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**30 Years of Exile**  
**KASHMIRI HINDU GENOCIDE IGNORED**  
**(Special Issue)**

## DESTROYED TEMPLES IN VALLEY





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## Mekhal Ceremony of Kavish and Shivank Wali



**Chaman Lal Wali**

On the bright morning of 6 December 2019, Kavish and Shivank Wali had their heads shaved as part of a significant Kashmiri Pandit life-cycle ritual called mekhal. After conversations with their parents and grandparents explaining the importance of this ritual, both boys agreed to shave their hair and wear the sacred thread (yoniy in Koshur and Janeyu in Hindi). The boys' quiet cooperation in this matter added considerable value and meaning to this event.

Among Kashmiri Pandits, Mekhal marks a male child's initiation into his family's genealogical line (gotra) and requires the participation of maternal and paternal relatives. This event involves a series of ritual celebrations conducted by a priest specially trained in Kashmiri Pandit rituals. It begins with the auspicious application of mehendi on the children and family members (sat maenz and maenz raath). During these two rituals, the children's maternal aunts (maasi) wash their feet. Then their paternal aunt (bua) applies some maenz (mehandi) to their foreheads, hands, and feet. On maenz raath, family members come together for a musical evening of traditional Kashmiri music and delicious food.

The next day, ceremonies continue with a purification ritual called Devgon. As part of Devgon, the children are given a ritual bath by their maami (wife of maternal uncle) using yoghurt and water. Thereafter, the boys take a shower and their maternal uncles (mama) escort them back to the Devgon puja.

Devgon is followed by the main event, the day-long yagna called Mekhal. As part of Mekhal, a local barber shaves the boys' hair under the watchful eyes of family members and loved ones. The boys then dress in orange robes, and receive the responsibility of wearing the sacred thread for the first time. Family members and all those invited to the Mekhal attend the ceremony and offer their blessings in the form of Abeed—a sum of money given to the boys and ultimately collected by the priests who conduct the whole ceremony. Abeed is dropped into a ceremonial plate after the boys recite a mantra which the priest teaches them. This process symbolizes the act of students collecting guru dakshina for their teacher. As per tradition, the first Abeed is offered by the boys' maternal aunts and the last one by parents and grandparents. A visit to the temple to seek the blessings of god marks the successful completion of the Mekhal.

For Kavish and Shivank, these rituals lasted from 4 December to 6 December, and entailed a joyous gathering of extended family members. At the end of their mekhal, they visited Sharika Bhawan in Faridabad to seek the blessings of Sharika Bhagwati, the isht-devi of their family. In addition to shaving their heads as part of the Mekhal, both of them are now committed to observing the tradition of wearing the sacred thread.

Although Mekhal is analogous to the Brahmanical ritual called Upanayana observed by other Hindu communities, this particular form of observation is unique to Kashmiri Pandits. Often considered as significant as a wedding ceremony, mekhal is as much about observing rituals as reaffirming family bonds. It is our fond hope those future generations will continue to value and observe the rich traditions that the Kashmiri Pandit community has inherited from their ancestors.

**Chaman Lal Wali and Phoola Wali (Grandparents) Vishal and Karuna Wali (Parents of Kavish Wali)**  
**Ajay and Alka Wali (Parents of Shivank Wali) Shireen and Aarna (Sisters)**



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## THIS MONTH'S COVER

Cover page Painting - Exodus is made by renowned artist Sh.Bhushan Kaul which depicts the small group of people pushed away from home. More on it on page 13.

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# From the Editor-in-Chief



**Dear Readers,**

30 long years in exile is strangely compelling to think but terrible to experience. Our exile is undoubtedly unhealable wound forced on us due to being expelled from our homeland - Kashmir. The sadness of our exile cannot be surmounted; the exodus of Kashmiri Hindus is a saga of resilience in the face of insurmountable odds. The hoary days of our exodus accompanied by the shrill and hatred of 19<sup>th</sup> January are grim reminders of our genocide and the subsequent orgy of violence on our community. It was on this day that Islamist Jihadis publicly proclaimed genocide on Kashmiri Hindus from the pulpits of mosques. What followed was complete ethnic cleansing of the oldest living civilization from their own homeland as lakhs of Hindus were forcibly driven out of their homes and hearths under a well-orchestrated plan conceived by evil state Pakistan and executed by Kashmiri Muslims which was to ensure the merger of Kashmir valley with Pakistan.

Since then, 19<sup>th</sup> January is the day of our collective remembrance and to show the world that Hindus of Kashmir shall not forget and forgive those who were responsible for their persecution. The day also is a solemn occasion to commit ourselves to protect our nation from further onslaught of Islamic Jihad and to resolve that our collective remembrance shall make the nation aware about the impending dangers of the regressive forces of Jihad which are now knocking in the country at the alarming rate. The overtaking of Kashmir by regressive Islamic Fascism and the stoic silence of the so-called liberals is not only intriguing but also questionable.

## **Why Genocide of Hindus?**

Preceding 1990, a Sustained vilification campaign was launched against minority Hindus from none other than the so called secular leader, Sheikh Abdullah who himself referred to Kashmiri Hindus as Indian agents and fifth columnists. It was this hatred from political class which further crystalized the public opinion against them and manifested in hatred against Hindus in Kashmir. The religious seminaries run by Jamaat-e-Islami and Ahl-e-Hadis openly preached that Hindus are infidel's who are sworn enemies of Islam. This hatred was converted into physical violence against Hindus, as Jihadis believed that they are the only impediments in the total Islamisation of Kashmir. Hence, Hindus were branded as inveterate enemies of Islam who need to be obliterated. This dormant hatred was sometimes xenophobic and sometimes chimerical which was displayed openly by the majoritarian Muslims from time to time and more so on 19<sup>th</sup> January 1990 where It was bloodlust, and “a willing complicity” of the majority community which resulted in the Genocide of Hindus.

## **Genocide Ignored**

The ethnic cleansing of Kashmiri Hindus is one of the dark chapters of secular Independent India where the aborigines were exterminated and eliminated based on their religious affiliations. This genocide on Hindus was not a mere outcome of terrorist violence but an important design of evil state Pakistan to destabilize the valley, change the demographic balance to suit their agenda and to stoke the secessionist agenda through their quislings. There can be



no two opinions that the Jihad in Kashmir was an Islamic war on hapless Hindus. On 1<sup>st</sup> April 1990, the local Urdu newspaper, Daily Aftab carried the press release of Hizbul Mujahedeen. It said,

**“The aim of the present struggle is supremacy of Islam in Kashmir in all walks of life and nothing else. Anyone who puts a hurdle in our way shall be annihilated”.**

Despite glaring evidences of genocide an attempt by ruling dispensations both at the state and center have tried to ignore the persecution of Hindus and paint it as an aberration in order to hide it behind the veil of secularism. The three decades of Kashmiri Hindu genocide has not yet woken up the Indians as it seems their lives do not matter to the countrymen. Attempt was made by bureaucracy which were hand in glove with separatists to convey to the world that the exodus of Kashmiri Hindus from valley was only for economic reasons and voluntary. The denial of genocide was to cover up the persecution of Kashmiri Hindus and to garner a sympathy for perpetrators who were seeking separation from secular, democratic India for theocratic evil state of Pakistan. Indian state made every attempt to secure the mythical secularism on the blood and bones of Kashmir Hindus. Thus, a brand of secularism that sustained itself on denial of genocide and inline with repugnant Islamic State was forced upon the hapless victims.

