

ॐ नमामि त्वां शाबदा देवीं,
महाभागीं भगवतीं काश्मीर पुत्राभिनीं,
विद्या दायिनीं रक्ष मां रक्ष माम्। नमामि त्वाम्।

INAUGURAL
ISSUE

hār-van

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



हॉर-वन

'प्रोजेक्ट ज़ान' की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

वर्ष १ : अंक १ ~ Vol 1 : No. 1

अगस्त २००७ ~ August 2007



Cheshma Shahi Garden, Srinagar

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Editorial

Kundan

We are pleased to announce the launch of the monthly net-journal of Project Zaan - 'här-van' (the abode of Sharika). A question may be raised when at present there are so many journals about Kashmir being published from different places, where is the justification for yet another one. Well the answer is simple. Kashmir has a lot of potential for being written about with its natural beauty, rich cultural heritage, unique way of life and distinct philosophy. Unfortunately over the last a couple of decades the political aspects have so overshadowed the mass of writings about this land and its people that its real essence and identity has gone into background. A need was, therefore, felt to start a magazine that would fill this gap and highlight those facets of Kashmir and Kashmiris, which are significant to be brought to light. Moreover, with the availability of the modern technology, starting an e-magazine would be desirable to reach a wider reading public in comparatively a shorter period. We do not intend to package politics and political matters in this magazine. We shall deal with language, literature, culture, philosophy and life-style of this beautiful place through the pages of this journal. Our endeavour shall be to highlight the intrinsic beauty of the place and its people, the rich heritage and the contribution of Kashmiris in the fields of different disciplines and the expectations for the future. We shall try to throw light on the creative genius of the sons of the soil, the currents and crosscurrents in modern literature and the evolution of the Kashmiri culture. We shall put in proper perspective, the people of Kashmir and their distinctness and uniqueness. We intend to show what it means to be a Kashmiri and how to ensure that the identity of the community is safeguarded in the face of the odds faced by the people. The twin purpose, we hope, will be served, one that people at large will be informed about the place and its people and two that the new generation of this land will feel proud of their glory. This is our intention but it can be modified, expanded, enlarged and improved with due regard to the suggestions, which we solicit from our enlightened readers. Kindly feel free to offer your opinion on the contents of this magazine. We shall value it and implement it to the extent possible. May Goddess Sharika, the presiding deity of Kashmir bless you.

It will take us some time to convert the 'här-van' from a simple pdf document into a technically advanced e-journal by using modern programmes and tools. Till that time, kindly bear with us. ✨

Know Your Motherland

Cheshma Shahi or the 'Royal Spring', nearly 10 Kms. from Srinagar is the smallest garden laid by the Mughals. The Garden was laid in the reign of emperor Shah Jehan by his governor Ali Mardan Khan in 1632-33 AD. The Garden has pure crystalline spring rising from the base of Zabarwan mountains. The mineral water of the Spring is reputed for its curative properties. The Garden has three terraces. In the middle of the Garden, run cascades and fountains play in the water beds. The Garden has varied and multi-hued flowers and is called the 'Nursery of Floriculture'.

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AN INTRODUCTION

It is a pleasure and privilege to record that on the auspicious day of the **15th August, 2007**, a Kashmiri Pandit community net-Journal is scheduled to be launched from Mumbai. Once again '**Project Zaan**', is accepting this creative challenge for preserving the Kashmiri heritage, literature and identity of Kashmiris in general and those of Kashmiri Pandits in particular. The world is fast changing with new innovative developments, ushered in by modern information technology. E-journalism is proving revolutionary in reaching to a vast readership, the valuable knowledge and information very fast, with economies of cost and convenience, having the advantage of storage for access and ready reference at any odd hour with the click of computer key. It is a proud moment to realize that Kashmiri Pandit Community, displaced from their hearths and homes in their ancient homeland Kashmir, are keeping pace with the times even under conditions of distress in a wide-spread global diaspora. The silver lining is that it is still alive to new developments in the realm of knowledge and technology and is keeping pace with the fast changing times, preserving its heritage of excellence. With this in view, **Project Zaan** deserves community kudos and congratulations for venturing to come out with a monthly tri-lingual net-Journal in English, Hindi and Kashmiri to provide to the wide readership of Kashmiris in homeland and those scattered in diaspora, an intellectual food for thought related to Kashmir and Kashmiri tradition, history, heritage, literature and identity. The journal will be focused on literary aspects only and will try to promote the Kashmiri language through streamlined and standardized Devanagiri script to preserve, promote and popularize the Kashmiri mother tongue in Kashmiri Pandit Diaspora.

The journal is provided with a special name '**här-van**', which means 'Abode of Sharika'. But, this nomenclature, besides, provides a preamble to the aspirations and commitments of this net-journal, which are ideally associated with the Harwan of Kashmir. This reminds us of the most beautiful site, very near to the scenic Shalimar garden, on the bank of serene and soothing

Dal lake, with the back drop of the lofty, 'Mahadev' peak of adjacent Himalayan range, ever flowing springs of healthiest water, that constitute the head works of the present day water supply system for the great city of Srinagar and adjoining areas; being, besides, a rare ecological resource of trout fish in the subcontinent. Originally known in history as, 'Shadardhawanna' - grove of six Rishis, or commonly as 'Shardavanna', Harwan has been a great pedestal of Buddhist philosophy right from the Kushan period in 1st century AD., where the great scholar Nagarjuna resided and contributed to Buddhist thought. This place also attracted a lot of attention for Hindu philosophy from the times of Lalita Ditya the great. The excavations at Harwan and nearby Burzhom reveal the ancient monuments of monastic establishment with 'Stupas' and 'Chaityas', corresponding to those of Gandhara civilization. It represents the recognized Harwan style of architecture, symbolizing, 'Panchmahabhutas', e.g. space, air, fire, water and earth. The terracotta plaques and the miniature stupas and temples of Diaper-pebble construction, over here, reveal a classical form of art and architecture by themselves. The tiled monuments of three tier platforms and courtyards, engrained with figures and motifs and Brahmi characters, so popular with the monuments of 4th century AD era and later Kharoshti and Sanskrit scripts confirm the historical interaction Indian languages and their developments have received at this ancient '**Abode of Sharika**' where conclaves of Buddhist scholars were held during the time of Kanishka; his kingdom having extended up to Gandhhar in present day Afghanistan. This being followed by literary Samellans of Hindu thought and philosophy, during the time of Lalitaditya Muktapida and subsequent Hindu kings who enabled laying the strong foundation of Kashmiri Shaivism. The copper coins of Huns, the specimens of crafts of Muslim era and the horticulture during the Mughal rule, reveal the ancient, medieval and modern mosaic of art, architecture, philosophy, literary thoughts and scientific developments that Harwan represents.

While writing this introduction to '**här-van**', I pay my tributes to our two community stalwarts who have

volunteered their outstanding services and love of labour towards this innovative project. They are Shri M. K. Raina and Shri Triloki Nath Dhar "Kundan", who will be at the helm of this Journal as the Editor and the Consulting Editor, respectively. Both represent our present day community pride in scholarly works, Kashmiri journalism and ethos. Both deserve all appreciation and acknowledgements, for their literary contributions, as institutions. Our sincere gratitude is due to them for their innovative explorations, as visionaries, in expanding our community concern and welfare. I wish them all success in achieving the underlined objectives, associated with the fragrance of Harwan culture and background that contribute to our glorious heritage and to which we owe our best effort for preservation as our identity.

The cooperation of all Kashmiris, in every meaningful respect as possible, is sought, to make this endeavor purposeful and objective oriented. I pray for the good health of our ever obliging and over working Editors, Shri Maharaj Krishen and Kundan Ji and wish 'här-van', an eventful, impact-full and everlasting image in time and space, as that of Harwan, the 'Abode of Sharika'.

[Contact author at: bk_moza@yahoo.co.in]

साम

खारान छुख मे कथ कथ वानस
पानस काँत्याह सोदा करु
दौदुमुत दज़ि कोताह बेयि दानस
शमशानस म्वकृत्योमुत ग्यव
पान्यो पान्यो कौरुथ अथ पानस
तँह्यखानस कुलुफ मुन्नराव

- आलोक ऐमा

[Contact author at: cashmeeri@yahoo.com]

här-van

Message from the Convener 'Project Zaan'

As you are aware, the Project Zaan is involved since 1996, in dissemination of information related to our motherland Kashmir, its people, its history, its culture, heritage and language, to our younger generations. Over the years, it has published 3 volumes in the Information Digest Series and a Basic Reader in Kashmiri Language apart from Kashmiri Workshop material like 'How to read and write Kashmiri' and 'Work-book' for children. This Basic Reader was the first of its kind to be published in India, carrying lessons to enable read and write Kashmiri in Devanagari-Kashmiri script, incorporating therein, the Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri script. Unfortunately, the 'Reader' went broadly unheard and unsung because of the apathy of masses to encourage steps which nurture Kashmiri language and its scripts. At Project Zaan we also conducted classes for teaching Kashmiri from time to time and held a series of Zaan Contests, where, as a result of continuous persuasion and personal rapport, not only children, but elders also took part in great numbers. Awards and trophies were given away year after year. With the wholehearted and selfless support of Shri Sunil Fotedar in Texas, USA, a website www.zaan.net was launched which carries all the material published by Project Zaan.



As a matter of fact, all publishing works need continuous finance to survive. It is also a fact that there are not many subscribers to the already publishing KP journals throughout the country. Except for Koshur Samachar, which perhaps raises substantial amount of finance thru matrimonial columns, no other journal seems to be self-financing. The result is that either the publication of journal is altogether stopped (e.g. The Sharada Tarangini, Faridabad), or it is financed thru donations, or transfer of funds from other heads, or by way of advertisements. Apart from this, there also are limitations with regard to number of pages a printed journal can have. More the number of pages, more the expenditure and less chances of survival. Here, I am specific about KP journals and this maxim may or may not hold good for other journals.

At Project Zaan, we have for a long time, been thinking of the ways and means with which we can continue to be in touch with the community. Our concern to nurture Kashmiri language and provide our biradari with the reading material in this language in the streamlined script, is well known. We have also noticed over the years that books of Kashmiri material like stories, poems, articles and essays, do not invite many customers. As a result, most of the authors in this language spend out of their pockets on publications (without any hope of returns), or keep their writings safely sealed in their cupboards.

Taking a cue from the e-magazines net-loaded worldwide, we at Project Zaan decided to initiate a journal to cater to our readers thru net. Since no expenses are involved at the readers' level, the magazines would be easily accessed, saved in computers and read at will. Though some expenses are definitely involved at the data entry and layout levels, these are not worth worrying. At Project Zaan, we have the store of about 3000 e-mail IDs (both individual and thru Yahoo/Google Groups) and it will be a new experience to send all of them the journal through e-mails and thru website of Project Zaan. Reaching the readers with a copy of the journal will be instant and without any postal expenses. According to our estimates, if only 25 % of the receivers glance thru the pages, it will be an achievement, having 750 readers to start with. An added quality of an e-journal is that photos of events from anywhere in the world can be included instantly, without fuss and practically with little expenses.

Another positive point about the e-journals is that its publishing frequency can be increased with the passage of time. It can be published fortnightly (there is perhaps no KP magazine at present published fortnightly) or even weekly, to keep pace with the times. Yes, it will cause an additional stress on the editors and organisers, but we are sure, with the passage of time, more people will chip in, help us in the venture and make our job easy.

Having come a long way from the inceptive stage to the launching stage, the journal 'här-van' is now before you. The journal is trilingual - English, Hindi, Kashmiri, meant to cater to all sections of writers. We intend to include all types of writings i.e. prose, poetry, essays, stories, photo-features etc, (preferably Kashmir and Kashmiri-specific) in addition to the main features 'Project Zaan' stands for, but no political write-ups and statements. We will always be eager to incorporate writings from all those who are inclined to write for the journal and who want our language, culture and heritage to nourish. We do not intend to include already published material in the journal, except for classics, old valuable literature and the material under review.

I am thankful to Shri T.N.Dhar Kundan Sahib, who has volunteered to be part of the 'här-van', not only as its Consulting Editor, but also as a great support to our plans. Keeping his long literary experience and his contribution to the Kashmiri language in view, his efforts in shaping the 'här-van' as a prospective leading KP journal will always be noteworthy. Another credit which goes to Shri Kundan Sahib, is his immense contribution to almost all KP journals in all the three languages i.e. Kashmiri Hindi and English.

On this day, at the launch of 'här-van', I pay my sincere tributes to Late J.N.Kachroo and Late Onkar Aima, the two founding members of the Project Zaan, who toiled very hard to shape the Zaan platform to let our youngsters get acquainted with our language, culture and heritage. The two stalwarts may not be with us now, but I am sure, they will be watching our activities from the heavens and smiling meaningfully on seeing their vision carried forward through 'här-van'. *

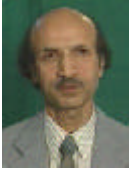
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Internet Humour

One day in a school in London, a teacher said to a class of 5-year olds; "I'll give 10 pounds to the child who can tell me who was the most famous man who ever lived." An Irish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St. Patrick." The teacher said, "Sorry Paddy, that's not correct." Then a Scottish boy put his hand up and said, "It was St. Andrew." The teacher replied, "I'm sorry, Hamish, that's not right either." Finally, a Gujju Patel boy raised his hand and said, "It was Jesus Christ." The teacher said, "That's absolutely right, Raj, come up here and I'll give you the 10 pounds that I promised." As the teacher was giving Raj his money, she said, "You know Raj, since you're a Patel, I am very surprised you said Jesus Christ." Raj replied after pocketing the 10 pounds, "Yes. In my heart I knew it was Krishna, but then business is business."

Editors' Mail

**Saratoga, California
USA**



My dear Maharaj Krishen, I was delighted to learn that coming 15th August you are starting a trilingual net-journal. With more and more of our people owning PCs and raring to take flight in cyberspace and savor some of the blessings of IT revolution, it was high time the writers started a net journal. For taking this challenging task in your hand and roping in the inimitable and ubiquitous, Shri T N Dhar Kundan, I congratulate you wholeheartedly. Together, the two of you are eminently suited to handle this project, equipped as you are with a good hold on the three languages and, hopefully, there will be others willing to chip in. I feel confident you will nurture the journal with your customary diligence and it will grow and shape well in the coming days.

There cannot be a better day for the release of the inaugural issue than our independence day. Let us pray this ushers a new era for our literati, writers, poets and thinkers and provide them ample space so tragically snatched by advertisements, petty politics and personal projection in some of our community journals.

I am attaching two small poems exchanged on e-mail, some time back, between my daughter (Dr. Renuka Chowdhury from USA) and me, for what I hope will be, a truly historic launch of this e-journal.

-- Dr. K.L. Chowdhury

**R.K. Vihar, Akilpora
Jammu**



Dear Sh. M.K. Raina, Namaskar. I am extremely happy to

प्रिय रैना जी,



नमस्कार तु औरजुव। तुहंद ई-मेल वुछुम तु नॅविस ई-जॅरनलस मुतलिक सपुद मोलूम। दिल सपद्यव शाद। कॉशुर ज़बान तु अमिच लिपि लूकन मंज़ हरदिल अँज़ीज़ बनावनु म्वखु य्वसु मेहनथ तोह्य करान छिव, स्व छे मुबारुकस लायख। असि छु तुहँज़ि मेहनत्र हुंद पूर पूर एहसास। यि छुस बु येति अम्रीकाहस मंज़ ति पननि बटु बरादॅरी वनान।

तुहंद रुत कांछन वोल,

मियामी, यू.एस.ए

- चमन लाल रैणा

learn that you are going to start a website-Magazine 'här-van'. Please accept my best congratulations in this behalf. In the world of internet, such magazines can help a lot to keep the rich culture of Kashmir alive. Your Endeavour will help the world in general and Kashmiri Pandit youth in particular to know the real facts about Kashmir's ethos, history, literature, various philosophies and other fields. Mis-informations have been carried about Kashmir. People want to know the real Kashmir, which has been eloped under various political slogans.

I would like to give my suggestions as under for this valued Magazine:-

- Postmortem of various movements especially in the last twenty years be done dispassionately.
- The History of 5000 years of Kashmir be critically examined and its good and bad periods discussed fully.
- Pre-historic period of Kashmir be properly brought into light in a phased manner.
- Role of various cultures, which melted together in Kashmir to create a human society without fair, force and thrust in the past.
- The World is moving towards a

pluralistic society to accommodate all good to make this world war-less, without violence and create a harmony among the nations to make this era worth living without any racial or religious discrimination.

- Plans to eradicate poverty, unemployment, diseases and illiteracy.
 - To popularize Kashmiri language for all who want to learn it through an easy script.
 - To critically examine the literature produced in various languages in the period of Migration, written about Kashmir in various genres.
 - A literary capsule having a short story, an article on any important topic, a poem and something humorous.
 - To popularize Hindi-script of Kashmiri language for those who have no guidance available for 'Nastaleeq'.
 - Feature on various Sanskrit, Persian works written by old and new Kashmiri writers, in or outside Kashmir.
- Wishing you all success in the Project.

