



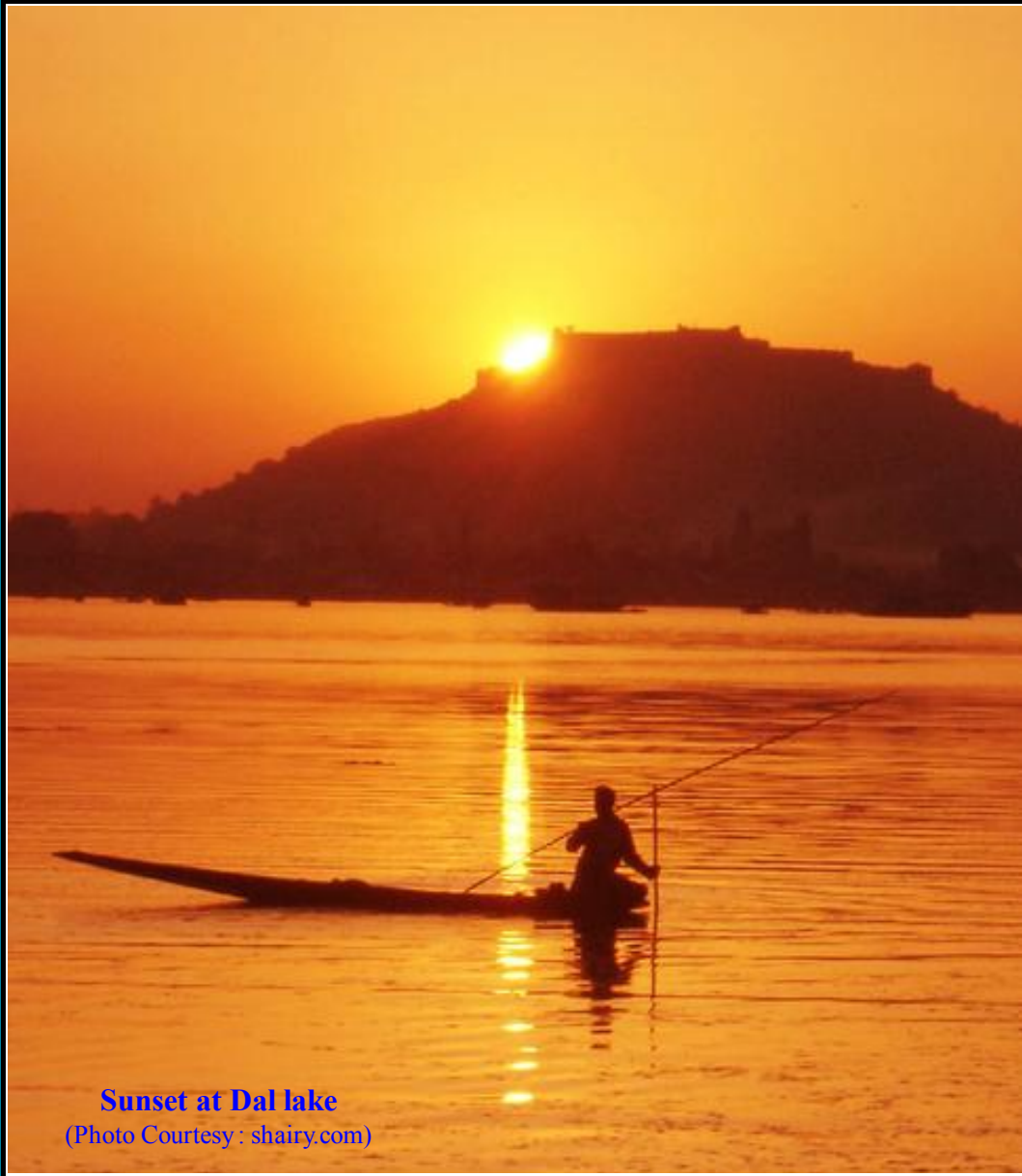
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Milchar

The Official Organ of KPA, Mumbai



Sunset at Dal lake
(Photo Courtesy : shairy.com)

मिलचार

Glimpses of KPA Picnic to JNPT on 23 July 2011



Milchar

Official Organ of
**Kashmiri Pandits' Association,
Mumbai**

(Regd. Charitable Trust - Regn. No. A-2815 BOM)

Websites: www.kpamumbai.org.in
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Vol. VI ~ No. 5

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**WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS
FROM**



RAJEN KAUL

***102, PANCH AMRUT
PANCH MARG, VERSOVA
OFF YARI ROAD, ANDHERI WEST
MUMBAI 400 061***

President's Message - Rajen kaul
Between Ourselves



amaskar.

In this issue of Milchar, I would like to update you on the major activities undertaken by your Board of Trustees (BoT) from July 2011 onwards:

BoT Meetings: I am pleased to report that we have religiously met every month and discussed & taken action oriented steps to achieve our objectives. We also held our AGM on August 14, 2011 at Kashyap Bhavan wherein among other points approved, we also got the approval of Balance Sheet and P&L Accounts for 2010-11. As part of your Board's commitment on improved transparency, we will publish/upload the draft minutes of this AGM and approved Accounts in both Milchar and on our website.

Community get-together: As part of our exercise to improve communications between biradari members, we organized a get-together at JNPT on July 23, 2011. More than 130 members attended the get-together which was hosted by Shri S.K. Kaul, Chief Manager (Administration) and Secretary, JNPT. Members were updated on various activities / projects currently underway particularly on the steps needed for early completion of construction of Sharda Sadan. Members had a sumptuous lunch full of Kashmiri delicacies followed by games etc. I was encouraged by good participation by youngsters as well in this event. Based on an appeal from Prof. P.N. Miya, we were able to collect donation of Rs. 27000/- approximately. My special thanks to Shri S.K.Kaul for making this elaborate and painstaking arrangements for this event. Based on the success of this get-

together, your Board has decided to hold atleast one get-together on an annual basis. A similar event is being planned in Western Suburbs in December 2011 or January 2012.



Communication with Biradari Members: I am sure you are happy with the style and contents of Milchar crafted and edited with tremendous dedication by Shri M.K.Raina. I request your valuable and generous support through advertisements/donations to defray part of our cost of approximately Rs. 25000 per issue. Similarly, Shri Naren Kachroo has put in a lot of efforts against various odds to build our website. There were certain gaps in updating our website due to Naren's other pressing commitments but these gaps will be filled in the next few weeks.

Directory: We have updated the contact details of those existing and new Biradari members who have responded to our repeated requests directly or through Area Mentors and the new Directory will be available in next 6 weeks.

Involving Youth: I am pleased to inform you that many youngsters from our biradari members like Shri Naren Kachroo, Shri Sundeep Raina, Shri Rakesh Roshan Bhatt, have joined the Board as Permanent Invitees and are contributing immensely in our ongoing projects/activities. We have also created a Facebook networking forum for our Youth which has got a very good response.

Sharda Sadan: As part of contract with the current contractor, we are in the process of

completing the last phase of pending structural work related to overhead and underground tanks. We are conscious that not much construction activity has been undertaken in last 2 years. We have formed a core committee to plan, commence and complete at the earliest the balance activities related to brick work, boundary wall, piping, electrical, etc. However for this we need additional funds of approximately Rs.100 lacs. As indicated in my previous messages, I will again appeal to all biradari members to contribute directly and through your well wishers and acquaintances to contribute for this most important project of building a state-of-the-art cultural centre at Kharghar.

Fund Raising: I am pleased to inform you that your Board with the help of Shri Sura Dasji of ISKCON is planning a fund raising program of Ghazals by Shri Jagjit Singh in November-December 2011 with an objective of getting a sizeable corpus from sponsors etc for deployment for construction activities for Sharda Sadan.

While closing, I would like to thank you for your contribution and appeal to you to remain involved in our ongoing projects/activities by your more active participation. I will be pleased to receive your suggestions for improving the functioning of BOT.

With warm regards,

Rajen Kaul



Contact Rajen Kaul at: rkaul06@gmail.com

काँशुर परुन छुनु
मुशिकल,
दफ कल गछि आसुन्य ।

Thesaurus - A.K.Misri

Riddles for Young & Old



What goes round and round the wood but never goes into it?

2. It stands on one leg with its heart in its head.
3. What is that you can keep after giving it to someone else?
4. I have a little house and I live in it alone. It has no doors or windows, and to go out I must break through the wall.
5. What do you call a fish without one eye?
6. What do sea monsters eat?
7. Why was six afraid of seven?
8. What has been there for millions of years but is never more than a month old?
9. When you don't know what it is then it's something, but when you know what it is then it's nothing.
10. What goes on four legs in the morning, two legs at noon and three legs in the evening?

Mail your answers (along with your Full Name, Age, Address and Photo for publication in next issue) to editormilchar@yahoo.co.in



In the next Issue - Why do?

Q: Why do people clink their glasses before drinking a toast?

A: It used to be common for someone to try to kill an enemy by offering him a (Wait for next issue)

Contact AK Misri at: akmisri@hotmail.com

Editorial - M.K.Raina

Plagiarism in Diaspora

Plagiarism is the process to re-produce or pass off thoughts, writings etc. of other persons in print or any other media and to show it as one's own. If one copies material from a web forum and pastes it on another without giving proper credits, it is Plagiarism. A plagiarist may or may not necessarily portray him/herself as the author of the material. He/she may only conceal the facts by not giving credits to the real authors, thus allowing the readers to presume that the material really belonged to them. Plagiarism is so rampant in the present-day world that it has really become a serious matter - our websites and our journals being no exception.

Some time back, I got in my mail box a Kashmiri audio titled 'Hilarious Kashmiri Audio Havaliheth'. The mail was redirected to me by one of my friends in US, who had got it from someone in India. The original mail was circulated by one Mr. Kapil Bhat. I was so elated to see people circulating Kashmiri audios presumably to further the cause of Kashmiri language. In the heart of hearts, I paid great tribute to the originator, though slightly irritated for using the same title as that of my story in 'tsok-modur' collection. "But how does it matter if the intent is to put one's creations in Kashmiri on net for benefit of the people", I ridiculed myself. Busy going through my mail box to finish the day's job, I did not have the time (or courtesy) to listen to the audio immediately. During my surfing and in the same session, I got two more mails one after the other on the same subject, from Sunil Fotedar and Dalip Langoo, describing the audio as one copied from my internet files (it was the same story I had written years

back) and lodging protest with the mail originator. I immediately played the clip and was taken aback. It was of course my own story and in my own voice. The protests (not against circulation but for not giving the author's name in the mail) from various quarters mattered little as the audio continued to be in circulation without any explanation or an amendment from the sender.



Last month, I came across a photo of Royal Spring Golf Course, Cheshma Shahi, on net. It was a fantastic colour photo which I wanted to reproduce on the cover of Milchar. I sent a mail to the photographer requesting for permission to re-produce it. I got the reply immediately, saying that it was not his photo but one copied somewhere from net. The noble man sent me another photograph of a Sadhu (ascetic) preparing for pilgrimage to Amar Nath, this time mentioning that the photo was downloaded from a Pakistani newspaper site. I thanked him. In a couple of days, same photograph was circulating on net, without mentioning its source. Those who forwarded the mail to other recipients cleared the trailing chain, with a view to give notion that the photograph was theirs.

Now-a-days there are numerous internet sites, facebook pages, group portals etc. which have really become part of our life. Every day, scores of photographs, at times descriptive materials, are exhibited without mentioning their source. The idea only seems to get one's name registered as provider of quality material on net, without

bothering how it hurts a person who must have spent days and weeks to click such photographs or write the texts. At times, many of our journals just pick up the material, print it and don't care to mention the original source or site.

The position with regard to reproduction of news is also not so good. We tend to re-produce a news item in our journals (only to take lead over others) without quoting the source, thus pretending to be the original source ourselves. How it negates the efforts of those who feed the internet sites with news in good faith and without any emoluments, can only be imagined.

It is right time we start giving credit to those who it belongs to and not abuse the intellectual property rights in the guise of reaching people at large.

Contact editor at: editormilchar@yahoo.co.in

गज़ल

प्रेम नाथ कौल 'अर्पण'

ज़िंद रूज़िथ छुख अगर येति मरनु बापथ, मर तेले
वरनु आमुत छुख चु केंछा करनु बापथ, कर तेले

यिनु गछनुच येन्य कौं च़ाह ज़ीठ त्रौवुथ छनु प्यवान
ज़्यनु मरनुक्य आख दफ़तर बरनु बापथ, बर तेले

योद यछख ज़ोलानु अज़ानुक्य च़टख पनुन्यव अथव
नतु यिमय अथु छी च़े हथकरि गरनु बापथ गर तेले

यिम विशय बूग ख्यन तु चन, वन च़े तु पॅशिस क्याह रूद ब्यन
ज़ानु ब्ददिचुनय दयन यी सरनु बापथ, सर तेले

बोज़ि हुं ज़े रज़ि सुत्य लम विज्ञानुकी लाग खूर्य हम
मनुशु तन छय नाव बवसर तरनु बापथ तर तेले

छुय पुरु-ज़न्मुक यि स्वख द्वख ती चु लोनख यी ववख
प्रेम मो प्रार हरदु वावस हरनु बापथ हर तेले

Sharda Sadan Donations

Shri Pyarelal Zadoo	4000
Shri Sandeep Raina, Kandivli	25000
Shri Surinder K. Tickoo	25000
Shri Jawahar Kher	1000
Shri Rajen Kaul	25000
M/s P.P.Kharpatil Const. P.Ltd.	25000
Shri Anil Kumar	11000
Science Developers P. Ltd.	21000
Newell, New Delhi	5100
Shri Ashok Shivpuri	501
Smt. Meena Sopori	1000
Shri S.K.Sopory	5000
Shri Indu Bhushan Raina	25000
Well Wisher at JNPT	5001
Well Wisher at JNPT	21400
Shri Subodh Raina	10000
Capt. Anil Tikoo (CBD Belapur)	5001
Shri Sanjay Dhar	10000
Shri Sandeep Garyali	10000
Shri Vikram Kachroo	501
Shri M.K.Kar (Mulund)	10001
Shri Virendra Kar	5000
Shri Avtar Krishen Raina	6000
Shri Avtar Krishen Raina	15000
Shri Ashok K. Mam	2000



Note: In the July-August 2011 issue of Milchar, donation from **Dr. Tej Kuchroo** was shown as Rs. 10,000.00. Kindly read it as **Rs. 1,00,000.00**. Error is highly regretted.
- Editor

श्रुच वॉनी ... ललु वाख

अछ्यन आय तु गछुन गछे
पकुन गछे द्यन क्यो राथ।
योरय आयि तु तूर्य गछुन गछे
केंह नतु केंह नतु केंह नतु क्याह।।

Report & Biradari News

Shri P.N.Takoo passes away :

Shri P.N.Takoo, veteran KP leader and Vice President of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai breathed his last at his Mumbai home on the morning of 1st September 2011. He was 82. Shri Takoo was ailing for some time and was on dialysis. The news of Shri Takoo's death was received with shock by the KP community in general and the Mumbai Biradari in particular.



Shri Takoo was also President of the Durganag Trust, Srinagar and seniormost member on the Board of Trustees of Lalla-Ded Educational & Welfare Trust, Mumbai. Kashmiri Pandits' Association and Lalla-Ded Educational & Welfare Trust held Condolence Meetings in Mumbai where biradari members paid rich tributes to the departed soul. President KPA, Mr. Rajen Kaul described Takoo Sahib as a dedicated leader whose contribution in service of the community shall be long remembered.

KPA Mumbai and Editorial Board of Milchar send deepest condolences to the bereaved family and pray for peace to the departed soul.



KPA Picnic at JNPT :

The get-together was arranged by KPA President Shri Rajen Kaul and hosted by Shri S.K.Kaul, Chief Manager (Administration) and Secretary JNPT, at JNPT Chairman's Bungalow on July 23, 2011.

The day may have been overcast but breezy and the lush green surroundings were enough to make it a memorable experience. Even traveling from distant places like Virar didn't deter the biradari



members (Approx. 130). Transport was arranged from Vashi, courtesy Sh. S.K. Kaul, for those who could not make it on their own.

On arrival, light snacks were served and thereafter KPA President Shri Rajen Kaul introduced prominent guest/members like Shri M.L.Mattoo, Retd. Maj. Gen. T.K. Kaul, Shri Moti Kaul, President AIKS, Shri P.N.Miya and the host Shri S.K.Kaul to the members present. The guests were felicitated and presented bouquets.

Shri Rajen Kaul made an AV presentation about the history of KPA, its objectives, construction of the prestigious 'Sharda Sadan' at Kharghar, which is slated to become a cultural hub on completion. All the biradari members were taken around the port area and also to a 300 year old Shiva temple in buses. It was a wonderful experience for all to see one of the largest ports in the world, which otherwise is a

Report & Biradari News

restricted area. Back at the base, lunch full of Kashmiri delicacies was served and enjoyed by all. Games like musical chairs, housie etc were played by all the young and old. Winners were awarded prizes and Smt. and Shri S.K.Kaul also sponsored some of the prizes.

Sh. Rajen Kaul spoke on the occasion and thanked all those who treaded all the way to attend the get-together. Besides him, our trustees Shri M.L.Mattoo, Shri C.L.Raina, Smt. Meena Wanchu, Smt. Neena Kher, Shri Satish Ganju, Shri Jayant Raina, Shri Ashwini Bhat and Shri Dilip Bhat also thanked all. Appeal was also made to donate and participate wholeheartedly for the completion of 'Sharda Sadan'. It was reiterated by one and all that efforts of lot many people have gone into the project. Shri T.N. Monga first sowed the seeds for acquiring the land in Navi Mumbai long ago, and then Shri S.K.Kaul used his good offices and time to make it a reality. Also Shri M.L. Mattoo's dedication and selfless efforts were appreciated by all; firstly for following up with the concerned authorities for allotment of land, and then for getting the grant of Rs. 17.00 Lacs sanctioned from the Ministry of Social Welfare, Govt. of India besides collecting the major chunk of donations till date.

Shri S.K. Kaul in his address thanked Shri V. Mohan Lal, Shri Budhiraja, the then MDs of CIDCO and Shri S.S.Hussain, Vice Chairman, for helping in the allotment of land. Shri P.N.Miya shared his experience of how even meager sums were accepted from rich and poor alike for the renowned educational institution 'Vishwa Bharati', of which he is the founder member. He suggested that while looking for big donors, KPA should not hesitate in accepting even coins if it comes their way, as is being done

in Gurudwaras and Dargahs. This suggestion and appeal at the gathering resulted in a collection of Rs. 26,401 in cash. Shri Rajesh Shah, who had given a cheque of Rs. 26,000, was thanked on the occasion.

While all this was happening, Sheeri Chai with almonds, etc. was being served. Shri Rajen Kaul, again thanked all for making the day a memorable one, besides expressing his gratitude towards Smt. and Shri S.K.Kaul for hosting such a wonderful event. Shri S.K.Kaul even suggested that it should be made an annual event.