### **Genocide Commission**

It's been 30 long years that not a single perpetrator for such a genocide is identified nor any trial constituted to give justice to the victims who are nationalist people and swear for the territorial integrity of India. Since last 30 years the hapless Kashmiri Hindus have been petitioning the successive governments both at center and state to constitute a genocide commission to

undertake the analysis of secessionism which led to the subsequent genocide. This commission can be constituted like what was done post Jewish Holocaust inline with Nuremberg war crimes. This commission should bring all the perpetrators to justice as was done few years ago for Gujarat victims. If India fails to protect its nationalistic people in Jammu & Kashmir then the message to the jihadi enterprise shall be that India does not care for its support base which eventually shall encourage the terror enterprise to raise its network in different parts of country and shall put a question mark on the secular, democratic credentials of current nationalistic government. India must not allow the perpetrators to roam freely while compelling the victims, who are nationalistic to the core, to languish in exile. This shall lead to mockery of our judicial system and that of covenants of UN of which India is the signatory.

### **Refolement of Displaced Hindus**

There appears to be no serious attempt by the governments to ensure return of genocide victims to the valley whereas this ethnic cleansing have led to despair and dejection among the Hindus due to their three-decade long exile from valley. For any return Government must address to the geopolitical aspirations of the community so that there is no future refolement of the community from their cherished homeland-Kashmir. At the same time, it is to be made clear to the jihadi cabal that Kashmiri Hindu has not left its claim on their homeland. We shall return on our terms when the evil Jihad is convincingly defeated and demolished. I sum up the feelings of every Kashmiri Hindu in the poetic lines of Tribubhuwan Nath Sapru 'Hijar',

*Tailuk Wohi Quam Ko hei Watan Se,  
Ki Jo Hai Ruh Ko Tailuk Badan Se.*

मनील रौन गणक

From the

President's Desk



## Remembering Our Own 'Kristallnacht'

By the time you receive your copy of Naad (January, 2020), we would have just gone through the renewed pain of remembering the *Nishkasan Day*, the Night of Jan 19/20, 1990. Those of us who were eye witnesses to the events of that night and who are still alive, must be wondering whether our countrymen and women or the political parties that rule us, have drawn any lessons from the events of that night- a night that proved to be a turning point as we approached our seventh exodus from Kashmir, ever since the arrival of Islam in the Valley in the 14<sup>th</sup> century.

Our community is quite fond of comparing our situation to the Jews, and for right reasons. However, our similarities to their situation cannot be extended beyond a point. Nevertheless, I would like to bring forth one situation which the German Jews suffered in 1938 at the hands of Hitler-led Nazis. On November 9 and 10, 1938, Nazis torched synagogues, vandalized Jewish homes, schools and businesses and killed close to 100 Jews. History remembers this day as 'Kristallnacht', or the *Night of Broken Glass*. During the mayhem over two days, some 30,000 Jewish men were arrested and sent to Nazi concentration camps. This event reminds us of what happened to us on Jan 19/20 night. However, the similarity to some extent, ends there.

Many factors saved us from total annihilation on this night, though the objectives of the Pakistan-sponsored (Policy implemented by its notorious Inter-Services Intelligence, ISI) Islamists, who are known by various names in Kashmir, i.e., separatists, militants, Jihadis, radicals,

terrorists, Salafists, Wahabis, even (in some cases), 'mainstream politicians', were fully met. Starting this date, over a period of nine months, the Valley was almost entirely cleansed of Pandits, the only community with significant numbers that professed different faith from the other community whose overwhelming presence represented 95 % of the population.

As we complete 30 years in exile, looking back at those events in the light of many revelations, few things stand out.

Why was our ethnic cleansing entirely overlooked by the powerful institutions of this country; the central government, political establishment, the media, the civil society, academia, human rights groups and everyone else who mattered? Some of these institutions were mandated by the constitution of the country as also by their own ethical standards to protect us, report about us and highlight our plight. But they did not do so. Why?

ISI had correctly assessed the reaction of the Indian State; its administrative machinery, the civil society, political parties and the media. The muted reaction of the Indian State to the happenings of 1986, in Anantnag district, had convinced them that any Indian reaction could be managed.

As far as the press was concerned, the ISI was confident that their own well-crafted and finely orchestrated disinformation campaign, would neutralize any negative fallout in the media. Their disinformation campaign had succeeded in obfuscating the reality by projecting the orchestrated tradition of Kashmiri Muslim's tolerance



and faith in secularism.

The civil society, dominated as it was by the left-liberal intellectuals, would not pose any serious challenge. In the opinion of the perpetrators of violence, the political parties in India, egged on by the media, were likely to get involved in the 'communal'/'secular' debate; in the process, masking the news about the violence let loose on Pandits in the Valley and our eventual exodus.

Later events would prove that the assessment of Islamists was almost entirely correct. The apathy with which all sections of the Indian society reacted, encouraged the radical elements and their armed militants to increase the tempo of violence. At the same time, indifferent attitude of the government, the civil society and the media towards the plight of Kashmiri Pandits, made the latter aware of the illusion of Indian secularism.

Why did not the Army, stationed at Badami Bagh / airport in Srinagar or the BSF/CRPF intervene to save us that night. Even hardcore militants have now accepted that a flag march of the central security agencies through the streets of Srinagar and other threatened towns/ villages would have ensured the dispersal of tens of thousands of Kashmiri Muslims who had poured on the roads. This would have instilled confidence among the Hindus who faced a life-threatening situation.

The role of Mufti Mohammad Syed, the first Muslim Home Minister of the country (A Kashmiri too), has increasingly come under the scanner. After all, as the undisputed boss of all central agencies, including the IB and central police forces, he could not have been unaware of the situation in Kashmir. His one clear instruction to the officers of BSF/ CRPF would have saved the situation on the night of Jan19/20 when KPs were close to being completely wiped out. What is worse, he was personally contacted by some of his KP

political friends, yet he did nothing.

Prior to the happenings of this night, Mufti's role in the communal riots of south Kashmir in 1986, in which a number of Hindu temples were destroyed and idols desecrated, has by now been well documented, including by those who knew him quite well.

The kidnapping of his daughter, Dr Rubaiya Syed by JKLF terrorists and release of five dreaded militants to secure her release while he was the Home Minister of the country, is now considered to be a stage-managed affair by him to carve out a political space for himself in Kashmir by endearing himself to the huge separatist lobby in Kashmir. Subsequent events of him forming PDP and its dalliance with separatists lends credence to this argument.

After the exodus of Pandits that saw them dispersed to various parts of the country and abroad, a huge segment sought shelter in refugee camps in Jammu and Delhi. Many families spent days and nights in shivering cold nights of north India, on foot paths for days on end. Such was the apathy of the establishment. That these refugees lived a pathetic life in torn tents and snake infested grassy rubble (where such camps had been established) till as late as 2006, when Two room Tenements were constructed, is a sad commentary on the callous state of our bureaucracy and political class.

The present government at the centre has taken some bold decisions to address the complicated problem of Jammu and Kashmir. Nevertheless, till Kashmiri Pandits do not go back to Kashmir in a secure environment with honour and dignity, for us we would not have redeemed our pledge to reclaim our ancestral land-Mauej Kashir.

