



मिळुचार MILCHAR

January - March 2003



**Sharika Bhagwati in Kashmiri Panditani attire
(Photo courtesy, Vitasta Annual, Kashmir Sabha, Kolkata)**

Between Ourselves

... M.L.Mattoo, President

Namaskar &
Navreh Mubarak .

- **Nadimarg Carnage:** Yet another gruesome carnage in the 13-year long history of terrorist violence in Kashmir, has taken place after Wondahama and Chhatisingpora, when 24 members of the Kashmiri Pandit community were brutally murdered in the sleepy hamlet of Nadimarg in the Pulwama district of Kashmir, on the night of 23rd March 2003. The act is more gruesome than all previous acts, inasmuch as the innocent peace loving human being, men, women and children, aged and young, were forcibly dragged out of their houses at the dead of night, lined and showered with a rain of bullets, thus wiping out in a flash, almost half of the KP population in the village. It has also been reported that in acts of extreme brutality, the assassins disfigured the faces of the victims, and not only looted their houses, but also removed gold ornaments from the body of the dead women, this, in spite of the fact that a police post, to provide security to the KP families, was provided in the village itself. The absence of police personnel manning the post, or their being mute spectators to the heinous crime, speak volumes about the kind of security, the police can provide to the common people.

Words fall short of translating the deep anguish, fear and frustration of the Kashmiri Pandit community, who have been at the receiving end, right from the date when militancy raised its ugly head in the Valley in 1989. Since then, innumerable deaths have taken place at the hands of militants, and in most of the cases, the assassins were never tracked down and the files were closed. The Nadimarg incident also raises a big question mark on the efficacy of the new government's resolve to bring back Kashmiri Pandits to the Valley, without having strengthened the security set up, as also the intelligence machinery of the state. This incident has invariably brought to a grinding halt, whatever steps the government had taken to shift a few KP families from Jammu to the so-called 'secured pockets', to show to the world that peace had at last been restored in the Valley. It should be clear to the governments of the day now, that the militancy only needs to be crushed with a heavy hand and that no piecemeal measures will provide any relief to the suffering people, or bring back normalcy.

- **Annual Havan:** Like the earlier years, this year too, the Kashmiri Pandits' Association, performed Annual Havan, but at a new Venue – Vashi, Navi Mumbai. On behalf of myself & all members of the Board of Trustees, I wish to congratulate one and all who came from different corners of the state in large numbers. Their participation made it an all time success. We also thank our youth members who helped us in this endeavor which is quite praise worthy.

- **Annual Fund Raising Day:** The event held at Rang Sharda, Bandra, was totally conceived and staged by the artists available locally, a few of them having come from

Pune. The Programme, which ran for more than four hours, comprised Variety in Music, Dance, Drama, Ballet, Satire and Comedy, and kept the whole audience spellbound till drop of curtains. A Souvenir was also released on the occasion. I thank all those who took pains, directly and indirectly, to make the whole programme a grand success. KPA is proud of all of them. I thank all the advertisers for releasing their advertisements for our Souvenir and helping us to raise funds for the fulfilment of our Aims and Objectives. I also thank the biradari members, who toiled hard to seek advertisements from various agencies in this regard.

- **Life-time Contribution Award:** This year, the prestigious Life-time Contribution Award was conferred upon Shri Mohan Lal Bradoo, a senior member of our biradari. An example of self-made successful entrepreneur, Shri Bradoo, by his utter humility and self-effacing readiness to help community members, wherever and whenever need be, has earned him the epithet of a 'quiet and dependable philanthropist'.

- **Mohan Lal Aima Music Awards and ZAAN Awards:** This year, the Mohan Lal Aima

Music Awards and the ZAAN Awards, which were scheduled to be given away on the Annual Fund Raising Day, were deferred due to the gruesome murder of 24 of our brethren at Nadimarg, Pulwama. These Awards will be given away on another day, for which the Awardees will be informed well in time.

- **KPA Complex at Navi Mumbai:** As already intimated, acquisition of a plot of land measuring 1000 Square Meters on concessional rates, somewhere in Navi Mumbai, through CIDCO is in the process. Necessary allotment in this regard, is expected to be made by CIDCO in a couple of months, after completion of the formalities. According to rough estimates, the land will cost about Rs.15 Lacs and the whole Complex, comprising a total built-up area of about 1200 Square Meters including a Stilt and a Community Hall, will cost 120 Lacs. The Project as a whole, along with its cost implications, was approved by the General Body, at an Extra-ordinary General Meeting held on 23rd March, 2003 at Kashyap Bhawan. Since, we need enormous funds for the Project, I appeal to the members of the biradari to rise to the occasion and help the Association, not only by paying their share of donation, but also make efforts to raise funds from other quarters. This no doubt, is a gigantic task, but I am sure, with the cooperation of all of you, we will be able to achieve our targets in full and in time.

- We welcome Maj. Gen. Tej Kaul and his family to Mumbai once again. Maj. Gen. Kaul has taken over as GOC I/c Gujarat and Maharashtra.

- Last month's expansion in the J&K State ministry has given Shri Raman Mattoo a berth as Minister for Industries. We congratulate him for this assignment and look forward to his visit to Mumbai.

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Editorial

The Evil Strikes Again

... P.N.Wali

In the last issue of Milchar, we had spoken about the Kashmiri Pandits still living in Kashmir. How unfortunate it is that these very people have become victims of yet another carnage since that issue. When I met some people in Kashmir few months back, they were apprehensive of things to come. They believed tragedy struck them every two years, Sangrampura (1996), Wandhama (1998), and Wadhvan (2000). They were keeping their fingers crossed for 2002. But the unrelenting forces of evil did not spare for long. The dark face of EVIL has not only struck these innocent people in a far away corner of Kashmir alone. It has in a way struck all those few thousands, who were eking their lives in the valley. It has struck all of us living outside Kashmir, for whom Kashmir continues to be part of our being. And beyond anything else, it has struck the civilized society of the World.

What we witnessed after the carnage, was the utter helplessness of the Indian society - be it the Government, the Opposition, the Media or the Common gentry. The whole nation looks to be clueless. The same words of disgust and sympathy uttered any number of times look empty and devoid of any meaning. No body is ready to strike at the root of the problem. Treating the symptoms will not serve the purpose. The enemy symbolised by its civil and military head - Musharaf, is doing anything to perpetuate the problem. He has gone on record, in an interview to an Indian journalist at Kualalampur that his intelligence agencies are involved. And he justified it. Our leaders have time and again called it a proxy war, but give no clue if they intend to fight it at all. The whole nation looks to be stuck in a blind alley. The lesson from Iraq is not learnt, where a country uses all its might to fight a supposed enemy. We have a real enemy who is striking any where and everywhere, whether it be in defenseless pastures of Kashmir, the crowded localities of India's commercial capital Mumbai or the symbol of the Indian nationhood, the Parliament itself. We are not just sleeping, we are dazing. In such situation we cannot but sympathise with the victims who happen to be our own kins back in Kashmir.

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From the Pages of History

13th July 1931 and After

. . . J.N.Kachroo

13th July 1931 is a landmark in the annals of modern Kashmir. On that day, open demonstration against the despotic rule of the Maharaja took place. The flash point was reached by the arrest and trial of one non-Kashmiri Abdul Qadir, for his alleged seditious speech delivered by him in the precincts of Khanqah of Shah Hamadan. Interestingly, Abdul Qadir had come to Kashmir as a cook of a European visitor.

