



मिर्लुचर  
MILCHAR

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### **Between Ourselves**

Namaskar.

### **Kashmir Cauldron**

By the time this piece appears in Milchar, Kashmir Political cauldron which has again been on the simmer for the past two months or so now, may have reached the full boil point. All these six weeks or so many a political parties moved by their own agenda/considerations/compulsions have tried to put their ingredients in the cauldron and wish the cauldron to throw up a dish which even though unpalatable to their palate may appear delectable to the eyes of the public



◆ Like, the Hurriyat, while offering a fresh proposal on Kashmir, which laid emphasis on their leaders visiting POK to convince the militants leaders there about the cessation of militancy for the peace in the valley, added for garnishing sake that Kashmiri Pandits shall have to return.

◆ Like, Omar Farooq on his coronation while enunciating the priorities for the state as the new President of National conference harped the tune of autonomy which he said the present government in Delhi may not concede to but any future government shall have to grant it to J&K, tagging for the sake of public consumption that Kashmir Pandits shall have to return to the valley with honour and dignity.

◆ Like, Mr. Bhat President Jamat-e-Islami completely disassociated himself with their often quoted maxim - "accession to Pakistan". he even went to the extent of saying the word Pakistan doesn't appear in their constitution - a volte-face. He even said that whatever views have been pronounced on this issue so far have been personal views of Mr. Gheelani - Jamat doesn't subscribe to it.

◆ Like, for the first time VHP & RSS have adopted resolutions on Kashmir policy and shown keen interest in the plight of Kashmiri Pandits, as if, suddenly waking up after slumber of 12 years suggesting quadruplicating or Triplicating the J&K state. A position in the valley for Kashmiri Pandits was emphatically made out. The statement was lapped

up within minutes by the Chairman of Panun Kashmir Dr. Ajay Chrangu. The proposals, as was expected, have since been rejected by the BJP and the other leftist parties.

◆ Like, Sajad Lone, the son of deceased Ab. Gani Lone addressing a sizeable gathering at Kupwara, his home town on the 'Chelum' of his father made two relevant points - one that Hurriyat leaders are not people's representatives. Second, if they do not remove hindrances in normalising situation in the valley, the people could remove them from their respectable places and disgrace them. The important thing however, was slogans. 'Hindu-Muslim Itihad Zindabad' speaks a lot for the times to come.

◆ Like, there is thinking in Delhi that elections in J&K state may be held in March 2003, so that when Dr. Farooq's term, ends in October -beyond that date the state could be put under Presidents rule and free and fair elections ensured.

So you see, a lot is cooking in Kashmir cauldron, but, 'Between Ourselves' Kashmiri Pandits Community shall be talked about, tossed in resolutions, but nothing tangible shall fall into our plate - our thirst shall remain unquenched, for realms best known to our leaders.

**J. L. Manwati**

*President*



## From the Editor's Desk

### **Excellence is all**



This issue of Milchar makes a proud mention of Achin Kaul, achieving place of honour in Maharashtra Board examination. Also mentioned is the selection of first ever KP girl Sharmishta Kaul, to the coveted IAS. These are some examples of our youngsters achieving laurels in various fields and disciplines, which may not always find mention in our organs. But they are equally important and significant. They testify that it is within us to stand ahead and be noticed. It may sound chauvinistic but I will not hesitate to say there is something special in us which makes us shine. Shine we will, if we rub off the rust which covers the genuine mettle within.

This issue also contains the obituary reference to two other great personalities, Shri Sham Lal Shakhder and Dr. M.L.Dhar. They have done the community proud in their own field. They have done so with humble origins, working hard up the line, with no special facilities or patronage available to them. They achieved what they did on the basis of their grit and intelligence. There are many who have gone past amongst us, who have done it. Others are even at this time making the grade. They all go to prove 'we can'.

I would go a step further and say this very quality of excellence is our salvation. Politics may use us, but will not save us. Politics is finally a game of numbers in which we will always be losers. Fairness of our demand and whatever we have in support of our cause, will be overlooked. Few words of sympathy but no urge to help us, will welcome us. What can help us, is our own capacity and attainment. This is the age of knowledge power. If we ride the crest of this wave, we may share power - but never a political power. Let us distinguish ourselves by our achievements.

I am proud of the achievements of our youngsters who point that it is within us to lead the knowledge pack. Mr. Pradip Kar - Microland, may be a more known example. Thanks to the state of Maharashtra, our boys and girls have got a kick start into professional courses, from which we were being biased in home - Kashmir. It has opened the flood gates of our creativity. Except for few exception, our youngsters have generally done well. No doubt, there has been an employment crunch during last one year or so, but our youngsters have mostly found an opening. This they have done merely on the basis of their own individual ability and capacity.

I would not hesitate to restate that the solutions to our problems will come from within us only - our undivided and collective achievements. Let us take full advantage of the freedom to excel, which had been denied to us for decades. Freedom and discipline are two sides of the same coin. Let this freedom spur us to higher realms of creativity and not lead us astray.

... P. N. Wali



## खुद प्यासा हो गया

क्या हुई इन्सानियत  
इन्सान यह क्या हो गया।  
भाई भाई के लहू का  
खुद प्यासा हो गया।।  
भूख और गुरबत के हाथों  
बिक गई इन्सानियत।  
परदेस जाने के साथ  
इन्सानियत का सौदा हो गया।।  
हर तरफ नफरत के शोले  
कल्ल और गारत-गरी।  
हो गया है पानी महंगा  
खून सस्ता हो गया।।  
वह ज़माने भर की नज़रों  
में है कितना महान।  
कल जो कातिल था वह देखो  
आज नेता हो गया।।  
अब मोती अमन-ओ-मुहब्बत  
ढूँडने से फायदा।  
आज का हर आदमी  
दौलत का भूखा हो गया।।

... मोती लाल खर, नेरूल

## **Change in Times**

... Tribhuwan N. Bhan



In December 1946, my father Shri Gobindji Bhan, my brother Brijmohan (now Dr. B.M.Bhan), my cousin Prof. Somnath Dhar left Srinagar by bus for Rawalpindi on way to Lahore. My father had to undergo treatment of his eyes under the care of Dr. Sidhnath Kaul, at Sir Gangaram Hospital at Lahore. On way to Lahore, we passed through Baramulla, Mohara, Domel and Kohala. Kohala was the last point, where the boundary of J&K State culminated and the boundary of Punjab commenced. Further, on entering Punjab we reached Murree, one of the most beautiful resorts I have ever seen. At Murree, the passengers were allowed to have a long break while the buses were being cleaned and washed. Reaching Rawalpindi in the evening, we took a night train for Lahore. At Lahore, we checked in at a hotel on the famous Anarkali Bazaar. After settling down in our rooms, we had the most pleasant surprise to discover that our next door neighbours at Srinagar, Dulloos' were also staying at the same hotel. My father and Shri Amarnath Dulloo hugged each other very warmly. Our joy was immense. The next day my father had to go to Sir Gangaram Hospital to fix an appointment with Dr. Sidhnath Kaul. He was able to get an appointment after a week, i.e. in the first week of January 1947. We had more than a week of free time. During this free time, we visited the zoo at Lahore and also the museum. It was considered to be one of the best museums in the country those days. Rest of the time we spent strolling up and down the Anarkali Bazaar, which was easily the most clean streets of Lahore. On the day of appointment, Dr. Kaul conducted some preliminary tests of my father's eyes and prescribed some eye-drops which he had to use for about four days prior to the second appointment.

Two days later the volatile politician of Punjab, Master Tara Singh delivered a very provocative speech at some political rally. Due to this speech, Hindu Muslim riots broke out in Lahore and spread to other parts of Punjab. Curfew was imposed in Lahore city. We were confined to our rooms at the hotel for more than a week. At times the situation was so bad that we could not venture even to look out of the windows of our rooms. The fashionable Anarkali Street, once crowded with shoppers wore a deserted look. Luckily there was enough food in the store of the hotel and we could survive. Everyday we heard stories of how people massacred each other. This included next door neighbours who had been living in amity for generations. Lahore was burning with communal frenzy and hatred. After more than ten or twelve days, the curfew was relaxed and we managed to reach Lahore railway station on tongas. From there we took train to Rawalpindi. My father could never keep the second appointment with Dr. Kaul at Sir Gangaram Hospital.

At Rawalpindi railway station, we met Jalalis. Mr. Jalali was a police officer at Srinagar. So Jalalis, Dulloos and we parked ourselves in the waiting rooms of Rawalpindi railway station. We remained confined to this hall for nearly eight days, intending to take bus to Srinagar. But due to the riots, the bus service to Srinagar via Kohala had been suspended. One day we got the news that the bus service had been resumed. Very quickly, all of us packed our bags and decided to leave for the bus terminus. But some one brought the news that the only bus for the day had already departed. So we again

unpacked our luggage. All of us were disappointed for having missed the bus to Srinagar. Next day in the afternoon, we got the horrific news that all the passengers of that bus were killed on the way. No one was spared, not even the bus driver and the conductor, who were both Sikhs. We thanked God for having saved our lives but at the same time, there was gloom writ large on everybody's face. After a few days, we managed to board a passenger train for Sialkot which went through Gujranwalla and Chaklala.

These days, I am told, Chaklala is one of the main airforce bases of Pakistan. From Sialkot onwards, we managed to reach Jammu Tawi railway station. My father, Mr. Dulloo and Mr. Jalali hugged each other as they could not believe that we had reached our home state safe and sound with all of us alive. Needless to say that the train travel from Rawalpindi to Jammu Tawi via Gujranwalla, Chaklala, Sialkot etc. was the most horrible travel I have ever undertaken as the conditions in the train were really inhuman and pathetic. There were crowds and crowds of people trying to board the train. At Chaklala, a group of armed Pathans tried to enter the compartments but they could not do so as an armed Sardar ji fired at them and made them run away in fright.

After a night's halt at Jammu, we boarded a bus for Srinagar. On way, we stayed for the night at Ramban where Shri A.N.Thusuu, civil engineer incharge, lodged all of us in the government Dak Bungalow. We enjoyed his hospitality. He proved to be a very generous host.

On reaching Srinagar and finally our home Karan Nagar, every one from the locality came to greet us. My mother and aunt had tears of joy in their eyes, on seeing all of us alive. We had no contact of any sort with our folks back home for over a month. No one knew whether we were dead or alive. Not only people from Karan Nagar, but some of our Muslim friends from the near by locality Chota Bazar came to meet us that day and the following days too. Chotta Bazar is a completely Muslim dominated locality. I went to the house of my friend Ghulam Mohd. Malik at Kani Kadal. His mother was overjoyed to see me. She wouldn't let me go unless I had a hot cup of a favourite salt tea '*sheeri chay*' and '*telvor*'.

After a couple of days' rest and meeting relatives, I returned to C.M.S. Central High School at Fateh Kadal. One by one, the teachers would call me to know the first hand account of the tragic happenings in Punjab. My brother Brijmohan had already passed out of the school and was a student of S.P. College, Srinagar.

In October 1947, the Pakistani tribals 'Kabailis' raided Kashmir and reached Shalla Teng, as close as about 2 miles from the Srinagar town. It was from this point the raiders were pushed back by the Indian army. Maharaja Hari Singh had already left Srinagar from Jammu after conducting last Dassera Darbar in his palace at Srinagar. It was on the evening of this Dassera day that Srinagar city was plunged into darkness, as all the lights went off suddenly. This had given the signal to everyone that the raiders had reached Mohara where the main power generating station was located. There was no electricity in Kashmir valley for months together then.