*- Col. Tej K. Tikoo*  
*Email : tk.tikoo@gmail.com*  
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Maharaj K. Pajan



## General Secretary's Column

### Core Group Meetings

A number of meetings of the Core group members of AIKS were held to deliberate issues of concern for the organisation. These meetings were held at the headquarters at R K Puram under the president Col Tej Tikoo.

The meeting decided to hold the annual Mother Tongue Day coinciding with the International Mother Tongue Day which falls every year on 21<sup>st</sup> February. It was concluded to invite Sh Roop Krishen Bhat along with other eminent community lovers of Kashmiri language like Sh Arvind Shah, Sh B N Koul Deep to discuss and decide on the contours of the programme for 2020 and decide a suitable date for the event as this year Shivratri clashes with the specific date when the IMT is held.

The Core Group also reviewed the progress of the CWP being heard at the Jammu bench of Hon'ble J&K High Court, preparations for the Annual General Meeting, future activities for the period upto March 2020 and many other issues impacting our community members. It was concluded to enhance the features of AIKS website to make it more vibrant and interactive.

### Postponement of Annual General Meeting

The AGM of AIKS was scheduled to be held on 21st December 2019 at New Delhi and the notification for holding the meeting was issued to affiliate organisations, Parton and Life members, members of the executive committee and special invitees along with the agenda of the meeting well in time.

As the time for holding the meeting was nearing, New Delhi witnessed series of agitations from students, general public and others against the CAA act passed by both houses of the Indian Parliament. This resulted in disruption of normal life and threat to safety and security of people.

We received a number of requests for deferment of the AGM particularly from members

residing outside NCR. Under the circumstances, we were compelled to postpone the said meeting till things normalised.

AIKS sincerely regret the inconvenience to members consequent to this postponement. With normalcy having returned, we are now holding this meeting on 1st February 2020 after providing the customary notice period as regulated by the constituted.

All members are requested to make it convenient to attend the AGM as per revised notification.

### Condolence on Demise of Sh. M L Kaul

An extraordinary meeting of the Executive Committee of AIKS was convened on 4<sup>th</sup> Jan at AIKS Office to condole the passing away of Sh. M L Kaul, former General Secretary of organization at New Delhi on 4<sup>th</sup> Jan. The meeting was presided over by its President, Col Tej K Tikoo (Retd).

Sh. M L Kaul was the General Secretary of AIKS for nearly fifteen years and worked with three Presidents of AIKS. During his long stint as the General Secretary, Sh. Kaul shouldered this crucial responsibility with dedication and devotion of a very high order. He was instrumental in translating many crucial decisions into action at a time when the community was trying to find its feet after being forcibly displaced from Kashmir Valley. His sincere efforts in this direction helped the organization in rendering necessary assistance to the community at the most opportune time.

AIKS would like to place on record its deep sense of loss on the passing away of one of its stalwarts. It conveys its heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family and prays to almighty to grant peace to the departed soul. We also pray to God to give strength to the near and dear ones of Sh. M L Kaul to bear this irreparable loss with courage and fortitude.

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## KSS, Faridabad Held Second AGM

Kashmiri Sewak Samaj, Faridabad, held second AGM of its Collegiums on December 15, 2019 in J N Kaul Memorial Hall at Sharika Bhawan, Sector 17, Faridabad. The meeting was attended



by a large number of members. The chief guest of the AGM was Professor Sudhir Sopory. The meeting started with traditional lighting of lamp. President KSS, Dr S K Handoo gave an overview of the achievements of the past two years for which the current General Council has been at the helm of KSS operations. He sought active support of all the biradari members to make the community services more inclusive. In his report, the General Secretary, Mr Puran Patwari, ran the members through the past year's activities and the milestones achieved by Samaj. Many Collegiums members shared their views



and made valuable suggestions for improving the activities of Samaj. There was a strong opinion to engage with the Community members in Faridabad and seek their active participation. The meeting concluded with lunch served to the members.

## Ishwar Ashram Trust Conducted 7th Workshop on Kashmir Shaivism Workshop Series

By the Grace of Guru Dev, a weeklong Workshop on Ahinka 1, Verses 107-244 from Swami Lakshmanjoo's Commentary on Acharya Abhinavagupta's Sri Tantraloka was conducted from December 1 to 7, 2019 at Delhi Kendra, Sarita Vihar, New Delhi. As is known, Tantraloka is considered as a masterpiece from the great Acharya Abhinavagupta, and has been recognized as the most outstanding teacher of the Shaiva philosophy. Tantraloka means the Light on the Tantra and is concerned with the philosophy and practice of the monistic tradition



called as the Trika System, also known as Kashmir Shaivism by virtue of Kashmir having become the fountain head of this great philosophy.

A distinguished faculty organised by the Trust to conduct the workshop included Dr. Navjivan Rastogi (Retd. Prof. Lucknow University), Dr. Meera Rastogi (Lucknow), Dr. Nihar Purohit (Varanasi), Dr. Rajneesh Mishra (JNU) and Prof. ML Kukiloo (IAT, Delhi)

This year 6 seekers participated from all over India. All the seekers had a good background of Kashmir Shaivism and participated very actively during the week. On the inaugural day of the workshop, each seeker introduced him/her self followed by receiving

the course material kit from the faculty. The day concluded with a soul elevating Mantra chanting by Swami Krishna Dev, one of the participants, and an exhilarating Santoor recital by Shri Sunil Raina Rajanaka. A vote of thanks was presented by Prof. ML Kukiloo on behalf of the Ishwar Ashram Trust.

## **Mahesh Kaul's Book on J&K Subversion Hits Stands**

Dr Mahesh Kaul's book titled Jammu and Kashmir Breaking Subversion Web and A Way Forward hits the stands. The book was released by BJP State president Ravinder Raina at a simple but impressive function held at Press Club here this afternoon which was attended by a galaxy of intellectuals and prominent citizens.

Addressing the gathering BJP president Ravinder Raina said "The Book is a comprehensive document that challenges the false narrative on Jammu and Kashmir to give illegitimate space to the subversives who were being patronized by the State and allowed to wreck the Indian nation from the State. The truth about the nationalist people of J&K was never told", he added.

He said "What we witnessed in 1990 in terms of the religious cleansing of Kashmiri Pandits is clear case of genocide. The selective killings of nationalist leaders like Tika Lal Taploo, Prem Nath Bhat besides the inhuman murder of innocent people like Sarla Bhat exposes the communal and anti national agenda of Jehadis and their mentors in Pakistan", he added.

Sham Lal Sharma former Minister who was guest of honor said " We have witnessed tremendous onslaught on the nationalist forces in J&K and this was being done by the forces inimical to the unity and integrity of India",

Ajay Bharti former MLC in his speech said "This book is an apt instrument to defeat the false narrative on Jammu and Kashmir. The persecutor is being projected as the persecuted as lies are being repeated as truths when it comes to J&K", he added.

PK chairman Dr Ajay Chrungoo in his address dwelt at length on subjects of the book and said neutralization of 370, scrapping of 35 A and CAB will generate a new discourse of India for its renaissance and strengthen the cultural and civilizational India.

Dr S D S Jamwal, Director S K Police Academy said first time the book has been written that delves at length with the problem of insurgency in J&K while author Mahesh Kaul said J&K is the frontline of Indian nation that has stood as the bulwark against the fissiparous tendencies in dismantling of the Northern Frontier of India.