On 13th July, Qadir's trial was being held in the Srinagar Jail, evidently to keep off excited crowds. Nevertheless, large crowds outside the jail raised slogans protesting against the Trial. They were joined by the prisoners inside the jail. Situation went out of control. Under the orders of the district magistrate, armed police opened fire. Twenty-one persons were killed. Wide disturbances in the city followed. Hindu shops were looted, some property burnt. In the communal outburst, three Hindus at Vicharnag, a suburb of Srinagar, were killed. Since then, 13th July is being observed as Martyr's Day. It is a Public holiday.

The Background

This event did not happen a day too soon or a day too late. The time was ripe for such a happening. A fertile ground for appropriate mass action or reaction had assiduously been prepared by forces more than one.

Certain influential Kashmiri Muslims settled outside Kashmir raised their voice against the inaction and neglect of education of the Muslims. At the request of the State Government, the Education Commissioner of Govt. of India (GOI), Mr. Sharp made some recommendations, which the Maharaja accepted. In 1924, the Viceroy Lord Reading received a memorial from some leading members of the Muslim community making demands of far reaching consequences, including grant of proprietary rights in land to peasants and a larger representation in government service. The Maharaja did not like it but GOI gave a clear message that it would not shy away from interfering.

The Twenties of the last century witnessed a phenomenal rise in the popularity of Indian National Congress under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi. To counter this, the British Government in India (GOI) pursued a communal policy. Kashmir, with Muslim majority population and ruled by a Hindu prince could not be lost sight of.

A large number of organisations formed by influential Kashmiri Muslims settled outside the state, mushroomed up. The most vocal and prominent among them was called the Kashmir Muslim Conference of Lahore and Simla (later christened as All India Kashmir Muslim Conference). The famous poet, Sir Mohd. Iqbal was a member of this organisation. Leaders of these organisations believed that the backwardness and poverty of their brethren back home were the result of neglect and discrimination by the Hindu regime under the Dogra rule. They publicised their opinion widely and demanded immediate redressal.

Back home, especially in the Valley, a sizeable number of Muslim youth with degrees from different Indian universities, particularly from the Muslim University, Aligarh formed the Reading Room Party. They would meet, discuss the opinions of the various Kashmiri Muslim organisations and echo their sentiments in different mosques. They took upon themselves, the task of educating the people about their political rights. Sheikh Mohamad Abdullah (M.Sc from Aligarh) who had resigned from the post of a teacher, emerged as the most popular of the members of the Reading Room Party. He drew large crowds when he addressed gatherings in mosques. A campaign against the Dogra rule was thus started. As was inevitable, it turned into a hate Hindu campaign, Dogra regime being equated with Hindu regime. All to the liking of the Political Department of the GOI.

Maharaja Hari Singh, speaking as the representative of the Indian princes at the Round Table Conference in London, declared the princes' support to patriotic demands. This seems to have acted as the Catalyst. Abdul Qadir episode was the signal for 13 July 1931 outburst.

Follow up Actions

Maharaja Hari Singh was awakened from his slumber. He tried to assert his authority. He appointed a committee of officials, presided over by the Chief Justice of the state High Court to enquire into 13 July happenings. People doubted its impartiality and rejected it. The British Resident asked for an impartial enquiry. The Maharaja dismissed his British minister and appointed Raja Hari Kishen Koul, an able administrator as Prime Minister. The agitation continued and so did the repressive measures of arrest, flogging and even the flogging under the inhuman 19-L law. This was the ripe stage for the British Government in India to step in.

The Viceroy directed the Resident to issue a notice to the Maharaja to remove the grievances of Muslims, to appoint an unprejudiced British officer deputed by the GOI as an enquiry officer to hold enquiry into Muslim grievances and demands, and a European Indian Service officer be appointed as the Prime Minister. The Maharaja had to accept the suggestions in total, though gradually.

Glancy Commission

The Maharaja asked for and got on loan the services of Sir B.J.Glancy, an officer in the Political Department of GOI to preside over a Commission to go into the grievances of Muslims. The Commission had four more members, a Hindu and a Muslim each from Kashmir and Jammu. Pt. P.N.Bazaz represented Hindus of Kashmir. While the Hindu member from Jammu resigned without signing the report, P.N.Bazaz put his signature on the recommendations of the Commission. The Muslims got mostly what they were demanding.

Also Col. E.J.D.Colvin of the Political department was appointed as the Prime Minister. Political prisoners were released and repressive laws withdrawn. Three other officers of the Indian Civil Service joined the Kashmir Cabinet as ministers. They held

charge of important departments of Home, Revenue and Police. Thus the British Government of India achieved its objective, namely complete control of J&K administration. The event (13 July 1931) marked the beginning of political activities in the state.

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Insight

Whither Kashmiri Pandit Community

...**Moti Lal Khar**

A dying language and fading cultural heritage, Kashmiri Pandit community as a whole at present are a worried lot. After their migration from their homes and hearths in Kashmir valley more than a decade ago, feel the strain of keeping their identity alive.

What bothers the community most is the fate of their language. A dying language threatens the culture and heritage of a community. The new generation in the community does not even speak and know it. The community's sense of let down has been compounded by their own community members who feel it below their dignity to talk or speak in their mother tongue among their children. They adopt western style of life, ignoring the rich culture of their ancestors, although the well wishers of the community are worried how to preserve their traditions.

A deeply religious community, Kashmiri Pandits worship all Hindu gods and goddesses and have established many such temples like Hari Parbat, Tulmula (Kheer Bhawani) temples and other such 'ashrams' of the Valley, wherever they are scattered in the country and elsewhere. In spite of this, the fact is that they have westernised their lives and have had too many inter-caste marriages outside their community, forgetting their own roots of rich heritage. No doubt, their rituals are important but they perform these rituals and other social customs with pomp and show and spent lavishly even after migration, and in present distress, they ignore the moral values thus damaging the image and identity of their culture and heritage. Traditionally, Kashmiri Pandit community is an educated community having produced executives, patriots, ministers and bureaucrats in the country. Kashmiri Pandits were also known as great religious preachers, preaching Kashmiri Shaivism. Kashmir was considered a seat of learning and literature. Scholars from different parts of the country and from abroad used to come here to learn. The community at present is on cross roads after their migration from the Valley. Though patriotic and peace loving citizens, they have become refugees in their own country. A leaderless and rudderless community, at present in distress, is fighting for its survival. May God come to rescue the community and its culture and identity.

The community should follow the path declared in Rigveda as under:

'Meet together, speak together, let your minds be of one accord - May your Counsel be common, your assembly common, common the mind and thoughts of these united - Let your aims be common and your hearts of one accord, and all of you be one mind, so you may live well together.'

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Sweet & Sour

The White Horse

... Tribhuvan N. Bhan

Right from my childhood, I have been having a special liking for animals. At various stages of life, I had a dog as a pet but it has been a horse that fascinates me for its grace, speed and stamina. In early forties, my father late Shri Gobindji Bhan owned one of the best tongas in Srinagar. Naturally, I was very fond of our horse. For me, its presence in the house gave me immense joy. It was treated like a family member.