Later on Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah being the undisputed leader of the state, took over the reins of the government, assisted by his team of dedicated colleagues from the National Conference. He was called the Prime Minister of the state, till he was summarily dismissed and put under house arrest at Kud in August 1953.

Years passed, Sheikh Abdullah again became Chief Minister followed by his son Farooq Abdullah. Later on, the state had to undergo the traumatic experience of militancy from 1989 onwards. Before this period of militancy, I used to visit the Valley at least once a year. I had been to the Valley in May 1986 for my annual visit.

It was in June 2000 that I did go to my homeland after a gap of 14 long years. As the plane landed at Srinagar Airport, I could feel the freshness and the nimbleness of the unpolluted atmosphere. Reaching my home at Karan Nagar, my childhood memories came back to me. First thing I did was to meet Ghulam Hassan of Cheerful Cycle Works. I have known him for the last more than half a century. I wanted to visit some of my childhood Muslim friends' families at Chotta Bazar. Someone however advised me thus, "All your friends and their families are not staying there any longer. And I would advise you not to go to that locality as it is now a den of militants". It was the same locality, Chotta Bazar, from which people had come to welcome us with open arms in February 1947. I was however treated to the most delicious Kashmiri Wazwan by the family of my Muslim friend Mukhtar Kanth at Safa Kadal and by the family of Ghulam Mohd. Mullick at his new residence. After visiting Kheer Bhawani temple at Tullamulla and offering prayers at the holy shrine, I had to leave Srinagar and resume my work at Mumbai. How I wish, my stay at home town would have lasted till eternity. Nevertheless, I am content with the factual reality that no doubt Kashmir valley is my JANMABHOOMI, but Mumbai is my KARMABHOOMI, as I have lived and earned my bread and butter for the last four decades and four years here.



## [From the Pages of History](#)

### **Kashmir - June 1947 to October 1947**

... J.N.Kachroo

#### **Pains of Procrastination**

##### **Introduction:**

##### **The State as on 15th August 1947:**

**J**ammu and Kashmir was the largest of the princely states in territorial extent and the most diverse in cultural terms. It was also very strategically located. It shared its borders with Tibet (720 Kms.), Sinkiang (640 Kms.), Afghanistan (256 Kms.) and the newly born Pakistan in August 1947 (1120 Kms.) besides India. The state was ruled by a Hindu Maharaja Hari Singh, and had an overall Muslim majority. However, demographic distribution was as varied as its cultural diversity. Kashmir valley had predominantly Muslim population, Hindus (Kashmiri Pandits) and Sikhs forming significant minorities. All spoke Kashmiri. Hindus were in majority in eastern Jammu and Muslims in western Jammu. All spoke Dogri. Ladakh was predominantly Buddhist populated area, linguistically close to Tibet. West of Ladakh was dominated by Shia Muslims speaking Balti. To further north lay Gilgit, mostly Muslim populated, speaking varied dialects. A strip running close to Pakistan border, comprised Muzaffarabad district, Poonch, Rajouri and Mirpur. The population here was mostly



Muslims, with sizeable Hindus and Sikhs speaking a variant of Hindustani, close in identity to people on the other side of the border.

National Conference (NC) under the leadership of Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah, was the most popular political party in the State. Ideologically, it was close to Indian National Congress. Ghulam Abbas, a non-Kashmiri speaking Mirpurian was the President of Muslim Conference. It had some presence in Mirpur and Poonch. National Conference had launched Quit Kashmir Movement in 1946. R.C.Kak was the Prime Minister. The government came down on the people with a heavy hand. The Indian National Congress (INC), particularly Jawahar Lal Nehru extended support to the people when they were under suppression. The State, though overwhelmingly Muslim populated was not affected by the Two Nation theory of the Muslim League and, therefore, was free from communal tensions when rest of the country was in the grip of communal violence.

### **Events June 1947 onwards:**

Momentous political changes were initiated in the country on 3rd June 1947. The British government announced its scheme of the partition of British India into two dominions, India and Pakistan. It was made clear that the partition was applicable to the British India only. The Indian states would be dealt with under the terms of the Cabinet Mission Memorandum to the Chancellor of Indian Princes on 12 May 1946, which in effect stated that once self-governing governments came into being in British India, His Majesty's government would cease to exercise the power of paramountcy over the princes, bringing to an end the political arrangements (and hence Defence also) between the States and the British government. The princes could enter into agreements with the new government or governments.

On 17th June, the British Parliament passed the Indian Independence Act, under which two dominions, India and Pakistan would come into existence on 15th August 1947. It was reiterated that paramountcy of the British Crown would lapse to the Princes, who were free to accede to one or the other dominion, keeping in view the principle of contiguity.

The 562 princes had to decide the fate of their people and of themselves also, as quickly as possible before 14th August. Till then, there was only one Governor General. So like his colleagues, Maharaja Hari Singh had to take a decision, keeping in view the socio-cultural and political conditions in view.

On 19th June 1947, the Viceroy, Lord Mountbatten came to Kashmir on a four day visit. He advised the Maharaja not to declare independence, but to ascertain the will of the people in any manner and accede to either of the Dominions. He had the authority from future rulers (i.e. Congress leadership) of India to assure His Highness that if he chose to join Pakistan, they would not object. Mountbatten was also of the opinion that if Hari Singh would accede to India, Pakistan could not interfere, as it did not exist. The Viceroy therefore, insisted that the decision was to be taken before 14th August 1947. In his speech in London on his return from India, Lord Mountbatten lamented that in spite of his repeated advice to the above effect, His Highness did nothing, giving rise to complications. (Ref: Time to Look Forward - PP 268-69). About the visit, Campbell-Johnson in his book 'My Mission with Mountbatten' says, " When he (Viceroy) got there, he found the Maharaja very elusive and the only conversations that took place, were when they



were driving. The formal meeting fixed for the ultimate day could not take place as the Maharaja suffered a colic attack. Uncertainty and indecision continued.

Towards the end of July 1947, Mahatma Gandhi visited Srinagar. He was not allowed to address the people. He advised the Maharaja to constitute a democratic government implying releasing National Conference leaders and associating Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah with administration. All that happened was that Thakur Janak Singh, a former revenue minister replaced R.C.Kak as Prime Minister.

On 12 August, Kashmir telegraphically entered into a standstill agreement with Pakistan regarding continuance of Civil Supplies, Transport, Communications, Postal Services etc. A similar telegram was sent to the Government of India. They wanted a personal discussion which never matured.

Soon after the creation of Pakistan, trouble started first in Poonch and then on the Poonch-Mirpur border. On 4th September 1947, the Kashmir government lodged a strong protest with the government of West Punjab against large scale border raids by armed Muslims. Ignoring the protest, the Pak administration clamped an economic blockade, cutting essential supplies. Instead of seeking relief from India and reading the writing on the wall, Maharaja Hari Singh thought it fit to send a cable to the British Prime Minister. By the end of September, the border raids increased and the situation became explosive. The British Prime Minister ignored the cable and the Maharaja was alarmed.

Thakur Janak Singh, after staying in office for about two months was replaced by Meharchand Mahajan, an eminent jurist. On 29th September 1947, full 1-1/2 months after Pakistan had been born, Hari Singh released Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah and other NC leaders and workers. Sensing danger, the NC leaders activated the organisation. A delegation under G.M.Sadiq was sent to Pakistan. Sadiq met Liaqat Ali Khan, the Pak PM twice and presented to him, a four point proposal; 1) to support Kashmiri People's struggle for self-rule; 2) to recognise the right of the people to decide the question of accession; 3) to allow people some time for it and 4) not to precipitate the matter meanwhile. G.M.Sadiq had to come back empty-handed and hurriedly in the face of a strict blockade.

Maharaja Hari Singh was under pressure. He was advised even by Sardar Patel to associate Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah with the administration and take a decision. This, both Nehru and Patel felt was necessary to face any trouble from Pakistan which they feared. Unfortunately, time was allowed to slip. Armed incursions became more frequent, necessitating the deployment of state forces in small strength all along the border, leaving no reserves in the barracks. Brig. Gansara Singh, who had been sent to Gilgit as Governor to receive charge from the British, was facing a revolt.

On 22nd October 1947, 5000 armed tribesmen guided by Maj. Gen. Akbar Khan (under the name of General Tariq) entered the State and occupied Muzaffarabad and Domel. Their onward march was halted for two days by the valiant Brig. Rajinder Singh.

The NC organised National Militia under the guidance of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed. Thousands of men and women volunteered to join it. Some of them were given short training in rifle-shooting. They were to maintain law and order, to keep vigil against enemy infiltration in the city and suburbs, and to assist the civil administration. Civil transport, whatever available was requisitioned along with the drivers for use in the emergency.



The Maharaja sent an SOS to the government of India for military help on 24th Oct. 1947. Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah also flew to Delhi to appeal to the Indian Cabinet. Meanwhile, raiders were marching towards Baramulla.

On 25th October 1947, the Defence Committee met under the Chairmanship of the Governor General, Mountbatten to decide on the Maharaja's request for supply of arms and ammunition. At this meeting, General Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief in India, read a telegram from Pakistan Army stating that 5000 armed raiders had entered and occupied Muzaffarabad, and many more were on their way. Would the supply of arms and ammunition to the local population meet the requirement in the face of a massive armed raid? The problem of troop reinforcement was talked, but according to Campbell-Johnson, Lord Mountbatten ruled it out till the State had acceded. V.P.Menon, the Secretary M.O. Indian States was sent to Kashmir immediately. Menon flew to Kashmir, assessed the situation, advised the Maharaja to leave for Jammu along with him and went back to Delhi. On 26 October, the Instrument of Accession was signed by the Maharaja, Meharchand Mahajan and Sheikh Mohd. Abdullah.

The accession of Jammu & Kashmir was accepted by the Governor General in the same way as in the case of other 560 odd Indian States. However in a separate letter to the Maharaja, Lord Mountbatten said, "In consistence with the policy of government of India that in the case of any state where the issue of accession has been a matter of dispute, the question of accession should be decided in accordance with the wishes of the people of State. It is my government's wish that as soon as the State has been cleared of the raiders and as soon as law and order has been restored, the question of State's accession should be settled by a reference to the people."

It was a promise to the government of India which the State government fulfilled on 6th February 1954, when the duly elected Constituent Assembly ratified the State having acceded to India on 26th October 1947.

The first batch of Indian Army under Col. Rai landed at Srinagar airport on 27th October when Baramulla had fallen. Raiders then moved towards outskirts of Srinagar city, but were defeated and driven out of the Valley on 8th Nov. 1947.

Accession has been done in accordance with the provisions of the Indian Independence Act, 1947, under which 560 other state rulers decided their accession. The legality of Kashmir accession has not been challenged even by UNO. By implication, it has been recognised. But unfortunately the problem has been a constant headache. Is it not due to procrastination of a single person who mattered most?



