

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

hār-van

Monthly net-journal of 'Project Zaan'



हॉर-वन

'प्रोजेक्ट ज्ञान' की मासिक नेट-पत्रिका

वर्ष २ : अंक ११ ~ Vol 2 : No. 11

नवम्बर २००८ ~ November 2008

In this issue

- **Editorial**
- T.N.Dhar Kundan 02
- **Editors' Mail** 04
- **History**
Our Heritage, Our Roots
- Dr. G.L.Kaw 06
- **Kashmir Diary**
Nineteen Years
after Displacement - 3
- Prof. R.N.Bhat 09
- **Mysticism & Religion**
Of Indian Faith & Godliness
- J.L.Bhat 11
- **ज़रा हंसिये** 13
- **My Medical Journey**
TIC Douloureux
- Dr. K.L.Chowdhury 14
- **Waves**
The Bronze Hand
- Arjun Dev Majboor
(Translation: Arvind Gigoo) 17
- **Samarpan by Sadhak**
Choosing the
Right Path for Moksha
- Piaray Raina 18
- **Kashmiri Rhymes ...**
सौलुच गाह त्राव
- डा. बी.के.मोज़ा 19
- **Mysticism & Religion**
Shiva Bhagwati of Akingam
- Ravinder Ravi 20
- **ललु वाख** 21
- **Poetry & profile**
वह बोलता नहीं
- Anil Nakhasi 22
- **Review**
Paintings of Dr. C.L.Raina
- Subhash Razdan 23
- **काव्य**
अकेले कहां हो ?
- त्रिलोकी नाथ दर कुन्दन 25
- **Straight from the Heart**
A Strange Experience
- T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' 26
- **शुख - नुन्दु योश** 27
- **दास्ताने गुले बकावली - ८**
- म.क.रैना 28
- **सिलसिलुवार - क्याह क्याह वनु ?**
पँत्युम बाज़
- म.क.रैना 32
- **Your Own Page** 35

Editorial**Kundan****Great News**

Kashmir is known as 'Sharada Peetha' among other epithets, which means 'The Abode of Saraswati', the goddess of learning. That a poet from this holy land should be given the coveted 'Jnana Peetha' (The Abode of Knowledge) award is not only in the fitness of things but also a matter of great satisfaction and pleasure. Shri Rehman Rahi was selected for this prestigious award this year and the Kashmiri language, our beloved mother tongue was honoured and so was the entire Kashmiri community. Shri Manmohan Singh, the Prime Minister of India, gave the award. He also observed on that occasion that this was the first time that a littérateur of Kashmiri language was given this honour. Rahi is well known as a poet of great repute and has won the prestigious Sahitya Academy Award for his book 'Nav Roze Saba', a collection of his poems. He has been writing for six decades now and has headed the Department of Kashmiri in the University of Kashmir. He has written Nazm and Ghazal with equal ease. Although his poetry does show the influence of Persian and Urdu poetry in general and of Alama Iqbal in particular, yet he has many distinct Kashmiri poems to his credit. It is a great honour for Kashmir, Kashmiri language and the writers of Kashmir that his contribution has been recognised and acknowledged by choosing him for this award.



He has given expression to the feelings of a married woman towards her parental home when he writes, 'Malinyo ro'pa talinyo ho lal jarayo malinyo, khuni jigarek pyala baer baer saal karayo malinyo – O my paternal home I would decorate you with jewels and offer you cups full of my blood'. He has laid down the parameters of writing a successful Ghazal when he says, 'Ghazal raech raech sokhan bhaven cchi vadolingi neza saenraven, nazar gacchi be panah aasaen dilas gacchi pechu taab aasun – to carve out well arranged ghazal is like piercing spears into the heart; for this one should have a limitless vision and an restless heart'. He advocates maintaining the effect of mysticism in the poetry, which gives it depth, finesse and lustre 'Mato ravar ta irfanuk asar ho – do not waste the effect of mysticism'. He demands the fruits of the toil of a labourer and hopes that his labour bears fruit. 'Chhu badlai buth karith farhad aamut pritchhni parvezas, mye vantam myani tath mehnaech ti ma gotcch kanh hisab aasun – with a defiant look Farhad has come to ask Parvez, tell me if my toil does not deserve to be recognized?' and again, 'Baharas shan badihe baghvanan haenz honar nanihe, pohas magas ti gotch bagas andar pholvun

*(Continued on Page 3)***Editor:** M.K.Raina ~ **Consulting Editor:** T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'**Layout & dtp:** expressions_vasai@yahoo.co.in**Editorial Office:** G-2, Pushp Vihar, Shastrri Nagar, Vasai Road (W),
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golab aasun – It would add to the grace of the spring and denote the art of the gardener if roses could blossom in the deep winter months as well'. He is sure of the good times dawning in the near future as he sees the indications very clearly. '*Maikhana mutsrikh barnyan taeri, sontas kus kheyi vaeriye* – The latches and bolts of the doors of the tavern have been opened and this is an indication that it is the turn of the spring to rule over the garden'. He sees a bright future for the common man when in the traditional tune he sings, '*Vaer zaehir vaets aaman ta lolo* – It is perhaps the turn of the common man to take the reins in his hands.'

Over the last six decades Kashmir has produced a galaxy of poets and writers of great merit. They have contributed to the rich Kashmiri language and literature in a large measure, each one of them in his own distinct way. Pt. Dina Nath Nadim was the trendsetter and a torchbearer. Master ji carried forward the mystic tradition. Others had their own original approach. Vasudev Reh had a unique diction and style. Premi sang in a rustic tune. Firaq, Roshan, Aarif, Fazil, Kamil, Saqi, Majboor, Chaman, Bekas and a host of other poets have written on a variety of topics and enriched our mother tongue. In recognizing the contribution of Rahi, therefore, there is indirectly recognition of the rich contribution of all these stalwarts. It is also a tribute to this language, which though included in the eighth schedule of our constitution, has been neglected by the government of Jammu and Kashmir and to a great extent by the Kashmiris themselves, who have owned other language for some extraneous reason. I for one feel pride today that my language has been given prominence and a poet of my mother tongue has been honoured. It is a great day and great news for me.



Editors' Note

We accept write-ups on any topic concerning Kashmir, Kashmiri language and Kashmiris, or a topic of common interest in Hindi, Kashmiri and English. The write-ups should be original and exclusive to '**här-van**', except for News, Views and Reviews. Kindly note that we do not intend to include the previously published material in '**här-van**' except in very special cases. Kindly e-mail your write-ups to us at:

editorharvan@yahoo.co.in

Readers may note that the views expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of the

Project Zaan

or

'här-van'.

While e-mailing write-ups in Hindi-Kashmiri, kindly also attach the font used. Articles in Kashmiri will only be accepted in the **Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script.**

For guidance on Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script, kindly log on to

www.zaan.net or www.mkraina.com

or send a mail to:

rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

For Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Software, contact All India Kashmiri Samaj (AIKS), New Delhi (Tel: 022-24677114) or send a mail to:

aiksnd@rediffmail.com

or

dudha@vsnl.com

Editors' Mail**Sector 51, NOIDA**

Respected Raina Sahab,
Namaskar Mahra,

Let me first congratulate you and your whole team for your hard work to publish 'här-van'. Your efforts are laudable and deserve lots of appreciations. I went through 'här-van' from Kashmir interchange mails and was very pleased to read all the articles in English, in Kashmiri also.

Being students of Dr.K.L.Chowdhury, we had lot of interest in this Medical Diary. Actually he had told me about his monthly articles in 'här-van' and had sent me few articles of his by mail also. I would like to get monthly 'här-van', so that my family and me enjoy the literally articles regarding our culture, religious saints and about our mother land.

I will be highly obliged to receive direct subscription on my email id. Thanking you again for your marvellous efforts.

Yours sincerely

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rajeshkouljk@gmail.com

Dear Mr Raina,
Great Initiative and a quality one.... Shall love to contribute.
Kudos.

Regards

Rajesh Koul 'Upmanyu'

Cell: 9811431127

USA

Dear MK Raina Ji,
Namaskar. Thank you for E-mailing the 'här-van' and for including my painting and write-up on Deepaawali. I am trying to work with Akruiti but I need some guide lines in that font. Can you please send me the guidelines regarding its operation.

Regards,

Chamanlal Raina

rainachamanlal@yahoo.com

New Delhi

Dear Shri Maharaj Krishen Ji,
Namaskar. Thanks for sending me the electronic copy of monthly 'här-van'. I enjoyed reading it. It stimulates ones imagination as it deals with many vital aspects of our culture and history. It has great cultural and literary value. I can appreciate the labour and dedication such endeavours entail. Please keep it up.

Our NGO (Asian-Eurasian Human Rights Forum) will arrange book launch of Reshi Dev's book Contemporary

Kashmir Politics: Some Insights (translated from Urdu into English by me) in Delhi on 6th November 2008. An invitation card is attached to this email. You and all your colleagues whosoever is interested are invited to attend the function and give us encouragement.

If you send me email addresses of all your colleagues and contributors, I can send them individual invitations also though I would prefer you extend invitation to them on my behalf.

Regards

K.N. Pandita

knPandita@yahoo.co.uk

Karan Nagar, Jammu

Dear MK Raina Sahib,
By forwarding the 'här-van' Magazine on line, you have done a great service to the Kashmiri culture, its understanding by those not well acquainted with our heritage & history, besides enabling them to view the profiles of well read authors. I personally feel that these articles should be & can be very good guide for the present ones & generations which shall follow. I wish the Magazine great success in years to come.

In some chapters & profiles, there is some sort of language not clearly readable. This is more viewed from Chapter 39 onwards. Could you please review the same & resend after doing the needful.

Regards.

Er. Rajinder Raina/Rajaji,

rnRaina44@yahoo.com

Phone 0191-2549364

[Editor replies: There was some problem with the font embedding process in Hindi and Kashmiri texts. It has been set right and the corrected version is now available at www.zaan.net]

bldhar@hotmail.com

Dear Shri Raina,
As promised I am sending you another article for publication in the next issue of "Harvan". I am sending you my picture as well and you have my other details with you. I am in no position to ask you to make changes in your magazine layout, but I was rather thinking that

if this magazine has to be read on-line it would perhaps be easy to do so if the write up appears as a full page text rather than divide it in the middle and create two columns side by side. In this case one has to scroll up and down to read it all and the effort loses the concentration. But Hey! I am not complaining.

Sincerely,

B.L.Dhar

[Editor replies: Since the journal is in the PDF version, it has to be read like you read all other published magazines. You can also take a printout and preserve it as a hard copy. The two column page is only in keeping with the established format of printable journals.]

mirakhur_rk@sify.com

Dear Sir,

I am grateful to you for having kept me on the recipient list of the elite magazine 'här-van'. The writeups are truly educative and well presented. Thanking you once again.

Regards & Namaskar.

Col. Mirakhur

Udhampur, Jammu

Namaskar!

Received October 2008 issue of 'här-van'. Thank you very much for publishing the book review of my first book 'MURRAN - MY VILLAGE'. Your contribution to the community is impeccable. I salute you.

Presently I am working on a project '**OOL' - THE NEST**, a six volume project for six districts i.e. Anantnag, Baramulla, Budgam, Kupwara, Pulwama and Srinagar, writing history of all the KP villages. Each volume is about 2200 pages. The work is almost complete but it will take almost a year to complete the project in full. I would like to request you to guide me as to what topic I must take now.

I am having a big library containing almost all the books pertaining to Kashmir. There is no shortage of reference books with me. I have limitations being a Centre Govt. Employee. I cannot write on Politics and related subjects. PLEASE GUIDE ME WHAT PROJECT I CAN TAKE NEXT.

If there is any work of DTP. I am ready to help you.

I will quote **Swami Vivekananda** ... 'Get up, and set your shoulder to the wheel ... how long is this life for? As you have come into this world, leave some mark behind. Otherwise where is the difference between you and the trees and stones?.... they also

come into existence, decay and die'.

With regards,

Chander M. Bhat

chander_1831@rediffmail.com

bhatj1@gmail.com

Respected Sir,

I'm greatly indebted to you for including my contributions to your esteemed magazine especially the article on the holy life of Swami Nand Lal ji in three parts. The magazine has become a treat to numerous KP brethren living far and wide on the globe. I want my write-up on LALLESHURI (LALDED) published in 'Harvan' in the forthcoming issue. The article is already published in 'Koshur Samachar' of Delhi, 'Shehjar' and 'Kasheer' and I hope you won't have any inhibitions in giving it a place in 'Harvan' to get further expanded readership, if the rules allow.

Sincerely,

Jawahar Lal Bhat

subhashrazdan@gmail.com

Dear M.K.Raina ji,

I believe you people are doing wonderful job, reaching KPs through net. This medium knows no boundaries. It is right on my table, the moment you press the button and communication starts. Well that allows me to review your art section because I am from the same background 'Media Professional and Artist'. I had privilege to see Dr. C.L.Raina's paintings through 'här-van'. Art is the basic essence of our religion and socio-cultural activity. 'här-van' is exceptionally doing well by documenting this rich heritage.

Please go through my observation on these paintings and feel free to reach it to others.

Subhash Razdan

Lucknow, UP

My dear Raina Sahib,

Namaskar. I trust that this letter finds you and your family in good health and high spirits. Kindly let me know on which site the magazine 'här-van' is available. I am proud of you as you are doing a great job for our community single-handedly. May God bless you.

Dr. B.N.Sharga

[Editor replies: 'här-van' is available at website www.zaan.net. I am not alone in bringing the e-journal before readers, Kundan Sahib is with me and helping me a lot.]

OUR HERITAGE, OUR ROOTS - 1

Traditionally we start history of Kashmir valley from the time Satisar got drained and the land became habitable for the people, till now residing on the banks of the lake. This newly formed valley-Vitasta Valley - soon became the abode of other migrants from near and far. The original or rather aboriginal inhabitants of the valley were Nagas and probably some other tribes, about whom we know very little. But who were the migrants who became the permanent residents and came to be known as Kashmiris?

In recent decades archaeological and other evidence has shown that the so-called Aryan invasion is a myth probably fabricated more for the reasons of politics than history. As we know now, the earliest migrants to the valley were Shardians, who were living quite adjacent to the valley and who were at a more advanced stage of civilization than native tribes. Who were Shardians? The Shardian stock is an offshoot of the parent Indus Valley Civilization. Indus valley civilization may be estimated to be 7000 years old according to all available scientific evidence, but considering the maturity of thought and logic of Mohanjodaro-Harappan civilization, it is obvious that organised life must have started a few millennia earlier. It may be surmised safely that the man from Indus valley travelled north along the Kishenganga River around 10000 BC. This terrain included Gandhar, Gilgit and Chilas also. This area came to be known as Shardha-Mandal or Shardha-Desha afterwards. It is here that with the passage of time Sharda civilization with its Sharda language, vihaars and vishvvidhalayas were developed.

This Shardian man descended into Vitasta valley some time around Iron Age. This migration must have continued for few centuries, and most probable route should have been across the Kishenganga valley over the mountain tops of North Kashmir to Harmukh, Lolab, and Kupwara and deeper and southwards in the valley. The obvious attraction for the Shardian migration must have been plenty of fertile land and picturesque landscape, at the same time being secluded enough to be suitable for prayer and penance. This migrant, during his development had come to be at peace with nature.