As a child, I often spent a day or two with my maternal grandparents at Banamohalla. Everyone adored me there. I would get anything that I demanded. While returning to my home at Karan Nagar, Bhaisaheb, my maternal grandfather, would escort me. On one such occasion, we were passing through Chotta Bazar near Kani Kadal. On that particular day, a tongawalla was disharnessing his horse from the tonga. The light grey horse, almost white in colour, was a picture of elegance. To me, it was a thing of beauty, which captivated my thoughts and my feet refused to move further. While I was engrossed in watching the 'White Horse', Bhaisaheb was walking ahead. He was unaware that I was left behind him standing at one place. As he turned round, he retraced his steps and told me, "Come on, we are getting late. Your mother must be worried by now." I, with my thoughts occupied by the majestic horse, paid no heed to what he was saying. I pointed at the horse across the road and told him in no uncertain terms, "I want that horse". "Are you crazy? How can you have it? That man over there must be owning it", he said rather angrily. I would have none of his arguments. I refused to budge from where I stood. Not only that I threw my tantrums, wept bitterly, stamped my feet on the road. Seeing my grandfather's predicament, some people passing by, asked him as to why I was crying. A small crowd gathered and from this crowd, a man took Bhaisaheb aside. What transpired between them, I could not hear. Afterwards both of them went across the road and spoke for some time to the owner of the horse. All the while, I was getting impatient and time stood still for me. Three of them were in deep discussion. After quite some time, my joy was limitless when I saw Bhaisaheb, the owner of the horse and the horse crossing the road and approaching me. The man from the small crowd did not accompany them but I could see a certain smile of satisfaction on his face. Coming close to me, Bhaisaheb told me, "Here is the horse. It is all yours. Now stop crying". "But I want to take it home", I told him. Before he would say anything, Kadira, the owner of the horse interrupted and told me, "In that case, I will also come to your home. But you will have to treat me to a cup of 'Sheeri Chai' and 'Telvor'. I am famished. Whole day I have not eaten anything". I at once agreed to what he wanted. So, four of us walked towards my home. I made sure that the horse and Kadira walked in front of me. The crowd had already dispersed. There was a stable at my home at Karan Nagar. It was not occupied on that day as my father had gone to Bandipora where he was posted those days. He usually travelled by his tonga. He felt more comfortable thus as it was an independent mode of travel for him. I made sure that the horse was lodged in the stable. I told my mother to

serve the promised tea to Kadira. Later, my mother took me aside and scolded me for having created a scene on the roadside, embarrassed Bhaisaheb and having taken advantage of his kindness and love for me. I gave her patient hearing but had nothing to say as I was on cloud nine for owning a 'white horse'. With these thoughts, I went to sleep, dreaming of riding the most magnificent horse high up in the clouds.

Next morning, when I woke up, the first thing I did was to go to the stable and have a look at my 'white horse'. I was petrified, blood froze in my veins, a chill ran down my spine, when I discovered that the horse had vanished and the stable was empty. I asked my mother, where the horse had gone. She had no answer. I put the same question to others too in the house. No one gave me an answer. All were mum, which annoyed me all the more. Being deprived of my proud possession, I started to cry bitterly and threw all sorts of tantrums. I literally shook the whole house. This physical fatigue and mental turmoil exhausted me completely, and I had to be put to bed by my mother, as she must have realised the pitiable state I was in. It took me days to come to terms with the stark reality that I did not own the 'White Horse' any more. This episode took place some time in 1942.

Years passed, I came to Mumbai in 1958. I used to go to Srinagar for summer holidays every year. During one such visit, I was with Bhaisaheb at his home at Banamohalla. He had grown very old but his memory never failed him, till his last day. He asked me whether I remembered the episode involving the 'White Horse' of Chotta Bazar. I replied in affirmative.

Bhaisaheb recounted in detail what had actually happened on that day. He told me, "The man from the crowd who took me across the road to talk to the owner of the horse, was known to Kadira, the owner. We both convinced him and I almost begged of him to come to my rescue.

Realising my predicament and being kind at heart, we were able to strike a deal with him. He agreed to put-up an act to make you feel as if he had gifted the horse to you. For his cooperation and kindness, I had given him one rupee - not a small amount of money those days. After lodging the horse in the stable, your mother has coaxed you to sleep. That was when Kadira took the horse away".

Whatever good, bad or ugly happened on that particular day, left an indelible mark on my psyche as, I was ecstatic on owning a horse, though my ecstasy was short-lived.

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An important note from Bhawani Sahasranaam - Vijaya Bhan

There are some popular names of Indian rivers, which are revelatory of different aspects of Mother's power. It may be mentioned in this context that river symbolises motion as also the sound.

The meaning of *nadi* (river) is 'to make the sound' as the word comes from its Sanskrit root '*nad*', musical sound gushing out from mountain and oozing from springs, streams flow into rivers which ultimately get absorbed in the ocean.

This connotes the course of *Atmen* with its sound *Soham* (I and He) ever moving to its Absolute, Ultimate Goal, the Supreme Self. In *Sakta Darsma*, it connotes *Nada* movement and Sound called *Sabdabrahma*. *Nada* is the union of *Siva* and *Sakti*. *Nada* is the Will aspect of Divine Mother, the seed of all manifestation. It is the vibration of OM. When mind is fixed on *Nada*, a *nahate* sound is heard. *Nad* stage is the third in the eight distinctions of *Bindu*. In this context, the names of the rivers assume meaning:

Sindhu:	The river of heaven leading to peace.
Mandakini:	The river of heaven, leading to peace.
Ganga:	The flow of Divinity.
Yamuna:	Goddess who subdues pain.
Saraswati:	Unrevealed primordial speech.
Godavari:	Dispeller of ignorance through knowledge.
Vipasa:	The Goddess who cuts the knots of worldliness.
Kaveri:	The exerciser of self-effacing charm.

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Short story

The Last Game

... M.K.Raina

Their's was called the 'Gang of Six'. Eldest among them was Lalji and he was 14 years old. All of them lived close to one another in the densely populated locality of Maniyar.

The name was not given to them for nothing. It was coined by Sama Kakh, a retired police officer of the locality, after giving due consideration to the boys' life style and activities. The six, Sama Kakh said, had, as per his knowledge, broken all records of being in one another's close company for such a long time. Frankly speaking, the boys were seen together right from the day they were enrolled in a near-by primary school, eight years back. Their meeting point was the shadowy space under a big Mulberry tree, in the middle of their mohalla, which they had cleaned and converted into a nice sitting place. They were there, except during rains & snow, every evening, doing their home work, discussing the issues they thought were important to them, planning their picnic trips and eating *Shahtul* (a large reddish-black, acidic and deliciously flavoured fruit), by climbing up the tree, one branch reserved for each boy. And they had the exclusive right to the fruit by virtue of having engraved their names with a knife, on the trunk of the tree. During heavy snow fall in winter, they would invariably mould a Snowman by rolling snow, placing it vertically up at a fixed spot, resting it against the tree, and shaping it well like a fat man's torso. They would then place on it, a spherical head made up of snow again and also attach the limbs. It was the duty of Ramji, the youngest among them, to engrave and mark with soft charcoal, the Snowman's ears, eyes, nose and mouth. An old Kangri (Kashmiri Fire-pot) was also placed near by, to give a colourful touch to the artefact. And this Snowman was there to represent the 'Gang' till early spring when it would melt and vanish.

All this was till Lalji got a transistor radio as gift from his Delhi based cousin, with the added information that India-England Cricket Series was about to commence in England and they could hear the running commentary live on it. This changed their schedules altogether.

It was not that they had not seen or listened to a radio earlier. In fact, two of them have had radio sets in thier homes, but they were of no use to them. Their parents would switch on the radios only for the news, being least interested in the games. Now, this transistor radio gave them the immense pleasure of listening to what they wanted, at their own will.

Lalji was now busy, collecting information about the cricket matches to be played at various places in various countries. He got a new notebook and kept each and every information handy. Before the India-England Series got underway, Lalji had maintained record of all matches to be played over a period of one year. He would now occasionally

be seen absent from the 'Gang'. Others were least worried, knowing fully that he was on the 'job'.

