



मिळुचार
MILCHAR

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Between Ourselves



Namaskar. Navreh Mubarak!

Gujarat Carnage: All human beings would condemn the inhuman 'Godra Kand' and its reprehensible aftermath. The apparent lack of effectiveness in handling the situation in Gujarat has raised many a eyebrows.

What happened in Godra may have pre-planned or may have flared up instantaneously, but what followed was definitely senseless revengeful reaction in which the very fibre of our so-called secularism was torn to shreds.

In this 'tandav of destruction' scores of people have been burnt alive, it is immaterial to which faith they belonged to, hundreds of houses have been burnt, thousands of shops have been looted and ransacked and Gujarat is still smouldering. The shell shocked terror stricken persons have left their homes and hearths for safer places - Camps / Ashrams to escape the communal onslaught. Now commissions shall be set up to find out the reason for this carnage, yet the truth may never unfold. The lip sympathy of the Government shall fade away and what shall remain would be scars of 'tented colonies' which shall shame India for years to come.

What has happened to Gujarat today has happened to Kashmir viz-a-viz Pandits twelve years ago. The Kashmiri Pandit knows the pangs of this brutal trauma. He has had to leave his native place under the grave threat to the security of his life. He has been living in abject sub-human condition in the camps and tents in Jammu. He is well aware of the lip sympathy of the Government. It appears government has become immune to suffering of the human beings. It is time that people wake up, reject vote bank politics, respect one another's faith, shun the religious animosity and spread message of peace and harmony and thus isolate selfish and self serving politician.

Our Annual Events: The flagship events of the Kashmiri Pandits' Association - the annual Hawan and Annual Cultural Program went off very well this year too. More than 800 Biradari members partook naved in most devout and disciplined manner. It is a matter of gratification that for some years now our Biradari members have been donating generously for the Hawan, which not only reinforces our faith in our religious beliefs but it also keeps our traditions alive.

The Cultural Program wherein Shri Rajinder Kachroo from Delhi was the main performer went off in a dignified and poised manner. We, at the Kashmiri Pandits' Association, were sceptical about the fund raising this year because of peculiar political circumstances but we were proved wrong. Our indefatigable squad of fund raisers rose to the occasion and achieved the impossible. Kashmiri Pandits' Association is grateful to all of them.

Milchar: The lifeline of communication of Kashmiri Pandits' Association - the Milchar, we are constrained to inform our Biradari shall now onwards be sent to only such members who subscribe to this periodical. Much though we would like to keep up the tradition of sending Milchar to all the members of the community but the cost escalation including the postage has compelled us to suspend dispatch of Milchar to non-subscribers. We hope and pray that members would appreciate our constraint.

J. L. Manwati

President



From the Editor's Desk

म्य छुय आँबा'ह, म्य छुय नुँ कां'ह फिकिरिह खसान



"I have a bad habit - nobody comes up to my estimation." This was the caption of a talk given from Radio Kashmir by Late Prof. S.K. Toshakhani in late fifties. This is a trait sometimes attributed to Kashmiri Pandits. It is believed that it becomes extremely difficult for us to accept superiority of other person, more so if he is from amongst us. We can not laud the achievements of our kith and kin, community members.

Take it that the trait to some extent or other is present. It takes its toll. We often go on doing things individually, while a collective effort would be advantageous. We even shun each other. We have seen it play when we are looking for a match for our son or daughter. Many alliances coming our way are rejected because we feel the other party is not coming to our estimation till the boy or girl chooses his or her partner and most often from outside the community.

This tendency becomes more evident in our accepting some one as leader amongst us. We do not allow anyone to emerge as a leader. How can he be superior - as to lead me. If we can not find any fault with his actions, speaking, associations etc., then we find it in his background, his ancestors, or the place he hails from. Nobody can pass our test for being the leader. Fault is not with him. But with us. If he were to pass the test, then we shift the test still higher. If he still emerges, we will do anything to neutralise him. If we can not do anything else, we will break the body. Hence no leader, no unified action. Lament howsoever we may.

What is the cause for this trait? Is this result of an ingrained inferiority complex? Admitted that Kashmiri Pandits have not been affluent. The loot and plunder of many centuries had left Kashmir and its inhabitants poor. We might have been better off than the Muslims living there (with few honourable exceptions). But after independence, we progressed along with others in the country - more individually than collectively. May be this achievement or lack of it might have left in its trail an inferiority complex. This could be a post independence phenomena, but can not be attributed to earlier times. Again this situation could or should change with the second generation taking the centre stage.

Could our intellectual inclination have something to do with our not accepting the superiority of the other. Is it to say rather strongly an intellectual arrogance. May be. It goes without saying that wherever a

KP goes, he does outshine others. His sharp intellect and hard work makes him to stand out. He is respected for his ability. His presence in any organisation, in whatever capacity is taken note of. If he can not be a respected manager in organisation, he will atleast be a popular trade union leader.

Lot has changed for us and around us. Does our propensity to underrate others remain unchanged. I think not. Modern man is a more clear thinking individual. He does come over his failings by understanding them and rationalising them. And I think, so do we. We will accept that every body has his strong points and his failings. No body is an ideal. And the problem of accepting the other man is not his but ours. Again our intellectual acumen may help us achieve this. And achieve, I hope, we will. We will not live with the curse that Prof. Toshakhani had once diagnosed.

... P. N. Wali



Reflections

Not Illusions

... Tribhuvan N. Bhan



The ego of one solitary person changed the course of the land of our forefathers. It was the egoistic attitude of Maharaja Hari Singh which did not allow him accede to either India or Pakistan within the stipulated time limit of 14th August 1947. This tragic trait in the character and personality of the late Maharaja is the root cause of the catastrophic events in the Valley, which is bleeding at present. The monarch being offspring of the feudal system of those days, could not bend according to the changing times. It was the change of times that broke him. At the end, this monarch, who was only next to God in his hay-day ended his journey in life un-mourned, unknelt, unknown and unwept. Even his only child Dr. Karan Singh was not present at the funeral to pour sacred drops of 'Ganga Jal' in his mouth. Out of the twenty odd people for his funeral procession in Mumbai in 1961, my friend and I happened to be present. The flaw in his character transformed the 'Paradise on Earth' to 'Hell on Earth'.

In comparison, all the success stories of people from rags to riches are those of people, devoid of this failing ego in their nature. While teaching Mukesh and Anil, years ago, I asked their father Mr. Dhirubhai Ambani, as to what was the secret of his success in life. He told me, "I always care for the sentiments of others. Be he my peon or a top executive. My parents have taught me to be humble, respect age and not to be egoistic. This negative aspect of anyone's personality does not help at all, it only creates problems for everyone." How correct he has been! He has imbibed this very principle in his two sons Anil and Mukesh who are managing a multi-crore business of various Reliance companies at present.

Once I saw Mr. J. R. D. Tata holding the door of his car for his driver to sit in the front seat of his car, as he wanted to drive home himself. This uncrowned king of an industrial empire, expanded his industry many fold through humility and not through ego. It was this humble nature and that of his ancestors too that is responsible for the bread and butter of all the lakhs of workers in various Tata enterprises. The giant international airline, Air India of today, was started by J. R. D. Tata with humble beginning of a single engine plane carrying mail from Karachi to Bombay. Had the doyen of Tata empire Sir Jamshedji Tata been suffering from this failing, whole of this industrial kingdom would have been non-existent today.

Mirza Assadullah Khan, popularly known as Mirza Ghalib was born in December 1797. Though born in the family of professional soldiers, poetry came to him naturally. He has written some of the most outstanding romantic poems in Urdu language. Not only poetry, he also excelled in writing prose which is in the form of letter he has written to his friends and relatives. An aristocrat by temperament, he was never

frugal and lived much beyond his means. Besides writing poetry, he loved exotic wines and over-rich mangoes. Though heavily in debt, he loved to be a good generous host. He was most secular in his outlook and had friends from all communities. Besides these worthy qualities, he had a failing in his character, that was ego. Due to this negative aspect in his personality, he suffered. When he needed a job very badly, Resident of Delhi, offered him one, to teach Persian at a Delhi college. Ghalib sat in a palanquin and went in a royal state to meet the resident. On not finding the Resident there to receive him, his ego took the better of him and Ghalib returned to his home. So egoistic, he was by nature. He spent nearly three years at Calcutta so that his family pension was sanctioned to him, but again his ego came in his way and he refused to compromise with the Governor on certain principles, though he needed the money very badly to clear his debts. He returned empty handed from Calcutta. It was his ego that brought untold suffering, not only to him, but also to his wife Umrao Begum. He was fortunate to have a very understanding wife. When Ghalib confided to her that there was another woman in his life, she is said to have replied, "I certainly admire her choice!" When Ghalib died on 15th February 1869, his condition was indeed pathetic. Ego had acted as a catalyst to reduce the state of this tragic genius to a pitiable state.

It is for us to learn a lesson from the life story of these and many more successful lives and also from the life of the haughty Dogra ruler whose negativity in his outlook has brought untold misery to our brethren at present.?



From the Pages of History **Selecting A Successor**

... J.N.Kachroo



Kashmir was ruled by Kshemgupta from 950-958 AD. He was the son of Parvagupta who had secured the throne by treachery after the death of Yasakara. His rule was insignificant. However, his marriage with Didda influenced the history of Kashmir during following centuries.

Didda was the daughter of Simharaja, the chief of Lohara. According to Stein, Lohara comprised the hilly districts immediately adjoining the Kashmir valley on the south-west and now a part of Poonch.

