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' Official Organ of KPA, Mumbai'

May-June 2006

JUSTICE FOR PRIYADARSHANI MATTOO



Priyadarshani Mattoo, a young daughter of the community, a musician and a bright lawyer was brutally raped and murdered on 23rd January 1996 in Delhi. The accused was acquitted. The Judge wrote: "Though I know he is the man who committed the crime, I acquit him, giving him the benefit of doubt."

The case is now pending in Delhi High Court waiting its turn. Only the Chief Justice of India can bring the case forward if he believes it is of importance to people.

Are you ready to give her justice?

23rd July is Priyadarshani's Birth-anniversary.

'justice4priyadarshani' is organising a **Mass Rally** and a **War Cry for Justice** in the heart of Delhi on this date.

One Demand - Let Justice Be Delivered Immediately.

Let us show Priyadarshani's parents that we are with them.

Join the Mass Rally at
India Gate on Sunday, 23rd July at 4.30 pm.



Project ZAAN: Website: www.zaan.net

E-mail: projectzaan@yahoo.co.in

Official organ of

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Message from the President - M.L.Mattoo Between Ourselves

amaskar.
March ending, AIKS held their Executive Body's elections, wherein Shri M.K.Kaw was re-elected as the President of this august body. Other members of the Committee, is a long list, however Shiban Dudha has taken over as General Secretary and Political Advisor.

I happened to go to Jammu and visit as usual all the 4 Camps namely Muthi, Purkhoo, Mishriwala and Nagrota. At Nagrota School, a water cooler has been provided bv Smt. Susheela Dhar Charitable Trust through Kashmiri Pandits' Association. Mumbai. Our thanks to Shri Girdharilal Dhar and

other trustees for this noble work. A couple of patients with terminal diseases and an accident patient with vertebra column fracture were handed over chaques on behalf of KPA.

Shri Deepak Ganju, President, Kashmir Overseas Association happened to visit India. He made a call to me for a meeting. However, his halt being very short and 29th March 2006 being a working day, I invited him to my residence. During his couple of hours with me, we had lot of discussion on various activities of both the organisations and their working

in close cooperation in the field of aid to sick and disabled, destitutes and to those Have-nots. Later, it was a coincidence that we again met at AIKS office and discussion



took place between Shri Ganju and the AIKS Executive.

On 18th June, 2006, Kashmiri Pandits' Association, Mumbai took over the charge of Jawaharlal Nehru Seva Sadan.

Jawaharlal Nehru Seva Sadan:

On 18th June, 2006, KPA President along with the General Secretary Shri S.P.Kachru took over the charge of Jawaharlal Nehru Seva Sadan files of a c c o u n t s , Correspondence and some inportant documents from Shri Autar Kishen Munshi, the President of

JNSS. Physical possesion of assets, moveable and immoveable at Cheetah Camp will be taken over on another convenient date. Details of all important documents including 7 FDs with HDFC will be published in the next issue of Milchar. We thank the previous management of JNSS for doing the job excellently and maintaining the records perfectly. For the present, the new Committee of JNSS has been nominated, comprising the following:

- 1. Shri M.L.Mattoo President
- 2. Shri J.L.Kak Vice President

- 3. Dr. Sushma Wazir Hon. Secretary
- 4. Smt. Meena Wanchoo Hon. Treasurer
- 5. Shri R.L.Taploo Member
- 6. Shri A.K.Sheopuri Member
- 7. Shri Alok Shangloo Member

Fridays), is requested to contact the President KPA on 25211198, 25210892, 9819783432. Remuneration can be discussed.



Kharghar Project:

We have submitted a number of plans to CIDCO, Planning Dept. and they are yet to give us NOC, although the required fee has been paid in full for the same. We expect their formal approval by end of this month. In the meantime, geo-technical investigation work for soil-test of the plot has been completed by M/s Geotech Enterprises, Mumbai and the final report submitted.

We are thankful to Shri Tej Krishen Hakim, one of our biradari members to have agreed to retain the boxes of test samples at his premises at Taloja. The final bill of Rs. 33155.70 (less TDS) has been paid to the investigating agency.

Lastly, we shall again request and make an appeal to all biradari members not to wait for actual work to start on the Kharghar Project, because we need funds for preliminary expenses also. So please send your Cheques to KPA now.

We regret to inform the sad demise of Smt. (Dr.) Natasha Chiragi, wife of Dr. Shiben Chiragi of BARC, Chembur on 10th April 2006. Dr. Natasha had been one of the active past trustees of the KPA.

We have got a PC installed at the Kashyap Bhawan. Anybody, young or old, having working knowledge of computers and willing to give us his time on any day of the week (except



Life-time Contribution Award

As already reported in March-April 2006 issue of Milchar, this year's Life-time Contribution Award was conferred upon **Shri Amar Tiku**, a senior member of the Mumbai biradari for his great contribution to the community, on March 18, 2006 Annual Cultural the Programme held at Rang Sharda, Bandra, Mumbai. Shri Tiku is seen here receiving the Memento from Shri M.L.Mattoo. President, Kashmiri pandits' Association, Mumbai.

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Editorial - P.N.Wali

Need To Act

ore than sixteen years have passed since our community was forced out of its own home in Kashmir at the point

of gun. People were left without a home, without a job, and without any means of economic sustenance. Shelter in the form of tents was too flimsy to give sufficient cover against the elements of nature. The paltry relief from government agencies was too small to meet the basic needs of

gather from their past and in some cases with help in matter of children's education from agencies like Maharashtra government. Some have moved out of camps to



various other places in different parts of the county. But still a good number is languishing in the camps depending for their survival on the paltry relief

Friends who recently visited camps like Baterbalian (near Udhampur) or one at Kathua said that the condition is so bad that one thinks that civilisation has forgotten about the existence of these people.

life. The survival of these people became an issue before the community at large. The community was cajoled into action by these developments. Relief with the community effort started pouring in, of course its content was very small compared to the needs. But such relief had more than economic significance. It was a message that we are concerned, and that our brethren are not alone in their hour of misfortune.

Much water has flown down river since those days of initial exodus. Many of the victims of this man made disaster have reconstructed their lives ever since. They did it with own efforts, with any resources they could

in cash and kind from the state agencies. At todays prices such relief is insufficient for mere existence. Consequences are quite visible if we visit these camps. Friends who recently visited camps like Baterbalian (near Udhampur) or one at Kathua said that the condition is so bad that one thinks that civilisation has forgotten about the existence of these people. They need help. They need it from us and all those who care.

We were warned by those who knew that diseases like diabetes and hypertension are spreading among the migrants at an epidemic scale. It has now come to a stage where the combination of two is resulting into

large number of cases of kidney failures. It req ires dialysis to be done twice thrice a weak. That is what they can not afford. Result is death from end stage kidney failure. The number of deaths reported is alarming. Other treatment is kidney transplant. For this, one requires a compatible donor and a substantial amount of money as operation and follow up expenses. There are a number of cases of cancer in this group besides other debilitating diseases.

Whether for meeting the day to day living needs or looking after the sick, they need our help. Are we coming forward to help them? Not really. We have forgotten them by now. Can we wake up this burning need? I think we can. We are in a better position to do it now than in the past. Let us extend our helping hand and let us do it now.

KPA has for some time now, set up a medical relief fund. Its kitty is not very big and has therefore been rendering assistance on a small scale. There is the need to up-grade it immediately. All must come forward with their contributions and they must do it now and without some one reminding them. Then alone some suffering can be reduced. We can do it

Learn Kashmiri. It is our mother-tongue.

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Let Us Take Some Lessons



t was a sports stadium. Eight Children were standing on the track to participate in the running event. Ready! Steady!

Bang!!!