He understood the logic of existence as well as annihilation. His knowledge about matter in the form of Space, Water, Fire, Air and Earth (Mahabhuts) was complete. Thus nature was praised for its beauty and importance - in the form of Prakriti – being endowed with three gunnas (Satva, Rajas, and Tamas) responsible for the variety of life and existence. The word Sharda got coined to connote a figurine of Goddess of knowledge and learning who was worshipped by the people both in theory and practice. These very people, when in new environment, renamed Rudra of Vedas as Shiva who controlled aboriginals as well as neo-migrants. This Lord Shiva is all powerful; he commands the nature and dominates it too. He is attired in 'Naga' dress with a loin cloth of animal skin, a trident for defence, a damroo for the music and signals. His fierce and dominating nature must have appealed as well as subjugated everybody around. This migrant, who was well versed in Vedic hymn, established communes,

**HISTORY**

villages and towns around water sources. Their interaction with local people has been more or less peaceful, instances of which are sited in Nilamat Purana - one of the oldest renderings of our literature. These people had basic knowledge of astrology and astronomy and named various planets and celestial bodies. Movements of sun, moon and earth and their interrelation was well understood. It was probably, around this time that the calendar of Sapt-Rishi Samvat was started. They had a rich language by now called Shardha, and possibly some literature as well. Life must have continued for long with complete assimilation of aboriginals in the mainstream mostly.

It is around this time that a new influx of migrants reached valley. In pre-Mahabharatian times, Sarswatian people lived on the banks of a great river by that name in the plains of Bharat-varsha. This river flowed from Himalayas between river Satluj and Yamuna. Some tectonic upheavals caused a phenomenon of 'river capture', and since then the river has become a mythical entity with mention in classical literature only. Recently, some scientific

evidence of this river forming the part of the Indus basin has come up to substantiate the existence of this mighty river. After the disappearance of this river, Sarswatian people migrated to Kashmir, Benaras, Sorath and Konkani areas. Probably the migration to Kashmir was maximum, not only because of the proximity of distance but also in the order of civilization. These people were welcome in Kashmir and assimilated in mainstream easily. Their language, Sanskrit, was at a higher evolutionary stage than the local Sharda language. Both the languages must have enriched each other. With the passage of time Sanskrit became the written language, especially for all religious literature and Sharda came to be the spoken language of masses. Though afterwards enough literature was written in this language also. In linguistic terms Sharda has a better phonetic command than Sanskrit. From here commences another chapter of our history, through Mahabharatian times right upto medieval period which has been exhaustively written by Kalhana. I do not intend to enumerate the kings and emperors of this period, nor their stories of valour or misery, but the story of Vitastian man who became master of theology, logic and philosophy, along with highest spiritual values and myths which then spread to rest of India from here for a few millennia, upto the time when around the turn of last millennium their institutions weakened and then became the target and victim of outside intrigue and inside betrayal.

In the new environment river Vitasta became the source of life. It was called Vitasta Bhagwati "half-self" of Shiva. At Sharda they had created few beliefs and myths, which they adhered to as Truths. Sharda, Omkar and Rudra got new definitions, connotations and even names. Shri Chakra represented the geometry of life in total at Sharda. Now this Shri Chakra was engraved at Hari-Parbhat and named Chakrishor - abode of Sharda. Hari-Parbhat was easily the centre of the valley and thus fit to be the abode of diety, and came to be the centre of life of people almost upto the present times despite the numerous upheavals and catastrophes that befell on the valley.

In this scenic atmosphere of Vitasta valley, in this land of beauty and plenty, life must have continued undisturbed for a pretty long time, to allow tremendous development and maturity of thought in the realms of religion, spirituality, philosophy, logic,

humanities and literature. People lived a simple but rich life which was free from want and attrition. Since the material needs of these simple people were easily provided by the fertile land, man turned inwards-introspection – and tried to solve the riddles of creation and its relationship with the creator. The place was quite suitable for seclusion and deep thought, prayer and penance. Astrology, astronomy and mathematics got continuously refined and upgraded. In fact, this interest in research and introspection became a special attribute of the Vitastian man, and thus started the conception and inception of various institutes and universities. Now human life was considered to be a great boon, not repeated often. Nature or Prakriti was not conceived as Maya or illusion but quite sacred reality and the ultimate provider. Shiva-Shakhti principle got firm roots, with Shakhti as the real Prakriti. In fact Divine Mother, the Shakhti part of Shiva became all powerful and blissful. It was called 'Maha-Maya' also. The dateless Panchastavi is the result as well as the witness of this principle. Divine Mother became the beginning and end of the universe or creation.

From this period onwards upto about fourteenth century A.D. has been a golden period of this Vitastian man, when lot many jewels were produced in various fields of sociology, religion, literature, history,

aesthetics, art and critique. Unfortunately, vandalism of last seven hundred years has caused the destruction of lot of the material noted by these great men and women. But by the efforts of many a scholars and researchers, both Indian and foreign, in last one to one and a half century, many manuscripts, still safe in Kashmir, India, Central Asia and China have come to light. All these writings have not been fully researched and published yet, but already there is enough material available to make us proud of our heritage.

Many of us have heard the names of great stalwarts, like Abhinavagupta, Somadeva, Bilhana, Kalhana, Mahima Bhat, Kuntaka, Anandavardhana, Jonaraja, Lalded, Nundreshi and Arnimal, but there must be many others who scripted in every field without appending the authorship. For example our most ancient Purana - Nilamat Purana - is available in many manuscripts, where authors are not known.

Fortunately some manuscripts and other written material has remained safe and well preserved in places outside Kashmir, i.e. in India, Nepal, Central

HISTORY

Asian countries and China, which are now being reviewed and researched by scholars, albeit not in full enthusiasm yet. Until recently, we believed that ancient Buddhist literature is available in Pali language only. But now certain manuscripts from Nepal and central Asia have shown that Kashmiris had produced enough Buddhist literature in Sanskrit also. Kashmir has remained the centre of Buddhism for some time of whole of North and north-west India after Ashoka's reign. Afterwards, it was here at Kunzalwan, during the fourth Buddhist council, during the reign of emperor Kanishka, which was attended by more than 500 scholars from different parts of the country, Buddhism was divided into two sects - namely of Mahayana and Hien-yan. It is from Kashmir that Mahayana Buddhism spread to central Asia and China.

The original philosophy of Buddha was basically atheistic in nature and pessimistic in outlook. But Vitastian Brahmin studied and modified this philosophy to suit their religious and spiritual ethos which was rooted in Vedic Aryan culture and was strongly devotional in character. Many stone inscriptions show that this Sarswatian Buddhism went to Mathura, Peshawar and Balochistan during 2nd to 4th century A.D. (Shinkot Inscriptions). Nagarjuna, a great Buddhist thinker and philosopher, who had come from Berar to Kashmir early in his life had set up his abode at Sadarhadvana - Harwan of today - is regarded as the founder of Mahayana. Heun-Tsang attests that few other Buddhist thoughts were propagated by Kashmiri scholars as expressed in Tatva-sangreh, Satyasidhashastra and Tatvasidhishastra. These treatises originally written in Sanskrit are extinct now but fortunately their Chinese translations are available in China. It is through these translations that we know that they were written by one Harivarman around 253A.D. and were translated later by another Kashmiri scholar only by the name of Kumar Jiv. Similarly many other manuscripts have come to light in Tibet recently which have been originally written by Kashmiri Buddhist scholars in Sanskrit and then translated in Tibetan language and have been preserved in various monasteries there.

Another most important find has been of two Sanskrit poetry collections, written by not Kashmiri Buddhists but where Buddhism is the main subject of the poem. The first one is authored by

Shivswamin in 9th century A.D. - during Raja Avantivarman's rule - and is titled KAFINABIUDAY. Shivswamin was a Shaivaite but had lot of Buddhist influence because of Acharya Chandramitra - a fact confirmed by Kalhana in Rajataragini. In this poem the poet tries to elucidate the superiority of Grahashtashram as compared to Renunciation - a Buddhist trait. In fact the poet has tried to present a balanced mix of Hindu and Buddhist thought. The second poetry collection is entitled BHODHISTAVADANKALPLATA by Kshemendra of 11th century. It has 108 chapters. This Mahakavya was not available in India, till Mr. S.C. Das discovered the original manuscript in Tibet in 1882, along with Tibetan translation. Translation has been done by another well known poet named Laxmikar. In this treatise Kshemendra describes the previous incarnations of Buddha in detail. His (Kshemendra) another treatise namely DASHAVATARCHARIT is a great collection in which he describes ten avatars of Vishnu and considers Buddha as an incarnation of Vishnu only.

It is wonderful to know that the most ancient manuscript of Atharveda in Sharda script, written on bojptra, is preserved in Tubigain university museum of Germany. This manuscript was taken from

Maharaja Ranjit Singh of J&K by a German scholar Rudolph Roth. This has been since transcribed in Devnagri script also and is available in India as well.

Similarly two great writings of Puranic literature do need mention here:

1) Vishnudharmotar Purana - written somewhere in fifth century A.D. It has three volumes with 269, 183, and 355 chapters respectively. This can easily be called an encyclopaedia of Kashmiri graphics literature.

2) Nilamat Purana - written between 6th and 8th century is most important source of ancient history of Kashmir. Here we have numerous references to Vishnu, Shiva, Brahma, Budha, Naags, Pishachas, and Yakhshas. Various social and religious festivals along with their traditions and rituals are described in detail. The Purana gives an insight into the social and cultural milieu of ancient Kashmir including our traditions of music, dance, drama etc. More importantly, the position and respect of women in the society is very well illustrated in the treatise.

(To be continued)

HISTORY

NINETEEN YEARS AFTER DISPLACEMENT - 3

It was a festival day in the village. Hundreds of people from various parts of Jammu had assembled there to pray at the Sudhmahadev temple and bathe in "Gauri Kund" 5 Kms away. The temple Dharamshala, a huge building, constructed by the Dharmarth Trust (headed by Dr. Karan Singh) was full of devotees. A shopkeeper advised us to spend the night at Mast Baba Ashram built by a godly gentleman from Kashmir.

It is a Kilometer long concrete lane descending deep into a valley from the main-road. My nephew spotted the Ashram and when we climbed its stairs, we found a family of five inmates removing their plates. They had finished their lunch. We got in, put our bags on the floor and bowed to the godly gentleman of 70 odd years who was lying on a bed in one corner of the hall. We said hello to the family-members, an elderly woman, a couple and their two teen-aged kids.

The gentleman responded coolly, others slipped out of the hall. Luckily, we had our lunch packets on us. The gentleman was kind enough to provide plates and he too went out to join his family members downstairs. There was fresh cooked food in the kitchen which we noticed two hours later. We had a brief knap. My mother spoke to 'Mast Baba' who revealed that the family was, in a way, his care-taker. The middle-aged mother of two teen-aged kids was brought up by him at Khrew (Kashmir) and later he arranged her marriage. Mast Baba is old and in a bad shape. One has to shout into his ears to enable him to respond. I sought his permission to take a couple of snaps which he declined. His eyes are almost glued to the hill opposite the Ashram.

A couple of hours had passed and we expected the care-takers to come up to prepare evening tea. No body came. I went downstairs to ask them whether they could show us utensils and provisions for preparing tea. "Everything is there in the kitchen", said the woman—the Baba's 'daughter'. My sister prepared Qahwa (there was no milk in the kitchen) and I served the care-takers downstairs. They were unmoved. To my surprise, I found that there was milk in the room that they occupy downstairs. I went up the hill to fetch provisions for dinner - rice, sugar,

spices, lentils, cheese, tea-leaves, etc. When the care-taker woman did not bother to come up to help or guide us in cooking, my sister began to do the job on her own. Luckily another couple with a teen-aged daughter came to stay in the Ashram by 7.30 p.m. The woman helped my sister in the kitchen and food for nearly twenty people was ready by 9 p.m. At that hour the care-takers ascended the stairs like a royal brigade of five heads, the couple, their kids and the kids' paternal grandmother. The woman (kids' mother) went into the kitchen to direct the ladies there. It was disgusting.

After dinner mattresses and blankets were provided to us to sleep in the hall. I prepared the bed for my mother etc. and went downstairs to take a walk and enjoy the cool, fresh breeze in the lawn. I found a couple of people filling their cigarettes with black substance (*charas*). The Ashram is meant for such people! Disgusting! By around 10.30 p.m. the care-taker gentleman was left alone in the lawn and I was still around at some distance. He came to me for an 'informal' chat! He asked me whether I found Baba in good health. I had no idea, I said. He informed me that Baba has been spitting blood for some time and he is reluctant to go to Jammu before Diwali for a thorough medical check-up. "Do you think that he can survive till then", he asked. This can be decided by some specialist, I said. I felt sorry for the Baba.

The care-taker has a small shop at a Jammu camp, his kids are at school. He is at the Ashram for obvious reasons. The Baba could be persuaded to open a school at the picturesque site, to train young minds of the area in Sanskrit, computers, mathematics, English, Dogri and so on. Some far-sighted, local people can take up the challenge. I met some KPs the next morning who have constructed summer huts for their families in the same area. They could persuade the Baba to think on such lines. He may not be opposed to the idea. Otherwise, the Ashram will turn out into an *akhara* of charas and such-like drugs. The care-takers are

**KASHMIR DIARY**

a small, greedy and needy people.

Morning :

Next morning we had tea and *kulcha* at the Ashram. The care-taker sought some money from me to procure milk for the day which I happily provided. We left the place by 9 a.m. and walked up the hillock to the main road. My mother spotted a temple in the opposite lane some 100 yards away from the main road. We went up. The temple is managed and maintained by a local Brahmin family. They have their residence and some land adjacent to it. They were very cordial. They offered us tea and snacks. We put our bags there and went to visit the famous Sudhmahadeva temple, some 800 meters in the opposite direction. It was brisling with activity. Nearly ten thousand people from the region and beyond had assembled there for the annual temple festival. The Trust, headed by Dr. Karan Singh, has done a splendid job in building basic facilities for the pilgrims. The security arrangements were good. It took us thirty odd minutes to have a Darshan of the deity there.

An hour later we headed towards 'Gauri Kund' (Parvati's Spring), five KMs away from Sudhmahadeva. After alighting from the cab on the main road at Gauri Kund, we climbed a Km long concrete pathway to reach the 'Spring'. It is a small spring inside a tiny cave under the hillock. A partly visible *purohit*, his head hidden behind the canopy of the cave, fills pilgrims' pots/vesels/bottles with the spring water. A number of water pipes, for men and women, enable one to bathe at leisure. It was a wonderful experience—chilled water not to be found just ten KMs away once one heads towards Jammu. We returned to the main road at Gauri Kund in the afternoon and started our backward journey to Jammu.