- Arjan Dev Majboor

**Banaras Hindu University
Varanasi**



Mahara Mubarak, I am delighted to learn that you have decided to

Editor's Mail - contd.

bring out an online journal that will focus on cultural and literary activities/ achievements of the community. It is heartening to know that it will be a trilingual journal that should obviously reach out people across linguistic boundaries/competencies. It is good to have an e-journal exclusively devoted to literary, cultural and moral

heartening to learn that 'Zaan' is getting electronic wings. After having been 'webbed' for a few years now (courtesy Shri Sunil Fotedar) as the main architect of 'Zaan', Shri M.K.Raina is embellishing it with the garb of 'machine-readable' e-magazine 'här-van'.

It is a matter of great pleasure to

your great endeavour.

Warm regards,

- Ravinder Ravi

Gurgaon, Haryana

Congrats .

If there is any support or help required in this noble cause, please do let me know?

Best regards,

Raman Sopory

Banaras Hindu University
Varanasi

Dear Raina Sahib

It is great. Your commitment is an inspiration and endeavour in the accumulation of social capital for generations to come. I pray all success.

With regards,

Prof. Ashok Kaul

**Kashmiri Hindu Sabha
Pune**

It (här-van) is one of the best things that could happen to our community. Let us make this magazine a mouth piece of the community. With Raina Sahab and Kundan ji at the helm, I am confident of its success. Our best wishes,

Pune Baradhari

issues. It will also be a great service to the community at large and the youth in particular who are not only net savvy but hungry to know about their ancestry, culture and so forth. Hats off to Kundan Sahab and Raina Sahab for the invaluable service they have been extending to the community. That you will not give any space to political issues/rivalries is another healthy indicator of the significance of this forthcoming journal. My countless Best wishes to you and all those who support you in this ennobling endeavour. I will always be at your disposal. May Maa Sharada Bless you!

- Prof. Raj Nath Bhat

Kanderpada, Dahisar
Mumbai

Dear Sir,



For a person like me, who has been associated with the Project Zaan right from its embryonic stage, it is

know that henceforth 'Zaan' - the 'treasure-trove' of composite Kashmiri culture and heritage would be accessible through 'e-magazine' to the interested netizens world-wide. I wish 'här-van' e-Magazine all the success and pray for its wider readership. I convey my good wishes to Shri M.K.Raina for this laudable endeavour.

- J.L.Manwati

New Delhi

Respected Raina Sahib, It is great to hear that you are all set to launch 'här-van' on 15th of August this year. It is really a great service to the Kashmiri Literature done by Kundan Sahab and you. Realising the fact that internet is an easy and highly popular tool, it will definitely have an immense impact on the Kashmiri culutral popularity too. Once again, congratulations! I will be highly honoured to be associated with



मियामी, यू.एस.ए.
आदरणीय महाराज
कृष्ण रैना जी,
नमस्कार। 'हॉरवन'
का श्री गणेश शीघ्र ही
होने वाला है। इस हेतु
'हॉरवन' के प्रति शुभ
कामनाएं समर्पित हैं। 'हॉरवन' ई-पत्रिका
परिवार को हमारी ओर से मंगल कामनाएं।
'कश्मीर शक्तिवाद केंद्र', मियामी की
ओर से भी शुभ कामनाएं।
- जया सिबू

Talab Tillo, Jammu

Shri Raina Sahib,

By introducing the first KP e-journal, you have proved your love for the Kashmiri language and the literature. We are all proud of you.

- Vijay Kaul

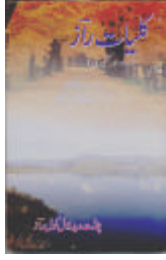
Book Review

Book: Kulyat-I-Raaz (Kashmiri & Urdu)

Author: Pandit Ved Lal Koul 'Raaz'.

Price: Rs. 125/ pp. 160.

Review by: Prof. R.N.Bhat (BHU)



'Kulyat-I-Raaz' is a collection of Urdu Ghazals and Kashmiri poetry by Pandit Ved Lal Koul 'Raaz' written over a period of more than seventy years. Born in

1912 at Kuloosa, Bandipora, Kashmir, Raaz and his only brother were brought up by their young widowed mother with great tribulation and suffering. There was scarcity all around him. As a young kid he had to work as a school watchman at night to earn and thereby continue his studies. In 1946 he obtained first class in 'Adiib Fazil' from the then Punjab University. With a natural flavour and a fertile, creative mind Raaz began penning down his literary pieces at a very young age. The present collection is just a fraction of what he wrote all these years for the displacement of 1990 robbed him of significant number of his very valuable creations. His reluctance to get his work published delayed its appearance but his sons and daughter finally succeeded in persuading him to agree. His Professor son Ashok Kaul arranged to bring it out from Varanasi as a token of their (sons & daughter) love and esteem on their Papaji's 96th birthday. With a preface by Dr.Salman Raghob and a foreword by his illustrious son Professor Ashok Kaul, the volume comprises nearly fifty Ghazals, over twenty Nazams in Urdu and nearly thirty Bhajans, Nazams and Ghazals in Kashmiri. There is a prose piece in Urdu at the end which he wrote to Mama Sahab, the Qazi of his native village on 22nd September, 1990 during the first year of Displacement. The poetic creations are a vivid reflection of Papaji's (Raaz Sahab's) depth of understanding and expanse of observation. His control over the twin languages is superb. The reader takes deep breaths frequently to grasp and reach out to the imagery, symbolism pervading in each creation. There are poems of mundane love, of the enchanting bounty of Kashmir, devotional songs; one gets transfixed. Some instances are:

1. *Taaza tar taabanda tar tere lahu se hai jahan*

*Garam rakhne ke liye bakhsha gaya
tujh ko shabaab*

2. *surat-e gul tamam umra kaantuun
men hi basar huii*

*samjhe shagufatagi jise lakht lakht hai
jigar*

gar ye shab se dhul saken, daaman-e

tar ke daagh kuch

ab yahi chand katre hain, bas mera zaadi safar

3. *nazar miithi-miithi adaa pyaari-pyaari*

ye aadabe mahfil sikhaye hain kis ne

4. *ye des thagon kaa hai, mumkin hai nahin raahat*

jiine kaa maza kya hai naa paida hui ulfat

insaan banaa vahshi.....

chal duur chalen hamdam

is des ko tyagen ham.

Kashmiri poetry, devotional as well love songs, is musical and melodious. Some verses:

1. *Thavas pyaall bEry bEry yiyam naa su salay*

Panun paan pEErith bl karhas havalay ...

pholith aav gulaall dosan peTh, vajan manz

dilas dag kami kuy roTuth kya malaalay

2. *zitsl tl IEhar paanlvEEeny ,naallmEty kyah karaan*

dur tl kosam haraan, maay tl lool bEEgraan

graavi graavl kyah karaan, zitsl tl IEhar paanlvEEeny

3. *husun paanay tshaayi ruuzith loolu kuy samanl kya*

maslahat cha gardishas manz vantl natl paymanl kyah

paan zaalun bEd kathaa chhanl yii magar andeshi chum

gath kErith nuuras pazii sEErii banan parvaanl kya

vuzmalan hund raks Diinshith hoosh Dol sahib dilan...

4. *sharadaa kan thaav myanen naadan, pEEry pEEry lagye*

mEEj tsarnan

manl Enas kaastam khay, doy tl dly tsalem ganem pray...

The prose piece at the end of the volume is a historic document which was addressed to the Qazi of his village and his childhood friend. Pandit Vidyalaal Kaul, a widely respected teacher of the area, writes, barely after spending the first Hot Summer away from home, with nostalgia, anguish, melancholy and concern. At the ripe age of 80 years he had been driven out of his home and he found himself helpless:

"apni jagah sochta huun ki aakhir log mujhe maaren ge

kyon, main ne un ka kya bigara; gariibii men din kaate, dost-o-ahbab kaa bharosa raha aur kadam barhtaa gayaa. Meeraa kasuur kya hai?... ab main huun aur yahaan ki tapti huyi galiyaan...aarzuu hai ki maut ke pahle ek baar apne watan 'kashmir' ko jii bhar ke dekh luun, uunche uunche pahadon ki marmari chotiyon aur sarsabz-o shaadaab ghatiyon ki sair karuun...meri khwahish hai ki zindagi ke aakhri din apne aabaayi gaaun men hii kat jaayen, sach puuchiye zindaa rahne kii zamaanat chahata huun, kya mil sakti hai? - Gariib aldayaar naachiiz - Ved Lal Kaul

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LANGUAGE OF LOVE

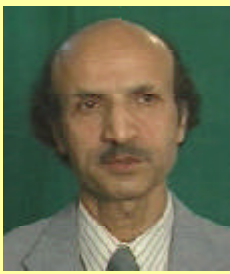
(Two small poems by a father and his daughter)

(1)

It is a drowsy afternoon
the sky a uniform gray
a huge cloud hanging low
a pin drop silence below
the promise of rain on hold
time standing still
but my heart beating fast
to communicate with you
and speak about my dream.

I dream meeting you
in this weather
at this hour.

And we meet!



Dad
K.L. Chowdhury

Dr. K.L. Chowdhury is a renowned physician and neurologist, based at Jammu. He has three books of poetry in English to his credit, latest being 'Enchanting World of Infants'. He can be reached at: kundanleela@yahoo.com

(2)

The raindrop is me
watching you
wondering what laws of nature
keep me from taking that dive
to land on your face
as a kiss.

What sense prevails over the other
is hard to tell –
sight, smell, touch,
or else?

Right now,
impetuous, impatient, unimpeded,
breaking all the laws,
of man and nature,
I flow,
all over you,
and drench you with the monsoon of love.

Sometimes touch is like no other feeling.



Daughter
Renuka Chowdhury

Dr. Renuka Chowdhury is an Assistant Professor of Medicine, University of Dallas, USA. She, like her father, has an inclination to writing poetry in English. Here she replies her father with her own composition.

Book Review

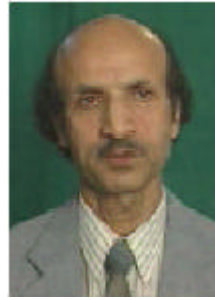
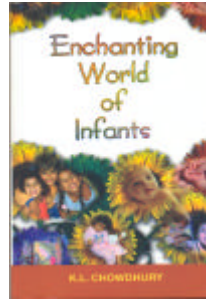
Book: Enchanting World of Infants

Author: Dr. K.L.Chowdhury

Price: Rs. 197.00 US\$ 17.95

Distributed by: Atlantic Publishers & Distributors (P) Ltd., 7/22, Ansari Road, Darya Ganj, New Delhi 110002.

Review by: Arjun Dev Majboor & M.K.Raina



from his birth to his third year and after, but also portrays the psychology and restlessness of parents and grandparents to hear that 'good news', much before he is actually conceived in mother's womb. The poet expresses his innate impulse when he says:

*And patiently we waited,
hearts fluttering, breaths bated;
gazing at the endless heavens
for a cosmic occurrence;
scanning the galaxies and the milky way,
for that miracle to happen one day –
a new star in the firmament,
our life's wish-fulfilment.*

'Enchanting World of Infants' is the third book authored by Dr. K.L. Chowdhury and perhaps the first of its kind on infants by any author, that too in poetry. Dr. Chowdhury's poetic skills and his passion to write on the varying but closer to his heart themes, have already been proved by his two books 'Of Gods, Men and Militants' and 'A Thousand-Petalled Garland and Other Poems'. Be it his love for the land he was born in, or the fire burning in his heart against those who took to militancy to gun down noble and innocents, and the meek and mild KPs; or his anguish on seeing his community forced to flee out of its place of birth and disgraced and humiliated by the powers that be; or a father's longing, wanting to have his overseas-child beside him at the time of his death, the author has proved his credentials as a matured poet, beyond doubt. His simple language and use of idioms are so blended that a reader is instantly mesmerised to find himself/herself in place of an eye-witness to the event narrated. Though the present book can have an international readership because of its universal topic, the subjects and themes which the author has picked up in all of his three books, are very familiar to all of us.

'Enchanting World of Infants' has an attractive multicolour cover depicting the kids blossoming out of lovely flowers with an innocent smile on their tiny faces, to invite the attention of the reader. It has 219 pages, divided into eight sections of 'Invocation', 'Conception', 'Creation', 'The One Year Milestone', 'The Two Year Milestone', 'Third Year and After', 'Bird Songs for Infants' and 'Grandchildren Visit Grandparents in India'.

The book not only portrays the stages of an infant

And how does a mother express her feelings when the child is still in her womb?

*Then I saw you first time,
on the ultrasonic screen,
face to face,
embedded within myself,
lying deep within me
in quiet repose.*

Imagine the moments of glory of a mother, when the newcomer is born and she lays her eyes on the infant with the inborn delight:

*I never set my eyes on anything
as beautiful as you, my darling
stirring so many visions –
of the subtle fragrance*

The author has truthfully given the deep-rooted dimensions to parents love, especially that of a mother, for their child. Mother pours out her heart when she takes the child in her lap and says:

*You are the embodiment divine,
the god incarnate, all mine*

and the child knows that she is the whole world for him
and she ought to be always with him:

*He smiles an angelic smile,
now looking at her
in unblinking admiration,
now lightly closing his eyes,
now forcing them open
to make sure
she is by his side*

The poet has blended his words excellently with the infant psychology, life and love. He turns the glimpses and movements of various organs of the infant into language. Imagine an infant raising his arms and rubbing mother's cheeks with his soft tiny hands, looking direct into her eyes, as if to say:

*Mother,
there is a timelessness
between you and me
that goes beyond my birth,
beyond the point you conceived me,
beyond singularity,
beyond the infinity of time.*

And when he does not want to leave company of his mother and father even for a while, he just looks at both of them with compassion:

*I mean no offence
to the day-care centre,
I have no complaints
against the care giver;
but frankly,
it is only the two of you,
dear mother, dear father,
that makes all sense,
that is the Shangri-La
and the essence.*

The poet expresses in a fascinating way, the emotions of grandparents when they converse with their grandchildren in a far away country and show their urge to meet the little ones in person:

*Your poser makes me ponder,
my lovely little grand daughter,*

*how long do I wait for destiny
to make us meet in person again*

The poor old people know that they are at the fag end of their life and that they may not get much time to play with the tiny tots and shower their love upon them. The grandfather in the poet awakes and laments, giving new dimensions to his longing:

*For, as surely as you are drawn
from the sublime
to the vortex of humanity,
time is running out for me,
as I age and fade, imperceptibly,
into eternity.*

Aditya, the child brought up in the West, has all his fingers rightly pointing to the confusion and filth and pollution in our country. He is aghast to see people honking their cars, cows loitering and kids playing in the streets, and has lot many questions to be answered. But he also has a question, which we need not answer. The answer lies in the question itself, for, it clearly illustrates our legacy in the true style of Kashmiriyat, which we have carried along with us even when we left everything behind:

*Why is everyone eager to hug you here
even when being a total stranger?*

The poet has narrated in a superb way our joyful period with our grandchildren, when we play with them, feed them, scold them and love them. We are generally so excited to be in their company that we almost forget the date of their leaving back. Abruptly, one day we find them packing their baggage and on seeing our eyes wet, assuring us of their next visit very soon. Weeks and weeks after their departure, their images and memories continue to haunt us, till we come to grips with the reality. The poet has painfully but beautifully revealed human emotions, when the children are no more present to play and dance, make a mess and shout and roll on the carpet:

*Pray do not play the tape recorder,
I can not bear to hear his voice
without him being near,
and I miss those divine expressions,
their intensity, the urgency there....*

*Pray do not show me the photo album,
and the rerun of the camcorder,
of our evening climb to the hill ...*

The Section 'Bird Songs for Infants' is entirely a new experience. The sweet, simple narrative holds the attention of the reader, young and old. Like King Solomon, the poet talks to the birds of Kashmir and sings songs of their emotions, wishes and joy. All the songs are lovely. The poem 'Crow Poornima' is an extended version of the famous Kashmiri rhyme 'काव बटु कावो, खेचरे कावो ...' and it is beautifully composed to fascinate children. How I wish, the poet had also taken up famous Kashmiri rhyme 'हु कुस ब कुस, तेलि वन च कुस ...' and the one, which will always remind us of our past and also give our children and grandchildren a taste of our days 'अख गव खवदा, ज़ु तु ज़िन्य ग्यडुरा, त्रे कलश डूना, चोर कूज आलम, पांछु गँयि पांडव, शे तु शे रेशी, सथ ज़ालु सतम, आँठ हुर्य आँठम, दँह दशिहार, काह गाडु गाह, वागुर्य बाह, हेरचु नुवाह'. I hope the author includes these rhymes in the second edition of this beautiful book, which I am sure he will release very soon.

Last Section of the book 'Grandchildren Visit Grandparents in India', deals with the strong instinctive feelings of children, parents and grandparents when they are together and when separated. It is true for everyone of us that long before we expect our children coming from a distant place, we start thinking about them, their food, their likes and dislikes, their habits and tendencies and what not. Sample these lines, wherein the author translates innocent feelings of a grandmother:

*But there is a grandmother here
pleading with the oranges
to tarry a while,
to stay put on the mother tree
She desires her grandchildren
to pick them virgin from the tree,
to hold them in their little hands*

I (MK) remember, a family in our neighbourhood used to arrange well in advance, a handful of 'Guchhis' from wherever possible and at whatever cost, for their visiting son because he was so fond of the dish.