With the sound of toy pistol, all eight girls started running. Hardly had they covered ten to fifteen steps, one of the smaller girls slipped and fell down. Due to bruises and pain she started crying. When other seven girls heard this sound, they stopped running, stood for a while and then ran back to the place where the girl had fallen down. One among them bent, picked and kissed the girl gently and enquired, "Now pain must have reduced." All seven girls lifted the fallen girl, pacified her. Two of them held the girl firmly and all the seven joined hands and walked together and reached the winning post. Officials were shocked. Clapping of thousands of spectators filled the stadium. Many eyes were filled with tears and perhaps it had reached the God even! Yes. This happened in Hyderabad, India recently! The sport was conducted by the National Institute of Mental Health. All these special girls had come to participate in this event and they were are spastic children. Yes, they were mentally retarded, challenged. What did they teach this world? Teamwork; Humanity; Equality among all. Successful people help others who are slow in learning so that they are not left far behind. This is really a great message... spread it! We can't do this ever because we have brains !!!!!!!!

Hindu Tirthas - Dr. C.L.Raina ABOUT PUSHKAR

ushkar is a Sanskrit word, which means a lotus. Tiratha means a pilgrim center.

Pushkar is associated with Brahma, the Lord of creation. According to the Puranas, especially in the Padma Purana, a detailed references about Pushkar is available. The references

about the Pushkara are also available in the Rudra -Yaamala Tantra. The Bhavani Sahasranama is the vivid example with reference to Pushkar. In laudation / praises to the Divine Mother Durga or Bhavani, Shiva says to his chief attendant Nandi that the Tri-Pushkara are in the Bharata. Kashmir has one Pushkara Spring in the

Gulmarg range of the Himalayas, but Ajmer has the sacred sanctity to have the Triple Pushkara, thus confirming the Sacred words of Shiva. We are fortunate enough to have the Darshan of the Pushkara Tiratha. The Bhavani-Sahsra -Nama says that Lord Shiva is always meditating on the Tri Pushkara. Tri-Pushkara is the name attribute of Bhavani.

It is said that the first Pushkara or Lotus was thrown by Brahma at the very spot, where we pay our regards to the Lila or play of Brahma. Since the First lotus has been fallen on this sacred place, it must have a set design by the Almighty. The Gayatri and Savitri are said to be his spiritual consorts, which find their abode on the peaks of the Aravalli range around the Pushkar Lake These are the Divine vibrations for the human beings to live in harmony. It is said that Lord Rama

has also visited this sacred place during his exile from Ayodhya. If we look at the route of Ayodhya to Panchavati, the Ajmer or Ajaya Meru as it was then named, is the shortest route.

India is a sacred place, where all religions thrived. The only Pitha of the Nimbharaka Acharya in the world is at

Salemabad Pushkar range of the Ajmer District. Ajmer has the unique distinction of having the Twin Kalpa Vrikshas at Manglivas, and I have been told that The Nava Durga Spta Shati was authored by the Markandeya Rishi at the Gauri Kund Siddha Pitha, which is near to the Pushkar Tirtha.

The Three Pushkara refer to the three spots of Celestial Energy, as discussed in the Agama Shastras of Kashmir. They are Adi, Madhya and Shakti Kootas.

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Bhayani.

Reaching Out - S.P. Kachru

Visualising Individual

Man's endeavour

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blivious to the consequences, man continues in endeavour to change the world - each in his own way

and to conform to his own individual perception, be it to the advantage or detriment of the community at large. By way of a reminder; as a product of

nature just like any other form of earthly life, man began his existence in a community of fellow humans. Anyone could use anything. Later on, community of hunters & gatherers began to emerge - the menfolk took care of the hunting women gathering. The spoils were then divided among all for consumption accordingly to each one's need. Mankind had just formed a society.

But it was not to stay that way. The individual's main concern was concentrated on his own tribe ,then on his immediate family and finally upon himself. That became the basis for tribal conflict, then family conflict, finally developing into personal conflicts. The change-over from community to individual thinking was then accelerated by the advent of religious beliefs, which always called upon the devouts to keep fellow humans' needs above individual's desires. In contrast to other living

beings, man attempts to assign his own life a meaning which will transcend his actual bodily existence He, therefore, sets his heart on ideals under which he counts such

self

the

circles

as



values as religious orthodoxy, liberty, independence, patriotism, family or his personal property. And the more these values mean to him, the more he will be willing to sacrifice in their interest

The of age enlightenment

member of the community but globalization etc. have isolated society even as a competitor further. Whereas discriminating citizens had previously been few & far between, they were now to be

found in droves. Their competitive spirit was seen to sanction the right to the survival of the fittest and thereby demand that there be victors & losers. classes & hierarchies. Man's endeavour for self determination now circles around the individual, no longer as a member of the community but as a competitor within it. With that he concedes that individual interests rank higher than those of the community. This becomes even easier

Contd. on Page 17

Our Young Heroes - P.N.Wali SURESH, WE ARE PROUD OF YOU

n a cricket crazy country, to see one of us steal limelight in the game, is pride for all the Biradari. Young Suresh Raina exhibited a cricketing talent which every one has been forced to take note of. His technique, his temperament, his agility in field, his total commitment has been the talk of many an experts and commentators. When Inzimam-ul-Haq, the Pakistani

skipper in one of his recent articles picked Raina for a special mention and praise, it m e a n t

It surely was a great pleasure for each one of us to see a young lad of the community making to the Indian side excelling in it.

something. He said he is a Beven in making.

With a halting start, Raina has by now made his position secure in the Indian team. He is being seen as an asset to the Indian team. His winning stroke at Faridabad ODI will be remembered for long time. Considering his young age, he has a long way to go. This is a ruthless game. To keep his place, he will have to go on struggling and improving. Our best wishes are for this star to shine with greater brightness in days to come.

It surely was a great pleasure for each one of us to see a young lad of the community making to the Indian side excelling in it. When one of news presenters on a popular news channel said that he is the first Kashmiri Pandit to adore the national cap, our identification with star was only but natural. While saying so she might have been slightly wrong. It was many years back Vivek Razdan had made to Indian eleven earlier, although his stint at that level was too short to be significant. (He recently played in Pakistan for Indian Seniors). But the news person was right in identifying young Raina with community. And we have all the reason to do so. Our

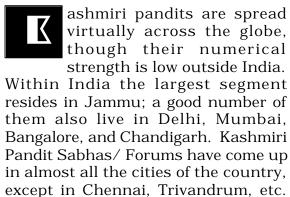
contribution to the sports has not been any worthwhile. We no doubt had heard of Gita Zutshi a sprinter in

national squad long time back.

Kashmiri Pandits though a very small community have played significant role in all walks of national life. Our people have excelled in various fields. We are in modern business, some even CEOs. We are in scientific fields. Even in armed forces, some of us have achieved command positions. In fact where ever KP is, his presence is felt. He may not be loved but he is respected for his talent.

We as community feel happy and proud when one of us excels in some field or other. Our elation on Raina achieving what every young man in the country is aspiring for, is natural. We share his glory. We pray and wish more laurels in days to come. Wishing him God speed.

Our Heritage - Prof. Raj Nath Bhat Preservation of Culture, Identity & Heritage



There are a couple of International Forums in Europe, US, etc. Besides economic and political issues, all the Sabhas/ Forums have been dominated by the vital issue of the preservation of our language and culture. But this issue has an unusual edge of complexity to it because of the various displacements that our community had to face during the past seven hundred years. So the problem and the issue related to it have to be understood in a perspective

that is broader than one might assume.