Poornima Sharma Deputy Mayor JMC, Sanjay Arya, CEO Shubhi Publications Gurugram, Dr Kavita Suri, Director, Department of Life Long Learning University of Jammu and Vikas Kapoor a researcher on J&K, Yurvaj Gupta, Yoginder Kandhari, Col (Retd) J P Singh, Rajan Gandhi an eminent columnist also spoke on the occasion. The proceedings were conducted by Sakshi Raina.



## Er. Vinod Kumar's Book "Sheen" Released



"Sheen", a collection of short stories in Kashmiri hits stands. The book has been written by author Er. Vinod Kumar. The book was released in a literary function organized by Young Writers Guild at K.L Saigal Hall here today. There are fifteen short stories in the book "Sheen" that revolve round the incidents during and after the forced exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from the valley. The heart touching short stories touches the sensitive human relations during those turbulent times and even after the exodus. The stories also reveal the hardships which the community people face in exile. The book has been written in both Devnagri and Nastaleeq scripts.

## Devotional Programme Held in Sharika Bhawan, Faridabad

A devotional Program PAARZAN held in Sharika Bhawan, Faridabad by the YMA Shehjar kids in collaboration with KSS Faridabad & Save Sharda Committee on December 15, 2019. More than fifty Kashmiri Pandit children, from Delhi and NCR, sang bhajans, presented dance performances, played instrumental music, Quiz and also staged short plays. Before a jam packed hall of Biradari members many elderly men and women, who came along with them, and also the ones who came to attend the programme, were seen in their traditional attire.



## Naad Congratulates

NAAD congratulates Adiv Soporee S/o Amit Soporee and Sonika Soporee, Faridabad presently at Nagpur for his outstanding achievements in Rolling Skating Competitions, on winning Gold Medals in 57th National Championship organised by RSFI (Roller Skating federation of India) at Vizag in Dec 2019, three gold medals in the District level competition organised by NDRSA (Nagpur District Roller Skating Association) in Nov 2019, three Gold Medals in 30<sup>th</sup> Maharashtra State Championship in Nov 2019 organised by Skating Association of Maharashtra (SAM) at Nandurbar and a Gold Medal in the National Ranking Skating Competition held at Greater Noida in October 2019.

We wish him good luck for his future endeavours.

**Cover Page Painting :** The pictorial elements in the painting titled 'Exodus' 4 x 5 feet in size are expressed in a very tangible form such as deep dark cloud stretched to maximum. A small unit of people pushed to the extreme in the space (minimizing their existence), faces and body partially engulfed by the deep shadow. All that is under light are fragile bare feet. The small house deep in landscape shows what is left behind. All, this fragile figure is carrying is some piece of paper (symbolizing tradition/knowledge), the total atmosphere created in the picture is painful and grim.





# Why I Am Not A Terrorist

Life in the idyllic valley seemed to possess a surreal quality—the locals leading a carefree life, tourists from all over the world flocking in large numbers and filmmakers from Bollywood making a beeline to shoot their films at exotic locales. After independence of India, the social and economic development of Kashmir valley was in full swing, the future seemed exciting and full of promise. There was communal harmony, barring a few stray incidents — which, though frightening, were nothing compared to the horror that was to visit this ancient land of rishis. This sacred land, which derives its name from Kashyap rishi, has a long line of patron saints of yore, loved and

Shankaracharya hill, sharing of comics and books —are still fresh and vivid in my mind. The most cherished are the bear hugs his mother would give me, she treated me as her own son. Alas! All this did not last long, for fate had decided to deal a harsh blow to the peaceful coexistence of different cultures. My friend's mother would always tell me to keep him close to me, fearing he might fall into the company of radical elements, who had started raising their ugly head in the peaceful valley.

Over last seven centuries our unfortunate valley has witnessed innumerable episodes of pogrom and consequent mass exodus of its aboriginal Hindu population. Notwithstanding

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**There were hundreds of Hindu men, women and children—holding suitcases and bags stuffed with whatever little belongings these could hold—marching towards the bus stand**

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venerated by all the communities. Among them Lalleshwari and Sheikh Noor ud-Din Wali (lovingly called Nund Rishi) being the most prominent names; their lives and sayings have deeply influenced the composite culture of the valley.

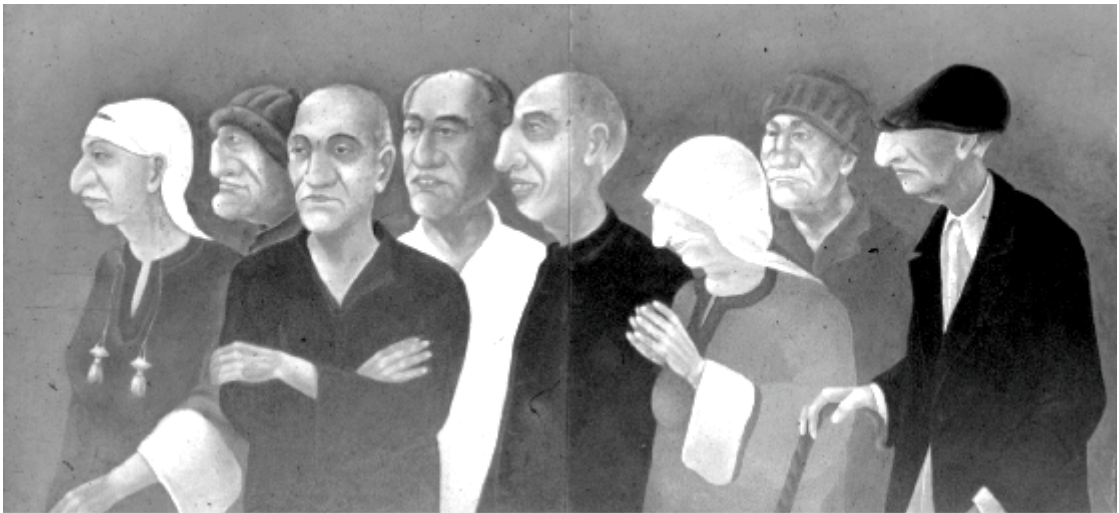
Growing up in Kashmir I had quite a few friends, of all the communities. One friend, belonging to the Muslim community, stood out amongst them. Being best friends we spent a lot of time together. Notwithstanding the intervening three decades, the memories of those days — the school, the picnics, the walks by the famous Dal Lake, the climbs up the

this indisputable fact of history, there was absolutely no foreboding of the reign of terror that was to be unleashed by the foreign-sponsored local terrorists. In the name of religion they were to once again violently tear apart the syncretic social fabric of this heaven on earth. In 1989, when the terrorists started targeted killings and arson and rape, there spread a pall of fear among the Hindu aboriginals—though well aware of the dark periods of history their ancestors had faced, the gory events took them utterly by surprise. It seemed like a nightmare but, sadly, it was for real—and it was to affect their way of life

forever. The atmosphere was tense, and each killing raised the sense of fear and helplessness that loomed over them.