[Report : Chand Bhat : bhatchand@gmail.com]



Shravan Poornima celebrated at Navi Mumbai :

Shravan Poornima is a day when revered poet-saint Sh. Govindji Kaul of Vanpoh, Kashmir, attained nirvana in 1973. This year, it fell on August 13 and his numerous followers from Mumbai and Pune paid their obeisance to Guruji at Shri H. N. Bhat's house in CBD Belapur, Navi Mumbai.

The day started with Guru Pooja, which was followed by enchanting, devotional and soul-stirring bhajans rendered by Shri Shinde (Art of Living teacher) and our own Shri Kakaji Safaya, reverberating the whole atmosphere. The Prasad/lunch was cooked traditionally by the woman followers, reminiscing the good old days of communal abodes of saints. Shri Rajen Kaul and Shri C.L.Raina, President and Vice President respectively, along with a few trustees of KPA Mumbai, also attended.

[Report : Chand Bhat : bhatchand@gmail.com]



Kashmiri Pandit Conference appeared before NHRC :

Kundan Kashmiri, National President KPC and Shri C.L.Gadoo, Former President KSD appeared before the National Human

Report & Biradari News

Rights Commission at New Delhi on August 9, 2011. They highlighted and submitted in detail, the problems faced by the internally displaced K.Ps in general and recently appointed KP employees posted in valley in particular. They appealed to Honourable Court of National Human Rights Commission to advise state and central governments not to link KPs' employment with the return and rehabilitation policy of the government. It was emphasised on the HRC that KP community did not leave the valley for petty Jobs but for other serious issues which need to be brought in focus. They also took up the case of missing KP youth Shri Sushil Raina of Anantnag, besides taking up other issues like insufficient accommodation, lack of security, medical problems, posting in far flung areas and delay in disbursement of the salaries of KP employees in the valley. Honorable court of Human Rights Commission instructed Government to submit its report within two months.

Input : Rakesh Bhat
rakeshbhat2004@gmail.com



Inquiry ordered into payment of relief to Kashmiri non-migrants :

DG Police of J&K Kuldeep Khoda has asked IG Crime to conduct a preliminary inquiry into the monthly payment of relief money and rations to 500 non-migrant Kashmiri families by the Relief Organisation in Jammu. Authoritative sources disclosed that Police Headquarters yesterday sent a communication, alongwith an Early Times story, to IGP Crime Raja Aijaz Ali, asking him to conduct a preliminary inquiry through Crime Branch into the facts mentioned in the report. Sources at Crime headquarters later confirmed that Crime



Branch Kashmir was being directed to hold an investigation to establish whether 500 non-migrant families including all 168 Muslim families from Budgam district, had been receiving relief in cash and kind from Relief Organisation in Jammu. Early Times had reported that none of the 168 Muslim families of Budgam district, who have been receiving the migrant relief from Relief Organisation in Jammu, has actually migrated from Kashmir valley. In addition more than 100 Sikh families of Budgam district have also been taking the migrant relief in Jammu without having physically migrated. Reports indicate that even among the 2671 Kashmiri Pandit families of the district, at least 50 are such who have returned and settled back in Valley but the relief is being continuously paid to them in Jammu.

Input : Sunil Bhan
bhansunil@hotmail.com



AIKS condemns assault on Ashoke Pandit :

AIKS has condemned the assault on Ashoke Pandit by the congress workers at Indore. In a statement issued by Dr. Romesh Raina, General Secretary AIKS, it was stated that Mr. Pandit's crime was only to speak about the plight of Kashmiri Pandits. It is indeed a deplorable act as it tantamounts to curbing the freedom of speech. Shri Ashoke Pandit is a known activist, who has been pleading the case of Kashmiri Pandits at different foras. Shri Pandit had reportedly made some derogatory remarks against Rajiv Gandhi while speaking on the plight of Kashmiri Pandits at a function held at Indore on 6 August 2011.



[Additional Input : Manisha Zijoo
manishzijoo@gmail.com]



Report & Biradari News

AIKS supports Anna Hazare :

'The Anti corruption movement led by Anna Hazare and his team assumes much significance now than before. This is because corruption has started affecting a common man and is posing serious challenges to the country as a whole. The response shown by civil society has conveyed a message that it has to be now or never and the spirit is visible throughout the country.' It was stated in a Press Release of the AIKS dated 18 August 2011. AIKS is the Apex Organisation of the Kashmiri Pandits both in India and abroad.



Singer-Composer Shanti Kaul passes away :

Shanti Kaul, a great music stalwart breathed his last on 1st August 2011 at Delhi. He was 73. Shri Kaul sang for radio Kashmir and Doordarshan for over 4 decades. His duet with Jalal Geelani 'karith aashikan bekaeri' was a great hit among the music lovers.

Dhananjay Kaul, the present-day young and brilliant singer is Shri Kaul's son.

[Input : Dalip Langoo : dlangoo@yahoo.co.uk]



Engineering Admissions in Maharashtra :

Counseling for the first year engineering in Maharashtra was held on 23rd, 24th and 25th August 2011 at Sardar Patel Engineering College, Andheri.

For 1821 available seats, 1004 students had applied and by the end of the counseling session, 603 candidates opted for admission in various engineering colleges spread across Maharashtra. The candidates and their parents braved heavy rains and to make life easier for them, Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai had erected a monsoon shelter and also

provided seating arrangements. This was applauded by one and all. Smt. Neerja Mattoo had kindly used her good offices to seek the permission for making these arrangements. KPA Mumbai thanks her.

Shri Rajen Kaul, President KPA along with Shri K.L.Dhar, Trustee KPA and Shri T.K.Raina, Permanent Invitee, were in attendance to see if any help could be rendered. Earlier on August 2, 2011, the



counseling for admissions to MBA and PGDBM courses was held at Sydenham College, Churchgate. Against 350 available seats, 164 had applied while about 70 students took up admission.

[Report : Chand Bhat : bhatchand@gmail.com]



Dr. K.L.Chowdhury bereaved:

Smt. Dhan Rani Chowdhury (wife of Late Pt. Jia Lal Chowdhury, eminent advocate of his times and mother of Dr. K.L.Chowdhury of Roop Nagar, Jammu left for her heavenly abode on September 8, 2011 in Jammu. She was 93.



Dr. Chowdhury is a well known physician, writer and social activist based in Jammu. He has a long association with Milchar and his contribution to the journal through his write-ups and anecdotes is well known.

Sweet & Sour - Sunil Fotedar

Jokes Apart



It was in my 7th class, sometime in the autumn of

1974. Pandit Sat Lal ji Razdan was our science teacher. One day, he dictated the spellings of common diseases that have complicated spellings, like pneumonia, dysentery, diarrhoea (U.S. spelling diarrhea is a bit easier to spell) to name a few. He told us to memorize the spellings to be tested the very next day. I was lucky the next day as I was asked to spell dysentery, which was the easiest to spell. Most of the students in the class failed to spell diarrhoea correctly, and you can very well imagine what would have happened. The whole classroom would resonate with the sound of a slap, and perhaps half of the students ended up with the diarrhea itself upon spelling it incorrectly.



It was in fall of 1974. I was in the 7th grade attending Biscoe school. Vijay Botallo, our English teacher and once my dad's student, decided to give us a surprise quiz. He wanted us to convert a simple English sentence like 'His mother is dead' into an exclamatory sentence. Those of us who wrote 'Alas! His mother is dead' got full marks. So did a student in our class who came up with this rather awkward, embarrassing, insensitive but grammatically correct sentence, 'Hurrah!!! His mother is dead.'



Contact Sunil Fotedar at sunilfotedar@yahoo.com

They Left Us

Shri P.N.Moza of Karan Nagar, Srinagar (father of Mr Vijay Moza of Oshiwara, Andheri) left for his heavenly abode on 26th July 2011 at Jammu.

Smt. Uma Tiku of Indira Nagar, Srinagar (Mother of Mrs. Rita Moza and Mother-in-Law of Mr. Vijay Moza of Oshiwara, Andheri) left for her heavenly abode on 13th August 2011 at Delhi.

Smt. Girja Raina (wife of Shri Avtar Krishan Raina, Vice President, AIKS, New Delhi) left for her heavenly abode on 24th August 2011 at Faridabad.

Shri J.N.Pandita (brother-in-law of Shri S.K.Kaul of JNPT and Mrs. Usha Bhat of Kopar Khairne) originally from Anantnag, left for his heavenly abode on 5th September 2011 at Jammu.

Major Birjoo Dhar (Retd) of Dehradun (father of Smt. Veena Vatsa of Link Road, Goregaon left for his heavenly abode on 8th September 2011 at Dehradun.

KPA Mumbai sends deep condolences to the bereaved families.

काव्य - प्रो० मोहन कृष्ण मुजू

बचपन की दोस्ती



आ ते रहियेगा!

चाय वाले कप पर छीटा था।
दोस्ती बढ़ती है, रिश्ते मज़बूत हो जाते हैं।
घर वाली ने कहा
हँसी आई पीने वाले को ...
अरे! क्यों इस पवित्र रिश्ते को
झूठा कर देने देते हैं - यह चिन्हट के कुम्हार ?
क्या इतनी सस्ती हुई है दोस्ती
ज़रूर ओछी बुद्धि के होंगे - ये चिन्हट के कुम्हार
हर कप पर लिखते हैं - हर कप झूठा हो जाता है।
पर नहीं!!
यह तुम सोचते हो
वे तो पवित्र मन से ही लिखते हैं
वे तो मिट्टी पर लिखने के आदी हैं
वे फूलदानी पर भी लिखते हैं
चाय वाले कप पर भी, फूल के गमलों पर भी
तुम गमलों में कांटे बो दो
उनका क्या दोष
तुम ऐशट्रे में राख डाल दो
उनका क्या दोष
तुम कप को झूठा कर दो
उनका क्या दोष
वे छोटे लोग होंगे, पर दिल के सच्चे हैं
उनका हाथ खुला है
पीने वाले के दिमाग में आया!!
बचपन से ही दोस्ती को कितना उच्च स्थान दिया
और आज एक कुम्हार मुझे याद दिला रहा हैइसका
वो भी अपने दो कोड़ी के कप के सहारे
वो भी जब अपने दोस्तों से दूर हूँ मैं
ज़रूर किसी गलती की याद दिला रहा है

यह कुम्हार मुझे
ज़रूर कपट है मेरे मन में
जो सताती है मुझे
दिल में एक थरथराहट सी आ गयी
एक कम्पन्न सी आई शरीर में
छटपटाता हुआ चाय का कप हाथ से फिसल गया
मारबल से टकराकर चूर हो गया
एक घूँट ना पिया था - कप गिर गया
मन चिन्तित हुआ, पर व्याकुल नहीं
बचपन के अपने दोस्तों से क्यों बिछड गया हूँ मैं
इसी सोच में डूबता गया
कोई जवाब नहीं मिला
अपने आपको ही कोसता चला गया
पर एक संतोष लिये मन में !!
कप ने झूठा होने का मौक़ा नहीं दिया
और कप पर लिखा था
दोस्ती बढ़ती है - आते रहियेगा ।
मुँह मोड लिया अपने ही घर की ओर
यद्यपि कप पर लिखा था
आते रहियेगा - रिश्ते मज़बूत हो जाते हैं।
अब तो शाम भी हो गई
होंठों पर मुस्कान सी आई
शायद नया दोस्त शाम, मेरे घर पर आया होगा
कहा था ना उसने दिन को
चाय पीने आऊँगा शाम को।
क्या उसे मैं कुल्हड में पिलाऊँ
या शीशे के गिलास में
किसी पर नहीं लिखा रहता है
जुबान से ही कहूँगा - आते रहियेगा।

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Rememberance - Dr. K.N.Pandita

My Jantoth



In September 15th 2006, I received in Geneva, an email from Surinder that his father Pandit Jankinath Kachroo passed to his heavenly abode at his residence in Bombay. I sat back and closed my eyes for a while to bring back to my mind more than six decades the shared history of our families. Jantoth, as I used to call him, was my nephew (the son of my father's sister). We lived in Baramulla.

Jantoth lost his elder brother Nand Lal and three sisters during his life time and now of that generation only one sister, younger to Jantoth, survives. Now Jantoth, the eldest of my nephews and nieces on father's side, has also left us. He was the last link between his and my generation.

In social and economic terms, Jantoth's family in Baramulla was a typical lower middle class urban Kashmiri Pandit family haunted by several social debilities and harassed by perennial economic disadvantages. His father, a petition writer by profession, was a worldly wise man who eked out a hard living to maintain his large family and to observe social customs of the Pandit community. I am disposed to think that this family was closer to two houses; one was that of ours (the *matamal* side of Jantoth) and the other was of Sultans of Srinagar into which Jantoth's aunt (sister of his father) was married. But owing to a long distance to Srinagar, his family's interaction with ours was brisk and evidently more informal.

Jantoth's father was a good Persian knowing Pandit. His eldest son, late Nand

Lal inherited the taste from him. Although he also took to teaching profession, yet for some reasons, he could not pursue the taste for classics to capacity, and Jantoth remained



altogether deprived of that faculty, owing to what is now commonly called 'generation gap'. He was a brilliant science student. Had he the necessary financial support and facilities, he would have turned a remarkable scientist or a mathematician. I

can imagine what an enormous fund of talent among the youth of those hard and poverty-stricken days went a waste for even small guidance and succour.

As a schoolboy Jantoth was remarkably inquisitive and observant. I distinctly remember my father, Pandit Shankar Nath (his maternal uncle), a teacher at National High School, Baramulla,

tutoring him at our home in Khwajabagh - a distance of over two miles from old town of Baramulla - at English and Mathematics. He had passed Matriculation in the first division; a great achievement in those days for restitutes like us. Jantoth did his B.Sc and B.T (B.Ed) in Srinagar. His stay at the Sultans during the days of his study in Srinagar was the reason that his links with the Sultans remained very close for the entire period of his life. He was almost in the age group of his nephews there.

My father, one of the founding fathers and subsequently among the senior teachers of National High School, Baramulla got him appointed in the same school. The



salary of private school teachers was just paltry, and I wonder how they were able to make both ends meet. Jantoth had joined National High School much after I left that school in 1942 to seek admission in St. Joseph's college Baramulla.

National High School was actually founded by some Pandit youth of Baramulla and later on joined by trained teachers from Srinagar. My father had a big background story for making all sacrifices for the inception of National High School. He had done Matriculation from St. Joseph's Mission School, Baramulla and it is said that owing to his vivacious personality as a youth, his interests in dramatics and extra-curricular activities, hiking, swimming and cricket, the Mill Hill Fathers managing St. Joseph's Mission School had taken a fancy with him.

My uncle Shivji, who was elder to my father by more than a decade and a half, was a great storyteller. He used to recount many interesting and fabulous stories of our family's past and long that he carried in his bosom tenaciously. He used to tell us that the Mill Hill priests of St. Joseph's College showed great favours to our father and then subtly tried to convert him to Christianity. We had every reason to believe his tales because, as naughty boys, my elder brother Sham Nath and I had clandestinely opened a small wooden box which our father always kept locked. We had laid our hands on some letters written in the hand of the Principal of St. Josephs College to my father addressing him as 'My dear Alex'. The hindsight tells me that those letters, no fewer than half a dozen preserved by my father, were very subtle attempt of offering him incentives and perks if he agreed to convert.

Did this become the cause for his distancing from the Catholic priests that

grew into anger, finally the hatred. I distinctly remember that my father had great hesitation in allowing my elder brother and me to join St. Joseph's College for further studies. Had there been any other college available in Baramulla in early 1940s, my father would never have sent us to St. Joseph's. His hatred for those schools was almost overdone.

Be whatever it was, my father was furiously active about founding National High School. Everybody thought the National School founding fathers wanted to compete with St. Joseph's and thus a propaganda campaign of sorts was resorted to in the town of Baramulla to send children to that school. Employment of locals like Jantoth and others naturally contributed to this thinking. The school had begun a long drawn battle for obtaining grant-in-aid status, a formulation by virtue of which the J&K government provided some funds for the upkeep of the school and to meet the salaries and other expenditures.

Around 1942 or 1943, National High School opened its branch in Karan Nagar, Srinagar and my father was posted to it. Two brothers Jantoth and Nand Lal continued in Baramulla.

In 1947, Baramulla was over run by the armed tribesmen. The town wore a deserted look. Local Pandits were taken captives and huddled in a concentration camp in the present Tehsil headquarter. The swarms of tribesmen with a large number of trucks and provisions established operational headquarter in the premises of St. Joseph's College and School. By this time, the raiders gunned down the nuns and the Mother Superior of the adjoining Convent and some patients in the hospital. A pall of despondency descended on the entire town. We lost touch with our relatives, and kith and kin as all of the Pandits were under

the Damocles sword as long as the raiders persisted looting and vandalizing Pandits houses.

Many prominent local Muslims in Baramulla received the raiders with warmth. It is said that it were these underground pro-Pakistan Muslim activists who had supplied the invaders with information about prominent Pandit personalities that included the name of Pandit Sona Joo Kachroo, the father of Jantoth. He was among the Pandits of Baramulla who fell to the bullet of the barbarians. The entire family was taken captive along with other Pandits and thrown into the concentration camp.

I have often heard Jantoth recount to others and me the breath – taking story of his cool composure in establishing some sort of rapport with the camp commanders of the concentration camp. I think he has copiously written the details of that tragic and traumatic episode in our history. At least I remember that he has given a lengthy interview to one Dr. Tamiri in Jammu, who I understand has recorded it faithfully and should be publishing it sometime in future.

When the raiders were driven back by advancing Indian troops around 11 November 1947, Jantoth was selected by the Indian army contingent for briefing on the ground situation. I understand he cooperated with them and passed on very useful input.

When the raiders retreated and normalcy began to limp back, the greatly traumatized family of Jantoth moved to Srinagar in early January 1948. Jantoth never came back to his ancestral house in Baramulla.

When the Government of Sheikh Abdullah came down with a heavy hand on National High School Baramulla and stopped the pittance of the grant it received in aid,

the institution that had served the backward people of the town and its suburbs was forced to the verge of disintegration. I presume the Sheikh's animus was aroused by the precise name of the school viz. 'Sri Hari Singh National High School'. The prefix of Sri Hari Singh was silently dropped. Many new schools and institutions that subsequently sprang under the sobriquet 'Sher-i-Kashmir' found quick favour with the *awami* government.

In Srinagar, Jantoth's family was faced with great hardships and deprivation common to almost all those Pandit families who were forced by circumstances to shift from District Baramulla to the city of Srinagar. I need not recount that painful saga. Here Jantoth had to work the hardest in his life, as the struggle for survival was tough and unrelenting. National High School was under a cloud and its governing structure had to dabble in local politics in order to ensure the lifeline of grant-in-aid.