The displacements of Kashmiri pandits have created four different kinds of groups whose perceptions, needs, and outlooks vary. The first group comprises pandits who left the valley between the 14th and 19th centuries. They still retain their

surnames like Raina, Koul, Nehru, Kathjoo etc. and a few cultural ritualistic and traditions, too. For instance, the wearing of ornaments, aTh and Dejhor by married



women. Since they moved out of the valley when communication links were quite primitive, they could hardly

> maintain a link with the community back home. the major After displacement of the community in 1990, they found it difficult to come to terms with the new situation. Initially they were not sure of whether to reestablish the bond with the parent culture and tradition or keep aloof. With the passage of time, a large majority has realized that identifying with the parent community can be the

only reasonable move. The other group comprises those who

moved out of the valley between 1930 and 1989 for finding suitable employment because employment opportunities for them had shrunk considerably, especially after India became independent. Disillusioned with the state of affairs that prevailed in the valley, meritorious persons were

The displacement of 1990 anguished them a great deal for a large segment was nearing retirement and had plans to go back and settle in their ancestral

towns/villages

in the valley.

forced to leave it along with their families. These had most of their siblings/ kinspersons in the valley. The displacement of 1990 anguished them a great deal for a large segment was nearing retirement and had plans to go back and settle in their ancestral towns/villages in the valley. Their dreams were shattered and the pathetic condition of their displaced kinspersons added to their pain. They are a part of the displaced community, emotionally, and psychologically.

The third group constitutes the displaced pandits of the 1990 catastrophe. They have endured hell all these 16 years. Their agony is difficult to put in words.

The fourth group consists of a few

and pass it on to the future generations. But due to the trauma they have suffered, they are unaware of what they are about to loose. The wards of the first two sections are comparatively secure. But they have little or no exposure to our heritage. All the three groups of our young generation in displacement need to be persuaded to come together and plan out strategies for preservation and refinement (if that were needed) of our traditions and culture. This is an intelligent generation, ambitious, adventurous and enlightened. But as far as the significance of one's identity is concerned, their understanding of its importance is minimal if not zilch. The community elders need to zero-

We, as parents, need to give a profound thought to what our progeny can be just twenty five years into the future when the anguish of displacement would have faded out, if not completely effaced, from our minds.

thousand pandits who continue to live inside the valley. Their negligible numerical strength and spatial distribution may make it difficult for them to retain their faith for long, I fear.

The last two sections are the storehouse of our culture, language and traditions. The numerically strong third section (the displaced of the 1990) is in a difficult situation economically, socially and psychologically. They have to make a new beginning somewhere, somehow. It is this segment and their progeny that can continue to live our heritage

in on this generation. They can be guided and persuaded to play a pivotal role by getting together frequently, breaking communication/ psychological barriers to create an awareness about the preservation of our identity. They could be motivated to arrange language teaching/learning classes, compere competitions on our revered scholars, both Buddhist and Shaiva/Vaishnava history, religious festivals, social customs, rituals and rites and so on and so forth. This will enthuse them and a fraternal bond can thus be built among them.

We, as parents, need to give a

May-June 2006 නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම්නම් Page :

One's

'pahchan'

as a member

of a 'biradari'

begins with the

knowledge of

one's

mother tongue-

the first link to

one's identity.

profound thought to what our progeny can be just twenty five years into the future when the anguish of displacement would have faded out, if not completely effaced, from our minds. And the whole generation will surely be multilingual, proficient in Hindi, English and a couple of other Indian/ foreign languages, but with no

knowledge or understanding of Kashmiri, which they will claim to be as a mark of their identity.

Kashmiri is a label we shall continue to have whether you like it or not. The significance of such a label is rarely realized when one is young and struggling/enjoying. It assumes importance when one grows to realize that s/he needs to know about her/his predecessors, pedigree-their

achievements, follies, aspirations and dreams, failures and successes, their day to day life, food habits, customs, festivals and festivities, rituals and rites, ceremonies and externals, attire and etiquette, beliefs and superstitions, myths, legends and history. One's 'pahchan' as a member of a 'biradari' begins with the knowledge of one's mother tongue- the first link to one's identity. This fact cannot be realized in one's teens or adolescence when all is either going goody-goody or sorrowful with a person. It is at the stage of adulthood that the crisis of identity begins to strain your nerves. And if you get to be spiritually inclined, the lack of the knowledge of your mother tongue anguishes you a great deal. The

knowledge of one's mother tongue has the potential to bathe you in spiritual quests.

Kashmiri is studded with poets whose spirituality and knowledge makes one ecstatic. Lalleshwari, Zinda Koul, Bhagwan Gopi Nath, Parmanand and many more awaken you to the realization of the Supreme

Soul, the Shiva and Shakti. Translations would help but if you have a command over the renderings in original Kashmiri, your depth of understanding turns out to be profound.

A lack of command over the mother tongue turns you into an alien among your own kith and kin. You imagine being a member of your community without understanding the subtleties and nuances of any of the

festivals and ceremonies, rituals and rites you participate in. With the passage of time you are forced to recreate yourself as a member of some other group but your heart wails for the loss that you have suffered - the knowledge of your mother tongue and the history and myth that make you a being of a particular community. You wish to be in your imagined home and to live that imagined culture but you are ill informed or not informed at all. There is a constant churning going on inside you but there is no visible light that could deliver you. You begin to seek memberships of cultural bodies and forums where you believe you would find yourself, know yourself. Your urge to belong intensifies. You (To be continued) are anguished.

AHDHIN Œ௺Œ௺Œ௺Œ௺Œ௺௵௵௵௵௵௵௵௵௵௵

Hindu Tirthas - Shafi Ahmad Qadri

KHIR BHAWANI - ABODE OF GODDESS PARVATI

ashmir in the olden times was known as Reshi Bhumi or the land of saints. Cut off as it was from the outside world by its mountains, its means of communication were difficult. The people had developed their own script called "Sharda" and their own literature and philosophy. They cultivated various branches of knowledge and worked for humanity preferring action to theory.

Surrounded by the snowclad high mountains, water absorbed in the soil gives birth numerous springs scattered all over. Those springs are known as Nags (serpents). They dedicated to different gods or goddesses; hence some of the towns are named after them, such as Anantnag, Vetsar Nag, Tsandi Gam (after colour from time Tsandi Nag in the Lolab valley) and Ver Nag in

Anantnag district. Special days are set apart in the calendar to commemorate the story of those springs and fairs held and people gather to worship on such occasion.

One of these mysterious springs is situated near Ganderbal in the village of Tulamulla. The whole place round Tulamulla is swampy and for miles around there are paddy fields. By the side of these fields, grow a large variety of wild flowers, the most common being Mentha Sylvestris (Vena) which is used in worship and

the sale of which brings money to the peasant population.

It appears that Tulamulla is a sort of floating garden, as the natives say that if they dig a hole in the ground, they find fish coming from the tributary of the Sindh, which drains the place. The village is encircled by the tributaries of the Sindh, which carry water from the Amarnath and Gangabal glaciers. There is also a stream of water which rises from the

springs around the eastern side of the village and passing under a bridge enters into the Sindh canal (also called Gangkhai).

Mention, of this place is made in the last chapter of the Ragyna Pradurbhava, which is a section of the Bringish Samhita. It is stated there that during the early period of the epic age, King Ravana ruled Lanka, an island to the south of India.

It was a flourishing country having sixteen hundred towns. This island is beautifully described Ramayana.

King Ravana in order to gain temporal power and glory worshipped goddess Parvati (Shama) who manifested herself to him in all her nine aspects. For sometime he sober-minded remained worshipped the goddess with all devotion.

When Shri Rama, King of Ayodhya invaded Lanka and the generals of his

Such a mysterious spring is found nowhere in India. The water of the spring changes its to time.

army Sugreev and Hanuman killed King Ravana's brother Kumbakarna and his son Megnath, his wife Manodhari entreated him to make peace with Shri Rama. He was kindled with rage and tried to invoke the blessing of the goddess by offering her various kinds of sacrifices. There upon the goddess, wrathful at Ravana's misdeeds, cursed him and ordered

(Water of the Tulamula Spring) has been observed and found rosy red, faint rosy, light green, lemon yellow, milky white and gray white on various occasions.