The poem 'After You Left' represents the sad moments of a household when their young ones have

already left. The pain and agony of the separation can not be expressed in words but the author is able to give an idea of that in the following lines:

*You gave us just two weeks
for a separation of as many years,
and what a melting away it was -
of time, of us
we forgot who and what we were
in our total surrender
to your being near.*

There is a plethora of literary rich and much prized verses in the book, but four of them, dedicated to a mother are really heart-warming:

*Motherhood is divine at the core,
infinite like the cosmos.
Motherhood is
the mother of all relationships.*

'Enchanting world of Infants' is a real piece of literature, combining the child's psychology with the parents' and grandparents' emotions, ethos of Kashmir and nature. Poet has a good command over English. The flora-fauna of the place where kids live, have been depicted through the relation of the infants with nature. The poet is a physician too and he has put in his whole worth to mix body-language to the poetry and create an enchanting world.

The Book is a new addition to the Indian English literature. It is error-free and will be welcomed by the English world. The imagery, the symbolic expression and brevity of words is praiseworthy. It also has a flavour of Kashmir's geography, seasons and picturesque beauty. The drawings of Shri Gokul Dembi are appropriate and charming. The publishers of the book rightly say that the book is a uniquely diversified poetic narrative, whose anthology takes the reader along an adventurous journey into the enchanting world of infants.



[Contact Dr. Chowdhury at: kundanleela@yahoo.com]

जया सिबू रैना, मियामी, यू.एस.ए.

सत्यम् शिवम् सुन्दरम् !

वास्तव में यथार्थ है
कल्पना नहीं।
अभिव्यक्ति है चिन्तन की,
मधुमय स्मरण की।
भावुक होकर प्रभु की !
असीम प्रकृति को अपने ही चहूँ
और देखता हूँ

बिना कुछ विस्मित होकर।
यही यथार्थ है अकिञ्चन भी,
भीतर ही स्पन्दित होकर
अपने मन में जागृत होकर
यह प्रभु की लीला है;
अथवा प्रभु का प्रकटीकरण ?
करते हैं श्री गणेश
सत्यम् से सत्य है
मैं जीविका के लिये
जीवित हूँ और देखता हूँ
३६ तत्त्वों का
इन्द्रिय स्पर्श से
ज्ञात होता है सत्य है।



मासिक हॉरवनस प्यठ शब कामना

हॉरवन छु माजि शारिकायि हुंद रंबुवन वन।
गछान छि बीजमंत्रन तति नैव्य श्वन्य श्वन्य ॥

शारिका छि शेव नाथुन्य मनुच प्रज्ञा स्थिती।
श्री शारिका शां शब्दस मंज छि नज्ञान प्रकृती ॥

शोलुवन्य माता छि बिहिथ हॉरवनुकिस तख्त्स।
नाश करवन्य माता संहार करान रक्तबीजस ॥

हॉरवन पत्रिका नेरि व्वन्य विद्युति प्रक्रनस मंज।
कश्यप रेशि सुंदि गुलाल फोल्पतन कॅर्यतन नैव्य संज ॥

‘जया’ छस बिहिथ माता शारिकायि करान ज़ारुपारा।
यि पत्रिका बँन्यतन शाक्त चिंतनुच अमृतदारा ॥

★★

Meet Jaya Siboo Raina at www.jayachamanlal.com

★★

कुलियात-ए-राज़

वेद लाल कौल ‘राज़’



थवस प्यालु बॅर्य बॅर्य यियम ना सु सालय। पनुन पान पौरिथ बो करुहस हवालया ॥
वज्ञान ज़ीरो बम छुम, दज्ञान सोज़ु सुत्य दिल। वदान रोज़ु कूत काल, बो दर्दु नालया ॥
त्रटन वुज़मलन म्यानि आल्युक तलाशा। पनु आहु का नारु ओलुय बो ज़ालया ॥
फवलिथ आव गुलालु दूसन प्यठ दजन मंज। दिलस दाग कमिकुय, तिथ क्या मलालया ॥
बहारस न जोशा, न बागस स्व फुलया। यँबुरज़ खँटिथ पान, बौबुरस मलालया ॥
सुबुह फोल तु वाव द्राव, असुनावि पोशन। रिवान आयि लवु चँज करान हाल हालया ॥
गोबिथ खलवतस मंज, खुलिथ जलवतस मंज। वुछिम राज़ यिमु चॉन्य अजब क्या खयालय ॥

स्व बून्य

येलि मे बूज जि ही द्यद गॅयि रियासी स्वर्गवास, मे लोग योहय तीलु तॅल्यन ह्यू। मरुन छु सारिनय, अमा पोज ही द्यद ऑस हतु वॅरिश, बराबर अकि सॅदी हुंज जिंदु गवाह। कॅचि फिरि ओस मे सूंचमुत जि अॅमिस द्यद सॉबि निश गछु तु अॅमिस सुत्य करु कथा बाथा। पोज, फुरसथुय आयम नु। व्वन्य येलि स्व गुजरेयि, तँदिस नेचिविस शव जियस निश ओस समखुनि गछुन लॉजिम।

ल्वकुट्यन दून कमरन मंज ओस शव जियुन सौरुय परिवार वथु वारि। अॅकिस ल्वकुटिस कुटिस मंज ओस शव जी मातम दॅरी निबावान। शव जी ति ओस व्वन्य शीतु वुहुर। तस ब्रॅज अॅश ददराय नीरिथ। मे ज़न गव क्याहतान्य। तस ओस वेजिब्रारि पनुन मकानु। युन गछुन, पॅछ्य पूजा, यि ओस सु गॅरीब पॉठ्य अमा पोज स्व दिलु करान।

ही दैदि ओस स्य मंज यावनस तावन प्योमुत। स्व ऑस व्यदुवाह गॉमुच। तथ वक्तस मंज ओस नु दौयिमि खांदरुक सवालुय। शुर्यन रछनु म्वखु गौड ही दैदि कमर तु तमि पॉल्य सॉरी शुर्य यि दॅप्यजि ति यँदरु कतुवुन्य कॅरिथ। शव जी लोग दडुतस मंज पंदुहन वंपुयन प्यठ मुलॉजिम। पावि पावि जिंदुगी हुंजि हेरि खॅसिथ बन्यव सु दडुतुक मनेजर। मगर अथ सॉरिसुय मंज ओस तस माजि हुंद मशवरु शॉमिल। ही द्यद ऑस शेरि बबर हिश। तमि रॅछ शूब शर्म तु यावनुक जोश रोटुन म्वछि मंज। कुनि कुसमुच बदनॉमी गॅयस नु। स्व येलि माल्युन गछान ऑस, सारिनय ऑस तुर फटान। अदु करिहे कांह दुदु। अशवरु मशवरु गॅयोव सारिनय बायन तॅम्य सुंदुय।

ही द्यद ऑस सौरुय कॅह पानु करान। यँदरु कतुन, वारि मंजु स्युन कडुन, पोन्थ खारुन तु पतु शामन शुर्यन सौरुय कॅह बूजिथ ह्योन। मतलब पानु नाखांदु अॅसिथ तिम परनस कुन लागुन्य। “वॅलिव माल्यव पॅरिव, अदु लॅगिव कुनि। प्रेवठ नोकरी ति गछि खांदु आसुन। सरकॉर्य नोकरी कति बनिवु ? तथ गछन दगदार आसुन्य। सोन ति बगवान!” स्व ऑस तिमन ह्यमथ दिवान। यि वॅनिथ ऑस स्व चंदु मंजु डून्य या नाबद पॅल्य कॅडिथ शुर्यन पिलुनावान। यिथु पॉठ्य पॉल्य तॅम्य पनुन्य शुर्य। स्व ऑस तिमन कथु दॅलीलु वनान तु

हेछिनावान ऑसुख जि सारिनय सुत्य गछि रुत करुन।

ही द्यद ऑस सुबहॉय गाश यिनय संगर मालु पवलन वक्तस व्यथु यारबल वसान। अथु बुथ छलान तु तरंगु वॉलिथ हकस हमसायस रुत कांछान। “हँदिस मुसलमानस खॉर, म्यानि दयि म्यॉन्य नखु डखु थवुख वारु कारु। म्यॉन्य शुर्य थवुख सैदि बुथि कुल आलमुक्यन शुर्यन सान। ही म्यानि दयि, ज़ांह मु पावुम परु।” तस ऑस्य मँहलुक्य सॉरी यज़थ करान। स्व ऑस शुर्यन यलाज करान, नाफ माँत्रावान तु न्वशन कोर्यन रुत्य सलाह दिवान।

शव जी ओस माजि हुंदि मरनु ह्योमुत। तस ओस कोब द्रामुत। युथुय मे तस मॉलिस मुतलक पृछ, तस च़ोल ज़्यूठ व्वश नीरिथ। तॅम्य ओस नु पनुन मोल वुछमुतुय। सु ओस मोल मरनु विजि स्वठाह न्यश-ब्द मगर तसुंद ओसुस सख हमसोस। सु ओस ऑशुनावन तु जिठ्यन पनुनिस मॉलिस मुतलक अकसर पृछान, मगर तसलाह ओसुस नु यिवान।

अकि दूह ओस सु दडत चोकि प्यठ बिहिथ तमोक चवान जि ओरु खोत रेश्य पोर्युक अख बॅस्यकीन। शव जियन चोव रोसुल जू तमोक। सूंचुन, आसि हय तु येम्यसुय बुजर्गस आसि म्यॉनिस मॉल्य सुंद पय। माजि ओसुस वोनमुत जि सु ओस रेश्य पोरि वान्युत करान।

तमोक चॉविथ अनुनोव शव जियन कॅहवु तु ताज़ु तेल वॅर्य। कॅहवु चथ वोथ शव जी रोसुल जुवस कुन, “ख्वाजु सॉब, तोह्य मा ज़ॉन्यून प्रसादु काक ... युस ना रेश्य पोरि वान ओस ब्यहान।” रोसुल जुवन द्युत द्यान तु वोथुस दर जवाब, “आ, प्रसादु जू! हे सु हय बु ज़ानन ठीख पॉठ्य। येलि ति बु सोदा अनुनि गछुहा, शीर्यनि म्वठ ओसुम दिवान। बेयि ओसुम दपान परुन गछि। नाखांदु रोजुन छुनु जान। जनथुय अॅस्यनस च़ोर हरफ छि मे तँदी।”

शव जियस खँच वॉलिंज बोठ। तॅम्य ज़न कोर मॉल्य सुंद गॉयबानु दर्शुन। तॅम्य वॅरु रोसुल जुवस थफ तु वातुनोवुन



गरु। सौरुय दॅलील पृष्ठनस तु ख्योवुन चोवुन ठीख पाँठ्य। रोसुल जुवस निश नन्योव शव जियस ज़ि तसुंद मोल ओस रुत, शॅरीफ, द्यानथदार तु सु ओस रेश्य पूर गामस मंज अंदुचि बोनि नख दुकांदोरी करान।

अकि दूह द्राव सु सुली। गरि तुलिन कॅह पोंसु। बाज़रु हेतिन पोश मॉल्य तु वोत रेश्य पूर। रोसुल जुवस कोरुन आलव। तॅम्य हॉवुस जाय। वान ओस नु व्वन्य तत्यथ। अमा पोज़, बून्य ऑस तॅत्य। शव जियन छॅक्य अथ बोनि अँद्य अँद्य पोश। पतु आस ओश तु लोग बाकि वदनि। ठँठ्य ओस नु प्यवान। रोसुल जुवन तु गामुक्यव बाक्य लुकव द्युतुस दिलासु मदार। नागु त्रेश चोवुख तु शव जी ल्वत्यव ह्यू। तस ज़न वोथ शानव प्यठ गोब बार।

शव जियस ओस माजि अलावु मॉल्य सुंद सख वसि। “सु अगर पोरमुत ओस, तेलि क्युथ सना ओस लेखान? वनान छि ज़ि पथ कालि ऑस्य ख्वशखत तु तारस तील वुछिथ खांदर दिवान। अमा तस क्युथ दसखत ओस?”

शव जी ओस यिमनुय हॉर्यसातन आसान। अकि दूह नन्योव तस ज़ि तसुंद मोल प्रसाद जू ओस सराफन हुंदि वानु प्यठु बरदाश तुलान। सु लार्योव तारक जुवस तु कोरुनस नमसकार। अमि पतु वोनुनस:

“महारा, अर्ज ओसुम।”

“वन सॉ यारु, वनानुय छुख नु।”

“यि महारा ... महारा, बु वुछुहॉ पनुनिस मॉलिस” शव जियस गॅयि छ्वपु। “अहन सॉ, तस छे पाँछु वपयि बकाया।”

“बु महारा दिमु दाह। मगर अति वुछतव तसुंद कांह तॅहरीरा। मे शेहलहन अँछ।” यी वनान कोड चंदु मंजु तॅम्य दॅह्युन नोट तु थोवुन सराफस ब्रॉटु कनि। सराफन द्युतुस नोट वापस। बॅही खातस दिद्युन नज़र। वार्याह काकज़ फिरिन मगर कुनि द्रास नु प्रसाद जुवुन तॅहरीर। शव जी गव मुजि ख्यथ ज़न सर्द। अमि पतु बूज़ तॅम्य ज़ि कस ताम ऑशुनावस सुत्य ओस तँदिस मॉलिस खत व किताबत। सु लार्योव त्राल। ऑशुनावन वोनुस, “मे निश छुय चॉनिस मॉल्य सुंदि अथुक कार्ड। मगर बु ह्यमय तथ वपुयस पाँछु हथ। छय मरज़ी तु वस नावि।” शव जियस ओस माजि फ्यरन सुवनु म्वखु वपयि हथ चंदस। अँम्य त्रोव योहय ब्रॉटु कनि “चोर दिमु अकि रेत्य।”

चकि ओस नु तँदिस ऑशुनावस अथि कांह खतुय। सु ओस बॅल्य तस मखोलु करान। शव जी गव यि बूज़िथ स्यठाह

दुखी। स्व-पाथुर ओस। अदु हा अँज्यक्यन नेचिव्यन हुंद्य पाँठ्य, मॉलिस ख्यन तिकु तिकु तु पतु दपुनस नेर बड। शव जियस रुद मॉल्य सुंद दसखत वुछनुक तलखय। फोटू ओस नु तथ ज़मानस मंजु गॅरीब गरि सवालुय।

व्वन्य ओस अवय शव जी मॉल्य सुंद यज़थ ति माजी करान। तॅम्य ऑस्य तसुंद कृत्य फोटू रँछरिथ थॅव्यमुत्य। मरनुक्य सॉरी संसकार तु म्वरदु माजि हुंद्य फोटू ओस सु सारिनुय मातम करन वाल्यन हावान तु माजि हुंद्य तॉरीफ करान।

मे कॅर शव जियस नज़राह। तस आसु बुथिस गेनि चामचु। सु ओस वक्तस सुत्य पकान, अवय ओस दपान “अज़ गव पोंसय मोल तु पोंसय बब। मगर प्रोन वक कति बनि?” शायद पेयि तस बेयि अकि लटि स्व बून्य याद, यथ प्रसाद जुवु नि म्वखु सॉरी अज़ ताम बटु बून्य वनान ऑस्य। सु ओस वावु गटकारस मंजु पनुन्य शुर्य ह्यथ छोटुय तु छोनय चॅलिथ आमुत, तु व्वन्य ओस रियासी मंजु दून कमरु नकुवार्यन मंजु दूह दूह कडान। अख लॅडकु ओसुस कमावान तु बाक्य ज़ु ऑस्य वुनि परानुय। सु ओस बुजिरस मंजु माजि सख खँदमथ करान। रॉत्य रातस हुशार रोज़ान। यि स्व मंगिहेस, ति तस वातुनावान। अम्युक ओस सारिनुय ऑशुनावन पय।

यि सोरुय कॅरिथ ति ओस नु तस सु मोल मशान, यस नु सु ज़ानि हे। येलि मे तस नेरनुक इजाज़थ ह्योत, मे पेयि स्व बून्य याद ख्वसु येमि सँदी हुंजु खामोश गवाह ऑस तु ख्वसु छलु वॅगरु गॅमुन्न ऑस। क्या पताह, स्व बून्य आस्या ति यी सॉचान द्रास बु वापस। ❖

Do You Know

Letters 'a', 'b', 'c' & 'd' do not appear anywhere in the spellings of 1 to 99. (Letter 'd' comes for the first time in Hundred)

Letters 'a', 'b' & 'c' do not appear anywhere in the spellings of 1 to 999. (Letter 'a' comes for the first time in Thousand)

Letters 'b' & 'c' do not appear anywhere in the spellings of 1 to 999,999,999. (Letter 'b' comes for the first time in Billion)

And Letter 'c' does not appear anywhere in the spellings of entire English.