Unable to bear the burden that had come down so suddenly and so furiously on his shoulders, Jantoth's elder brother Nand Lal, left the valley in 1948 and found a teaching job in a private school in Datarpur, Hoshiarpur. I have no information of how hard he struggled to survive in that place along with his small kids. But evidently, he had to work very hard. Through sheer affable nature and enormous capacity for socialization, he gradually built a strong circle of friends and acquaintances, which compensated to some extent his self-imposed exile.

Finally, Nand Lal found an opening in the Education department of Himachal Pradesh, took it up in right earnest, worked selflessly, endeared himself to his officers, colleagues and students and the civil society in the town of Solan, where he ultimately settled down. Concerned circles have duly

recognized his services to the educational and social life of Himachal. Unfortunately, the icy hand of death did not spare him to enjoy the fruits of his labour to reasonable length of time. I distinctly remember that one late evening, Jantoth took me out on the street in Karan Nagar. I found sadness writ large on his face. In a halting voice he said he had a bad news to convey. I think I was the first to whom he disclosed the fatal illness of his dear brother Nand Lal.

Jantoth was a man with tremendous patience and self-control. He never showed his frustration when there were severe bouts of events to cause one. Anybody else in his place beset with the tragedies and traumas as he would have succumbed to the pressures. His perseverance in face of the tragic end of his newly wed sister, his handling of his brother-in-law when afflicted with mental derangement, his life long attending upon his sickly wife, home homelessness for decades at end after migration to Srinagar and his keeping the promise of providing education to his two sons, all speak for the person and his personality. I have never heard him complain of life and world or curse the system in which we all are woefully encaged. He was a man far ached of us all in adopting a philosophical attitude to life's perils and privations and the vicissitudes of times, yet he was a *karmayogi* in essence in his quest for service and dedication. This I shall explain by an unprecedented example of human endeavor, faith and sacrifice.

At National High School, Karan Nagar, Jantoth was at the core of the social construct of urban Pandit community. Slowly he came to know closely and personally a vast number of society's prominent personalities — professionals, politicians, bureaucratic chapters, socialites, academics, business chapter,

contractors and the rest of them. He even got into touch with traditional regional political parties and groupings and their institutions. Here he was himself an institution in making.

Many of our relatives and friends in close circles often complained that Jantoth invariably and profusely spoke on school matters and brushed aside all other matters, social, political, economic etc. They cannot be faulted. Jantoth was obsessed with the ideas of National High School developing into a real knowledge and culture generating institution. It was his very breath. It spoke of his amazing dedication to the cause of the institution that had a history behind it.

I will not contest the views of those who say that he aspired to be at the head of the institution that had provided bread to his colleagues and the light of knowledge to many dark minds. He had all the qualities of leadership, vision, right thinking, persuasion, force of argument and ability to carry his flock with him. He knew each and every student and his antecedents once a pupil of the institution. He maintained close liaison with the alumni, who in turn loved and respected him.

And then one fine day, he found himself in the chair of the Principal of this sprawling institution. Now was the real time of test of his endurance, his visionary schemes and his plans. We need a full monograph to record the achievements of National High school under the stewardship of Jantoth. I am not perhaps capable of doing that.

(To be continued)



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GIVE MILCHAR A HAND

काव्य - बालकृष्ण सन्यासी
शिशर गाँठ



यिनय शीन पेयिहे क्वत्थव पश ति ग्वबुहँन
पशुक बुरजु म्यँच मा सॉ गुमसँर्य ति गछुहँन
गुम फेर्य ति मा सॉ यि आकार लबुहँन
शीतल स्वभावुक यि अनुहार म्योनुय
थनु मा सॉ पेयिहे मे सनु मा सॉ लगिहे
अवेज्ञान छस बो प्रथेयस यिथय कँन्य
मे छुम ना तमाह, कांह अथस थफ मे करिहे
अथस थफ कँरिथ वालिहेम आंगुनस मंज
बु गिंदुहॉ बु नचुहॉ जँरी जामु लॉगिथ
शिशर गाँठ गॉमुच पशस छस अवेज्ञान
मे ज़न तुर लँजमुच मे ज़न लाय फँटमुच
तुरनि वांति त्रॉविम वुशिन्य शाह तु तँत्य व्वश
बु त्रावान व्वश छस अमापोज मे तोत वछ
वुशिनि वांति त्रावान कति कृत्य तुरन्य शाह
तिमव गीर कँरहस, कोडुख चोंठ डबि किन्य
कुनुय जोंट मोरुख
तिमव तॉरिहँम दंद त्रुकान छिम त्रुकान छिम
सिरी ओबरु तलुकुय ति छुम बालि ज़ागान
मुदय छुम गँडिथ सुबु प्यठय छस बु न्यथुनँन्य
वुशिनि तापु टेचि छम प्यवान, छस बु न्यथुनँन्य
वुशिनि ऑसु सुत्यन कुनुय दाम कडुनम
मे छिम बस व्वं कैह चिह्य तु छ्यनु गछु पशस निश
न छम आश ज्यवुनुच न छम आश जुवुनुच



Poetry - Rakesh Roshan Bhat
I Move On ...



As I set out to explore the temptation
island of life, I strive to remain unaffected
by the temptation to live.
Cautiously, I move on ...
The alluring delusion and enslaved senses
try to kill my wisdom and
subdue my will power,
but, I tear them apart with the sword of
my discrimination, and
Triumphantly, I move on ...
Moving through thorny bushes of relations
I make sure they don't get hurt then
Carefully, I move on ...
Confronted with overpowering attachments
I become weak
surrendering my emotions and all
possessions, I give them a slip
gaining strength,
Freely, I move on
The objects of my obsession and life
full of dissatisfaction, I leave behind
Curiously, I move on ...
Reaching the shore very soon I behold the
infinite ocean of self realization
welcoming my immersion in eternity
Happily, I move on ...
I still move on to spread everywhere.
Everywhere is peace, Everywhere is joy
I am peace, I am joy
Peacefully and joyfully, I move on ...

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अफसान - हृदयनाथ कौल रिंद पूशुख ति नय, चोलुख ति ना - २

दि

पस ओस पय जि सु हेके नु पनुन्यन गरिक्यन साँत्य अमि रिशतुच कथ करनुच ह्यमथ कॅरिथ, तु हरगाह तॅम्य कतर्युव बुथ कॅरिथ कथ कॅर ति, तॅम्यसुंदान गरिक्यन गछि नु यि रिशतु कतन मंजूर। चिनाचि तॅम्य कॅर सालिकायि साँत्य पानुवन्यकिस रिशतस तु खांदरकिस मोजूअस प्यठ व्यछुनिथ कथ बाथ। सालिकायि हुंद वनुन ओस जि रिशतु छु दिलन हुंद आसान। अथ मंज छे नु दीन दर्म, ज़ाथ पाथ, क्रोम मिल्लथ, शक्ल सूरथ, अँमीरी गॅरीबी बेतरी यिवान वुछनु। मानी छि थवान मर्दस ज़नानि हुंज पानुवॉन्य आनुमॉनी, हिशर तु माय। तॅमिस ओस यॅकीन जि तॅम्यसुंद मोल मॉज, खास कॅरिथ मोल मुरवॅच वोल, नर्म दिल, तरक़ी पसंद तु अँज्यक्यन तु रोशन खयालन हुंद आसनु म्वखु करि यि खुशी सान मंजूर। पनुनिस मॉलिस माजि हुंदि नामुवॉफिक रदिअमलुक खदशु ज़ॉहिर करनु वरॉयी वोन दिपन सालिकायि जि स्व करि पनुनिस मॉलिस माजि साँत्य कथ तु वुछि तिहुंज त्राय। चिनाचि सालिकायि कॅर पनुनिस बबस माजि निशि पनुनि दिपस प्यठ दिल यिनुच बावथ। ग़यासुदीन साँबन कोर स्यठाह तोहमुल सान बोज़ुन। बूज़िथ वोनुन कोरि जि अमि रिशतु खाँतर मंजूरी दिनु या नु दिनु ब्रॉह छु सु यछान दिपस साँत्य तफ़सील सान कथ बाथ कॅरिथ तॅम्यसुंजि शख़सियतुक जॉयज़ ह्योन, तॅम्यसुंदिस गरस बारस मुतलक पता करुन (क्वलावली ज़ानुन्य) तु तॅम्यसुंद मुस्तकबल सरु करुन। चिनाचि दिपु गव अकि शामु हाशमियन हुंद गरु सालस। फ़्लैटस मंज अँचिथ अत्युक नॅफीस तु आरामदेह फ़र्नीचर, लूबुवन्य आरॉयिश तु सामानि आसाँयिश

वुछिथ गव दिपु बेकरार। सु ज़न ब्यूठ कंडचन प्यठ। तॅमिस बास्योव हाशमी खानुदानुक व्यवहार मरबियानु ह्युव। गंटन तारन कोर ग़यासुदीन साँबन दिपस नर्मी सान सवाल जवाब तु नीन तसुंद चाल चलन, किरदार, शख़सियथ तु बेतरी तफ़ासील तुलिथ। शामुक डंग ख्यथ तु गंटु खंड बेयि ओरुचि योरुचि कथि बाथि पतु कोर हाशमियव दिपु बडु यख़लाक़ सान रवानु। तोपतु वोथ ग़यासुदीन कोरि कुन जि “चोन तु दिलीपुन रिशतु छु नु मुवॉफ़िक़ तु रलवुन। त्वहि दून हुंद खांदर रोज़ि नु कामयाब।” सालिकायि पृछुस “ति कमि किन्य?” मोल वोथुस “चे आसी एहसास जि चु छख अँमिस लॅडुकस मुकाबलु शक्लि यिछु तिछु। यि लॅडुक छु कौशुर तु कॅशीरि हुंज नुस्वॉनी खूबसूरती छे ज़गु ज़ॉन्य। पनुनि शक्लि साँत्य क्याह ह्यकहँन चु यि लॅडुक पानस साँत्य ज़्यादु कालस गँडिथ थँविथ छु शकावर। अज़ नु पगाह छु इमकान यि त्रावी चे। दोयुम छु मज़हब वख़। मे छु नु बासान यि करि इस्लाम कोबूल। त्यूताह गिरवीदु छु नु यि चे पथ। व्वन्य गव चे मा करुनय अँम्यसुंद गरिक्य या अँम्यसुंद समाज कोबूल, ति छुनु मुमकिन। हँद्य कोम छुनु पनुनिस दर्मस मंज बेयि दर्मकिस शख़सस दौख़ल करान। प्यठ छु कौशुर बटु कोम हुरुय पहान शिटु। तिम ख्यन चन नु चानि अथु रोनुमुत पाकुवमुत। वुल्टु मा दिनय चे तु साँत्य ह्यथ अँमिस लॅडुकस ति छु, येमि साँत्य चे स्यठाह ह्यमॉगी तु रूहॉनी अज़ाब वाती। त्रेयुम छु यि गॅरीब गरुक। अँमिस तरि नु तति कांह दौलथ, बँत्यकि मा पेयस योरय



गरिक्यन वख्तु वख्तु अथु रोट करुन। आमदँनी छस महदूद तु तथ प्यठ हेकिव तोह्य कुनि कृस्मुक मैयार कौयिम थँविथ, छु नु मुमकिन। चूर्युम छु यि लँडक स्यठुहय मंदछिबुड, हँलीम, शर्मदार तु प्रानि पुचि। यि छु चानि माडर्न वथुबेठि, रख रखाव तु बोल चालि सौत्य स्यठुहय मुतौंसिर गँछिथ तलफ़स तल आमुत। वख्तस सौत्य सौत्य मा गछि यि ज़न मुरीद बँनिथ या मा करि बगावथ। पूंचिम छु यि लँडक गॉरथमंद। अँमिस छे नु म्यानि दौलच प्यठ नज़र तु न करि यि मंगुन या रटुन गवार। अमापुज़ च़े मुतलक छे नु मे यीच जान राय। म्यौन्य अख कथ थव लौचि गँडिथ ज़ि पगाह हरगाह अँमिस लँडकस सौत्य खांदर पतु च़े कँह ह्योर ब्वन आसी, यिनु च़ु मे प्यठ कुनि रंगु अथु रटिच व्वमेद थवख। तिक्याज़ि मे छुनु बासान यि रिशतु क्या फलि, तवय किन्य छुनु मे यि मंज़ूर।

सालिका गँयि मॉल्य सुंद फॉसलु बूज़िथ न्यराश तु व्वदौस्य। दून त्रेन दूहन बीठ स्व गरस मंज़ सौंचान तु च्यथ दिवान। चूर्यमि दूहु कौरुन मनस मंज़ क्याहताम फॉसलु तु द्रायि दिपस छांडनि। दिपु ति ओस परेशान तु तज़बज़ुबस मंज़। सु ओस गँयासुद्दीन सौबस सौत्य मुलाकातु पतु दूहय शामस पनुन्यन माठन प्यठ सालिकायि प्रारुवुन रोज़ान ज़ि तसंज़ि ज़बौन्य बोज़िहे ज़ि गँयासुद्दीन सौबन क्याह राय कँर तस मुतलिक कौयिम तु क्याह फॉसलु द्युतुन। यि रिशतु कौरुना मंज़ूर किनु न? तस ओस फ़ठ खबर छा सालिकायि मा थँव गरिक्यव गरि नेरुनस प्यठ पाबंदी। अमापुज़ चूर्यमि दूहु येलि तस सालिका बागस मंज़ मीज्य, तँमिस खँच वॉनिंज बोठ। गो सालिका ऑस दिल मलूल, तसंज़ि पकन त्रायि मंज़ ऑस ख्वद यरौदियथ। दिपन बूज़ सालिकायि निशि गँयासुद्दीन सौबन्य कोरि सौत्य गुप्तगूहच तु फॉसलुच तफ़सील। दिपन करेयि कूशिश सालिका

समजावनुच ज़ि स्व करि मॉल्यसुंदिस मशवरस प्यठ अमल तु त्रावि तँम्यसुंद (दिपुन) ख़याल। अमापुज़ सालिका ऑस ब-ज़िद। अमि किन्य कोर तिमव पानुवन्य व्यछुनिथ मशवर कँरिथ फॉसलु ज़ि यिमन हालातन मंज़ छु तिमन फ़कथ अदालौती खांदुर करनुय वागुज़ार। यि फॉसलु करुनस मंज़ ऑस सालिका पेश पेश। दिपस ओस कमय पहन हुब। सु ओस यि दँप्य ज़ि ति दफ़तम तु पकय। चिनांचि दौयिमि हफ़तु सपुज़ तिमन रजिस्टॉर्ड मैरेज, दूशवनी हुंघन दरिक्यन हुंज़ि जानकौरी तु हॉज़िरी वरौय। खांदर पतु शामस कँर सालिकायि मॉलिस माजि निशि अमि कथि हुंज़ बावथ। मॉलिस खौत ग्वडु स्यठाह खश्मु। सु गव नारोनार। अमापुज़, मुश्किलन ज़बुथ कँरिथ वौनुन कोरि ज़ि 'चौन्य जाय छे व्वन्य चौनिस खावंदु सुंदि। चोन गछि सुबहस पनुन्य पलव ह्यथ नेरुन। अँज़िच राथ ज़ौन्यजि च़ु यथ गरस मंज़ पँतिम राथ। पगाह सुबह पतु युथ नु येमि बरु अचख तु यिनु मे निशि कुनि कृस्मुच व्वमेद थवख। गो मे छि आश कमय, ताहम छुस बु यछान ज़ि ख्वदा कँरिन चौन्य नेथरु ग्राख ज़िंदगी बशाश, तु च़ु रोज़ ख्वश तु ख्वशहाल।' सालिकायि हुंज़ मॉज नसरीन बेगम ऑस फ़कथ गित्य करान। तमि कोर नु कुनि कृस्मुक कलामु करनुक होसुलय। तिहँदिस समाजस मंज़ ओस मर्द सुंद फॉसलु ऑखुरी तु अटल। अमापुज़ माजि दौदिस क्याह कँरिज। सुबहस येलि सालिकायि अटैची तुज तु गरि हेचुन नेरुन्य, गयासुद्दीन ओस गरि द्रामुत। नसरीन बेगम आयि, कूर रँटन चीरु नालुमति, अँछव किन्य होरुन डोठ तु पिलुनौवन अख फुटुज हिश कोरि। सालिकायि कोर स्यठाह ज़बुथ, ओश रोटुन टार्यन मंज़ तु माजि कौरुन पकु पौठ्य फुटुज रटुनस इनकार। 'ख्वदा हॉफिज़' वँनिथ द्रायि सडकि प्यठ तु रँटन टेक्सी, वॉच घाटकोपर तथ वन रूम फलैटस प्यठ

युस दिपन मुस्तँकुल रिसर्च असिस्टेंट तकर्रुर् गँछिथ हालुय ओस किरायि प्यठ रोटमुत तु येमिच अख कुंज़ तँम्य सालिकायि दिचमुच ऑस। दिपन ओस नु बुनि होस्टलुक कमरु खॉली कोरमुत, अमि म्वखु जि तति प्यठ ओस सालिकायि सॉत्य दूहदिश मुलाकाथ सँहल।

अटैची फ्लैटस मंज़ त्रॉविथ द्रायि सालिका बाज़र, कोरुन टेलिफोन बूथ प्यठ दिपस दफ्तर फोन। तँमिस वँरुन कूफियथ बयान, नखुकिस रेस्टॉरंटस मंज़ कँरुन चाय नाशु वँरिथ तपु छयवय, चायि फीरिथ फ्लैटस मंज़ तु रुज़ दिपस प्रारान। वँरीब अख बजे ह्युव आव दिपु। दूशुवय द्रायि बैयि, कोरुक रेस्टॉरंटस प्यठ लंच करान करान पनुनि पगहुक मंसूब तैयार। वार वारु बसोवुख गरु ज़रुरी सामानु सॉत्य। सालिका ऑस दिपुनि खोतु जादु अमली जिंदगी हुंद ह्योर ब्वन तु पथ ब्रॉह स्वरन वाजेन्य। तमि ज़ोन जि छराह दिपुनिस तनखाहस प्यठ ह्यकन नु तिम कांह रुति पायिच जिंदगी बसर वँरिथ। तमि वँर व्वथ छांड तु दूयि त्रेयि रेत्य मीज्य तस मनुमॉन्य नोकरी। व्वन्य ऑस्य दूशुवय बॉच अख अँकिस पुशि पनाह। गरिचि प्रथ कामि मंज़ ओस दिपु सालिकायि अथु रोट करान तु जिंदगी ऑस ख्वश पॉठ्य पकान।