## **Impressions of my visit to Kashmir**

... P. N. Kher

I had been to Srinagar from 11th May 2002 to 19th May 2002. I visited Ganesh Temple at Ganpatyar, Bhagwan Swami Gopi Nath Ji's Temple and Ashram at Kharyar and Soomyar. I also visited Kheer Bhawani, Vicharnag Temple and Spring, Hari Parbat (Chakreeshwar), Ganeshbal, Pokhribal, Gurdwara at Chhatti Padshahi, Ram Temple at Barbarshah, Khrew, Jwalaji, Mattan and Zeethiyar. I also visited Swami Lakshman ji's Ashram. Three to four Kashmiri Pandit families are residing near the Ashram. I visited



Nishat Garden, Shankaracharya Temple, Hanuman Temple at Hari Singh High Street, which is being renovated since 2001.

I had gone to Srinagar last year also and had established a Senior Citizens' Welfare Council at Rawalpura.

At the Akhara at Badshah Chowk, I saw the recently constructed new temple. I also had darshan of Bhairov Razah at the back of Akhara.

In the year 1999, Ganeshbal was under the Border Security Force. Ganesh moorti was black and some pooja was also undertaken by BSF/Army personnel. In 2001, it was manned by two local police personnel. The position continued to be the same this year but I was shocked to see it in a bad shape. At Vicharnag, Nowshera, two small springs meant for men and women, have almost submerged as if they were not in existence. The temple and dharamshala here were in bad shape, perhaps because they are not under Dharmarth Trust or any other organisation. In my opinion, these should be given under the control of Durganag Committee, which has recently been constituted by the government.

I also visited Jammu, where I established two Senior Citizens' Councils.



## Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidher – A Homage\*

Way back in 1939, a young Kashmiri of twenty years trudged from the labyrinthine lanes of Gankhan, a downtown Srinagar locality, to the capital of the country. Armed with just a university degree but full of hope, ambition and conviction, Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidher landed in Delhi's strange and alien ambience to seek a place in the sun. This first born of Pandit Keshav Ram and Rukmani Shaktidher moved on like a pilgrim of yore in search of a meaning, a purpose and a direction to his life. And as destiny would have it, he had not to travel far. As if driven by a divine power, Pandit Shaktidher came face to face with another Karmayogi, the late Pandit Maheshwar Nath Kaul. Pandit Kaul was then officiating as the Secretary of the Central Assembly, the predecessor of present Parliament. This meeting, which Pandit Shaktidher proudly remembered, took place on April 21, 1939, set off a beautiful relationship that blossomed and bloomed with the passage of time. As if made for each other, the two yogis blended themselves into the Guru-Shishya tradition in common pursuit of knowledge and perfection. Infact, they were alter-ego to one another so much so that even foreigners at international parliamentary meets and conferences, some time mistook one for the other, as there was so much similarity in their thoughts, actions and conduct.

Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidher served in various departments of the Government of India such as Information and Broadcasting, Rehabilitation, Law and Commerce. But his decisive moment came when he was selected by Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru as the first Secretary to the Ministry of Parliamentary Affairs in 1949. At that moment, he was concurrently holding a post in the Lok Sabha Secretariat. Shri G.V.Mavlankar, the first Speaker of Lok Sabha, recognising his worth, selected him as Deputy Secretary in the Lok Sabha Secretariat. Soon after, he was selected as Secretary to the newly created Estimates Committee and the Public Accounts Committee. In 1952, Pandit Shaktidher

concentrated on Lok Sabha and became its first Joint Secretary in 1953. In 1973, he became the Secretary General of Lok Sabha after having remained as Secretary from 1964 to 1973. Pandit Shaktidhar was appointed as Chief Election Commissioner of India in 1977, succeeding Shri T.Swaminathan. This was another feather in his cap after having received national and international fame as an acknowledged authority on parliamentary practice and procedure. Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidhar was probably the first Chief Election Commissioner who did not treat the job as a sinecure and a post-retirement bonanza. He took a pro-active part in the process of electioneering and left an indelible mark of fairness and independence on the office. His tenure was marked by the first-ever countermanding of elections to a Lok Sabha seat. He forcefully pleaded for introduction of electronic voting machines, one-day polls and a code of conduct for political parties and candidates. Himself describing what the qualities of an election commissioner should be, Pandit Shaktidhar said, "An independent mind. The incumbent should be utterly fearless and not be cowed down by the might of the executive. He must have a balance approach. He must be conversant with the election law and be a person who studies and understands human nature." Pandit Shaktidhar's own personality and demeanour perfectly fitted this description.

A widely travelled man, Pandit Shaktidhar was a prolific writer and an authority on parliamentary practice and procedure. Some of his widely commended treatises are: Practice & Procedure of Parliament (in co-authorship with Pandit M.N.Kaul), Constitution and Parliament in India, The Commonwealth Parliaments, Glimpses of Parliament at work, Inter-Parliamentary Relations, Administrative Accountability to Parliament, and many more. The book 'Practice and Procedure of Parliament' is quoted the world over and in India by all the legislatures and legislators. It has come to be treated as a great authority on running of legislative bodies. In 1973, he was elected unanimously as the President of the Association of Secretaries-General of the Parliaments of the World. Besides, he also worked as Secretary General of the Indian Parliamentary Union.

A man of wide parts, easy demeanour and firm convictions, Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidhar was above all a great human being. Possessed with a charitable disposition and full of human compassion, he combined in him all the virtues of a Yogi. After the death of his father, Pandit Shaktidhar benignly presided over the large family of his four brothers and sister. Like a patriarch of yore, he assiduously built the destinies of his siblings by providing proper advice and guidance. This faculty of his continued unabated with the next generation too for whom he became the beacon light. Despite a few tragedies, like the deaths of his wife Sarga Devi (1988), son Vijay Shaktidhar (1989) and his most favourite younger brother Makhan Lal Shaktidhar (2001), Pandit Shaktidhar maintained an unusual equanimity, a trait of a real Yogi. These setbacks only burnished his passion for charity and compassion. He had got a temple built in honour of his parents in Safdarjung Enclave. Not only that, he donated for the construction of the main hall in Pamposh enclave Temple, the community centre at Ayyapa Temple, Mayur Vihar and the Uma Mandir of Swami Swayamanand at Jammu. Besides, he used to send regular donations to such philanthropic organisations as the Ramakrishna Mission.

On the social front, Pandit Sham Lal Shaktidhar was equally active. He was instrumental in getting the land sanctioned for the Kashmiri Bhawan and also raised Rs. 27000/- for the construction. His love for his homeland and its people was legend. He helped many a young man to get jobs. Infact, like his mentor Pandit Maheshwar Nath Kaul, he had become the lodestar for the educated, inexperienced community youth who would

flock to him for favours and he disappointed few. He had been President, Kashmiri Samiti, Delhi (1955-1962). He was the first Chairman of the Board of Trustees for the AIKS Trust and a member of the AIKS Advisory Council.

Currently, Pandit Sham Lal Shakhder was Chairman of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi kendra. He was also instrumental in establishing such prestigious institutes as the Institute of Parliamentary Studies. A multifaceted personality, he left a distinct mark on all the assignments he undertook.

Suave, soft spoken, ever-smiling, Pandit Sham Lal Shakhder possessed a compelling personality that drew instant respect and attention. He exuded a charm that was at once infectious. A great Kashmiri no doubt but a great Indian too. Pandit Shakhder's presence will be acutely missed. He has left behind a vacuum which can never be filled. However we have the satisfaction that he will be with us through his works and thoughts which are aplenty. Our heart goes to the Shakhder family at this hour and we assure them that we fully share their grief. We pray for the peace to the departed soul and forbearance and fortitude for the grieved.

(\* Reproduced from Koshur Samachar, June 2002)



## **Dr. Moti Lal Dhar**

### **A well renowned scientist of the country**

**D**r. Moti Lal Dhar was born on 22nd October 1914 in his ancestral house situated in Gund-andar locality near Nai Sarak in Srinagar district of the Kashmir valley in a middle class Kashmiri Pandit family. He passed his Intermediate examination from Sri Pratap College in 1st Division and got the scholarship of the J&K government for further studies. As there was no provision for higher studies in Science in the Kashmir valley at that time, he went to Lahore in Punjab province, to pursue his higher studies in Science.

Dr. Dhar, after completing his post graduation course in Organic Chemistry from the Punjab University, obtaining first position, went to England in 1938 for his doctorate. He completed his Ph.D. thesis in Chemistry in a record time of 15 months. He was the first Kashmiri Pandit from the Kashmir valley who obtained a Ph.D. degree in Chemistry from the London University in 1940. He was then selected as the Chief Chemist and Works Manager of the newly established Drug Research Laboratory at Jammu.

In 1950, Dr. Dhar came from Jammu to Lucknow and was made Head of the Medicinal Chemistry Department of the Central Drug Research Institute (CSIR). In 1963, Dr. Dhar became the Director of Central Drug Research Institute, Lucknow.

Dr. Dhar, after his retirement as the Director of C.D.R.I. of Lucknow, became the Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Indian Institute of Technology, Kanpur in 1975. He was made the Vice Chancellor of Banaras Hindu University, Varanasi on 2nd February 1977. He resigned from this post on 15th December 1977 being fed up with too much of politicking connected with this post, which was quite contrary to his nature.

The government of India honoured Dr. M. L. Dhar with the coveted civilian title Padma Shree in 1971 for his epoch making research in the field of Medicinal Chemistry, especially Chemotherapy. Dr. Dhar passed away after a protracted illness on 20<sup>th</sup> January 2002 at the ripe age of 88 years in New Delhi.

**(Inputs by Dr. B.N.Sharga)**

## Urdu Language

... Manmohan Kaul-Achkan

### Origin :

Perhaps the sweetest language in India is Urdu. We are told that Bengali is equally sweet. Since we do not know that language, we can not draw any comparison. Imagine the delicacy of the language '*Mai nay suna ki aap kay walid buzurgwar kay dushmanoo ko bukhar aiya tha*'. (I have heard that your venerable father's enemies had fever). This is what was called *Lucknowi andaz* of 19th century. One of the reasons perhaps is that the language grew up in an era, which in modern parlance, we would call feudal society. The principle was that a man's status in life would be determined by his birth. A land owners son, would be a landlord whereas Ryat's son would be a Ryat, generation after generation. Coming to think of it, the modern geneticists say "You are where you come from". But in today's industrial society, more perhaps a consumerist society, 'Meritocracy' is a ruling factor for determining an individual's standing. Genetic inheritance is not a straight line factor. In any individual genes of some earlier generation could be predominant. To this writer the name of Krishna Dwaipaira Vyasa, author of Mahabharata comes to mind. He was the illegitimate son of muni Parasher, an Aryan and presumably fair complexioned and Matsyagandha, the fisher girl, later to become Mahadevi Satyavati. She must have been a ravishing beauty because King Shantanu (of Mahabharata) fell in love with her. With this parentage Vyasa was considered dark complexioned, ugly looking individual. The commentators say perhaps genes of some forgotten ancestor were inherited by him. But what brain? The modern world icons like Einstein and Hawking pale into insignificance, considering the overall development of human society, some 5000 (?) years back. The development we see around us, is not more than 100-300 years old.