None of the boys ever played cricket, or even watched a match before. But they had heard about it from their senior schoolmates. Lalji's cousin had informed them that the game was so tough that even the big powers like America, Soviet Union and Japan were scared of indulging in this deadly game. This however did not diminish the boys' interest in cricket. They waited anxiously for the first match between the two countries, commentary of which really came live on the little transistor radio during late evening hours. There was some confusion initially, in understanding the words and phrases used by commentators which they overcame at the end of the first match spanning 5 days of play. All through the match, they were seen sitting beneath the Mulbery tree till midnight when under tremendous pressure from their elders, they had to disperse to their homes to have dinner and sleep.

This new development gave Lalji an added responsibility. Being senior, it was his duty to know more about the game. So, every day he would put lot of questions to his seniors and teachers and share the information with his mates. He would also give his comments, to impress others that he was picking up the game fast. After conclusion of the first match, the boys had known a lot about the game, or atleast they thought so.

By end of the test series of five matches, Lalji and his team had a fairly good knowledge of the game. They were now aware of most of the rules. At times, they would also analyse the comments of a commentator and pronounce their judgement. And in the heart of hearts, they thought they were perfect players as well. "We are ready to prove our mettle, only if a team from other locality was ready to play with us", Lalji announced. Others cheered.

They needed eleven people to form a team and they were only six. But this did not pose any problem. The barbed wire fenced plot of land, half a mile away from their home, which was recently purchased by one of their neighbours to construct his new house, was too small to accommodate eleven persons to field. Moreover, they thought they could always invite a couple of boys from the gathering to field for them on a bigger ground, if need be. And to bat, they decided that during a match with a rival team, five of them would bat twice.

So, on an auspicious day, the boys finally announced launch of their cricket team. They arranged four stumps, three for the batting end and one for the runners end, in the shape of small lengths of mulbery branches. A new bat was available in the market at rupees ten which they could not afford. After pooling all their pocket money and the additional grant, which one of them received from his parents, they were able to make four rupees. Lalji, who was the natural choice for the captainship because of his age, volunteered to get a selected piece of willow firewood from his home. This piece of wood

was given to a carpenter, who got it beautifully transformed into a bat. Knowing that they had no more than four rupees on their body, the carpenter charged them only that amount and also gifted them a wooden ball. Boys were all thrilled. Now they thought, they were in a position to challenge any team. But Lalji's views were different. He thought it was wise to practice for at least a couple of days, before they challenge any body.

Next Sunday, they went to the 'play ground' fully equipped and took along a dozen of children much less than their age to watch them play and clap. They decided the batting order by drawing lots. Lalji was overwhelmed with joy as he was to bat first, and Kundan, the last man to bat, was to bowl first. Lalji gave some useful instructions to Kundan. 'How to bowl a fast ball and how to deliver a spin?' Kundan nodded his head, confirming his grasp of the things. Lalji took charge as opener and looked around in a manner of a great batsman looking out for weakly defended territories. He was set to receive the first ball but wanted to receive a trial one first to gain confidence. He took the stance and signalled Kundan to bowl. Kundan delivered a fast ball, which took some time to reach Lalji. Lalji hit the ball forcefully. But it was dead before it could reach back to the bowler. Children clapped.

Now was the time to deliver first 'official' ball of the hour. Kundan came running from quite some distance and threw the ball. Lalji took a step forward to make it bigger this time, and in a flash, he was clean bowled, the middle stump thrown two yards away licking dust. Lalji's bat was still in the air. Children behind him clapped again as Lalji stood motionless with his cheeks red.

It was the turn of Raghu now. He was two years younger to Lalji but had robust health and wide chest. Kundan was spinning the ball in his hands. Having sent the first ball very 'fast', he made up his mind to send a 'spin' this time. As soon as he delivered the ball, which was anything but spin, Raghu moved to his left and hit the ball high in the air, and through a large glass window right into the attic of a bungalow at the boundary. Glass panes came crashing down. Raghu was terror-stricken. A baldy, his eyes red with anger, peeped out of the window and yelled. Before the boys could assess the situation, a servant came running from the bungalow and caught Raghu by neck. Soon after came the baldy with the wooden ball, his white shirt miserably splashed with tea. He slapped Raghu hard on his face. Raghu fell on the ground. Baldy was mad. He continued to thrash Raghu with his fist and foot. Lalji, as leader of the team, intervened and pleaded for mercy, only to get a hard slap from the servant. This provoked Kundan. He came running from his position and caught servant's raised hand, and in a moment, Kundan was thrown away by the baldy with a kick. Children sitting at the fence were now crying and weeping and abusing the baldy and his servant. The baldy 'captured' Raghu and Lalji and would not leave them unless they pay for two glass panes, a china clay cup and laundry charges for the shirt. All this amounted to rupees eight. Boys did not have a penny and the baldy would not let them go. All the boys were weeping and wailing. A passer-by intervened. He pleaded with the baldy to lower his costs. Baldy, taking a

lenient view, offered a two-rupee discount on the cost of damages, but the boys had nothing. The passer-by mediated a deal. Boys were asked to part with their bat and the ball, which according to their own confession, was valued at rupees four. Making sure that they had no money to pay the balance, and seeing them in tears, the baldy was further moved. He let them go with the promise that they would pay the balance next morning.

The baldy was gone and so were his servant and the passer-by. The boys started towards their home in a perfect line, Lalji at their head and the children at the tail. All of them had their heads down. Lalji, Raghu and Kundan were still rubbing their body parts to eliminate pain. There was no weight to be carried back home. Stumps were not removed from the ground. They were kept standing there as a token of the Gang's entry into the game of cricket. They decided, and also persuaded children, not to reveal this episode to anybody in their mohalla.

The boys' dreams were shattered and next day, they took an oath not to play cricket again. Lest the running commentary tempt them to play again, Lalji wrapped up his transistor radio with a piece of cloth and placed it under the heap of old books in a large wooden box in his home. And for a full year, no one from the Gang took the route alongside that bungalow, lest the baldy spots them and demands two rupees. This, in spite of the fact that they had to traverse a long distance around to reach their school everyday.

As far the boys' permanent spot under the tree, it remained an abandoned place thereafter, as the boys were scared to think of being sighted and 'arrested' by the baldy. Came winter and with that a heavy snowfall. But there was no snowman under the tree this time. Everything around was frozen. The branches of the tree were hanging low, drops of water trickling down their leaves, perhaps mourning the disintegration of the 'Gang'. ?



Our Heritage

Haaran Gindun

The Game of Cowries

...Dalip Langoo

Haar is a small molluscan seashell. In Kashmiri it means the money or a playing object. It is an ancient game that Kashmiri Pandits used to play on the eve of Maha Shivratri. We as children used to derive immense enjoyment from the calculations involved in playing the game. Haar (Kaudi in Hindustani) is the main component of the game and the participants can number from two to any limit. There are rules and regulations, to be followed by the players very strictly, especially on the day of Salaam, which falls on the next day after Shivratri pooja. The players gather in a room of the house. This was one of the most popular indoor games known in Kashmir amongst Kashmiri Pandits. Hardly anybody plays the game these days. But the memories of enjoyment it used to give when we were children, the feeling of togetherness and love we used to have and the excitement of winning the game are some things we always long for.