दिपु रुद वारियाहस कालस पनुनिस मॉलिस माजि प्यठ पनुनि खांदरुच बावथ करुनस मंज़ वायि करान। पतु सूचुन यिनु तिम वँशीरि मंज़ तँम्यसुंज टैकिन्य वँडिथ खँजिलज़द सपुदन। तँम्य लीछ मंदुछ मंदुछ तु तिमन पनुनि पानु-यख्तिर्यॉरी हुंजि नाशॉयिस्तु हरवँच सॉत्य तिमन दूख वातुनावनु खॉतरु गुल्य ज़ु गँडिथ मॉफी मंगान मंगान मॉलिस माजि पनुनि खांदरुच तफसील तु सॉती सूज़ुनख पनुन तु सालिकायि हुंद यिकुवट तुलमुत फ़ोटू। बैयि ल्यूखुनख जि गो तिहुंज न्वश छि बैयि मज़हबुच,

तँमिस छु बासान स्व नेरि जान संसकारु वाजेन्य, खँदमथ गुज़ार तु फरमांबर्दार। यि चिठ्य वॉतिथ गव पँडिथ शवुजीयस तु व्वमाशोरियि सख दूख तु दिलन लोगुख दकु। तिमन ऑस नु व्वमेद तिहुंद स्योद बोद डोम्ब तुलि युथ ह्युव नाशायान कदम येमि सॉत्य तिहुंज सतन पीर्यन वटु लगी, तिम काँसि बुथ दिन्य लायख रोजन नु। तिमन बास्यव तिम कॅर्य पनुन्य औलादन रुसवा। डँब्य कोरुनख दगा। शवुजीयन ह्युत नु दिपुनि चिठि जवाबुय। दिपु रुद पँछ्य त्रेयि हपतु मॉलिस माजि सालिकायि हुंदि तु पनुनि तरफु गुल्य गँडिथ नमस्कार सोज़ान तु तिहुंदि तु पनुनिस बॉयिस बेनि तु बाक्युन रिशुदारन हुंदि बापथ श्वब कांछान।

वँरी ड्वडाह गँछिथ कोर सालिकायि हुंदिस पतु लगुनस प्यठ दिपन तु तमि वँशीरि गरु गँछिथ मॉलिस माजि बॉयिस बेनि तु बाक्यु रिशुदारन सॉत्य मुलाकातुक फॉसलु। प्रोग्राम बनाविथ कोर दिपन मॉलिस इतिलाह तु सॉती वँरुन रेज़िडेन्सी रोडस प्यठ पार्क व्यू होटलस मंज़ ति बुकिंग। बम्बयि प्यठ नेरनु ब्रॉह तु ट्रेनि मंज़ सफर करान करान ति वोन दिपन सालिकायि जि काँशिर्यन बटन हुंद रस्मो र्यवाज, पलव प्वशाख, व्वथु बेठ, कथ बाथ, ख्यन च्यन क्युथ छु आसान, शहर क्युथ छु, तति कमि कुस्मुचि आसॉयिशु छे तु कम छनु, तु लुख काँत्यह साफ दिनु अमापुज प्राणि पुचि तु शुर्य चालि ह्यु पहान तहक्रीक पसंद छि, बेतरी। सालिकायि ति ओस स्यठाह ख्रोव तु चाव यिथिस दिलचस्प तु अँजीब माहोलस मंज़ पनुनिस हशि हेहरस, दूयिस ज़ॉम तु बियन ऑशुनावन सॉत्य मेलनुक तु तिमन सॉत्य लोल बॉगरावनुक।

सिरीनगरु टूरिस्ट रिस्पेशन स्यंटरस प्यठ वॉतिथ दिच दिपन रचि खंजि ओरु योर नज़र जि खबर छा आश नु ऑसिथ ति मा आसि गर्युक

कांह निनि आमुत। कांह नु डीशित्थ त्रवुन मोयूस गॅछिथ व्वश। कोरुन टांगु तु वोत रेज़िडेन्सी रोडस प्यठ होटल। दोयिमि द्रह, शामस वोथ कुनुय ज़ोन बाबापोर गरु। गरु वातुवुनुय रोट अकि अकि सारिवुय नालुमति, कॅर्यहॅस माह तु मीठ्य, माजि वौदुनस जुव। सारिनुय ऑस्य अॅश्य टॉर्य बॅरिथ। पॅडिथ शवुजीयन कर्योव ग्वडु वायुय, अमापुज़ पतु रूदुस नु पानस ताम। सु ति वोथ तु कोरुन नेचिविस चीरु नालुमोत तु माह। चेर ताम रोज़ु ग्रावु ग्वंदु चलान। सारिनुय ओस मनस मंज़ यि सवाल तु ख़ोव ज़ि अमा सालिका कति छे तु स्व क्याज़ि आयि नु दिपस सॉत्य। अमापुज़ काँसि ओस न, यि सवाल हिरि खसान। ऑखुर कॅर व्वमाशोरियि ह्यमथ तु ल्वति पॉठ्य कनु फिसरायि मंज़ प्रुछुन नेचिविस ज़ि न्वश कति छे? यि बूज़िथ ज़ि स्व चे होटलस मंज़ रूज़िथ, वोनुस माजि, “तोबाह तोबाह, यि किहो रोवुय चे? गरु ऑसिथ क्याज़ि थॅवुथन न्वश होटलस मंज़? होटलस मांज रोज़ुन छा शॅरीफन शूबान?” दिपन वोन होरुक योरुक बहानु तु ऑखुर गरि नेरान नेरान वोनुन गरिक्यन सु यियि पगाह काह बजे सालिका ह्यथ द्रहस प्यठ।

पगाह ऑस क्वदुरॅती आथुवार। सुबहस गव पोशकर नाथ बाज़र तु हेतिन सिन्य सेर जोराह, बेयि सब्जियि ज़ु त्रे। अपॉरी गव कांतुन वॉर्युव तु कॅरुन तॅमिस ति शेछ्य। व्वमाशोरी च़ायि चोकस बतु स्युन रनुनि। बाक्य गरिक्य शुरी यॉत्य नु बॅत्यकि हमसायि ति रूद्य दार्यव किन्य नज़रि ज़ि कर यियि दिपु नेबरिमि ज़नानि ह्यथ गरु। साडि कहि ह्युव च़ाय दिपु तु सालिका कोचस। कोचस द्रशुय पासव गॅयि गरन मंज़ सरगोशी ‘आयि हय, आयि हय’। सालिकायि य्वसु बम्बयि मंज़ द्रहदिश अमूमन शॉर्ट तु स्लैक्स या ब्लाउज़ तु सकर्ट ऑस लागान, ऑस अमि द्रह दूत्य (सॉड्य) कॅरमुच।

थज़ि खोरि सैंडल छुनिथ पेयस कोचस मंज़ येहतियातु सान पुर्य त्रावुन्य। कोचस नाल्यन मंज़ मल वुछिथ ऑसुन अकि अथु सॉड्य ह्योर रॅटमुच तु बेयि अथु नस्ति प्यठ रुमाल थॅवमुच। ड्यकस प्यठ ऑसुस द्रह। कॅह्य ताम कॅह्य ताम कोचि कॅडिथ गरिकि आंगन बरु अॅचिथ दिचुन ह्योर ब्वन दॅछुन खोवुर तज्जसुसु सान नज़र तु न्यून माहोल तुलिथ। ब्रांदस खसुवुनुय आयि कांतु पां गडु ह्यथ बुथि आलथ कडनि। आलथ कॅडिथ कोरुन सालिकायि नालुमोत। सालिकायि च़ॉज द्रह। कांतन खॉर बाँयकाकन्य मँज़िमिस पोरस प्यठ बोड कुठ तु बेहनाँवुन तॅकियस सॉत्य। रछा गॅयि तु वॅछ नलनी (पोशकर नाथुन्य आशेन्य) वॅपु सुंदिस खॉसिस मंज़ द्रद तु अॅकिस रिकाबि मंज़ बर्फी पांछ सथ टुकर ह्यथ। सालिका गॅयि हना हॉरुतस ज़ि यि द्रद आव तॅस्य योत क्युत। अमापुज़ दिपु ओस साँती बिहिथ ज़नानि काँशिरि र्यवायॅच तु काँशिर्यन हंद्य बाश तु व्वथुबेठ व्यछुनावान तु पनुन्यन गरिक्यन बाँचन सॉत्य मुतॉरिफ ति करुनावान। सालिकायि क्याह तगिहे कॅज़ि खासि सॉत्य तोत द्रद चोन। बिज़ॉती ति ऑस नु तस द्रदस सॉत्य प्रिवु। तॅम्य च़ेयि खासि मंज़ु कवलि फिरिथ द्रदस ज़ु च़ोर गॅत्य। प्यठु ख्योन बर्फी अख काशि। सालिकायि गव तॉजिब यि वुछिथ ज़ि अँद्य पॅख्य लर्यव हंजव दार्यव किनी योत नु बॅत्यकि पनुनिस कुठ्य वुज़स मंज़ ति ऑस्य छायि गित्य तु ख्युत ख्युत गछान। तॅमिस गव यि बरतबा, अमापोज़ श्रोपरोवुन। रचि खँड्य वॅथ्य गरिक्य बाक्य बाँच ति। व्वमाश्वरी वॅछ चोकच दूत्य बदलॉविथ, अमापुज़ पॅडिथ शवुजी रूद काँनी प्यठुय जेजीरि दाम दाम दिवान तु वुठ च़ापान।

(अगले अंक में जारी)



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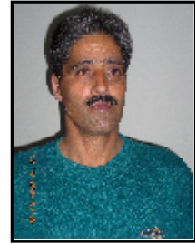
Know Your Motherland - Chander M. Bhat

Lodhuv – Abode of Jeevan Sahib



midst of the beautiful Vastur Van is village Loduv in total silence some 20 km from Srinagar near famous saffron fields of Pampore. Village Loduv is located within the jurisdiction of Pampore Police Station in the district of Pulwama and was comparatively prosperous in relation to other neighbouring villages. It stands about three km to the southeast of Pampore town. The chief place of the then Vihi Pargana is now the town of Pampore, the ancient Padampur. Padma, the powerful uncle of the puppet-king Cippate-Jayapida, founded it in the beginning of the ninth century. Padma is said by the Chronicle to have also built a temple of Visnu-Padmasvamin. Close to the temple is the Ziarat of Mir Muhammad Hamadani with some fine ancient columns and ornamented slabs. Padampura owing to its central position in a fertile tract seems to have always been a place of importance and is often mentioned by Kalhana and the later Chroniclers. To the south of the village one passes first Balhom, a large village, which in the Likaprasada and Tirthasamgraha figures as Balasrama? Under a large *Deodar* near it Baladevi is worshipped in the form of an ole stone. At the foot of rocky spur, which descends from the mountain range to the north, lies the picturesque village of Vuyan, one mentioned by Kalhana under the name of Ovana. It has a large sulphurous spring visited by the sick. The first factory in Jammu and Kashmir for the manufacture of cement was installed at Vuyan because of the availability of raw material for the purpose. Vuyan was burnt during the civil war between the Kashmiris and the immigrant

Syeds in 1484 A.D. The name of the village changed from Ovana (Uvana) to Vuyan and then to Wuyan.



About two miles further east one reaches the village Khruv, the ancient Khaduvi that, as we have seen, gave to the district its former name. There is abundance of fine springs in and about Khruv. Abul Fazl mentioned them as objects of worship and estimates their number as 360. Above the village a so-called 'Svayambhu-Chakra' or mystical diagram is shown on a rock. It is held sacred to Jwalamukhi-Durga and largely visited by pilgrims especially the Pandits. The temple is situated on the top of a small hillock. The Jwalaji festival falls on or about 16th July every year. This shrine forms the *Isht Devi* of maximum Pandits of the valley. Only a mile to the north of village Loduv is the village of Saar, until recently the seat of a flourishing iron industry. Kalhana mentioned it by the name of Sanara as an Agrahara founded by King Sacinara. The Ziarat of Khwavu Khizar, which stands here near several small springs. Wahab Khar was born in 19th century at Saar. A blacksmith by profession he was also a Sufi saint. Wahab Khar has projected mysticism in his poetry. His '*Sheikh Sana*', '*Mash Tulur*' and '*Mehraj Name*' are considered his best poetic creations. Wahab Khar Passed away in 1912.

To the south of village Loduv, on the bank of the Vitasta lies the village of Latpor. An old gloss of the Rajtarangini identifies it with Lalitapura, a place founded in honour of King Lalitaditya by his architect. The king,

according to the Chronicle, was not pleased with the attention; in any case no importance seems to have attached to the place. There are no old remains above ground, but the local tradition still knows of King 'Laltadit' as the founder of a large town on the neighbouring *Udar*.

Some 1 km to the west of village Loduv is village Sempor. Some sources place this village as the birth place of great woman saint of Kashmir, Lal Ded in the year 1335 A.D.

According to Guldastai Kashmir by Harpogal Koul, Loduv Pandit, a minister of Raja Saka during 2409-72 KE founded Loduv village. Loduv Pandit also built a temple there. Total area of the village is 904.87 hectares and as per 1981 Census total population of this village was 2820 souls comprising of 369 households. Kashmiri Pandit community comprises 24 percent of total population of the village and was having about 57 households. Eight households have held back after the mass exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from the valley in the year 1990. I visited the village on 7th March 2010; one Shri Ravi Ji Bhat son of Shri Nath Ji Bhat aged 43 of the same village accompanied me.

M.A.Stein writes in Kalhana's Rajtarangini: "The Pargana, which adjoins Srinagar from the southeast, in olden days, was known as Vihi. It extends from near Puranadhithana to the Vastur Van spur near Vountpur (Awantipora) and comprises a wide semicircular tract of fertile karewa lands. In ancient times the district took its name from the village of Khaduvi, the present Khrew".

Loduv is known for two ancient temples...a bigger one and a smaller one. The bigger temple is in the middle of a shallow tank, which receives water from a spring in its North-East corner. The temple simple in design, 24 feet square externally,

supports a domical ceiling. According to Pandit Ram Chand Kak, 'Externally the walls are without decoration, their bareness being only partially relieved by a cornice which consists of three courses of stone adorned with projecting fillets. The corner pilasters are quite plain, and headed by a semicircular, almost horseshoe-shaped, arch surmounted by a single storied pediment of very slight projection. Internally the temple is circular with a diameter of 17 feet and 6 inches. The smaller temple is similar to the bigger one. Internally the temple is 6 feet square and the ceiling consists of three courses of overlapping stones. Inside the spring is a Shiva Linga made of lime stone'. According to Pandit Kak, 'A few yards behind this temple, higher up the hill and immediately at the back of the mosque, a smaller temple which externally presents the same appearance as the large temple, the only difference being that the projecting pediment which enclosed the round-headed doorway has here developed into a well-defined portico with a trefoil niche'. According to '*Soon Adab*' published by Jammu and Kashmir Academy, 1977, the material of the smaller temple has been used to build a Ziarat. At present there is no Shiva Linga in the spring. This temple has been taken over by the Archeological Survey of India and is being looked after by an employee of the same department.

There are two more Shiva Temples in the village built by the Pandits of the village in recent past. These temples have been built on the shades of mighty Chinars. Village deity *Raza Sahib* called *Tcharas Raza* also lives near one of the temples.

Gousen Teng forms the part of village Loduv, situated some half km from the main village. Jeewan Sahib passed his last days of his life in a house at Gousen Teng. Jeewan Sahib, an outstanding saint of the 18th

century was born in Motiyar Mohalla of Rainawari. He was a highly evolved saint with tremendous spiritual powers. It is said that this great saint shifted from Rainawari to Gousen Teng in the 1779 and practiced *sadhana* in this village. All time *Dooni* was on during his life time and it continued for some years after he attained *Mahasamadhi*. The then Maharaja of Kashmir allotted him a *jaggir* of 80 *kanals* of land at Gousen Teng. Ten Kashmiri Pandit families were residing in this mohalla of the village, who were brought there from Srinagar by the then Maharaja of Kashmir to look after the land gifted to Jeewan Sahib.

All these things are there but the people whose presence once thrived on the face of Loduv are now few and far between.

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पञ्चाङ्ग

(सप्तर्षि-५०८७:विक्रमी-२०६८:क्रिस्तान-२०११-१२:निर्वासन-२२)

१ अक्टूबर २०११ से ३० नवम्बर २०११ तक



- २ अक्टूबर (षष्ठी, रविवार) .. शुक्रोदय
 ४ अक्टूबर (अष्टमी, मंगलवार) .. दुर्गाष्टमी
 ५ अक्टूबर (नवमी, बुधवार) .. महानवमी, भद्रकाली यात्रा, नवदुर्गा विसर्जन
 ६ अक्टूबर (दशमी, गुरुवार) .. विजय दशमी
 ७ अक्टूबर (एकादशी, शुक्रवार) .. पापांकुशा एकादशी, पंचक आरम्भ
 १२ अक्टूबर (पूर्णिमा, बुधवार) .. पंचक समाप्त
 १५ अक्टूबर (तृतीया, शनिवार) .. ज्यो. आफताभ शर्मा निर्वाण दिवस, संकट चतुर्थी
 २३ अक्टूबर (एकादशी, रविवार) .. रमा एकादशी
 २६ अक्टूबर (अमावस्या, बुधवार) .. दीपावली, अन्नकूट, गोवर्धन पूजा
 २८ अक्टूबर (द्वितीया, शुक्रवार) .. भाई दूज
 ३१ अक्टूबर (पंचमी, सोमवार) .. कुमार षष्ठी
 ३ नवम्बर (अष्टमी, गुरुवार) .. गोपाल अष्टमी, पंचक आरम्भ
 ६ नवम्बर (एकादशी, रविवार) .. हरि बोधिनी एकादशी
 ८ नवम्बर (त्रयोदशी, मंगलवार) .. पंचक समाप्त
 १० नवम्बर (पूर्णिमा, गुरुवार) .. कार्तिक पूर्णिमा
 १४ नवम्बर (तृतीया, सोमवार) .. संकट चतुर्थी
 १९ नवम्बर (अष्टमी, शनिवार) .. महाकाल भैरवाष्टमी
 २१ नवम्बर (एकादशी, सोमवार) .. उत्पन्ना एकादशी
 ३० नवम्बर (षष्ठी, बुधवार) .. कुमार षष्ठी



स्रोत : विजयेश्वर पञ्चाङ्ग :
सम्पादक - ओंकार नाथ शास्त्री

मेरी डायरी के पन्नों से - डा० के० एल० चौधरी

निर्णय

(मूल: अंग्रेजी - हिन्दी अनुवाद : शंकर शरण)

श्री

नगर की छताबल बस्ती में लोक निर्माण विभाग के अवकाशप्राप्त अधिकारी पंडित श्यामलाल रहते थे। फरवरी १९९० की एक ठंडी दोपहर वे अपनी पत्नी के साथ चाय पी रहे थे। दोनों विचार कर रहे थे कि घाटी में बने रहें या अनेकों दूसरे पंडित परिवारों का अनुसरण करें जो अपने घर और संपत्ति छोड़-छाड़ कर निर्वासन की अनजान डगर पर जा रहे थे।

वे इस तरह सोच रहे थे: हालात बहुत भयानक हैं। आतंकवादी अनेकानेक निर्दोष पंडितों को मार चुके हैं। विशेषकर वे नौजवानों को चुनकर निशाना बना रहे हैं। हमने अच्छा किया कि अपने बेटों को जम्मू भेज दिया। वे तो वहाँ कोई आश्रय पा ही लेंगे जब तक कि हालात अच्छे होने पर हम उन्हें यहाँ वापस न बुला लें। हमारा तो कोई जम्मू या

दिल्ली में अपना कहने को है नहीं जहाँ हम भी चले जाते। यहाँ हम रिटायर जीवन जी रहे हैं और शायद ही कभी बाहर निकलते हैं। हम तो सदैव शांति से अपने मुस्लिम पड़ोसियों के साथ मिल-जुल कर सरल जीवन जीते रहे हैं और हमें राजनीति से कुछ लेना-देना नहीं रहा। पड़ोसियों ने समर्थन ही किया जब हमने बेटों को दूर भेजा। हमें तो किसी से कोई धमकी नहीं मिली है, तब क्यों हम

अपना घर छोड़कर बाहर अनिश्चितता में भागें? हमें यहीं रह कर स्थिति को देखना और इंतज़ार करना चाहिए। बेकार कोई ऐसा कदम क्यों उठाएँ कि पछताना पड़े।

जब वे इस निष्कर्ष पर स्थिर हो ही रहे थे कि दरवाजे पर दस्तक हुई। श्यामलाल देखने उठे।

उन्होंने कुंडी हटाई ही थी कि पीछे धकेल दिए गए। चार नौजवान, चमड़े के जैकेट और जीन्स पहने हुए घर में घुस आए। पति-पत्नी हतप्रभ रह गए। प्रतिवाद करने का अवसर ही न था। वे लोग तेज़ी से घर में इस कमरे से उस कमरे में कुछ ढूँढ़ने लगे। फर्नीचर उल्टा, बिस्तरे पलट दिए, उसके नीचे देखा, दरवाजे के पीछे और स्नानघर में झाँका। उन में से एक दौड़कर ऊपर छत पर चढ़ा और

लौटकर दूसरों को बताया कि शिकार का कोई पता नहीं है। दूसरा श्यामलाल की छाती पर छुरा टिका कर गुराया, “तेरे बेटे कहाँ छिपे हैं?”