Didda was a dashing and dominating personality. She was a bundle of contradiction in her character. She was cruel, suspicious, and licentious, yet she possessed statesman like sagacity, political wisdom and administrative ability. She was always dominating whatever her role. As a queen consort she so dominated the government that the people nicknamed the King as "DiddaKshema". As regent of her son, Abhimanyu (958-972) she ruled with a heavy hand. She eliminated by means fair or foul all whose loyalty she suspected. Those included the grandsons of Pravagupta. After the death of her son, she seems to have been overwhelmed by her lust for power. As regent of her grandsons, Nandigupta (971-973 AD), Tribhuvan (973-975 AD) and Bhimagupta (975-981), in succession, she destroyed each by witchcraft, torture or poison as soon as she suspected they had realised her misdeeds and misconduct. Finally Didda ruled as sovereign from 981-1003, as ruthlessly as ever.

It was, therefore, widely feared that after her death, there would be chaos and stampede for succession, as she had spared none in the royal lineage as a legal claimant. Civil war and bloodshed was expected to settle the matter. But some elderly people had the faith in the ability of Dida to find a way and avoid a blood bath. Events that followed proved them right and also proved the shrewdness of the lady with an iron hand. In spite of all the defects in her character, she remained to the last in possession of the Kashmir throne, and was able to bequeath it to her family in undisputed succession.

Didda had a large number of nephews, all young boys. She decided to nominate one of them as heir apparent. But whom and how? She did not like to make an arbitrary choice. She was keen that none of her nephews got any reason to believe that they were ignored, nor did she like any of her brothers to feel that she was partial. She wanted to ensure unity in the family of her parents to have any discord before power would flow to them. She played a master game.

She called all of them and also placed a heap of apples before them. She told them that she would see how many could each pick. There was a scramble among the youngsters. She noticed that Sangramraja, son of her brother Udayraja, had picked up not only the largest number, but was quite unhurt. She asked him how had he succeeded in getting so many, he replied that while remaining aloof from the scramble he had induced the other boys to do so and in the fighting that ensued he had picked up the fruits with ease. On hearing this, that adept in statecraft, Didda considered him the wisest and fittest of them all. She selected him her successor and nominated him as the heir apparent. Thus the throne passed on to the Lohara Dynasty.



Life-time Contribution Award conferred upon Shri J.L. Kasid

Text of the Citation

Having arrived in Bombay with the Masters Degree in Pharmaceutics from (BITS) Pilani, young, **Shri Jawahirlal Kasid**, the recipient of the ‘**Life-time Contribution Award**’ of **Kashmiri Pandits’ Association** for the year **2001-2002**, had little idea that he would be drawn in the vortex of Kashmiri Pandits' Association for the service of the community. His precision as a Pharmacist and management skills acquired through Management Institutes of Jamanalal Bajaj Institute & Staff College of Hyderabad provided a right mix for young Shri Kasid to be a disciplined and dedicated member of the B.O.T. right from 1974. In his tenure as the Hon. Gen. Secretary of the Association from 1982-1986, Shri Kasid served the community with great aplomb and dignity for which he shall always be remembered with honour and respect.



To Slavery Born

... Bansi Nirdosh

(Last year saw some talented members of the community left us. One of them has been Bansi Lal Wali - Nirdosh. He has been contributing in a big way in Kashmiri prose during last forty years. We are reproducing the English translation by Dr. Neerja Mattoo, of one of his short stories. -

Editor.)



This was the last day. After forty years of slavery, Sansar Chand would be free. He had been beaten hollow. The pulp gone, only the shell remained. And he did not want the shell to receive more beatings.

How he had waited for the day when his son, Kundanji, would get a job. That would mark the dawn of his own freedom. Unemployed for three years after graduation, Kundanji had finally found a job in the Accountant General's Office. Sansar Chand felt like a king. Joy overflowed from his heart as if his son had not just become a clerk but scaled some hitherto unconquered peak of glory. The day his son received the letter of appointment, he gave a month's notice to his employer, the city merchant. He would quit at the end of the month. God had heeded his prayer - his son had found employment with a salary of six hundred rupees. With his own pension of two hundred, it would add up to eight hundred, quite enough for the family of four : the old couple and their two sons. He had already married off his eldest child, a daughter, around the time of his

retirement from Government service, six years ago. Since then he had been working at the shop along with the rest of us. He did not call it 'work', he called it 'servitude'. Not that he had anything against private service. For him, life itself had been never-ending slavery. He would often say, "Look at me - a born slave! I began life as the Government's slave and now I am the Seth's slave. I was a drudge then and I am a drudge now - the yoke has never been lifted."

But now at last he was convinced that the days of his slavery had ended - his son had found a job and he had nothing to worry about any more!

Today was the last day of the month. Sansar Chand was happier than he had ever been in his life. His son Kundanji was bringing home his first pay packet - six hundred rupees. He himself had been paid four hundred by the Seth, and with his pension of two hundred, it too added up to 600. But the six hundred his son would bring home seemed an enormous sum to him - more like 6000 or even 6,00,000! I can not believe that he could have felt as elated at the sight of his own first pay as he did today at the thought of his son's. My own pay was not more than Sansar Chand's - just about four hundred but I felt rich - I could spend it just as I pleased. The house was run by my father and elder brother. Since I wasn't married yet, hardly any responsibilities burdened me. There was a world of difference between my situation and that of Sansar Chand. In spite of a hand-to-mouth existence, he had given his daughter not only a substantial dowry, but fulfilled every demand put forth by her in-laws. He had even got into debt to ensure her happiness.

In order to run his house, educate his two sons and feel somewhat secure economically, he had been forced to work for the Seth. But now, after years of running between pillar and post, appeasing God only knows how many devils, one of his sons had found employment. This was the moment Sansar Chand had been waiting for all these years, during which he must have told me at least seven thousand times, "Do you hear, Majid Bhai, the day Kundanji gets a job, will be the day of my release - too long have I been nothing but somebody's slave.

Sansar Chand was very good at his work. Our Seth had never got along with those of his employees who understood the business of accounting, but Sansar Chand had been able to win his trust. In spite of having become well acquainted with all his business dealings - black and white - he quietly followed all instructions, keeping the accounts without questioning Sethji's ethics. He would justify it thus: "The Seth is responsible for his own sins. I only follow orders. We just happen to be his employees, no better than slaves and therefore already serving a sentence of penal servitude. Aren't Want and Slavery punishment enough? How we cringe and bow before the Sales Tax and Income Tax Officers, begging them to overlook discrepancies - and that too not for our own sake, but only to provide comfort and cheer to the Seth - is this not a curse? Are we not serving a sentence rigorous enough? And what do we get for all this? Just four hundred rupees on the seventh of every month.

But on the seventh of the month, he would still touch his eyes with the four hundred rupee pay packet, kiss it and put it in his pocket, saying, "Majid Bhai, why don't you plead with your God to let my Kundanji find a job fast? And then I shall stretch my limbs and relax to my hearts content. I have never had a night's peaceful sleep, even after my retirement. First it used to be the fear of reaching the office late and annoying the Boss and now I keep awake with the worry that the shop must have opened - the Seth must have left his home"

I knew that tonight for the first time Sansar Chand would sleep through the night, in peace, in freedom. Now he was nobody's slave. I myself had no experience of working for the Government, but I agreed with Sansar Chand that private employment, particularly working for the Seth, was certainly worse than slavery, with any 'rights' existing only in the imagination. The employee is not supposed to be an individual, his only identity lies in the fact that he belongs to the Seth, body and soul - not only he, but all his ancestors, his family, even his neighborhood - all must consider themselves the bonded slaves of the Seth. Throughout the day, he is subjected all sorts of humiliations, forced to listen to remarks questioning his pedigree, character, ability - "Where the hell have you sprung from? Don't you have the least sense of how to deal with a customer? You eat enough for two or three, but your output? Zero! Which dumb mohalla bears you as its curse? Good for nothing! Fit for nothing at all!"

But to tell the truth, our Seth was not that bad. He did not ill-treat his employees all the time. He was a much-travelled man and once or even twice every month, he would take a trip to Delhi, Bombay or Calcutta. He had a broader outlook than most others, but even then he thought nothing of putting the employees at his shop on domestic chores: collecting the ration, fetching the gas cylinder, escorting his children to school and back, paying his electricity and water bills. It was having to do these household errands for the Seth that I hated the most - it was like death. But the others at the shop did it willingly.

Sansar Chand too. He used to say that once you become the Seth's servant, how did it matter whether you worked at his shop or his house? If there was no work in the shop, he would extract it elsewhere.

It was winter, cold and frosty, a drab heavy atmosphere, under a brooding sky. The roads were puddles of snow and water, the bazaars empty like people's pockets. There was nothing fresh to be seen anywhere, no new face, hardly anything to distinguish one face from another. Their heads bound in helmetlike woolen caps, clad in thick pherans or coats and overcoats, everyone looked tired, weary, worn-out - just like Sansar Chand. But no, he looked different. For the past one month, Sansar Chand's face had acquired a glow - the month since his son Kundanji had got the job. In his son's job, he had seen mirrored the dreams of a secure, happy old age and now they were about to become a concrete reality. Today was his last day at the shop. My heart felt somewhat heavy. During the past few years, a strange bond had been forged between the two of us. But at the same time, I was rather happy too: at last he was going to be free. How long could he have dragged his old body thus? For the past forty years, it had been one long tale of drudgery. Surely he deserved rest. If his son did not provide it, who would? Sansar Chand met all his fellow employees, bade them good-bye and left.