Description of the Game:

- ? **Haar** (The Playing object)
- ? **Chaakh** is the measuring unit, which consists of four Haar's.
- ? Minimum of **two Haars** are required to start a game.
- ? **Kunyi** (Combination of single Haar resulting in the win)
- ? **Pushraan Dabu** (To add a Haar on a particular number as decided)
- ? **Juph Taaq** (Even and Odd combinations: In this odd numbers were to be won and on getting an even number the game was to be passed on to the following player after adding a Haar to the rest of Haars on surface)
- ? **Chaakan** (Combination of Four, results in the win)
- ? **Duchi** (Combination of Two results in the win)
- ? **Shartal** means the betting.
- ? **Tichan** means to strike with one Haar the other one (Usually the children play in this way).
- ? These are the various ways of playing. Players sit in a circle or opposite to each other depending on the number of players.
- ? **Botul** (Yellowish Haar with a difference) or a **Krend Haar** (Broken Haar), **Nich Haar** (The Small Haar), **Vyeth Haar** (The Big Haar), are some other different types of Haars involved in the game. Different Haars were used for the tossing purpose and these were collected in the hands and thrown on the floor. This was the way to select the player who plays first.

Rules of the game:

- ? All players should maintain the decorum of the game and have patience.
- ? When a type of game is agreed upon, one should strictly follow the norms. The tactics of other forms of the game are not to be confused with. Creating a fuss amounts to disqualification.

- ? Possessing the **Haars** in plenty is the primary requisite to qualify to play. To own the Haars is important because Haars are to be **lost** or **won** by a player. In our times we had created a new system of counting points and at the end all the players were given their Haars back by repurchase formula.
- ? There is no fixed duration for the game. It however can continue till agreed upon by the participants.
- ? Each player should possess a **Botul**; a Haar with a different look to identify easily to which player it belongs. This makes it easy to decide the first player to start the game.
- ? The **Botul** was also used like a Joker in the cards.
- ? It was necessary to use a plane surface to throw the Haars.
- ? A clean sheet of single color also was used to make counting of Haar's easy.
- ? If there were more than two people participating then a circle was to be formed and so on.
- ? Two players would sit opposite to each other.
- ? In case of many participants a bowl was used to collect the Haars.
- ? The most competent person only used to count the Haars thrown on the floor.
- ? Everything was decided in the beginning of the game as how and what to do by whom.
- ? There were few experts of the game. They would sit with new players and go on briefing them about the rules and regulations during the game. They would also point out the mistakes.
- ? This game was exclusively played on the eve of Shivratri locally known as **Herath**.

Different Ways to play the game:

- ? **Kunyi:** Kunyi means a **single odd** number, which confirms the win. When a heap of Haars is thrown on a plain surface the win was not confirmed till a single haar fell on the opposite side of the bulge of the Haar. If one doesn't get this formation no one is declared the winner. Only if the single Haar fell on the surface upward down or vice versa the player was declared the winner. All the four or more Haars, which one throws on the surface, belong to that particular player. The game continues likewise till one accepts the defeat or one is short of Haars.
- ? **Pushraan Dabu:** Pushrawun means to add. **Even** and **odd** number of the Haars is important in determining the play towards winning. In this type each member contributes one or more as decided to start the game. With all these the Haar's thrown on the surface are calculated and if the **even** number of Haars are upwards down then one has to **add** to it one or as decided Haars and thus the game continues. If one gets **three** upwards down it was called to be **Chhout** meaning 'no results' so it was passed on to another player. Also if all the Haars fell in their normal or upward down position in both the cases it was **Chhout** meaning no results. In this case too the game was passed on to the other player. In case of Chhout by Three Haars one didn't have to add anything but pass on to another player. In case of Chhout by another means one had to add a Haar or Haar's as decided and pass on the game to next player sitting in a circle in clockwise direction. In case one got odd ones on the surface these were to be considered won by the particular player except three Haars. The game was carried on or if a single Haar was in opposite position upward down or vice-versa the whole lot of Haars were won.
- ? **Juph Taaq:** (Even and Odd): This was similar to the above-mentioned style but with a little difference. In this odd numbers were to be won and even numbers meant to pass

on the game to the next player after adding a Haar to the existing heap of Haars. In this case if three Haars fall, they are considered as **CHout** meaning null and void.

? **Chaakan:** (Combination of Four to win) In this it was decided in the beginning of the game that only if combination of four falls, all the Haars are considered to be won. In this the contribution of each individual was to be of four Haars.

? **Duchi:** (The Combination of two decides the win) Similar as above but instead of four two determined the game. There can be any number as decided for the game.

? **Shartal:** (Means the betting) In this two or more players bet and hid Haars in the closed fists. The opponent had to tell about even or odd number of Haars, which decided the game.

? **Tichan:** means to strike one Haar with another, usually children played in this way. Two Haars were taken to play. The Haars were kept on a plane surface and both players strike the Haars one by one. If the Haars were touched the win was declared. The player winning the maximum number would be the winner.

? **O Kus Bo Kus:** This started with the Children playing a game with singing the rhyme and then hands were put on the floor and were turned at the end of last word one by one, each time the rhyme is repeated. It is already decided in the beginning that whoever achieves it first, would be given **Haaru Chaakh**, i.e. four Haars by each participant. In this spiritual aspect and entertainment are equally emphasised.

The Haars were given to **daughters** on the eve of Herath/ **Shivratri** when they returned from their **Maalyun** (father's house). Other games like Carom, Chess, Cards, and Ludo etc. took its place and today it is hardly played anywhere. After exodus once I played it with my Bua ji (**Poph**) at New Delhi, who remembered her childhood days and tears appeared in her eyes that we have lost everything in Kashmir and similarly this **Gindun** the playing of the game of Haars too! We might have lost everything but not **Buttill** (the phenomenon of being a Batta as locally a Pundit is called in Kashmir). If the game of 'Haaru gindun' is lost today it can be revived and we can keep alive our traditions, which make us what we are.

I personally appeal to all concerned to support the cause of *Buttill* that is being crushed at each and every point, be it politically, socially, economically or in any other way. But this is the high time for Kashmiris to collect all treasures and share them to keep ourselves alive as *Battas*.

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Book Review

Book: Mysticism Across Cultures –

Studies on Select Poets and Saints

Author: Dr. A.N. Dhar

Publishers: Atlantic Publishers & Distributors, New Delhi.

Post exodus has meant a huge outpouring of literary works from people of our own community. Poetry, Short Stories, Novels, Current Events, etc have been tried. In the present work under review, I find a much deeper thought and critical acclaim from a person whom I can call a real researcher. The idea of mysticism no doubt, is enveloped into subtlety and bringing it to an intellectual level needs, clarity and understanding, which only a person of Dr. Dhar's imminence could draw.

Though the topic of the book is mysticism, but it very diligently draws the mystic aspects of some really great poets 'across cultures'. While comments on the Patmore, the great European mystic poet and also of celebrated T.S.Elot are there, what has extensively deliberated is the mystic content of the poetry of Kashmiri poets Lalla Ded, Nund reshi, Master Zinda kaul, Swami Govind Kaul and Bhagyavaan Pandit. It is a fact that the Kashmiri literary circles have not taken adequate notice of the contribution of the last two. While Swami Govind Kaul was an inspiration through the few books of his poetry, to those on his line of spiritual quest, nothing was known to the world of Bhagyavaan Pandit till the publication of her works 'Man Pamposh', about three years back. It goes to the credit of Dr. Dhar that he has brought them into full focus of the literary inclined Kashmiris. He has not only highlighted the mystic content of their works but also their poetic excellence.

We have in Mumbai, people already acquainted with these two poets. While Mumbai was one of the few places which Swami Govind Kaul had visited outside Kashmir in his life time, Bhagyavaan Pandit was part of Mumbai biradari for long period before her Maha Samadhi which also took place in Mumbai. The monumental work of Dr. Dhar will therefore find a number of interested readers in Mumbai. They shall rather be thankful to Dr. Dhar for having brought into lime light the contribution of these poets besides exploring the common substream among all the mystic poets of the world, whether past or present.