क्षण भर के लिए उन के हृदय की गति रुक सी गई। मुँह की बोली जड़ हो गई और मन ही मन भगवान को धन्यवाद दिया कि उन्होंने बेटों को दूर भेज दिया था। वह क्षण जैसे अनन्त सा बीता।

“बोल, बुढ़े बदमाश। कहाँ हैं तेरे बेटे?” छुरा



उन की छाती से और करीब हो गया।

“वे जम्मू गए हैं।” उन के कंपकंपाते ओठों से किसी तरह ये शब्द निकले।

“अच्छा, तो वे गए, इस से पहले कि हमारे हाथ उन हरामखोर भेदियों तक पहुँचते? जहाँ भी हों, हम उन का पीछा करेंगे। इस बीच हम तुझे अपने साथ ले जाएंगे, बुढ़े खूसट।”

श्यामलाल धरती पर गिर पड़े, उन से छोड़ देने की गुहार करते हुए। उन की पत्नी हाथ जोड़ कर दया की भीख माँगने लगी जब वे उन्हें घसीटते हुए घर से बाहर ले चले। उन के एक हाथ में चोट लगी जब उनमें से एक ने ज़ोर से झटक कर खींचा। विरोध करने का कोई मतलब नहीं था। वह खड़े हुए और पीछे पत्नी की ओर कातर भाव देखते लड़खड़ाते पैर बाहर जाने लगे। वह अकेली रह गई, रोती क्रंदन करती। वह नहीं जानती थी कि किससे सहायता माँगे। पड़ोसी लोग पीछे से खिडकियाँ आधी उठाकर देखते रहे।

श्यामलाल एक सूने खेत में ले जाए गए, जहाँ विलो वृक्षों की पत्रहीन टहनियाँ एक दूसरे को अदभुत मित्र भाव से छू रही थीं। उन में आने वाली पत्तियों की गुलाबी अँखड़ियाँ खुलने को बेताब हो रही थीं। उन खतरनाक लोगों ने एक-एक सिप्रेट सुलगाई और मुँह और नाक से धुआँ छोड़ते हुए पूछताछ शुरू हुई। छुरा चमकाने वाले उग्रपंथी ने शुरुआत की। वह सब से लम्बा था और सरदार जैसा लग रहा था।

“अब बोल, तूने अपने बेटों को कहाँ छिपाया है। अगर सच बोलोगे तो हम तुझे छोड़ देंगे। नहीं तो तेरे साथ बहुत बुरा होगा।”

पहली बार श्यामलाल ने उन खूँखार चेहरों को देखा। वे बीस से पचीस वर्ष के रहे होंगे, घुटे सिर,

छोटी तराशी दाढ़ियाँ, बेहतरीन कश्मीरी बोलते।

“मैं ईश्वर की सौगंध कहता हूँ, वे यहां नहीं, जम्मू में हैं। लेकिन तुम क्यों पूछ रहे हो? उन ने क्या अपराध किया है?” उस ने उन के दोनों गालों पर तमाचा लगाया। “जैसे कि तुम जानते नहीं, बदमाश इंडियन एजेंट। तुम पंडित लोग पुलिस और सेनावालों के साथ मिले हुए हो। हम पर जासूसी करते हो, हमारी हरकतों और कामों की खबर देते हो।”

“लेकिन हम तो तुम्हें जानते भी नहीं हैं। हम तुम्हारी खबर कैसे दे सकते हैं? तुम तो अच्छे खासे जवान लगते हो जिन्हें बेकसूर बूढ़ों की छाती पर छुरे तानने, उन्हें घरों से घसीटने जैसे काम के बदले अपने अपने स्कूलों में होना चाहिए था।” उन्होंने अपने उत्पीड़क के चेहरे की ओर देख कर कहा।

“तुम हमें जल्द ही जान जाओगे, बूढ़े लोमड़ी। हमें खबर है कि तेरे बेटे पिछले हफ्ते तक यहीं थे।”

“जी हाँ, महाशय, वे यहीं थे। वे बस चार दिन पहले गए हैं। मगर मैं कसम खाता हूँ हम बेकसूर हैं। हमें पुलिस से कुछ लेना देना नहीं है।”

“जैसे तुझ काफिरों के कसम की भी कोई कीमत है।” सरदार ने उन पर थूका और ज़ोर से हंस पड़ा। वह तजरुबेकार था और उस के साथियों पर रौब पड़ रहा था।

“तेरे बेटे फिर से वह मंदिर खुलवाने में आगे थे, थे कि नहीं? तुम मंदिर वाली ज़मीन फिर से लेना चाहते हो जो हमारी है - हुँह?” यह सरदार के बाद वाले ने कहा। वह छत्ताबल के भैरव मंदिर की बात कर रहा था। मुस्लिमों ने मंदिर पर दावा करके उसे बल पूर्वक बंद करा दिया था। वह विवाद

बरसों चलता रहा और यूँ ही ठंडे बस्ते में पड़ा था। पंडितों से उस में पूजा करने की इजाज़त छीन ली गई और अदालत के हुक्म से मंदिर पर ताला जड़ दिया गया। आरोप वैसे भी संदर्भहीन था क्योंकि अभी कश्मीर में चल रहे उपद्रव से इस का कुछ सम्बन्ध नहीं था। यह वही बाघ और मेमने वाली पुरानी कथा थी।

“वह तो बड़ी पुरानी बात है। मंदिर तो कई दशकों से बंद है। हम उसे भूल चुके हैं। मेरे बेटों ने उस में कुछ नहीं किया।”

“तो तेरे बेटे भागे क्यों, अगर बेकसूर थे?”

“क्योंकि बेकसूर मारे जा रहे हैं। हम सुरक्षित बचने के लिए घाटी से भागने पर मजबूर किए जा रहे हैं।” यह सुनकर वे भड़क गए। इस बुद्धे की यह हिम्मत! उन्होंने जलती सिग्रेटें उन में चुभो दीं, जूतों से उन्हें ठोकर मारी और पहले से भी अधिक कड़े तमाचे लगाए। वह दर्द से चिल्लाते रहे और छोड़ देने की भीख माँगते रहे। बार बार कसम खाई कि वह और उन के परिवार ने उन लोगों के खिलाफ कुछ नहीं किया और पुलिस या किसी सरकारी एजेंसी से कभी संपर्क नहीं किया है।

“तब तू यहाँ क्या कर रहा है जब अपने बेटों को दूर भेज दिया? अगर तू हम पर जासूसी नहीं कर रहा है तो?”

“हाँ, मेरे यहाँ रहने का अब कोई कारण नहीं है। मैं पहला मौका मिलते ही चला जाऊंगा, यदि तुम जाने दो।” वह अभी भी स्पष्ट प्रतिवादी स्वर में बोल रहे थे।

“मगर उससे पहले तुझे बहुत सा जवाब देना है। सबसे पहले, जम्मू की किस बिल में तुम्हारे दोनों साँप छिपे हैं जहाँ से हम उन्हें निकाल बाहर

करें?”

“विश्वास करो, मुझे अभी तक नहीं मालूम। मुझे अपने बेटों की कोई खबर नहीं मिली है। हमारे कोई सगे-सम्बन्धी या मित्र उधर नहीं हैं। दोनों किसी मंदिर या किसी तम्बू में होंगे जो प्रशासन ने यहाँ से भागे लोगों के लिए लगाए हैं।”

“तुम झूठे हो। तुम्हारे बेटे भेदिए हैं। तुम जासूस हो। तुम लोग आरएसएस के मंबर हो। हमें सच बता दो और हम तुम्हें छोड़ देंगे। इन्कार कर दिया तो हम तुम्हारे कान काट देंगे।” उन्होंने सभी आरोपों से इन्कार कर दिया।

उन लोगों ने उन के कानों पर घूंसा मारा और टांगों में ठोकर मारी। वह पीड़ा से तिलमिला उठे पर चीखे नहीं। उन लोगों ने उन की कमीज़ फाड़ी और टोपी पैरों से मसल दी। वे रौंदे जाकर धरती पर पड़ गए।

“हम तुम्हें एक मौका और देते हैं,” सरदार दहाडा और उन्हें एक और ठोकर लगाई, “बता दो वे कहाँ हैं और हम तुम्हें छोड़ देंगे।”

“मुझे मार डालो यदि वही करना है पर मेरे पास बताने के लिए कुछ नहीं है, न कुछ छिपाने के लिए,” उन्होंने स्पष्ट कहा।

वे चारों कुछ दूर एक बड़े विलो पेड के नीचे चले गए और जल्दी से कुछ मशवरा करने लगे। मृत्युदंड तय करने में उन्हें बस पाँच मिनट का समय लगा।

“हम तुम्हारा कहा एक शब्द भी नहीं मानते। हमें पक्की खबर है कि तुम्हारे बेटे और तुम जासूसी करते रहे, दुश्मनों को सूचनाएं देते रहे और आज़ादी के उद्देश्य से गद्दारी करते रहे हो। ऐसे गंदे जुर्मों की सज़ा मौत ही है। हम फैसला करते हैं कि तुझे अभी यहीं लटका दें ताकि औरों को सबक मिले।”

बिना कोई समय गंवाए वे अपने काम में लग गए।

श्यामलाल ने एक आखिरी उत्कट दलील देने की कोशिश की जब वे लोग पेड़ के तने से रस्सी बाँध कर उन्हें एक बड़े पत्थर पर खड़ा कर गले में फंदा डाल रहे थे। उन्होंने पैगम्बर मुहम्मद का हवाला देकर कहा, “कृपा कर मुझे जाने दो। एक बूढ़े आदमी पर रहम करो। यदि तुम मुझे मार डालोगे, मेरी पत्नी भी मर जाएगी और तुम दोहरी हत्या के भागी होंगे। क्या तुम्हारा मज़हब बेकसूर लोगों को कष्ट देने की सीख देता है?”

“तू काफिर, हमें मज़हब की सीख देने की कोशिश मत कर,” उन का सरदार गुर्गया।

“मगर मैं तुम्हें कहना चाहता हूँ कि मुझे हज़रतबल स्थान पर बहुत विश्वास है जहाँ पैगम्बर का पवित्र बाल रखा हुआ है। रिटायर होने से पहले मैं वहाँ रोज़ जाता था, अंतिम पाँच वर्ष मेरी पोस्टिंग वहाँ की देख रेख करने वाले ओवरसीयर के रूप में थी। मुझे विश्वास है कि वह पवित्र चिन्ह मेरी रक्षा करेगा क्योंकि मैं भगवान का दास हूँ और निर्दोष हूँ।”

उन लोगों ने उन का मज़ाक उड़ाया। उन्हें पाखंडी कहा, बूढ़ा, बदमाश, झूठा, जो मौत से कम किसी चीज़ के काबिल नहीं। और उन लोगों ने श्यामलाल के नीचे से पत्थर खिसका दिया। श्यामलाल भद से गिर पड़े। लगा कि उन्हें कुछ नहीं हुआ, न चोट आई। वे आतंकवादी हैरत में आ गए। रस्सी वहाँ से टूट गई थी जहाँ उसे तने से फंसाया गया था।

“मैंने तुम्हें कहा था कि मैं बेकसूर हूँ। पैगम्बर यह जानते हैं। इसीलिए उन्होंने मुझे बचा लिया। क्या अभी भी तुम्हें मुझ पर विश्वास नहीं है? मुझे मार कर अपने ऊपर कहर मत बुलाओ।” श्यामलाल

ने एक बार फिर दैवी हस्ताक्षेप पाने के लिए अपनी बुद्धि का उपयोग किया और उन लोगों को बदले में सज़ा की याद दिलाई।

वे उलझन में पड़ गए। रस्सी टूटने से वे कुछ हिचके पर ज़्यादा देर नहीं। वे फिर जल्दी से मशवरा करने लग गए। एक काफिर से वे नहीं दबेंगे। इस कुत्ते के बच्चे, काफिर की क्या मजाल कि उन्हीं लोगों को झूठ-मूठ पैगम्बर मुहम्मद का नाम लेकर सज़ा की बात करे जिन की खिदमत में ही वे जिहाद का झंडा उठा कर चले हैं। नहीं, यह ऐसे ही कोई गडबड हो गई। वे इस के टोटके में नहीं आने वाले। इस आदमी को मरना ही है, उन लोगों ने तय किया।

सरदार ने अब जेब से छुरा निकाल उन पर वार करना शुरू किया, उन की टाँगों और शरीर में गहरे काटते हुए। दूसरे सिग्रेट पीते रहे और उन का खून बहता देखते रहे। पतली धार में उन के शरीर से खून बहने लगा और नम धरती में गायब होने लगा, जहाँ वे पड़े थे बिना किसी हरकत, अब बिना कोई दलील करते, अपरिहार्य को बस स्वीकार करते।

रक्तस्त्राव से वे पीले पड़ गए, साँस इतनी धीमी कि तेज़ी से घिरने धुँधलके में दिख नहीं रही थी। ‘ओम नमः शिवाय’, उन्होंने वह मंत्र बुदबुदाया जिस से उन्होंने पूरे जीवन अपना दिन आरम्भ किया था, और मूर्च्छित हो गए। उन लोगों ने उन्हें मरा मान लिया और चले गए।

डूबता सूरज, बडा, लाल और चमकदार, नंगे वृक्षों की शाखाओं की डरावनी छाया फैला रहा था मानो हड्डियाँ खेत में प्रकाश-छाया का नाच कर रही हों। संध्या तेज़ी से घिर रही थी और आकाश में चिड़ियाँ उड़ती जा रही थीं। श्यामलाल को चेत

हुआ। वह अवसन्न थे और कमजोरी से हिल भी नहीं सकते थे। वे इस सूने में क्या कर रहे हैं। उन की पत्नी कहाँ है। उन का माथा क्यों घूम रहा है और ऐसी दुर्बलता क्यों लग रही है। लगा जैसे वे किसी मूर्छा से जगे हैं। बैठने का प्रयास किया मगर फिर लुढ़क गए। धीरे धीरे उन्हें स्मरण हुआ और समझ आया कि एक ही दिन में उन्हें तीसरी बार जीवन मिला है। उन्हें जीना लिखा है और वे प्रतीक्षा करें जब तक इतनी शक्ति न हो जाए कि उठ कर चल सकें।

जो आशा उन के मन में जगी थी वह तेज़ हो गई जब उन्हें अपने शरीर पर आगे से आ रहे किसी व्यक्ति की छाया दिखाई दी। क्या अंततः उन्हें मुक्ति मिल जाएगी ?

उन्होंने लंबी सफेद दाढ़ी वाला एक व्यक्ति देखा जो फिरन और गोल टोपी पहने हुए था। ‘भगवान कृपालु हैं। वह मुझे मारना नहीं चाहते। वही मुझे बचाने के लिए इस व्यक्ति के वेश में आए हैं’, उन्होंने सोचा।

“कृपा कर मेरी मदद करो भाई”, वह मुश्किल से इतना बोल सके जब वह आदमी उन के पास पहुँच कर रुका।

“तुम इस हाल में कैसे हो ? किस ने यह किया ?”

“इन लडकों ने मुझे पेड़ पर फाँसी देने की कोशिश की मगर रस्सी टूट गई। तब उन्होंने मुझे बार बार छुरे मार कर मरा समझ लिया। पर अल्लाह दयालु है। मैं बचा हूँ। वह जानता है मैं बेकसूर हूँ। इसीलिए वे लोग मुझे मार नहीं सके। तुम भगवान से डरने वाले लगते हो। मेहरबानी कर एक अच्छे मुसलमान की तरह मेरी मदद करो।” बोलने के बीच वह बार बार अचेत हो रहे थे।

“ज़रूर करूँगा। मैं इस अधूरे काम को पूरा कर दूँगा।” और यह कहते हुए वह अजनबी उन्हें बाँह से पकड़ कर घसीटते हुए नज़दीक नदी किनारे ले गया। धारा में धकेलते हुए चिल्लाया, “यहाँ से सीधे जहन्नुम, काफिर कहीं के”, और अपने रास्ते चला गया।

वितस्ता के अत्यंत शीतल जल ने श्यामलाल पर अक्सीर का काम किया। ठंड ने उनकी पीड़ा को सुन्न कर दिया और घाओं से रक्तस्राव को रोक दिया। उन्हें ऐसी दलदली हुई कि उन की चेतना वापस आ गई। धीरे धीरे उन्होंने इतनी शक्ति एकत्र की कि किसी तरह रेंगते हुए नदी से निकल गए और लड़खड़ाते हुए पुल के अंत में बने एक सैनिक बंकर तक पहुँचे जहाँ सैनिक थे। उन्होंने सहायता की पुकार की। सैनिकों ने उन्हें सेना के अस्पताल पहुँचाया जहाँ उन्हें टाँके लगे और खून चढ़ाया गया। उन लोगों ने उनकी पत्नी को अस्पताल बुलवाकर उनके पास रहने का प्रबन्ध भी कर दिया।

वह बात-चीत, जो उस दंपति ने दोपहर आरम्भ की थी, उस ने अस्पताल में अंतिम रूप लिया जब तीन बार प्राणांतक हमले से बचकर वे स्वस्थ हो रहे थे। उन्होंने निर्णय किया कि अस्पताल से छुट्टी मिलते ही पहली बस से उस अभिशप्त घाटी से चले जाएंगे।



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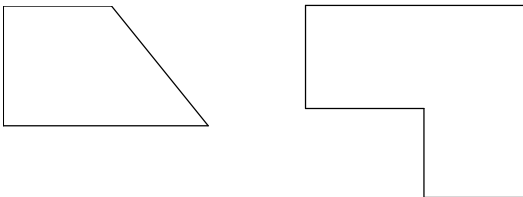
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Youth Section

Out of Box

From this issue onwards we are starting a new section in the Milchar under the title 'OUT OF BOX'. The objective of this section is to provide fun time and at the same time involve our members in some creative activity. We shall have some puzzles; some quick-wit short stories and episodes, some thought provoking activities and incidents etc. etc. We look forward to responses from our dear readers for this section through their contributions.