Coming back to our subject, the Aryans, who most likely came from Iran, spoke Sanskrit. 'Sans' means complete and 'Krit' means done. 'Done complete' or cultured. They called it 'Dev Bhasha' - language of the gods, limited to well educated people only. Infact lot of similarities have been found in Vedic Sanskrit and Zend Avesta - the Zoroastrian religious literature founded by Zorthustra, (the Parsis of India). Yet the vast population would not be educated. So they spoke the language called the 'Prakrit' (pertaining to Prakruti or nature). Some kind of corrupted Sanskrit or heavily borrowed from it. In a vast country like India, several Prakrits came up viz: Magdhi, Pali, Surseni, Maharashtri etc. which later became languages in their own right. Even the well educated people had to deal with uneducated people, who would not understand Sanskrit. They also had to resort to local Prakrit. Buddha and Mahavira spoke entirely in Prakrit, the language of the masses. Subsequently great literature, produced by future generations of thinkers and various Prakrits, now called Indo-European languages, became prominent, except Tamil. This language alone was the original Indian language and is wholly unconnected with Sanskrit. ( Some aver that Oriya and Telugu also belong to this genre. But this writer has no authentic reference to go by).

During 11th century of Christian era, in the area of Braj Bhoomi, which largely consisted of Gokul, Mathura, Vrindaban and adjoining areas, the local language spoken was what we today call, Braj Bhasha. It was also a Prakrit but yet unsullied by future influence of Arabic, Turkish and Persian words. No literature of the era is available, so no comments can be made. But in 1193 AD, Shahab-u-Din Ghorī conquered Rai Pathora. A well known poet wrote 'Prithvi Raj Rasa' in local Braj Bhasha. He had made literal use of Persian and Arabic words, often mutilated, which gave the impression that foreign languages had made an impact on local languages. In the 15th century AD during the time of Sikandar Lodhi, Kyasthas (supposed to be the descendants of Chitrugupta, the account keeper of our good and bad deeds, according to Hindu Theology) started learning Persian to gain entrance into higher jobs and positions. This brought Persian words, into their non-professional or even private lives too. By the time it was Akbar's rule (1542-1605 AD), Hindus and Muslims had accepted one another and Hindus even copied the Muslim ruling elite's dress, language, mannerism etc. By then Amir Khushroo (died 1325 AD) had said his say, which is repeated even to this day. And who is not aware of Kabir, the illiterate poet, who has said a lot. He has used a mixture of Braj Bhasha and Persian and Arabic words. Guru Nanak (1469-1538 AD) or even Sant Tulsī Das, who translated Ramayana into Hindi have used Persian words. Then Shahjehan (1592-1666 AD) became the emperor of India. He declared Delhi as the Capital, which attracted all sorts of people, with different language backgrounds. Here is where we come to Urdu.

Urdu, basically is a Turkish word. The word literally means 'Military Bazar' (The present Rajinder Bazar of Jammu was called 'Urdu Bazar' prior to Independence. Since any armed force would be drawn from different parts of a country or even other countries, the language they spoke came to be known as 'Urdu'. The other word for Urdu is Rekhta (mortar). Mortar is used in construction and consists of several materials. Similarly Urdu consists of words of various languages. But in earlier stages, it was a spoken language, borrowing words from several other Indian or foreign languages, with bias towards Persian. Any prose was rarely written and it was so Persianised that one who understood Urdu alone would be able to understand, leave alone appreciate the delicacy of expression. But the language was used essentially by poets. Poetry has a special appeal to the human psyche. The words are the same, but it is the construction and musicality, which lends a special appeal to it. Hali, a celebrated poet of Galib era has said this couplet:-

*" Aiy sher dilfareb na ho too to gum nahin,  
Par tujh par haif hai jo na ho dilgudaz too"*

Poets can also take liberties with facts. Infact in English we often use the words ' Poetic fancy' or even 'Poetic justice'. Prose cannot take such liberties. The poets would use Urdu language to write 'Love Poems' (called Ghazals) or poems in praise of Kings, Nawabs or sundry Aristocrats. They would receive pecuniary benefits or even high level of appreciation from their friends and admirers. Otherwise the official and court language continued to be Persian.

The English then operating from Fort William in Calcutta decreed that the local language should be written and learnt by Englishmen. Some books were written by some luminaries to educate Englishmen about Urdu. In 1803 AD, Dr. John Gilchrist wrote Urdu Grammar in English and other such books to educate his country men about Urdu



language. In 1807 AD, Mir Inshaullah Khan wrote Urdu Grammar and other rules of Urdu language in Persian script. Same year Maulvi Shah Abdul Kadir translated Holy Koran into Urdu. After that Maulvi Ismail wrote some magazines for greater understanding of general Muslim public. In 1835 AD, Urdu language was used for official correspondence. In 1836 AD, the first newspaper was published in Urdu from Delhi. In 1842 AD, a Society was formed in Delhi to translate Technical English books into Urdu.

The language was simple and officially encouraged. It became popular in relatively shorter period of time. But then it had its own limitations. Since it was 'Rekhta' (Mortar) the components were from other languages viz: Persian, Arabic, Turkish, Sanskrit etc. The Western world invented new scientific terms which were named and published in English language. These ideas were very modern. There was no equivalent in parental languages like Persian, Sanskrit etc. To that extent the language remained poor.

Shamas Wali Allah, a scion of well known family of Shah Waji-ul-Din, a resident of Ahmedabad (Gujarat) moved to Delhi. He is believed to be the first Urdu poet who fired the imagination of local population with his poetry. He is called Adam of Urdu poetry. In literature he has been compared with Chaucer (1328-1400 AD) of English literature. It was the beginning of Urdu poetry. Before Urdu came into vogue in prose form, Poets sprang up singing ditties in the language, followed by love songs (Ghazals) eulogizing love, beauty etc. In the feudal atmosphere, the poets found it financially rewarding and intellectually satisfying to sing the praises of the rich and the famous. The upper crust also found it satisfying when their praises were sung by better known poets Viz: Galib for Nawab of Rampur or Momin for Bahadur Shah Zafar. There were numerous poets big and small who were on the regular pay-roll of feudal Nawabs and Aristocrats.

**(To be Continued)**



## **Nadim Sahib ... My Pleasant Remembrances**

...Onkar Aima

Soon after the invasion of the Valley by Pakistan on 22nd October 1947, feudalism in Kashmir had spectacular collapse, people's government was formed and along with it a great cultural upsurge unleashed. In 1948, Kashmir Cultural Front, an organisation of all available artistic talent was formed. This organization was later rechristened - The National Cultural Congress. Nadim Sahib (Dina Nath Nadim), was one of the leading organisers of the new cultural movement that spearheaded Kashmiri cultural and literary renaissance. The cultural activities were revived, Kashmiri plays were written and staged, which were witnessed by thousands of people both on stage or open air stage. Nadim Sahib emerged the tallest among the Kashmiri poets and play writers. He gave new dimensions to Kashmiri poetry and plays. He introduced Blank Verse, Sonnet and Opera.

In 1950, I was able to form Amar Singh College Dramatic Club with the help and guidance of Principal Mohmed Ahmed. Prof. Nazir Ahmed was in-charge of the Club and I was elected Secretary of the Club. 'Mahabharata' and 'Ahuti' were staged by the Club in 1950 and 1951. I played the lead in both plays. 'Ahuti' was a great success. It was for the first time that the girl students of the college, acted in the play - 'Ahuti'. In 1952, I



was Stage Director of the play -'Chataan' - staged by the Club. Tasting a little bit of success, I caught the acting and direction bug craze - passion. I saw the plays staged in Kashmir. I read books, but I did not get the feel of it - feel of stage craft.

In 1953, a meeting was held by Nadim Sahib at the residence of Mohan Lal Aima, my elder brother. I was asked to serve tea and thus a God given chance to listen to Nadim Sahib. It is then, I learnt that they were staging, opera, " Bombur Yambarzal". He spoke calmly but like an expert on stage discussed it and rejected or merit. It is there I learnt that Aima Music and direct the play. Nadim craft, his narration of the theme, the struck me. I was drawn towards him. the same residence, while talking he said something like this - Stage is just a duplicate of what literature



craft. He listened to all, adopted the suggestions on Sahib was to compose the Sahib's Knowledge of stage way he expressed his feelings, In another meeting later on at about stage play presentation, a creative art in itself and not (or Poems) say. I started having

feel of the stage and its magic. I started reading his poems and plays. I had a burning desire to act in the opera. I did not get a chance. 'Bombur Yambarzal' was a great success. The music of the opera was highly appreciated and the song " Bombro - Bombro" became very popular. Producer of the film " Mission Kashmir", Mr. Chopra, lifted the lyrics and tune of "Bombro Bombro" from the original opera, staged in 1953. It created sensation all over India and became very popular.

Ultimately my prayers were granted. In 1956, I got the chance to act in " Heemal Nagirai" written jointly by Nadim Sahib and Roshan Sahib. While Kemmu Sahib choreographed its dances, the music was composed by Aima Sahib and also directed by him. This opera like 'Bombur Yambarzal' was based on one of our old folk tales - legends. It is said that in the village in Pulwama, there is a spring, known as 'Heemali hund Nag'. This is a very ancient folk tale, when Kashmir was inhabited by Nagas and Peechachis, who had constant strife amongst them to establish supremacy over one another. Nagirai, prince of Nagas is fed up with his cunning queens and he emerges in the house of 'Soda' and 'Chore Baten' as a young boy. They accept him as their son. I played the role of 'Chore Baten' and Roshan that of Soda, 'Nagrai' falls in love with 'Heemal' and marries her. 'Koonah' is sent by Nagar to sow seeds of suspicion in 'Heemal's' mind. He succeeds. The efforts of 'Nagirai' to finish animosity and hatred between his people and Peechachis, to have peace in Kashmir are wasted. In the end with the help of a hermit, Heemal and Nagirai meet. Their efforts, their sacrifice and their love ultimately awakens both sides. Hatred and animosity are washed off and peace prevails in Kashmir. While 'Bombur tu Yambarzal' depicted triumph of good over evil, 'Heemal and Nagirai' depicted victory of love and human spirit. Nadim Sahib had keen ear for sound and rhythm of his native language. He and Aima Sahib made an ideal combination and produced one more stirring opera, rich in tantalizing music, which is important and dominating element of opera, to create emotional impact. Shadow technique, was successfully used in the opera which made narration striking.

During making of 'Heemal Nagirai' I got more and more chance to meet, watch, know and understand Nadim Sahib.

Both the operas, mentioned above are based on old, ancient folk tales. Perhaps he was fascinated by these tales and had a feeling that these are like voices of our ancestors which come to us from sources of our culture and thus should be respected. More I saw Nadim Sahib, more I met him, more I read him, I understood and realised that he was simplicity personified:-

- a. Simple Clothes ... unfussy
- b. Simple Life ... humble ... lowly
- c. Simple Language ... straight forward .. plain  
effortless
- d. Simple Presentation ... (Operas) ... direct ... unvarnished.

Two things which I marked very keenly about Nadim Sahib were his smile and his expression of eyes. He had a permanent striking and smoothing smile on his face. His eyes, I felt sincerely, were speaking eyes.. penetrating.

After reading Nadim Sahib, it does not need great effort to conclude that his great success lies in his mastery of Kashmiri Language. Nadim Sahib, the brilliant Kashmiri intellectual enriched his work with simple, Kashmiri words and phrases. He established that, language of everyday speech, is rich and adaptable for a poetic medium, and does not need to deck itself in borrowed robes. He conveyed ideas most beautifully in simple day to day spoken language and caught the imagination of literate or illiterate Kashmiri. He used the language, which a commoner understood, felt, was touched and did identify with. That made him the most significant poet and opera writer of the period.

His favorite - preferred poem was " Me chham aash pagahuch", as said by him to Mr. Saqi in a conversation. This poem was his faith, his belief. He believed in universal love - oneness of mankind - peace. In spite of all the turmoils, he had strong faith in tomorrow. Never say die was his motto.