AT JAMMU :

I had two more days to go before saying bye to summer-break and Jammu. I decided to explore availability of books in the city. To my surprise, I found no book-shops between Shri Raghunathji Temple and College Street ahead of Jewel chowk- a stretch of two odd KMs. There are three book-shops opposite the Science College but they sell text-books only. I asked one of the book-sellers about demand of books other than the prescribed texts. He said that people prefer to buy 'notes' instead of the text. We do not find buyers for fiction, history, and other such titles. A gentleman who was there to buy some stationery intervened and told me that Jammu sells chicken in abundance. There are hosiery and

electronics-goods' shops everywhere. Book shops and internet cafes are very few. Jammuites are yet to build the habit of reading and learning. A few high-stationed persons manage to earn a name by moving out for higher studies. Our learned leadership has not allowed the habit of reading and writing to percolate down! Another person added: the number of 'Halal' meat and chicken shops has seen a "seven-fold" increase in the city after the arrival of KPs. How could he be so sure about the rate? I did not ask him, however. With a smirk on his face, he said that KPs eat 'halal' meat even on *ekadashis*. I felt bad about our animal-eating habits.

Afternoon:

A day before my departure, I went to the market to buy 'Kashmiri spices' for use at my 'home'. It suddenly started to rain. I sought shelter under the eaves of a shop on the road that runs parallel to the main-road across the Pandit Camp at Muthi. To my astonishment, I found four KPs in their mid-thirties or less sitting on two cots playing cards with a fifth person holding two umbrellas in his hands to cover them. Astounding! I went on watching them with sadness and pain for some more time even after it stopped to rain. They seem contented with their life and amenities. The monthly relief and ration has reduced them to nothingness. They have become irrelevant and unproductive. Should the community leadership give a second thought to the continuation of relief to able-bodied and able-minded young persons of the community, I wonder.

Afterward :

I feel that the 5000 odd KPs residing in the valley cannot sustain their culture beyond the next generation. Most of them may migrate and others will join the majority through marital alliances or simply for want of support for the sustenance of their faith. The talk of KPs' return to the valley is yet another ploy to extract more from the coffers of the Gol to build more structures for the use of local populations. The youth of the valley have not co-existed with an alien faith at all, it cannot tolerate idol-worshippers in their midst which they have been (and continue to be) trained to abhor. Those who have a death-wish, those who have lost faith in their own culture and way of life shall leave the system any way. A huge majority there wants an end to India's rule. They have two opinions- merger with Pakistan and independence, the latter finds support with a larger section. May the future prove me wrong...amen!

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Mysticism & Religion

J.L.Bhat

OF INDIAN FAITH AND GODLINESS

For ages religion and spirituality has been a number one priority for common Indian and it continues to be so. There is nothing that can distract the masses of this land from this influence. India continues to be a staunch believer of Hindu faith in spite of lots of negative inputs provided by modern westernized life standards and culture. The Indian religious and spiritual culture continues to be a strong force though for the last many centuries very strong foreign influences that entered this land in various forms tried their best to alter her cultural base but she was able to retain her cogent basic elements of culture which continues to be her most coveted treasure for all times to come. Lots of Indians changed their faith from time to time but continued to preserve in them certain basic elements of local Indian culture thus rejecting the most powerful influences that wished to change the whole fabric of Indian culture according to their own vested interest. India has not allowed herself succumb totally even to the most vigorous foreign influences repeatedly for hundreds of years, though the face of India changed a lot but she retained the essential traits of her culture. Thus India continues to be a strong advocate and preserver of certain strong religious and spiritual values along with substantial development of science and technology and high economic growth. A rich treasury of authentic religious and philosophical scriptures preserved through thousands of years along with numerous religious institutions and places of spiritual importance is spread widely over this land and a galaxy of learned scholars, saints and seers with high spiritual awakening and knowledge are working overtime teaching people of this country and abroad the tenets of Hindu religion and spirituality. There is a substantial development of Indian thought and spirituality supported by deep faith of the masses of this great country despite many provocative elements working against it.

Indian faith and godliness, an established religious and philosophical movement with a glorious history of thousands of years, is gaining more and more attention for the last more than fifty years among the people of the west. More and more people in the western world are getting influenced by Indian religious and spiritual thought, and the Indian saints and pundits (religious teachers) are greatly honoured

and welcomed for discourses than they used to be a century before. The practice of Yoga as a science and art is welcomed by all and sundry not only as a body healer but also for spiritual awakening. Numerous Yoga teaching centers in the US and other countries are catering to the aspirations of the people of all ages and the response is tremendous. Besides Yoga, Indian meditation centers help thousands of youth throughout the globe ease themselves of the stress and strain that they suffer from due to present day high heeled life.

Unfortunately along with this rich religious and spiritual environment an another trend of godlessness and atheistic attitude is cropping up in this society with a good number of individuals trying to refute the existence of gods and propagating the futility of religious beliefs obviously the result of some foreign influence or better financial independence or wrongly implicated higher educational inputs in them. The impact is not alarming but invites a good deal of awakening among the masses especially the highly educated high-heeled youth before any damage is done to our well established culture. Their argument is strong against religion and spirituality for lack of sufficient scientific proof to any divine existence, soul or the so called spiritual emancipation or awakening as propagated by numerous holy men and the religious literature circulated throughout the world. The Indian faith and godliness is thousands of years old with a solid background supported by authentic scriptures including Vedas and Upanishads, Mahabharata and Ramayana, and above all the world renowned Bhagwadgita, besides the open book lives of numerous holy men and women that have come down on this land as the messengers of God to propagate and recall the God's message among the misleading men and women from time to time. Millions and millions of people around the globe continue to be the staunch believers of various faiths and believe God as the almighty power guiding solely the whole universal activities.

The advancement in modern science and technology has given an impression to certain people that life processes cannot exist beyond the assumptions of the scientific studies of living



creatures including man. These studies that prompt certain people especially youth change the time tested beliefs of this land are just recent developments based on knowledge recently acquired by man cannot be an alternative to the world of knowledge and experience established by numerous scholars of yore and practically experienced by unlimited number of sages and seers not only on this land but also at various other locations. These people unfortunately do not like to go beyond whatever is scientifically proved recently by the men of science and are naturally averse to the belief of the presence of any supernatural existence on which the whole edifice of religion and spirituality stands. They limit their knowledge and understanding of life to its existence only from birth to death which is in fact only a small portion of the real life that exists far beyond. The life that is assumed to be the absolute reality is not the whole process but only a small portion of our existence, part of which has been lived in the gone by stages and the rest is yet to be experienced. The human life on this planet that we consider the absolute truth is actually an occasion provided to the mortal man especially to work for his personal enlightenment that has the capacity to take him nearer to the absolute reality and ultimately release him from the cycle of life and death, the ultimate object of this whole life process. The glamour of life that is witnessed here is simply to distract man from the real task that he or she is entrusted with so that he fails to perform the real function of life and passes away and just according to ones deeds gets some other life.

All development and technological advancement along with the glare of modern life is a part of the process that eludes man from seeking the real purpose of life. In fact the life process is a major test that a man is put into as two distinct options are clear before him, either to live for the sake of life and enjoy the transitory pleasures of the worldly existence and face death leaving everything behind or otherwise fulfill the task of seeking emancipation of self and try to approach the absolute reality, i.e. God. The task which seems stupendous may or may not be fulfilled in a single life so a human being may get one or more lives further to strive for achieving the ultimate reality. Since the period of stay on this planet as a human being is a transitory phase but with a very essential purpose and the ultimate aim of religion and spirituality is to bring home to the erring man that human life is the rarest of the rare opportunity that one gets after going through various

stray lives and the purpose is to strive for personal enlightenment along with the routine duties as a householder with normal function as a bread earner or whatever function he or she is put to perform. One, who understands the real purpose of life and dedicates himself wholly for the purification of his real self besides performing his or her legitimate duty as a human being, consequently displays the choicest traits of human character----- truth, justice, spirit of sacrifice, honesty, and respect for all. For him the pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat are alike as he is dedicated to the path of salvation where only the deeds of goodness and godliness help. Such people distance themselves from the false pleasures of life while keeping busy in the honest dealings as the scriptures command to renounce all selfish desire and work making all life a sacrifice offered with true devotion. Here one is also able to discriminate between the real self and the material self, as it the material one that has to perish and the real self does not die, it repeats its existence on this earth time and again in one form or the other as a consequence of its deeds till it ultimately gets a human form and an occasion to work for enlightenment. How unfortunate that we lose this rarest of rare occasion in the quest of worldly pleasures and forget the essential purpose of life by following the dictates of the objects of desire and sense enjoyments till the end comes and one passes away just to enter into one more link of the chain of our life cycle.

There was never a time when the reality of life and godliness was not experienced by lots of people in this land and numerous other places and most of them left an indelible impression on the psyche of people of their time and for the future generations to follow suit. Most of these awakened souls lived a normal life but definitely displayed an aura of spiritual excellence which naturally attracted people towards them. Many among them were people with high academic qualifications and held high elevated positions besides working overtime for the betterment of the social and spiritual fabric of their society. They made their life an example for others to follow and continue supporting and showing the path to awakening to lots of their devotees even today after they have passed into eternity. Such people actually do not die; their presence is felt eternally among their people for the influence created by them. The people of India have never been fanatic in their religious beliefs. This country has a long history of adopting various outside beliefs and faiths by people

who liked to make a ground for themselves here in this country. Our people at every juncture displayed a great openness of heart and soul to accommodate everyone whoever came at her doors and shared her culture with them thus changing herself every time but essentially retaining certain basic elements of her glorious past which is her strength even today and will continue till eternity.

Our youth and those who are following a rebellious attitude towards our time-tested faith and beliefs should try to delve deep into the Indian religious philosophy and spiritual experience instead of nourishing a superficial knowledge of the real facts of life. The glorious past of this great country is not based on superficial beliefs or baseless blind faith but very solid foundations of time tested spiritual experience, philosophy and religion. This deep rooted religious, spiritual and cultural panorama with an uninterrupted history of thousands of years is the sacred legacy received by us from our forefathers. It has long helped India keep her head high and withstand the vagaries of time and nature quite contrary to many advanced nations of pre-historic period who had touched the zenith of prosperity and development in the days of yore but perished totally leaving no traces of their existence. There should be no reason to believe, act or propagate ideas contrary to the spirit of our motherland as an attitude and belief which does not correspond to her spirit is a crime against the land of our birth. We're never bound by any blind faith to believing or acting simply as the tradition goes but we're proud to belong to a country where you always look before you leap and scrutinize before you act. Our faith is based upon the divine experience of numerous unknown sages and seers who worked for their spiritual advancement for long periods of unknown history and the scriptures developed in centuries not by individuals but by successive generations of highly awakened sages and strangely enough without any clue of the original creator. India is a country with traces of advanced civilized culture from deep pre-historic periods when the present advanced countries of the west who boast of their advancement did not even exist in their most crude primitive forms not to speak of any of their organized system. The unfortunate that has happened with India is her slavery and subjugation to various foreign powers for long periods which deprived her of her independent spirit for a long time, thus giving an occasion to her rivals in the international forums raise fingers on her cultural integrity. Here we are indebted

to some of our social and literary stalwarts like DR. R. N. TAGORE and DR. S. RADHAKRISHNAN and others who tried and succeeded in exploring the real image of India before the English speaking west who presented a very dismal picture of India lived by uncivilized people with no worthwhile cultural history.

We are proud that India is displaying remarkable development in all fields of modern technology, education, secular democratic pattern of governance, social and economic development, so much so that the image of India has got a tremendous uplift in the post independence period. India is proceeding fast on the path of economic and technological development but it is encouraging that it does not anyway overshadow our religious and spiritual development and the faith of people in the institution of religion and spirituality is increasing day by day.

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बैंगन का नौकर नहीं हूँ

बैंगन की सब्जी की अकबर बादशाह प्रशंसा कर रहे थे। बीरबल भी बादशाह की हां में हां मिला रहे थे। साथ ही अपनी तरफ से भी दो चार शब्द बैंगन की प्रशंसा में कह गये।

एक दिन बादशाह के मन में आया कि देखें बीरबल अपनी बात को कहां तक निभाते हैं। यह सोच कर बादशाह बैंगन की निंदा करने लगे। उस दिन भी बीरबल ने बादशाह की बात का समर्थन किया तथा बैंगन के दुर्गुण भी बताये। बादशाह को यह सुन कर ताज्जुब हुआ और बोले, “तुम्हारी बात का यकीन नहीं। कभी प्रशंसा करते हो तो कभी निंदा करते हो। जब मैंने बैंगन की तारीफ की तो तुम ने भी ऐसा ही किया। और अब मैं निंदा कर रहा हूँ तो तुम भी ऐसा ही कर रहे हो। ऐसा क्यों?” बीरबल ने नम्रता पूर्वक कहा, “आलम पनाह। मैं आप का नौकर हूँ, बैंगन का नहीं।”

यह सुन कर बादशाह खुश हुआ।



My Medical Journey

Dr. K.L.Chowdhury



TIC DOULOUREUX (FACIAL PAIN FROM TRIGEMINAL NEURALGIA)

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

Dr. Tanvir Jehan was calling from the Government Nursing Home at Gupkar. It was about a patient, Mohamed Shaban. He suffered from Trigeminal Neuralgia, a painful condition of the face, rightly named Tic Douloureux because of the paroxysmal jabs of pain that may be so intense as to make the victim to squirm, jump, and contract his/her face as if suffering from a debilitating tic. A day earlier, Mohamed Shaban had sought consultation for his affliction from the legendry Dr. Ali Jan practicing at the high profile Polo View, who sent him across the street to Dr. Sikand for an

injection of ethanol (absolute alcohol) into the trigeminal (5th cranial) nerve, that was the source of the pain in the patient.

Dr Sikand, a leading surgeon, had never treated a patient of trigeminal neuralgia because it is essentially a medical condition. He had never injected into the 5th cranial nerve before. Yet, a referral from the doyen of medicine, even when retired from the Medical College, was an order to be complied with, a challenge to be met. But he had no idea how to go about it.

The trigeminal nerve (5th cranial) takes its origin from the brainstem, deep inside the cranial cavity, and runs a checkered course under the surface of the brain, on the bony surfaces along grooves and canals, to a confluence at the trigeminal ganglion from where it branches into three divisions that traverse their own separate intracranial courses to finally emerge on the face from three openings (foramina). From there, the three divisions of the nerve ramify to supply the skin of the face and the mucus membranes (insides) of the nose and mouth. It carries the sensations of touch, pain, heat and cold etc. from its area of supply. When afflicted with neuralgia, the slightest touch may be so intolerable as to make a patient cry.

Where, along the long course of the nerve, should he inject the patient, Dr. Sikand wondered. When such a situation arises doctors go back to the basics in reference books and journals. He decided to look up Lee McGregor's 'Synopsis of Surgical Anatomy', the bible of surgical anatomy, and asked the patient to report next day to Government Nursing Home, Gupkar where he would administer the injection in the operation theatre under aseptic conditions. Going home, he opened the text to recapture the surface anatomy of the nerve and study the procedure for injection. It was all there beautifully illustrated but the procedure of percutaneous injection of 5th nerve lying deep inside the cranial cavity seemed very daunting. It called for a lot of measurements and demarcations on the outside to localize the nerve and its ganglion within



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

the skull before one could direct the needle to the precise location. He did not feel he was up to the task. Since he had asked the patient to return next day all the way from Tangmarg, it was a matter of prestige and commitment. He decided to seek the help of an anesthetist. Anesthetists are trained in giving nerve blocks during various operative procedures. That is how Dr. Tanvir Jehan came in the picture. But she too had never given a trigeminal nerve block, she informed him. "I have looked up the surface anatomy from McGregor. Let us try it; the two of us together can sure work it out," he had reassured her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

resided, could suffer such painful conditions; even how they could die like other mortals!