Hanuman to take her to Sati Sar (Kashmir) on her Vahana along with 360 Nags, Hanuman selected a spot in the northern side of the valley within the space surrounded by the villages of Borus (Bhawnish), Ahatung (Tungish) Ladwun (Labdawan), Wokur (Bhageh). Here he installed the Goddess with all her satellites. She was called Khirbhawani or Raji Ragyni, exclusively preferring milk, sugar rice and all vegetarian forms of offerings.

The following is the version of the process, which is said to have brought the spring to light.

A pious Brahman Krishna Pandit saw a vision in which he was informed by a Deva (an angel) that the spring of Khir Bhawani is there among the swamps of Tulamulla. "How shall I be able to find out the spring?" he asked. "Engage a boat as far as Shadipor, and from there a serpent will guide you. When you will reach near the spring, the serpent will jump into it. That is the spring." Was the reply. He did as

he was told, engaged a boat and came as far as Shadipora. A snake was seen swimming over the water of the swamps. The boat followed the snake which halted at a particular place where Shri Krishna Pandit fixed a long stick to indicate the position of the holy spot.

After the snake moved in an oddly rectangular direction, the space thus covered by it was demarcated with the fixation of sticks over the marshy area. Thus was the holy spring of Khir Bhawani discovered.

The swampy area around the spring was filled up with dry earth carried in boats for this purpose Shri Krishna Pandit along with other respectable persons and devotees from Srinagar inaugurated the worship of the goddess.

Such a mysterious spring is found nowhere in India. The water of the spring changes its colour from time to time. It has been observed and found rosy red, faint rosy, light green, lemon yellow, milky white and gray white on various occasions. There is no special time or definite period for this change of colour. Any shade of black colour is supposed to be inauspicious.

It has been seen bubbles rising out of the water of the spring and forming three lines around the islet, not regularly complete, but a part here and a part there though in perfect order. These lines are said to be the Dwara of the Chakra. Chakra is mystic symbol. Every goddess has her own Chakra. The Chakra of Khirbhawani consists of seven parts enclosed one within the other. The Chakra popularly known as Yantra embodies Mother Goddess with her Shakties.

Mysticism & Religion - Moti Lal Khar Swami Ram Tirath & Vedanta

His vision was a call-back to the

real self and the real spirit of



am Tirth's evolution from Mathematics teacher to a postle of Vedanta is an intense search for the self.

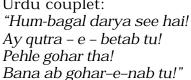
The man who wanted to serve god became through Mathematics destined to serve humanity at large through his teachings of Vedanta. He re-kindled the poetic vision of the Upanishadas with love and passion. His exposition of Vedanta brought a new transcendental perspective to the ancient scriptures. His concept of Vedanta as experimental religion was

that it had to be practiced before it Swami Ram Tirth was a free soul. can be spread.

Swami Ram Tirth was a free soul. His vision was Vedanta which he defined as a call-back to the **freedom of the spirit**. real self and the

real spirit of Vedanta which he defined as freedom of the spirit. With the life of Swami Vivekananda, Swami Ram Tirth travelled to the next assembly of Religions where like Swami Vivekananda, he mesmerized his audience completely. He had no place for princes, missions, institutions, organizations, name, fame, ambitions, wealth, achievements etc. He met god in the woods, whose message in the form of his lectures and talks was later appropriately compiled, "In the woods of god-Realization." His lifespan of 33 years encompassed the experiences of many a life-time and his casting off his body on famous Hindu festival of Dushera day brought forth a tribute

from his close friend erstwhile colleague at Lahore college, the Urdu poet- philosopher Mohammad Iqbal, who captured the intensity and passion of Rama's life and work in this Urdu couplet:



(Like a restless drop; you have

embraced the river. Before that you were a gem, now you are a rare diamond.)

Swami Ram Tirth said, "My religion is a religion without a

name, it is the religion of nature. I call it the common path." His poetic spirit captures the essence of this, " What care I for cast or creed? It is the deed. What for class or clan? It is the man; it is the man. What for crown or crest? It is the heart within the breast."

According to Swami Ram Tirth Vedanta shows happiness. Realise the truth and be free. It is the faith and hope to see one god and one humanity. Persons like Swami Ram Tirth are born rarely on this earth and according to his friend poet Iqbal:

"Hazaroon saal nargis apni Be-noori Pe roti hai, Badi mushkal se hota hai chaman Main deeda-var paida".



Lest We Forget - Kamal Hak

T.N.Saraf - The Unsung Hero

The name of

Late Sh. Triloki

Nath Saraf will

hardly ring any

bells anywhere

but his deeds will

definitely make

the philanthropy

of many well

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profile persons

appear very

modest.

any of us who used to go on the parikrama around sacred Hari Parvat, especially during the holy Magh month and on

the special occasions like Herath, Navreh etc, will remember a frail looking solitary figure crouched out

side the main gate of Ram Kaul's apologetically requesting the pilgrims for little donations. I am confidently sure nobody ever saw him either arguing with any one for money nor was his endeavor ever supported by any other person. That his labour of building a stone stair case upto the small temple of Mata Hari would require an enormous human effort never deterred him and he continued with his mission for decades. Unmindful of his loneliness and paucity

of resources, he sustained his zeal for accomplishing his mission, which, if I remember correctly, he finished just before the exodus.

The development of Mata Hari Temple, just opposite Ram Kaul's Mandir was an exemplary instance of human resolve, dedication and sacrifice. Many years later, he would demonstrate yet another selfless streak of his personality by donating a piece of land to Dr. Agnishekhar for setting up of medical facility for the poor displaced Pandits in Jammu.

Today, Shree Bhat Medical Mission, built on that plot of land, renders a yeoman's service to the needy.

The name of Late Sh. Triloki Nath Saraf, a humble postman from Rainawari will hardly ring any bells anywhere but his deeds will definitely

make the philanthropy of many well known and high profile persons appear very modest. Given background and also considering his modest professional standing, the plot of land in Durga Nagar, Jammu would, perhaps, have been compensation for his life time savings and yet he didn't hesitate even for a moment before deciding to donate that for the community's benefit. Later, many people would approach him and try to put doubts in his mind about

the integrity of Dr. Agnishekhar but he disappointed them all.

It has been my greatest regrets that in post displacement period, I had just one chance of meeting him. He didn't recognize me initially as trauma of exile had visibly taken the toll on his memory. However, small introductory pleasantries exchanged and his wrinkled face soon warmed up to the bonds of familiarity. He was totally unfazed by the allegations being levelled at Dr. Agnishekhar and firmly asserted he had full faith in him,

May-June 2006 മാന്ദ്രാന്

"Donating the land was my Karma. Properly utilizing the land is his Karma. I have done my Karma and I am no longer bothered with what happens to it."

Being an activist myself, I remember numerous instances when I had to explain the full accounting processes maintained by our organization before a Batta would donate a hundred rupees. I can't forget the number of trips we would be forced to make for receiving a donation of just fifty rupees. I can't also forget the embarrassing moments, my family and also that of my other colleagues had to face when some people would shamelessly link our personal little fortunes, which are still pittance when compared to what we lost back home, to the siphoned away public money or to the foreign donations. It is then I realize the greatness of Late Sh. T.N. Saraf.

Today, different organizations are vying with each other to honour the distinguished personalities of the This community. is really commendable as earlier our "Batta Tainth" would prevent us from recognizing the contributions of our community men. We have definitely progressed in that direction and will honour many personalities in future. People like T.N.Saraf will, however, continue performing, living and dying in oblivion away from community's glare. There will be no rewards or recognition for them and they will be happy for that. For, the acts of people, like Late. Sh T.N.Saraf, are hardly subservient to any public recognition.