"Sansar Chandji, do keep in touch and drop in occasionally, will you?", I said and walked with him up to the main road. God knows whether we would ever meet again, I wondered for a long time that night before I went to sleep.

Sansar Chand turned up at the shop as usual the next morning, creating a flutter of surprise among us all. He went up to the Seth straightway and said, "Sir, I want to withdraw my notice." All the employees were pleased - the Seth most of all. But I wasn't. Taking Sansar Chand aside, I asked, "But Sansar Chandji, you were going to rest and enjoy your leisure. Didn't you have to make up for all those forty years of toil? Didn't you say that you wanted freedom from this servitude? Then what happened? Didn't Kundanji get his pay?"

"Oh yes, he got it alright", the words seemed to be drawn from him with some effort. "So then?" "Well, he did get his pay. But before reaching home he spent it all. On his clothes, shoes and other stuff. What he said was quite right though. In my selfishness, it is I who had lost a sense of proportion."

"But what did he say?" I asked impatiently. "He said that he also had his needs, his personal expenses, his own commitments and why couldn't the house run as it had all these years, without his pay?" I found it hard to meet Sansar Chand's eyes. Shame suffused my whole being. I could hardly say a thing.

On the seventh of the month when I received my pay packet, I handed every paisa to my father. He could hardly believe his eyes - he almost collapsed at the sight of the money.



Godhra mayhem is clearly Pak's creation

... By J. N. Raina

{ This article is reproduced from the Free Press Journal dated - 5 April, 2002. }

The authorities in Godhra must have been suffering from delirium when they made an unsavoury statement that those who roasted alive 58 kar sevaks in the Sabarmati Express were "uneducated, without jobs and poor. Many of them are devoid of any sense of scruples. Most of them (Ghanchi Muslims) live in poverty and have no economic activity."

Surely the officials, including the Panchmahals district collector, must have been feeling rickety, because even well known caricaturist R. K. Laxman has not remained unperturbed by these grotesque remarks.

Laxman has depicted the officials' effrontery thus: "He says arson, looting and murder are due to poverty, communal tension etc. Otherwise this state is peaceful."

Such statements are coming 30 days after the Godhra mayhem, to soothe the ruffled feelings of pseudo-secularists who are running after the blood of Gujarat chief minister Narendra Modi, for his "failure" to arrest the backlash. There are others, who intune with the Pakistan's ISI, have blamed the kar sevaks for the mindless act.

Strangely enough, former prime minister V.P.Singh and many of his ilk have strong exception to Modi's statement (terming it dangerous) that Gujarat riots were a "reaction" to the Godhra incident. The chief minister's opponents and critics are jittery about his reported "earth-shaking" remarks that he had quoted Newton's third law of motion (To every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction) to justify the Hindu Muslim riots in Gujarat.

Modi has in the first place denied having made any such statement. However, one would like to question, is it not a statement of fact that when something terrible happens repercussions follow inevitably. Does Singh want to nullify the Newton's law of motion? Is he oblivious of the on-again off-again daily skirmishes and shoot-out between Israeli forces and the Palestinian gunmen in West Asia? If according to Israeli spokesman "it is action and reaction, there", can Newton's law of motion fail to evoke any "response" in India and get neutralized, because we are staunch secularists?

The Godhra officials are presumably under pressure to making confusing statements so that the actual truth dies down. It is not a fact that Pakistan, having failed to internationalize the Kashmir issue, is now trying to foment communal trouble in India? After 72 hours of rioting in Ahmedabad, there were reports that communal frenzy will continue, because of ISI's designs to provoke the minority community against the majority for revenge. Believably it is now coming true.

Pakistan is doing to justify its two-nation theory on the basis of which the Indian subcontinent was divided. Pakistan is increasing its level of infiltration into India. The killing of ten people by a suicide squad at Ragnath temple in Jammu is an instance. More such incidents are likely to follow.

Again coming to action-reaction, when there were large-scale anti-Sikh riots in Delhi and elsewhere, following the assassination of Indira Gandhi, what was the instant reaction from Rajiv Gandhi? "When a huge tree falls it creates a big noise." In fact, he assassination was itself a reaction to the desecration of Akaltakhat in Amritsar, in the wake of Blue Star operation, to flush out militants. But who had engineered these riots we need not rake up the issue to pour salt on the healing wounds. Let bygones be bygones.

When locks of the disputed shrine at Ayodhya were opened during the regime of Rajiv Gandhi in 1986, did not the third law of motion operate in Kashmir valley. Scores of houses of the Hindu minority community were set ablaze. A number of temples were destroyed and vandalized by the Muslim fundamentalist originations in protest against the opening of the locks. That was the first communal riot in the living memory. And who behind these riots? Again a leading Congress personality.

It was unbelievable that a top congress leader, hailing from South Kashmir, had allegedly engineered the riots, which remained confined mainly to Anantnag district. The riot later led to silent exodus of Kashmiri Hindu Pandit community.

In the initial stages of militancy, several hundred Hindus were brutally murdered in the valley. The killings were mostly committed by the JKLF militants. The victims were dubbed as Indian agents. Subsequently, 3.5 lakh people of the hapless community were forced to leave their ancestral land at gun point. The community has been shackled and totally paralyzed. They continue to remain huddled in shabby camps like animals for 12 years. Thousands of other KPs are scattered all over the country, fending for themselves. They have been deprived of their right to vote. They have lost their cultural moorings. Hardly ten thousand of the community must be living in beleaguered valley at the mercy of the terrorists. If what has happened in Gujarat is regarded as genocide, what is it in Kashmir then? Film star Shabana Azmi owes an explanation. One feels really sad to see the empty houses being burnt in unabated communal violence in Gujarat, because the same had happened to KP's whose houses were plundered repeatedly and then set on fire so they do not return to the valley again. If Ms Shabana Azmi says there has been ethnic cleansing in Gujarat, then what is it happening in Kashmir, the heaven of this earth?

Was it not the responsibility of the then prime minister V.P.Singh to prevent the exodus of the KP's? Instead, he released from jail five hard-core JKLF militants, in exchange for Doctor Rubaiya Sayeed, daughter of then Union Home Minister Mufti Mohammad Sayeed.

Much before militancy started, Farooq Abdullah, either as chief minister or President of the National Conference, had been exhorting the Kashmiri Pandits that neither the Indian Army nor crores of Hindus elsewhere would save them in difficult times. "You have to depend on the goodwill of the majority. Muslim community, for safety." He would make these assertions like parrot, as if he knew that was in the offing.

That was without any provocation, as the minuscule community (it was reduced to two percent before militancy from about 15 percent in 1947) had almost cordial relations with the majority Muslim Community, although the latter had either taken control of several temples and adjacent holy springs or had raised a dispute regarding these shrines in a court of law.

If RSS chief K.S.Sudarshan says that the minorities in India needed "Hindu goodwill" to be safe in India, what crime he has committed? The pseudo secularists should hang their heads in shame after seeing the destruction in the valley at the hands of the JKLF militants and various subversive organizations, which are nor forming constituents of the Hurriyat Conference. The activists of the Peoples Union for Democratic Rights should be put to shame for condemning the arrest of the JKLF leader Yaseen Malik under POTA. Was he not responsible for committing heinous crimes when militancy started?

Kashmiri Hindus have been exiled in their own country for 12 years, which is not a small period. Does the Indian constitution serve any purpose for them? Has secularism no meaning for them? Do the guarantors of secularism utter a word of sympathy for them? No, because it is an old issue now. No because they are patriotic people.

Enough blood has flowed down the Ganges for the past two decades. Now the thrust of militancy is in the Hindu-dominated Jammu region, which is bigger than Kashmir province. Amarnath pilgrims have been repeatedly attacked almost every year. Should these unending instances not create a ripple? All this has been piling up on the Hindu psyche over the years. Godhra mayhem seems to be the last in the series of such events which is clearly Pakistan's creation. In such a situation people in other countries remain united, but in India it is the reverse.

However, Sudarshan needs to correct himself for his wrong information that Kashmiri Pandits do not call themselves as Hindus and they prefer to be known as Kashmiri Pandits. They are hundred percent Hindus. The meaning of the word "Pandit" is "intelligent" Pandit is also prefixed before one's name, like Pandit (Pt) Jawahar Lal Nehru. KP's were spiritually much advanced before Muslim rulers devastated them economically, culturally and spiritually. Both Hindus and Muslims in the valley share a common heritage.

The Muslim leaders in India should strongly protest against Pakistan's machination in Kashmir and call upon the youth to refrain from anti-India activities by having fallen trap to ISI. There is a lot which the Muslim Community can do, to force Pakistan to desist from cross-border activities.



Pandit Rameshwar Nath Kao

The Czar of India's Counter Intelligence

... Dr. B. N. Sharga

In modern times, a well organised intelligence network is a must for any country for maintaining its internal security and for properly protecting it from foreign aggression. It is now considered as the back bone of the administration to maintain proper law and order. The intelligence inputs help the government of the day to take effective measures in time for maintaining peace and communal harmony. Even in medieval times, kings and emperors used to employ the spies for getting the correct information about the happenings in their respective kingdoms and empires. So for running any administration smoothly and effectively, we must have a good intelligence setup which acts as its eyes and ears. After the massive Chinese aggression in 1962, a need was felt to have an agency to gather foreign intelligence so that our nation should not be caught unaware in future about any such misadventure by our neighbouring countries.