... P.N.Wali

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उलटी गंगा

... मोती लाल स्वर

कयामत से पहले मिटाने के खातिर
यह ताज़ा कयामत उठायी गयी है।
जिस से चोट खायी थी दिल की नज़र ने
वही दिल की हालत बनायी गयी है।।

नज़र का तो वह इम्तिहान ले चुके थे
तमन्ना की हद आजमायी गयी है।
कत्ल को निशाना बनाया गया है
शरीफों की हंसी उडायी गयी है।।

कभी दी गयी मुझ को झूठी तस्सली
कभी शमा-ए मुहब्बत दिखायी गयी है।
कभी आग दिल में लगायी गयी है
कभी आग दिल की बुझायी गयी है।।

बताऊं मैं क्या अपनी आवारगी का
घर जाने का मशवरा कर रहा हूं।
जहां मौत का सामना हर घडी है
जहां दिल की दौलत लुटायी गयी है।।

यह किस संगदिल ने निशाना लगाया
यह नगमे हैं किस की मुहब्बत के मुजरिम।
दहकते होंटों की गुलाबी चिता पर
किसी गीत की लाश पायी गयी है।।

घर के कोचे में मोती, अगर तुम
जा ही रहे हो तो जाना संभल कर।

वहां का है दस्तूर सब से निराला
वहां उलटी गंगा बहायी गयी है।।

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From the Kashmiri Folklore
लायक चूर तूँ माधव बिश्तूँ

लायक चूर, माधव बिश्तूँ तूँ सुब्हान ब्युच छि अकि वखूँ कॅशीरि हूँद्य मशहूर चूर ऑसिमुँत्यु।
दपान लायक सिंघ, युस लायक चूरूँ नावूँ मशहूर छु, ओस काँट्य दरवाजुँ रोज़ान। यि ओस
सख हिरफुँचल तूँ गुंडुँ। अमापो'ज ख्रदा तरस तूँ रहम दिल ति ओस। बड्यन बड्यन अँमीरन
ओस चूर करान तूँ स्व दौलथ ओस रातो राथ तिमन गरन मंज त्रावान यिमन काँह मुसीबथ
आसिहे आमुत। कोरि माल्यन, म्वंडन, मो'ज़ूरन तूँ स्यठा'ह सफेदपोश इन्सानन ओस चूरि हूँजि
रो'पयि चूरि चूरि गरन मंज त्रावान। पानुँ ओस छट्टी पादशा'ह ग्वरद्वारस नखुँ अँकिस छे'यि
पँहरि मंज रोज़ान।

यँहँय काँम ऑस्य सुब्हान ब्युच तूँ माधव बिश्तूँ ति करान। यिम ति ऑस्य छे'यि पँहर्यन
मंज रोज़ान। रँयीसन सन दिथ ऑस्य बेकसन अथुँ रो'ट करान।

ये'लि काँसि कां'ह खतरनाक इल्ज़ाम
आसिहे द्युन, दपान ऑसिस
'यो'हो'य लायक चूर ह्यू छुख।'

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सुमरनि हुँद्य फॅल्य् *

- यह कविता श्रीमती शांता कपूर के माध्यम से मिली हुई है। लेखक ने अपना नाम नहीं लिखा है।

सुमरनि हुँद्य फॅल्य् बॅल्य् रावुँराँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।
अडुँ फॅल्य् अरमान क्याजि पुचुराँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।1।

जन्मस यिथ मोल माँज तंबुँलाँविम
शुर्य् बावुँ ब्रमराँविम अन्जान ।
छे'निर्मति पलवुँक्य् पाँट्य् मॅशिराँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।2।

बाँय बंद यार दोस यॅच रंजुँनाँविम
खलकन हाँविम कूँत्य् अस्मान ।
पखुँ चॅट्य् कोतर कूत वुफुँनाँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।3।

आशक पानस रंग प्रजुँलाँविम
बुथ्य् गरुँनाँविम ता शोकुँ सान ।
मनुँ मल छलनय प्रंग परखाँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।4।

सोंतस नाद दिथ यावन छाँविम
पोश वथराँविम तोसुँ माँदान ।
लरि पान साँविथ गम गोसुँ बाँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।5।

कामदीवस कम लामुँ लेखुँनाँविम
जामुँ नाँल्य् त्राँविम आँलीशान ।
हजुँ तय हावसुँ क्यमखाब प्राँविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।6।

रंगुँ रछि आशे'जि शबरंग हाँविम

दो'ह घन गुजराँविम मजुँ सान ।
नाबद ट्यटुँव्यन छलुँ मिलनाँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।7।

विग्यञन हुँदि हटि बाँथ वनुँनाँविम
व्वसि अनुँनाँविम लसुँवँज जान ।
बसुँवँनि बँस्ती बर यलुँ त्राँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।8।

रछि गँड्य गँड्य अस्तान वुजुँनाँविम
क्वछि ललुँनाँविम लॉव्युँ संतान ।
रछनुँकि मारुँ मति गछि कुठि साँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।9।

संसारुँक्युँ रंग जगतस हाँविम
पनुँजन थाँविम ठान ।
हारि तुँ तोतुँ म्य कथुँ करुँनाँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।10।

सिरुँ कथ बाँविथ यार असुँनाँविम
लसुँनाँविम छे'नि अथुँ इन्सान ।
न्यथुँ ननि तनि किथ्युँ जामुँ पाँराँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।11।

ये'मि गाशुँ आशि हँत्युँ प्रजुँनाँविम
ठैर्युँ तँथ्युँ थाँविम तुँ रोवुस ब्यजान ।
मनहम पनुँ डेँजि खुर्युँ अनुँनाँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।12।

लोसुँनस ताम अंग अंग पोशिनॉविम
रोशिनॉविम अँछ कन तुँ ज़बान ।
नादुँ-व्यंदुँ ज़ानुँनय ज़ाँज बासुँ नाँविम
याद कोनुँ थाँविम लोलुँ निशान ।13।

अथुँ ख्वर मॉर्य मॉर्य इशारुँ हॉविम
सॉरिय रॉविम पॉर्यजान ।
बेबस सपदिथ अँश्य फे'र्य त्रॉविम
याद कोनुँ थॉविम लोलुँ निशान ।।4।

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Children's Page

... Compiled by 'Kóstùr'

Increase your Knowledge Series:

Bizarre Coincidences

Abraham Lincoln's life was inexplicably connected by an uncanny array of coincidences - some trivial, others tragic - to that of another assassinated US President, John F. Kennedy.

When he was shot, President Kennedy was travelling in a Lincoln car, manufactured by Ford; President Lincoln was in the Ford Theatre when he was shot. Kennedy was advised not to go to Dallas by his secretary, who just happened to be called Evelyn Lincoln. Both presidents were shot in the back of the head, while travelling with their wives and after predicting their own deaths less than a day before. Kennedy had earlier told his wife that no one would be able to prevent it if someone wanted to kill him; Lincoln had earlier told one of his guards W.H.Crook that he was convinced there were people who wanted to kill him and no one would succeed in stopping them. Morbid pessimism, or dire prophecy?

In any event, both were indeed assassinated: Kennedy by someone shooting from a warehouse who then ran into a theatre; Lincoln by someone shooting in a theatre who then ran into a storage barn. Both killers were themselves murdered too. A hundred years separated the election of the two future presidents to Congress (1846 and 1946 respectively) and also their election to the presidency (1860 and 1960). Not even their vice-presidents escaped this curious chain of coincidences, for both of them were Johnsons - Lincoln's was Andrew Johnson and Kennedy's was Lyndon Johnson.

Lincoln and Kennedy were clearly linked by fate, but tragically, not by good fortune.