Reaching Out ... From Page 8

to accept as his own death is assured, so the continued welfare of the human race pales into insignificance. In it's final consequence, the fate of all could therefore fall into the hands of a single individual, for what temptation could be greater than that of becoming victor over all others as the vanquished? Having said so, who would debate our genetic exclusivity of claiming to know all, the subject, nuances or numbers notwithstanding. Throughout the history, the communities have produced institutions in order to respond to social needs, needs for protection, needs for mutual defense, needs for religious & spiritual expression, needs for knowledge & learning which eventually led to prosperity of several kinds. If we were to exercise our nostalgic recall, we would have our hallmark heritage, high-minded humility, humble beginnings, hymns, hill-tops etc. etc. springing forth and indeed that may help check the decline setting in our midst & hence merit reconsideration of our present day thinking. Till then, it may be a self indulgent pleasure to believe that since God helps those who themselves, serving individual's self interest is divine!

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English Poetry - Dr. K.L.Chowdhury 1. Revisiting My Homeland

No, this can not be my homeland, \ \big| that ferried fair-skinned not this unfamiliar landscape not these lanes and bye lanes, | while we treated them to smells so different, sights so strangeno ducks scavenging the drains \(\begin{aligned} \text{'me'm, sahab, salaam,} \end{aligned}\) no cackling poultry in the corners scratching the earth for grains.

What is this heap of rubble and ruin where my little house once stood. and these monsters that surround it now, eating into land, space and sky, their fence walls so high you can not see your neighbors across, their iron doors like prison gates?

Where is the public tap in the corner outside my home, and the neighboring maids that queued for pails of water, and held a sheet of cloth for each other as a screen for passers bye while they undressed in haste and, unabashedly naked, helped themselves to jugs of water. to take turns for a morning shower.

And what has become of my lawn where children played hide and seek behind jasmine bushes and almond trees and rolled merrily on the green turf now laid to waste. and a haven for the creatures of the night.

> Oh where is the Nale' Me'ar that flanked my backyard from where we slid down the slope for a dip now and then,

that folk rhyme: pate' pate' gulam.'



On this asphalted road where the canal used to be I find automobiles speeding bye where boats once sailed daintily hawking greens and flowers, fresh as fresh can be.

The gentle cadence of the oars that pushed the boats upstream now yielding in helpless abandon to clouds of dust and fumes, and the roar of machinery.

Gone is the arch bridge across the canal, a grand mosaic of stone and brick on whose parapet walls we sat till late hours, watching the crows, flock after flock, flying across endlessly. cawing all the way, coming home to roost on tree tops and house roofs, the sky a black canopy.

Alas the high risers have swallowed the sky, the majestic chinars and the proud poplars seem but a memory and the birds, oh the birds driven into exile like me!

And as I walk along through this changed topography I see a bustling colony and walked along her banks where the almond orchards used to be, keeping pace with the oarsmen the buildings inching inexorably

towards the foot hills, laying a siege around the Hariparbat hill, that high abode of my deity her temple bells silent, no oil lamps, no incense, not a single devotee.

No kindly neighbors do I see in the young men here with flowing beards and swaggering gaits pherons, skullcaps and karakulis, looking askance at me, and the kids with their frigid faces, where innocent smiles should have been.

O where are the ladies in sarees and where the men sporting saffron dots on their foreheads?

No, this can not be my homeland, this changed geography where neither my house stands nor the house deity.

I can not stand it any longer,
for this place here
feels more alien than exile.
While in exile
my homeland comes visiting me
pristine and pure
waking and dreaming
through its familiar smells,
sounds and sights;
while I am here the whole ambience
smacks of a deep conspiracy to uproot me
and wipe out all traces of history of my gods and me leaving me crying over the loss,
and lose my dreams in the bargain.

* * *

Notes:

Nale' me'ar – a canal that joined the Dal Lake up town with the Vitasta at the end of the town to save the city of Srinagar from drowning during floods, and as a navigation channel in normal times.

'mem, sahib, salaam pate` pate` gulam.' (Madam, Sir, salutations to you, after you the slave too.)

Pherons - Long robes with closed front Karakulis - Caps, worn generally by Muslims, fashioned from the fur of a foetal lamb. Two animals have to be sacrificed to obtain karakuli - the pregnant mother sheep and the foetus in her womb.

Sarees - 5 meter long garments worn by Hindu ladies



2. ON ARJUN DEV MAJBOOR



Bespectacled and lean, but not hungry A boyish stride, an upright Stance eyes that communicate at the first glance. Soft in speech, yet full of re assurances Quick on feet, almost in a hurry To catch up with time, with the day's intinerary A satchel hung from that bony shoulder Whence to fish out like a jugglar A refreshing composition each time, A new title, a new poem Arjan Dev true to his pen name Has a compulsion to tame Words, phrases, proverbs and all In order to compose and deliver To create 'waves' wherever whenever



Exodus Trauma - Rahul Pandita

My Mother's 22 Rooms

cannot sing the old songs, or dream those dreams again -Charlotte Barnard.

There it is. Huddled among other dolls and a few shreds of cloth, it is wearing a blue dress. I don't remember what mine wore, for it has been sixteen years since I saw it. It might not be there anymore, but I would like to believe that it is there, invisible to the new occupants of my house. It is a dancing girl made of earth, decorating a corner of my friend's drawing room. Touch it a little and it will start dancing, moving her neck gracefully. My dancing girl, mother bought it, when I was a child, from a potter selling his stuff on a pavement in Lal Chowk.

And sixteen years later, as I speak to you, there is no significant noise outside my room. No guttural voice and no sound of my mother's U-shaped walker making its presence felt through the small corridor of my house. Mother fell down from her bed again this morning.

23 years ago, in Srinagar, a team of health officials was to arrive at our school. Their aim was to administer cholera vaccines to children. But for that we were supposed to take the written permission of our parents. Back home I told my father and as expected he wrote 'No' on my home task diary. I found it very insulting.

Tomorrow all classmates would take the vaccine and sing laurels of their bravery. And me, I would be hidden in some corner, red-faced with shame.



It was not acceptable to me. So I erased father's nay and wrote 'Yes' on the diary. Next morning as the needle of the syringe pierced my left arm, I did not even flinch once. I became an instant hero. But as it is with most acts of heroism, I had to pay a price for mine as well. By late afternoon, a lump had formed in my arm. By the time I reached home I was feverish and drenched in sweat. As I pulled off my shoes, mother saw me and in one instant she knew what had happened.

It was August and even by Kashmir valley's standard, it was hot. I flung myself on the bed. Mother came and sat next to me. She gave me a glass of milk and kept her fair arm on my forehead. It felt very soothing and cold, like a spring. I went off to sleep. Next morning as I opened my eyes, the fever was gone.

Mother handled the affairs of the house like a seasoned ascetic would control his senses. She knew what was kept where. Rice, coal powder, woollen socks and gloves, soap - she kept a tab on everything. Her daily

Mother handled the affairs of the house like a seasoned ascetic would control his senses. She knew what was kept where. Rice, coal powder, woollen socks and gloves, soap - she kept a tab on everything.

But mother was in awe of nature. She

feared its fury. Sometimes, when a

storm blew, she would close all doors

and windows and sit in one corner.

routine was more or less defined. She would wake up in the wee hours of the morning, wash clothes in the bathroom, sweep and mop the floor of every room and corridor, put burning coal dust in Kangris in winters and ultimately take stock of the kitchen. She did not believe much in spending time in worship. She was not an atheist but her belief was restricted to occasionally folding hands in front of the Shivalinga. Her God was her home and hearth.

But mother was in awe of nature.

She feared its fury. Sometimes, when a storm blew, she would close all doors and windows and sit in one

corner. When she no longer could face it, she would ask my father, "Will this storm stop?" Father would usually try to pacify her, but ultimately he also lost his patience. "What do you think? Would this storm last till the doom's day?" he would snap at her. But the same meek heart turned into brave heart when any family member struggled with adversity.

It was in the mid of 1988 that my father had a mild heart attack. Actually father had a pain in the stomach and an injection prescribed by a gastroenterologist reacted, which led to the attack. Everyone in the family was too shocked to react. But not my mother. She single-handedly took my father to the hospital in an auto rickshaw. At the hospital, mother recalls, a doctor appeared like an angel. He had a black mark on his forehead, a result of praying five times a day. The moment the doctor started examining him, my father vomited.