Health

Dr. Phool Chandra

MENOPAUSE

**Ex-Professor & Head
Deptt. of Obs. & Gynaecology
Rajindra Hospital, Patiala**

Menopause is defined as cessation of menstruation due to cessation of ovarian function causes decreased oestrogen and progesterone production and produces short and long term complication. It is taken 12 months of amenorrhoea to confirm that menopause has set in. The menopause occurs between the age of 45 and 50. The average age being 47.

Menopause may be:

- 1) Surgical 2) Natural

There are three stages of menopause which are :

- 1) Perimenopausal
- 2) Menopausal
- 3) Post menopausal

Due to menopause various system of body are effected which are explained below :

Genital System :

Ovaries become small and fibrotic, follicles get exhausted, fallopian tubes become shrunken with diminished mobility, uterus become small fibrotic. Cervix become atrophic and cervical secretions become scanty and thick, vulva become atrophic with narrowing of introitus so there is dysparunia.

Secondary Sexual Changes :

Breast becomes atrophic, pendulous, pubic and axillary hair become sparse.

Physical Changes :

Such as skin wrinkles, excessive fat deposition and kyphosis occurs.

Metabolic Changes :

Metabolic changes are in form of osteoporosis. Osteoporosis is diminution in the calcium content in the bone during advancing age. Bone resorption follows oestrogen deficiency after menopause. The vertebral bones, distal end of radius and head of femur bone are most effected causing vertebral bone compression, diminish in height and fractures. Fracture femur neck

is most common fracture.

Cardiovascular Changes :

There is increase in risks of IHD due to low HDL and high LDL levels. There is increased cholesterol level.

Digestive System Changes :

Digestive system changes are in form of dyspepsia, constipation and flatulence.

Endocrinal Changes :

There is slight virilisation as seen in hirsutism, slight degree of hypothyroidism is also noticed with lowered BMR. Other changes are brittleness of hair, dryness of skin lassitude of mental power and concentration.

Vasomotor and Psychosexual Changes

The commonest and most noticeable symptoms are hot flushes and sweating. The flushes are wave of dilation affecting the face and neck which last for about 2 minutes and are frequently followed by severe sweating, they are often worse at night in bed and profuse night sweat disturb the patient's sleep. Mental depression is due to disturbed sleep caused by night sweats. Palpitation is common. Paraesthesia which takes the form of sensations of pins and needles in the extremities. Headache and noises in the ears are complained of. Irritability and melancholia are frequent.

Loss of libido in menopausal women is very common problem.

Urinary Tract :

Oestrogen deficiency at menopause can cause urethral caruncle. Burning micturition without infection and stress incontinence due to poor vascularity around the internal urinary sphincter. The urinary symptoms are clubbed together under the term 'urethral syndrome'.

Treatment of Menopause :

Prevention can be started in perimenopausal and menopausal stages.

Cure after the complication has set in postmenopausal period.

Management of Menopausal :

Treatment of surgical menopause : In those patient where uterus with both ovaries were removed. These patient usually suffer from acute symptoms of menopause. In these patient short term oestrogen

श्रूच वॉनी**ललु वाख**

अंदर ऑसिथ न्यबर छोंडुम, पवनन रगन कॅरनम सथ ।
 दानु किन्थ दय जगि कीवल ज़ोनुम, रंग गव संगस मीलिथ क्यथ ॥

★★

अँदरिय आयस चँद्रय गारान, गारान आयस हिद्यन हिह ।
 च्यु हय नारान च्यु हय नारान, च्यु हय नारान यिम कम विह ॥

★★

अकुय ओंकार युस नाभि दरे, कुम्भय ब्रह्माण्डस सुम गरे ।
 अख सुय मंथुर च्यतस करे, तस सास मंथुर क्याह करे ॥

★★

अछ्यन आय तु गछुन गछे, पकुन गछे दान क्यो राथ ।
 योरय आयि तु तूर्य गछुन गछे, केह नतु केह नतु केह नतु क्याह ॥

★★

Please note:

Views expressed in the signed articles are not necessarily those of the **Project Zaan** or **här-van**.

Please note that we do not intend to include the previously published material in 'här-van'.

Articles can be e-mailed to editorharvan@yahoo.co.in While e-mailing articles in Hindi/Kashmiri, please also attach the font used.

- Editor 'här-van'

Sweet & Sour

J.N.Bhan

THE COMPANION

In March 1948, when my mother was recalled to the Eternal Home; GRIEF took her place for me.. I was accompanied by GRIEF wherever I went, so much so, that I fell in love with it and thus I nursed it with tender care.

As I grew up, my GRIEF also grew along with me. Sometimes it provided me with delightful episodes, which proved to be memorable indeed. We developed a strange and inexplicable bond with each other. My GRIEF never left my side, it stood by me through thick and thin, while my near ones left me high and dry, when I needed them the most. The world around was lovable as it sailed smoothly like a swan in a lake. We had tender feelings for each other.

In conversing with each other during day or night, time flew, as I dreamed of a strange future which could exist only in thoughts but not indeed.

When overwhelmed with GRIEF, I would recite a sad song, my neighbours would be overwhelmed by the melancholy tone and would sit and listen in rapt attention.

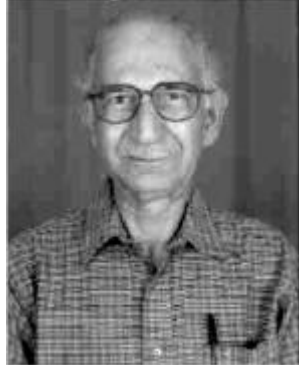
While walking side by side, the onlookers would gaze at us and talk in low tones to others around, appreciating our companionship and togetherness. I was indeed proud of my GRIEF as people took notice of me because of my GRIEF.

All things have to leave this world and one day my GRIEF also left me, leaving me alone in this sordid world. Now, when I walk in the streets, no one takes notice of me as my gait has undergone a metamorphosis. From slow soft-touch steps of royal sophistication they have changed to brisk strides of a soldier, reminding others of hateful war. When I sing a song, no one comes to listen. They find the once sad sounds of sorrow, loss or pain, as that of 'The Solitary Reaper' in poet Wordsworth's poem of that title; which used to touch the heart-strings of listeners and move them to tears are absent from my songs.

Only when I go to sleep, I hear strange far off ancestral voices saying, "His companion has betrayed him!"



सदियों रहा है दुश्मन ..



सदियों रहा है दुश्मन दौरे जहां हमारा ।
हम बे रिया अदावत करते रहे गवारा ॥

दुश्मन को बिगड़े बच्चे की तरह क्यों न हम ने ।
बर वक्त सख्त होकर बचपन में ही सुधारा ॥

दो 'बाबरी' अखाड़े में हैं कब से गुथम गुथा ।
दो और ने भी खुद को मैदान में उतारा ॥

कौओं ने देखते ही मुर्दे गड़े उखडते ।
आदत से चील गिद्धों को भी चीख कर पुकारा ॥

हाथी का हाल यह है ललकारती है च्यूंटी ।
वोह बस चिंगाडने में करे सर्फ ज़ोर सारा ॥

भला उस से क्या गिला जो हो बखुद बला की ज़द में ।
वोह मुसीबतों का मारा दे किसी को क्या सहारा ॥

है अबस किसी से रखना ईसार की तवक्कू ।
इक आध है जिसे हो अपने से गैर प्यारा ॥

हम ही खडे हैं फिर से आंधी से गिर के वरना ।
उठते सुना न देखा किसी पेड को दुबारा ॥

ऐमाल के मुक्काबिल जो गुज़र रहा है, कम है ।
ए खुदा का शुक्र मानो जो इसी पे हो कुफ़ारा ॥

वोह पूछते हैं हम से क्या हाल है तुम्हारा ।
क्या नहीं है हाल अपना हालत से आशकारा ॥

हम ने कहा जो रस्मन "अजी आप की दुआ है" ।
वोह खफा हुए कि जैसे ताना हो हम ने मारा ॥

पूछा जो हम ने क्यों है लाली अदू के मुंह पर ।
बोले "तुम्हें किसी की खुशियां नहीं गवारा ॥

दुश्मन का उन के घर से यूं खुश बशाश आना ।
लगता है कर के आया है वोह अपना वारा न्यारा ॥

मजनूं का नाम लेकर करते हैं लोग हर सू ।
संगे राह उठा के मेरे सर की तरफ इशारा ॥

कहीं ज़िंदगी के थामे कोई मौत के किनारे ।
कहीं मौत को पुकारे कोई ज़िंदगी का मारा ॥

कोई खा के पेट भर हो नियत से फिर भी भूला ।
कोई भूखे पेट रह कर करे सब्र पर गुज़ारा ॥

ये है ज़िंदगी तिजारत हासिल जहां नदारद ।
यहां फ़ायदे का सौदा, सौदे में वां खसारा ॥

ऊंची है पारसाई बंदों के काम आना ।
फिर विर्द आयतों का या तिलावते सिपारा ॥

कुछ शबाब की सतायिश, कुछ शराब की सतायिश ।
ज़ाहिद को मूए 'रिद' ने शीशे में यूं उतारा ॥



THE SOCRATES OF KASHMIR

Sopore is a well-known township in the south of Kashmir valley. Situated on the either banks of the river Vitasta it is well populated, reasonably affluent and the level of education and intelligence of the inhabitants of this semi-urban township is above average. It was here that Pandit Vasudev was born of Smt. Raj Rani and Shri Balak Ram on 26th November 1927. Later his uncle Shri Ganesh Das, a bachelor and a pious and wise gentleman adopted him. The family was ruled, controlled and commanded by a towering personality in the form of the grand mother Smt. Sona Mal, fondly addressed as 'Ded Maej'. Naturally, therefore, the Granny and the adopted father influenced the young child Vasudev who accepted him as his preceptor also in course of time. The child started growing and flowering under their tutelage and showed a promise of deep thought and high wisdom.

At the tender age of six years, unfortunately, small pox struck the boy. Small pox was a dreaded disease those days and it usually ended up with disfigurement and pox marks on the face and body of the person concerned. In the case of young Vasudev it ended up in snatching away his eyesight and thus incapacitating him permanently. Nature has its own rules. If it deprives us of one thing it compensates us by giving extra power and capacity in other things. In the case of this young boy the nature compensated him by giving him extra-ordinary intelligence, uncanny insight and sharp intellect. These faculties were further nourished and watered by the apt handling of the granny. She not only took care of his physical needs – she would wait for hours to serve him dinner – but also catered to his intellectual growth. She would narrate folk tales, sing folklore and recite Ramayana for the benefit of the young mind. This resulted in the boy developing a taste for poetry and a remarkable capacity to think, ponder and react to the contemporary happenings and delve deep into the basic questions confronting the human mind.

His father Shri Ganesh Das, called by the family members 'Lala', also had a role to play in shaping Vasudev's

mental growth. He was well versed in Ayurvedic system of medicine. He would prepare medicines, potions and other items for treatment of different diseases from herbs and plants. The young boy would help him grind the medicines, make tablets and prepare decoctions. Simultaneously he got an initial training in diseases and their treatment according to the Indian system of Medicine. His beloved 'Lala' was well versed in Persian and Sanskrit. He would listen to various passages from the rich literature of these two languages from him and also have these passages explained to him in his mother tongue, Kashmiri. Confident of the astute understanding of the young man, Pandit Ganesh Das would read to him some pieces of very high standard, deep meaning and far reaching purport. He would often say that the young lad was capable of grasping the hidden meaning of these selected passages.

Vasudev never felt handicapped due to the loss of his eyes. He took this deficiency in his stride as if it was not there. He grew into a youth full of vigour, wisdom and knowledge. He kept himself fully informed about his surroundings, the social and political developments and the rich tradition, values and culture of which he was the product. With every passing year his views matured, his thinking crystallised and his intellect sharpened. He was drawn towards Marxism because he developed a soft corner for the downtrodden, sympathy for the suffering masses and compassion for the less fortunate sections of the society. He was itching to do something for them, give expression to their plight and raise his voice to get them justice. People would throng to him for advice, solace and guidance and his doors were open for everyone irrespective of age, caste, creed or gender. Naturally, therefore, he endeared himself to one and all, young and old and Vasudev became popular as 'Vasa Kak' to youngsters, 'Reh' in literary circles and 'Reh Saeb' with common masses.

That this great genius had no formal schooling was never a minus point in his development as a person, as a poet, as a thinker or as a matured human being. Privately he passed various examinations, Matriculation and Pre-



University in general stream, Bhushan in Hindi and M-Muse (Vocal) in Music. He had a good knowledge of Ayurveda in addition to Literature and Music. A great Musician, Pandit Shambhu Nath Sopori was their next-door neighbour. He requested his parents to put him in Music so that he could make a career of this fine art. But they would not agree – they were too orthodox and conservative to agree to this suggestion of making their blind child a musician. This, they thought, would be looked down upon by the society and make the young lad an object of pity, which was not acceptable to them under any circumstances. Even otherwise they were convinced that this person had the seeds of a genius in him and he would, in course of time, make a niche for himself in the society by the dint of his intellectual acumen.

At the age of 33 Vasudev met one Shri Gopi Nath Bhat of Bandipora, who was running a school for the blind at Habba Kadal in Srinagar. From him he learnt Braille and mastered this language very well. Eventually he opened a Music School by the name 'Vitasta Music School' at Sopore. He taught classical Music to a number of students, both Hindus and Muslims. Some reactionaries did raise objection to the Muslims learning Music on the ground that their religion forbade Music. However, by this time Vasudev was so famous and had become such a towering personality that nobody dared discuss this ticklish topic with him. They knew that he had better knowledge of religions and the tenets of various religions than any one of them and, therefore, they would not stand before him in dialogue or discussion on this subject. He also taught Hindi and Sanskrit to many a student and was regarded as a capable and competent teacher.

Vasudev adopted the pen name of 'Reh' meaning a flame. No doubt he was a living flame, full of life, light, love and energy. His thought and philosophy of life matured and grew day by day. He gave expression to his deep thought through the medium of poetry. He was unique in style, diction, method and expression. He was master of the Muse and toyed with the sweet and pregnant vocabulary that he commanded in a great measure. There would be frequent poetic symposiums in his house. Besides his brother Pandit Raghu Nath 'Kastur' the other poets who were regular visitors and participants in these poetry recitation sittings included Mohi-u-Din Gowhar, Makhan

Lal Kanwal, Vishwa Nath Vishwas, Ghulam Nabi Jowhar and Mohd. Amin Shakib. During his tenure as a teacher in Sopore College the well-known Kashmiri poet Rehman Rahi also came to meet him. The writer of this paper (Kundan) lived and worked outside Kashmir. Whenever he was in Kashmir on a holiday or on business he made it a point to visit Sopore and spend a few days in his company. On these occasions also there would be assembly of various poets and a poetic symposium would be held till late in the night. Reh was a connoisseur of good music and good poetry. He would not hesitate in making comments on the poems read by other poets whenever and wherever he differed and had different views than those expressed by the writer. His magnetic personality attracted a great many men of letters, lawyers and learned persons to their house and different topics from politics to religion, literature to theology would be discussed threadbare over a cup of Kashmiri black tea, the famous 'Kehwa'. Reh would participate in these discussions and deliberations with conviction and all the firmness at his command. Two noted writers, Umesh Kaul and Autar Krishna Rehbar were very special to him. The three had a great mutual attachment and regard for each other. Although he had been writing poetry in Kashmiri language for many years, it was not till he recited his very popular poem 'Shab Garud', the Night Watchman, in a public symposium that he became very famous. This powerful poem shook the audience, as it was a clarion call for awakening against the destructive clandestine forces of disruption. The great Kashmiri poet Pandit Dina Nath Nadim proudly and spontaneously announced that Reh was the Socrates of Kashmir. He repeated this epithet later in the forward he wrote to one of the anthologies of his poems. Thereafter there was not a single poetic symposium held in public, in private, on Radio or on Television where he was not invited and where he did not captivate and enthrall the listeners. A lively discussion would follow such poetic recitations. Three of his collections of poems have been published. The first one was published in 1968 under the title 'Shab Garud' and Umesh Kaul, well-known short story writer wrote the foreword. The second came out in 1973 under the caption 'Myaen Vatsan' with a foreword by Dina Nath Nadim. The third collection 'Yaad Votur' was out in 1987 and had a very lucid foreword written by the poet himself. This

forward brings out his views about poetry and the role of a poet as a creative artist as also as a conscious member of the society. Reh as a poet excelled in diction, form, content and style. His pure and rustic vocabulary, his treatment of different subjects, his use of typical Kashmiri idiom and his unique similes and metaphors made him a poet apart, who had a distinct originality of his own.

Ayurveda to Shri Reh was a tool to serve the ailing and a means to alleviate their pain and suffering and he used his knowledge of this science with a great understanding and a sense of care and compassion. He used the prescriptions learnt from his father to cure many diseases with a great success. While in Sopore ailing men and women would call on him at any time of the day and get treatment for their troubles. People had developed such a great faith in him that they would run after him for advice wherever he was.

A case in point is that of one Smt. Shuba Wati resident of Geetpura, Handwara. She had been under his treatment since 1980 and after the turmoil of 1990, when Kashmiri Pandits were driven out of the Valley she followed him to Meerut, Delhi and Ghaziabad wherever he resided and consulted him for her ailment. With the grace of God and due to his directions and prescription of the Ayurvedic medicine she has been able to survive the chronic diseases that she had.