The man who gave a concrete shape to this idea with solid foundation was Pt. Rameshwar Nath Kao, popularly known as Ramji Kao among his friends and colleagues. He not only organised a vast intelligence network for gathering foreign intelligence known as Research and Analysis Wing (RAW) but also gave entirely a new meaning to the system of monitoring such secret informations.

R.N.Kao's ancestor Pt. Ghasi Ram Kao was originally a resident of Srinagar district of the Kashmir Valley. He came out from the Kashmir valley in the beginning of the 18th century in search of a job and landed in Delhi with his son Pt. Damodar Das Kao and other family members. Pt. Damodar Das Kao had two sons, Gulab Rai and Daya Nidhan besides a daughter Benobibi who was married in a Channa family.

Pt. Daya Nidhan Kao came to Oudh from Delhi during the rule of Nawab Asaf-ud-Daula (1775-1798) and became a dewan in his court. He settled down with his family in Kashmiri Mohalla, Lucknow where he built two houses for his living. He had two sons, Badri Nath and Bhola Nath besides a daughter Gaurishuri who was married in a Dar family of the locality. Pt. Bhola Nath Kao constructed a big well for providing drinking water to his community members residing in the area. This well was subsequently named after him as 'Bhola Nath Ka Kuan'. This historical well still exists on Ab. Aziz Road and now the whole locality is known by that name. Munshi Ram Sahai 'Tamanna' has written in his book that once Nawab Asaf-ud-Daula paid a visit to his house in Kashmiri Mohalla while going to Dargah Hazrat Abbas to pay his obeisance there, which is considered to be the most sacred shrine of Shia Muslims.

Pt. Badri Nath Kao had four sons viz. Ratan Nath, Kedar Nath, Kameshwar Nath and Bishambhar Nath besides three daughters Dhanwanti Shuri, Anandi Shuri and Sharika Shuri. His eldest daughter Dhanwanti Shuri was married with Pt. Ayodhya Nath Kaul Bakshi and his younger daughter Sharika Shuri was married with Pt. Brij Nath Hukku of the locality.

Pt. Kedar Nath Kao after completing his education, became a deputy collector during the British period and lived in Ram Nagar, Benaras (Varanasi) for quite some time. He had two sons Triloki Nath and Dwarika Nath. Pt. Triloki Nath Kao, after completing his education became a chemist and shifted from Lucknow to Baroda whereas his younger brother Pt. Dwarika Nath Kao became a deputy collector.

Pt. Triloki Nath Kao was married with Daya Shuri Zutshi who was the daughter of Pt. Shambhu Nath Zutshi of Lucknow. He had three sons viz. Parmeshwar Nath, Arjun Nath and Gyan Nath besides three daughters, Rameshwari, who was married with Pt. Rameshwar Nath Gurtu, Lakshmishwari, who was married with Pt. Vishwanath Sapru and Shantishwari, who was a professor in the Banaras Hindu University and remained unmarried till her death in 1998.

Pt. Dwarika Nath Kao was married with Khemwati Kaul who was the daughter of Pt. Srikishan Kaul of Lahore. He had two sons Rameshwar Nath and Shyam Sunder Nath. Pt. Rameshwar Nath Kao was born on 2nd October 1917 in Benaras where his grand father Pt. Kedar Nath Kao was posted as deputy collector at that time. His father Pt. Dwarika Nath Kao died quite young at Lucknow in 1923. His younger brother Pt. Shyam Sunder Nath Kao was born after the death of his father and so was a posthumous child.

R.N.Kao was brought up by his uncle Pt. Triloki Nath Kao, so he had his early schooling in Baroda which was under the Bombay Presidency in the British period. He did his matriculation in 1932 and intermediate in 1934 from Baroda. He then came to Lucknow for higher studies. He did his B.A. in 1936 from Lucknow University and M.A. in English literature in 1938 from the University of Allahabad and was an inmate of the Muir Hostel.

R.N.Kao also did a job in a cigarette company for some time which was floated by Pt. Jag Mohan Narain Mushran who was the Chief Judge of the Benaras State at that time, for his son who died subsequently.

In 1938, R.N.Kao joined the law classes in the Allahabad University and did his LL.B (Prev.) in 1939. He simultaneously appeared for the Indian Police Examination. He was selected as an I.P. in 1940 and so could not complete his law course at the University.

R.N.Kao after his selection in the I.P. was sent to Moradabad for an extensive course in Police Training College there. Since he had a fetish for cleanliness so temperamentally his relationship with his superior British officers at the Training College and other British trainees was not very cordial, since they used to dress up very shabbily. After completing his training he got his first posting in Kanpur in 1940 as an A.S.P. in the civil police.

R.N.Kao soon realised that while doing service in the civil police department and performing routine duties, he will not be able to show much of his talent and calibre, so he switched to Intelligence Bureau (I.B.) which was constituted by the British to gather vital informations in the country. He was the

first Hindu officer to join this highly sensitive department which was packed with British and Muslim officers at that time.

R.N.Kao got married at Allahabad on 21st January 1942 with Malini, the daughter of Justice Tej Narain Mulla of Allahabad.

When India became free in 1947 and Pt. Jawahar Lal Nehru became its first Prime Minister, the Intelligence Bureau (I.B.) was reorganised to suit the needs of an independent country. Its founder director Bholu Nath Mullick saw to it that this vital intelligence gathering agency in the country would not become another Gestapo (Secret Service) of Adolf Hitler of Germany. B.N.Mullick groomed this agency on different lines and R.N.Kao was entrusted with the task of looking after the security ring of the Prime Minister Pt. Nehru. R.N.Kao did this challenging job very well and made his own mark in this specific field.

In 1950's Pt. Nehru sent R.N.Kao to Ghana to help Prime Minister Nkrumah and to set up an intelligence and security organisation in that country which he carried out with great professional skill.

When the air crash of the famous jetliner 'Kashmir Princess' took place just before the historic Bandung Conference, R.N.Kao was deputed by India along with Chinese and British secret agents to find out the real cause of this air mishap.

After the massive Chinese invasion of 1962, the Indian government felt the need of having an altogether separate wing apart from IB for fathering foreign intelligence. Consequently, a super secret technical intelligence agency known as Aviation Research Centre (ARC) was constituted in 1963 and R.N.Kao was made its director. His professional ability and skill in the areas of organising and management of intelligence was superb because he deeply studied the working of the secret intelligence service of UK known as 'Scotland Yard', CIA of America and BND of the then West Germany.

When Mrs. Indira Gandhi became the Prime Minister of the country after the death of Lal Bahadur Shastri in 1966, she felt the need to have a dynamic and scientific intelligence network in the country to monitor foreign intelligence. She entrusted this task to R.N.Kao as she had seen his style of working earlier from close quarters during his stint with Pt. Nehru at the Teen Murti House. R.N.Kao did this job in a remarkable time and constituted a new wing for exclusively gathering foreign intelligence known as Research & Analysis Wing (RAW) on 21st September 1968. Mrs. Indira Gandhi appointed him as its founder director and simultaneously he was made a Secretary (Research) in the Cabinet Secretariat. His main job was to assist Mrs. Gandhi on security matters of the country.

R.N.Kao played a key role in the liberation of Bangladesh in 1971 by providing vital intelligence inputs to our armed forces during the Indo-Pak war in which about 90,000 Pakistani soldiers armed to the teeth under the command of Gen. N.A.K.Niazi surrendered before the Indian troops in Dhaka, under the command of Lt. Gen. Jagjeet Singh Arora without firing a single bullet. Nowhere in the world such a thing had ever happened before in a military warfare, the credit for which squarely goes to R.N.Kao and his meticulous planning. R.N.Kao retired from active government service in 1977 after attaining the age of superannuation. After his retirement from service, he became a senior advisor to Mrs. Indira Gandhi in 1980 when she became the Prime Minister of the Country for the second time.

After the Operation Blue Star, Mrs. Gandhi felt the need to have an elite force trained exclusively to deal firmly with the growing menace of terrorism in the country. She again entrusted this task to R.N.Kao to raise these special units to carry out surgical missions and other specific operations. R.N.Kao subsequently raised the battalions of National Security Guards capable of handling most sophisticated weapons and performing difficult tasks under most abnormal conditions. He worked with Mrs. Indira Gandhi till her assassination in 1984. From 1980, he supervised both IB and RAW and thus became a czar of Indian intelligence. He floated the idea for the first time in a democratic India for a special security ring around the Prime Minister.

When Rajiv Gandhi became the Prime Minister of the country in 1984, he again appointed R.N.Kao as his security advisor. The split in the Congress Party and formation of Jan Morcha by V.P.Singh forced Rajiv Gandhi to bow out from office in 1988 and with him, R.N.Kao also sought retirement and started leading a calm and quiet life at his residence 'Sakeeta' E-10/2, Vasant Vihar, New Delhi.

On 16th January 2002, R.N.Kao paid a visit to the All India Institute of Medical Sciences, New Delhi to see his younger brother Shyam Sunder Nath Kao, who was admitted there for some treatment. All of a sudden, he felt pain in his chest. He was at once admitted in the Intensive Care Unit for observation, where he breathed his last in the early morning of 20th January 2002 at the age of 84 years. He was cremated at the Nigambodh Ghat where his grandson lit his funeral pyre. Many dignitaries of the country like the leader of the opposition in Parliament Mrs. Sonia Gandhi and the Governor of Jammu & Kashmir

state Mr. Girish Saxena attended his funeral. The President of the country K.R.Narayanan in his condolence message said, "Kao occupied a crucial position in our government set up and significantly contributed to enhance the efficiency and professionalism of law enforcement agencies by introducing innovative mechanisms of intelligence collection."