Mother says it was so intense that it went right into the doctor's shoes. But not once did he raise his brow. He kept on treating my father.

By the end of 1989, men like that doctor somehow became rare in Kashmir. One day mother came back from office and she was crying. In the bus someone had tried to help an old Hindu lady in getting down from the bus. Another woman, who was a Muslim, criticised that man saying that the woman he helped was a Hindu and she should have been

> kicked out of the true whether it was a

> bus. Mother didn't know whether what she heard was

nightmare. But what she had heard and seen with her naked eyes was what seemed like holding a mirror in front of Kashmir in a few months time. The time had come, once again, to leave our homeland. The migration began. Salvaging whatever little we could, essentially a few utensils and educational degrees of my collegegoing sister, we reached Jammu. After spending a couple of nights in a hotel, father hired a room in a marriage house. It was situated in the old city, amidst a bristling market of saris and dupattas. Every now and then marriage ceremonies were solemnised in the marriage house. When the crude ovens, laced with mud and gas cylinders arrived at the house, we would understand that a marriage was taking place that evening.

In the ten by ten feet room, ants held a sway. No matter what you put outside, it would be swarmed by ants

in a matter of minutes. They appeared in hordes, hundreds of them, attacking every edible item. It was similar to how people would come out on streets in Srinagar, few months before we were forced into exile. Mother obviously could not put up a fight with them, but she always managed to save a bowl of curd from the marauding ants, by keeping it in a basin of water. I always felt that whenever mother took out that bowl of curd, a secret smile would pass her lips. It was like a symbolic victory for her or so I thought.

And one night, that smile was also snatched from my mother's lips. I remember that evening. Somebody was getting married in the marriage house. The entire compound was filled with men, women and children, dressed in shimmering clothes. The stereo with huge speakers played popular Bollywood numbers as some of the guests danced on the tunes. And a few metres away, we had closed ourselves in the room.

When the bride was taken away and the noise had eased, there was a knock on our door. Mother opened the door and found a young man standing there. He was holding a plate in his hand. He said that he had been told that there were refugees living here and so he came to offer us some food. Before mother could say something, he handed over the plate and turned back. Mother lifted the cover and I caught a glimpse of the food inside. There was rice, dal and some vegetables. Mother kept on staring at it for some time and then she cried.

After this incident, Mother developed a strange habit. She would tell all, whether they cared to listen

or not, "Our house in Kashmir had 22 rooms". For the next few years, we would keep on shuttling from one place to place, becoming victim of the whims and fancies of landlords. We stayed at various places. After the marriage house, we stayed in a window-less room in a dilapidated lodge, where the number mosquitoes was probably more than the cells constituting our bodies. Then we rented a single room where we ate, studied, slept, cooked and ate our food as well. Then there was another house. The bathroom there had no door and we had to keep on coughing for obvious reasons. Amidst these episodes of Greek tragedy, mother kept her struggle on. Everyday was a battle. From filling water from a leaking tap to bathing under the tap of an adjacent vacant plot, life threw numerous challenges at us.

It was years later that I completed my education somehow and came to Delhi. Few years ago, we bought a 2-bedroom flat in Delhi. But the struggle of Jammu has left a mark on mother. She cannot walk now. Her left leg is paralysed. Sometimes she falls down as she tries to drag her leg, as it happened this morning. She cannot even speak now. Degenerative neurosis, whatever that means. With each passing day, her condition is worsening.

I walk on the road. There is a sea of vehicles moving, endless. Sometimes I feel that there are more vehicles than humans in Delhi. And when I cannot bear the noise any longer, I feel like shouting, "Our house in Kashmir had 22 rooms."

**

From the pages of history - Dr. Satish Ganjoo Satanic Holocaust of Kashmiri Pandits - 2

In this

article, the

author.

Dr. Satish

Ganjoo has

detailed the

systematic and

satanic

holocaust of

Kashmiri

Pandits over a

period

spanning

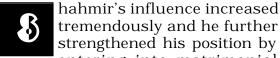
centuries. The

write-up is

being carried in

Milchar in

instalments.



tremendously and he further strengthened his position by entering into matrimonial

relations with the powerful nobles in Kashmir. A subversive struggle was

born between the tolerant Hinduism and the militant Islam.

AD1339. after In defeating Kota Rani by a foul strategem and procuring her death, Shahmir ascended the throne of Kashmir under the name of Sultan Shamas-ud-Din (The Light of the Religion - Islam). He got khutaba read and the coins struck to his name. Islam became the court religion. Shahmir became the author legitimate architect of Muslim rule in Kashmir. With establishment of the new regime Muslim missionaries, preachers, sayyids and saints penetrated into the Valley. Sayyid Jalal-ud-Din, Sayyid Taj-ud-Din, Sayyid Hussain Simnani, Sayyid Masud and Yusuf came Sayyid Kashmir to avoid the intended massacre by Timur. Mir

Sayyid Ali Hamadani (Shah Hamadan) entered Kashmir with 700 Sayyids; and, his son, Mir Muhammad Hamadani, with 300 more. They endured in the Valley under royal protection and disseminated the message of Islam. This naturally caused animosity among the Brahmans and resulted in frail rebellion during the reign of Shihab-ud-Din (AD 1354-1373). In

> order to break the upheaval



among the Hindus and to make them prostrate, the Sultan turned his attention towards their temples. All the temples in Srinagar, including the one at Bijbehara, were wrecked to terrorize the poor Kashmiri Pandits. It seems that by this time, the sultans of Kashmir were perfectly islamized as a result of their contacts, interactions and intercourses with the Sayyids. These Sayyids came here as absconders in search of safe harbours, but manoeuvered the events for their own cause and fanatic iconoclastic zeal. The Hindus began to feel deserted and alienated in their own land. To consolidate their rule, sultans institutionalized the "policy of extermination" to eradicate all traces of Hinduism in any form.

However, the Kashmiri Pandits stuck to their own religion and traditions, ignoring the atrocities, barbarism and cruelties of the privileged ruling class. But there were many from other castes who, either by conviction or in order to gain royal favour, embraced

Islam. These new converts were looked down upon by the Kashmiri Pandits as traitorous and treacherous, with no loyalty for time-honored values. This gave rise to a new class rivalry. Suha Bhatt, who after

embracing Islam took the name of Saif-ud-Din, became the leader of the fresh converts during the reign of Sikandar (AD 1389-1413).

Sikandar- the Butshikan, was bigoted with fanatic religious zeal to spread Islam in the entire Valley. This fanaticism was stimulated by Mir Muhammad Hamadani. Suha Bhatt - the convert, was appointed Prime Minister by Sikandar and both hatched a deadly conspiracy to persecute the Hindus and enforce upon the Nizam-i-Mustaffa. Jonaraja says, "The Sultan forgot his kingly duties and took delight day and night in breaking images ... He broke images of Martanda, Vishaya, Ishana,

Chakrabrit and Tripureshvara There was no city, no town, no village, no wood where Turushka left the temples of the gods unbroken." According to Hassan (History of Kashmir), "This country possessed from the times of Hindu rajas many temples which were like the wonders of the world. Their workmanship was so fine and delicate that one found himself bewildered at their sight. Sikandar, goaded by feelings of bigotry, destroyed them and levelled them with the earth and with the material built many mosques and khangahs. In the first instance he turned his

attention towards the great Martand temple built by Ramdev (the temple was rebuilt by King Lalitaditya, AD 724-760) on Mattan Kareva. For one year he tried to demolish it, but failed. At last in sheer dismay, he dug out

Sikandarthe Butshikan. was bigoted with fanatic religious zeal to spread Islam in the entire Valley. This fanaticism was stimulated by Mir Muhammad Hamadani.