Mohamed Shaban was the only patient I had ever given a nerve block in the trigeminal. That time also he had sought Dr. Ali Jan's consult who had directed him to report on a Tuesday when we held the neurology clinics in my chamber in ward 3 of the Medical College. I was the medical Registrar (chief resident) with an aptitude for Neurology. Dr. Ali Jan, my Professor, recognizing my interest, granted me the privilege to conduct, what came to be known as, 'The Tuesday Clinics' which he blessed with his august presence. We had taken the decision to try absolute alcohol injection into the 5th cranial nerve of Mohamed Shaban since he had not responded to the drugs available at that time. Those were still early days in neurology. There were hardly any drugs for this painful condition. Phenobarbitone and phenytoin gave relief in some. Others took recourse to codeine. Carbamezapine, the wonder drug, was still a few years away. Not only do we now have an array of new drugs for treatment of Tic Douloureux - from Carbamezapine to Gabapentine - but we also have the MR imaging techniques so advanced and perfected as to provide exquisite 3-D images of the ganglion and the nerve inside the cranium which can be targeted fairly accurately for surgical procedures without opening the skull, through thermal and radio-surgical destruction of the nerve (Percutaneous Stereotactic Differential Radiofrequency Thermal Rhizotomy and Stereotactic Radiosurgery using a gamma knife).

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

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

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

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

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

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

I marked the junction of the medial (inner) and intermediate thirds of the supra-orbital margin (the bone that overhangs the orbit) and drew a line from here down to the lower border of the mandible. The infra-orbital foramen lies about 1 cm. below the margin of the orbit which I marked with a dot as the point of entry. I filled a syringe with 1 ml. of a local anesthetic and another with ½ ml of absolute alcohol. Directing the needle with the local anesthetic from the point of entry into the tissues till it hit the bone I moved the needle tip around to push it through the foramen. When I got there I introduced the local anesthetic. I tested with a cotton wool and a pin. The area under our scanner became anesthetic to touch and pinprick which confirmed that the nerve had been targeted. Leaving the needle in place I now injected absolute alcohol from the second syringe. The whole procedure took ten minutes.

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

"It was so simple, so commonsense," Dr.

Tanveer said with great relief.

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

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

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

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

Pain

The phantom stalks all the time,
now lurking in the shadows,
now only in the mind,
now seizing hold -
inflicting itself on me
with unerring constancy.

With its invisible armory
it pierces and bores,
crushes and grinds,
saws and hammers,
cuts and tears,
burns and sears,
and delivers lightning bolts,
any place of its choosing,
now forewarning,
now catching me unawares.

From 'A Thousand-Petalled Garland and Other poems' By K L Chowdhury. Published by Writers Workshop, Kolkata.



Waves

The Bronze Hand

Arjun Dev Majboor (Translation: Arvind Gigoo)

The bronze hand
rests
on my heart.

Who gave it life?

The gem-like nails
are sensuous.

Is it some damsel's hand
or
some goddess'
blessing mankind
or
a hermit's
meditating upon the word
or
Buddha's
when he spoke of fire?

Is it some woman's hand
caressing the earth
or
an infant's
who wept into existence?
an endless dream
squeezed
into transience.

This wakefulness is dying now.

They say
long ago
the hand detached from the idol..

The hand blessed me
from
the ledge in the corner.
My home
- in a shambles -
is
my nightmare.

I recall the gem-like nails
and
the fingers
and
the palm
of the bronze hand.



CHOOSING THE RIGHT PATH FOR MOKSHA

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



In the last three write ups I have dealt at length about the three paths for seeking of *moksha* . In this instalment I propose to discuss how is it possible to choose the right path for *moksha*.

Our scriptures say that the purpose behind the birth of man is actually a chance provided by god to take ourselves out of this phenomenal world called *Samsara* and achieve a state where we stay in the proximity of god and be free from worries which haunt humans. *Moksha* as understood by a common man is liberation from the cycles of life and death. It is not a postmortem ideal to be obtained after death. It has to be realized while a person is still alive and healthy, while he is still in control of his senses and other faculties. One has to become a spiritual and psychic warrior. It is not dissolution and or destruction of individual self. Essentially it is a state of bliss, a sensation of peace. It is freedom from domination of the senses and mind. It is like the merging of a drop of water with the rivers and the river into the sea. In other words it is the losing of names and forms(*nama, rupa*) into the nameless and formless, to become *jivanmukta* –a free soul:
*Ythaa Ndyh Syndmanah Samudram Gachanti Namarupa Vihay
Tatha Vidhvan Namrupa Vihayh Pratparam Pusham Upaiti Divyem* - Manduka Upanishad 3.28
(As rivers flowing down, become indistinguishable on reaching the sea by giving up their names and forms, so also the illumined soul, having become freed from name and form, reaches the self effulgent Purusha, that is higher than the highest.)

Effort made in one life time may or may not make one a jeevanmukta, yet it does not go waste. In the cycle of many lives one will definitely achieve this goal. Proof lies in the fact that we often meet people who impress us and we end up saying "He has done good karma in his previous birth."

The Karmic Trap :

The phenomenal universe (*Prakriti*) we live in is actually constituted of three elements called *Gunas*: *Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*. It is ever in a state of

action(*karma*). In other words *karma* is inherent in *Prakriti*. Beings involved in *Prakriti* are therefore helplessly bound by *karma*. Vain is their wish and attempt to rid themselves of action; eating, sleeping, breathing, beating of the heart –all these are nothing but *karma* .From an atom upto the universe all are engaged in activities of innumerable types. It is impossible for beings to renounce *karma* while being entangled in *Prakriti* :

*N Hi Kashchit kshenm Api Jatu Tishthati Akarmkrit;
Karyte Hi Vashh Karm Srv Prakriti Jai Guna*

- BG 3/5

(None can ever remain actionless even for a moment; for every one is helplessly driven to action by the *Gunas*, born of *Prakriti*.)

Prakriti is the source of all that exists in the world including human beings. In other words we are an assemblage of three *gunas* of *Prakriti* in various proportions . While *Sattva* represents a condition, which is soothing and peaceful, *Tamas* is a condition whereunder everything is dull and static, and *Rajas* is a condition whereunder everything is active and vibrant.

*Prakritaih Kriymanani Gunaih Karmani Sarvash;
Ahamkara Vimudmatma Karta Aham Mnyate*

- BG 3/27

(The *gunas* of *Prakriti* perform all *karma*. With the understanding clouded by egoism – *ahamkara*, man thinks "I am the doer")

To be *Prakriti* bound is not the goal of the enlightened human life and yet getting out of it presents a real challenge. One craves for happiness which he associates with things, mundane, ego and fame, which involve him in unending struggle in life. A little success here and there infuses him with vigour. A failure shakes his faith. He prays, makes offerings to gods to continue to have their favours or to be blessed with it but in the end it looks all in vain. Life on Earth is not a bed of roses .Hunger, poverty, disease old age is part of the life on Earth .One has to learn how to live a happy life here and hereafter.

The way Out :

Moksha offers the way out. It is not something which one can get by offering prayers and yet our prayers more often end up with seeking *moksha*. One has to create a mental state whereunder one is not affected by the situations such as victory and defeat, gain or loss, pain or pleasure. Duals such as these are called pairs of opposites. They are inevitable in the phenomenal existence. When a person refuses to be affected favourably or adversely by these happenings and when he maintains his even-mindedness, he is said to be progressing towards *moksha*:

*Traigun Vishya Veda Nistraigunyo Bhav Arjuna;
Nirdvndvo, Nityatvastho, Nirयोगkshem, Aatmvan*
- BG 2/45

(The *Prakriti* is constituted of three *gunas*. You transcend the three *gunas*, O Arjuna . Be free from the pairs of opposite, even minded, unconcerned with getting and keeping and centered in the Self-*Parmatman*).

The three paths for *moksha*: *Karmayoga*, *Bhaktiyoga* and *JnanYoga* are actually for the three types of *Karmic* persons. A person with preponderance of *Tamasguna* will find it easier to follow *Karmayoga* practice of performing ritualistic worship but he is made aware that he is not to seek rewards for it. He has to use it as a prop to gain a mental state whereunder his mind becomes calm and composed:

*Kamani Eva Adhikaresta Ma Fleshu Kdachin
Ma Krmfi Hetur Bhur Bu Ma Te Sango Astv Akarmani*
- BG 2/47

(Seek to perform your duty; but lay not claim to its fruits . Be you not the producer of the fruits of Karma, neither shall you lean towards inaction)

Similarly a person with preponderance of *Rajoguna* will prefer to follow *Bhaktiyoga* which advocates total surrender to god : "god is the knower of the feelings, the sentiments and desires". It offers him an excellent way for the control of mind to seek *moksha*. Since most of the people are of *Rajasic* temper *Bhaktiyoga* is most commonly practiced *yoga*. Lord Krishna Himself has advocated this path for mortals *Manmna Bhv Mdbhkto Mddyaji Mam Nakaskaro*
- BG 18/65

(Fix your mind on me ,be devoted to me sacrifice to me, prostrate before me you shall come to me.)

A person with preponderance of *Sattwaguna* is already knowledgeable. He is a born *Jnanyogi*.

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Kashmiri Rhymes from Distant Diaspora

Dr. B.K.Moza

**सौतुच गाह त्राव**

सौतुच गाह त्राव यारि जानानो
पोशे बागन वुजुनाव च्युय ।
सोजुच लय खार दिलि जानानो
मनुचन तारन अलुनाव च्युय ।।
शिठ्यमुत्य छि पॅश तय पंछी यारो
लॅग्यमुत्य छि कोह तय बालो हो ।
कुमलाव कॅन्य हिश शीनय मान्यो
होखिमुत्य नालय ग्रजुनाव च्युय ।।
जामु रॅस्यु वॉरान कुल्य कॅट्य यारो
मंदुछान पनुने हालो हो ।
पोशाक पॉरुख सब्जे बहारो
स्वंदर मालन स्वंदराव च्युय ।।
नालान बुलबुल वंदु के हालो
त्रावान अशुने दारो लो ।
आरु हॅत्य नालु बोजुस मदन वारो
अडु फुट्य बामन फवलनाव च्युय ।।
नासाज छु कॅहरे द्यद तय लालो
वंदु किन्य दुर पॅल्य बेगानो ।
जुव अन ज़ीवन बादे बहारो
यावन वीर्यन वुजुनाव च्युय ।।
बोंबुर छु फेरान बडि आशायो
छांडान कॅत्य कॅत्य यॅम्बुर हो ।
आशा स्व पूर कर बडि दयावानो
मनु क्यन अबिलाशन पुरनाव च्युय ।।
रुशिथ छि गॉमुच महफिल यारो
तूशिथ कति तान्य मे प्यालो हो ।
बॅर्य बर्य चावनाव प्रेमुक्य प्यालो
दगि रोस्त दाक्यन बलुनाव च्युय ।।

SHIVA BHAGWATI OF AKINGAM - SUPREME POWER OF THIS UNIVERSE

The Legend

The proverbial Aki New Gaam or Akingam is situated in the southern part of Kashmir, about 20 kms from district headquarters of Anantnag in Historic Brang Pargana in the midst of a lush green jungle with pine trees. On the banks of river Brangi, this picturesque village with a mixed population of Hindus and Muslims is proud of being home of Bhaktas (Bhagat) who would perform in front of the shrines to please god and goddesses. It is said that there was a shopkeeper in the village, who would earn his livelihood by selling merchandise to people. His wife was devoted to her husband. A pious lady, she never doubted her husband and would trust him. There was a woman in the village, who was very beautiful. A soft-spoken and straightforward, she was frank and bold. People mistook her otherwise. One day shopkeeper's wife took lunchbox for her husband to the shop. She was surprised to see the shop closed and asked people around whether they had any information about the shopkeeper who was not there in the shop. Nobody could tell her about his disappearance. Every one was tightlipped. All of a sudden she thought to herself whether he may have gone to the woman's home. But as she would trust her man, she never gave any credence to this thought. Being a pious lady she kept waiting there until her man came. Her husband apologized her for all this and told her that he would narrate the entire story to her at the home. As the shopkeeper started leaving for home, his wife followed him. As they were returning home, there was a celestial call, "Stop". As she stopped, a chariot of the gods descended near her. Again she was asked to sit in the chariot but she refused. She said, how can I go? I can not leave my village alone. At last, her villagers accompanied her to the celestial Kingdom in the chariot. Some body exclaimed "Aki new Gaam".

Devi Bal :

This was an earthy anecdote about the origin of Akingam. Shiva Bhagwati's shrine in Akingam is called Devi Bal locally. There is a Shila (huge Stone) engraved and is believed to be kneeled in prostration beneath the ground. There is a Pranali around it and this huge Shila is

smearred with Sindoor. There are two main occasions in the year when devotees from every nook and corner of the valley swarm to this great religious shrine. Devotees from Bindu, Kokernag, Bidder, Nor Vatnar, Softa Shali, Irakimu, Sagam, Kandiwara, Muhripora, Matpora, Bonpora, Achabal, Thagiwara, Anantnag, Brah, Toor, Ranipora, Nawgam, Utrasu, Brariangan, Chhatergul, Panchalthan, Kootihear and Gosanigund definitely come to pay their obeisance in the sanctum sanctorum as these villages are nearer to this shrine. In the spring season, a big fair attracts huge numbers of people from different communities, who irrespective of their faith participate whole heartedly in it. It is Chitra Shukla Paksha Navam, when devotees throng Devi Bal with Shishi Nor and Tahar. This writer has been a witness to the fact when Muslim villagers came with a Kranjul full of snow ice and Kulim Posh only to distribute it among the devotees so that wreaths are laid at Maa Bhagwati inside the shrine. Come Autumn when again on Ashwin Shukla Paksha Navam a fair is held on a massive scale, Bhajan Mandlies resonate and hymns are chanted in the praise of Maa Shiva. There are Rishi Garas adjacent to Devi Bal, who prepare Saatvik Aahar (Dal Bat) for the devotees. After having done Puja etc, these devotees go to these Rishi Garas and have Naveed and return to their respective homes satisfied and smiling with the blessings of Maa Shiva Bhagwati. Walter R Lawrence in his book Valley of Kashmir says, "There is hardly a river, spring or hill-side in Kashmir that is not holy to the Hindus and it would require endless space if I were to attempt to give a list of places famous and dear to all Hindus."