It was in this backdrop, one winter morning, I and my family witnessed a scene which shook us profoundly, and was to eventually upend our lives as well. We were sleeping when my mother woke us up, and called us over to the porch. The sight we saw on the roads left us stunned—in fact, petrified! There were hundreds of Hindu men, women and children—holding suitcases and bags stuffed with whatever little belongings these could hold—marching towards the bus stand, fleeing the valley which had been the home to their ancestors and cradle of their unique Sanatana heritage for five thousand years! Fear for their

not react at all? Can't someone give an armed response to these barbaric terrorists?" In a fit of rage, I retorted, "If you allow me, I am ready to pick up weapons, and fight for my people." He was taken aback, not expecting this sort of reaction from his adolescent son. It took him a moment to realise he should not have stoked the emotions of a youngster to such an extent. "No, No, you don't have to do that, I was just taken over by the swell of my emotions. You concentrate on your studies, your 11<sup>th</sup> standard examination is round the corner." I responded angrily, "This is the problem! How can we expect some other person to make the sacrifice that we ourselves are not ready to make?" He just kept quiet and did not reply, his gaze transfixed at the extraordinary scene unfolding



*Painting oil on Canvas by Veer Munshi*

lives and honour of their women writ large upon their faces, these hapless people were abandoning their houses, shops, farms and temples. Little did they realize then, they were marching towards a permanent exile and a never ending refugee status—the safety of their families and the honour of their womenfolk being their overriding concern. The deafening silence of the Muslim populace, to the ethnic cleansing being carried out, was more distressing than the blood-curdling acts and the venomous rhetoric of the terrorists.

Seeing this depressing sight my father was deeply shaken, and something inside him snapped, and he said angrily, "Are we going to be mute spectators of this ethnic cleansing, and

before us.

The turbulent events continued around us—loud speakers from Mosques blaring out threats, central government buildings being burned down and so on—but, in spite of all that, I was made to concentrate on my studies by my parents. Finally the situation became extremely dangerous due to the wanton acts of violence carried out by the terrorists, and the rule of law did not seem to exist anymore. Anyone could be killed just by branding him a spy of the central government. This anarchy forced us to leave our home town Srinagar, for the city of Jammu, in the small hours of a spring morning. We took with us just two iron trunks—a small one carrying few utensils and a big one my

books—leaving behind almost all other belongings, and our ancestral house. I still vividly remember looking back at our dear home one last time, something deep inside telling me to soak in the moment — we would never be able to see our home again.

Being flooded with refugees from Kashmir, it was very difficult to find a descent place to stay in Jammu. We ended up renting a one-room accommodation without a kitchen or toilet, for first few days. Life was difficult there, my parents desperately looked for a better accommodation, which they managed to get in a very far off location. While all this was going on, I was preparing for my 11<sup>th</sup> standard examination and my parents tried to make my preparation as smooth as possible. Not bothering about their own comfort they made sure I had essential facilities for my studies.

Thinking of those extraordinary and fateful days, I realise why I am where I am in life today—it is the result of the sage advice and the sane choices of my parents. Now I know, as refugees, why my parents carried that bigger trunk full of books, and practically nothing else. At that impressionable age how our parents handled our anger and how they channelized our energies towards constructive activities made all the difference. Eventually our generation took up various professions, and contributed positively to the communities which gave us refuge. Those of our generation who wanted to resist the terrorists, worked hard and joined the army as officers—not to fight for themselves, but for the nation. We feel profoundly grateful towards our parents' generation for choosing the path of sanity and not one of mindless revenge.

Recently, interacting with professional colleagues at a conference, I was introduced to a Muslim doctor hailing from Lucknow, who happened to be married to a lady from Kashmir valley. We struck a cordial conversation, and he told me about his regular visits, along with his wife and four children, to the valley where his in-

laws stay. Describing in great detail his sojourns at various beautiful locales he mentioned how much he enjoyed his time there, during the summer months. I felt a tinge of sadness, sorely missing my motherland—a longing of last three decades! Here was a man from Lucknow enjoying the beauty of the valley—the land of my ancestors— but an aboriginal like me was condemned to forced exile just because I belonged to a different religion. Our conversation drifted to what future holds for the people of the valley. I tried to explain that those who put a pen in the hands of their children will make them flourish and those who instead put a gun will make them perish. I also gave him the example of the current state of affairs in our neighbouring country. Their establishment chose the path of confrontation, hate and violence but our nation chose peace and economic progress instead, and look what a difference there is between the two now, even though both got independence together. The distorted narrative of history they teach in their curriculum will only sow the seeds of hate and anger, leading ultimately to self-destruction. The creator has given them the same hardware as us—the human beings—but the type of software the two nations have upload has made all the difference between the two.

**Hindu refugees from Kashmir valley, chose to categorically reject the gun and instead picked up the pen, as our response to oppression.**

I am very proud of my people, they busted the myth of terrorism being the inevitable desperate reaction of oppressed people. We, the Hindu refugees from Kashmir valley, chose to categorically reject the gun and instead picked up the pen, as our response to oppression. The fact we not only survived but also became contributing members of the society is a slap on the face of those who wanted to exterminate us. No doubt, their violent actions adversely affected our lives but we choose to write our own destiny, using the power of education. In the end what becomes of a person depends on what he carries in that big trunk—hope or hate. I guess, now you know, why I am not a terrorist.





- Capt S K Tikoo



## The Longest Night



**Kashmiri Pandits, all across the city of Srinagar were waiting with bated breath for the certain eventuality — death at the hands of their one-time neighbors, who were prowling the streets, raising venomous anti-Pandit slogans.**



January 19, 1990. Thirty years have already passed since that dreadful day which turned into a never-ending night, when dawn that ends the darkness of the previous night so very naturally, seemed to be a distant dream. When you think of those agonising and tormenting hours of that night even today, your heart misses a beat and if you do not come out of that nightmarish experience immediately, there is every possibility of going into convulsions that could lead to a catastrophe. Such is the impact of that day on our lives that you have to carry those scary and torturous memories with you till you are alive. Chilai-Kalan (the most severe period of winter) was at its worst. It had not snowed for quite some time and the sub-zero temperature was sending a chill down our spine. On top of it, there was mounting tension in the air. Selective killings of Kashmiri Pandits had already started and we were still awaiting some miracle to take place that could restore some semblance of normalcy. I, unlike other days, came home early at around 6 P.M. As usual, I parked my car on the main road near the then Kani Kadal Fire Station, just across the shop of the milkmaid, famous for her paneer (cheese) and then walked through the nine serpentine kochas (narrow lanes) leading to my home, situated on the eastern bank of Kuta Kul, once a roaring tributary of Vitasta. All the houses on our side belonged to Pandits with the sole exception of the house belonging to Munnawar Sheikh, a well-respected trader of Kashmir Arts. The same was true on the western bank of Kuta Kul, though in reverse; everyone on this bank was a Muslim with the sole exception of a house belonging to Moti Lal Bhan, who as a teacher had achieved a celebrity status in his profession.

It will be interesting to recall my personal experiences of the horrible day preceding the deadly night of the January 19, 1990. Mohan Chiragi, against heavy odds, had taken it on himself to bring out the Srinagar edition of the leading Urdu national newspaper Quami Awaz, which was already being published from New

Delhi, Lucknow and Patna. The paper was an instant success, and its office in the Khidmat House on the bund at Abi Guzar, Srinagar, was a meeting point for all those who still had the courage to talk differently; against the militancy. The security of the staff of nearly 30 persons, all Kashmiri Muslims, consisting of reporters, correspondents, copyists, katibs, photographers and those on administrative duties, had to be taken care of. Working till late at night, these employees were keen to have me with them, and it suited both Chiragi and me.