stones from its base and having stored enough wood in their place, set fire to it. The gold gilt paintings on its walls were totally destroyed and the walls surrounding premises demolished. Its ruins even now strike wonder in men's minds. At Bijbehara, three hundred temples including the famous Vijiveshwara temple, which was partly damaged by Shihab-ud-Din, were destroyed. With the material of Vijiveshwara temple, a mosque was built and on its site a khangah, which is even now known as Vijiveshwara Khangah." The stones and bricks which once configurated a marvelous and splendid temple or

monastery, now hold up mosques. Hassan further adds, "Sikandar meted out greatest oppression to the Hindus. It was notified in the Valley that if a Hindu does not become a Muslim, he must leave the country or be killed. As a result some of the Hindus fled away, some accepted Islam and many Brahmans consented to be killed and gave their lives. It is said that Sikandar collected, by these methods, six maunds of sacred thread from Hindu converts and burnt them. Mir Muhammad Hamadani, who was a witness of all this vicious brutality, barbarism and vandalism, at last

advised him to desist from the slaughter of Brahmans and told him to impose Jazia (religious tax) instead of death upon them. All the Hindu books of learning were collected and thrown into Dal Lake and were buried beneath stones and earth." Sikandar issued orders that no man should wear the tilak mark on his forehead and no woman be allowed to perform sati. He also insisted on breaking and melting of all the gold and silver idols of gods and coin the metal into money. An attempt was made to destroy the caste of the Aryan Saraswat Brahmans by force and those resisted were subject to heavy fines. Farishta says, "Many of the Brahmans,

number of people, to whom these thirteen maunds of sacred threads belonged, might have tremendously colossal. A mammoth number of the Saraswat Pandits also went into exile, causing the first disastrous mass exodus of the community. When Suha Bhatt- the convert, came to know that many Brahmans were leaving Kashmir, he tried to check their exodus and ordered the frontier guards not to allow any one to cross the borders. The unfortunate Pandits caught while crossing the border were awarded severe punishments. Even the converts were required to pay jazia as they were suspected of secretly

Many of the Brahmans, rather than abandon their religion or their county, poisoned themselves; some emigrated from their native homes, while a few escaped the evil of banishment by becoming Muhammedans".

rather than abandon their religion or their county, poisoned themselves; some emigrated from their native homes, while a few escaped the evil of banishment by becoming Muhammedans". To strictly enforce the Nizam-i-Mustaffa, Sikandar established the office of Shaikh-ul-Islam.

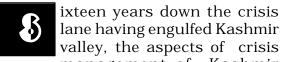
According to W.R. Lawrence, the Aryan Saraswat Brahmans of Kashmir were given three choices - death, conversion or exile. "Many fled, many were converted and many were killed, and it is said that this thorough monarch (Sikandar) burnt seven maunds of sacred threads of the murdered Brahmans". As for the statements of Hassan and Lawrence, six maunds of sacred threads of converts and seven maunds of those of murdered Pandits were burnt. The

clinging to their old religion.

Not only Sikandar- the Butshikan, but Suha Bhatta - the convert, also was responsible for this barbarous, murderous and cruel approach towards the mythical Kashmiri Pandits. Jonaraja says, "Suha Bhattathe convert, after demolishing the temples felt the satisfaction, and with the help of Sayyids, ulema and newly converts tried to destroy the caste of the people... the illustrious Brahmans declared that they would die rather than lose their caste and religion, and Suha Bhatta - the convert, subjected them to a heavy fine, Jazia, because they held to their caste and religion." There is no parallel of this religious persecution in the history of the subcontinent.

(To be continued)

Viewpoint - Shiben K. Kaul'The Stern Reckoning - Kashmir'



management of Kashmir situation do have the chances of building peace initiatives provided the favourable winds cruise the different shades of polity in Kashmir valley.

Seasons of rising expectations is long way distant. In the din of it, the scene Kashmiri Pandit community is

faced with, are implicit. Rooted over the period of five decades plus the political dispensation & the subsequent empowerment of Kashmiri political elite has collapsed in terms of ethnical homogenity when seen in the context of ethno-religious minority of Kashmir valley, i.e Kashmiri Pandits.

Sixteen years of forced displacement of K.P's from Kashmir valley & the subsequent happenings over the period has pushed the entire hapless community as pawns on the chessboard of prevailing Kashmir politics

Kashmir crisis reflects

an enough clear picture to suggest that K.P's can not go back to Valley. Majoritarian Kashmiri Muslim politics has grown into a monolithic political model termed as 'Kashmiriat' – an

expression of Muslimised Kashmiri sub-nationalism. It has no scope for a visible political space for KPs in their homeland & related question marks on fundamental rights



of displaced Kashmiri Pandit community as citizens of Jammu & Kashmir State. Word M, read 'Migrant',

is enough to distinguish Kashmiri Pandits from mainstream identity amongst the people of J&K State - the dispossessed ones.

Politics of anarchy, terror, ethnic violence, social upheavel & blackmail derived from 'GUN' culture are manifestations of an emerged trend & tool to exploit it as the main and dictating instrument of promoting separatist politics in Kashmir.

That brings us to 'HURRIYAT' as it rejects Indian identity, Indian mainstream politics & is striving for secession of Jammu and Kashmir

from India. In international fora, it is playing the role of 'Political Arm' of Kashmir valley for Pakistan without pretentions.

In the given scenario, where does

forced
displacement of
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Sixteen years of

Kashmir politics

the political agenda, aspirations & identity of this ethno-religious minority of KPs factor in? Having reduced KPs to territoryless & nowhere people over the period & in the process destroying its socio-cultural & historical roots & symbols in valley, what are the stakes of majority community in Kashmir involved in Kashmiri Pandits as on today? Except for honed phrases, pep talk & double speak, there are hardly any meaningful and purposeful C.B.Ms to make this displaced community

inclusive in any political process. Simple, a few hundred KPs (Approx 8000 souls) having opted for that painful soft option to stay back in Valley for whatever reasons, no visible and viable measures have been taken to provide them dignified & secure lives. Obvious, empowerment of a religopolitical model on communal lines with its often betrayed perverse proclivity of malacious prospectus of converting nonmuslim ethnic groups is becoming a reality. And that exactly has been happening slowly, more than a dozen conversions having taken place in Valley in the given scenario.

A fact of matter we may not like. On the other side of it, after all, the charity begins at home. We don't hear of any meaningful and helpful moves of power & political centers in Kashmir providing these people a secure life. How many massacres and induced exoduses these leftovers have faced during last sixteen years of turmoil? What is the sustenance graph of available opportunities to them in Valley in terms of education, employment and entrepreneurship.

To go further, if 'Secularism' has been the bed rock of 'Kashmiriat', then what exactly has been the problem of Muslims in Kashmir to push entire Kashmiri Pandit Community to a tragic situation after January1990? What are the contours of interface KPs should devise to have dialogue with seperatist and mainstream polity in Kashmir? Have the seperatist political class in Valley factored their political

agenda and responses with Indian nation state? What is their bottom line today? What are contours of credible agenda viz minorities of Kashmir of the people in power corridors of New Delhi? What scope KPs have to create active support as the 'we people of India' in Kashmir and has Indian Nation State factored its responses if any, to that? In case of events that take KPs to a unresponsive and failed situation, have KPs debated and deliberated concerns regarding their survival as a ethno-religious minority community and how to hold together? Have KPs in the background of continued

dispersal and disintegration, which is a twin edged sword bleeding the community both ways created a serious debate within the community for a 'Permanent Parking Slot' to safeguard their identity? Has this community formulated posers to Indian Nation State? How to harness the community response to the crisis situation? (To be continued)

EXCEPT FOR HONED PHRASES. PEP TALK & **DOUBLE** SPEAK. THERE ARE HARDLY ANY **MEANINGFUL** AND **PURPOSEFUL** C.B.MJ TO MAKE THIS DISPLACED COMMUNITY INCLUSIVE IN ANY POLITICAL PROCESS.