The Mother :

Maa Shiva is Uma, Durga, Zala, Raginya, Saraswati and Parvati riding on a lion. She is all pervading, energy, protector and creator of this universe. There are endless old Kashmiri hymns in the form of Heynizey, WanWun and Vatsun, which are sung and attributed to Maa Shiva. Walter Lawrence has quoted Ain Akbari "The Hindus regard all Kashmir as holy land. Forty-five places are dedicated to Mahadeo,



and sixty-four to Bishen, three to Brahma and twenty-two to Durga . In Seven Hundred places there are carved figures of snakes, which they worship.” Shiva Bhagwati’s Asthapan at Akingam is an ancient one and is the only one of its kind. A Rishi in the vicinity Pandit Kanth Kak, who is no more in this world was a knowledgeable person, knew esoteric things about Shiva Bhagwati’s shrine at his village. An ardent Bhakt of Maa Shiva, Kanth Kak had been blessed with the darshan of Maa Shiva riding on a lion. His brother Amar Kak, equally a Mata Bhakt would highly appreciate his brother’s service and contribution to the up-liftment of the shrine. Kanth Kak later left for Kashi, where he built an Ashram. Prithvinath, a government employee by profession is another Bhakt of Maa Shiva at Akingam, who had been very active during these auspicious festivals of Maa Shiva at Akingam. Akingam is not only an abode of Maa Shiva but a holy and most important shrine of great faith - that moves mountains. Noted Journalist Pandit Gwasha Lal Koul, in his book 'Kashmir - Then and Now' writes, “There are many places and things in Kashmir which are peculiar in themselves and some of them quite beyond ordinary human comprehension. The orthodox Hindus, taking them as divine manifestations, worship them while others consider that they are merely nature’s phenomena.” Be that as it may, the celebrated shrine of Maa Shiva Bhagwati at Akingam is a religious cum spiritual center of aboriginal Kashmiri Pandits who consider it as a great source of their cultural identity also. Maa Shiva, the Parwati is mother of this whole universe, who protects us from every evil or calamity. Without Maa Shiva, there is nothing. Without her, there is only void which can never be filled. Maa Shiva is being worshiped with kind heart, she accepts every thing that has come from one's Nirmal Hriday. It may be recalled that any auspicious work is being started with HEYNIZAY in which Praises are showered on Maa Shiva Of Akingam, Such as,

Shuklam Karith Vana vun Huotay
Rti Fall Ditay Maji Shivayay.

Almost all religious chants and Bhajans in Kashmiri admire Maa Shiva Of Akingam:

Akingami Chhamai Shiva Sardar
Bhaktiyan Pan-nyan Bakshanhar
(OR)

chie chakh Amba , Voma , Durga , Zala , Raginya,
Saraswati Chie

chie chakh Shiva Sahn savarie Mauj Sharikayay
Zarie Boz.

Vedas and Shastras too sing in admiration for Maa Shiva, who on the collapse of Dharma reincarnates herself just to save it. Shiva or Parwati is ultimately Shiv, who is all pervading. Dr. Ved Kumari in Nilatmata Purana quotes Lacchmidhar Kalla, “Siva the only supreme Reality, cause of all Causes, creates the universe by his free will or Iccha. It is his own Sakti-creeper - a reflection of Siva himself, which manifests her self as the universe.” Lalla Ded also says, “Wochum Shivas Shakt Meelith Ta Wah”.

Thus Maa Shiva at Akingam is a Supreme Power that runs this whole universe and comes to the fore whenever there are sins which rule the roost and Maa Shiva wipes them all away.

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ललु वाख

दमु दमु कोरुमस दमन आये
प्रजल्योम दीप तु ननेयम ज़ाथ ।
अँद्रिम प्रकाश न्यबर छोटुम
गटि रोदुम तु कर्मस थफ ॥

★ ★ ★

दमन बस्ति दितो दम
तिथय यिथु दमन खार ।
शख्स स्वन गछी हॉसिल
वुनि छय सुल तु छांडुन यार ॥

★ ★ ★

दमी ड्यूंठुम शबनम प्यवान
दमी ड्यूंठुम प्यवान सूर ।
दमी ड्यूंठुम अनिगट रातस
दमी ड्यूंठुम दूहस नूर ॥

★ ★ ★

दमी ऑसुस ल्वकुट कूरा
दमी सपनुस जवान पूर ।
दमी ऑसुस फेरान थोरान
दमी सपनुस दँज़िथ सूर ॥

★ ★ ★

वह बोलता नहीं

अनिल नखासी



यह अलग बात है मैं रोता नहीं
पर अब किसी बात पे दिल खुश होता नहीं
कितने ही जलवे देखे इस ज़माने के
इन जलवों में मगर मैं खोता नहीं
काश कि मुमकिन होता वक्त से पहले ही निकलना
अब चैन से कोई भी आदमी सोता नहीं
है मुनासिब अब घर में ही पी लेना
मयकदे में अब वह समां होता नहीं
मेरी रात बे-खबर मेरी ही सहर से
और तुम कहते हो ज़िंदगी में कुछ होता नहीं
मुझको मेरी रूह को अज़ाब में डाला
इस इश्क में क्या क्या होता नहीं
है खुदा तो है, ये मैं भी जानता हूं
पर मेरे पूछने पर नखासी बोलता नहीं



About Anil Nakhasi :

Anil Nakhasi is an artist, caricaturist and cartoonist, making paintings and drawings in various medium (oil/ water colour/charcoal/ink/crayon). He has made nearly 1000 art works (figurative/ abstract/landscape). His art works are in private collections including those in US/UK/INDIA. He worked as a Creative Director in a portal/dot com for a brief time. He demonstrated his skills in DD's One Hour Evening Live Show Programme and conducted cartoon exhibition under the theme

'Kashmir Terrorism'.

Some of the Artiste's drawings have been published by Minerva Publication. He has designed Covers of books and magazines like that of Management Institute - Delhi Productive Council. He has two poetry books (in Hindi and English) to his credit. He is also a Storyboard Artist/Set Designer.

Anil Nakhasi has been working for different media organizations (print & electronic) for the last ten Years. He worked as a freelance journalist for various newspapers including Neighborhood Flash and Rashtriya Sahara. He has written Concepts and Scripts / Screenplays (FICTION / NON-FICTION) for various production houses and has contributed poetry to various magazines / newspapers (Serious and Humorous). He has contributed political and social cartoons to various newspapers / Magazines. like JANSATTA (New Delhi), VEER ARJUN (New Delhi), The Daily Excelsior (where he contributed cartoons for about four years), Kistwar Times (Urdu Paper), Avalika (Indian Express), The Kashmir Times, Koshur Samachar etc. He also contributed Cartoons for tv programmes, books and calendars and made a series of cartoons on press under the title 'Press Laugh'.

As Caricaturist, he made series of 51 caricatures of former PM Sh. Vajpayee (MERI 51 ATAL REKHAEN) & presented him at his official residence. Nakhasi made on the spot caricatures of many eminent personalities like Vajpayee, Khushwant Singh, Abu Abraham, Jagmohan, Arun Shourie, Sushma Swaraj, Sheila Dixit, Mahesh Bhatt and some budding golf players at Golf Club (New Delhi). He made on-the-spot caricature of Dr. A.k Walia in a medical association function where he (Nakhasi) was honoured with a Memento.

Anil Nakhasi is also Guest Faculty in BITS Pillani.

(Material Courtesy: www.nakhasiarts.in)

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PAINTINGS OF DR. CHAMAN LAL RAINA

Art in Exile' is the title of the paintings of Dr. Chaman Lal Raina, which has regularly appeared in the HARVAN E-journal, Mumbai, India.

After going through the published painting series from the 15th August 2007, till date, I find him translating spirituality into painting. He is not a regular painter by profession but loves to bring out the inner feelings of his concept of spirituality in his unique style of expression. His initial medium of painting has remained collage and now experimenting with color and other medium of art material, as well. He doesn't mind to use home made natural colors and material around his working space. His spontaneity in an art expression makes him restless till he achieves the desired effect. He is equally touched with the separation from the Kashmir roots- the river *Vitasta*, *Devetas*, *Chakreshvara*, *Tullamulla* and other places of reverence, that find the prime place in Dr Raina's art. That is why he calls it ART IN EXILE.

Mrs. Jaya Sibu Raina restores the order of his art material while reciting words. These poetic words give a flow to his art in exile, some of which have already appeared in the well established journals.

Dr Raina's movement of hands is spontaneous to draw, cut-paste and paint. The curves are clockwise to put his mystic thought in motion. He makes the counter semi-circles to resonate a shape of *Mantra*. He calls it the Calligraphic art expression. But it is the combination of geometrical patterns, *Devanagari* and *Persian alphabets* and some times *Sharada*. He puts the four dashes on the curve or a straight line and a dot, to depict the *Purusha and Prakriti* in



Yantra 1

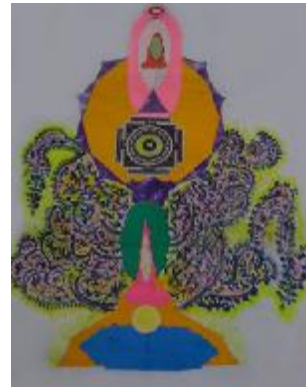


Yantra 2

unison. Some of his calligraphic drawing/painting reflect "OM Dhvani" of the Vedas and "*Shrim and Hrim*" of the Tantras.

The medium he use is the markers, Calligraphic pens, the Kashmiri Qalam and some times the pens made from the Bamboo twigs.

He uses bright colours in the painting and that looks his style of appreciation for the creative process and methodology to put it in the Yantra designs, which he calls as the sacred geometry of the Kashmir Agamas. He presents the paintings through Shiva emblem, Shunya representing dot, being Mandalas in essence. I should say that his art work is very labour intensive, greasing the hands with Elmer's Glue, all putting together with the minutest paper cut shapes for giving it a purposeful design. He rarely



Yantra 3

uses the drawing instruments while cutting the paper to give a Mandalik shape. He seems to honour the invitation cards he receives from his friends and relations and uses them to make them part of his Collage painting.

As a media professional and art teacher, I have observed Dr Raina's paintings more

of the mystic art than the traditional or the modern art. His theme is to see the Divine through the dots, dashes, curves, triangles and the circles. "Every artist has his or her own unique process of inspiration", says Alex Gray in his best seller— "The Mission of Art". For him, the inspiration is separation from homeland. He believes in the observation, often watched by him his father drawing Yantras and Mandalas with free hand, with extempore explanation in Kashmiri. His mother has taught him the Urdu calligraphy in his childhood.

Dr Raina seems to be influenced by the *Agama of Kashmir* and the very influence has made him to write more intensively on Kashmir Shaktivad and draw the *Agamic Devatas*. He also gives his



description about the paintings from spiritual point of view, which is more based on the “*Trika*” tradition of Kashmir.

A look at his work:

1: **The Ganesha collage** is the beginning of his journey into the Art expression of ART IN EXILE.

2: **Nadakeshvara at Sumbal**, Kashmir, along with the Ganesha, affirms that Nandakeshvara is his Ishta devata. Nandakeshvara and Ganesha are placed within the Yantra of geometrical patterns, the essence symmetry, signifying universal balance, which is mystic thought in nature. Since both the deities are associated with red color. Hence more of redness is seen in that collage.

3: **Vitasta** -the Vyeth with multiple colours giving it the shape of the flowing river personifying the Vitasta as depicted in the Neelamata Purana. This reflects that the artist is missing the glory of Vitasta, because of his being in exile and has put the thoughts concentrated on the Vyeth, which is dear to every Kashmiri in exile.

4: **Predumna Shikhar painting**- describes various moods of the Chakreshvara, where the artist is more concerned about the Matrika Puja, instead of the Chakreshvara in graphics. He has beautifully crowned the Hillock adored it with crescent as the Pheran of the Kashmiri woman, where OM is within the lap. The crown is partly bright and partly dark. The AUM within the lap of the Sharika is Vedic in character and the celestial tree speaks of Kalpa Vriksha as the beauty of the Ganesha.

5: **Shri Sai Baba of Shirdi**-The colourful pink, yellow, green and sky blue colours from the theme of the painting with symmetrical mystic lines and irregular curves. Shri Sai Baba of Shirdi has been collaged above the Vedic Yantra. It suggests the influence of Shri Shirdi Baba in KP Diaspora.

6: **Shri Raginya Bhagwati at Tullamulla** This computer generated painting is the Shri Raginya Bhagwati at Tullamulla. It is sketch work of the artist presenting the inner sanctum Santorum in view along with the Surya Yantra and the Hexagonal - Shatkona. He has also drawn very artistically the trees around the Baltal area going to the Amarnath.

7: **Sharda within Yantra** painting represents the clear look of the Shyamala Sharada. It is all in symmetry and the Yantra is depicting the Mandala, the Kalasha is all eye captivating. He has drawn it according to the Sharada Stuti written by Adi Shankara.

8: **Kashmir concept of Yantras** is again the computer graphics, perfect in geometrical design.

The artist has given the Yagnya Mandapa a vibrant look has, which draws all the essentials of the Kashmiri Havans.

9: **Purusha Prakriti**— The artist has written the spiritual name in Chinese. The curves drawn are more Buddhist in theme. Why the artist has chosen to write in Chinese, is not clear to me.

10: **Shri Raginya Bhagawati in AUM** is the configuration of Shiva and Shakti; on the lotus with the figurative AUM. The color is mostly green representing the essentials of the sacred Kunda at Tullamulla—a devotional sentiment of the artist.

11: **Shiva at Kailasa Parvat** suggests the Kailasa is the abode of Shiva, where meditating Shiva on the Piapal leaf is in Yogi mood viewing his own words of Varna mala, which are in rotation as the AUM is in moving trends. The alphabets are not properly set, these are just in process.

12: **Bhagawan Gopinath in Samvit Shakti** has been collaged in his concept of Shiva and in the crown. He has collaged the Gopinath Bab in Yantra, below is the the Shloka of the Bhagawad Gita, which was very dear to the Bab Bhagwan. *Ashtadal Kamal* is the appropriate eight petalled Yantra—a section of the Shri Yantra, where Shiva and Shakti are in the form of Lingam and Bindu has been put as the nucleolus of the Painting. The Colour suggestion is quite attracting.

Julie Orsini of Florida USA, has been instrumental in Dr Raina’s art work, as mystic art is not a form of binding within the defined parameters of set rules. It is just like the free verse in literature. Some of his paintings have been published by the Sharada Publishing House, Delhi, in the Facets of Shri Chandi Nav Durga.

In essence, Dr Raina is more imaginative in his work. He has received the recognition for his artwork by the Vice-Provost of the Florida International University, for his art in the Diversity programs.

The judgment of Art is not a judgment of knowledge, and is consequently not scientific, but aesthetic. And talent is God’s given, perfection is person’s ability to personify. I fore see a lot more to come from Dr. C.L.Raina and wish him to concentrate more on the vigour of his own application. He may remain more precise on Yantra based paintings and maintain the absolute freedom of free form in calligraphic type of paintings.

His writings reflect resilience despite uprooting and turbulent mother land, Kashmir. Art in Exile is perhaps the out-come of this tragedy.

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अकेले कहां हो?



'अकेले हो तुम जीवन की इस यात्रा में
एकाकी हो, जीवन के संघर्ष में' -
यह सच्ची बात जिसने कही वह झूटा था।

यहां कोई अकेला नहीं है,
तुम भी नहीं हो।
तारों के झमघट को देखो,
फूलों के झुरमुट को देखो,
पक्षी समूह को देखो, समय के ऊहापूह को देखो -
कौन एकाकी है, कौन है अकेला ?