The house at Sopore where Reh lived up to the eve of migration was a traditional three-storeyed building. On the top it had a spacious open space called 'tower'. It had a fine view of the township, the river flowing and a huge Chinar tree in the temple courtyard. During the winter carpets of snow on the rooftops would be visible from this place and throughout the year chirping birds would hover around and perch on the edges of the roof. This was the place where many a student used to study and this was the place where this gem of a person used to meditate. Vasudev may not have been a religious person in the conventional terms yet he was a spiritualist of a high order. Times were fixed for him to retire to the appointed space and meditate for a fixed period. For him religion was to know the self and the truth underlying this whole universe. He had a humanistic holistic view of things and he would propound these views very strongly with all the strength at his command. Not that he did not listen to others, he did, and did listen with patience and due attention but then he had his own peculiar reasoning and logic which he would put forth forcefully. Very few people including his

own family members knew the height of his spiritual level. In fact his own people realized it in 1995, when he was living at the house of his sister at Meerut. He was struck with a paralytic attack and the right side of his body stopped working. He was admitted in a hospital and a CT Scan showed a blood clot in his brain. At 4 a.m. when the time for his meditation came, his hands showed some movement and attempted to touch the 'Yajnopavit' hanging from his shoulders. Within a short period of two hours his hands revived for daily prayers. A second CT Scan done at 10 a.m. showed no clot and even the paralysed side of the body was back in action. The blood count was normal and the patient was discharged from the hospital. Every one including the doctors was astonished to see this miracle. Shri Reh lived for another 6 years and finally left for his heavenly abode in December 2001.

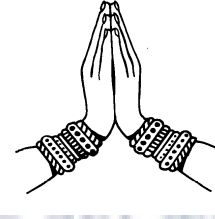
Shri Reh would discuss any subject under the Sun, be it religion, language, literature, politics, social evils or anything else. One thing that he would not discuss with any one was spiritual exercise that he was used to undertake in seclusion. This topic was a private affair for him, which he would not like to share with anyone. God knows whether he was initiated by someone or was a self-initiated saint. One could see and feel spirituality in his personality. His smile was bewitching and he was endowed with a great sense of humour. Politically he had left leanings. He was actively involved with the Communist Party and many a time he had to go under ground along with his comrades Vishwa Nath Vishwas, Som Nath Pandit and others for secret meetings. However, a great nationalist as he was, he was disillusioned with the communist ideology when in 1962 China waged a war against India. He immediately disassociated with the party and tread upon a path of his own.

Even in the realm of poetry he was a rebel. He carved his own path both in form and content while simultaneously using the conventional forms of poetry as well. He won Kashmir Cultural Academy award for the collection of his poems, 'Shab Garud' in 1968. He got Sadiq Memorial award as a distinguished writer in 1985. In 2002 he was posthumously given Krishna Joo Razdan Award by Kashmir Vichar Manch. He was associated with a number of cultural organizations and held the coveted post of Vice President of 'Bazme Adab' from 1969 to 1980. His name figures in the 'Who is who?' of the Sahitya Academy and a number of his poems stand translated in

Hindi and published in various anthologies. Day in and day out Reh composed beautiful poems full of meaning and message and Smt. Rattani Pandita was at hand to jot them down in Devanagari script. Credit goes to this great lady that she had the patience and dedication to take down religiously whatever flowed from the mouth of this genius and preserve it for the lovers of poetry. But for her perseverance we might have lost much of this treasure and wealth of rich poetry. Reh was a great advocate of Devanagari script to be used side by side with the official script based on Persian alphabets. He would never compromise on principles. Once a team came to his residence at Mayur Vihar with a camera crew for indoor shooting of a documentary with his interview. They wanted him to declare that only the official script should be used for our language as they knew that his statement would carry weight. He refused, as this was contrary to his considered opinion that Devanagari must be used so that the literature reaches a wider readership, which does not know the Persian script with the result that the shooting was called off. He would rather not have his interview on the air at all than compromise with his principles. In fact it was his desire that the next volume of his poems should be published in this script and the members of his family are keen to fulfill his desire. They have already brought out cassettes and CD's of his poems in his original voice, which is a laudable effort. Vasudev Reh has made a valuable contribution to Kashmiri poetry, which is entertaining, enlightening and enchanting. He served the ailing by treating them with the help of his knowledge of Ayurvedic medicines, particularly an anti-biotic 'Amrit Vatika'. He shaped the lives of many students by teaching them languages and music. He guided so many people by giving wise counsel whenever they were faced with any problem, social or personal. He was a child in the company of youngsters and a matured adult in the company of elders, intellectuals and the learned. He was of the opinion that Kashmiri Pandits should align with a National Political Party so that they are able to espouse their cause better and ensure that they live with dignity and honour. He was proud of the millennia-old rich tradition and culture, of which he was a deserving inheritor. ❀

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Why do we do 'Namaste'



Indians greet each other with 'Namaste'. The two palms are placed together in front of the chest and the head bows whilst saying the word 'Namaste'. This greeting is for all - people younger than us, or of our age, those older than us, friends and even strangers. There are five forms of formal traditional greeting enjoined in the Shaastras of which Namaskaaram is one. This is understood as prostration but it actually refers to paying homage as we do today when we greet each other with 'Namaste'.

Why do we do *Namaste*?

Namaste could be just a casual or formal greeting, a cultural convention or an act of worship. However there is much more to it than meets the eye. In Sanskrit *namas* + *te* = *namaste*. It means - I bow, to you - my greetings, salutations or prostration to you. *Namaha* can also be literally interpreted as 'na ma' (not mine). It has a spiritual significance of negating or reducing one's ego in the presence of another.

The real meeting between people is the meeting of their minds. When we greet another, we do so with '*Namaste*', which means 'may our minds meet', indicated by the folded palms placed before the chest. The bowing down of the head is a gracious form of extending friendship in love and humility.

The spiritual meaning is even deeper. The life force, the divinity, the Self or the Lord in me is the same in all. Recognising this oneness with the meeting of palms, we salute with head bowed the divinity in the person we meet. That is why sometimes, we close our eyes as we do '*Namaste*' to a revered person or the Lord - as if to look within. The gesture is often accompanied by words like 'Ram Ram', 'Jai Shri Krishna', 'Namo Narayana', 'Jai Siya Ram', 'Om Shanti' etc - indicating the recognition of this divinity.

When we know this significance, our greeting does not remain just a superficial gesture or word, but paves the way for a deeper communion with another in an atmosphere of love and respect.

(Source: Central Chinmay Mission Trust)

शखदारी

लाल लक्षमण

बॉश दूह बरनि प्यठ बेयि बटुवारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।
थाल तय बोहगुन तुलुन अटुबारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

ग्रहदिस तु गृहचारस गॅयि मिलवन
सतरंजि फरदाह गिलवन द्राव ।
होछिमुत्र गुर्य खॅट ऑसुस सवारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

दूह अकि लाल जू फोट अॅकिस गमुनस
दाह मोहनियव तस लमुनस लॅग्य ।
दरु दरु दीवान वर लोगुस कारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

दूह अकि काकस आफताब रामस
बागवथ वोनुमस शामस ताम ।
द्यवु दियि बतु म्यौड यियि व्यचारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

शामन वोनुनम वॉराग ओनुथम
बतु मैडि बापथ वोनुथम वीद ।
अॅस्य नसॉ ज्ञानोय यिमु ज्ञासकारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

बुडाह अख ऑसुय आमुत्र तु गॉमुत्र
मरनु दादि ऑसुय दूदुरेमुत्र ।
क्रोछ ह्यथ आयम चोकु मंजु लारे
लाल लक्षमण शखदारे द्राव ।।

ज़ून खॅच चोट हिश

दीना नाथ नॉदिम

दूह अकि कोहु पॅत्य ज़ून खॅच चोट हिश
नालस छेनिमुत्र तनि वछु त्रॉविथ
वंपु तनि हनि हनि दाग नॅनिरॉविथ
पनु पनु गॉमुत्र पोम्पूर्य पोट हिश
ज़ून खॅच चोट हिश, थॅचमुत्र गोट हिश

ज़न मोज़ुरेनि कस ताम चॅलुरॉविथ
ठेकुदरन अॅक्य थॅव पुशिरॉविथ
फुटुवॉटिस सुत्य वंपुयाह खोट हिश
ज़ून खॅच चोट हिश । ब्वछि लॅज बालन

ओबरन ह्यॅच बेयि गॅज छ्यवुरावन्य
वनु विगिन्यव प्योव ज़न व्वथु दानस
बतु कुल्य ज़न खॅत्य संगरमालन
मे ति ह्यॅच फाकु फॅरिस शेछ बावन्य
अॅछ फिर्य फिर्य वुछ मे ति असमानस

यिनु साँ असख !

ज़नानु अख गॅयि येर दुकानस प्यठ तु वोनुन येर
वॉलिस, “रात य्वसु बॅनियान मे च्ने निशि मॅल्य
हेच, च्ने वोनुथ स्व छि अस्ल येरुच । मगर गरि वुछ
असि तथ बॅनियानि ओस लीखिथ जि येर छुनु
असली येर ।”

दुकानदार ओस चालाख । दोपुनस, “सु छु तथ
आसान केम्यन क्रूलन खॉतर लीखिथ, युथ नु
तिम अस्ल येर ज्ञॉनिथ बॅनियान ख्यन ।”

बाबूजी

हमारे पड़ोस में रहने वाले बाबूजी की उम्र यही कोई अस्सी के लगभग होनी चाहिए। इस उम्र में भी स्वास्थ्य उनका ठीक ठाक है। ज़िन्दगी के आखिरी पड़ाव तक पहुंचते पहुंचते व्यक्ति आशाओं निराशाओं एवं सुख दुःख के जितने भी आयामों से होकर गुज़रता है, उन सब का प्रमाण उनके चेहरे को देखने से मिल जाता है। इक्कीस वर्ष की आयु में बाबूजी फौज में भर्ती हुए थे। अपने अतीत में डूबकर जब वे रसमग्न होकर अपने फौजी जीवन की रोमांचकारी बातों को सुनाने लगते हैं तो उनके साथ साथ सुनने वाला भी विभोर हो जाता है। क्विब युद्ध की बातें, कश्मीर में कबाइलियों से मुठभेड़, नागालैण्ड, जूनागढ़ आदि जाने कहा कहां की यादों के सिरों को पकड़कर वे अपने स्मृति कोष से बाहर बहुत दूर तक खींचकर ले आते हैं। ऐसा करने में उन्हें अपूर्व आनन्द मिलता है।

एक दिन सुबह सवेरे उन्होंने मुझे अपने पास बुलाया। मैं समझ गया कि आज बाबूजी अपने फौजी जीवन का कोई नया किस्सा मुझे सुनाएंगे। एक बार तो इच्छा हुई कि मैं जाऊं नहीं, मगर तभी बाबूजी ने हाथ के इशारे से बड़े ही भावपूर्ण तरीके से एक बार फिर मुझे बुलाया। यह सोचकर कि मैं जल्दी लौट आऊंगा, मैं कपड़े बदलकर उनके पास चला गया। कमरे में दाखिल होते ही उन्होंने तपाक से मेरा स्वागत किया। चाय मंगवायी और ठीक मेरे सामने वाली कुर्सी पर बैठ गए। घुटनों तक लम्बी नेकर पर बनियान पहने वे आज कुछ ज़्यादा ही चुस्त—दुरुस्त लग रहे थे। मैंने कमरे के चारों ओर नज़र दौड़ाई। यह कमरा शायद उन्हीं का था। दीवार पर जगह जगह विभिन्न देवी देवताओं के चित्र टंगे थे। सामने वाली दीवार के ठीक बीचों बीच उनकी दिवंगत पत्नी का चित्र टंगा था। कुछ चित्र उनके फौजी जीवन के भी थे। बाईं ओर की दीवार पर एक राइफल टंगी थी जिसको देखकर लग रहा था कि अब यह राइफल इतिहास की वस्तु बन चुकी है। बाबूजी को अपने सामने एक विशेष प्रकार की मुद्रा में देखकर मुझे लगा कि वे आज कोई खास बात मुझ से करने वाले हैं तथा कोई खास चीज़ मुझे दिखाने वाले हैं। तभी सवेरे से ही उनकी आंखें मुझे दूढ़ रही थीं। इस बीच मेरा ध्यान सामने टेबिल पर रखे विभिन्न बैजों, तमगों प्रशस्तिपत्रों, मेडलों आदि की ओर गया जिन्हें इस समय बाबूजी एकटक निहार

रहे थे। इन मेडलों, प्रशस्तिपत्रों आदि का ज़िक्र उन्होंने मुझ से बातों ही बातों में पहले कई बार किया था, मगर इन्हें दिखाने का मौका कभी नहीं मिला था। आज शायद वे इन सब को मुझे दिखाना चाह रहे थे। गौरवान्वित भाव से वे कभी इन मेडलों को देखते तो कभी मुझे। हर तमगे, हर बैज, हर प्रशस्तिपत्र आदि के पीछे अपना इतिहास था, जिसका वर्णन करते करते बाबूजी, सचमुच गद्गद् हो रहे थे। यह तमगा फलां युद्ध में मिला, यह बैज अमुक पार्टी में अमुक अंग्रेज़ अफसर द्वारा वीरताप्रदर्शन के लिए दिया गया आदि आदि। बाबूजी अपनी यादों के बहुमूल्य कोष के एक एक पृष्ठ को जैसे जैसे पलटते जाते, वैसे वैसे उनके चेहरे पर असीम प्रसन्नता के भाव तिर आते। मेरे कंधे पर अपना दायां हाथ रखते हुए वे अचानक बोल पड़े, “और भी कई बैज व तमगे हैं, मगर बुढ़िया को ज़्यादा यही पसन्द थे।”

बुढ़िया का नाम सुनते ही मैं चौंक पड़ा। पूछा, “कौन बुढ़िया?” “अरे, वही मेरी पत्नी, जो पिछले साल भगवान को प्यारी हो गई। बड़ी नेक औरत थी वह। मुझे हमेशा कहती थी “निकके के बाबू, ये तमगे तुम को नहीं, मुझे मिले हैं। बेचारी घंटों तक इन पर पालिश मल मल कर इन्हें चमकाती थी।” मैंने बाबूजी की ओर नज़रें उठाकर देखा। उनकी आंखें गीली हो गई थीं। शब्दों को समेटते हुए वे आगे बोले, “बुढ़िया ज़्यादातर गांव में ही रही और मैं कभी इस मोर्चे पर तो कभी उस मोर्चे पर, कभी इस शहर में तो कभी उस शहर में। वाह! क्या डिसिप्लिन था। क्या रोबदाब था! अंग्रेज़ अफसरों के साथ काम करने का अपना अलग ही मज़ा होता था।” कहते कहते बाबूजी फिर यादों के समुद्र में डूब गए। इस बात का अंदाज़ लगाने में मुझे देर नहीं लगी कि बाबूजी आज कुछ ज़्यादा ही भावुक हो गए हैं। पहले जब भी मैं उनसे मिला हूं हमारी बातें पड़ोसी के नाते एक दूसरे का हाल—चाल जानने तक ही सीमित रही हैं। प्रसंगवश वे कभी कभी अपने फौजी जीवन की बातें भी कह देते जिन्हें मैं अक्सर ध्यान से सुन लिया करता। बाबूजी के बारे में मेरे पास जो जानकारी थी, उसके अनुसार बाबूजी पहाड़ के रहने वाले थे। बचपन उनका वहीं पर बीता,