Though they were all carrying out their duties as dedicated newsmen, yet you could not rule out the possibility of someone leading them astray, if left alone. And why were the staffers keen that I stay with them till they closed down for the day; usually 10.30 or 11 P.M. — a deathly time those days? I was, in fact, their insurance.

Tahir Mohi-ud-Din (then editor of very popular Urdu weekly Chataan published from Srinagar) was the news editor and he had to be left at his residence in Natipora. He was scared of

Atmosphere was very eerie; as the entire city had been taken over by ghosts. As we moved on, the headlights suddenly lighted-up some creepy movement far ahead of us. The passengers in the jeep said in one voice, Bisam-i-Allah and Allah-o-Akbar.

The driver immediately used the dipper thrice to signal to the now visible crowd, maybe 50 yards ahead of us, that we were a friendly lot. We slowed down as the hostile crowd of some 20 to 30 young boys surrounded us immediately. Two or three of them were displaying AK-47 rifles and a few were having pistols in their hands. Soura-i-Yaseen was continuously recited by the staffers. Strangely, none seemed to be worried about me, despite the fact that they wanted me to take care of them, even when confronted by armed militants. We identified ourselves as journalists representing Kashmir Times (considered their own newspaper by the militants). However, they singled me out and wanted me to step out of the jeep. I was absolutely unperturbed, though the rest of my

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**We prepared the women folk to lay down their lives by self-immolation. A can full of kerosene oil was kept handy. It goes to the credit of my mother and her age-old friend Rupavati, to volunteer for this kind of death.**

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crossing the Ram Bagh Bridge, where the security forces would subject anyone at that late hour, to a thorough search, which meant that the person had to stay out in the cold for quite sometime, no matter what profession one belonged to. Morfat Qadiri, son of that legendary journalist, Qadiri Saheb, had to be dropped at Narsingh Garh. There were others who had to be dropped en-route at Tanki Pora, Dalhasanyar and Bana Mohalla.

The real 'fun' would begin at Tankipora-Zaindar Mohalla, I thought. Incidentally, I discovered that the jeep we were travelling in was displaying Haz min fazal-i-rabi in bold letters on its front bonnet. This legend was not there a few days back. Besides, Quami Awaz written on its windscreen had been very discreetly obliterated. Coming back to Zaindar Mohalla. It was pitch-dark by the time we reached there; no streetlights, no lights even in the residential houses on either side of the road.

fellow passengers almost collapsed expecting to see the last of me. There was further shock in store for my fellow passengers when they saw and heard me shouting at the leader of this blood-thirsty crowd, "Haya Ashqa (O! Ashiq)..." Before I could complete the sentence, he came running towards me trying to hide his AK-47 rifle, and responded, "Papa, Tse kya chhukh yeti karan (Papa, how come you are here)? I knew Ashq; a young, twenty-year-old six-footer, with an athletic build, since 1984, when he was a member of the youth wing of the Awami National Conference led by GM Shah. He immediately ordered his crowd to get lost and allowed us to go. However, he soon changed his mind. Within a fraction of a second, the crowd re-assembled and we were told that we could restart our journey only when we could not hear them anymore. With the engine of the jeep resting, the silence of the graveyard was broken all of a sudden by the bone-chilling

chorus singing by the militants, led by Ashiq himself, moving in four abreast column towards Habba Kadal (for obvious reasons, being a Kashmiri Pandit locality). They were singing:

*Jago! Jago! Subah huyee;*  
*Roos ne baazi hari hai, Hind pe larza taari hai,*  
*Ab Kashmir ki baari hai,*  
*Jago jago subah huyee.*  
(Wake up! It is already dawn:  
*Russia has already been defeated.*  
*Now India is under attack*  
*And it is the turn of Kashmir.*  
*Wake up! Wake up!*)

Those who were unlettered and illiterate in the crowd, (they formed the majority) would reply:

Jago jago subahan vouthi houye  
(Wake up! wake up! it will be utter chaos in the morning).



Imagine the plight of those of us (Kashmiri Pandits) going through this torture night after night. Nowhere did we ever see a policeman or any other security personnel en-route.

On January 19, 1990, Bahadur, our helper, was home too and so was my brother, Ashok. Bahadur lighted the coal Bukhari (stove) and we settled down to a hot cup of tea, exchanging blank glances. My mother, who had lost her vision almost completely in both eyes, was the only one asking questions on current situation. Clock on the wall showed it was already 7 P.M., and it was time to switch on the television for news. My sister from Narsing Garh, not far away from our house, was on the phone, “Papa, can

you hear something...?” She sounded nervous and scared.

I could hear some sloganeering in the distance, through my receiver, but could not make out what it was all about. It was scary though. I tried to reassure my sister and wanted her to give more details. All that she could say was that huge crowds seem to be coming from Chhatabal area towards Karan Nagar and they were raising anti-India, pro-Pakistan slogans. The cause of concern was that they were raising anti-Kashmiri Pandit slogans too.

She wanted to confirm if such slogans were being raised elsewhere too. She was sure that her time was up and she bid me a tearful good-bye. I was at my wits end; not knowing what to do. I again rang her up and she let me hear the loud and clear slogans raised apparently by huge crowds which were coming closer. I asked her to

keep calm and not to lose hope. I once again assured her that all would be well within a few hours. But who could guarantee a few hours' of safety? Our area was still without commotion; but then a call came from Bana Mohalla. They too repeated the same but added that they had seen people coming out on roads, huddled up in groups and sort of conspiring in hushed

tones.

Gradually, it was the same situation all over the city. It seemed that the city had been taken over by JKLF, the only terrorist outfit operating then. It was 9 P.M. and we saw hordes of Muslims coming out on Guru Bazar bund, right opposite us, on the other side of Kutta Kul. They were not raising any slogans, but their loud whispers were reaching us loud and clear. There was complete blackout on our side as all Kashmiri Pandit households had put off their lights and all the family members were virtually huddled up in complete darkness in a single room. On the other side of Kutta Kul, this was now reduced to a drain, and which could be



crossed on foot in less than five minutes, we saw some people pointing towards our house. We could distinctly hear them say, "Look, they are enjoying the warmth of the Bukhari (stove)... but for how long?" I, my brother and Bahadur too, failed to make out who they were. At this stage, we appeared to be out of the harm's way. But suddenly the situation took a turn for the worse. One of my two telephones (3223) got disconnected. The other one (5273), whose cable came from the Muslim side was, thankfully, in working order.


Now hundreds of Muslims came out of their homes, braving the freezing cold. They started raising threatening slogans at a hand shaking distance. Time now was 11 P.M. Now onwards the time literally froze. I started receiving desperate calls; first from Bansi Parimoo; a little later from Rageshwari, both from Sanat Nagar; later from Wanabal and then Rawalpura. End seemed a few minutes away as help was not coming from anywhere. I called up 'who's who' of Jammu and Kashmir Police. Some did not pick up the phone and others sheepishly expressed their inability and helplessness to provide any assistance. I called Mohan Chiragi in Delhi and got all the phone numbers of those who mattered. One of them was the then Home Secretary, one Shiromani Sharma. He was sort of disturbed by my call and was shockingly surprised to hear that the situation in Kashmir was so bad. He confessed that nobody had informed him about this looming tragedy. He promised help.