झीलों में सरसिज को देखो,
सागर में लहरों को देखो,
गोधन देखो, गजधन देखो,
पशुओं को भी वन वन देखो,
कौन अकेला है इस जग में ?
कौन एकाकी ?

तुम भी एकाकी नहीं हो,
जन समूह है संग तुम्हारे।
तुम्हारे मित्र हैं, सहयोगी,
बहुत से सहायक, सहकर्मी,
कई तेरे पालक कई तेरे रक्षक,
कई साथ संगी, कई यार तेरे
अकेले कहां हो ?

तू बालक था माता पिता ने सम्भाला,
बड़े भाईयों ने बहनों ने पाला।
बड़े तुम हुये और मिले दोस्त कितने।

गये पाठशाला गुरु ने पढाया।
हुये नवजवां तो मिले लोग कितने,
मुहल्ले में, घर में और दफ्तरों में।

जहां भी गया संग साथी मिले हैं,
अकेले कहां हो, कभी भी नहीं थे।
गृहस्थी में तुमको मिली भार्या भी,
बच्चे मिले वह भी प्यारे दुलारे।
सराबोर तुम भी हुये प्रेम रस में।

किये पुण्य उसमें भी साथी मिले हैं,
किये पाप उस में भी साथी मिले हैं।
दुखों में भी साथी, सुखों में भी साथी,
धर्म भी है साथी, कर्म भी है साथी।

अकेले कहां हो, कभी भी नहीं थे,
अकेले कहां हो ?



तोह्य छिवु पनुन्यन शुर्यन सुत्य
काँशिर्य पाँठ्य कथ करान?
हरगाह नु, राह कस छु? शुर्यन
किनु त्वहि?

हना सूचिव!!!

Staright from the Heart

J.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

ASTRANGE EXPERIENCE

Sometimes I go through strange experiences. If I am in a balcony and some birds are nearby chirping, I begin understanding their conversation. If I am in a garden I feel that the trees and other forms of vegetation are talking to me. If I am on the bank of a river the waves communicate with me. You will not believe it but it is true. I myself do not believe all this but only after the event. While I am in the company of these, everything is clear to me but as soon as I am on my own, it all baffles me as it does you. I do not blame you for treating all this as a figment of my imagination but please bear with me. Believe me as a gentleman that I am not selling pure fiction. I am narrating to you what all I usually go through while I am with these friends (as I like to call them).

I am reminded of a poem in Kashmiri written by that genius of a poet who was fondly called Master ji. A sparrow came and sat on the sill of his window, where he was seated with his eyes closed. As soon as he opened his eyes, the sparrow flew away. The sensitive poet was grieved; it touched his heart. At once he addressed a few verses to the little bird. He asked why it had flown away. He asked whether it did not like his eyes because it had flown as soon as he had opened his eyes. He lamented that men devoured their eggs and flesh because of which they were scared of humans. All the same the poet was in conversation with the bird.

So am I, not only with birds, with flowers and trees but also with other forms of nature. When I look to the tall poplar tree with its up-stretched branches I get an impression of a haughty arrogant person. I hear the tree tell me, 'be like me - headstrong and egoist. Walk with your head high and do not bend before any one. See, however strong and forceful the wind may be, I am shaken momentarily but not bent. I prefer to break than bend.' Then I turn to other side and see the mighty Chinar. It tells me, 'my dear! Be graceful like me. Help others. Give them shelter. Protect them from Sun and rain. Service rendered to others makes you gracious, magnanimous and splendid. It gives you prestige and makes your life purposeful and meaningful.' Likewise, when I come across a fruit tree laden with apples, pears, pomegranates or any other fruit, and approach it, the voice I hear says something like this, 'if you have some worth and are capable of yielding anything worthwhile, you have to be humble and

submissive. Humility is a virtue that makes you great, worthy and valuable.'

Many a time when I am in a flower garden, the tiny buds and enchanting flowers talk to me. Once I was brooding near a small flower plant. Suddenly a little bud spoke to me. It said, 'do you know what Josh, the famous Urdu poet asked me one day? He questioned my very existence, which aims at just a smile. I replied to his query by asking a counter question as to how many people are lucky enough to get even one smile in their lives. He had no answer.' Suddenly a flower resumed where the bud had left the conversation. It said, 'the bud is right. It is a bud only as long as it smiles. Once it smiles it becomes a full-fledged flower like me. We attract people by our beauty, patters on our petals, our multifarious hues and the scent that we emit. If you have to be a symbol of beauty, you must possess colours of virtue and fragrance of goodness.' Not that I am a silent listener. I also tell them what I feel. Sometimes I thank them for their advice but whether I am intelligible to them or not is not known. Even then I speak out my heart to them.

Once I told a mango tree, 'what use is your motto of service unto others? Are you not hurt when people climb on you and your delicate branches get broken? Do you not get bruised when people throw stones at you in order to have your fruit? Is it not humiliating when someone curses you finding your fruit tasteless or rotten?' the tree replied in its magnanimity, 'if you live only for yourself, your life is wasted. If you live for others as well, your life is virtuous. You should not bother about what others do or how others behave. You do what you feel is right and proper. Leave others free to decide for themselves what they consider right.' I was reminded of a saint who was offering his prayers on the bank of a river. He saw a scorpion drowning. He picked it on his palm. As soon as it was out of water it stung the palm of the saint with its pincers. The hand of the saint shook and the poisonous creature fell in the water and was about to get drowned. Again the saint picked it from the water and again it stung his hand. There was a tremour in his hand because of which the scorpion again slipped off. Again the saint



saved it from drowning. The saint was doing its duty and the cunning creature was at its dirty job, perhaps helpless because of his nature.

One day while I was on the balcony of my house, I was surrounded by a host of birds, small and big, of a variety of patterns and speaking in different tunes. A small budgerigar asked me in a sweet tone, 'may I sing for you?' I gave a nod. It sang a melodious tune. It lulled me to sleep and in my dream I saw the bird as a small fairy moving around me and singing a scintillating song. I was mesmerized. Suddenly another bird hopped near it and began scolding the poor bird, in these words, 'why do you sing for him? You know they are called human but in reality they are inhuman. They destroy our nests and eat our flesh and eggs.' The little parakeet sided with me and replied, 'do not blame them. Some of our ilk also pounce upon us, injure us and then devour our flesh. Moreover, this person is a poet and poets by nature are humane, kind and sensitive. They are sympathetic and are moved by the grief and suffering of others.' Then came a kite swooping and sat at the railing. It complained to me, 'Kashmiris would occasionally throw sinews of goat and sheep flesh up in the sky from the roof of their house for us to eat. We would hover around and dancing would jump at these meat pieces. These days they no longer feed us like that.' I told it, 'while you are right, you must realize that they have been uprooted from their hearth and home. It has become well nigh impossible for them to follow their traditional customs and continue with their habits.' The kite looked to the large black crow that was parching nearby and gave a look of appreciation. The birds also seem to understand human tragedies.

Many times I have had intimate conversations with the flowing waters and the waves of a river. I am very fond of sitting on the banks of a river for hours on end. On one such occasion I was sitting on the bank of a river. The water was flowing single-minded and making a sweet sound. Waves after waves were rising and then getting subsumed by the river. Small whirlpools were dancing and I was absorbed watching all this. Suddenly the water whispered to me, 'Do you observe me flowing unhindered without resting? You should emulate me in living your life. I try to flow within the parameters of my two banks. When I transgress these there is flood, inundation and destruction all round. Take a lesson from it and never overstep the norms and standards laid down by ethics and morality.' I was amazed to find how much there is to learn from this

mighty river. The whirlpools talked about turbulence and turmoil but the most profound lesson came from the waves. They taught me the secret of human existence that further strengthened my belief in non-dualism of Indian philosophy. One of them even explained the reality in plain words. 'Look at us,' it said, 'we are born of the waters of this river and we get merged in these waters. We are part of this whole although we appear to be distinct. Our ebb gives us a notion of being separate from the river but our flow shows us the reality of being part and parcel of the same river. We are witness to this phenomenon where one gives rise to many and many eventually become one.' I was reminded of these lines from the Upanishads, '*Poornam-adah poornam-idam poornat poornam-udachyate poornasya poornam-adaya poornam-eva-avashishyate* – Everything here is complete. Add complete to complete or subtract complete from complete, it still remains complete.' We have to know this whole, this perfect and this complete, of which we are a part. Or is it that we appear to be a part but in reality we are the whole, as explained by the wave?

श्रुख

...

नुंद यौश

अव्वल सुय आँखुर सुय
नदुबल वँसिथ मल काँसिव ।
दस गुल्य् गँडिथ तस कुन आँसिव
द्यव कुनि दोजखुनि नारु लँसिव ।।

★ ★ ★

अँग्न गगन ब्रमावी
जुय दूदुचि दारु आसन ।
जुय आँलिम बसावी
जुय नबस तारु आसन ।।

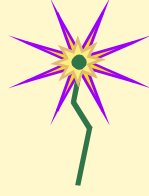
★ ★ ★

अँछन वुनज़ कनन ज़र गोम
ज़बॉन्व वर गोम दपस क्याँत्प ।
दारु सरायि दूदुर कर गोम
हायुक दर गोम लदस क्याँत्प ।।

★ ★ ★

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली

८



Daastaane Gul-e-Bakawali

8



Source: Nyamatullah Parray's 'Gule-Bakawali'
Compiled by Moh. Ahsan Ahsan and Gulam Hasan Taskeen.

(A publication of J&K Academy of
Art, Culture & Languages, Srinagar.)



**Condensed and re-written in
Standardised Devanagari-Kashmiri Script by
M.K.Raina**

दास्ताने गुले-बकावली - ८

द्यव छु शाहजादस शहरे रिजवान वातुनावान

द्यवन कोर आंकार। पनुन्य शानु दारिथ आव सु ब्रोंह कुन। दोपुनस, “दिल थव शाद। बु निमख यिम पनुन्यन चेश्मन मंज बरिथ।” हमालस आयि अश्य बुकु। तस ओस नु कोरि हुंद दूर गछुन बरदाश गछान। द्यव ओस शानु दारिथ प्रारान। हमालन तुल्य शाहजाद तु महमूद तु थैविन तस नखस प्यठ। दशवुन्य द्युतुन बोसु तु ख्दायस कुन कोरुन जारु पारु जि दश्वय वातुनाव्यजख पनुनिस मकामस प्यठ रुत्य पॉठ्य।

द्यवन कॅर परवाज तु द्राव हवुहक्य पॉठ्य। वति प्रुछ तॅम्य शाहजादस जि कोतथ छु वातुन। शाहजादन दोपुस जि असि छु शहरे रिजवान बीसवायि हुंदिस महलस प्यठ वातुन। जायि मकामस प्यठ वॉतिथ वॉल्य द्यवन तिम शानव प्यठ पथर। पतु कोरुन शाहजादस अर्ज जि मे गोछ सलामती हुंद रॅसीदु द्युन लीखीथ युथ बु वापस गॅछिथ हमालस हावु। शाहजादन वोनस हना सब्र कर, यीन्न जलदी क्याह छय च्ने वापस गछनुच ? द्यवन दोपुस मे आसि हमालु तति बेकरॉरी सान प्रारान।

यिम ऑस्य यिम कथय करान जि मॅहलु खानस अंदर गॅयि बीसवायि यिहुंजु कथु कनन। तमि पछॉन्य पनुनिस शाहजादु संज आवज। दारि किन्य त्रॉवन नजर तु अति वुछुन पनुन शाहजादु। यकदम तुजिन न्यबर कुन दव तु शाहजादु रोदुन नालुमति। बीसवायि लॉग्य शाहजादस सवाल करुन्य जि यीतिस कालस कति ओसुख तु यि सुत्य क्वसु छय ? शाहजादन वॅनिस सॉरुय दलील जि बु कोत कोत वोतुस, कति क्या सपद्यव तु महमूद किथु पॉठ्य आयि मे सुत्य। बीसवायि बूज सॉरुय दॅलील तु रॅटुन महमूद नालुमति। बीसवायि तु महमूदन ह्येन्न पानुवॅन्य कथ करुन्य तु अख अँकिस खॉर पाठ पृछुन।

हुपॉर्य गव द्यवस वापस गछुनस च्नेर। तॅम्य कोर बेयि शाहजादस अर्ज रजानामु लेखनु खॉतरु। शाहजादन ल्यूख रजानामु तु तथ मंज कोरुन हमालस मदथ करनु खॉतरु शुक्रिया अदा। द्यवन रोत काकुद अथस मंज तु त्रॉवन वुडव।

शाहजादु तु महमूद चायि बीसवायि सुत्य मॅहलु खानस अंदर। अँदरु कोर मॅहलु खानुक्यव ल्वकटचव बड्यव तिमन मुबारक। बीसवा ऑस्य शॉद्य मनावान जि तसुंद दिलबर आव सॅही सलामथ वापस। तमि द्युत शहरस मंज चिरागां करनुक होकुम तु सुती आव लॅजीज जि याफतन हुंद इन्तिजाम करनु। बीसवायि बुलोव साल कॅरिथ पनुन मोल तु तस सुत्य बॅड्य बॅड्य अँमीरो वॅजीर ति।

बीसवायि न्युव पनुन मोल अँकिथ कुन तु कोरुन तस अर्ज, “मे गोछ इजाजथ युथ बु च्ने कॅह वॅनिथ ह्यकुहॉय।” मॉल्य द्युतुस इजाजथ तु बीसवायि वॅनिस पनुन्य तु शाहजादु संज सॉरुय दॅलील। दोपुनस, “शाहजादु ओस मुल्के पॅरिस्तान गोमुत तु तति प्यठु जिंदु तु सॅही सलामथ वापस आमुत। असि ओस वादु कोरमुत जि युथुय सु पॅरिस्तानु प्यठु वापस यियि अदु करव अँस्य खांदर।” मॉल्य वोनुनस, “चु छक पानु म्वख्तार तु यि च्ने सूंचमुत छुय, ति छु मे मंजूर।”

बीसवा सपज शाद। हर खास व आमस आयि जि याफतु ख्यावनु। अमि पतु आयि शहरुकिस

कॉज़िस तु वेंकीलन समन सोज़नु। तिम आयि फोरन तु बीसवायि आव शाहज़ादस सुत्य निकाह परनु। प्रथ तरफु गव शोर 'मुबारख', 'मुबारख'। साज़-ओ-संतूरुच महफिल लॅज तु लुकन आयि कुस्मु कुस्मुच मय पेश करनु। सुबह फोल। पॅरिदव चॅरिदव ह्योत बोल बोश करुन तु यर्पोर्य कोर प्रथ कॉसि ख्वदायस कुन शुक्रानु अदा।

शाहज़ाद ताज-उल-मलूक सपुद पादशाहस याने बीसवायि हुंदिस मॉलिस निशि हॉज़िर। अर्ज़ कोरुनस, "हे शहनशाह! मे गव अख मुदथाह अख गरि द्रामतिस। म्योन मोल छु शहनशाहे पूरब तु नाव छुस ज़ैन-उल-मलूक। सु छु स्यठाह बजरु वोल। तस आसि म्योन स्यठाह फेरान तु मे ति छु तसुंद स्यठाह लोल आमुत। अगर तुहुंद इजाज़थ आसि तु तोह्य मे खुशी सान वखसथ दियिव, बु सपदुहा पनुन्य रॅफीक ह्यथ गरु कुन रवानु।"