Noble Etiquettes:

Why do we do 'Namaste'

Indians greet each with *Namaste*. The two palms are placed together in front of the chest and the head bows whilst saying the word *Namaste*. This greeting is for all - people younger than us, of our own age, those older than us, friends and even strangers.

There are five forms of formal traditional greeting enjoined in the *Shastras* of which *Namaskaaram* is one. This is understood as prostration but it actually refers to paying homage as we do today when we greet each other with a *Namaste*.

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

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

The spiritual meaning is even deeper. The life force, the divinity, the Self or the Lord in me is the same in all. Recognising this oneness with the meeting of the palms, we salute with head bowed, the divinity in the person we meet. That is why some times we close our eyes as we do *Namaste* to a revered person or the Lord - as if to look within.

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From Our Young Writers
Poetesses of Kashmir

... Master Aysh Kachru (16)

The great land of Kashmir has been blessed with many outstanding women, who have immortalized themselves by dint of their contribution to the history & culture of Kashmir.

This short write-up introduces the readers to three great poetesses, who are enshrined in every Kashmiri heart and whose songs are sung & hummed by Kashmiris with love & pride, even today.

Lalla Ded

Also known as Laleshwari, Lal Ded is the best known & most popular among the mystic poets and poetesses of Kashmir. With her mystical songs, she galvanized a spiritual fervor in the 14th century, among the masses of the valley, who were being torn by communal and religious strife. Through her poems, she preached the monistic philosophy of Shaivism and her service to this unique philosophy is paramount. Lal Ded's deep feeling for entire humanity and her past melancholic life, coalesced to produce one of the truly towering figures in Kashmiri poetry. She sings ;

*"..All evil things within myself burnt away,
And I did replace my impure heart.
Thence I was known as the pious Lalla,
Only when I waited for His grace..."*

Habba Khatoon

She has aptly been called as the originator of Kashmiri romantic lyricism and hence known as the poetess queen of Kashmir. While she recited one of the finest love songs in the company of her husband, Habba Khatoon burst out with heart rendering themes, when the Mughal Emperor exiled her husband from Kashmir. Her sentimental passions of tenderness, devotion & love gave forth the compositions which form the very soul and core of Kashmiri poetry of 16th century. She gave birth to the famous ' LOL ' lyrics of Kashmir, which contain unabounding measure of music & melody and attained overwhelming popularity among Kashmiri women folk. With a love prompted strain, she bursts forth :

*'O my beloved! Who has taken you away from me
Why do you scorn me?
I kept the doors open till midnight,
Anticipating your return.
Your absence engulfs my body with a burning sensation,
And my almond eyes shed woeful tears of blood.,
Return my love !!!*

Arnimaal

Yet another poetess of no less fame, Arnimaal has made a grade for herself through her compositions, which have a note of romance and love in profusion and thus perpetuate themselves. Married to an outstanding scholar of Persian, Munshi Bhawani Das , who was as indifferent to her as were her in-laws, Arnimaal responded with greater intensity of love and devotion. Still, she was later forced to return to her parents, where she passed the rest of her life. Incensed with melancholic sentimentalism and dyspeptic with the tragedy of her own love, intense pathos gushed out in torrents from Arnimaal's heart, which she very movingly and eloquently expressed in her lyrics. She wails :

*'My blooming radiance has withered into plaer,
When will he come and give his glimpse?
Folks tease me for my beloved and I suffer excessive torture.
Alack! Who would carry my message to him,
When will he return ...'*

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Project ZAAA

Know Your Language

Peculiar Kashmiri Words & Phrases - 3

आर्यकटिञ्ज तौर्यकट्य ärⁱ katĩñ tärⁱ kätⁱ
(speaking in such a way as to confuse a person with the object of deceiving or swindling him)

आँशो 'र पितुर äshór pítúr
(one who finds fault with or pinpoints other's shortcomings)

कँत्य कँत्य अको 'त kätⁱ kätⁱ akót
(to achieve nothing after a hard work)

कनु कपस कडुँन्य kanû kapas kadûnⁱ
(to pester ~ to speak persistently thereby annoying a person)

कव-वो 'क kô-wòk
(one who utters ill words)

कलपाँथ kalpānth
(the end of a Yuga or age ~ great calamity or agony)

कहि पाँसि ग्वरदाल्य पाव kahí pänsí gôrdälⁱ pāv
(to get something at exorbitantly high price)

खो 'खुँ मो 'त khókhû mót
(a man of the Khas tribe, described as a bugaboo to frighten children)

गाँगल, ग्राँगल gāngal, grāngal
(diversion of attention from some work)

गँज्यागा 'ह gājⁱ gáh
(whisking off insects, flies etc. by employing the bushy tail of the yak as a chowry)

चराग बेग charàg bèg
(diarrhoea of cattle ~ this word is generally used for cursing)

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Gems of Kashmiri verse :

शिव अस्तुती ... कृष्ण जू राजदान

बंद करनस बुँ बाशे
जगर्तुचि वालुँ वाशे।
म्वकलय चानि आशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

बावुँ सूत्सु निशि यिमुँयो
हरुँ म्वखुँ वज दिमुँयो।
मुह गटि हुँदि गाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

कौलासुँ को'हुँ छारथ
दारनायि दानुँ दारथ।
सथ च्यथ आकाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

तार दिम मुहि वावस
मायायि दरियावस।
कड द्रखुँ नावि पाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

संसारुँ के सरय बो
हरुँ नावुँ सूत्सु तरय बो।
कास संकट च्यथ प्रकाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

जपुँ शबनम दारे
पपि ब्योल तपुँ वारे।
कां'ह फो'ल गछि नुँ हाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

हे भोलानार्थुँ सादय
आवाहनुँ नादय।
सानि बोज शूर्य बाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

कृष्णस आंछ चॉनी
बखुस पाफ प्रॉनी।
शापन कर तुँ नाशे, शिवनार्थुँ अविनाशे।।

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Report & Biradari News

REPORT

Vaarshik Hawan (Input C.L.Raina)

The long cherished date and day arrived at last and the heart throbbing wait was over. All roads led to, converged and closed at Kairali Kala Mandal, Vashi, Navi Mumbai, with a sprawling lawn of 6400 sft. and about 800 sft. of Pandal, the venue of Vaarshik Hawan this year. It was for the first time that the event was performed in Navi Mumbai. Holy pooja was performed by three couples namely Smt. & Shri S.Vaishnavi, Smt. & Shri Sanjeev Munshi and Smt. & Shri C.L.Raina, under the agies of the Purohit, which rented the air with its fragrance and sanctity continuously for 24 hours.

Thanks to Hawan Committee, which under the convenership of Capt. Rakesh Shah, after having looked into minute details and multifaceted aspects, had achieved total perfection in arranging the event. Volunteers felt pleasure in attending to comforts of one and all. Biradari members who came in sizable numbers, were all beaming with joy and happiness. The aged as well as those from Navi Mumbai, who were unable to participate in earlier Hawans at Andheri, were full of satisfaction and praise. The gathering offered a unique chance for them to meet and greet one another.

President of the Association Shri M.L.Mattoo tried his best to reach each and every participant to ensure that they felt at home.

There could have been more hue and colour to the occasion, had the premises been our own, as everybody left the place very reluctantly.

Extra-ordinary General Meeting:

An Extra-ordinary General Meeting of the Association was held at Kashyap Bhawan on 23rd March 2003. The sole agenda of the Meeting was to approve purchase of 1000 SM of plot at Navi Mumbai through CIDCO at concessional rates, for construction of a KPA Complex. A resolution to this effect was unanimously passed.