I did not stop there. I traced Mufti Mohammad Syed in Mumbai, where he was addressing a public meeting, and got in touch with him. It took me a lifetime to reach him. It was just past midnight when he came on the phone. He advised me not to panic as help was on the way. I repeatedly called some of my Muslim friends and soon discovered that it was a futile exercise. There was one Muslim lady of Rawalpura, who sounded as worried and tense as we were; that was a big consolation. In the

meantime, our immediate neighbours with whom we shared a common wall stealthily walked into our ground floor room to feel little more secure in a larger group. My calls to army did not mature and the blood thirsty, hostile crowd seemed to be knocking at our doors. Death was imminent. Something had to be done and done very quickly. My brother and I chalked out a plan; plan to die heroically. There was one satisfaction: My brother's children, Anu and Chandan, were safe in Delhi. We had seen them off along with photo-journalist Mushtaq at Srinagar airport only a few days earlier.

Surprisingly, everybody in our neighbourhood was convinced that we had lots of weapons in our home, though the fact was that my brother Ashok had just one double-barrel licensed gun at home. We had a box-full of cartridges too. We appreciated that the frontal attack would come from across the Kutta Kul. If that happened; we decided to fire as many rounds as possible, killing or injuring anyone coming in our line of fire. In the meantime, we prepared the women folk to lay down their lives by self-immolation. A can full of kerosene oil was kept handy. It goes to the credit of my mother and her age-old friend Rupavati, to volunteer for this kind of death. Even Bahadur's wife and her two young kids prepared themselves for the ultimate sacrifice. As a last attempt; I called an army phone number in Udhampur. I was assured by an officer of the rank of a major that a column of soldiers was ready and it would move out from Badami Bagh Cantonment soon. We waited, but no help came.

The night seemed never-ending. It was at 3 A.M. that I called the Muslim lady in Rawalpura once again. She sounded a little relaxed. I connected the movement of the army column that I was just assured of, with her near positive response. I calculated that the army would have reached Rawalpura first through the by-pass and hence the lady appeared less panicky. But my calculations proved ill-founded when she



**Death was imminent.  
Something had to be done and  
done very quickly. My brother and I  
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heroically.**



clarified that her neighbour, a senior politician and a former minister had joined the militant processionists, and on his advice her husband too had joined the anti-Indian processionists, some of whom were armed to the teeth. She further said that they were convinced that Azadi was only a few days away and they could ill-afford not to be seen as part of this victorious procession. Incidentally, both these gentlemen are living today; while one of them retired as Chief Justice of a State High Court, the other rose to be a cabinet minister once again.

The last to call me around this time was Inder Krishen Raina from Ishbar. He informed me that the hostile crowds had come out on the roads even at that late hour, to ensure that they were not denied their share of Azadi, now at hand. By now one thing was quite certain; Kashmiri Pandits, all across the city of Srinagar were waiting with bated breath for the certain eventuality — death at the hands of their one-time neighbors, who were prowling the streets, raising venomous anti-Pandit slogans. There was no news from rest of the Valley. The time shown by the grandfather clock on the wall was just past 4 A.M. But that hardly made any difference, as the menacing crowd just a few metres away from our doors, was more restive than an hour earlier, even when the temperature outdoors had dipped to around seven degrees Celsius below zero. The battle cry of Ya Ali! Ya Ali! grew louder and closer.

As the womenfolk, huddled together, started chanting Shiv Shiv Shambu, we loaded the gun. End seemed seconds away. But nothing happened. Ashok looked at me and we concluded that the marauding crowds were

probably waiting for a signal to attack the Pandits simultaneously, all over the city. Why else should they have not attacked us after raising that battle cry. After all, it would not take more than a million strong agitating blood thirsty mobs parading the city streets for almost nine hours, to decimate the already almost frozen-to-death Pandits in a jiffy. I made another call to that major in Udhampur. This time he gave me a telephone number of some other officer in Badami Bagh cantonment in Srinagar. I called him and to my surprise, he responded immediately, assuring me that the column was ready and they were awaiting the orders from the civil authority. “Where is the civil authority?” I retorted. But alas! He had disconnected the line. Waiting for the inevitable, the deathly silence was broken by the howling of stray dogs.

My mother was the first to hear the Azan from a distant mosque. She said excitedly, “tala, gash ha aao” (look, it is dawn!). We removed a part of the curtain hesitatingly and could see the silhouette of huge crowds, now unbelievably silent, disappearing into narrow lanes. Within a few minutes, with better visibility, we could hardly see anybody on the bund across the Kutta Kul. Was it a jumbo reprieve? We learnt later that our house was the target. It was not attacked for the fear of heavy reprisals. After all, the Islamists were convinced that our house was actually an arms and ammunition dump. They apprehended that we had the capacity to take on the ill-armed hordes, even if they came in large numbers. But why did they not annihilate the rest of us? Who and what saved us that night? The answers are still not clear. And look at our naivete; most of us continued to live there after surviving this nightmare.



# The Republic of Denial

How Kashmiri Pandit Genocide denial has normalized the genocidal Islamist war cry of “Azaadi”!

In the last few weeks, the country has witnessed widespread riots and mob violence that started on the pretext of protesting against the Citizenship Amendment bill and quickly blew up into protests for “Azaadi”.

Right now, many Indians listening to the justifications presented for the use of “Azaadi” slogans are experiencing what the survivors of the Kashmiri Hindu genocide have experienced over and over again for the last 30 years.

Their concerns are being mocked and dismissed. What they're hearing, seeing and experiencing is being denied. Facts and truth is being discredited and reality is being erased.

Thus, rampaging islamist mobs who're burning public property, stoning school buses, attacking ordinary citizens in trains and chanting “Hinduon se Azaadi” are nothing more than “peaceful protesters”. Violent extremists who're publicly flaunting the ISIS salute gesture and sharing pictures of gun-wielding Hijabi terrorists are “Sheroes”.

The media personalities, the intellectuals and the appeasing politicians who're desensitizing people to the implication of the Islamist supremacist idea of “Azaadi” and providing the cover of liberal legitimacy to this islamist jihad are the “brave Anti-fascist keepers of secularism”. For Kashmiri Hindus, this is all too familiar.

Between 1989 and 1990, Kashmiri Islamists carried out a genocidal campaign of abductions, targeted murders, torture, rape, mob violence and forced mass expulsion against the minority Kashmiri Hindu community.

Almost immediately, the State Government denied the genocide and released a string of official reports where the scale of the violence and destruction was minimized.

Armed with these false Government reports, the perpetrators insisted that “only 219” of Kashmiri Hindus were killed and that far more Kashmiri Muslims were killed due to counter-terror operations. This was done to establish false equivalence between the victims and the perpetrators.

For decades, the Indian Government and the judiciary also avoided recognizing the Kashmiri Hindu genocide to avoid damaging the “secular” fabric of the country.

In a ruling pronounced in 1999, the National Human Rights Commission (NHRC) became an open denier of the genocide of Kashmiri Hindus and made several blatant attempts at gaslighting the survivors of the genocide.

“There can be no gain saying the acute suffering and deprivation caused to the community. But against the stern definition of the genocide convention, the commission is constrained to observe that while acts akin to genocide have occurred in respect of the Kashmiri Pandits, the crimes against Kashmiri Pandits, grave as they undoubtedly are, fall short of the 'ultimate' crime — genocide,” the commission said in its ruling.

Year after year, our community was gaslighted as we recounted our experiences and mourned the loss of our home.