This poem " Me chham aash pagahuch", is my mood lifter. Whenever I am dejected and depressed by the happenings in the Valley and about the plight of my community, I read this poem again and again. It is sad and unfortunate that this poem could not be put on *Chhakree* - or on any folk tune - because it is music of ideas, not of words. It would have been, I believe, as popular as " Bombro Bombro" or perhaps more.

Nadim Sahib became a legend. He is no more with us. yet I see him on the top of the Banihal mountain. I see him sometimes facing Valley and singing .. " Vothee Baaguch Kukilee". Some other time I see him facing sky saying "Bu gyavana az". It is a faint voice. I cannot hear it clearly. Perhaps he is saying :

*Bu tarna vani Kasheeri  
totaani yotaani nu iraaduh myani beyi asan  
lasan tu basan, tu rathi khasi muraad myani  
so toth myon nundabon baag son  
yohoy panun panun vatan  
yi beyi vuchhan  
aabaad azaad tu kwosh yivun  
bahaar hyoo tu lov lokachaar hyoo*

Yet again, at times I see him facing Jammu and Delhi and singing ... " Me chham aash pagahuch, pagaah sholi duniyaah". During all this scene, I see him alone, without any alive member of his old trusted team, on either side of Banihal, responding to his voice.

Perhaps they have withdrawn themselves into a shell or perhaps their priorities have changed. Yet I am not disillusioned. I may not live to see the day, but Nadim Sahib's dream morning will come true, all darkness will disappear, violence will go, hatred will vanish. Love and Peace will prevail.



## **Decline of the Kashmiri Identity\***

... Anil Dhar

Even V.S.Naipaul failed to come to grips with the Kashmiri mind: he (in *An area of Darkness*) would never really know, as he prepared to leave the valley after a visit, whether his Kashmiri attendant - with tears in his eyes - was mourning his departure or hoping for more *baksheesh*. It's a risk most Kashmir-watchers incur: to dig a meaning deeper than what every Kashmiri outburst warrants. There is a gesture that is peculiar to the Kashmiri: the chin is held within the index finger and thumb and the word '*ghulam*' uttered. This is when you want a favour from somebody. Naipaul probably observed this and dismissed the Kashmiri Muslim as one who 'identified with his (Islamic) conquerors', but had no idea of his pre-Islamic past.

The emergence of a distant Kashmiri identity has been a more recent phenomenon and its first serious assertion occurred in 1931 when Sheikh Abdullah led a briefly violent agitation against the Maharaja. This assertion was distinct from the contemporary 'two nation' agenda that was taking shape among a few Muslims elsewhere. In fact, Abdullah was quick to drop 'Muslim' in the conference and replace it with 'National'. Kashmiri Pandits formed an important and vocal section of the National Conference.

The success Jinnah gained in carving out a separate nation-state for Muslims in British India, however, provided Sheikh Abdullah a muddled vision of a similar role for himself in Kashmir. After Sheikh's detention in 1953, the ardor of Kashmiri separatism collapsed; helped, in part, by rapid reforms that brought land to the Muslim tiller. The sixties and early seventies were remarkable times here. The Kashmiri Muslim's religious moorings were tenuous. His daily concerns were more liberal than sacred. More Muslim children than Hindu, attended DAV Schools in Srinagar - unthinkable in any other part of India.

The Kashmiri Muslim has, at most times, viewed himself a distinct from his Pakistani or Indian co-religionist. Significantly, the Kashmiri Muslim does not claim Afghan, Turkish or Arab descent as Muslims elsewhere are wont to do. Again, unlike elsewhere in the region, the Hindus and the Muslims in Kashmir have, until recently lived together. All this had made Kashmir as safe a place as any other. As late as 1985, only five violence related details were reported in a year in the entire Srinagar district!

At that time Kashmir separatism was still incipient and New Delhi saw value in pumping vast sums of money to keep the moderate opinion going. The corruption and profligacy engineered a new social elite in Kashmir: PWD engineers, 'civil' and forest contractors, bureaucrats and their 'multiplier effect' communities of Sopore apple barons, and Kashmir emporia operators. Kashmiris love to present the valley as babe in the woods, with hungry Indian and sometimes Pakistani wolves breathing down its neck. This self-serving image was reiterated so often that Kashmiris came to believe that they were indeed the injured party. Even so, the accord Abdullah reached with Indira Gandhi was perceived as fair, and in 1977 the Kashmiri voted so in the now generally regarded the state's last fair polls.

But all this changed with the impact of the Iranian Revolution, an event that changed the Kashmiri's self image entirely. Iran, to the Muslim world, was what France was to Europe in the 19th century, although the former moved in the direction contrary to the later in the terms of the libertarian values. The eighties saw the emergence of Islamic, as distinct from Kashmiri culture. The revolutionary idea that religion alone should be the basis of the culture and even politics, did not leave the voter unaffected. The political Kashmiri read developments like the success of 1979 Islamic Revolution, the rise of the Afghan Resistance in 1980, the 1983 suicide bombing of US barracks by Lebanese Shiite Hizbollah, the 1987 birth of Palestinian Hamas and the 1989 Soviet retreat from Afghanistan as a part of a chain of events that promised a rightful place to Islam eventually.

The JKLF, which had formed the vanguard of militant strikes in Kashmir, quickly lost its clout once it sought a secular face to further its efforts. Today secessionist groups in Kashmir, either outside or within the Hurriyat, draw inspiration from Islam and its history. The transformation of the Kashmiri Muslim from a dawdler to a frontline member of the Ummah has been remarkable both in extent and swiftness. The Kashmiri Pandit was quick to move out at the first sign of trouble and seek a pan-North Indian identity in Delhi. Clearly, both the sides of what is now an unambiguous religious divide are in a hurry to escape from, rather than assert, their Kashmiri identity.

(\* Reproduced from the Indian Express, Mumbai Dated April 4, 2002.)



### Short Story

## **Advice**

... M.K.Raina

**H**is name was Avtar but we would call him Nika. Nika was not nika, as the name would suggest. In fact he was more robust than all of us, but the nickname coined by his parents for him in his childhood, became popular. We would also love to call him Nika. We were in all four bosom friends, Nika, Raja, Vijay and me. We would call Vijay by his nickname Toja. Why was this name given to him, we did not know. His grandfather, an army man gave him this name. Toja was very good at mathematics and was able to do even toughest calculations on his fingertips. We were studying in the same class and in the same school. We would also do our home work collectively.



Nika was our undisputed leader. In fact, the question of not accepting him as leader never arose. We obeyed his orders without a fuss. Keeping his physique in view, no body ever dared question his authority. Initially, I did not succumb myself to his authority, but in due course of time, it was clear to me that Nika was a born leader.

Nika was a leader in the real sense. He would feel very uneasy, seeing any one of us in trouble. If anybody at the school ever dared to snatch our book or threaten us, Nika would beat him black and blue. This was true in our mohalla also. If some one from other mohalla came to tease us, Nika would confront him even before we could flex our muscles.

Results of the 7<sup>th</sup> standard were declared. We had all passed. Those days, only two categories mattered, 'Pass' or 'Fail'. Who would bother for 'Division' and 'Percentage'? Such things were to be given priority at 8<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup> and higher standards only. Normally, all hard working students would get second division. Those with first division, were considered fortunate and worth praise. If one got higher percentage in second division, he would be called a high-class second divisioner, or so to say, equivalent to a first divisioner. Nika and I would generally get the high-class third division. I was always amused to look at my marks, because only such marks would guarantee me leadership status after Nika. And this, every one of us accepted with pride.

It was an early Sunday morning. Nika called out to me from his window. I left my breakfast and reached his home. All my friends were there. Nika, on way to his maternal uncle's place the pervious day, had witnessed large crowds at Habba Kadal. People in thousands, were buying and selling second-hand books on the spans of the bridge. Nika was very eager to tell us this story yesterday itself, but could not return home, for, his maternal uncle had invited him to dinner as he had passed the 7<sup>th</sup> standard examination.

We were glad to hear all this. For long, we had been thinking of picnicking at Nishat and Shalimar gardens, but could not, for lack of finance. After all, we needed money to pay at least for the bus fare. We could not go on foot. Our parents hardly managed to pay our school fee of seven and a half annas. Actually the fee was only seven annas, but each of us would, on the very first day of the month, fondly relish half a quince apple for one half anna, and it would keep us going for the month. That was all. There was no question of thinking about anything else, more so about a picnic. Now there was some hope of our dreams being materialised.

We decided to take our old books along and reach Habba Kadal. My books would be kept separately from others and sold last of all. My books were as good as new. I had not even opened these books in the classroom for the whole year. But yes, two of my classmates had imprinted their names on the front and back covers of the books respectively. Our teacher, MahiKakh was very particular that all the boys had their own set of books. These two class mates of mine would show him my books to escape punishment as both of them had sold their books to Rasul Karawol, long back.

All of us took our books and walked a mile to reach Habba Kadal. It was really a scene worth watching. Boys were shouting at the pitch of their voice, "Teesree Jamaat Ke Liye, Chhatti Jamaat Ke Liye, Chothi Jamaat Ke Liye ..." and so on. There was a sea of people. Prospective buyers were going through each and every page of the book to arrive at a price. 'How much for a book and how much for the full set?' was being discussed. People around, were also giving their opinion. Books in good condition fetched half the original price. And those in bad shape were priced lower. Nika whispered, as if sharing a secret, "Don't open your books. We will first take a round of the entire area to ascertain the standard price, and only then offer our books for sale." We kept going across the bridge from one bank to other, ascertaining the trends, when we came across a group of people offering higher rates. We took out our books from the bag. There were 18 books in all, except mine, six in a set. We had purchased them at four rupees and eight annas a set, and it could fetch us two rupees and four annas per set at half the price. But it was not to be. The condition of our books was pathetic. One of the books was fully dyed in blue-black ink while the other had first three pages missing. Two



of the books were without cover pages and yet another was retrieved from a pond of waste water. The condition of rest of the books was also pitiable. We sold three sets for five rupees and thanked our stars.

It was time to sell my books now. Some customers around, were demanding books in good condition like that of mine, but Nika was not in hurry. A turban wearing old man, knowing that we had a good set of books in hand, followed us for quite some distance. But Nika ridiculed him in a manner as if Nika was a renowned wholesaler and he, a menial retailer. Old man pleaded, " Hey, why not sell your books to me? I offer you two annas more than the half price." Nika retorted, "Oh, don't show me your two annas. We will not sell them for less than three rupees." Old man left disappointed. A boy in the crowd, who was accompanied by his father, was in look out for 7<sup>th</sup> standard books. This boy was just one like us but his father had a beaming stature. He wore a Karakuli cap and by his talks, looked well like a 'Sahab'. There was a man selling look-like-new books at the other end of the bridge. He would grab as many books as he could in the first instance at a lower price and sell them at exorbitant rates later. Sahab was not interested because the books he showed him, still carried marks sufficient to put them in the older category. Sahab was ready to pay a higher price but would accept only the best stuff.