R.N.Kao was a most meticulously dressed person with soft voice and pleasing manners. It is because of this temperament that he was liked by his colleagues even belonging to other services. He never threw his rank or his powerful connections at them. He helped those in distress and sometime people took undue advantage of his attitude. Suave and polite, he was never known to raise his voice. In the intelligence circle, some top officials trained by him are known as 'Kaoboys'. They are not mavericks but are identified by their quiet, behind the door operations for which their mentor R.N.Kao was famous.

R.N.Kao always avoided publicity and was shy of facing a camera. During his long service period, he was photographed only once. In his death, the country has lost the biggest name in the intelligence community. It is said that after his role in the creation of Bangladesh, the Americans became so much impressed by the Indian intelligence support to Mukti Bahini that they started teaching the whole operation to their secret agents in West Point. He was a perfect gentleman to the core of his heart. The exalted position of RAW in our country and outside and its rich contribution to our national security owe a lot to R.N.Kao. Those who had a chance to work under him still remember his kindness and generosity. It is hoped that the central government would duly honour this giant of Indian counter intelligence by conferring upon him the civil title 'Bharat Ratna' posthumously as his name fully deserves this recognition for his extraordinary service to the nation in its hour of peril. One can achieve anything in life if he has a firm determination and an iron will to do the same, so says 'Nirankar Sevak', a noted Hindi poet very candidly in the following lines:

*Aakash ka yeh jaal utho chal ke tod dein
Tufan aur andhiyon ki dishaon ko mo dein
Dharti ke dukh ko dekh jo nahin pigal sake
Un badalon ko muthi mein kas kar nichor dein*

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सोम नाथ साधू (दूसरी और आखिरी किस्त)

... मोती लाल साकी



मैं ने सवाल किया, "भाई बात क्या है कि इस कदर बे-सबरी से गले मिल रहे हो। हमें तो अभी एक महीना भी नहीं गुज़रा है।" मेरी बात पर साधू हंस दिया मगर फौरन संजीदा होकर बोल उठा, "साकी क्या बताऊं। यहां जम्मू में बात करने को तरसता हूँ। जिन दोस्तों के साथ जिंदगी बसर की, उन से कट के रह गया हूँ। और जिन लोगों में आ फंसा हूँ उन के वारे ही न्यारे हैं। अदब की बात करो तो तलवार का जवाब आता है। ड्रामे की बात करो तो शराब के गुन गाये जाते हैं। कुछ समझ में नहीं आता कि मैं कहां से कहां आ गया हूँ।" इस के बाद वह मुझे ढेरे ले गया। रात गये तक बातें होती रहीं। बाकी बातों को कल के लिये उठा रखा और मैं देर से ढेरे लौटा।

साधू की सब से बड़ी खूबी यही थी कि उस ने असली चेहरे पर नकली चेहरा नहीं चढा रखा था। वह रियाकार नहीं था। उस का दरौन और बेरौन एक जैसा था। यही वह चीज़ें हैं जिन्होंने ने मुझे उस का गिरवेदा बना दिया था। साधू जैसा दोस्त और भाई तलाश करने पर भी नहीं मिलता।

और जब मिल जाये तो क्या कहने। ऐसा दोस्त मिलना तो दोनों जहां पाने के मस्दाक है। क्या कभी हमारी मुलाकात होगी ऐसे आदमी से, जो साधू का मुबदल हो। मुझे तो यकीन नहीं आता क्योंकि इस भरी दुनिया में अपनी पचास साला जिंदगी में मुझे दूसरा साधू कहीं नज़र नहीं आया।

साधू के साथ मेरी आखिरी मुलाकात कब हुई, पूरी तरह याद नहीं। अलबत्ता इतना ज़रूर याद है 1982 के गर्मा के दिन थे। रुखसत होते वक़्त मैं ने उसे याद दिलाया कि वह अपनी किताब का दीबाचा लिख दे, जो किताब किताबत के लिए उस ने मेरी वसातत से मोहम्मद यूसुफ मिस्कीन को दी है और जिस का मुस्सवदा अभी तक उसी के पास है। मेरी याद देहानी पर वह हंस पडा और कहा, “लद्दाख में रह कर तो मैं यह काम नहीं कर सका मगर अब के दिल्ली पहुंचते ही यह काम पूरा करूंगा। किताब का दीबाचा दिल्ली से तो नहीं आया अलबत्ता उस के शव को लेने के लिये हमें हवाई अड्डे जाना पडा। साधू की किताब मेरे ऊपर एक ऐसा बोझ, एक ऐसा कर्जा है जिसे चुकाये बगैर मैं मरना नहीं चाहता।

कश्मीर का पहला अफसाना निगार जिस ने उर्दू दुनिया से अपना लोहा मनवाया, प्रेम नाथ परदेसी है। अगर कोई आज मुझ से सवाल करे गा कि परदेसी का कौन सा अफसाना शाहकार है, तो मेरा जवाब बिना झिजक होगा ‘सोम नाथ साधू’। क्योंकि साधू ने एक लम्हे के लिए हम सब को तहीर में डाल दिया और फिर चला गया। वहां जहां से कोई लौट कर नहीं आता। साधू एक ऐसा अफसाना बन कर जिया जिस के अंदर कितने ही ज़खीम नावल सिसकते सिसकते दम तोड बैठे। वह आज के ज़माने का मंसूर अली खान था। मंसूर अली खान, जो हिंदुस्तानी तमहुन की एक अलामत है।

ब्रोडकास्टिंग की तारीख में साधू का यह कारनामा हमेशा याद रहेगा कि उस ने एक ऐसे फेमिली फीचर की इब्तिदा की जो गुज़िशता 22-23 साल से कमोबेश रोज़ाना नशर होता है। और जिस की इफादियत अभी तक कायम है। यह फीचर जिसे साधू एक दहायी तक अपने कलम और अदाकारी से सींचता रहा, कश्मीर के लोगों की जिंदगी का एक हिस्सा बन गया था। चुनांचि अब जून-डब कश्मीरी में कमोबेश एक तल्लीह बन गयी है। इस फीचर के खालिक साधू और पुशकर हैं। साधू तो रहा नहीं और पुशकर अब रिटायर होगया है। और उस के साथ ही अब जून-डब के रिटायर होने के दिन भी आ पहुंचे हैं। साधू की मौत से ब्रोडकास्टिंग के शोबे में एक खला पैदा हो गया जो कभी पूरा नहीं होगा। हां यह बात ज़रूर है कि सरकारी काम कभी रुकता नहीं और उसे रुकना भी नहीं चाहिए। क्योंकि रुकना मौत की अलामत है। साधू कितना अच्छा अदाकार था इस का तो अब सिर्फ तस्सवुर ही किया जा सकता है। उस की संगीत की मधुरता लिए आवाज़ और हंसी एक समां बांध देती थी। जब वह मकालमे अदा करता था तो उस वक़्त लगता था कि गुलाब अपनी पंखडियों को बडी आहिस्तगी से खोल रहा है। अदाकार और मुन्तज़िम साधू अदीब भी था, ड्रामा निगार और एस्से लिखने वाला। उस के ड्रामों का एक अपना अंदाज़ था। उस ने नक्ल के बजाए अपना रास्ता खुद ही तराश लिया था। उस की तहरीर में तन्ज़ के ऐसे शोले लपकते हैं जो मुजरिम को झुलसाए बगैर नहीं रह सकते। उस की तहरीर का तीखापन अपने अंदर एक खास कशिश रखता था। उस के ड्रामों की मकबूलियत का राज़ यही है कि वह किर्दार की जात में उतर कर उस के अंदरून को कागज़ पर बिखेरता था। वह किर्दारों के नफसियाती तजज़िये में काफी गौर व खोज से काम लेता था। जीती जागती जिंदगी से लिए गए उस के किर्दार पूरे समाज की कदरों के अक्कास हैं। उस के दो ड्रामे ‘खालिक काख’ और ‘नॅव न्वश’ जदीद समाज के खोखलेपन के चेहरे को बे-नकाब करते हैं। अगर यह बात सच है कि तखलीक के परदे के पीछे फनकार की

शख्सियत झलकती है और फनकार के अंदर की आवाज़ होता है तो साधू के कई ड्रामे उस की जात का आईना हैं। साधू से मुलाकात के मुतम्मनी उस के ड्रामे 'खालिक काख' का मुतालह करके अब भी उस से मिल सकते हैं। अगरचे वह अब हमारे दरमियान मौजूद नहीं मगर उस ड्रामे का मरकज़ी किर्दार कोई और नहीं, खुद साधू है। खुलूस और इन्सानियत का पैकर। जो फूल उगाता है मगर कांटे उस का हिस्सा बन जाते हैं। फर्क अगर है तो सिर्फ नाम का।

साधू ने पुश्कर के साथ मिल कर कश्मीरी को बहुत ही खूबसूरत किर्दार दिए हैं। जो अपने ज़माने की लताफतों और कसाफतों का आईना हैं। 'बब जी', 'आगुँह सॉब', 'आगुँह बाय', 'चरखचू', 'कबिली आलम', 'म्बुँह', 'म्बुँह पिपिज' ऐसे किर्दार हैं जो बार बार याद किए जाएँगे।