Members also wanted the entire project to be completed in 5 to 6 years time and suggested various methods of Fund Raising for the purpose.

Annual Cultural Programme

An Evening to Remember :

This year the Annual Cultural Function was held on 29th March at Rangsharda auditorium. The differences were many, but one most prominent was that the date fell soon after the massacre of 24 Kashmiri Pandits in Kashmir. The programme therefore started with homage to those killed and sympathy for the grieved families. The programme was a balanced combination of music, ballet, drama, and dance. Music composed and orchestrated by our own maestro Shri Kakaji Safaya was an experience in

innovation, tradition, harmony and melody. Melody was available in abundance not only from Ms Veena Kaul and M/s Kusumlata Razdan Razdan, who had both come from Pune but also from Ms Vijay Bhan and our young artist Miss Dolce Bhan and young Ashish Safaya dully peppered by with voice from Kaka Ji himself. Such beautiful and accomplished voices lent to well chosen Kashmiri lyrics were a treat to the ear and the soul.

The ballet 'Praagaash' presented by Ms Vijay Bhan with help of young kids ably supported by beautiful singing by her and Dolcy was well received. Its spiritual undertones were not missed by the thoughtful. The Kathak part of the ballet by Miss Shweta enhanced its impact.

The youth group this year again presented a drama-skit 'Kabhi Tsok, Kabhi Modur', which every body was waiting for. The theme why God forsake us in the dire straits of exodus was presented in rib tickling humour and finally heart touching pathos.

Sanjeev Kaul, who conceived and directed the play and his group, did an excellent job.

The dance 'Nav Reh' created in modern idiom and present day style by Rohit Saproo was tribute to his imagination and choreographic skills. The presentation of the theme of light and darkness was done by the group almost to perfection.

Protest March at Churchgate:

KPA organized silent protest rally at Churchgate Station at 5 p.m on 1st April, 2003 which happened to be 10th day of the massacre of 24 Kashmiri Pandits in Kashmir. The men and women of the community carried placards and banners. It was well covered by the press and electronic media. The large number of people who pass through this place at the rush hour took due notice of the protest.

M.K. Kaw is AIKS President:

Pt. M.K.Kaw has been elected as the President of All India Kashmiri Samaj. Kaw Saheb has recently retired from Indian Administrative Servic as Secretary to the Department of Human Resources. Even before retirement, he was connected with number of biradhari activities. KPA sent its congratulations to Kaw Saheb on assuming the office.

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BIRADARI NEWS:

Girija Pandit Releases Panchastavi in Kashmiri:

Mrs. Girija Pandit has released through NICE Music Industry, a cassette tape of Panchastavi in Kashmiri. The translation is Kashmiri poetry is done by Shri Jia Lal Saraf, which is very popular in every Kashmiri home. She has not only composed the music but has also lent her sonorous voice to the song. The tune adopted to is akin to the popular

brand in Kashmir (which is also available in the version sung by Neena Sapru), but the music interludes of a very high quality and blend well with the wording and spirit of the song. The technical quality of recording is very high (compared with earlier version available). The cassette costing only Rs. 35.00 will be well received by Kashmiri community.

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News from Delhi

Rhythms & Melodies of Kashmir

(Input: Dalip Langoo)

The things happened in similar fashion like we used to have in Srinagar till 1989. The music we experienced on 17th and 18th at Kamani was a repeat of old Kashmiri music. Ustad Ali Mohamad Sheikh and party, Bulbul and party and a few song numbers sung by Kailash Mehra, Usha Kher, Ghulam Nabi Sheikh, Kaiser Nizami, Muneer Ahmed Mir and Abdul Rashid Pharash and some new faces from Srinagar were the main participants. The show was organised by ICCR. Bhajan ji deserves all credit to hold such a great musical extravaganza. He presented two scintillating orchestral presentations on 18th evening. The compositions were a mix of traditional and the modern. The modern was just to establish the link between the combinations of various traditional compositions. Kailash and Ghulam Nabi presented their famous numbers and received tremendous appreciation. Though there was nothing innovative or new in Kashmiri music that artistes presented except Bhajan ji's presentation, the programme was, as a whole appreciated.

It is a point of concern that all those artistes who left the valley due to mass migration, have repeated been ignored, inspite of their representation from time to time in this behalf.

Nuptials :

? **Bhumica** D/o Smt. Vijay & Shri T.K.Bhan of Shreyas Apts, Nerul, was married to **Jidish**

S/o Smt & Shri Padmanabhan Poorvardhan on 22nd January 2003 at Navi Mumbai.

? **Sangeeta** D/o Smt. Mohini & Shri Mohan Lal Dhar of Rock Garden, Link Road, Dahisar was married to **Avinash Misar** S/o Smt. & Shri Sharad Balwant Misar on 19th Feb 2003 at Mumbai.

? **Sumit Kaul** S/o Smt Rita & Shri Moti Kaul of Kalash, Sundervan Complex, Oshiwara, was married to **Ritu** D/o Smt. & Shri Amar Chowdhary at Delhi on 20th Feb. 2003.

• **Births** : Anjina and Kavir Fotedar (Son of Shri R.N.Fotedar of Chembur) were blessed with a son at White Plains, New York on Sunday, 5th January 2003.

• **Change of Tel. Nos:**

Mattoo M.L., Utsav, 12th Road, Chembur:

New Nos: 25210892, 25211198.

Letters

? Namaskar. I read your word of thanks in Milchar, Oct-Dec 2002. I am glad that you have an idea about the requirement of some piece of land for the construction of a community hall, some little or big temple with other facilities for the community.

I wish you take some practical initiative in this regard. Only thinking cannot do, but think we must. We must have the provision to purchase the land and surround it with brick wall. To begin with we should think nothing more or nothing less than this.

We can develop this piece of land as picnic spot by making it beautiful with plants and trees. Gradually, it can be used in any manner we can afford. The above minimum step in the right direction will also cost us lot of money.

I think after seeing the Hawan donation list, there are good number of people in the community who can afford to subscribe in a good way for the cause provided proper practical approach is made to them.

For my part, though I may not be able to give you any active help but I can assure you of my financial help in my own humble way.

The task is heavy but I am sure that the people like you who are on the helm of affairs can get it done. There is nothing impossible.

Mohan Lal Bradoo

? It has come to my ears that some well meaning biradari members are taking initiative to acquire a suitable piece of land for socio-cultural activities of KPA through CIDCO. I feel this move needs to be fully explored, supported and facilitated, so that we can have a piece of land of our own for the furtherance of 'Aims & Objectives' and expansion and growth of our cultural activities as enshrined in KPA Constitution.

I send my prayers and best wishes for the same.

Jawahir Lal Kasid

? During the course of the Hawan, I was given to understand that KPA is moving expeditiously in acquiring some land to build a hall in Navi Mumbai area. I wish you all success in this venture and I am sure that the hall to be built would take care of the needs of the expanding Kashmiri population in and around Mumbai. I am sure that the

community would welcome this initiative and support it morally as well as financially. Needless to mention, you can count on my support in fulfilling this requirement of the community. In case I can be of any help, please let me know.

Surinder Wazir

? I understand that KPA Mumbai has decided to go in for their own plot in Mumbai/Navi Mumbai. It is not only heartening but also a matter of solace to all those biradari members, whose dream would come true. Though we have a place of our own at Bhawani nagar, there are some constraints. (Getting land from government organisation on subsidised price) is a welcome opportunity and should be grabbed with open arms.

KPA should go ahead in acquiring the plot as our Association is strong enough to garner the required moral, financial and physical support which would be required for embarking on this mammoth endeavour.

B.M.Munshi

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