Nika was impressed by this customer. He liked the language and the tone Sahab used. Sahab talked to us very lovingly and referred to us as his dear ones. "He will be a good pay master", Nika told us in confidence. "We do have a set of books of your choice Sir," Nika told Sahab, " But we must get the right price". Sahab was quick to answer, "Then what are you waiting for? I have got enough money to pay you". Nika took Sahab aside and asked us to show him the books. Sahab was amused and said, "Look, my dear ones! There are so many enemies here and they are jealous. In no time will they get around and start giving lectures. Why don't you all come to my home and settle the deal there. You can also have a cup of tea with me". Nika nodded in affirmation, as if Sahab was doing exactly what Nika had wanted. He looked at our faces in a manner, telling us, "Look! This is called the art of choosing a good customer".

Sahab tightened his grip over the books and said, "Come on, follow me". A little further, he called for a tonga and whispered into tongawallas ear. We could not hear what he said. We boarded the carriage. It was a pleasure to take a free ride. I asked Nika in a low tone, "Where are we going?" He retorted, "Don't behave like a fool. Why should we bother for that? Let him take us anywhere." I kept mum. Our other two friends were shaking their legs in a manner as if they only were pulling the tonga. I befriended Sahab's son and started talking to him. He was fond of playing football but would not know technicalities of the game. I told him not to worry and assured to train him in the game. I had once watched Sultan's team and Majid's team play football at Dewan Bagh. When Majid's team scored a goal over the rival team, Majid shouted, "Oh goal!" Sultan slapped him hard on his face, saying, "You ought to have whistled to register a goal. Where is your whistle?" But Majid had no whistle with him. I asked Sahab's son to arrange for a whistle first and I would take care of the rest.

Tonga stopped. We all alighted and Sahab paid the fare to tongawalla. We followed Sahab. After a long trek through the narrow lanes and by-lanes, we finally reached Sahab's home. His house was a big one, five windows wide. The courtyard was cemented. Sahab asked us to be seated in the drawing room and he himself went into

another room. We were all eager to have a cup of tea along with a crisp Bakirkhwani. Sahab returned a little later, followed by his servant carrying a Samavar. Sahab's son placed cups in front of us and the servant poured Kashmiri Kahwa into them. We waited for a long time but there were no Bakirkhwani. Nika was about to open his mouth when Sahab commented, "Why don't you finish your tea? Look, we have to then sit and finalise the deal". We concluded that no Bakirkhwani were coming and sipped the tea somehow. Sahab arranged the books on his table and started going through their pages, one by one. This took him about half an hour. We were worried as it was getting late and moreover, we had left our homes without informing anybody. At last, Sahab raised his head. He handed over all the books to his son, placed his spectacles on the table and with a long sigh, said, "Everything is fine with the books, but there is a problem." We could not get him and instead gazed at him with abated breath. Sahab explained in detail, "Look here. A new set of books costs four rupees and eight annas. Half of it would be two rupees and four annas. But two other boys have also read these books and their names are inscribed on the books. Hence the half price will further be halved twice, reducing the net price to nine annas." Toja immediately calculated the price on his fingertips and nodded in confirmation. Nika's face turned red with anger and Toja hung his face down. I pleaded with Sahab, "Sir, I have never read these books myself, how could the others. These inscriptions have been made by two of my classmates, just to escape masterji's wrath". Nika confirmed my explanation but Sahab would not listen. He said, "Look my son, this is the established method of accounting. If you talk of sharing love and affection, I am for it. Whenever you happen to pass this way, you should come in without any reservations. You can always treat this house as your own." Nika went pale. I was almost paralysed. Nika said, " Well sir, in that case, please return us our books". Sahab replied, "Oh yes, I would have done it gladly, but see, Guda ji has already written his name on the books". We turned back. Sahab's son was writing his name on the books with a thick bamboo pen. We had no choice. We kept looking at Sahab pleadingly, but it had no effect on him. Meanwhile, Guda ji picked up the books and went into the adjoining room. Sahab called out to him and said "Come on. Don't we have to get your note books?" He began preparing to leave again. Looking at us, he asked, " So, what have you decided now? I am getting late". Our condition was very pitiable. I whispered into Nika's ears, "Better accept whatever he pays." Nika asked Sahab to pay the price he had arrived at. Sahab said, "Oh yes, why not?" And Sahab took some money out of his pocket and handed to Nika. Nika counted and exclaimed to Sahab, "But Sir, how is it, you are paying me only five annas". Sahab smiled and said, "Well, did not pay you any less. You know, I paid your tonga fare of four annas. That much I have deducted. Did I do anything wrong?" We were all dumbstruck, looking helplessly at Sahab. Sahab continued, "Well, you are like my own sons. Take one anna more". Sahab handed one more anna to Nika. We felt we had no legs to stand upon. It was 2.00 O'clock now.

There was a tonga on the road. Nika asked the tongawalla, "Bhai, which area is this". "It is Zaina Kadal", he replied. We looked at one another's face, "So far from our homes, and how do we go from here". Nika gathered some strength and asked him, "Bhai, will you take us to Bal Garden?" "Why not?" Tongawalla replied. We boarded the tonga. Tongawalla mused his horse and the horse galloped quickly. Several thoughts crossed my mind. How to enter home and what do I tell my parents? My mind was busy,

drafting various explanations I would give to my parents, when the tonga halted with a jerk. I heard the tongawalla asking us to alight. I looked around. We had reached Bal Garden. AdviceNika asked him, "Bhai, how much do we have to pay". "You are like my own sons. Pay me only six annas", replied the tongawalla, patting his horse with affection. Nika paid him six annas, the amount Sahab had paid for my books. Before parting our ways, we rested a while, on the roadside parapet wall. I still had the jute rope with which I had tied my books, in my hand. I was heart broken. I looked at Nika. He was pale and expressionless. I held his hand and said, "Whatever has happened, has happened. But take my advice now. Don't sell books to a sahab next year".



## Children's Column

### Congratulations !



Achin Kaul, S/o Smt Manju & Shri Ajay Kaul of Kopar Khairna, Navi Mumbai (grandson of Dr. Pran Nath Kaul & nephew of Smt. Rita Kaul of Andheri) secured 3rd. Position in HSC 2002 Maharashtra Board securing 95.17 % Agg. marks and 100 % PCM. He also stood first in whole Thane district.

### Jokes

... **Dheeraj Trakru (15)**

#### 1. Married for 40 Years



A couple had been married for 40 years. They had both celebrated their 60th birthdays recently. During the celebration, a fairy appeared and said that because they had been such a loving couple all these years, would give them one wish each.

As a faithful, loving spouse, the wife wanted a romantic vacation together, so she wished for them to travel around the world. The fairy waved her wand and poof!  
The wife had the tickets in her hand. Next, it was the husband's turn, and the fairy assured him he could have any wish he wanted - all he needed to do was ask for his heart's desire. He paused for a moment, and then, he said, "Well, honestly, I'd like to have a woman 30 years younger than me." The fairy picked up her wand and poof! He was 90!

#### 2. Traveling on the Train

Three engineers and three IRS agents are traveling by train to a conference. At the station, the three IRS agents each buy tickets and watch as the three engineers buy only a single ticket. "How are three people going to travel on only one ticket?" asks an agent. "Watch and you'll see," answers an engineer. They all board the train. The IRS agents take their respective seats, but all three engineers cram into a restroom and close the door behind them.

Shortly after the train departed, the conductor comes around collecting tickets. He knocks on the restroom door and says, "Ticket, please." The door opens just a crack and a single arm emerges with a ticket in hand. The conductor takes it and moves on. The agents saw this and agreed it was quite a clever idea. So after the conference, they decide to copy the engineers on the return trip and save some money. When they get to the station, they buy a single ticket for the return trip. To their astonishment, the engineers do not buy a ticket at all. "How are you going to travel without a ticket?", says one perplexed IRS agent. "Watch and you will see", answers an engineer. When they board the train, the three agents cram into a restroom and the three engineers cram into another one nearby.

The train departs. Shortly afterward, one of the engineers leaves his restroom and walks over to the restroom where the IRS agents are hiding. He knocks on the door and says, "Ticket, please."

### 3. TRICKY BRAIN TEASER:

#### Can YOU solve it?

A young man is trapped inside a solid steel room with 10" thick walls. There is only one steel door which is locked. There are no windows. The young man has a baseball and bat. How does he get out?

**Ans:** He takes the baseball bat, throws the ball up in the air three times, swings with the bat and misses each time. Three strikes and he's out!

### 4. Find the country hidden in this sentence!

All of our newspaper undermanagers require a ten percent pay increase before they will consider working again.

**Ans:** PERU! All of our newspaPER Undermanagers require a ten percent pay increase before they will consider working again.



## The Master of Infinity - Sky -

The Master of all infinity  
The symbol of all eternity  
The mighty huge eternal sky  
Looking down on everybody on the sly.

As if we are low pieces of clay  
With whom he does merrily play  
He plays with the dice of weather  
And controls us like a feather.

We are helplessly suppressed by him  
But we have at last conquered him  
We have captured him but not his fury

He always behaves like an angry jury.

When we return home depressed  
All our feelings are suppressed  
And then we curse this master of death  
And our anger slowly drowns in his depth.

But when I look up at the sky  
Being so helpless I wish I'd die  
This deep blue sky with its purple streak  
Like a mother of thought  
Gives me freedom of speech.

***This poem seems to me a bore  
I do not want to write any more.***

**- Deepak Jalla (16)**



## **Contest postponed to 15 Sept. 2002**

Zaan-2002 was slated for 16th June 2002. Before it could be held, a number of suggestions from certain well wishers were received. As a consequence it was thought helpful to postpone it. We feel it obligatory to share the reasons leading to the decision with the Biradari and more importantly with the prospective contestants who had sent in their entry forms.

More than one well wisher of the project suggested to throw the competition open to Adults. It has been argued that the objective of the project is to create awareness about Kashmir among the young and not so young members of the Biradari. By imposing age restrictions a good chunk is denied an opportunity of taking part in such a rewarding and exhilarating experience. Besides the interaction with the adults would enrich the program both in content and presentation. Inclusion of 'elders' would inter-alia mean the participation of young parents. Mere talk about the competition at home, would create an atmosphere conducive to the realisation of the objectives, namely helping create an awareness of our place of birth and traditions. The parents thus getting involved would be a source of inspiration to the younger generation. It was argued, the home would thus become a real school for the purpose and the parents, both students and teachers.

The Organising Committee found enough merit in these suggestions and decided to invite members of the Biradari irrespective of their age to participate in **ZAAAN - 2002** now to be held on 15th September 2002. They can participate in the Quiz centring round the topics covered in the Information Digests Volume I & II including reading Kashmiri in Devnagari script but **excluding Recitation and Elocution**.

Different sets of rules may become necessary and shall be conveyed to the individual participants in good time after receiving the entry form.

**Organisers**  
**ZAAN 2002 Contest**



## Winners of Crossword – 1

1. **Akash Malla** (12), Kashmiri Colony, Hiranki, Delhi.
2. **Komal Zutshi** (13), Sarita Vihar, New Delhi.
3. **Sheetal Kaul** (15), Chelsea, Diwaman, Vasai.
4. **Rushali Bhat** (15), Rachna, Sadar Bazar, Satara.
5. **Varun Kaul** (13), Saki Vihar Complex, Saki Naka.