1965 की हिंद-पाक जंग के दौरान रेडियो कश्मीर से 'व्वतल बुजि' नाम का एक फीचर रोज़ाना सुबह नव बजे नशर होता था जो इतना मकबूल हुआ कि बिस्तर से उठते ही आम आदमी का हाथ रेडियो की तरफ जाता था। वह लोग भी इस फीचर को सुने बगैर नहीं रहते जो फीचर के मकासिद से मुत्तफिक नहीं थे। किसी फीचर की कामयाबी का इस से बह कर और क्या सबूत हो सकता है। रिवायत है कि जंग बंदी के वक्त पाकिस्तान ने यह शर्त भी रखी थी कि जंग बंदी के साथ इस फीचर को भी बंद किया जाना चाहिए। फीचर का खालिक साधू था जो कबिली आलम का रोल अदा करता था। यही हाल 'बब जी' का भी था। जिस रोज़ यह फीचर नशर होता था घर के बड़े बूढ़े बगलें झांकने लगते कि कहीं अब के कुछ हमारे बारे तो नहीं है। इस फीचर में जदीद और कदीम कदरों के टकराव को निहायत कामयाबी के साथ पेश किया जाता था।

ऐसा कौन कश्मीरी होगा जो 'ज़ून-डब' के नाम से वाकिफ नहीं। यह रोज़ाना फीचर कश्मीर की समाजी ज़िंदगी का आईना खाना रहा है। रेडियो से नशर होने वाले इस फीचर के गुज़िश्ता सालों के फाइल अगर देखे जाएँ तो इस दौर की समाजी और सकाफती ज़िंदगी की मुकम्मल तारीख मुरतब की जा सकती है। जिन दिनों साधू इस फीचर का इंचार्ज था, रोज़ाना फीचर होने के बावस्फ सामाईन को कभी भी बासीपन का एहसास नहीं होता था। फीचर प्रोग्राम की एक खसूसियत यह थी कि इस के अदाकारों के दरमियान इस कदर हम-आहंगी और अपनापन था कि 'आगुँह सॉब', 'आगुँह बाय', 'म्बुँह पिपिज' और 'नज़ीर' सचमुच एक ही घराने के अफराद लगते थे।

साधू की शख्सियत इंद्रधनुश थी। जिस के कई रंग हैं मगर वजूद एक ही है। जो आंख झपकने में उभर आती है और आंख झपकने के साथ ही तहलील हो जाती है। उसी तरह साधू ने हमारे दरमियान रह कर रंग बिखेर के रख दिये और तहलील हो गया। उस ने 45 से ज़्यादा ड्रामे रेडियो और स्टेज के लिए लिखे। उस की काविशे कलम का नतीजा कुछ 'एस्से' भी हैं। उस की तहरीर का अक्सर व बेशतर हिस्सा अभी तक छप नहीं सका है। उस के ड्रामे सुनने वाले को बहा के ले जाते हैं। यही उस के फन का एजाज़ है।

साधू के कामयाब ड्रामों में 'जानकी', 'ल्वकुट बोय', 'जू रंग', 'शमा-दान', 'बाग्यवान', 'शर्त', 'आवलुन' और 'रिहर्सल' अब भी सामाईन के जेहनों पर नक्श हैं। 'नॅव न्वश' और 'खालिक काख' साधू के ऐसे दो ड्रामे हैं जो कश्मीरी अदब में मुस्तकल जगह पाने के मुस्तहक हैं। 'रिहर्सल' ड्रामे को उस ने पुश्कर की रफाकत में 'ग्रेंड रिहर्सल' के नाम से स्टेज के लिए लिखा। इस ड्रामे के मुस्सवदे को कल्चरल अकादमी ने इनाम के लिए मुन्तखब किया। 'ज़ून-डब' की कामयाबी पर उस को 1974 में सदरे जम्हूरिया ने पदम श्री के एजाज़ से नवाज़ा। साधू के साथ यह एजाज़ मरियम बेगम और पुश्कर भान को भी उसी साल दिया गया। ड्रामों के अलावा जो मालूमाती फीचर वगैरा

उस ने लिखे, उन की गिनती करना मुमकिन नहीं। सिर्फ जून-डब को ही लीजिए और कहिए कि तादाद क्या होगी।

साधू के लिखने का तरीका भी कुछ अनोखा था। आम लिखने वाला तन्हाई में सोच समझ कर लिखता है। मगर साधू लोगों के बीच बैठ कर लिखता था। आप से बात भी हो रही थी और मकालमा भी लिखा जाता था। सिग्रेट के कश भी लिए जाते थे। बीच बीच में चाय की चुस्की का मज़ा भी लिया जाता और वकफा के दौरान कलम हरकत में आकर कागज़ को सियाह करता जाता था।

साधू का जन्म 5 अगस्त 1935 को मलिक आंगन, फतेह कदल श्रीनगर में हुआ था। उस के वालिद पंडित प्रेम नाथ परदेसी, जो किसी ज़माने में सरकारी अताब से बचने के लिए बालक राम बारी के नाम से भी लिखते थे, उर्दू के जाने माने अफसाना निगार थे। परदेसी के कई अफसानवी मजुमए शायो हो चुके हैं मगर अब नायाब हैं। अदब के रसिया और अदीब प्रेम नाथ परदेसी ने अपने बड़े बेटे सोम नाथ को साइन्स पर लगाने की सई की क्योंकि उन्होंने अदब की दुनिया का मज़ा चखा था और भांप लिया था कि यह दुनिया घाटे की दुनिया है और इस दुनिया में रह कर सुख चैन की तमन्ना करना नामुमकिन है। सोम नाथ इस राह पर कुछ दूर तक चला। बी-एस-सी के बाद उस ने एम-एस-सी में दाखला लिया। मगर एन इसी मोड पर परदेसी साहब म्यादे के आप्रेशन के बाद परलोक सिधारे और पढाई को अधूरा छोड कर साधू को ग्रहस्ती का बोझ उठाना पडा। क्योंकि अब वह घर का सरबराह था जिसे बयक वक्त बाप और भाई का रोल निभाने के साथ साथ घर की गाडी को भी खींचना था। हर जिम्मेवारी को कंधा देना उस का मुक्कदर बन चुका था। वापस आया तो रेडियो में स्टाफ आर्टिस्ट की हैसियत से मामूली तनख्वाह पर मुलाजिम हो गया। क्योंकि अब सिर्फ यही एक रास्ता उस के सामने खुला था। इस सिलसिले में साधू ने मेरे नाम एक खत में लिखा है : “अपनी ज़िन्दगी का हाल क्या लिखूं। यह एक बहुत बडी ट्रेजिडी है। पिताजी मुझे डाक्टर बनाना चाहते थे, मगर मैं मस्खरा बन के रह गया।”

साधू ने 1955 में रेडियो की मुलाजिमत इख्तियार की। यहां उसे साइन्स के बदले ज़बान का सहारा लेना पडा। तजरुबात की दुनिया में गुज़र बसर करने वाले साधू को अल्फाज़ के गुलदस्ते सजाना पडे। मगर उस ने जल्द ही अपने आप को नये सफर के लिए तयार किया। और इस तरह तयार किया कि कामयाबी ने उस के पैर चूम लिए। जिस अदबी माहौल में उस ने तरबियत पायी थी वह अदबी माहौल रेडियो में मुलाजिम होने के बाद उस का बेश कीमत असासा भी बन गया और रहबर भी। मज़कूरह बाला खत में उस ने मज़ीद लिखा है: “मुझे बचपन से ही अदब के साथ थोडा बहुत शगुफ था। जब पिताजी ज़िन्दा थे उन दिनों हमारे घर हर इतवार को अदबी मजलिस हुआ करती थी। जिस में रियासत और रियासत से बाहिर के अदबा शरीक होते थे। इन महफिलों में मुझे महजूर साहिब, आसी साहिब, रामानंद सागर, बलराज साहनी, राजिन्दर सिंह बेदी, देवेंदर सत्यार्थी, डा० तासीर, प्रो० हाशमी और सुहैल अजीम आबादी जैसे जलील-उल-कदर अदबा को देखने का मौका मिला। इन महफिलों में मेरी ड्यूटी मेहमानों को चाय और सिग्रेट पेश करके एक कोने में बैठ कर बहस का लुत्फ लेना होता था। उन दिनों 13 उर्दू रिसाले हमारे घर आते थे। मैं यह रिसाले बाकायदगी के साथ पढा करता था। पिताजी ने मुझे रिसाले पढते देख कर एक दो बार खरी खरी सुनाई। मेरा रिसाला पढने का शौक तो जाता रहा मगर चिंगारी बुझने नहीं पाई। यही चिंगारी बाद में मेरे काम आई।”

साधू ने स्टेज पर भी काम किया और फिल्म में भी। मचामा सिरीज़ का 'सुलुह गोदुह' तो कश्मीरी का यादगार किर्दार है।

मेरी नज़रों में साधू एक देवता था जो देवलोक को छोड़ कर थोड़े दिनों के लिए ज़मीन पर आ गया था। देवताओं ने उसे बुलाया ओर चला गया, हमें रोता छोड़कर:

मत सहल हमें जानो फिरता है फलक बरसों
तब खाक के परदे से इन्सान निकलते हैं ॥



अहूँ-फूट्य दुख

... म. क. रैना



Note: In the Devanagari-Kashmiri Script, Avagrah ॐ has been replaced by ~ as a step towards standardisation of the Script. Hence दऱर (hard) will be written as दॅर and दाऱर (window) as दॉर Readers please note. - Editor.