Biradari News

● First ever KP Women's Conclave: AIKS is holding the first-ever KP Women's Conclave from 13th July 2006 to 16th July 2006 at Jammu. The event is hosted and jointly collaborated by

• Nuptials:

the K.P.Sabha, Jammu.

Lotika (Shakti), D/o Smt. Asha & Shri Yoginder Kaul and grand-daughter of Late Smt. Rajlaxmi & Shri Makhan Lal Kaul (Founder Trustee of KPA) of Kandivli East, was married to Sumeer, S/o Smt. Santosh & Dr. B.L.Handoo of Pune on 10th June 2006 at Pune.

● KOA Award for Shri J.N.Kaul:

According to a communique from the KOA, Padamshri Jagan Nath Kaul has been selected as the debut winner of **2006 KP Annual Award for Excellence**. Padamshri Jagan Nath Kaul is the President of SOS Children's Villages of India and is lovingly called as 'Papaji' by the children. Congratulation from KPA.

• Fulbright Scholarship for Privahini Bradoo :

Miss Privahini Bradoo, daughter of Mrs. and Mr. Deepak Bradoo (Presently in Muscat, Oman) has been awarded a Fulbright – Platinum Triangle Award in Entrepreneurship .The scholarship is worth 1 lac U.S. Dollars which will fund Ms. Bradoo for an MBA degree from Harvard University (U.S.A.). Privahini has done her PhD in Neuroscience from the University Of Auckland (New Zealand) at the age of 24. Our congratulations to Privahini, her parents in Muscat, and her

Biradari News

relatives in Mumbai.

• Honour for Shri Suresh Fotedar :

Shri Suresh Fotedar, Chief Engineer, International Cooperation and Technical Adviser to Chairman and Managing Director, Nuclear Power Corporation of India, Mumbai has been offered the position of Senior Safety Officer by International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA), Vienna, Austria. Shri Fotedar is leaving for Vienna by the end of June 2006 for a three year term. KPA sends its good wishes to Mr. Fotedar.

Prof. Arvind Gigoo's new project :

Ministry of Human Resources Development, Government of India has sanctioned a project of Prof. Arvind Gigoo of Jammu for a detailed research on Social Realism in Kashmiri Short Stories, right from the earlier times to date.

• KP's to hold Demonstration in Delhi:

Kashmiri Pandits from all over India propose to hold a massive demonstration in New Delhi on 14th & 15th September, 2006. The peaceful demonstration will be held in protest against the J&K State and Central governments' apathy towards KPs, who even after 18 years of exile stand neglected by both the governments. The proposal has also been okayed by the President AIKS, New Delhi.

● Kashyap Bhawan's New Tel. No.: Tel. No. of Kashyap Bhawan has changed. New number is **28279954**.

Matrimonial

Wanted a suitable KP Alliance for a smart beautiful KP girl, 5'-4", August 1982 born, B.Com., MBA, working in Cipla, Patiala as Management Executive. Correspond with Tekni/Biodata with Vijay Jalali, ONGC Colony, F-104, Vidyavihar (East), Mumbai 400077, or Shri Girdhari Lal Jalali, House No. 72, Upper Laxmi Nagar, Sarwal, Jammu 180 005. Tel: 0191-2540938/022-25132399.

Suitable alliance is invited for my son, born February 1977, Ht. 5'-9". B.E. Electrical, working as Assistant Manager (Training) in MNC and posted at Mumbai. Contact R.K.Langer, B-22, Building No. 11, Govt. Officers' Colony, Haji Ali Park, Mahalaxmi, Mumbai 400034.

Tel: 022-24964377. Mob: 09867885206.

E-mail: rklanger170@rediffmail.com

Wanted a suitable KP alliance working in Mumbai for a smart, good looking KP girl, 5'-6", Oct. 76 born at 3.14 p.m. at Srinagar, B.Pharma, MBA (Pune). Working as a Product Manager in a reputed Pharma company in Mumbai. The boy should be equally qualified and well placed. Please contact T.K.Tickoo, G2 Prabhat, Amrut Nagar, Margao 403602, Goa. Tel: 9326129644.

Alliance invited from professionally qualified, good looking girl for our son (Manglik) July 78 born, 172 cms., BE, MBA, from NMIMS Mumbai, working as Consultant with WIPRO, Bangalore. Father senior bank executive. Contact Autar/Bushen Durani 0191-2451249, 022-25027172. Mob: 09419201536.

Internet Humour

3 Parrots

A man wanted to buy his son a parrot as a birthday present. The next day he went to the pet shop and saw three identical parrots in a cage. He asked the clerk, "How much for the parrot on the right." The owner said it was \$250. "\$250", the man said. "Well what does he do?" "He knows how to use all of the functions of Microsoft Office 2000", responded the clerk. "He can do all of your spreadsheets and type all of your letters." The man then asked what the second parrot cost. The clerk replied, "\$500, but he not only knows Office 2000, he is also an expert computer programmer."

Finally, the man inquired about the cost of the last parrot. The clerk replied, "\$1000." Curious as to how a bird can cost \$1000, the man asked what this bird's specialty was. The clerk replied, "Well to be honest, I haven't ever seen him do anything. But the other two call him "BOSS"!!



मिलुद्यार

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They Left Us

Dr. Natasha Chiragi (Past Trustee of KPA), W/o Dr. Shiben Chiragi of Chembur left for her heavenly abode on 10th May 2006 due to long illness at Mumbai.

Shri Satlal Mahadeo Kaul, father of Smt. Pushpa Kaul Bhole (Hon. CA of KPA) of Mira Road left for his heavenly abode on 13 June 2006 at Mumbai.

May their souls rest in peace.

SkçÀ içbçuç

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May-June 2006 ഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽഇൽ

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OBITUARY



Shri Satlal Mahadeo Kaul

With profound grief and sorrow, we inform the sad demise of Shri Satlal Mahadeo Kaul, originally of Badiyar, Srinagar, father of Pushpa Kaul Bhole (Working in Khadi Bhandar, Mumbai and Hon. Auditor of KPA) on 13th June 2006 at Mumbai.

We pray to Almighty God to grant eternal peace to the departed soul.

Grief Stricken:

Kaul family

B-602 & 604, Rishab Building, Sanghvi Nagar, Mira-Bhayander Road, Mira Road (E), Mumbai.

(Previously at B/7, 303, Silver Park, Near Jangid Complex, Mira Road (E).

Prof. Nandlal Wazir Smt. Somawati Wazir

Asha & Surinder Wazir

Shyamaji & Makhan Lal Mattoo

Susheela & Brij Mohan Munshi

OBITUARY



Smt. Kamla Wazir Moti

With profound grief and sorrow, we inform the sad demise of Smt. Kamla Moti, W/o Shri Som Nath Moti and Daughter of Late Pt. Balbadar Wazir, at her Pune residence on 26th February, 2006. She was a pious noble lady, an embodiment of love and full of hospitality. Her values and ideals will keep guiding us for all times to come. We pray to God Almighty to bestow eternal peace to the departed soul and grant us the strength to bear this sudden grievous loss. Deepest gratitude from Moti and Wazir Parivar to all those who stood by us in the hour of grief and who have conveyed condolences.

Grief Stricken:

Brothers-in-law & their spouses:

Chuni & Omkar Nath wazir Piyari & Capt. Piyarelal Wazir

Ratna & Mohan Lal Wazir Tosha (Sister) & Dr. Maharaj Kishen Raina

Deepaji & Dr. Daya Kishen wazir Veena & Maharaj Kishen Wazir

Smt. Somawati Raina - Masi (Raina's News Agency, Srinagar)

Lalita & Roshan Lal Raina (Pune)

Sri Kishenjoo Kothedar - Mama (Sathu, Barbarshah, Srinagar)

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