**Congratulations to all**



### Stories for the Children

#### **Charu & the Witch - Part2**

... **M.K.Raina**

Charu needed help, but there was nobody who would and he did not have the flying horse either. Charu kept his calm. He did not reveal his dream to anyone. Of now his only mission was to rescue Gulu. He collected as much information as possible about Vismainag, from people in the village. "What if I don't have the horse", thought Charu, "I still have Tara, whom I can rely on". He carried his pet white dog, Tara to the banks of Hapatara, where they always played. He related the episode of Gulu's vanishing, to him. He repeated it several times, presuming that some day, Tara would understand and help him. On each occasion Tara would bark for a while, and then sit at Charu's feet and lick them, as if consoling him.



Charu's parents were very much worried about their son's mental state. He would not eat or dress properly. Every time, he enquired about Vismainag, they would pray him not to think about that place. But they were sure, he was determined to go to find Gulu.

One sunny afternoon Charu and Tara were sitting at the bank of Hapatara. Tara, as usual, was licking Charu's feet. All of a sudden Tara stood up, looked at the pond across and dived into the waters of Hapatara. He swam across, and ran towards the pond. He smelt its water, and raised his head high and barking loudly, disappeared into the bushes. Charu was shocked. Tara, his only hope, was also lost. He wept bitterly.



Charu was fast asleep when he felt someone pulling his leg. He was overjoyed to see Tara at his feet with an amulet in his mouth. This was Gulu's amulet. He took it into his hands and kissed it. Tara was staring at Charu's face. Charu patted him. Tara turned towards Vismainag and barked, as if telling his master that he had found the amulet there. Charu's joy knew no bounds, for, Tara had returned alive and that too with Gulu's amulet. Charu thought, time had come to sneak into the witch's domain.

Next day, Charu met his friend Ketak and told him about his secret plans of rescuing Gulu. Ketak thought, it was suicidal to even think of going to Vismainag. But he promised not to divulge Charu's plans to anyone. Charu decided to set out for the mission on the Poornima day, just 3 days away, for two reasons. One, he would get ample time to make necessary arrangements for the journey, and secondly, if he were late in reaching witch's fort, moonlight would help him trace the path.

Charu collected all he thought was necessary for the mission, in an animal-skin sack and hid it in the bushes in his backyard. He kept awake for the whole night, lest he may miss the opportune time of departure. Tara stood to accompany him.

It was early dawn. Charu saw the first rays of sunlight, faintly illuminating the periphery of a big cloud, in the eastern horizon. He stood up and looked at his parents, who were fast asleep. "They would never know of me and my plans, if I do not return", thought Charu. In the heart of hearts, he felt sorry for them, prayed for their welfare and left silently. He collected his bag from the bushes and started towards his destination. Tara followed him. It was dawn when they crossed the Hapatara. They moved quickly so as to reach Vismainag as early as possible. Tara led the way.

Much before noon, they reached the deep ravine at the foot of Vismainag. Width at its banks was not much but, yet, one could not jump across. Going deep down the ravine and climbing up the other bank, would take them most part of the day, as the slopes were very steep and they had no time. Charu looked around in dismay and to his surprise, there were two huge trees on either side of the ravine. He had carried a rope along but how would he tie it to the tree across? Charu looked at Tara. Tara barked softly, as if telling his master that he was ready to perform any feat. Charu tied one end of the rope to the tree on this side and threw its other end across. He did not succeed at the first attempt and repeated the exercise again and again till he succeeded. As he looked down the ravine he saw Tara running fast, on his way down and then up to the bank, near the tree. Tara wound the rope around the tree as firmly as he could do.

Charu tied the bag around his back, held the rope with his hands and began moving across the ravine, while Tara kept a vigil. Slowly and steadily, Charu moved along the rope and finally reached to the bank across. His palms were bruised, causing him a lot of pain, but he was glad to have passed the first test.

After having rested for a while, he looked around. He could not see beyond a few trees. Charu had heard that the witches were capable of transforming living beings into any other form. In order to avoid confusion he tore a piece of cloth from his shirt and tied it to Tara's limb. Tara then moved ahead, sniffing around, followed by Charu. Going up the hill was tough and the worry of being traced by the witch made it all the more tedious.

By noon, Charu was half way to the top. He decided to rest and so climbed on to a tall tree to avoid wild animals. Tara as usual kept guard. After taking some rest, Charu decided to continue his journey ahead. He was about to climb down when he heard

Tara barking gently, looking up the tree. Charu heard some noises. He tried to listen very carefully but nothing was clearly audible. He kept his breath low and signalled Tara to hide himself in the bushes near by. In a moment, there was a strong wind blowing. All the trees started swaying. The wind was so strong that Charu felt he would be thrown off the branch any moment. He held the branch as firmly as he could. A passing cloud covered the sun. It was dark, yet Charu could see through the tall trees. He looked in the direction of the sound and there, at some distance behind the trees, he saw a white cloth swaying. The very next moment, he could see a long arm rising from behind the bushes, and then emerged a tall figure with apparently two horns over her head. In one of her hands, she held a white dog by his ear and walked away towards the top of the mountain. Charu was baffled. Was it Tara? This very thought drained out all his energy. He was startled when he heard mild bark below. He looked down and was glad to see Tara coming out of the bushes with the piece of cloth still tied to his leg. Dark cloud passed and it was bright again. He climbed down and embraced Tara. Tara tugged at Charu's outer robe as if telling him that there was no time to waste.

Both Charu and Tara walked up the hill quickly. Charu did not stop on the way to eat or to rest. He was determined to reach the top before nightfall. He finally reached there by evening. On the other side of the mountain was a mild descent leading to a vast lush-green plain. But there were no birds around. Perhaps the wicked witch had eaten them all.

There was no trace of the witch, but Charu could see smoke emanating from a chimney at the farthest end. He looked carefully. He saw a cave like structure, surrounded by trees. Charu was sure, this was the abode of the witch. He ate some fruits after giving Tara his share, and then set again towards the cave.

Charu did not take the straight path but chose a steep descent onto a stream below, which he was sure, was Hapatara. He quenched his thirst first and so did Tara. Then Charu rested on a boulder while planning his next move. Tara was having fun meanwhile. Charu cautioned her, for, he feared the witch may locate them. In the moonlight, they started moving in the direction of the cave along the row of bushy trees, which had grown all along the right bank of Hapatara.

... To be continued



### Prize Winning Question

On **Navreh** last, a story was related to the audience present at Kashyap Bhawan and the following prize winning question was posed to them :

"How did the murderer attain his freedom?"

Following people have sent in correct replies:

1. **Shobit Razdan**, Asha Nagar, Kandivli (E).
2. **Tushar Vaishnavi**, S.V.College of Engineering., Chembur.
3. **Dr. Seema Raina**, Raheja Complex, Malad (E).
4. **Kamal Kaul**, Koli, Chinchoti,.Western Express Highway.

**Congratulations!**

Prize money of Rs. 1000/- is equally shared by them.

Prize courtesy

Impressions, Vasai. Tel: 95250-339035



## पोशु पूजा

... कृष्ण जू राजदान



भावु पंपोश फो'ल्यु प्रेमय सरु सुँय । शिव शंकरु सुँय छे' पोशु पूजा ॥

शिवु ध्यान धारण वीद व्यस्तारण  
अमृत छि हारण कारण तुँ दीव ।  
वैक्वण्ट साँपुन साँनिस घरु सुँय  
रामीश्वरु सुँय छे' पोशु पूजा ॥१

अमर नार्थु किस निशु अमरु सुँय  
तीर्थ यात्रायि द्रायि ह्यथ प्वजि फल ।  
सर्व तीर्थन हुंद फल छु काशमरु सुँय म्वक्तीश्वरु सुँय छे' पोशु पूजा ॥२

ग्वडुँ आदि दीवस छु जै जै कारुँय  
गो'ड दि तुँ छस अनवारुँय ब्रोंठ ।  
गँन्यशु बलुँ जलुँ हलुँमूसलुँ धरुँ सुँय  
लम्बूदरुँ सुँय छे' पोशु पूजा ॥३

नौदलुँ कलुँ वंडुँ अमरीश्वरुँ सुँय  
थँजवारि करुँ शंकरुँ सुँय पूज ।  
वे'जिन्नारि प्रदिक्षन दिमुँ चकुँ धरुँ सुँय

व्यजयीश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥4

बालुँ प्यटुँ तुतलायि अर्चन करुँ सुय  
 अनन्तनागुँ करुँ माघुँ मासुँ सुँय श्रान ।  
 शाफ चो'ल यँद्रस तुँ गौ आश्चरु सुँय वे'शंबरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥5

अरचुँ पोशुँ भरगुँ शेखायि पूज करुँ सुँय  
 मटन वॉतिथ छि हटन अपराध ।  
 मूक्ष बनि प्यत्रन मंजु क्षन मातरसुँय  
 श्री भासकरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥6

शिवुँ रागुँ कारकुट नागुँ वीद परुँसुँय  
 पापुँ हरण नागुँ मे' हरनम पाफ ।  
 भीमुँ सीनुँन्य पाँट्य सूँत्य हलधरुँ सुँय  
 श्री हरी हरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥7

प्रेमुँ पोशुँ मालुँ ह्यथ बालुँ पे'ट्य तरुँ सुँय  
 सुनि शायि व्वमायि करुँ पोशुँ पूज ।  
 क्षमा करि म्य तुँ ध्याना धरुँ सुँय  
 व्वमाधरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥8

कूटेरुँ अँद्य अँद्य फेरुँ तथ सरुँ सुँय  
 कोटी तीर्थुक छुस महिमा ।  
 आश थवुँ शंकर शनुँ निस वरुँ सुँय  
 कूटीश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥9

खसुँ आज्ञा ह्यथ नन्दकीश्वरुँ सुँय  
 शिवस तुँ शिवायुँ करुँ पोशुँ पूजा ।  
 परमीश्वरिये तुँ परमीश्वरुँ सुँय  
 जम्बकीश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥10

त्रे'शुँवुँन्य संजु करिथ न्यथ व्रथ धरुँ सुँय  
 त्रे'नुँवुँन्य भव्यनख पादि प्रणाम ।  
 स्वंदुँ ब्रारि वंदुँ पान शामेँ स्वंदरुँ सुँय  
 पीताम्बरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥11

क्षीरुँ खण्डुँ कन्दुँ सूँत्य थाला भरुँ सुँय  
 प्रेमुँ सूँत्स आपुँरिथ वन्दुँ हस पान ।

नीलुं नागुं नीलुं कण्ठस द्यगम्बरु सुंय  
नीलाम्बरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥12

दीवस्थली छिय वनान दिवुं सरुं सुंय  
सारिनुंय दीवन पादि प्रणाम ।  
वासक नागुं श्रानुं शमुं प्यमुं स्वरुं सुंय  
स्वयं कौसरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥13

कप्पालुं मूचनुं भक्ति भाव भरुं सुंय  
पाप क्षै गौछिथ परुंशापुं मूचन ।  
पालन हारस कपालुं मालुं धरुंसुंय  
त्रिशूलुं धरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥14

गंगुं जटन वाँतिथ वर मंगुं हरुं सुंय  
चावुं नाव्यम अमृतची धार ।  
प्रारुवुन छुस तसुँदिस आसरुं सुंय  
जटाधरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥15

न्यथ सूँत्य ह्यथ पनुं निस व्यपरुं सुंय  
शिवुं रागुं प्रयागुं मंजुं करुं श्रान ।  
कोटी तीरथुं पोश लागुंह ईशरुं सुंय  
त्रिपुष्करुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥16