अॅलिफन तुलनय आलमे बाला
बेहन दो'पुँनस बे'ह
पेहन दो'पुँनस पानय पुँछूय-तव तेहस कथ प्यठ ते'ह

टेहस प्यटुँहकनि टऱहजा तॅथ्य् मंज
सेहन समर ओ'न
जीमन ओ'नुनम जनतुक प्याला'ह चीमन लोगुम च्यो'न

हय ओस हॉली सॉली आमुत
खय ह्यथ खॅदमथगार
दाल दयालन आलथ कॅडनस डाला'ह मारान डार

जाल जॅलीला'ह जॉनिथ मॉनिथ
पथकुन चूरे रूद
रेशल रेहा छारान रूदुस को'त बा गव नाबूद

डेहस लॉनिस डाखा'ह गोमुत
जेबन दो'पनस पख

चो'गुल्च्य् चेहस जातुख हावव कर गछि बाकन थख

सीना'ह दारिथ सीना'ह ओसुय
ब्रांदस लागान रब
शीनन पशुकुय शीना'ह वोलुस तेंथ्य् प्यठ द्युतुनस दब

स्वाद सराफन सूदा'ह खारिथ
पांचन पंचा'ह कॅर्य
ज्वाद जॅयीफस नखुँह प्यटुँह वॉलिथ चादर नीनस खॅर्य

त्वय-दार ताई ओस हातम अखा'ह
क्रखा'ह दिवान हे
बोया'ह कां'ह मा हाजथ मंदा'ह बे'नि मा फाकय छे

जॉलिम जो'य ओस प्रारान सातस
खातस करि हे चूर
ऑकुँल ऑना'ह ब्रोंह कनि रूदुस गॉनन ओ'नुनस ग्यूर

फे फराशन फरशा'ह को'रनम
बो'रनम माय तुँ लोल
दो'पनम इकुँहवटुँह रूजिथ बाया'ह नफरँच गालव ब्योल

काफ कॅरीबन सतथ वो'हरुय
बुडिथ गोमुत ब्रेठ
कठकॅश्य् ऑठम दीवी निश गव मागस बूजुन ज़ेठ

कीफ कजुल मा चे'श्मन लॉगिथ
बागस लूटॅनि आव
गाटुल गाफा'ह जागे रूदुस ख्वरुँह मंजुँह नीनस खाव

लारुँक्य् लामन ऑनी मॉनी
दो'हलिय चेंगा'ह ज़ोल
मेंजुँर्य मीमन थापुँर कॅडनस लारान आव तस मोल

नादान नूनस नेंदुँर पेमुँच
वॅहराँच वावस मंज

हे हे कॅरिथुंय दॅरिथ द्युतुनस हांजॅनि हचिवुय कंज

येरी खानस यावुन आमुत

जामुत ताले मस

दो'पनम करुँखा'ह छवपुँव किनुँह वालय बर मंदिन्यन व्वज ठस



दुश्मन बना वही हमसाया

...म.ल.स्वर, नेरूल

दौर गजब का यारो आया

पत्थर से शीशा टकराया

जिस को मैं ने अपना जाना दुश्मन बना वही हमसाया

खुद-गर्जों की इस नगरी में

कौन है अपना कौन पराया

घर की याद जब परदेस में आयी रोशनी लगने लगी अंधियारा

आधी रोटी भली थी घर की

गोली के खौफ ने मारा

मनुष्य के कई रूप यहां हैं कातिल, ज़ालिम, शातिर, हथियारा

मोती की तो लाज बचा दे

सुन ले उस की फरियाद ज़रा



Children's Column

Achievement

Master Akshay Thusu S/o Dr. Rajinder Thusu, studying in Standard VIII of St. Dominic Savio High School, Andheri (East), Mumbai, was recently awarded the Gold Medal for a project on 'Nuclear Energy & Nuclear Reactors'. The award was given away by Dr. Peter Briggs, Chief Executive of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.



Story

Charu & the Witch

... Uncle M.K.Raina

Long long ago, across the high snow peaked mountains, was a Village called Kolor. Kolor was situated at the foot of a small hill. A mountain stream 'Hapatara' flowed near by. Hapatara had knee-deep water during the summer months, which would generally freeze at the top during harsh cold winters. Stones and boulders in the Hapatara, covered with snow during winter, presented a frightful sight to the village children, who could not play in its waters like they would, during the Summer. Come rains, and this small stream would get transformed into a turbulent river, carrying with it, boulders, big and small, uprooted trees and logs of wood from the upper reaches. Elders in the Village believed that the flood waters also brought with it, evil spirits.



Kolor village was situated on the left bank of Hapatara, and most of it would get inundated during rains because of floods. There was no inhabitation on the other side of the stream. The bank on this side of the stream was covered with thorny bushes, to provide a security barrier, to both the villagers and the cattle. Villagers would not venture on this side of the stream unless it was imperative. This area was a vast stretch of low-lying land, covered with wild vegetation and stagnant waters. Beyond it, was a very deep ravine and a high, snow peaked mountain called 'Vismainag'. Vismainag was densely covered with vegetation consisting of numerous herbs and poisonous plants. During the winter months, especially on the Amavasya night, people would hear heart ripping screams emanating from the Vismainag. Villagers would not dare to venture near this mountain, because many, who did in the past did not return back. Across Vismainag, they had heard from their forefathers, was a fort, which was inhabited by a witch. It was said that the witch had two long horns, and her eyes were flashing. It was believed, the witch would get hold of anyone coming that way and chant mantras to squeeze their souls out. The souls were put into a glass jar and the dead bodies tied to the tall trees in her courtyard. Villagers believed that all these people would be resurrected by an angel, who would one day descend from the heavens.

There was no proof to support these myths and beliefs, but for some episodes reported by the villagers. Five years ago, a strange incident took place. The brown horse of a village elder, Samang, turned violent while looking at the mountain, and crossed over to that side of Hapatara, never to return back. Samang said

he saw a white robed lady, almost five times the size of a normal human being, riding on the horse back and waving with her long outstretched arms, atop the mountain.

Yet, another tragic episode, corroborating the existence of a witch, took place: One day, in early spring, Charu and his friends Ketak and Gulu were playing hide and seek on the banks of Hapatara. During the course of play, Guloo hid himself behind a large boulder in the middle of the stream. Ketak and Charu, looked for him. Not finding him around on the bank, they quietly stepped into the waters of Hapatara. A couple of boys, were enjoying the game while seating by the riverside. To their dismay, dark clouds moving across the Vismainag engulfed the Sun momentarily. A strong hailstorm followed, giving the boys no time to come out of the stream. Charu and Ketak held each other's hand firmly and managed to come out and take shelter under a big cliff. But Gulu was not to be seen. Charu and Ketak called out to him, at their best but to no avail. After some time, the sky cleared and it was bright and sunny once again, but Gulu was not around. Charu and Ketak went into the stream again, looked at all the possible hideouts, but there was no trace of Gulu.

The two friends, weeping bitterly, decided to return home and break the tragic news. On their way back they heard strange sounds from across the stream. They turned around to look and saw the water in the pond under a big tree, with serpentine like branches, splashing by itself. Terror stricken, they lied down on the sands and watched the scene. They first saw an out stretched arm rising out of the waters, then a giant sized body, of a woman in white robes. She had Gulu tightly clutched in her left hand as she walked towards Vismainag. Gulu remained motionless, as if under a spell. Soon the woman was out of sight.

Charu and Ketak, terrified by the sight, ran homewards. They related the incident to one another, to make sure they were not daydreaming. Charu had noticed Gulu looking back while passing over the mountain but Ketak had not. Charu was sure, he had noticed two horns on the Witch's head and had also heard Gulu calling him for help.

Days passed by, yet, Charu could not help thinking about Gulu. What would the witch have done to him? Would she have taken out his soul and tied him to a tree? or Would she have eaten him alive? were some questions which sent a shiver down his spine. Ketak was not in his senses ever since that day. Village elders were helpless. No one dared to go to Vismainag and look out for Gulu. Even Gulu's parents were scared.

It was summer again. Charu was depressed. He went to Gulu's home to meet his parents. Gulu's parents were glad to see him, for, in him they saw a glimpse of their beloved son. They gave Charu, an earthen doll that belonged to Gulu as a token of their love. Charu showered a lot of love on the doll, as if it were Gulu himself. In a state of emotional turmoil he went near the stream and called out to his friend repeatedly. His calls echoed back. Exhausted, he fell asleep with the doll in his arms.

Charu dreamt, he was mounted on a horseback and flying in the air. He could see the village below. He flew over the jungles, over the snow capped mountains and rivers and over the dark and rainy clouds. As he looked below, he saw a number of small children playing in the waters of a lake. Water in the lake was clear and sky blue in colour. He descended a little and watched closely. He saw some children dragging a boy. The boy was trying to free himself from their hold but they would not let him go. They forced him to dive into the water, but he managed to free himself. He ran and sat under a tree, wailing. The boy, with his watery eyes looked at the sky. Charu dismounted from his horse back and came closer to wailing boy. He looked up, murmured something and hung his head down. Charu asked him why he was wailing? The boy replied, "I have lost my friend while we were playing in the lake. Will you help me to find him?" Both of them then mounted the horseback. The horse entered into the waters of the lake and reached its bottom. They saw a small boy tied to a large shell, with an iron chain. His eyes were sore. He looked at them and screamed for help. The shell had to be broken into two to free the boy but they did not have the means. Before Charu could think, he heard a loud roar, the like of which he had never heard before. They saw a

Rakshasa (Demon), sitting on a huge diamond throne, at some distance behind the shell. There were more than a dozen of demon servants serving him. The boys were scared. Rakshasa lifted his long magic wand and shot it at Charu. It came with a thundering sound, circling and swimming through the water. Charu bent his head and the wand hit the shell in the middle, which broke into two. The boy was freed but Charu fell down unconscious, as one of the pieces had hit him.