फिर फौज में नौकरी की और सेवानिवृत्ति के बाद वर्षों तक अपने गांव में ही रहे। पत्नी के गुज़र जाने के बाद अब वे अपने बड़े बेटे के साथ इस शहर में मेरे पड़ोस में रहते हैं। बड़े बेटे के साथ रहते रहते उन्हें लगभग पांच-सात साल हो गए हैं। बीच बीच में महीन दो महीने के लिए वे अपने दूसरे बेटों के पास भी जाते हैं। मगर जब से उनकी पत्नी गुज़र गई, तब से वे ज़्यादातर बड़े बेटे के साथ ही रहने लगे हैं। इससे पहले कि मैं उनसे यह पूछता कि क्या ये बैज और मेडल दिखाने के लिए उन्होंने मुझे बुलाया है, वे बोल पड़े, “बुढ़िया को ये बैज और तगमे अपनी जान से भी प्यारे थे। पहले पहल हर सप्ताह वह इनको पालिश से चमकाती थी। फिर उम्र के ढलने के साथ साथ दो-तीन महीनों में एक बार और फिर साल में एक बार। और वह भी हमारी शादी की सालगिरह के दिन। “सालगिरह के दिन क्यों?” मैंने धीरे से पूछा। मेरा प्रश्न सुनकर बाबूजी कुछ सोच में पड़ गए। फिर सामने पड़े मेडलों पर नज़र दौड़ाते हुए बोले, “यह तो मैं नहीं जानता कि सालगिरह के ही दिन क्यों? मगर, एक बात मैं ज़रूर जानता हूँ कि बुढ़िया पढ़ी-लिखी बिल्कुल भी नहीं थी। पर हां, जिंदगी की किताब उसने खूब पढ़ रखी थी। मेरी अनुपस्थिति में मेरे मां बाप की सेवा, बच्चों की देखरेख, घर के अन्दर बाहर के काम आदि उस औरत ने अकेलेदम बड़ी लगन से निपटाए। आज पीछे मुड़कर देखता हूँ तो सहसा विश्वास नहीं होता कि उस बुढ़िया में इतनी समर्पण-भावना और आत्मशक्ति थी।” कहते कहते बाबूजी ने पालिश की डिबिया में से थोड़ी सी पालिश निकाली और सामने रखे मेडलों और बैजों पर मलने लगे। वे गद्गद् होकर कभी मुझे देखते तो कभी सामने रखे इन मेडलों को। मेडल और बैज धीरे-धीरे चमकने लगे। मुझे लगा कि बाबूजी मुझ से कुछ और कहना चाह रहे हैं किन्तु कह नहीं पा रहे हैं। एक मेडल अपने हाथों में लेकर मैंने कहा, “लाइए बाबूजी, इस पर मैं पालिश कर देता हूँ।” मेरे इस कथन से वे बहुत खुश हुए। शायद मेरे मुंह से वे भी यही सुनना चाहते थे। कुछ मेडलों की वे पालिश करने लगे और कुछ की मैं। इस बीच थोड़ा रुककर उन्होंने सामने दीवार पर टंगी अपनी पत्नी की तस्वीर की ओर देखा और गहरी लम्बी सांस लेकर बोले, “आज हमारी शादी की साल गिरह है। बुढ़िया जीवित होती तो सुबह से ही इन मेडलों को चमकाने में लग गई होती। ये मेडल उसे अपनी जान से भी प्यारे थे। जाते जाते डूबती आवाज़ में मुझे कह गई थी, “निकके के बाबू, यह मेडल तुम्हें नहीं, मुझे मिले

हैं। हां, मुझे मिले हैं। इन्हें संभालकर रखना। हमारी शादी की सालगिरह पर हर साल इनको पालिश से चमकाना।” कहते कहते बाबूजी कुछ भावुक हो गए। क्षणभर की चुप्पी के बाद उन्होंने फौजी अन्दाज़ में ठहाका लगाया और बोले, “बुढ़िया की बात को मैंने सीने से लगा लिया। हर साल आज के ही दिन इन मेडलों को बक्से से निकालता हूँ, झाड़ता पोंछता हूँ और पालिश से चमकाता हूँ। पालिश करते समय मेरे कानों में बुढ़िया की यह आवाज़ गूँजती है “निकके के बाबू! ये मेडल तुम को नहीं, मुझे मिले हैं, तुम को नहीं मुझे मिले हैं।” ●

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ON RECORD

समसारस मंज यि केंह छु तु यि केंह अँस्य छि यछान जि आसुन गोछ, अथ मंज छे स्यठाह फर्क। यिहय फर्क छि सानि तकलीफुक तु कश्दुक वजह।

-त्रिलोकी नाथ दर कुन्दन

यि कथ छे टाकारु जि ज़बॉन्य हुँदिस मामलस मंज छिनु कौशिय ज़ांह ति महदूद नज़र अँस्यमत्य। तिमव छु तहज़ीबन तु वखरु वक्तन प्यठ पनुन दामानु नव्यव खयालव, फ़लसफ़व तु तमहुनव सुत्य बोरमुत, येम्युक असर कौशिरि ज़बॉन्य क्यो अदबस प्यठ टाकारु छु।

- अर्जुन देव मजबूर

It is an essential tradition for us to have a suitable knowledge of our socio-religious customs and traditions as Kashmiri Pandit.

- Dr. B.L.Kaul

मरहबा छु तिमन (परिवारन) यिम अंग्रीज़्यकि ज़बरदस माहोलु बावजूद शुर्यन कौशुर बोलुनावान छि।

-डा. रतन लाल शांत

कश्मीर मेरी जन्म भूमि है, मेरी माँ है। इसके हर ज़रा-ए-खाक से मुझे अश्क है।

- मखन लाल कौल

(Kashmiri Pandits) are in absolute ruins and ashes. Wherever they be, they are a horrendous prospect of pathetic people who are destructed not by plague but by bigotry and intolerance.

-Mohan Lal Koul

मेरे लिए मेरे वतन से बढ़कर कुछ भी नहीं था। जो था, समर्पित किया और मुझे कभी भी इस बात का मलाल नहीं कि मेरे साथ क्या हुआ, क्या सलूक किया गया ?

- बशीर अत्हर

(‘यथ कनक्रीट कमरस मंज’) अर्पन पनुनि तस माजि, येमि मे वॉलिजि वस ददु गल्यन सुत्य आपराँव।

- मखन लाल बेकस

अदबस मुतलिक छु मे स्यकु नज़रियि जि हम-काल छिनु अख अँकिस सुत्य इनसाफ ह्यकान कॅरिथ, तिक्याजि तिमन छु पनुन पोट वखुलस मंज आसान।

- मोती लाल साक़ी

'GŪLĪMYŪTH' & ITS PRESENT DAY USE

Offering gulimyooth on certain auspicious occasions, where big fund was required to organize the function, has been a tradition in our community since long. Possibly, because of the poverty prevailing in our community in the past, it was a method of offering financial support to the organizer of the functions, by the society. Depending upon his capacity and the relation with the organizer, the person would make his contribution for the cause.

However now the things have changed - God has been kind to our community; Most of us are capable of organizing these functions on our own. With the result, these days, it has become a fashion to mention '**no gift - only blessings please**', at the end of the invitation card. If we analyze this in perspective of giving financial assistance to the organizer of the function, I believe it is the right thing to do. The gulimyooth received in cash makes hardly any impact on the total budget for the function, and the gift received in kind are duplicated and or most of the time of not much use to the receiver.

But at the same time, offering gulimyooth has its own charm. Most of us, especially those, who believe in maintaining our old traditions would like it to continue. They feel bad if this offer is not accepted by the host. They too are right in their own way. They believe, why we should loose our tradition just because the situation has changed now.

Under the circumstances I suggest an alternative .Actually it is a revival of one of our old traditions. I suggest instead of saying 'no gift, only blessing please' at the end of the card, let us mention *cheques as Gift in the name of Kashmiri Hindu Sabha welcomed. This fund will be utilized for the education of our community children.* (I am being selfish here - it can be in favor of any other social organization)

Do you realize how much financial support our social organizations need? Thousands of our children don't get jobs because their parents could not afford their education. I understand only 3% of our young children in migrant camps get one cup of milk a day. There are so many elderly patients in our camps who cant even affords their

treatment. There are so many widows who are to fend for them selves. If this Gulimyooth reaches them rather than to those who don not want it, don't you feel this fund can be better utilized. Not only that, do you feel the blessings from the beneficiaries will prove a great boon for the couples and their families. Let us all think on it. At the same time all those who are convinced with the idea, let them start implementing it at the time of wedding at their place and at the places of their dear ones. This is how a custom gets generated. In the past, it was the need of individual that was met by out this custom of ours, now it can be the need of our society that can be met by this system. Kindly remember heartfelt blessing of needy is always effective.

Amongst us, many condemn the lavish spending at the time of our weddings. But when it comes to our own turn, we all forget that. We ourselves indulge in the same. And the reason for the same is *log kya kahenge*. Don't you think, by bringing in this small change in invitation card, part of this guilt feeling will diminish a bit. One will get that divinely pleasant feeling that while spending lavishly on the wedding he is remembering the needy ones from the community as well. In the past, serving duddas (uninvited poor from neighborhood) on such occasions was one such act. I am suggesting nothing new. I am only reviving our forgotten custom. I am just proposing the change in way of serving the needy of the community, that suits our prevailing social conditions.

Kindly consider.

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**LEARN KASHMIRI.
IT IS OUR
MOTHER-TONGUE.**

अक्षर ज्ञान

क से काफिर कहने वालो हम से कर लो अक्षर ज्ञान

क कबूतर कहना सीखो, तब होगी सच की पहचान।

वही कबूतर शान्तिदूत जो, दिखता है नन्ही सी जान
या तुम **क** से कलम समझना, जो लिखता गीता कुरआन।

क से ही कोयल बनता है, करती जो उपवन में गान
क से कमल खिला जो जल में, झीलों में जिसकी मुस्कान।

क काजल नैनन की शोभा, **क** किरीट मस्तक की शान
क कदम्ब का पेड मनोहर, **क** कल कल नदियों की तान।

ह से हिन्दू, **म** से मुस्लिम, यह हम नहीं पढाते हैं
ह से हाथी **म** से मोर, बच्चों को सिखलाते हैं।

उपवन में है मोर नाचता, हाथी झूमे जंगल में
रहते सारे मिलजुल कर, भाई चारे मंगल में।

श से शान्ति फैलानी है, **प** से प्रेम उपजाना है
म से मानवता का पाठ, जन जन तक पहुंचाना है।

यही शिक्षा तुम भी ले लो, यही सही है अक्षर ज्ञान
ऐसी राह पर चलो अगर, सारे जग का हो कल्याण।।

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तँस्य पृष्ठव

जिंदगी हुंद राज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव
आयि यी आवाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

ग्रायि मारान छा़यि छा़ये मायि मँच
छुस कम्म्युक सनु नाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

गाज़ु मँल्यथुय नाज़ुनीनाह राज़ु रँन्य
वुछतु क्याह अंदाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

द्राव सुबहस सिरिं ओबुरस क्राफ दिथ
खोत फेक्यव पेठ्य माज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

वॉर्य ख्यथ व्वपुरव थँविख असि तॉर्य दिथ
होर कवु असि बाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

दिल छु दुबुरारय करान, व्वलु कन च्रु थव
बोज़ सनुवुन्य साज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

येम्य नु जांह वुछ्य दूख तु दॉद्य, सुय अखाह
परुनि ब्यूटुम वाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

लालु फँल्य यिम पज़रु बापथ फांसि खँत्य
द्रायि तिम जांबाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

लोलु वनुवुन अँर्यनिमाले गेव्य वन्न
रुत कोरुन आगाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।

कति छि 'कुन्दन' बोलुवुन्य कोस्तूर अज़
गँयि कँरिथ परवाज़, वँल्यतव तँस्य पृष्ठव।



'RAJIV GANDHI SHIROMANI AWARD' FOR DR. K.L.CHOWDHURY

The Advisory Board of the National Integration & Economic Council, New Delhi (NIEC) has selected the name of Dr. K.L.Chowdhury for the 'Rajiv Gandhi Shiromani Award', thus recognising his services to the humanity as Chairman, Shriya Bhatt Mission Hospital & Research Centre, Jammu.

The Award will be presented to Dr. Chowdhury at a Symposium on 'Rajiv's Role in Promoting National Integration' scheduled to be held on 24th August, 2007 at New Delhi.

Project Zaan and the Editorial Board 'här-van' congratulate Dr. Chowdhury for the honour.

MAHATMA KRISHEN JOO RAZDAN & KASHMIR SHAKTIVAAD

I ntroduction: The topic, which I am going to discuss, is on the “Shaktivad of Kashmir”, with reference to the spiritual poetic heights of Pandit Krishan Joo Razdan. Shaktivad is the prominent way of life in maintaining the grand heritage of Kashmir Shaivism. The

primary source of the poetic thought of Krishan Joo Razdan is based on the *Puranas*, and the applied religious thought of Kashmir Shaivism, read with the *Agama Shastras* of Kashmir. No doubt, he was a Saint-poet par-excellence; a Yogic in spirit and ritualistic in pattern in his *Sadhana*. He was singing the songs of immortality within the idiom of *Bhakti*. His choice of words were chiseled, and fermented with the Kashmiri environment, which suggests that he was very close to the Prakriti aspect of the Divine. I am here, concentrating on his representative poems, published under the title “Krishna Darshun”, edited by Pandit Sham Lal Razdan, in 1996. Literally ‘*Krishna Darshun*’ means the viewing of Shri Krishna, or it can suggest the darshana/philosophy of Krishna the poet. This is a *ShleSha* word in the Sanskrit diction. It can be interpreted both the ways. Whatever it is ..., the text of “Krishna Darshun” speaks of the beauty of the Divine within the Vedic *Ritam*, to become the recipient of the Divine grace. It is an aspiration for Pandit Krishan Joo Razdan, to see the “*Satyam -Shivam-Sundaram*” within the orbit of Shiva and Shakti read with *Purusha* and *Prakriti*. Discussion: I would love to listen to the Kashmiri Pandits both men and women singing :

ब्यल तय मादल व्यनु ग्वलाब पंपोशु दस्तय
पूजायि लागस परम शिवस शिव नाथस तय

[byal tai maadal vyana gulab pamposhu dastai Poozaayi laagay parama Shivas Shiva Nathas Taæ]

छख महा वेद्या जगत माता, छख महालक्ष्मी शिव प्रिया
वेषु माया छख सर्व सेद्या, सर्व शक्तिमान छख महा राज्ञा
[Chhakh Maha Veddyā Jagath Mata Chakh Maha Lakhmī
Shiva Priya Vishnu Maya Chakh Sarva Sedhaa sarva
Shaktimaan Chakh Maha Ragnya]

He says in the “ Ragnya devi hunz tvataa (रौञ्जा दीवी हुंज त्वता) :

राजेश्वरी राजन हुंज छख बॅड सरकार
फिर दयि लोनुय सोनुय चोनुय रोट दरबार
सथा छे चॉनी च़ेय निश अँस्य आयि व्वमेदवार
अथु त्युथ दितु युथ अँस्य करुहॉव पर-व्वपकार
[raizeeshvari raazan hunz Chakh ba'ida Sarkaar phir dayu
lonuya sonuya chonuya ro't darbar sathaa Chi chaini Tseyi
nish Ayi a'si vomedwaar athaa tyuth dituya yuth a'si
karaivaiv boDha wopkaar]

The beauty of Krishan Joo Razdan lies in the fact that he prays Shiva and Shakti considering the Absolute both in the Purusha and Prakriti. He sees an integral approach in paying his obeisance to the Divine.

कथु कॅर्य कॅर्य गव मे ल्वकुचार, आर यीतनय शम्भू
अँन्य ाशा नँन्य तु नादार, करि हे कम कम कार
नचुवन्य छस नँन्य तरवार आर यीतनय शम्भू
[Katha kari Kari gava lokachaar aar yiyatanai
shamboo”a.an ~ ya aashaa na.a`nya tu naadaarakari he
kama kama kaara nachuwunya chasa nanya
tarawaaraara yiyatanaya shambhuu]

Further he says:

परमु शक्ती स्वस्त बूल बालय
नॉल्य छय छुनिथ कलु मालय
मस्तानु बे परवाये, अनुग्रह छु चोन जायि जाये
[paramu' shaktii svasta bhuula bhaalai naa.alya Chai
Chunitha kala maalaya mastaanu' be para waaye
anugraha chu chona jaayi jaayæ]

These were the popular Bhakti poems sung by the Kashmiri Pandits around fifties and so on, on the occasions of व्यूग त्रावुन, माँजिराथ, कन्यादान [vyuuga Trawun, ma'inzi Raath, kanyadaan etc]

I happened to listen to these Bhajans in *Satsangs*/devotional congregations at Tullamulla shrine . Bel Tai madal Bhajan was in the air from the Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, as well. These Bhajans had a strong effect on me, in understanding, what the genius of Pandit Krishan Joo Razdan would have been, to depict spirituality through his Bhakti Poems, in Kashmiri diction, phrase and idiom. He was a Mahatma. I should call him a *Rishi*, because *Rishi* is always a कवि [Kavi], but a Kavi (poet) is not always a Rishi. Mahatma Krishan Joo Razdan's poetry is integrated with the spiritual ethos, welded with the strong metaphysical approach to find Lord Shiva in Saguna form.