Task: Divide these geometric figures into 4 equal and similar parts:



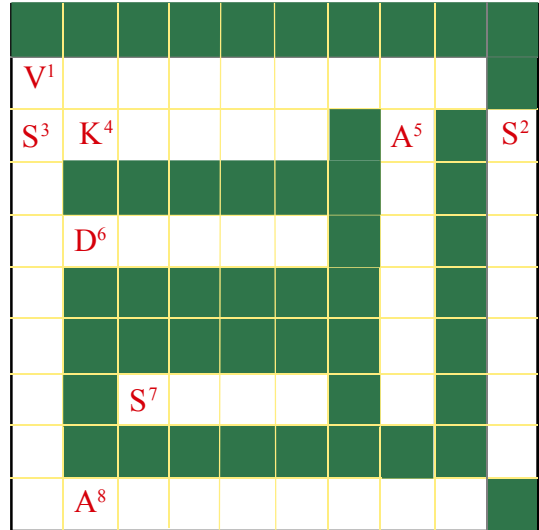
Jumble: Rearrange the following letters to form meaningful Kashmiri words:

1. HOSKRU
2. VRMASAA
3. AAHWK
4. KIANYH

Bob Gundlach, inducted into the 'National Inventors Hall of Fame', is credited with 155 patents over his 42 year career at **Xerox**. His inventions not only made xerography commercially viable, but they moved the technology into new applications and markets that no one had imagined. He has jokingly said that about half of his 150 some patents were based on lucky accidents and the other half on recovery from failure.

Compiled by: K.K.Kemmu

Crossword



Clues Across:

1. He was founder of Shaiva philosophy in Kashmir.
4. Other than Kashmir, this place was famous from ancient times as the seat of learning.
6. She was the first woman ruler of Kashmir.
7. He was a famous engineer. He desilted Vitasta during the reign of Raja Avantivarman.
8. Noor Jehan laid this Mughal garden in Kashmir.

Clues Down:

2. This was considered a university, famous for ancient learning and pilgrimage.
3. This city was founded by Parvarsena II in the 3rd. Century. Its ancient names were Himavat, Parvarpor and Parvarsenpor. It is now known by this name.
5. He was a great king. He introduced Buddhism in Kashmir.

[This Crossword is repeated as there was no response to last issue. Correct answers and Names with Photos of those sending correct answers will be published in the next issue of Milchar. Send your answers to editormilchar@yahoo.co.in]

Source of material: Question Bank.
<http://www.mkraina.com/doc/37.pdf>

Book Review - O.N.Kaul

A 48-hour Travelogue in Kashmir

Author: K. L. Chowdhury

Publisher: UBS Publishers & Distributors Pvt. Ltd., Ansari Road, Darya Gunj, New Delhi.

Year of Publication: 2011.

Pages 132, Price Rs. 170.00

The world's wealth, O Ghani, can not wipe out one's fault;

For all the gold's scratching, the touch stone is still black (Ghani Kashmiri)



r. K.L.Chowdhury's latest publication 'Homeland after 18 years - A 48-hour Travelogue in Kashmir' was released by His Excellency Shri N.N.Vohra, Governor of Jammu and Kashmir on 25th April 2011. This travelogue in free verse is a compelling volume - a travelogue, a historical document, and a work of art, all in one. It is perhaps the most seminal work on Kashmir during the past two decades, and the author can be compared to Jonaraja, the last author of Rajatarangni, that monumental historical tome on Kashmir which provides graphic details about the persecution of Kashmiri Pandits and the destruction of their grand temples by successive Muslim rulers that started with the invasion by Zulqadar Khan in 1322 A.D..

History has been repeated after nearly six hundred years under the so called 'secular, democratic' dispensation in Kashmir after her accession to India, when nearly the whole of Pandit population was forced into an exodus of unparalleled magnitude in modern times by Islamic terrorists, leaving behind a transformed Kashmir that Dr. Chowdhury describes in four crisp lines in his travelogue as under:

*The valley has taken on
A distinctly Islamic flavor,*

And the many-hued garden that was Kashmir

Is no longer there

because the fundamentalists have created an ambience of religious bigotry and hatred, which, in the eyes of the physician-poet, is like an unremitting malady:

It is a chronic sickness that afflicts Kashmir,

A virulent virus of blind obedience to unreason

*That proliferates in the tissue and organs
Of civil society.*

In 2008, Dr Chowdhury was invited to Srinagar by the J&K Academy of Arts, Culture and Languages to receive a lifetime award for his best book in English, 'Enchanting World of Infants'. He went to Kashmir after having braved eighteen years in exile, and stayed there just for two days (48 hours). He was so moved by what he saw and felt that, on his return to Jammu, he was impelled to write the book under review. In his familiarly unique style, he has written short pieces in delectable free verse, each pertaining to the place or person he visited, each complete in itself, each a comparison of the present with the past. In the process, a forty eight-hour travelogue turns out to be a journey of a life time spanning nearly five decades from the time of the author's childhood to the day of writing.

In his spiritual rediscovery, the first place the author visits is the Shankaracharya temple, looking down at the city of Srinagar from towering one thousand feet, which was Dr. Chowdhury's everyday climb before exodus. Then, he follows it up with a hurricane drive to different places where he grew up, educated, treated patients and taught medical students, socialized, wrote poems and sang songs, picnicked and

roamed free.

On visiting the sacred shrine of Makdoom Sahib, the author is touched by the faith of Muslim devotees flocking there, but he is pained by the pathetic state of the Ganesha temple nearby; the gods inside 'abandoned and forlorn'. Here in simple verse he reflects the irony of the situation:

*I find many believers here
men, women and children
Praying, shedding tears, tying knots
their faces lit up in faith.
But I fail to understand
how one faith can thrive
on the damnation of another,
How can love for one
nourish on the haltered for the other?*

(Makdoom Sahib)

His visit to Vicharnag, once the spiritual and religious fountainhead of Kashmiri Pandits, evokes bitter memories of the murderous attack on the high priest of the temple that heralded militancy in the valley and drove the Pandits into exile, leaving their homes and hearths, temples and institutions at the mercy of the terrorists. The author cries on finding the place in utter ruin:

*Now there is not a soul around
when it should have been a buzz with
pilgrims*

*For it was here
that the terrorists struck first
And murdered the high pries
way back in nineteen eighty eight.
Then, there was no looking back.
Alas this fount of knowledge
this ancient seat of learning,
This epicenter of discourse
is now like a blot in the landscape,
The temple that housed our gods
has now become their tomb.*

(Vcharnag)

When Dr. Chowdhury walks along the lanes and by lanes of his downtown ancestral neighborhood of Rajveri Kadal, he finds the school where he began studies burnt down

because:

*Education could wait
when freedom was at stake
and the boys were enjoined
to take the gun in hand
instead of the pen.*

(My Primary school)

He finds all the old landmarks blotted out, no sign whatever of his acquaintances, relatives and friends or their homes. He feels that the Kashmiri Pandits have become history:

*The Kashmiri Pandits are spoken of
in past tense here –
They were, they have been,
they had been.
Who were they, anyway
They might ask one day?*

The poet gives an eyewitness account how religious zealots and Muslim fundamentalists, after scaring away Kashmiri Pandits, wiped out their houses and their institutions. Here is a poignant account of the remains of his ancestral home:

*All I see of my ancestral house
That had braved the tides of time
For nearly a century
and had birthed me
and five generations of my dynasty,
Is a small mound of earth!
Can loot be ever so complete?*

(Rajveri Kadal)

Not content with having wiped out the Pandits, there is a relentless drive to wipe their history out as well. Dr Chowdhury rues the fact that even the historic places have been given new 'unnatural' names:

*Even the Hari parbat hill
has been renamed Kohi Maran
By the powers that be
that are on a name changing spree
That is how Shankaracharya hill
has been named Sulaiman Teng
And Anantnag of innumerable springs
as Islamabad.*

*How artificial and unnatural
the new names sound to the ears
Like naming London as Jeddah
and Paris as Madiana!*

Not only were the Kashmiri Pandits uprooted, their dwellings and institutions looted, destroyed, or encroached upon, and illegally occupied during these tumultuous years of militancy, even the landscape of Kashmir, which has been described as a paradise on earth, is slowly and inexorably under a severe attack. Here is how he describes it:

*New constructions come into view
Where paddy fields once held sway –
Private residences built in style
Shopping malls flowing over the
pavements,
New mosques in green with crescents,
Their minarets spiking the sky.*
(Welcome)

And, at another place:
*All else has transformed –
The lake Dal, once the city's shining Jewel
Has sorrowfully shrunk to a sad pool;
She is dying, this fair maiden
a sign of the ominous times
we live in.*

And, when he looks at the Vyeth (river Jehlum) he feels sad for the transformation in what was once the very life and soul of the valley, in his words, 'on whose sacred banks a whole civilization took birth and prospered,'

*Alas, what offers the sight
is a lazy, almost stagnant stream,
duckweed and refuse,
and an occasional animal carcass
floating on her sullied surface.
There is no evidence, whatever
of her youthful voluptuous sway
but bare banks sloping up to the bund,
and the river in deep depression,
bemoaning the valley's transformation.*

He compares the cutting away of Chinars with the hounding out of Kashmiri Pandits

thus:

*Yes, the chinar
the subject of poetic metaphor,
the legacy of a civilization in siege
the sentinels of the ethos of Kashmir
is getting extinct
like the indigenous Kashmiri Pandit.*

(Chinars)

At another place the author echoes the perceptions of every Indian about the Shylockian greed of the Kashmiris and their ingratitude to India, who has been showering all her generosity and benevolence on them, opening her coffers, trying to win them over with love; alas, without any success. Here is how he gives vent to his observations:

*Yet, nothing ever seems to satiate
the insatiable Kashmiri appetite
No boons, no grants
no bonanza, no freebies.
And nothing helps to bring them
any closer to the India nation -
Neither the high altitude rail link
nor the international airport,
Neither the Kashur Channel
nor the Akash Wani,
Neither the special status
nor Article 370.
Alas, it is a one way love affair,
the Kashmiri heart is elsewhere!*

(The Award Ceremony)

Kashmiri Pandits have always been secular from the core of their heart and gave shelter to outsiders seeking refuge. However, their syncretism and secular ethos was paid back in a bad coin by the Muslims through flagrant discrimination of their rights and through different means of persecution under the free and democratic dispensation of Kashmir after 1947. Dr. Chowdhury echoes this in his travelogue in the following lines when he passes through Eidgah:

*It is on the land here in Eidgah
that Tibetan refugees were settled*

*and assimilated in the cultural milieu
because they were Muslims
Even as we / the indigenous people
Have been uprooted and cast away
because we are not.
I often fail to understand
how a religion that teaches compassion
Can truly bind people of an alien stock
when its votaries strive to extirpate
People of their own flock
because they belong to different faith.*

Through his characteristically fearless and bold expressions and expositions, Dr. K.L.Chowdhury pours his agonized soul in the pages of his travelogue and speaks some bitter truths, both for those Pandit refugees who lull themselves into thinking that Kashmir is waiting for them with open arms and for the Kashmiri Muslims who still look towards Pakistan as their utopia.

Through the medium of his four anthologies, published during the last decade, Dr Chowdhury has, in his inimitable style, taken poetry out of the realm of elitism and brought it to the common man, to our bedrooms and drawing rooms. Because of their universal appeal, his books are a must read for every one, especially for all the denizens of Jammu and Kashmir who will find in them a translation of their thoughts and sentiments, their frustrations and fulminations, their urges and aspirations.

*[Reviewer: O N Kaul (KAS) Retd.
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312 - Sector 9, Roopnagar, Jammu 180013
Ph. 0191-259 2040]*

SIGNPOSTS

**Hard work never killed any body,
but why take a chance?**

Matrimonial

* Suitable alliance invited for my Daughter, Born 9 November 1984, Srinagar, 22.42 Hrs. Convent educated. B.E (Electronics & Commu.) Working as Software Engineer in Wipro Technologies at Pune. Interested may respond with Biodata, Tekni to Dilip Kher, Bangalore. Mob: 09900589116. E-Mail: dilip_kher@yahoo.com



* An austere and compatible (BE & or MBA) alliance is sought for my son (188 cms) born 5th July 1983 (3.10 PM) at Srinagar. BE (EXTC) from Mumbai and MBA (Marketing) from JBIMS, Mumbai, he is presently working as product manager (FMCG) for a reputed MNC in Bangalore. Interested may contact me on Landline: 022-25579878, Cell: 09969773592 & 09869469895 (7.00 PM to 9.00 AM). EMail: srkaul@gmail.com



* Suitable match for our daughter (Manglik) 5'-3", born 08.06.1985, 7:32PM, Srinagar. Postgraduate in Masters Computer Application from Symbiosis International Institute Pune. Working in MNC as Testing Engineer. Interested families may contact 09021998806/020-26932826 and mail tekni /kulawali at ashokkaul1952@gmail.com



* Suitable match invited for my son 5'-8", born 24 June 1982 in Srinagar. BSc, 2 Year Diploma (Alpha and Omega) from Maya Academy of Advanced Cinematics, Mumbai (Maya Character Setup Artist - Rigger - Generalist), Running his own 3D Animation, Web & Graphics company in Mumbai. Interested families may contact M.K.Raina on Cell No. 9096350684/9422473459 or send a mail to rainamk1@yahoo.co.in



* Desirous of having KP Girl for a Mumbai based boy, having own house, presently working in Dubai. Edu: B.Com, Age 30 Years, Ht: 5'-8". Tekni will be provided on request. Contact immediately 9819315941, 9819604705.

Book Review - T.N.Dhar 'Kundan'

J.N.Bhan's 'Hugs & Handshakes After Aeons'



I have known Shri Bhan for the last nearly fifty years since he was Chief Interpreter in the Parliament of India. Those days we had yet another meeting point, the Hindi Bhawan at Connaught Place where we used to meet during the meetings of the Kashmiri Bazme Adab. That Shri Bhan was an erudite scholar, a storehouse of knowledge having very good command over multiple languages and a thorough gentleman was known to me. But recently I came to know yet another trait of his when he presented to me a copy of his book 'Hugs and Handshakes after Aeons' - that he is a painstaking researcher. He has written this book, drawing out detailed account of two great civilizations, those of India and Greece. In writing this monumental book he has studied scores of books and papers. He has not only detailed similarities and dissimilarities between the two but has also elaborated on the mutual influences and the bearings that these two civilizations have had on each other. He has analyzed historical events when people from India, farmers in particular, migrated to Greece and settled there, taking along the traditional Indian knowledge of Astronomy, Mathematics, Medicine and other branches of knowledge. From various facts of history he has come to the conclusion that Aryans from Kashmir had migrated to Greece. An interesting inference that he has drawn is that the name 'Greece' is a corruption of the Kashmiri word 'Gruce', meaning a farmer, or of the Kashmiri word, 'Gurus' meaning buttermilk, which they perhaps introduced in that land of settlement.

He calls the peoples of the two

countries blood brothers, who he says were separated for more than 5,000 years, are coming back together to make the present chaotic and destitute globe worth living, where no humankind will starve or be vexatious or restless, thus losing peace of mind. These observations, however wishful thinking these might appear, show the compassionate and kind heart of the author and his concern for global peace and good of the mankind. He has given detailed account of Greek gods and goddesses and their beliefs, compared them with Indian mythologies and shown how the Romans borrowed almost wholesale this Greek mythology, which was borrowed from Indo-European religions and the Egyptian tradition. The learned author has left no aspect of life untouched in comparing the two Indo-Aryan civilizations. He has underlined the parallels in Education, Languages, Etymology, Numbers and et al. He has supported his observation by this quote from Pococke, 'When we scan the ancient history of Greece, we find, the picture is Indian and the curtain is Grecian. Dynasties have disappeared from Western India to appear again in Greece.'

According to the author, the civilization of Greece is about 4000 years old whereas civilization in India has evolved over 10000 years. He has concurred with the statement of the professors of medicine of the Benaras Hindu University, Kothari and Vyas that 'the two great civilizations of the world, Greek and Indian are two sister branches of Aryan civilization. Both raised their countries to



the highest peaks in Art, Science and Culture. They remained separated for centuries and now are coming closer. The day is not far off when humanity would be served in a better manner by means of an integrated system.'

One of the most important topics common in these two civilizations is the theory of transmigration of soul. The author has given a detailed account of this important subject in Greek mythology, Hindu and Buddhist thought. Of course the views and findings in Astronomy in the two countries have found a special mention in this monumental book, dedicated by the author to his late wife, whom he lost in the prime of his youth. There are autobiographic references here and there and the author has not forgotten to mention his relatives, friends and well wishers who have stood by him in the times of need and who have appreciated his role in bringing out the prestigious magazine, Koshur Samachar, in organising literary and cultural functions and in establishing the settlement of Kashmiris in Delhi called Kashmir apartment.

The book contains a small section in Hindi as well. In this section he has repeated the detailed explanation of 'Mrityunjay Maha Mantra' from the English Section. He has also added some information in this section about immortal time, creation, language and the ever present light emanating from the Sun. The book has been published by Shri Bhan himself and the price is Love. This is a very informative, well written book, which every seeker of knowledge should read and preserve in his library as a reference book. I pray for Shri Bhan's long and healthy life so that we get from him many more books full of well researched matter to enlighten us.