Charu woke up, and looked around. Finding himself still on the bank of Hapatara holding the earthen doll in his arms, he felt baffled. Was this a signal from the gods that Gulu was alive, and in trouble, needing help. That very moment Charu vowed that he would not rest till he found his friend and liberated him.

... To be continued



Report

Varshik Hawan

The Varshik Hawan was this time performed on 11-12 March at Kashyap Bhawan. Since last year, the Hawan is being performed in the Bhawan premises itself as the adjoining ground has been dug for construction. The cement flooring of the Bhawan grounds had smoothed the Hawan Mandap area. Hawan, this year has been as well attended as in the past, inspite of pre-poning of children's examination. The Mandap was well-decorated and the Mantras by our Guruji were supported by collective recitation of Mr. Manwati and Mrs. Dhar - an excellent recital of Sanskrit Shlokas. Naveed served was prepared with cooking help from Jammu. This year Naveed was served well in time as the Puran Ahuti was held earlier than in the past. If this trend continues, which we hope it will, the late comers in future may have to change their time schedule. The Hawan collections were all time high. The biradari not only affirmed their faith in our spiritual heritage by their presence, but also by making good donations.

Cultural Nite

This year the Annual Cultural Nite and the fund raising function was held on 16th March, 2002 at Rangsharda auditorium. This year's special attraction was a singing session by the well known Kashmiri Singer Shri Rajinder Kachroo. His rendition of Kashmiri Bhajans and Gazals enthralled the audience. The only lacunae was that the audience wanted more but his cramped legs could continue no more. The audience was reluctant to leave, their thirst for music not having sufficiently quenched. The occasion started with Kashmiri rendering of songs by our youngsters who had won prizes in this year Mohan Lal Aima Music Award. The way these children sang their piece, gave us hope that our future generations shall not only indulge in music but not allow our language Kashmiri to die. These children are those born and brought up in Mumbai. They hardly speak Kashmiri. But their pronunciation in singing was often impeccable. This singing gave them confidence in using Kashmiri in day-to-day life. This was followed by presentation of Mohanlal Aima Music Awards, Zaan-2001 Awards and the Life Time Contribution Award. The Life Time Contribution Award was given to Shri J. L. Kasid for his dedicated service to the Mumbai Biradari over the last four decades (Citation is printed elsewhere). He thanked the Biradari in his acceptance remark and pointed out what the Biradari had gone through in his days. We had the honour of having Shri Amarnath Vaishnavi, the President of Yuvak Sabha and an undisputed leader of the KPs, on this occasion. He was presented a bouquet among loud applause. This year as usual everybody was looking for the skit by our youth. This time it was a parody on cricket match of Lagaan. Of course the setting here was KPs of Aurangzeb era, fighting for their right to live through cricket. The humour was overpowering that the whole hall was in cries of laughter. Yet the underlying theme did not go unnoticed. For blending fact and fiction in a cohesive whole, and in a very short time, credit goes to Sanjeev Kaul and his team of twenty Kashmiri amateurs. The whole program was blended by Mr. P. N. Wali, the program committee chairman.

Cultural Nite at Rang Sharada



Shri Manwati felicitating the Chief Guest
Shri A.N.Vaishnavi



Shri A.N.Vaishnavi releasing
KPA Souvenir 2002



Shri Manwati presenting
Life-time Contribution Award to Shri Kasid



Shri Rajinder Kachroo reciting Bhajan



Sections of the Audience



Shri Manwati with Mohan Lal Aima
Music Award Winners



Cast of the play 'Lagaan Chhum Dilas'



Shri Manwati felicitating Shri Rajinder Kachroo



Kashmiri Movie - "BUB"

The preview of Kashmiri film -"BUB" was held at the preview theatre - Nehru Centre. To those few who attended, it was a great experience. Few films with 'Kashmir violence' as a theme have come up during the last few years. None could draw a realistic picture that the film "BUB" has succeeded in doing. It is no wonder that it is stated to be based on true incidents. And realistic it is. It sometimes becomes difficult to make realism artistic but the creator of the film Jyoti Sarup has succeeded in both these areas.

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For Trade Enquires Contact:
Mr. N.K. Vyas, Manager, NFDC, Nehru Centre, Worli, Mumbai 400 018
Telefax: 4929096, Email: nkvyas@nfdcnet.co.in

I think it is the third film in Kashmiri, since Manziraat in the early fifties. The dialogues are authentic and crisp. No under or over play. The credit for the plot and script goes to Jyoti's sister. The music for a change is authentic Kashmiri, by Bhajan Sopori. The lyrics are superb and so are singers' voices.

The actors, are almost all Kashmiri. Mr. K.K.Raina, whose character runs throughout the movie, has done an excellent job. The young Sarup does a very superb restrained part. Mr. Virendra Razdan has a special role of a person both naive and manipulative.

The film has English sub-titles (thanks to Shri J.L.Manwati). This will enable the exhibition of the movie in the non-Kashmiri areas as well. I hope we get to view it in Mumbai. It is a must for all the KPs, if not those friends who evince interest in Kashmir and also regional cinema. Kudos to Jyoti Sarup.



Kashmiri Pandit Food

Kashmiri food has been talked about for a long time in India and abroad. But it is mostly the Kashmiri Muslim non-vegetarian food. Not much is said about Kashmiri Pandit food, which has an identity of its own - but usually not known outside.

Great Maratha - a few star hotel if ITC chain in Mumbai made a special effort to have a week long Kashmiri Pandit Food Festival. It was a great success (although understandably only a few Kashmiris visited it).

The spirit behind the whole program was the dynamic personality of Siddharth Kak. Cooks from Jammu were brought and trained to cook in five star ambience. The fair was full in terms of both vegetarian and non-vegetarian variety. You could find Gogji Razmah, Nadhery Churma, Chok Vangun besides the usual Rogan Josh, Kalia, Yakhni, Kababgah, Chok Charvan, Chaman, Damaloo, Monjhi etc. A great effort to cook them all in Mumbai with local supplies. Although Masala's were brought from Jammu. Om Takoo, our food specialist lent his hand to a considerable extent. Of course the credit goes to Mr.Haksar, the General Manager of the Hotel, who took this bold step.

Kashmiri Pandit identity receives another support with Kashmiri Pandit Food Festival - for food is an essential part of our cultural life.



Biradari News

Awarded

Mr Sameep Padora (S/o Mr. Maharaj & Mrs. Neelu Padora of Bandra, Mumbai) was recently awarded '**Innovative designer of the year 2001**' by the Architecture + design magazine in conjunction with the National Journal of Architecture and sponsors Spectrum Paints at a ceremony at the Oberoi Hotel, New Delhi. He was bestowed this award on the 5th of January 2002 by the ex. Prime Minister of India, Mr. I.K.Gujral at a ceremony in New Delhi. This prestigious award also includes a cash prize, a trophy and plaque that were presented to Architect Sameep Padora by the H'able Union Minister of Labour, Mr. Sharad Yadav and renowned architect Mr. B.V.Doshi.

Architect Sameep Padora has also won other awards for his architectural ingenuity. His work has been published in various national periodicals of architecture and interiors. He has also presented his works at the Young Architects' Forum, a part of Urban Development Research Institute (UDRI), Mumbai.

Awarded

Awards for the Best Documentary Films / Videos in various categories were given away at Mumbai on 9th Feb. 2002 by the Mumbai International Film Festival (MIFF). **Shri Ajay Raina** won the **Golden Conch for best documentary** in the national category for his film '**Tell Them, The Tree They Had Planted Has Now Grown**'. The Award presented by national jury, chaired by Canadian Director Peter Wintonic, also carried a cash prize of Rs. 1.50 Lacs.

Nominated

Shri P. N. Khar of Nerul was Nominated as **Advisor** to **All India Confederation of Senior Citizens Organisations**, (AISCCON) on 28.12.01 at Shirampur Dist. Ahmed Nagar. He is also a Patron & Life Member of the All India Confederation of Pensioners, New Delhi and an Honorary Consultant for Central, All States Pensioners and Family Pensioners. Shri Khar has offered free services to Biradari members.



Kashmiri Visthapit Seva Samiti, Bangalore

According to a press release, the Samiti, observed 12th **Holocaust Day** under the chairmanship of Pradhan Shri A.K.Ticko, who reminded the gathering about the significance of Nishkasan Day (horrifying night of 19th January 1990). How Pak sponsored terrorists captured mosques, exhorting people to fight *jehad* against India, thus exploiting religious sentiments of majority community through public address system. Since this day, process of excesses/atrocities were accelerated overtly or covertly to eliminate Kashmiri Pandits, which resulted in their mass exodus. Today this community is in the 12th year of exile, neglected, hurt and slowly but surely perishing.



New Life Members

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