But Saguna Shiva is always with Shakti, hence we have the beautiful Shiva Parinaya—a transcreation of the Shiva Puranam, in his native language Kashmiri. When we go through the Shakti/ Devi Sahsrnamas, we read “*Shiva – Shakti Eka Roopinyai Namah*” Verily, it suggests that Shiva and Shakti are identical in *Samvit*/pure consciousness and *Svabhaava*/ nature. Mahatma Krishna joo Razdan speaks of the *Shuddha Vidya* aspect of the Trika Darshana/ Kashmir Shaivism. A devotional poet always pays obeisance to Shri Ganesha. So did Mahatma Krishna Joo Razdan, in the traditional manner. In his devotion to the *Adi Deva Astuti* in Kashmiri, he refers to *Adi-Shakti*, and sings in ecstasy:

आदि शक्ति हुंदे आदि कारो
एक दन्त वेद व्यस्तारयो

[Adi shakti hundey Adi Kaaro Eika Danta Veeda Vyastaaryo.] A great significance has been attached to *Adya Shakti* in the Agamas of Kashmir. The Adi Shakti is the Primordial energy, who is the *Ichha – Shakti* of Shiva. Shakti is revered with the Sanskrit ई बीज [E’ Bija] Mantra, which is the fourth phoneme of the *Varna-Mala*, revered as the *Turiya Avastha*/ transcendental state of mind. It has the supreme significance in the *Chakreshvara Puja*, and in the *Matrika Pujan*, very special to the Kashmiri Pandit religious ethos. Mahatma Krishan joo Razdan Ji further says:

परम शक्ती हुंदि सेवाकारो
येछा पुत्र व्यवहारो

Pana Shakti Hundi seevaa karo, Yechha Putra Vyavharo”. The word Parma Shakti is Absolute Energy, which is independent, is स्वच्छन्द [Svachhanda]. Therefore, Parvati could create Ganesha through her innate *Ichha Shakti* | will power. It is the *Svachhanda Bhiravi Roopa* of Parvati. *Ichha Shakti* is the *Moola Rekha* | Base of the Moola Trikona of the *Chakreshvara* at Hari Parbat. He has referred to *Vallabha*, in the same *Stutil*—eulogy, as being the consort of *Maha Ganesha*. Vallabha is the Shakti of Ganesha, Vallabha means attachment, drawing together, closeness as *jivatma* is to *Parmatman*, so is *Vallabha ti Ganesha*. Therefore, the Kashmiri *Prepyuna / Naivedya* Mantra invokes the Divine and says:

वल्लभा सहिताय श्री गणेशाय

[Vallabha Sahitayai Shri Ganeshai]. *Ridhi* and *Sidhi* are often used with the symbolic *Ganesha* in India in the form of *Swastika*. But *Vallabha* is within the recesses of heart of Ganesha, which again lays emphasis on the *Shakti* concept

within religious symbols as given by Pandit Krishan Joo Razdan .He has again used the word ‘*Avidya*’, which according to the *Devi Atharva Shirsha* is to destroy ignorance, and evil in the form of Mahishasura and other mighty Rakshasas like

चन्द मुण्ड रक्तबीज शुम्भ निशुम्भ धूम्रलोचन
[chanda-munda ,rakta bija, Shumbha, nishumbha, dhumralochana] etc. by Shri Durga. The Vedic mantra is
सा विद्या च अविद्या च

[Saa Vidya Cha-Avidya Cha]. Devi is both mighty and witty. She kills Mahishasura, for being the very personification of evil and ignorance. He says in the scene of ‘*Posh Pooza of Shiva and Parvati*:

जलक्ष्मी मीठिय छस दिवान दामानस
[Lakhmi Meethiya Chhas Diwaan Daamaanas].

According to the Markandeya Purana, Lakshmi is the incarnation of Maha Lakshmi, She is none else but the *Ashta dash Bhuja Sharika*. Lakshmi is Artha | riches and wealth, and is the second *Purushartha*, in the Vedic ethos. Developing his poetic construction on the *Posha Pooza*, very dear to the Kashmiri pandits during the *Kanya Daan* ceremony at the *Lagna* time of bride and bridegroom, he receives the inspiration from the *Shiva purana*, where ‘*Maina*’—the Mother of *Uma or Parvati* prays to *Maha vidya*, which is the first attribute of the *Shri Ragnya*, revered as *Shri Bhavani*. She also addresses to Mahamaya, which is the elixir of life in human understanding of the concept of *Jaganmata*, the Mother hood aspect the Divine, to grace the couple of Shiva and Parvati. What a wonderful message is given by our saint-poet in the Shiva Parinaya. Further she says that *Hari Parbat* is the *Lila of Shri Sharika*. What does it signify? It is the very source of Kashmiri Shaktivad. It conveys the message of the creation of Kashmir out of Satisar by Kashyapa Rishi. Shri Sharika is verily, Sati. Such is the affinity of Mahatma Razdan Ji for *Shrika*, *Hari Parbat* and the *Chakreshvara*. He says: *Parbatai Sharikayi Leela Parasui*. For Himvan and his wife Maina, Parbat is more auspicious as they want to pray Shri Sharika for the good and auspicious days to come for Shiva and Parvati. The *Poshi Puza* for Shiva and Parvati would be at the *Chakreshvara* spot, as per the wishes of Maina. Therefore, Shiva was to come to Kashmir from Kailash, for receiving the hand of UMA—, what a beautiful description given by Krishan Joo Razdan! He affirms that Shaktipat as defined in the Trika philosophy is the essential feature to receive the Energy force from Shiva through

Guru. He describes the place of *Nishat* for the same spiritual wealth, *Dal* is the Shakti and Shiva is the Nishat. Dal is the *janan shakti* –the creative energy and Nishat is the manifestation. Here Nishat should be taken as the *Nandan Van*, close to *Ha'rvan*, within the Mahadeva range of hills of Kashmir in the Himalayas. He sees the Divinity in *Radha*, the Shakti aspect of Shri Krishna, who along with the *Gopis* in their ecstasies, as they see the *Gopla Krishna* every where. Thus Krishan Joo Razdan refers to the Motherhood aspect of Divinity, both in the *Vaishnavite* and the *Shaivite* faith. Kashmiri Pandit culture sees no difference in the various incarnations of the Divine. It believes in the सर्व सौंदर्य स्वरूप ईश्वर/*Sarva Saundarya Svaroopæ*] of the Ishvara in the Ice-lingam of Shri Amarnath and *Sarveshvari Shri Ragnya*, Mahatma Krishan joo Razdan Ji is all praise for Vakh and says

छय तसुंज वॉनी सुय ग्यॉनी छुय

[Chhai Tasunz Va'ini Suyi G'yani Chhuyi].

It means that he who recites the *Bhavani Sahsranaama* is verily, a Gyani, an embodied soul with *Pragnya*—intuitive faculty . Conclusion: To establish his dedication and love for the Divine Mother, *Shri Raj Rajeshvari Ragnya* , Pandit Krishan joo Razdan has chosen some of the names for Maharagnya Bhagawati from the Bhavani Sahsranaama and explained their efficacy to understand the spiritual import in those words. Bhavani Sahsranaama is a section from the Rudrayamala Tantra. These are *Mahavidya, Maha Lakshmi, Shiva priya, Vishnu Maya, Durga, Sarva Mangala Mangala, Kaalika, Sharika, , Shri Shiva, Chandra bhaga, Vitasta, Saraswati, Gomati, Send/Sindhu, Jamna| Yamuna. He has love for the places like Rudra Sandhya, Pavan Sandhya, Godhavari/ gudur, Mattan's Tsaaka, Ganga, Gaya, He reverts the Vatak puja. He asks us to have Ekta and Shraddha. ,Aapya, Lanka, Dwarika, Shabda, Bharamri, and Ulka has been used to understand the geo-physical situations of the country. Tullamulla Nag, is the very breath of his spiritual strength. He receives significant vibrations for his works, in confirmation to the Prakriti as a very complement to Purusha. In the poem dedicated to Shri Raj Rajeshvari, Krishan Joo Razdan says about Shri Rajeshvari that the Divine Mother is OMKAR in the Tullamulla spring. She is the Ragnya Devi. She incarnates with different colours, and is the *Jal Tattva* | Primal Water element, personified in the form of *Raj Rajeshvari*. Krishan Joo Razdan wants to ascend to the heights, along with the *Raj Hamsas*, the mystic swans,*

who are always in tune with the Divine. Philosophically, he refers to the *Ardhanarishvara* aspect of the *Svayambhu* Shiva in SOHAM, where *Shri Raj Rajeshwai* is the *Raj Hamsini*, the *Vaama* –the left portion of Shiva. There is the element of spirituality and devotion in the works of this great saint, whose poetry will inspire the youth in KP Diaspora. It is hoped so.

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‘हॉरवन’ के लिये मेरा संदेश

डा. चमन लाल रैना, मियामी, यू.एस. ए.

ई-पत्रिका का नाम ...

जिस का रखा गया

‘हॉरवन’

जो वास्तव में दिया है

बृहत रूप ...

इस ई-पत्रिका को,

जिस में सहभाग होगा समस्त

समर्पित व्यक्तियों का।

इतना योगदान रहेगा

‘हॉरवन’ ई-पत्रिका का ...

कि भावी इतिहासकार लिखेगा

कि व्यक्तित्व वाला आया था।

शोध होगा ...

त्रिभाषीय विधा में:

“यही है आज के दिन की कथा

कि लालिमा कहीं दिखती यदि ...

तो वह निखरती दिखती

इन वेब साईटों में

नया दर्पण ... नयी आकृति,

नया रूप, नयी ज्वाला

नयी महक

यही स्वरूप हेगा”

‘हॉरवन’

नया गुलाल, नव्य नव नूतन

व्याप्त है अम्बर में

बस यही आशा।

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थोद खसुन

खसुन छु मे ख्वश करान। पहाडस खसुन, मोटरस खसुन, कुलिस खसुन या कॉनी खसुन। ह्योर खसुन कुस छुनु पसंद करान, मगर दून चीजन खसुन छुनु मे जान लगान। अख गुरिस खसुन तु बेयि रिकशुहस खसुन। गुरिस खसुन छुम लगान न्य-ज़बॉनिस पॅशिस दूख द्युन। रिकशुहस खसुन छुम बासान हयवॉनियथ। कॉनी खसुन ओस अमि किन्य ख्वश यिवान तिव्याज़ि अति ऑस्य अँस्य दोरु दोर तु टुकु टुकु करान। ताहम छुम खसुन ज़बर लगान, खास कॅरिथ पहाडस। पहाडस खसान खसान छि शांश खसान, कमर छु ड्वकान, कोठ्य छि लोसान, मगर यूत यूत ह्योर छु इनसान खसान, त्यूत त्यूत छस ह्यमथ बडान, नज़र वॅछ सपदान तु यरादु मज़बूथ गछान। आशा ति छस हरान हि कोहु थॅंगिस वातुन छु व्वन्य कॅरीबी।

मे प्यव याद पनुनि त्वकुचारु शँकुराचारस खसुन। दोरगानागु परन प्यथ ऑस्य कचि वति किन्य खरामा खरामा ह्योर खसान। पडावु पथ पडावु ऑस्य अँद्य पॅख्य शहरस कुन दिवान नज़राह। दुस शहर ओस यिवान बोज़नु, गोया नज़रि हुंद आरु क्वंडुल ओस रचि खोतु रचि बडान। नज़रि ओस गछान हुर्यर। च़ोर अलाकु ओस यिवान बोज़नु। थकान छ्यनान ऑस्य ऑखुर वातान कोह तेंतॉलिस। पतु ऑस्य शंकरु सुंद दरशुन करान तु सोरुत थकुन ओस चलान। अख नोवुय आनंद ओस यिवान।

ह्योर खसुनस छु युहय लुतुफ। दिल छु फवलान, नज़र छि खुलान, आनंद छु यिवान तु दयि सुंज़ि दयि गॅन्न प्यठ छि हॉरॉनी गछान। मगर अख कथ छे ज़रूरी। शँरीरु किनी योत गछि नु मनुश ह्योर खसुन। ब्वद ति गछि बडुन्य, नज़र ति गछि हुरन्य तु व्यच़ार ति गछन थदुन्य। तैलि छु मन थ्यर गछान। तैली छे पॉरज़ान यिवान। तैली छु पज़र परज़ुनावनु यिवान, फरा वॅसिथ प्यवान तु पथ कुन रोज़ान असलय योत। तिथ्य ति छि लूख यिम शँरीरु किन्य छि अँक्यसुय जायि आसान मगर अध्यात्म किन्य छि आसान स्यठाह थोद खँत्यमुत्य।

लूख छि वार्याहव रंगव थोद खसान, वॉसि मंज़, सूरँच मंज़, रिशुतदॉरी मंज़, मगर तोति छिनु पज़ि किन्य तिम थोद

आसान खँत्यमुत्य। वार्याहि फिरि छि अँस्य वुछान वॉसठ मनुश तिथ्य, ज़न छख वॉसुय आसान छेम्ब्य कॅरमुन्न। कॅन्न छि आसान पॉसु रँग्य जान सूरथ मगय नियति बद, कोडुर द्यमाग तु खुराफॉती केरन छिख आसान। यिथ्य कँन्य छि आसान कॅन्न बडि बँड रिशुतदॉरी, मगर सॉरी ख्यनु बरॉच़दर, यिम नु वख्तु विज़ि बकार छि यिवान।

बाज़े छि अँस्य वुछान कॉसि बज़ॉहिर अनपड गंवारस, मगर येलि तँम्यसुंद थज़र छि वुछान योत नु अँस्य पिलिथ ह्यकव, असि छे हॉरानुगी गछान। तिमन छु आसान मन स्वनु सुंद तु दिल वंपु सुंद, ब्वद थँज़ तु नज़र वॅछ। तिम छि सारिनय हुंद रुच़र कांछान, अमुन तु शाँती यछान, प्रथ कांसि किच़ बज़ॉयी तु पापरज़ॉयी मंगान। ज़नानु छे आसान लोल बरन वाजेन्य मॉज तु मर्द छु आसान वतु हावुक मोल। अमी छु मे दिल करान थोद खसुहॉ, हावु बावु किनी योत नु, बँल्यकि पँज्य पॉठ्य असलियतस मंज़। थोद खँसिथ ति वुछिहव नु बु कॉसि निचि नज़रि। हमेशि गोछुम समबावुय रोजुन।

पहाडस खसान छे ब्याख अख कथ च़ेननु यिवान। स्व गँयि यि जि बालु थँगिस खसुनस छे वार्याह वतु, मगर थॉग छु कुनुय। यिथ्य कँन्य छु दय कुनुय, अमापोज़ तस प्रावनुचि वतु छे कँच़। अँड्य छु ग्यानु सुत्य तस निशि वातनुच कूशिश करान, अँड्य करमु सुत्य। कँह छि ग्यानस सादन मानान तु कँह बँख्तीयि। वथ अँस्यतन कांह ति मगर वातुन छु तोतुय। अमी छु पुष्पु दन्तन वोनमुत जि वेदांत ऑस्तन, सांख्य, यूगी, शिव बँखुत्य या वेष्णु बँखुत्य, वातुन छु सारिनय सदाशिवस निशी, यिथु कँन्य प्रथ कांह क्वल छेकरस छे समंदरस सुती लीन गछान। पहाडस खसान छु यि पज़र नँन्य पॉठ्य ज़ॉहिर सपदान। *

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वीना दया कर

वीना दया कर, बेयि हे च़ु वज़नी ।
 ग्रज़नि छ़ुय प्रारान यि साज़ु संसार ॥

न्यतुस्वथ साज़दार तु दिलफुट दिलदार ।
 ज़ुनाव, असुनाव च़ु हाव नोव चमत्कार ॥

कुकिला छि फेरान, स्वर चॉन्य स्वरान ।
 दूहरान छि बुलबुल कुम चॉन्य वाख ॥

हॉरान छ़ु इनसान योर आव कुस ब्रॉठ पान ।
 सुनसान येति ओस तँत्य आयि लय तु वाख ॥

आबुशार छिय ग्रज़ान तु राँब्यारु वुज़ान ।
 वुज़ान कुत्य वॉट्य स्वर स्वर करान ॥

अख ज़ान प्रथ कुनि छि दिलु येलि बोज़ान ।
 रोज़ान नु कुनि केंह बस लय चॉन्य दरान ॥

छख च़ु मुश्किबॅर, फवलुवन्य पोशि थॅर ।
 बौबुर तु यँबुरज़ल छि च़े वुछिथ फवलान ॥

कुमुलाव च़ु संगदिल तु दॉद्य यिम बॅलुराव ।
 रश्के दिल तु अँश्कुय छि च़े वुछिथ फवलान ॥

सबरुच छख च़ु डल, शांतुच छख च़ु थल ।
 फल छख च़ु दानुच तु ग्यानुच सँदुर च़ुय ॥

कुत्यन छि अबिलाश प्रारान कुत्य चानि आश ।
 गाश अन च़्वपर्य च़ुय तु दूर कर यि अंदुकार ॥

मन चोन बरपूर तु दूर छि चॉन्य दृष्टी ।
 सृष्टी चॉन्य मुकुमल, निर्मल नूर चोन ॥

वथ हाव च़ु दूरिच, छि प्रारान च़े बगतुय ।
 जगतुय तस आनंद यस मनुबाव गछि पूर ॥

जांह छ़ुयि च़े बासान, छख च़ुय क्वसुतान्य ।
 स्वरान छि लय चॉन्य तु दूख दॉद्य हरान ॥

च़ुय छख बॅड बख्ती तु शख्ती, हँस्ती तु मँस्ती ।
 दँस्यती करान छख च़ु बजि मुश्किलु आसान ॥

गोसु चॉन्य कुत्या तु गिलु कुत्य छि चॉनी ।
 हॉनी छि यिम सोरुन्य, वुछुन च़े ब्रॉह काल ॥

म्यूठ तु कूठ, यी गव तु सुय गव पथकाल ।
 शव गव शिवु शिवु यिवुगव रोज़ि प्रथ काल ॥

येलि ज़ान च़े यीच्चा तेलि कोनु च़ु मानान ।
 छि दूखु पानु स्वयं स्वरान दयि सुंद नाव ॥

वीना तेलि वज़ बेयि व्वन्य च़ु ज़्यादु मीठ ।
 टॉठ लय चॉन्य छि, तिथी चॉन्य ग्यानु वाख ॥

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काँशुर परुन छुनु मुश्किल, दफ कल गछि आसुन्य ।

सिलसिलवार - क्याह क्याह वन?