Contact T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' at:
trilokinathdhar@yahoo.com

विशेष - जया सिबू गणेश चतुर्थी



ॐ गं गणपतये नमः

ॐ प्रणव शक्ति है ब्रह्म शक्ति है वही

पूर्णतः की वाग्देवी चैतन्य-मयी

'ग' गन्तव्य है सिद्धि प्राप्ति का अक्षर

जहां गण श्रेष्ठ रहते हैं बिराजमान अजर

क्षण क्षण में विकसित मणिपुर चक्र

'गणपतये' एकमात्र स्वर - विसर्ग का संधान

चतुर्थी के कारक में 'नमः' बीज करे स्वीकार

वास्तव में है सिद्धि प्राप्त करने की तिथि

'गणेश' मानस पुत्र हैं गौरी मैया की इच्छा शक्ति

अथर्वशीर्ष में है वो पूर्ण सत्ता की व्युत्पत्ति

वेदान्त की भाषा में है गणेश अद्वैत की वाणी

उच्चतम आधार की अभिव्यक्ति में है प्राणी

देवी सिद्धान्त है पूर्ण विघ्नेश्वर की शक्ति

परिपूर्ण बारह नामों से पूजित अतुलनीय शक्ति

श्री गणेश 'सुमुख' भी - 'एकदन्त' भी

'कपिल-गज कर्णक' भी उसी का नाम

'लम्बोदर' भी 'गणपति' का ही एक नाम

'विकट-विघ्नराज' प्रिय मूर्ति में उसका धाम

'गणाधिपति धूम्रकेतु गणाध्यक्ष' भी उसका आयाम

'बालचन्द्र गजानन' बस क्या केवल बारह नाम

है एक सौ आठ नाम - सहस्रनाम की गरिमा

आभा ज्ञान की कहो नव चेतन की प्रतिमा

सम्पूर्ण चित् - स्वरूप का है यह मात्र अभिनन्दन

योग की ध्वनि में है 'ॐ' पर अद्भुत प्रवचन

योग-चक्रों में इसे कहते हैं नाम मूलादार

सहस्रदल भी यही सुन्दर चित् शीतल अपार

सिद्ध पीठ गणपतयार इसका परम धाम

हारी-पर्वत के प्रांगण में हुआ तुम्हारा आविर्भाव

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धारावाहिक - म.क.रेना

गुले बकावली - ४

त आज-उल-मलूक बीसवा के घर पहुंचता है।

शाहजादे ने शहर से एक नेवले का बच्चा खरीदा और अपने घर पर रख कर उसे पाला पोसा। उसे पाजामे के अंदर छिप कर रहना और इशारा पाते ही जैसा शाहजादा चाहे, वैसा करने का हुनर सिखाया। कुछ ही समय में नेवला तैयार हो गया। बुढ़िया घर में रहते हुये भी कुछ न समझ सकी।

एक दिन समय पाकर शाहजादे ने बुढ़िया से कहा, “मैं अब नोकरी नहीं करना चाहता। अगर आप मुझे एक हज़ार रुपये दें, तो मैं अपना कुछ ब्योपार शुरू करूं।” बुढ़िया ने कहा, “तुम तो अब मेरे औलाद जैसे ही हो। मेरे पास जो कुछ भी है, वह अब तुम्हारा है। तुम ले लो, जितना लेना चाहते हो। मुझे भी इतना पैसा रख कर क्या करना है।” शाहजादे के मन की मुराद पूरी हुई लेकिन बोला, “मुझे केवल एक ही हज़ार चाहिये।”

बुढ़िया से एक हज़ार रुपये पाकर शाहजादा अमीर आदमी के पास पहुँचा। उस ने अमीर से कहा, “ऐ मेहरबान! मेरे एक करीबी रिश्तेदार की शादी है और मुझे वहां जाना है। मेरे पास पहनने को कोई कीमती कपडा नहीं है। क्या आप मुझे एक शाहाना पौशाक और सवारी के लिये एक घोडा देंगे?” अमीर तैयार हो गया।

शाहाना पौशाक पहन और घोडे पर सवार होकर शाहजादा बीसवा के घर पहुँचा। नगारा बजा कर

वह किसी से इजाज़त लिये बिना ही महल के अंदर घुस गया। बीसवा की सेविकाओं ने उसे सलाम की और उस के आने की खबर बीसवा तक पहुँचाई। बीसवा तुरंत ही शाहजादे के इस्तेकबाल के लिये महल से बाहर आ गई। शाहजादे ने उस से कहा, “मैं ने आप का बहुत नाम सुना है। आप हर ज़रूरतमंद की मदद करती हैं और जो आप को पसंद करे, उसे आप बहुत प्यार देती हैं।”



यह कह कर शाहजादे ने बीसवा की बहुत ही तारीफ की। बीसवा खुश हुई। वह भी शाहजादे को देख कर बहुत खुश थी। उस ने पहले कभी ऐसे खूबसूरत नवजवान को नहीं देखा था।

बीसवा ने शाहजादे के लिये तरह तरह के पकवान बनवाये और नाना प्रकार की शराब मंगवाई। शाहजादा खा पी कर मस्त हुआ। उस ने बीसवा से कहा, “मैंने सुना है कि आप नरद के खेल में माहिर हैं और आज तक कोई आप को हरा नहीं सका। क्या आप मेरे साथ एक खेल खेलेंगी?” बीसवा खुश हुई। वह भी तो यही चाहती थी। उस ने नरद का सामान मंगवाया और कहा, “यदि तुम ऐसा चाहते हो तो मैं कैसे इनकार कर सकती हूँ।”

शाहजादा बीसवा के साथ नरद का खेल खेलता है:

खेल शुरू हुआ। बीसवा ने बिल्ली के सर पर दिया रख दिया और खेलने लगी। शाहजादा पहली बाज़ी



नहीं जीतना चाहता था। उस ने बीसवा को खुली ढील दी और वह पहली बाज़ी जीत गई। उस ने सोचा, आज पूरा माल लूट कर जाऊंगी। जीत की खुशी जताते हुये उस ने दूसरी बाज़ी शुरू की। इस बार बाज़ी उस के हित में न थी। बिल्ली ने जब यह देखा, उस ने तुरंत अपना सर दूसरी तरफ फेर लिया। बिल्ली के सर का साया नरद के तख्ते पर पडा। चूहा एकदम अपनी जगह से बाहिर आया और तख्ते की तरफ बढ़ने लगा। शाहज़ादे ने नेवले को हाथ से इशारा किया। वह पाजामे से बाहिर आया और चूहे के पीछे दौडा। नेवले को देखते ही चूहा बिल के अंदर घुस गया। जब बिल्ली ने ये सब देखा, वह घबरा गई। उस ने दिये को नीचे फेंक दिया और भाग गई। बीसवा का राज़ राज़ न रहा और वह नंगी हो गई।

शाहज़ादे ने बीसवा से कहा, “आप के पास दुनिया भर की दौलत है मगर फिर भी आप को और दौलत जमा करने की लालसा है। आप रोशनी करने के लिये फानूस क्यों नहीं लगवा लेती? अंधेरा दूर करने के लिये आप अपना चमकता हुआ हीरा भी बाहर लाकर रख सकती थी। इतनी दौलत का क्या करेंगे आप?” बीसवा शर्मिदा हो गई। उस ने बहुत सारे शमाहदान और फानूस मंगवा लिये और शाहज़ादे के साथ फिर खेलने लगी। उस रात शाहज़ादे ने सात करोड जीत लिये।

सुबह होते ही शाहज़ादे ने बीसवा से कहा, “मुझे तुरंत शाही दरबार में पहुँचना है और वहां साज़ संगीत का इन्तिज़ाम कराना है।” यह कह कर उस ने जीती हुई तमाम दौलत बीसवा के पास अमानत के तोर पर रखी और शाम को वापिस आने का वादा करके निकल गया। दिन भर वह इस बारे में सोचता रहा कि बीसवा के पास कितनी

दौलत होगी? उस ने बीसवा के साथ शादी करने की सोच ली।

शाम को शाहज़ादा बीसवा के महल में फिर आ गया। खाना खा कर उन्होंने खेलना शुरू किया। आधी रात तक ही उस ने बीसवा से एक सौ करोड जीत लिये। सुबह होते होते बीसवा अपना महल तक हार चुकी थी। शाहज़ादे ने पूछा, “अब आप के पास क्या बचा है? मैंने सुना है कि आप की कैद में चार शाहज़ादे हैं। उन को रिहा करने के लिये क्या मेरे साथ एक और बाज़ी खेल सकती हो? अगर मैं हार गया तो तुम्हें एक लाख वापिस दूंगा।” पर बीसवा इस बार भी न जीत सकी।

बीसवा अपने आप को भी हार जाती है:

अपना सब कुछ हारने के बाद बीसवा ने शाहज़ादे से कहा, “क्या हम एक बाज़ी और खेल सकते हैं? यदि आप हार गये तो मुझे मेरी पूरी दौलत वापिस करदोगे। और यदि मैं हार गई तो मैं तुम्हारे साथ शादी कर लूंगी।” इस बार भी बीसवा हार गई पर वह हार कर भी खुश थी। वह खुश थी कि उसे ताज-उल-मलूक जैसा नवजवान मिला। वह अपने आप को बहुत भाग्यशाली मानने लगी। ताज-उल-मलूक ने कहा, “जो हुआ, वह बहुत अच्छा हुआ, पर एक मुश्किल है। तुम्हें बारह साल इन्तिज़ार करने पडेगा। अगर खुदा ने चाहा और मेरा काम जल्दी हो गया तो मैं जल्दी वापिस आऊंगा। तब तक मेरी सारी दौलत तुम अपने पास रखोगी।”

ताज-उल-मलूक बीसवा को अपनी कहानी सुनाता है:

बीसवा हैरान थी। उस ने पूछा, “ऐसी क्या मुश्किल है कि तुम्हें बारह साल मुझ से दूर रहना पडेगा?” ताज-उल-मलूक ने उसे अपनी पूरी कहानी सुनाई। उस ने कहा, “मैं असल में शहनशाह ज़ैन-उल-

मलूक का बेटा हूँ। मेरा नाम ताज-उल-मलूक है। किसी कारण मेरे बाप की आंखों की रोशनी चली गई। बहुत इलाज किया पर कोई फायदा नहीं हुआ। किसी ने बताया कि परिस्तान के बागे बकावुल में एक खास फूल उगता है। यदि वह फूल लाकर शहनशाह की आंखों पर फेरा जाये तो उन की रोशनी वापिस आ सकती है। यह सुन कर मेरे चार भाई परिस्तान के लिये निकल पडे लेकिन वहाँ पहुँचने से पहले ही तुम्हारे जाल में फंस गये। तुम ने उन को कैद कर लिया। मैं भी वह फूल लाने के लिये निकल पडा। यहाँ आकर मेरी मुलाकात तुम से हो गई। अगर तुम मुझे मेरी मुराद पूरी न करने दोगी तो मैं यहीं पर अपनी जान देदूंगा।”

शाहज़ादे की बात सुन कर बीसवा रो पडी। उस ने कहा, “क्या तुम जानते नहीं कि परिस्तान में कदम रखना कितना मुश्किल है? अठारह हज़ार परियाँ और अठारह हज़ार जिन बकावुल बाग की रक्षा करते हैं। बाग के ऊपर परिंदों को भी उड़ने की इजाज़त नहीं है। वहाँ जाने का मतलब है अपनी मौत को बुलाना।” लेकिन शाहज़ादा यह सब सुनने को तैयार नहीं था। उन ने बीसवा से कहा, “खुदा ने इनसान को बहुत ताकत बख्शी है। अगर उस की मरज़ी हो तो मैं अपनी मुराद में ज़रूर कामयाब हो जाऊंगा। खुदा ने जिस तरह नमरूद के आग को हज़रत खलील के लिये फूलों का बाग बना दिया, क्या पता वह मेरे लिये भी ऐसा ही कुछ करे।” यह कह कर शाहज़ादे ने बीसवा को ब्रह्मण और शेर की कहानी सुनायी।

ब्रह्मण और शेर की कहानी:

एक ब्रह्मण एक जंगल में से गुज़र रहा था। एक जगह उस ने देखा एक शेर लोहे के पिंजरे में बंद था। शेर बहुत कमज़ोर था और प्यास से उस की जीब लटक रही थी। ब्रह्मण को शेर पर बहुत दया

आई। उस ने सोचा कि शेर बहुत समय से पिंजरे में बंद रहा होगा। उस ने पिंजरे का ताला खोला और शेर को आज़ाद कर दिया। पिंजरे से बाहर आते ही शेर ने लम्बी अंगड़ाई ली। उस की आंखें चमक उठी। पास की नदी में जाकर उस ने जी भर कर पानी पिया और ब्रह्मण के पास आ गया। इनसान को सामने देख कर उस के मुँह में पानी भर आया। झपट कर ब्रह्मण को अपने पंजों में दबाया और बोला, “मुझे बडी भूख लगी है। तुम्हारा गोश्त बहुत मज़ेदार होगा। मैं तुम्हें पूरे का पूरा खा जाऊंगा।” ब्रह्मण ने कहा, “यह कहाँ का इनसाफ है? मैं ने ही तुम्हें कैद से आज़ाद किया और अब तुम मुझे ही खाने पर तुले हो!” शेर ने कहा, “मुझे मेरा मज़हब यही कहता है। जो मुझे अच्छा करेगा, मैं उस से बदी करूंगा। तुम चाहो तो किसी ओर से पूछ सकते हो।” ब्रह्मण ने हां की। वह दोनों एक पेड के पास पहुंचे। शेर ने पेड को पूरी कहानी सुनाई और कहा, “अब बताओ, मेरे लिये ब्रह्मण को खाना ठीक है या नहीं।” पेड ने कहा, “बिलकुल ठीक है। मैं खुद यहाँ सेंकड़ों सालों से खडा हूँ। जो लोग यहाँ से गुज़रते हैं, मेरी छाया में बैठ कर सुस्ता लेते हैं पर जाने के समय मेरी डाल या पत्ते तोड कर ले जाते हैं। मेरी राय है कि तुम्हारे लिये इस इनसान को खाना ही सही है।” पेड की बात सुन कर ब्रह्मण थर थर काँपने लगा। उस ने कहा, “पेड का फैसला सही नहीं है। उस ने जान बूझ कर तुम्हारी तरफदारी की है।” शेर ने कहा, किसी और से पूछ लेते हैं।

चलते चलते वह दोनों एक पगडंडी पर पहुँच गये। शेर ने पगडंडी से वही सवाल पूछा और साथ में पेड का फैसला भी सुनाया।

(अगले अंक में जारी)

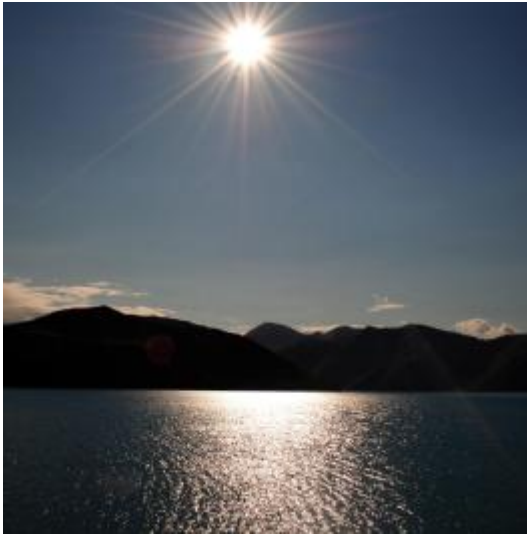
Contact author at: rainamk1@yahoo.co.in

Revisiting Kashmir - Mikhil Bhat

A Trip to Srinagar & Leh

It wasn't meant to be a trip to revisit the bylanes of history that I almost don't remember. The trip was to fulfill my thirst for adventure and give me the exhilaration that in the end it did.

So when it all began, it was about the cold barren lands of Ladakh and not



Chanapora in Srinagar. When I left my house in the metropolis, it was about reaching the heights of 18000 ft and above, and not about House No. 26 in Doodh Ganga Colony.

But now that I have come back to the maddening cacophony of concrete jungle, I just can't help but think, in the few silent moments I manage to steal, about those 15 minutes when I just went silent in that lane. The house that now stands on the plot is not the one that I used to play around more than 22 years ago. Those who now stay there have built their own new home. But it was the feeling that I used to roam around that area.

Now, when I think, I feel like going back.

Going back to the place of which I remember almost nothing except that my grandfather used to get me to use the field outside as the washroom so that his planted vegetables could get the natural fertilizers. It brings a smile on my face while I write this.



I want to go back because perhaps I don't carry a baggage that most people from my previous generation carry - the baggage of exodus, the baggage of being humiliated and thrown out of their own land. My words may not go down well with many especially considering that I question the basic belief of the numerous Kashmiri Pandits across the world that the land is theirs. Because if the land is indeed theirs, at least in their hearts, then let everyone, who moved out of the valley, be ready to leave everything and go back to the land that is theirs. For when the moment arises, if you are not ready, every effort of every





Kashmiri Pandit to go back will have gone down the drain.

I can perhaps draw parallels to the Jews, the clan, which, perhaps, suffered the most of

them all, at least in the century that just went by. But what kept them all together is the quest and the dream to get back to their own homeland, which they willingly did when the opportunity to create Israel came by.

The business interests of Jews were large, varied and spread across the world. Some of the best known entrepreneurs would be Jews, even today. But when the moment came, they were ready to go back to the land which the religious scriptures told them was theirs for eons.

Let's be ready for that moment of return. Because frankly all the cynicism towards any step taken by anyone is perhaps only robbing us of any opportunity to go back to the land that I have started to love. I see cynicism when close to 1400 Kashmiri Pandits youngsters were recruited under PM's package. And cynicism from both sides, some saying that even though 1400 of them are coming back, they still have to follow our way of life, and some saying that this can't be called a start of our return.

I don't expect anyone to blindly trust the powers that be to now take us seriously. All I ask is that let the cynicism be to make us cautious and not to flush down any such small steps for our return. Any step which will trigger our return will have to start with an even smaller baby step. And going by the history of politics, any such small baby steps are bound to face distrustful reactions, from both sides.

But if ever there is to be a return, it will

have to start with such baby steps. Just like we are against foeticide, let's be against the foeticide of such kind which quashes any hope under the burden of our cynicism that stems from our past experience.



Contact Author at : mikhilbhat@gmail.com

From the Desk of a Teacher

- T.N.Bhan



he lofty mountains of the vale of Kashmir, which were once covered with evergreen forests, are now denuded of their greenery by



unscrupulous and greedy human beings. These mountains are now a dismal sight of depressing grey and only a shadow of their majestic past. The bubbling streams, the silent lakes, where I used to swim as a child have almost dried up. The famous Dal lake was once one of the most beautiful and serene lakes, is now a pathetic sight of a dying lake, as it is clogged with garbage and muck.

Seeing the sad scenario around a poet once said:

Gulon main ab woh mahak nahin hai
Nahin hawa mein woh ab tazgi hai
Chaman kuch aisa badal gaya hai
Jahan hamara guzar nahin hai

[Flowers have lost their fragrance

The breeze has lost its freshness

The entire landscape has undergone a change for the worse

One feels suffocated and cannot survive!]