पादशाहन दोपुस, "मे छुनु तुहुंदिस गरु गछुनस प्यठ कांह ओज़ुर। म्यॉन्य किन्य छे यि मुबारकच कथ। मगर तोह्य छिव ओरु ति सफर कॅरिथ आमुत्य तु बेयि छुव सफरस नेरुन, योदवय जु च़ोर दूह असि निशि बिहिथ आराम कॅर्यहिव, ति रोज़िहे जान।" शाहज़ादन कोर अँकिस हफतस शाहे रिज़वानु सुंदिस मुल्कस मंज़ रोज़नस आंकार। यीतिस कालस कोर पादशाहन यिहुँदि सफरुक पूर इन्तिज़ाम। जहाज़न मंज़ आव माल व असबाब बरनु। शाहज़ादन यि कॅछा माल व गंज ज़्यूनमुत ओस, ति सोरुय ति आव जहाज़न मंज़ बरनु।

शाहज़ादन वोन बीसवायि, "चे यिम पूरबुक्य तु पछिमुक्य शाहज़ादु काँद छिथख वॅरिमुत्य, बु छुसय तिहुँजि आज़ादी हुँदि खॉतरु गुज़ारिश करान। आज़ाद करनु ब्रोंठ करतख तिम दरबारस मंज़ हॉज़िर तु फेक्यन प्यठ त्रावतख ग्वलॉमी हुँद दाग।" बीसवायि ज़ोन यि शाहज़ादु सुंद होकुम तु होकुमस आयि तॉमील करनु। शाहज़ादन आयि फेक्यन प्यठ ग्वलॉमी हुँद दाग त्रावनु तु तमि पतु आयि तिम स्यठाह म्वहरु तु द्यार दिथ रिहा करनु।

येलि नेरनुक दूह वोत, शाहज़ादन बॅर्य महमूद तु बीसवा जहाज़स मंज़। हॉज़स द्युतुन होकुम जि जहाज़ रॅटिचज़ि पूरब पछिम बंदरगाहस निशि यीतिस कालस बु वातु। शाहज़ादु द्राव पानु ख्वशकी हुँजि वति बायन छांडनि। वति वति रूद सु बायन हुँद पय पताह कडान तु पकान। वातान वातान वोत अँकिस जायि तु अति वुछिन पनुन्य बाँय। तिम सपदेयि ताज-उल-मलूकस वुछिथ ख्वश। दोपुहस च़ु वन साँ पनुन्य दॅलीलाह, च़ु कति ओसुख तु कर्पोर्य आख। ताज-उल-मलूक ओस साफ दिलु। दोपुनख, "येलि त्वहि बीसवायि निशी हूरुव तु तमि तोह्य काँद कॅरिनव, मे सपुद ज़बरदस्त सदमु। मे ग्युंद पानु तस सुत्य नरदस तु ज़्यूनमु।" अमि पतु बोज़नॉव शाहज़ादन तिमन पनुन्य साँरुय दॅलील जि तस प्यठ क्या क्या गुदर्यव, तु तॅम्य किथु पाँठ्य ओन गुले बकावली हॉसिल कॅरिथ।

बायन आव नु ताज-उल-मलूक संज़ि दॅलीलि प्यठ यकीन कॅह। दोपुहस, "सु कुस अखाह छु अज़ ताम पॅरिस्तान ताम वोतमुत? असि किथुकॅन्य बिहि चानि कथि प्यठ यकीन। हरगाह च़ु पॅज़्यपाँठ्य तोर वोतुख, असि हाव सु गुले बकावली युस च़े तोरु ओनुथ।" ताज-उल-मलूकस आव तॉश। तॅम्य कोड गुल न्यबर, युस तॅम्य च़ूरि ओस थोवमुत, तु होवनख। तिमन आव नु यकीन कॅह जि यि क्या छु सुय गुले

बकावली येमि सुत्य अँछन गाश यिवान छु। तिमव दोपुहस यथ पेयि अजमॉयिश करुन्य। अख ओनाह ओनुख कति ताम रँटिथ। तस डोलुख अँछन सु पोश। अँनिस आव अँछन गाश तु सीरस गव फाश। बायव दोपुहस यि पोश थव व्वन्य असी अथि, तिक्याजि अँस्य अँस्य अमी खॉतरु गरि द्रामुत्य। ताज-उल-मलूकन मोनुख नु पोश द्युन केंह। तिमव कँर कुनी कथ तु द्युतुख तस मार। ताज-उल-मलूक आव पथर लायिनु तु हुम चोर चँल्य पोश ह्यथ।

ताज-उल-मलूकस येलि होश आव, तँम्य वुछ बाँय पोश ह्यथ चँल्यमुत्य। तँम्य कोर ख्वदायस कुन रजूह तु वोननस, “ऐ परवरदिगारु! च्ने छय सॉरुय खबर तु प्रथ राजस छुख वॉकुफ। च्नु कँर्यजि पानय यिहँदिस सिरस फाश तु पज़र पँज़रॉव्यजि।”

वुछतु तँम्य ताज-उल-मलूकन क्याह कोरुन बायन पतु
अज गदॉरी लूठ कोरुहस, बाज तस लायख लतु
तँम्य जवान मर्दन कोरुख नु केंह, पोरुन हम्द-ओ-सना
बोय बायन पुशत पनाह तय बाँय बाँयिस दुश्मनाह

बायन हुंद पनुनिस मुल्कस मंज वापस वातुन

हुपॉर्य द्रायि ताज-उल-मलूकन्य बाँय गुले-बकावली ह्यथ तु सपुद्य पनुनिस शहरस कुन रवानु। शहरस नँजदीख वॉतिथ ओन तिमव अख जवानाह नाद दिथ। तस द्युतुख बादशाहस क्युत अख र्वकु लीखिथ तु सु कोरुख शहरे पूरबस कुन रवानु। पानु अँस्य स्यठाह थँक्यमुत्य तु सूद्युख ग्वडु करव रछाह आराम तु पतु पकव ब्रॉह कुन।

जवान वोत बादशाह सुंदिस महल खानस मंज। दरबानव येलि बूज जि तँम्य छु पादशाहस खॉतरु शाहजादन हुंद र्वकु ओनमुत, तिम सपुद्य ख्वश। शाहजादु आव पादशाहस निश वातुनावनु। पादशाहस आयि नु पछ जि शाहजादु छि सँही सलामथ तु बेयि छुख र्वकु सूजमुत। तँम्य वोन जवानस र्वकु पँरिथ बोजुनावुन। जवानन लोग परुन। शाहजादव ओस ल्यूखमुत जि तिम सपदेयि गुले बकावली हॉसिल करनस मंज कामयाब तु दूहस दून दूहन ताम वातन तिम शहरस मंज।

पादशाहस आयि नु पछ। तँम्य द्युत दरबानन होकिम जि अख पालकी तयार कँरिथ गछि शाहजादन बुथि यिन्य सोजनु युथ तिम तँथ्य मंज बिहिथ वापस यिन। होकुमस सपुज तॉमील। पालकी आयि शाहजादन निशि सोजनु तु तिम सपुद्य तथ मंज बिहिथ शहर कुन रवानु। शहरस नजदीख वातानुय वुछ तिमव लूख ‘मुबारख’ ‘मुबारख’ नारु दिवान दिवान तिहँदिस इस्तेकबालस दवान। पादशाह ति वुछुख दवान तु दोरान। यिथुय तिमव मोल बुथि वुछ, तिम वँथ्य पालकी मंजु ब्वन तु लारेयि तस कुन। मॉल्य रँट्य तिम नालुमति। शाहजादव कोड गुले-बकावली न्यबर तु डोलुहस अँछन। यकदम आव पादशाहस अँछन गाश। तँम्य कँर तिहँजि दराज उमरी तु सलामती हुंज दुआ।

(ब्रॉह कुन जॉरी)

सिलसिलवार - क्याह क्याह वनु?

म.क.रैना

पँत्युम बाज़



तिमन ओसुख नाव कोरमुत 'शुच'। तिमन मंज़ युस सारिवुय खोतु बोड ओस तस ओस नाव लालजी। सु ओस च्वदाह वुहर। शेनुवय ऑस्य सॉनिस महलस नँजदीखुय मनियार मँहलस मंज़ अँकिसुय जायि रोज़ान।

'शुच' ऑस तिमन र्यछ। यि र्यछ ऑस नु तिमन हुट मुटय आमच़ थवनु कैह। समु काकन ऑस यि र्यछ तिमन बडु सूंचिथ समजिथ तु तिहँदि वँतीरुक संजीदु मुशाँहिदु वँरिथ थँवमुच़। समु काख ओस अमी मँहलुक अख रिटायर गोमुत पुलसु अफसर। तसुंद वनुन ओस ज़ि अमि शुचि छि अख अँकिस सुत्य जादु वख्तस लरि लोर रोज़नक्य तमाम रिकार्ड फुटरॉव्यमुत्य।

हरगाह पोज़ बूज़िव, ऑठ वँरी ब्रॉठ यनु यिम लँडकु नँजदीखुकिस प्राइमरी स्कूलस मंज़ दॉखुल आयि करनु, तनु वोत तिमन यिकुवटय व्वथान ब्यहान। मँहलस मंज़ बाग ओस अख बोड शाह तुल कुल। अँथ्य तुल कुलिस तल कनि ओस तिहुंद माठ। यि माठ ओस तिमव डुविथ शीरिथ साफ सुथरु बनोवमुत तु रूदु शीनु मूसिमु वरॉय ऑस्य तिम सॉरी प्रथ सातु अती ब्यहान। अँती ऑस्य तिम स्कूलच कॉम ति करान, बहस मुबाहसु ति करान, सॉलस गछनुक प्रोग्राम बनावान तु कुलिस प्यठ खँसिथ शाह तुल्य ति ख्यवान। शाह तुल्य ख्यनु खॉतरु ऑस तिमव सारिवुय पनुन्य पनुन्य लँड रँटमुच़। अमि कुलिक्यन शाह तुल्यन प्यठ ओस तिहुंदुय योत हक, यि हावनु म्वखु ओस तिमव कुलिस प्यठ श्रापकुचि सुत्य पनुन नाव लीखिथ थोवमुत। शीन प्यनु वख्तु ऑस्य तिम अख मोट तु द्रोत शीनु मोहन्युव बनावान तु तस ऑस्य अँथ्य कुलिस तल अँकिस खास जायि बेहनावान। तसुंद कलु तु नरि ज़ंगु ति ऑस्य शीनुवुय बनाँविथ तस लागान। लँडुकन मंज़ ओस सारिवुय खोतु ल्वकुट लँडकु राम जी। तसुंज कॉम ऑस अमिस शीनु मोहनिविस चुनि फलि सुत्य कन, अँछ, नस तु ऑस बनावुन। शीनु मोहनिविस ब्रॉठ कनि ऑस यिवान अख प्रॉन्य कांगुर थवनु, येमि सुत्य तस बदलुय हयथ ऑस गछान। लँडुकन हुँदि बदलु ओस योहय शीनु

मोहन्युव सॉतस ताम तीतिस कालस तथ कुलिस तल रोज़ान, यीतिस कालस सु सॉतु वावु सुत्य व्यगुलान तु म्वकुलान ओस।

लँडुकन हुंज़ यि कारवॉयी रूज़ तोताम बराबर चलान योताम दिलि हुंघ अँक्य ऑशुनाव लँडुकन लाल जीयस अख ट्रांसिस्टर रेडियो द्युत अँनिथ। सुती वोनूनस ज़ि जल्दुय छु इंगलेंडस मंज़ हिंदोस्तानस तु इंगलेंडस दरमियान किरकटुच पूर सिरीज़ सपदन वाजेन्य, तु तिमन किरकट मैचन हुंज़ कामेंट्री यियि सेदि स्योद अथ रेडियोहस प्यठ। बस, अमि कथि पतु बदल्यव त्युहुंद तोर तँरीकय।

तिछ कथ ऑस नु कैह ज़ि तिमव क्या ओस नु अमि ब्रॉठ रेडियो वुछमुत या बूज़मुत। पज़र गव यि ज़ि तिमव मंज़ ऑस्य दून लडुकन गरन मंज़ ति रेडियो, मगर रेडियो आसुन न आसुन ऑस तिहुँदि खॉतरु हिशी कथाह। तिहुँघ मोल मॉज ऑस्य सिर्फ़ खबरु बोज़नु खॉतरुय योत रेडियो त्रावान, तिव्याज़ि किरकटस विरकटस सुत्य ऑस नु तिमन कांह दिलचस्पी। यि ट्रांसिस्टर यिनु सुत्य सपदेयि तिहुँदि मनुच मुराद पूर। व्वन्य ह्यकहन तिम कुनि ति वख्तु पनुनि मरज़ी हुंद प्रोग्राम बिला रोक टोक बूज़िथ।

लाल जियस हुरेयि कॉम। सु लोग व्वन्य किरकट मैचन मुतलिक ज़ानकॉरी जमाह करनि। अमि खॉतरु पेयि तस अख नँव कापी अनुन्य, यथ मंज़ तँम्य तमाम ज़ानकॉरी लीखिथ थँव युथ ज़न वख्तु विज़ि छांडुनस मंज़ कांह मुशिकल यियि नु। इंडिया-इंगलैंड सिरीज़ शुरू गछनु ब्रॉटुय थोव तँम्य बुथि अँकिस वँरियस सपदन वाल्यन मैचन हुंद पूर हिसाब किताब लीखिथ। सु ओस व्वन्य विज़ि विज़ि माठु प्यठु गॉर हॉज़िर रोज़ान, मगर यि ऑस नु कांह परेशॉनी हुंज़ कथ। सारिन्य ऑस पताह ज़ि सु छु 'कामि' लँगिथ।

लँडुकव मंज़ ओस नु काँसि ति अमि ब्रॉठ किरकट गिंदुमुत या किरकट मैच वुछमुत। मगर तिमव ओस अथ मुतलिक स्कूलक्यन बड्यन लँडुकन निश स्यटाह बूज़मुत। लाल जियिन्य ऑशुनाव लँडुकन ओस तिमन वोनमुत ज़ि यि खेल गिंदुन्य छी तीच सख ज़ि बँड्य बँड्य ताकतवर मुल्क मसलन अफ्रीका, रूस तु जापान ति छि यि गिंदुनस खोचान।

मगर अमि सुत्य पेयि नु लॅडुकन हुंदिस शोकस कांह फख्र ।
तिम साँरी रूद्य इंडिया-इंगलैंड सिरीज़ि हुंद ग्वडन्युक मैच
शुरू गछुनस बे-सब्री सान प्रारान ।