म.क.रैना

व्यलायती गॅर



रात्य रातस आयि नु मे नैदरुय। न्यसुब रॉच्युय गोस बु बेयि थोद वॅथिथ तु अनिगटि मंजुय दिन्न मे गरि कुन नज़र। यि गॅर ऑस पंचाह वॅरी प्रॉन्य। अम्युक डाइल ओस मॉलु तमुन्य रंगु तु अनिगटि मंज अथ वख्त वुछुन ओस नु सॅहॅल कथाह कॅह। मगर बु ति ओसुस शदादु। मे ओस गरि हुंद नब्ज ग्वडय थोवमुत रॅटिथ। रटुहॉ ना? ऑखुर मे ति हय अथ नवि सरु वख्त वुछान वारु कारु त्रे वॅरी गॅयि। मे आसु अनि गटि मंज ति अमिचि सुचनु साफ थिवान बोज़नु।

वुनि ऑस रॉच हुंज अकॉय बजेमचु तु पांछ बजनुस ओस वुनि स्यठाह वख। मगर मे ऑस नैदर रॉवमुच। दिल बॅहलॉयी करनु खॉतरु सन्योस बु अथ गरि। यि ऑस म्यॉन्य बुड्य बबन अमृतसरु प्यठु पंचाह वॅरी ब्रॉठ अॅनिमुच। गॅर ऑस जान शक्ति। अथ ऑस्य त्रे कवर प्यठु तु अलारम ऑस त्यूत बडि दिवान जि पूर मॅहलु गछिहे हुशार। म्यॉनिस मॉल्य सुंदि वननु मुताबिक ऑस यि गॅर ग्वडु प्यठय बराबर रेडियो हिसाबु वख्त दिवान, मजाल छा जि अख मिनट गछिहे पथ या ब्रॉठ!

मगर त्रे वॅरी ब्रॉठ आव अथ गरि रफ़ाह किशु। यि पेयि ताकचु प्यठु वॅसिथ तु गॅयि बंद। कुंजु कॅर्य कॅर्य ति चलेयि नु कॅह। असि ओस मॅहलस मंजुय अख जान गॅडी साज़। तॅम्य कॅर अथ अँदरु नेबरु नज़राह, तु कलु गिलुनॉविथ वोनुन, “यि नबा गछि नु ठीख कॅह। अमिच मिशीन छि बदलय।” मे खॅच शान। गछि ति किथु कॅन्य ठीख? यि ऑस थोडॉयी कांह ज़चि गॅर। यि ऑस असली व्यलायतुच गॅर तु यि कथ ऑस असि बुड्य बबन कसम ख्यथ वॅन्यमुच।

गॅडी साज़न योदवय गॅर ठीख हेच नु कॅरिथ मगर ओस ज्ञानन वोल। तॅम्य द्युत मे बराबर नेब जि अथ कुस हेकि ठीख कॅरिथ। मे ज़ोन गॅनीमथ। मे तुल पनुन यार राजु सुत्य तु वोतुस दोरान दोरान गुरगॅर्य मॅहल। अति कोडुम तस गॅडी साज़ सुंद पय। अॅमिस कॉसिब गॅडी साज़स ओस नाव व्वस्तु रज़ाक। अॅमिस ओस नु दुकानाह वुकानाह कॅह। यि ओस गरस मंज बिहथुय गरि शेरान। कॉसिब ओस ना? अँस्यु येलि अँम्यसुंद गरु वॉत्य तु अँम्यसुंदिस कुठिस मंज चायि, असि गॅयि अँछ बाह बाह त्रख। अति आसु ताकचन प्यठ हतु बज़

गरि सजॉविथ। अजि रूसुचि, अजि जापॉन्य तु अजि जरमनी हुंजु। यि कोर मे आँकुवॅनी अंदाज़ु। अख ज़ु बासेयम हिंदोस्ताँन्य ति। कॅह आसु चलान तु कॅह बिहिथ। असि कॅर व्वस्तस सलामाह। तॅम्य कॅर असि कुन अँड्यु नज़र तु त्रोवुन कलु बेयि ब्वन कुन। दर अस्ल ओस सु अख गॅर शेरनस सुत्य आवुर। गरि वोल ति ओसुस ब्रॉह कनि बिहिथ। मे दोप, यि गव जान। व्वस्तु छु पॅज्य पॉठ्य व्वस्तु। पनुनि कामि सुत्य कॉम, न सवालुय तु न जवाबुय। गंटु खंड गॅछिथ तुल व्वस्तन कलु थोद। खॅरीदार गव ख्वश जि कॉम अंदेयि। मगर व्वस्तन वोनुस, “अमु लाल, च़े हज़ पेयी पगाह बेयि युन, तिक्याज़ि अथ रॉव राथ अख सुचन तु स्व पेयि अथु सुत्य नॅव गरुन्य।” खॅरीदारस फीर बुथिस ज़रदी। मे कुन बुथ कॅरिथ वोनुन, “वन हज़ क्या करव? यि गॅर ऑस म्यॉन्य मॉल्य वर्लड वारु वख्तु कांगो प्यठु अॅनिमुच। छे यि असली अम्रीकॅन्य माल मगर सुचन कति अनस? व्वन्य हरगाह व्वस्तु रज़ाक अथ अथु सुत्य सुचन बनावि, ति लग्या जान? कुजा अम्रीकॅन्य गॅर तु कुजा अथु सुचन?” खॅरीदारन हेच व्वस्तस गॅर वापस। बुथिस खार्यन द्रुह तु द्राव।

व्वस्तु रज़ाक आसिहे वॉसि योहय पंचाह दुवंज़ाह ह्यु। मे कुन कॅरुन दोलु नज़राह तु वोनुन, “वन तु व्वन्य क्या बनि यथ वख्तस। कति अनु बु अॅमिस अम्रीकॅन्य सुचन तु स्वय लागस? ग्वडु छुना लूकन प्राह गोमुत। कबॉडिस ति हरगाह फुटमुच गॅर ह्यन मॉल्य, दपान छि यि ऑस मे फलॉन्य ऑशुनावन व्यलायतु प्यठु या अरबु प्यठु अँन्यमुच। हता यारु, येति छना अस्ल अस्ल गरि मेलान! बा ख्वदा हज़, राथुय वॉच मंज़ूर अहमुदस नॅव गॅर। यि छनस मामन करॉची प्यठु सूज़मुच। हता यारु क्याह वनय? गॅर छा किनु क्याह? टिक टिक छुस तिथु पॉठ्य गछान ज़न छि कुकिल बूल्य करान। प्यठु वनय अख सिरु कथ। मे वोनुनय मंज़ूर अहमुदुन्य मामन जि करॉची हुंजुनुय गर्यन छि अम्रीकाह वॉल्य पनुन नाव लेखान तु कुनान। हयो मंज़ूरा...” व्वस्तन लोय मंज़ूरस नाद, मगर सु आव नु कॅह। व्वस्तन वोन मे ल्वति पॉठ्य, “सु आसी यारन निश गोमुत नॅव गॅर हावुनि।” मे कोर कलु सुत्य तसुंजि प्रथ कथि आंकार। मे ऑस ना पनुन्य गॅर शेरुनावुन्य! बु ओसुस दिल

मँजी सॉचान जि खबर कुस बद-रद वनि यि म्यानि गरि। बु गोस त्रन तु त्रुवहन। बु ओसुस यी सॉचान जि मे गॅयि व्वस्तु संज कथ कनन, “व्वलु सॉ अन, त्रे क्या छुय ?”

मे वॅड खूच्य खूच्य पयरनु तलु गॅर न्यबर तु थॅवुमस ब्रॉटु कनि। वॉलिंजि थॅवुम थफ वॅरिथ। व्वस्तु रज़ाकन तुज यि अथस क्यथ तु वोनुन, “वुछ तु हज़, यि गॅयि असली व्यलायतुच गॅर। अथ कुस वनि न ? बा-ख्वदा छुख कुस्मथ वोल। अज़ कल कति मेली युथ माल।” बु गोस व्वस्तु संज कथ बूजिथ ख्वश। बुथिस आम नोव रंग। मे वोनुमस, “यि हज़ पेयि ताकचु प्यटु वॅसिथ तु गॅयि बंद।” व्वस्तन थॅव गॅर पथर। बुथ गोस व्वजुल नार ह्यू। सु वोथ ज़न तु मे मार दिनि। दोपुन, “यिथिस मालस छा अडु कायिर्यगी करान ? युथ चीज़ गछि तगुन रॅछरुन, नतु गॅयि क्वलि मंज़ दिन्य दॅरिथ।”

व्वस्तु रज़ाकन थॅव म्यॉन्य गॅर अँकिथ कुन तु वोनुन, “चु कति छुहॅम रोज़ान।” मे वोनुस, “बु हज़ रोज़ान रंगु टेंगु।” “अदु गछतु करतु पनुन्य कॉम। कॉल्यक्यथ यितु वारु कारु, गॅर आसी तयार।” मे दोपुस, “अथ वॅच हज़ पाँसु लगन ?” व्वस्तन वुछ नु मे कुन कॅह। सु ओस ब्याख गॅर अथस मंज़ रॅटिथ खोलान। दोपुन, “पाँछ वॅपयि गछन सुत्य अनुनि।” बु द्रास गरु कुन वापस मगर दिलस रूदुम फ्रठ। “युथ नु यि अमि गरि मंज़ु व्यलायॅती सामानु कडि तु दीसी सामानु नियस लॉगिथ ?” मगर करु हॉ क्याह ? नारस दिमुहॅवु नरि। अमि दूह आयि नु मे रातस नॅदरुय।

त्रेयिमि दूह वोतुस बु दुपहरन ह्यू व्वस्तु रज़ाकस निश। सु ओस बतु ख्यवान। दोपुन, “हतु सॉ गोबराह, मुबारख छुय। चॉन्य गॅर गॅयि ठीख, मगर त्रे पेयी स्व आथवारि ताम येती थवन्य। चु कति यिख गरि गरि योर ? बु थवय तथ बराबर टेस वॅरिथ।” मे गव दिलस तसलाह। पानस वॅरिम तॉरीफ जि बु कोताह गाटुल द्रास यिथिस व्वस्तस निश यिथ। सुती सूंचुम, शायद आसुनस सुचनु ति मूजूदय, नतु वनिहे ना यि ? मे दिच ओरु योर नज़र। पनुन्य गॅर गॅयम नु कुनि नज़रि। बुथिस फ्यूरुम बेयि मोतुन मगर पानस द्युतुम तसलाह। दोपुम, टेस आसि ना यि बेयिस कुठिस मंज़ करान !”

आथवारि दूह वोतुस बु सुली व्वस्तु रज़ाकुन गरु। अँमिस ओस अख ल्वकुट लॅडकु सुत्य बिहिथ। तस ऑस जान नपु नपु करवन्य मछि गॅर लॉगिथ। मे तोर फिकरी जि योहय गछि मंज़ूर अहमद आसुन तु यि आसि अँमिस करॉची हुंजुय गॅर लॉगिथ। मंज़ूर अहमुदस आसु अथस मंज़ सरतलुवि बुरबतनि

जोराह यिमन सु मश्कि प्यठ नचुनावान ओस।

व्वस्तु रज़ाकन वॅड म्यॉन्य गॅर अकि जोलनु मंज़ु तु थॅवुन मे ब्रॉह कनि। दोपुन वुछ तु क्याह छि चॉन्य गॅर गुर्य सुद्य पॉठ्य रॅथ्य पकान। मे वॅर गरि नज़राह। अथ ओस डाइल तमुन्य लद। म्यानि गरि ओस सफेद डाइल। मे वोनुस, “त्रे हज़ छय क्याहताम गलती। यि छनु म्यॉन्य गॅर। तथ ओस सफेद डाइल।” व्वस्तन त्रोव व्वश। दोपुन, “अहनू यारु, पज़र हय छु। यि मंज़ूर सॉब छुना मे खानु मोल। यि छुय मे दोयिमि ज़नानि दशि गँड्य गँड्य ज़ामुत। अँमी क्या सॉ तुल राथ चानि गरि हुंद डाइल तु नियन तथ टिकु वावुज बनॉविथ। वन तु क्याह वनस ? तोति कोर ख्वदा सॉबन रुत जि अमी साइज़ुक द्राव अँकिस प्रानि गरि डाइल तु लोगुमस। नतु गॅयेयि गॅर ख्वठ ज़द।” मे तुज, यि दॅप्यिज ति, वदान वदान गॅर अथस क्यथ। डाइल ओस कृहुन स्याख ह्यू ति तु आवस्योमुत ति। व्वस्तन त्रॉव मे डाइलु म्वखु अख वॅपय तु चोर वॅपयि हेचुनम। युथुय मे सलाम वॅरिथ वापस नेरुन ह्योत, व्वस्तन कोर मे आलव। दोपुन यि निसॉ गोबुरा पनुन अमानथ सुत्य। मे आव नु कॅह समुज। “कुस अमानथ ?” मे जवाब दिनु ब्रॉटुय तुज व्वस्तन कुनी चपाथ तु त्रॉवन मंज़ूरस। तँम्य लोग वदुन। व्वस्तन दोपुस, “यि छा गिंदन तमाशु ? शिकस लदु, मोल लवी युतुय।” अमि पतु नियन तस अथु मंज़ु तिमु सरतलुवि बुरबतनि ज़ु तु पिलुनाव्यन मे कुन। दोपुनम, “वुछू बबा, ख्वदा गवाह। बु छुसय नु काँसि हुंद चीज़ रटान। मे येलि गॅर तानु तानु करनु पतु जोडुन्य हेच, यिमु ज़ु गिरारि तोरुम नु कॅह फिकरी जि यिमु कत्यथ आसु अथ लॉगिथ ? लेहज़ा, यि छु चोन अमानथ तु नितु सुत्य। हरगाह कुनि सातु गॅर बंद गछी, मे निशि अँन्यजि वापस, मगरु यिमु गिरारि ति अँनिज़्यस सुत्य। खबर छा, तमि वख्तु मा यियि समुज कॅह। मगर अख कथ वनय, गॅर छय पँज्य पॉठ्य व्यलायॅती। तान वॅडिथ ति छय यि बराबर पकान। यि कति बनी अज़ ?”

बु द्रास दिल मोलूल गॅछिथ। गिरारि ज़ु थव्यम चूरि युथ नु गरि कांह वुछि। मगर व्वस्तु रज़ाकुन अथु ! त्रे वॅरी गॅछिथ ति ऑस गॅर बे-वाय पॉठ्य चलान तु बाबर वख्त दिवान।

अकि लटि दिच मे बेयि गरि कुन नज़र। सुबहुचि त्रे आसु बजेमचु। मे ओस पाँचि बजि नॅदरि व्वथुन। मे वॅर बेयि शंगनुच कूशिश तु वुछान वुछान पेयम नॅदर।

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Your Own Page

From Canada



Dear Raina Sahib,

On Sunday, 22nd July 2007, an estimated crowd of 8000 celebrated the opening of the BAPS **Shri Swaminarayan Mandir at Canada**, a grand Hindu temple near the intersection of Highway and the Etobicoke. Temple is the first of its kind in Canada, built, carved and designed to follow traditional Vedic principles used in ancient Indian temples. The delegation leaders were led by Prime Minister of Canada, Stephen Harper. Other honoured guests included Premier Dalton Mc guinty, Mayor David Miller and Rajamani Lakshmi Narayan, the High Commissioner of India to Canada.

The temple construction cost of \$ 40 million was donated by "Worshippers or well wishers" of the BAPS and more then 400 Volunteers gave their services on site.

The mandir was elaborately constructed from 24,000 pieces of Italian marble and Turkish limestones, hand carved by craftsmen in India. The stones were then shipped to Canada and joined entirely without steel, in order to follow Indian texts, citing stone as the most sacred building material. The 22 metre wide exterior, topped by five pinnacles, is decorated by carved elephants, peacocks and lotus flowers.

The complex is also home to the Canadian Museum of the culture Heritage of Indo-Canadians, which will give visitors an under standing of the faith. Mitesh Badiwala, a physician and Temple Volunteer, said the Mandir is designed not just for Hindu followers, but also for outside the religion

who want to learn about Hinduism, as it is very peaceful place and when you get in there, your thoughts fade away. In my personal experience, being present there on its inauguration, I will say that it is a heavenly place which provides inner peace and if you come to Toronto in near future please visit.

Kind Regards,

- Ratan Lal Raina
- Reeta Raina

From USA



'**Collaged Ganesha**' drawn by Dr Chaman Lal Raina, for 'här-van'. This painting also reflects 'Art in Exile', as Shri Ganesha was invoked not at Ganpatyar, or Hari Parbat, but with the small peices of papers, of different places.

- Jaya Sibb Raina

Your Own Page

Readers are requested to send us information about important events, appointments and promotions, awards and honours etc. (preferably with photographs) for display on this page.

- Editor