But I have still a long way to go and many more students to educate, before I pass through the gates of ELYSIAN FIELDS - the abode of absolute peace and tranquility; remembering that 'ZINDAGI BADI HONI CHAHIYE, LAMBI NAHIN!'



Your Own Page



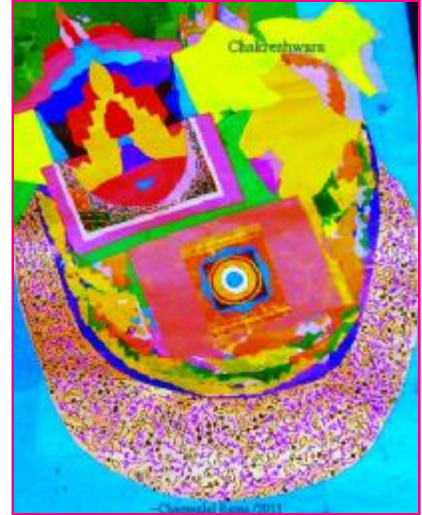
Above: Ancient Temple Kheer Bhawani (Tulamulla)

Below: Mata Kheer Bhawani



Photos Courtesy: Rita Sapru & Prem Sapru :
ritasapru@hotmail.com

PROJECT ZAN
Can you read Kashmiri? If not contact us at
projectzaan@yahoo.co.in



Top: Chakreshwara

Below: Ganadhipati



Paintings by

Dr. C.L.Raina, Miami, USA
rainachamanlal@yahoo.com

Editor's Mail

➤ Dear Rainaji,



I take pleasure in appreciating July-Aug issue of Milchar. It has several good articles of value and appreciation. I would like to send a two page poem written by me in Hindi in 1984. It was not related directly to Militancy when written, but only to my own job placement out of valley which I used to visit every year. But now it is so as I have lost my friends and their friendship and do not even know where the living ones are. I am not sure if I have paid my contribution to Milchar while I was at Kanpur but since I receive the e-edition several times I believe I must have. Please confirm. I have not been at one place for many years.

Mohan K Muju

Ex-Prof IITKanpur
Indirapuram, Ghaziabad.
Presently in California

muju@iitk.ac.in

[Editor replies: Milchar in PDF format is being mailed to all those who ask for it. However, for hard copies, kindly send a Cheque/DD for Rs. 250.00 (for one year) or Rs. 2500.00 (for lifetime subscription) in the name of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai. Every small amount counts when it comes to providing self-support to a community journal.]



➤ Dear Editor,



Namaskar. The Milchar journal is related to Kashmir heritage in general. The spiritual thought of this grand heritage of Kashmir is presented in various formats through the writings of talented writers, poets as well as artists, which get published in it. The Editorial Board is very keen to present the Journal in print as well as in the

electronic form, in a very professional manner. I observe that Milchar is marching ahead in content as well as in spirit to preserve the Kashmiri ethos and Kashmiriyat. It tries to keep the KOSHUR MILCHAR alive even in the Diaspora.

Shri M.K.Raina being himself a short story writer, maintains the journalistic approach in a very lucid manner. The get up, deserves every appreciation as I enjoy reading the MILCHAR through its electronic format. Some Hindi and Kashmiri writers in Diaspora would like to subscribe to the Milchar, but the acceptance of font seems to be a problem for them.

I would like to suggest that a Children column should be created, where children would get encouragement from this nice journal. They should be encouraged in every possible way. Once they develop this habit, I am sure they would be our excellent future writers .

When I read the Milchar, I feel that I am reading my own culture in various formats, a poem or a short story, a spiritual input or sharing own experience, and that is what Milchar stands for.

Chaman Lal Raina

Miami, USA

rainachamanlal@yahoo.com



➤ Dear Raina Saheb,



Latest Milchar issue of July-August 2011 is indeed very nice and worth preserving. The colour picture on its cover is really a nice one from all points of view. I thank Dr. C.L.Raina for contributing in a big way to Milchar. The description about the painting on Page 38 is very informative and educational. On the same page, two photographs of Kheer Bhawani are also good. Milchar has definitely come out as one

Editor's Mail

of the most informative and presentable community journals and you deserve all kudos for the efforts you have put in to make it so. May God bless you.

T.N.Bhan

Borivali, Mumbai

Tel: 022-28948228



➤ Dear Raina Saheb,



It is a pleasure to read Milchar again with lot of rich content after your taking over. I hope you will continue the good work despite the odds you might face.

Thanks and Regards,

Jay Kaul

Bhayander, Mumbai

kauljay@yahoo.com



➤ Namaskar,



The latest edition of Milchar is unique in a way as it is carrying the voice of all streams in Kashmiri Pandits. From historical reference of T.N.Dhar Saheb, to M.K.Raina's prose through 'Gule Bakawali' to the crude Moist sympathising sentiments of Rahul Pandita. We are at the cross roads and Intellectual community like ours will have isolated voice which see different directions but I must appreciate that Milchar looks to me like a Traffic Policeman at Batamaloo Chowk guiding this traffic from all directions.

I read this issue on a weekend and plan to revisit it with print copy. Being on travel always, this E-Edition helps me to stay connected. Also, do let me know if I can contribute to this initiative anyway.

Veer Ji Wangoo

New Delhi

veeruz@gmail.com



➤ Dear Mr. Raina,

Thank you very much for giving us the opportunity to be a part of your publication and coverage for Mata Khir Bhawani, with whose grace and blessings this was possible. We are extremely grateful to you and your team and wish you all a great success in all your endeavours. I met Mr. Bhan (who handles affairs of Dharmarth Trust Shrine Board) and got an opportunity to decorate Mata's temple this month and for Jeshta Ashtami next year as per my samples approved by him during his visit to Mumbai last week. I am blessed with khazana coins from the Tulmulla pond and got some good photographs of ancient temple and Mata's close photos taken by Mr. Bhan.

We are extremely sorry for not being able to participate in the last KPA meet on 25th July as my mother is unwell since last few days and needs our attention and care. Best Regards,

Prem K. Sapru, Rita Sapru

Andheri, Mumbai.

ritasapru@hotmail.com



➤ Shri Kundan Ji,



Reference your Editorial in Milchar July-August issue titled 'Rehabilitation of KPs'. I must express my disappointment and anger at being left out of your plan for Rehabilitating KPs. Am I not a KP? I too am a Refugee (Migrant). In days immediately after Independence there were no Migrants. We were plain and simple Refugees. We too suffered Snakes, Scorpions, Bandicoots bigger than Cats. We suffered the Heat. For first few years we had no electricity. No running water for 11 years. The nearest well was 200 yards away and nearly half a mile away was the Municipal Tap for drinking water. When we

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left Kashmir, the place was Cool in Summer and Cold and Colder the rest of the year. By 7th Exodus 1989, the place was Very Hot in Summer and just Cool in Winter.

Your suggestions are for those Migrants who have been hounded out over 2 decades back. As per Northcote Parkinson 22 years is 11 x 2 years, as it takes 2 years in any situation to get anywhere. Thereafter it is repetitive with some minor adjustments. To put it differently I would say it is 2 years plus 20. In my case it is 2 years plus 61. So please tell me what is the difference? Why am I not being included in your scheme of things?

As I have been a Refugee / Migrant since 1948 allow me to explain how things work. If one was about 7 years old, migration hardly matters. In my case I was luckier as I had the Maternal side of my Mother, very much in Kashmir (and they continue to be there), I had the privilege of re-living the past childhood again and again. Those who left after 1989 are disadvantaged hence to them Kashmir is in the Geography Books and whatever else Parents tell them.

If one was between 8 and 16 years his mind was already in a circus mode. Will he become an Engineer. Does he have the ability to compete and do Medicine etcetra. He had his favourite already cut out. Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and other cities where he would endeavour to get admission and then further dream of perhaps pursuing higher studies abroad. Kashmir was already a place to be visited annually initially and then as and when possible. So, that generation was already lost, even if they had not been hounded out. Those 40 and above would have retired by now and in planning stage which child to latch on to. Obviously it would be outside

of Kashmir. Those below 40 would be few in number working in Banks and various Government Offices, PWD etc. The ones who truly suffer are those who have had to abandon their Farmland and Orchards in the far off villages and it is they who continue to live miserable Camp Life. And I hold KPs responsible for their plight even after 22 years. We have money for Bhavans and Mandirs and none for them.

Early 2006 when I came to know about Project Sharda Sadan by KPA, Mumbai, costing about Rs. 2 crores, I wrote to the then President, to spend this huge amount of funds and rehabilitate these very KPs in the Migrant Camps. Today 6 years down the line and about 9 years since the project was initiated, the structure is half complete for lack of funds. I am sure funds would have been in plenty for rehabilitating Camp migrants if only KPs had the will to do so.

In para 4 of the above Editorial, you say 'Kashmiri Pandits being the original inhabitants of Kashmir'. I have in front of me an article 'The Festivals of the Kashmiri Pandits' written by Shri T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' which I down loaded from the net on 1st July 2004. Herein you say and I quote:

"Kashmir is known as the abode of Rishis because it has provided a calm and serene shelter to sages and savants for their penance. In the hoary past, it was inhabited by the Nagas as is vouched by Nila in his *Nilmata Purana* and Kalhana in his *Rajatarangini*. Nila, himself a naga, was the son of the illustrious Rishi, Kashyapa. The penance and the efforts of Kashyapa transformed the vast span of water called the 'Sati Sar' into a fertile valley fit for inhabitation and worship by the austere Rishis. It was he who helped these Rishis to get rid of the demon 'Jalodbhava'. These Rishis, finding the place secure for their

Editor's Mail

'Tapas', made it their home and gave it the name 'Kashyapa-mar' after the Rishi who founded it. This name, in due course became Kashmir. These pious and compassionate Rishis did not neglect the *nagas* and *rakshasas* who were the **original tribesmen living in this land**. They made arrangements to satisfy their needs and requirements from time to time. This gave rise to certain peculiar customs and festivals, not prevalent in any other part of the country. These forest-dwelling tribes would usually demand food items during the winter months." Unquote.

By what stretch of imagination does a KP qualify as an original. I would say that in effect he is responsible for annihilation of the **original tribesmen living in this land**. Finally if there is any solution to be found it should be all inclusive. You will have strength in numbers.

Regards,

Avtar K. Misri

Bandra, Mumbai

akmisri@hotmail.com

[T.N.Dhar 'Kundan' replies:

Dear Shri Misri,



At the outset let me tell you how elated I was to note that you have not only read the editorial very keenly but have been reading my articles from the net as well. I have read your letter and agree with you in your analysis of the conditions that confronted those who had to migrate from Kashmir post 47, for economic reasons and employment. You are right to observe that that category of migrants has not been included in the editorial for the simple reason that migration of one's own volition and in peaceful conditions is one thing and the forcible eviction of a community en masse is another.

I too had to migrate to the planes, although much later, when I joined the service in central government. They can at best be clubbed with the first category; for whom returning to Kashmir is only an emotional issue not an economic one. Let me also underline that there is no contradiction between my editorial and the earlier article referred to by you. The Nagas, Pishachas and other tribes were the original inhabitants of the place when it was not Kashmir but Sati Sar. Once the water was drained out, the demon Jalodbhav killed and Kashmir established, the sages and their progeny who made it their home became the original inhabitants of Kashyap-mara or Kashmir (Kashir as we call it and Kashparera as the Chinese called it) and came to be called Kashmiri Batas and later Kashmiri Pandits. Once again thanks for your comments.

M.K.Raina, Editor Milchar adds: The para regarding construction of Sharada Sadan and rehabilitation of those in Camps, has been referred to KPA Mumbai for their comments, if any, and will be published in the next issue of Milchar.]



➤ Dear Shri Maharaj Krishenji,

I want to narrate a childhood incident during my school days. My grand father, Pt. Nand Lal Kar (Retired Post & Telegraph Master) had a friend named Mr. Hasan in Khojayarbal, Rainawari. We used to get fresh vegetables from him and also hire his Shikara for picnic to Mughul gardens. He had few Haenz Nav also. I was in 8th Standard in DAV School, Rainawari and one day in the recess period, I took 4 of my close friends and requested Mr. Hasan to give one Haanz Nav for a short trip. After lot of begging, he agreed and parted with Nav and two Chappas. With great



Editor's Mail

enthusiasm, we started towards Nehru Park with almost empty pockets. On the route, we had heartfull of swimming / diving etc. As the sunset approached, we got panicky and started our return journey without remembering the route. Finally after lot of struggle, we managed to reach the destination at 8 pm. Hasan threatened that he will inform my grandpa. We begged him not to do so. We thought we will quietly pick up our school bags and return to our homes, saying that we were practicing for a drama in school. No sooner, we reached school, our parents along with our Head master, Pt. Dina Nath Handoo and Pt. Narayanjoo Miya had obviously different ideas. Narayanjoo asked us to remove shoes and thrashed souls of our feet to make us cry loudly with pain. We realised the mistake, we committed by not confiding with someone about our adventure. In fact now I wonder, what would have happened, if one of us did not know swimming. Just to mention over here, our school in Rainawari was situated on the branch of Dal Lake (Maer) and we were compulsarily taught swimming by the school authorities. I really miss the school, from where, I passed my Matriculation in 1961.

M.K.Kar

Mulund, Mumbai

mkkar082@yahoo.com



➤ आदरणीय रैना जी,



नमस्कार। सुन्दर भावों से पूर्ण होते हुए मिलचार कश्मीरी साहित्य की अभिवृद्धि में तत्पर लेख, कविता, कहानी इत्यादि अन्य विधाओं से भरपूर 'ई' एवं मुद्रित पत्रिका है। लेखन सामग्री को सुन्दर प्रारूप में पिरोकर पाठकों के सामने प्रस्तुत करने में इसका

बड़ा योगदान रहा है। आपसी सौहार्द को प्रशस्त करने में भी इस पत्रिका की बहुत अच्छी भूमिका रही है। लेखक एक दूसरे के साथ अपने भावों को, विचारों को, साहित्यिक क्षमताओं को पहुँचाने में सफल रहा है। लेखकों के लिये साहित्यिक साधना के द्वार खुले हैं और इस से एक प्रकार की आत्मीयता बनी रहती है।

जया सिबू

मियामी, यू.एस.ए

jaya_sibu@yahoo.com



➤ Respected Raina Sahib,



I Read the last issue of Milchar and really enjoyed it. Articles titled 'A Brahmin Heart' and 'Endless Wait' were really good. The interview with Moti Kaul Ji was also worth reading.

I am attaching a poem. Hope you will publish it in the forthcoming issue. Hindi day is celebrated through out world in this month, hence this will be an appropriate poem in this issue.

Regards,

Sunaina Kaw

Nahar Amrit Shakti, Mumbai

sunaina64@yahoo.co.in

[Editor replies: Thanks for your mail. Sept-Oct 2011 issue is already full. You may have to wait till Nov-Dec issue. I thank you for your write-ups and hope you continue to write for Milchar for a long long time.]



Readers' Suggestions & Critical Coments on the content published in Milchar are welcome. Letters can be e-mailed to Editor 'Milchar' at :

editormilchar@yahoo.co.in

OBITUARY



Major Birjoo Dhar - Retd.

(March 1922 - 8 Sept. 2011)

With profound grief and sorrow we wish to inform the sad demise of Retd. Major Birjoo Dhar on 8th September 2011 at his residence at 99/41, Satya Vihar, Vijay park Extension, Dehradun 24100. Tel: No. 0135-2531138/2624170/09837072353 (original resident Sekidafar, Safa Kadal, Srinagar, Kashmir.)

Retd. Birjoo Dhar had distinguished service in Indian Army, an honest and fearless person and a noble human being. He was a well known figure in the cricketing fraternity of Kashmir Cricket Club (KCC) of which he was one of the founder members, a close family friend of my father late Kashi Nath Dhar (Retd. Teacher, CMS Tyndale Biscoe School, Srinagar and one of the founder member of KCC.) He is survived by two sons and two daughters. One of the daughters Smt. Veena Vatsa lives at Glaxi Heights, Link Road, Goregaon, Mumbai.

We pray Almighty to bestow strength to the bereaved family members and rest the noble soul in eternal peace.

K.L.Dhar
Member, Board of Trustees
Kashmiri Pandits' Association
Mumbai.
Cell: 9819027773

OBITUARY



Smt. Dhan Rani Chowdhury

Dhan Rani Chowdhury born to Pt. Shiv Ji Raina (Inspector Schools, cousin of Swami Laxman Joo) and wife of the late Pt. Jia Lal Chowdhury of Srinagar, eminent advocate of his times, passed away on September 8, 2011 in Jammu. She was 93.

A truly extraordinary woman, she left a lasting impression on people who knew her. She was a woman of great grace, compassion and wisdom. She did not have a formal education beyond grade 5 - her mother passed away when she was only eleven years old - but she could read and write Urdu, Hindi, Kashmiri and some English as well. She was an excellent singer of Kashmiri folk and devotional music. Endowed with a photographic memory, she was a great conversationalist, a master story teller who could recite the Lalla Vaakh from memory and also episodes from the Ramayana, the Mahabharata and other religious texts.

She is survived by six children, grandchildren and great grandchildren now spread throughout the world. Although her benign presence will be missed by all who knew her, there is no doubt that her life and influence will be celebrated by all.

Deeply mourned by:

Dr. Kundan Lal Chowdhury
Dr. Leela Chowdhury
and Extended Family

OBITUARY



Shri Pran Nath Takoo
(09 March 1930 - 01 Sep 2011)

Shri P.N.Takoo, originally resident of Saraf Kadal, Maharaj Ganj, Srinagar, Kashmir (fondly called 'Papaji' by all his near and dear ones) left for his heavenly abode on 1st September 2011 at his Kandivali residence.

He was the President of Durga Nag Trust, Srinagar, Vice President of Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai and Member of the Board of Trustees of Lalla Ded Educational and Welfare Trust, Mumbai.

In his earlier days he started as a young contractor and trader and joined the Independence Movement with sheer dedication. He was a secular minded person. During 1990 exodus, he shifted to Mumbai but always yearned to go back to Kashmir. Hence he returned to the valley at a time when not many Kashmiri Pandits were willing to return to their homeland.

He fought relentlessly for social causes in Jammu and Kashmir, unmindful of the grave risk to his life. He was responsible for building temples and Community centers in J&K. He was single handedly responsible for reviving the Durga Nag Trust.

Whatever he had achieved was through sheer hard work, honesty and dedication and shall remain an inspiration for all of us.

With all the public work that he did during his life time he also was a family man. He imbibed values and culture which is evident from the close knit family that he has left behind. His demise is an irreparable loss for us, his staff and the Kashmiri Community.

We all join together to pay our homage to a great man. We remember him every moment and pray to God that peace be bestowed to the pious soul.

Deeply Remembered by
Samast Takoo Parivar



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