स्वयं गौछिथ निशि प्रयम भरुं सुंय  
कालुं अगुं रोदरस तुं भद्र काली ।  
पूजुं ने'ष्कलुं कलुं माला धरुं सुंय  
कालुं शेखरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥17

तुलुं मुलि प्रजुँनौविथ सत्वरुं सुंय  
राजुं रे'जि माजि राँजायि करुं पूज ।  
धुपुं दूप आलवस ह्यथ चामरुं सुंय  
भूतीशवरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥18

रामुं रादन तनुं मनुं पूज करुं सुंय  
प्रारस हरम्बखुं बरुं सुंय तल ।  
प्रथ बालुं खसुं वातुं प्यठ ब्रहमुं सरुं सुंय  
जगतीशवरुं सुंय छे' पोशुं पूजा ॥19

हमसुँ दारुँ नेरुँ वातुँ प्यठ क्वलुँ सरुँ सुँय  
 शिवुँ लोलुँ गंगायि मंजु करुँ श्रान ।  
 विश्व रूँप जॉनिथ विशीश्वरुँ सुँय  
 गंगाधरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥20

अर्जन दीवन ह्यथ युधिष्ठरुँ सुँय  
 नारान नागुँ करुँ ध्यानुँ पूजा ।  
 मनुँ किस मन्दरस मंजु श्रीधरुँ सुँय  
 बोधीश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥21

परबतुँ शारिकायि लीलायि परुँ सुँय  
 वामदीव रछि, असि परुँ सुँय तल ।  
 गाल्यम संकटुँ किस अस्वरुँ सुँय  
 चेंक्रीश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥22

रंगुँ रंगुँ क्वंगुँ पोश फो'ल्य पोंपरुँ सुँय  
 जालायि बालिकायि पूजि लागस ।  
 श्री महा दीवस भस्माधरुँ सुँय  
 हरशेश्वरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥23

नागुँ नागुँ फेरुँ कूत यथ भवसरुँ सुँय  
 लागुँ नागुँ नाथस कुन मन प्राण ।  
 पूज करुँ अंदर शिवुँ मन्दरुँ सुँय  
 आत्मुँ रूपुँ हरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥24

कृष्णस शिवुँ प्रेमुक चावि चरसुँय  
 तिरथुँ फल द्याव्यस घरुँ सुँय मंजु ।  
 रूँफ हाव्यस मंजु क्षनमातरुँ सुँय  
 षडाक्षरुँ सुँय छे' पोशुँ पूजा ॥25



## कश्मीरी भाषा

... संगीता आखुन

कश्मीरी हमारी मातृभाषा है। इस सत्य के प्रति अब हम चेतन को उठे हैं। मगर पिछले कई सालों में मैं ने देखा कि हमारी भाषा लुप्त हो रही है। इतनी बड़ी सभाएँ बनाई जा रही हैं मगर उस में कहीं पर भी कश्मीरी भाषा का प्रयोग नहीं किया जाता और न ही संस्कृती के

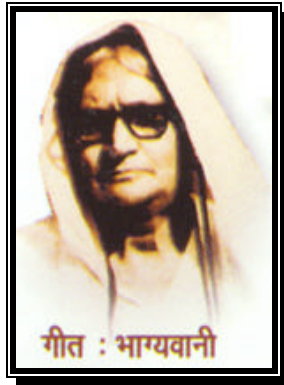


बारे में बताया जाता है। आजकल की पीढी इंग्लिश और हिंदी में बात करती है। मुझे लगता है कि वह कश्मीरी भाषा में बात करना अपनी शान के खिलाफ समझते हैं। हमें कोशिश करनी चाहिए कि हम ऐसी पत्रिका और किताबें निकालें जिस से वह हमारी संस्कृति और भाषा को समझ सकें। अगर हम यह नहीं कर सके तो हमारे नाटककार, कहानीकार, कवी इस पीढी के साथ ही समाप्त हो जाएंगे। अगर ऐसा हुआ तो इतिहास हमें कभी माफ नहीं करेगा। हमें नयी पीढी को, बल्कि हर बच्चे को तीन साल की उमर से ही कश्मीरी भाषा सिखानी चाहिए। घर में भी कश्मीरी में ही बात करनी चाहिए। बडों के लिए यह ज़रूरी है कि वह छोटों को हमारी संस्कृति, हमारी धरती, हमारे इतिहास, हमारी भाषा व सूफी संतों के बारे में जानकारी दें। लोग भटक गये हैं। हमें उन को जगाना है। हम लोग बडी बडी सभाएँ बुलाते हैं और उन सभाओं में एक दूसरे की बुराई करते हैं। किसी को भी एहसास नहीं है कि हमारा कश्मीर हम से छूट गया है। हमारी भाषा हम से छूट गई है। हमारी धरती मां हम से रूठ गई है। हमें नयी पीढी को अपनी भाषा, संस्कृति, कला आदि के बारे में बता कर अपनी सभ्यता को जिंदा रखना होगा। हमारे देश का हर बच्चा अपनी मातृभाषा में बात करता है। केवल हमारे बच्चे ऐसा नहीं करते। इस के लिए हमें ज़रूरी कदम उठाने होंगे। अब भी बात ज़्यादा बिगडी नहीं है। अब भी हम सुधार ला सकते हैं। हमें हर सभा में कश्मीरी भाषा और उस की लिपि के बारे में बोलना चाहिए। साहित्य, कला और संस्कृति से जुड़े मुद्दों पर बात करनी चाहिए। एक दूसरे से कश्मीरी भाषा में बात करना चाहिए। हम सब को एक जुट होकर काम करना होगा तभी हमारी संस्कृति और हमारी भाषा लौट आएगी।



## सतग्वरुँ कन थाव

.... भवानी भाग्यवान पंडित



सतग्वरुँ कन थाव जीरुँह बमुँसई छय महरमसुँई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

ग्वरुँ छुम गरि गरि घरि आश्रमसुँई  
गौर महरमसुँई क्या पुँछुँह दाय ।

पापुँर्यु गथ कॅर जॉनिथ शमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

ओ'म आकार वुछ अन्दर ओ'मुँसुई  
ओ'मुँसुई रॅट सरखमसुई जाय ।  
सत बोज पथ रोज अथ अहमसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

ध्यानन ज्ञान कॅर अथ अगमसुई  
छुनुँह आलमसुई पोशनपाय ।  
यार गार तार वुछ च्यथ नावि नमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

छो'टि तारुँह बठि लाग सूँत्य ह्यथ शमुँसुई  
हार बर लारि नुँ कर आहार ।  
छलुँह अकि नाल वो'ल ललि जमजमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

कृष्ण तुँ कीशव भँसिथ भ्रमुँहसुई  
कुन छुय कीवल दूर कर छाय ।  
म्बखतस हार बनि सीनुँह दार त्रमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

पय ह्यथ पानस लय कर ओ'मुँसुई  
स्वय लीला ज्ञान अपरमपार ।  
लोलुँक्यु नारन लार कॅर यमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

गोवे'न्दुँह गोवे'न्द नाव छुय ओ'मुँसुई  
कुकिलि दमुँहसुई मंजु वुछ त्राय ।  
दम ह्यथ दम रठ मव प्रार तमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

वाँतिथ अदुँह प्यठ गाँबि गाँबानस  
कर जानानस ल्वलुँहमतुँह लाय ।  
नारुँह फम्वार वुछ आबि जमजमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

गोवे'न्द नावस टाँठिस शमुँसुई,  
मनि मंजु करुँहोँस ल्वलुँहमतुँह लाय ।  
न्युव भाग्यवाने सूँत्य आगमुँसुई छय महरमसुई मनि मंजु जाय ॥

## Biradari News

### Awarded



**Dr. Brij Krishen Fotedar**, Retired Lecturer from Jammu University has been awarded a Certificate of Inclusion for the year 2001 in the volume titled "Eminent Personalities of India" in recognition of individual distinction, published by International Biographical Research Foundation, Nagpur, India. Earlier Dr. Fotedar was honoured with Distinguished Leadership Award from International Biographical Research Institute, USA in the year 1997 and selected as International Man of the Year 1997-1998 by the International Biographical Centre, Cambridge, England. Both awards were in recognition of his services in education. Shri Fotedar is a life member of KPA, Mumbai.

**Congratulations from KPA Mumbai.**

### UPSC Cleared



**Miss Sharmishtha Koul** D/o Mrs. Nancy Dembi & Mr. Nandan Ji Dembi of Delhi has cleared UPSC (Civil Services) exam 2001. Sharmishtha attributes her success to her family's support, blessing of Bhagwan Gopi Nath Ji & her strong determination.

**Congratulations from KPA Mumbai.**

### Admission to Professional Courses:

The special reservation for Kashmiri migrants in professional courses in Maharashtra is continuing this year. Your Association and its President are in constant touch with the authorities, connected with it. Though entries for admission this year are through internet, an exception was made for those in Jammu city at the intervention of our President and the request of Shri A.N.Vaishnavi - Yuvak Sabha, Jammu.

Mahanirvan Anniversary of Bhagwan Shri Gopinath Ji Maharaj:



The 34th Mahanirvan Anniversary of Bhagwan Shri Gopinathji Maharaj was celebrated at Narmadeshwar Mandir, near Mandala BCamp, Sion-Trombay Road, Mumbai, on 12th June 2002, with a Hawan followed by community Prasad. This event is celebrated at

various places in India and abroad. Jammu, Delhi & Mumbai stand amongst these. The Fotedar family as usual played a major role in the celebrations.

**Update Biradari Directory**

**Wali Pyarelal (IM-556)**

31, Prim Rose, Glen Dale, Off Pokhran Road - 2,  
Opp: Lok Hospital, Thane (W) 400 601.  
**Tel:** 5303037.

**Change of Address:**

**Takoo Ravi (IM-207)**

**Old Add:** Kedar, Lokpuram, Thane.  
**New Add:** Flat 803, 8th Floor, Bldg. EMP-8,  
Evershine Millenium Complex, Thakur Village,  
Kandivli (E), Mumbai 400 104. **Tel:** 8852440.

**Watal M. L.**

**Old Add:** Jumbo Darshan, Opp. Gold Spot.  
**New Add:** Flat 402/403, Tejas Apartments,  
Opp. Alpine Industrial Esate,  
Off Military Road, Marol, Andheri (E),  
Mumbai 400 059. **Tel:** 8562580.

**Kachroo J.N. / Kachroo Romesh**

**Old Add:** D-301, Riveria, Lokhandwala, Kandivli.  
**New Add:** 4-B/202, Whispering Palms,  
Lokhandwala Complex, Kandivli (E),  
Mumbai 400 101. **Tel:** 8865853, 8876635.

**Ganjoo P.J.**

**Old Add:** Indian Oil Nagar, J.P.Road.  
**New Add:** 11, Kodinar Model Town, 7-Bunglows,  
Andheri (W), Mumbai 400 053. **Tel:** 6372428.

**Bhan T.K.**

**Old Add:** SBI Qrs., Sector 13, Nerul.  
**New Add:** 104, Shreyas Apartments, Plot No. C-1, Sector 23, **Nerul, Navi Mumbai 400 706.**

**Change of Address**

**Ganjoo Mohan Lal**

**Old Add:** C/22, Sea Breeze, Mahul, Chembur.  
**New Add:** Rishikesh Housing Society,  
15/14, Shivpuri Colony, Near Vijay Cinema,  
Sion Trombay Road, Chembur, Mumbai 400 071.  
**Tel:** 5271129.



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