what Microsoft has to say about Shri Wangoo:
"As the independent voice of users worldwide, your influence on technical communities is felt in many ways—enhancing people's lives and contributing to our industry's success. We're deeply grateful to you for sharing your feedback, comments, answers, and expertise with technical communities. In recognition of your commitment, Microsoft is pleased to honor you with the Most Valuable Professional Award. Thank you for empowering the community with your outstanding leadership!"

Steven A. Ballmer
Chief Executive Officer, Microsoft Corporation