मैच गव शुरू तु पॅज्य पाँठय आयि अमिच कामेंट्री
ट्रांसिस्टर रेडियोहस प्यठ । ग्वडु ग्वडु आयि नु लॅडुकन वारियाह
लफ़्ज समजुय, मगर पाँचि दोही गॅयि तिम अथ बोलि मंज
मॉहिर । मैचस दोरान ऑस्य तिम न्यसुब रातन ताम तुलु
कुलिस तलय ब्यहान तु कामेंट्री बोजान । कुनि कुनि सातु
ऑसिख गरिक्य छांडान छांडान वातान तु बेजती कॅरिथ गर
वापस निवान तु बतु ख्यावान ।

लाल जियस बडेयि जादय पहान जिमुवॉरी । ज्युठ आसनु
सबु ओस यि ज़रूरी जि तस आसि किरकटस मुतलिक पूर
जान । अमि किन्य ओस सु पनुन्यन जिठ्यन तु वसतादन
द्वहय कुसमु कुसमुक्य सवाल पृछान तु तिमन हुंद्य जवाब
मंगान । यिमय जवाब ओस सु पनुन्यन साँथियन ताम ति
वातुनावान । तिमन प्यठ पनुन रोब त्रावनु खॉतरु ओस सु
पनुनि तरफु ति कॅह नतु कॅह तबसरु करान, येमि सुत्य यि
फिकरी तरिहे जि तस क्या हेचुन व्वन्य किरकटुच पूर
वाक्फियथ सपदुन्य । ग्वडन्युकुय मैच खत्म गछुनस ताम गॅयि
लॅडुकन स्यठाह जान, कम अज़ कम तिम ऑस्य यी साँचान ।

पांचन मैचन हुंज सिरीज़ खत्म गॅछिथ गॅयि लॅडुकु
किरकटस मुतलिक स्यठाह वॉकुफ । तिमन ऑस व्वन्य
अमिक्थन काँयिदन हुंज ति वाक्फियथ । कुनि कुनि सातु
ऑस्य तिम कामेंट्रेटरु सुंदिस तबसरस प्यठ ति तबसरु करान
तु पनुन अलग फॉसलु दिवान । ‘बस, व्वन्य छि अँस्य पूर
पाँठ्य किरकट गिंदनस काँबिल’, यि सूंच तिमव । ‘हरगाह
मॅहलुच कांह ति टीम असि सुत्य व्वन्य मैच येछि गिंदुन,
अँस्य छि तयार’, वोन लाल जियन साफ साफ । बाकुयव
लॅडुकव कोर चरि पोप ।

टीम बनावनु खॉतरु ऑस्य काह बाँज बकार, तिम
ऑस्य शेय । मगर अमि सुत्य सपुद नु तिमन कांह मुश्किल ।
युस कँड्य तारि वोल प्लाट ओड मील दूर ओस तु युस हाल
हालय तिहुंद्य अँक्य हमसायन पनुन मकानु बनावनु बापथ
मॅल्य ओस ह्योतमुत, ओस ल्वकटुय तु तथ मंज हेकुहन नु
काह बाँज अकी सातु कॅह गिंदिथ । बेयि सूंच तिमव यि जि
हरगाह ज़रूरथ पेयि, तमाशु वुछन वाल्यव मंजु ति ह्यकोख
कॅह लॅडुकु फील्डिंग करनु खॉतरु तुलिथ । योताम बैटिंग

करनुक सवाल ओस, तमि वख्तु गिंदन तिमव मंजु पाँछ बाँज
द्वयि द्वयि लटि, यि न्युव तिमव फॉसलु कॅरिथ ।

अकि दूह रुत साथ वुछिथ कोर लॅडुकव पनुनि टीमुक
ऐलान । तिमव करि तुलु लोरि च्वम्बरु जमाह, यिमु जन विक्टन
हुंज काँम दिहँन, त्रे बैटिंग तरफु तु अख बालिंग तरफु ।
बाज़रु ओस नोव बैट मेलान दँहन र्वपयन । सु ह्यनस ऑस नु
तिमन सूरथ कॅह । सारिन्य लॅडुकन हुंद चंदु खर्च जमाह
कॅरिथ तु ओरु योर छाँड दिथ समेयि तिमन चोर र्वपयि ।
लाल जी, युस ज्युठ आसनु सबु बिला शक कैप्टन बनन
वोल ओस, गव गरु तु तति अँनिन चॉरिथ अख अस्ल पहान
वीरि जिन्थ हँट । यि जिन्थ हँट आयि अँकिस छानस हवालु
करनु येम्य अथ जान स्वंदर बैट बनाँविथ द्युत । छानस लँज
पताह जि लॅडुकन निश छुन चोरि र्वपयि अलावु किहिन्य,
तँम्य कॅर नु ज़ोर ज़बरदस्ती कॅह । पुशनय द्युतुनख अख
हचुव बीरु मुफ्त । लॅडुकु गॅयि ख्वश । व्वन्य बास्यव तिमन
पॅज्य पाँठ्य जि तिम हेकन कुनि ति टीमस चलेंज कॅरिथ ।
मगर लाल जियस आव क्याहताम खयाल । तँम्य दोप जि
बेयिस चलेंज दिनु ब्रॉठ पज़ि असि दून त्रेन दूहन ग्वडु प्रेक्टिस
करनुय ।

बेयि आथवारि वॉत्य तिम सोरुय सामानु ह्यथ ‘प्ले
ग्राउंड ।’ मॅहलु मंजु तुलिख ल्वकटुच शुर्ष बाह मरु ति सुत्य,
युथ तिम गिंदनु वख्तु चरि पोप करन । बैटिंग करनु बापथ
आयि चीरि त्रावनु । लाल जियस आव बैटिंग करनुस ग्वडन्युक
नम्बर । सु गव ख्वश । कुंदनु, यस पोतुस बैटिंग ऑस करनुय,
द्राव बालिंग करनि । कैप्टन आसनु किन्य दित्य लाल जियन
कुंदनुस कॅह रुत्य मशवरु । ‘फास्ट बाल किथु कँन्य छि लायिन्य
तु सपिन बाल किथु कँन्यु ।’ कुंदनुन कॅर यि बूजिथुय कलस
ज़ीर, मतलब मे छु सोरुय फिकरी तरान ।

लाल जी वोट बैटिंग करनु बापथ क्रीज़स प्यठ । अँद्य
पँख्य कॅरुन तिथु पाँठ्य नज़राह जन तु सु कांह बोड बारु
बैटस मैन ओस । ओवरुच ग्वडुनिच बाल रटनु ब्रॉठ कॅर
लाल जियन गुज़ॉरिश जि तस गछि ग्वडु अख ट्रायल बाल
यिन्य लायिनु । सु गव व्वन्य बाल रटनु खॉतरु तयार तु
कोरुन कुंदनुस इशारु । कुंदनुन लॉय फास्ट बाल, मगर तथ
लोग लाल जियस ताम वातनुस कॅह वख । लाल जियन कोड
तथ कुनुय टास मगर बाल वॉच नु बालरु सँजि जायि ताम ति
बराबर । शुर्षव कोर चरि पोप ।

व्वन्य वोत वख ओवरुच ग्वडनिच असली बाल लायिनस। कुंदनु आव दूरि प्यठु दोरान दोरान तु लॉयिन बाल। लाल जी द्राव अख कदम ब्रॉठ युथ ज़न येमि लटि ज़्यादु ताकतु सुत्य हिट मारिहे। मगर ति करनु ब्रॉठुय गव सु आउट। तसुंद मँज़िम विकेट ओस ज़ु गज़ दूर प्यथ मेचि लार्योमुत। लाल जियुन बैट रुद हवहस मंज़ुय। शुर्यव कोर बेयि चरि पोप। लाल जी ओस बुत ह्यु खडा। बुथ गोस व्वजुल नार।

अमि पतु ऑस मखनुन्य वॉर्य। सु ओस लाल जियस ज़ु वॅरी ल्वकुट मगर ओस सेहत जान। कुंदनु ओस पनुनिस अथस मंज़ बाल नचुनावान। चूकि ग्वडनिच बाल ऑस तँम्य पनुनि हिसाबु फास्ट लॉयिमुच, येमि लटि सूंच तँम्य सुपिन बाल लायिन्य। युथुय तँम्य यि सुपिन बाल लॉय, हालांकि सुपिन वुपिन ऑस नु स्व कैह ति, मखनु पोक अख रछाह खोवुर कुन तु कोडुन बालि हवहस मंज़ कुनुय टास। बाल वॉच अस्मानस ताम तु चायि शीशु फुटरॉविथ अँकिस बंगलुकिस हेरिमिस पोरस अंदर। शीशु प्यव दर दर करान वँसिथ। मखनुनस गव फ्रठ। अख टिनि कलु द्राव दारि किन्य तु दिचुन क्रख। अँछ आसस शरारतु सुत्य नार हिशि गॉमचु। अमि ब्रॉठ ज़ि लँडुकन तरिहे वारु फिकरी ज़ि क्या सपुद, बंगलु मंज़ु आव दोरान दोरान अख मोहन्युव तु रँटुन मखनुनस गरदन। अमि पतय आव टिनि कलु बीरु ह्यथ अथस क्यथ। तस ऑस सफेद वँमीज़ चायि सुत्य बरनु आमचु। तँम्य त्रॉव मखनुनस कुनी थापुर। मखनु प्यव पथर। टिनि कलु ओस ज़न पागल गोमुत। तँम्य त्रॉव्य मखनुनस बिरयानु वँरिथ। टीमुक लीडर आसनु किन्य प्यव लाल जियस ब्रॉठ कुन युन। तँम्य वँर टिनि कलस गुज़ॉरिश, मगर तस लॉय मोहन्युव दुदरु चपाथ। यि वुछिथ खोत कुंदनुनस ज़हर। सु आव दोरान दोरान तु रोडुन मोहन्युविस अथु। टिनि कलु आव तु लॉयिन कुंदनुनस लथ। सु आव दूर लायनु। शुर्य ऑस्य दूरि बिहिथ यि सोरुय वुछान तु वदान। सुती ऑस्य तिम टिनि कलस तु तसुंदिस मोहन्युविस वोहव ति कडान। टिनि कलन वँर मखनुनस तु लाल जियस थफ तु छुनु तिमन त्रावानुय। दोपुनख ग्वडु दिथिव दून शीशु पट्यन, अकि चीनी मेचि हुंदि कपक्य तु वँमीज़ छलनुक्य पाँसु, अदु त्रावोवु। यि ओस कुल ऑठ वपयि वातान। लँडुकन ओस नु चंदस किहिन्य तु टिनि कलु ओस नु तिमन त्रावनु खॉतरु तयारुय। वति ओस अख नफर

पकान। सु चाव मंज़ु। तँम्य वँर टिनि कलस गुज़ॉरिश ज़ि कुमथ कर रछाह कम। टिनि कलस आव आर। दोपुनस अछा ज़ु वपयि त्रावु। मगर लँडुकु ऑस्य चंदु खॉली। वति पकवुन्य वँर अख सँबील। लँडुकन दोपुन बैट तु बीरु त्रावुन, यिमन हुंद कुल कुमथ लँडुकन हुंदि वननु मुतॉबिक चोर वपयि ओस। लँडुकु ऑस्य व्वन्य वदुन ह्यवान। टिनि कलस तोर फिकरी ज़ि तिमन छिनु पाँसु कैह। तस आव बेयि हना आर। तँम्य त्रॉव्य तिम अथ शर्तस प्यठ ज़ि पगाह वातुनावन तिम तस निश बाक्य पाँसु।

टिनि कलु द्राव पनुन मोहन्युव ह्यथ वापस। वति पकन वोल ति द्राव। लँडुकु ति द्रायि लॉन बनाँविथ पनुन गरु कुन। लाल जी ओस लॉनि बुथि तु शुर्य लॉनि पतु। सारिन्य ओस कलु ब्वन कुन। लाल जी, मखनु तु कुंदनु ऑस्य वुनि पानस फश फश दिवान तु दग शेहलावान। वापसी प्यठ ओस नु सुत्य तुलुन लायख सामानु कैह। विक्यट आयि प्लाटस मंज़ुय त्रावनु युथ ज़न सनद रोज़ि ज़ि लँडुकव छु तथ माँदानस मंज़ ग्युंदमुत। तिमव कोर फॉसलु ज़ि अमि वाकहुच कथ वनन नु तिम मँहलस मंज़ काँसि ति। शुर्यन ति थोवुख ठाख वँरिथ।

लँडुकन हुंद किरकट गिंदुनुक खाब रुद खाबुय। दोयिमि द्रह ख्यव तिमव सारिवुय कसम ज़ि तिम गिंदन नु किरकट ज़ांह ति। यि सूंचिथ ज़ि कामेट्री बोज़ान बोज़ान मा तंबलि तिमन दिल, तिमव वोल ट्रांसिस्टर रेडियो अँकिस पलुवस तु थोवुख अँकिस बँडिस संदूकस मंज़ प्रान्यन किताबन तलु कनि चूरि। युतुय योत नु कैह, बुथि अँकिस वँरियस ताम द्रायी नु लँडुकु तमि बंगलु ब्रूह्य किन्य, अमि म्वखु ज़ि टिनि कलु मा रटि तु मंगि बाक्य पाँसु। हालांकि स्कूल वातनु खॉतरु ओस तिमन बेयि ज़ेछि वति किन्य प्यवान युन।

योताम ज़न तुलु कुलिस तल तिहुंजि जायि हुंद सवाल ओस, स्व रूज़ तमि पतु खॉली। लँडुकु ऑस्य खोचान ज़ि यिनु तथ जायि बिहिथ टिनि कलस नज़र पेयि तु रटि। अमि पतु आव वंद तु शीनु त्रटु पेयि। मगर येमि लटि ओस नु शीनु मोहन्युव कुनी। अँद्य पँख्य ओस सॉरिसुय शिशुर लोगमुत। तुलु कुल्य लंजि आसु ब्वन कुन नँमिथ तु तमिक्वव पनु वँथुरव प्यठु ऑस्य पां फेर्य पशपान। शायद आसुहन तिम लँडुकन हुंदिस व्वजारु गछुनस प्यठ मातम करान तु वदान।

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Your Own Page

ART IN EXILE

COLLAGED PAINTING No: 15

Title of the Painting:

Bhagwan Gopinath Ji in Mandala

Bhagawan Gopinath Ji is the Saint Extra-ordinary , who lived the traditional Kashmiri life style. He happened to be a great Yogi and a Shakti worshipper. Shakti is revered in the Yantras according to the Kashmir Agamas. This Mandala is the combination of the "Matrika Chakra" and the Yogini Chakra. I have tried to collage a **YANTRA**, in which the Great Saint of KASHMIR is shown in the trance. It is said to be the **NIMESHA** within **UNMESHA**.

His great quote is **SEZAR—PAZAR—SHVAZAR**, and that has been reflected in the colors of the painting.



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FLUTE

Child Artiste: Vitasta Raina

Vitasta Raina, born after KP migratio, had the tendency to play with colours from her childhood. She has been making the portrait paintings with water colours. Her theme of painting is the village life. She has painted the Nandakeshvara at Sumbal, Sai Baba of Shirdi along with other deities, like Ganesha, Shiva. She also took a painting class at Children's Camp, Recreation Deptt at Florida International University, USA in 2005, when both of her parents were doing Post Doctoral Research at FIU. Presently, she is reading in Sophia School, Ajmer, Rajasthan.