And yet, in 2017, when the Honorable Supreme Court of India rejected our plea and declined an investigation into the mass murder of Kashmiri Hindus, the Chief Justice of India



asked the petitioners “Where were you for 27 years?”.

There are more than half a million Kashmiri Hindus in forced exile, who continue to live as refugees.

The Kashmiri Hindu genocide was not a one-time event that happened in the past.

It's an ongoing onslaught that continues to this day.

From waging armed jihad, burning our homes, banning separate Kashmiri Hindu townships and terming the rehabilitation of native Kashmiri Hindus as “demographic invasion” to now blaming us for the revocation of Article 370 and falsely accusing us of exacting revenge for our “migration”. Kashmiri Islamists continue to block our return.

As the Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel once noted:

“Neutrality helps the oppressor, never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor, never the tormented.”

Likewise for the last 30 years, this systemic and persistent denial of our lived reality has denied us access to justice, to our Gods, to our roots and our homeland.

This enforced silence has emboldened Kashmiri Muslim secessionists and their accomplices in the Government to celebrate and reward some of the most dreaded perpetrators of the Kashmiri Hindu genocide.

When we see pictures of the ex-Prime Minister of India Manmohan Singh smiling and shaking hands with terrorist Yasin Malik, we recognize the message: truth doesn't matter, your lives don't matter.

The physical violence or, the forced expulsion has caused infinite damage to our community.

But, what made the damage irreversible was the denial of the genocide and the normalization of the jihad against us.

As a result of this brazen normalization of the jihad by the media and certain pandering politicians, the Islamist secessionist movement in Kashmir has been successfully rebranded as a “freedom movement” and Islamist war cry of “Azaadi” has become the slogan for “human rights”.

A genocidal death chant that led to the mass murder and forced expulsion of Kashmiri

Hindus is now being chanted by college students in Jawaharlal Nehru University and Jadhavpur University.

Popularized by mainstream Bollywood movies like 'Haider' and 'Gully Boy'.

To add insult to injury, we Kashmiri Hindus are routinely shamed and demonized for not “empathizing” towards those who're committed to annihilating us.

If anyone dared to tell the Yezidi community to empathize with the ISIS wives who enabled and abetted the genocidal rapes and sexual slavery of countless Yezidi women and children, that person would be rightly condemned.

But, Kashmiri Hindus are told to humanize their persecutors. Because of the success of this aggressive campaign of gaslighting, the narrative now has shifted from 'India is occupying Kashmir' to 'India is inflicting genocide on the Muslims of Kashmir'.

This big lie has permeated the woke urban Indian culture to such an extent that now Hindus are expected to empathize with violent mobs who want “kaffiron se Azaadi”.

In a post on December 13, “Jamia Shero” LadeedaSakhaloon justified her slogans of "Allah Hu Akbar" during the protest at Jamia and retorted to people objecting to it, saying:

"You might be in a hurry to prove your secular loyalty, but we are not... We have abandoned your secular slogans long before."

But the newly discovered tenets of secularism demand that Hindus must chant “La illahaillalla” alongside Ladeeda.

We Kashmiri Hindus have faced seven repeated genocides at the hands of Islamists.

On 19th January 2020, we will complete 30 years of the forced exile that began with the seventh genocide that was unleashed on us in 1990.

As Kashmiri Hindus, who continue to be denied justice, when we hear those shrill shrieks of “Azaadi” reverberating through the rest of India, it feels like an already bloodstained knife being twisted inside our guts.

To those who legitimize this assault on us, you may have many powerful faces and popular voices cheering you on, but who will speak for you when they come for you?



# Genocide of a Civilisation

## Is Cultural Genocide a Component of Genocide?

It has been a matter of socio political debate for many decades, if cultural genocide or cultural cleansing is a component of genocide or not. In 2007, United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous people, it was decided to incorporate the term “Ethnocide” for cultural genocide but failing to reach a consensus the term was dropped in the final document.

Owing to this political predicament, micro minority like ours (Kashmiri Pandits) has struggled to get justice post our multiple “Ethnocides” latest being in the 1990s. I will not shy from using the term “Ethnocide” because KP genocide has all the elements of “Erasure of an indigenous community” be it Physical, Cultural, Linguistic or Traditional. United Nations may never reach a consensus ever on issues like Genocide and Terrorism for it suits the expansionist state policies of certain of its members and Racialisation of Global Politics.

Sans getting into legal complications, let us examine how genocide can be understood and how the ethnic cleansing of our community is a classic case of “Ethnocide”. Concerted acts of Murder and Violent attacks on a social entity and /or fatally targeting a group belonging to an ethnic community, ensuring mass exodus and abandonment of all their movable/immovable assets for personal safety is how a genocide can be defined. Genocide must also have a motive, an intension and its repercussions on the future generations. Ethnic Cleansing of our community is a classic example of “Ethnocide”. It had intent, violent action and repercussions on the

“ Owing to this political predicament, micro minority like ours (Kashmiri Pandits) has struggled to get justice post our multiple “Ethnocides” latest being in the 1990s. ”

generations to come.

The initial targeted killings of the eminent Kashmiri Pandits in broad day light was a signal towards annihilation of our cultural identity by singling out people who upheld what we stood for as a community, Education, Honour and Culture.

The subsequent stage of desecration of our religious places, was a direct attack on our existence as Hindus of Kashmir. This naked exhibition of hate and intolerance continued after our forced exodus, sporadic news still trickles in of vandalism of temples in Kashmir. If this is not communal hatred towards a miniscule minority what is it? If refusal to coexist with the 2% minorities in a 98% muslim dominated state is not intolerance what is it?.

Many argue fallaciously that the Kashmir issue is political in nature, then what explains the venomous communal slogans chanted by the mobs emanating from the Mosques “*Raliv, Galiv, ya Tchalive or Pakistan se Rishta Kya La*

*Ilaha Illalla, Kashmir mein Agar Rehna Hoga Allahu Akbar Kehna hoga?*

Diagnosis of the disease is the first step towards its cure, but there has been a concerted and deliberate attempt to not deal with the basic issue of radicalisation of a large section of Kashmiri Muslims that led to the exodus of Kashmiri Pandits, unless the problem is confronted without any camouflage, the reconciliation is not possible.

After 30 years of forced exile finally, the Government of India has shown spine and defanged article 370 and 35 A, indeed a much awaited and necessary political move but do things become hunky dory in the near future? January 19, 2020, we will be completing three decades of exile forced violently on us.

On doing reconnaissance of the past, we find that on the one hand there is a whole generation of Kashmiri Muslims who have been fed venom of hatred towards the state they have seen violence and bile all around and the spirit of coexistence is completely missing. They have been misled into a utopian theocratic existence who cannot fathom the idea of living with non-muslims.

Recently, a well known artiste narrated a story from her visit to Kashmir where, 5 or 6 year old daughter of a Shikara owner asked her if she would do Namaz 5 times a day and the lady said no, she doesn't do Namaz as she was not a muslim, the innocent kid was shocked and asked then what are you? Younger generation of muslim kids are not even aware that other people exist! Pitfalls of extreme ghettoization of a community are visible. These are the same kids who will grow up to be intolerant citizens, how would they coexist with the other communities is a cause for concern.

On the other hand, there is a generation of Kashmiri Pandit kids who have faint or no memories of Kashmir, the pain of exile is second hand for them. They have lived cosmopolitan lives after their parents were forced to move them to safety to either camps in Jammu or scattered in various parts of India and abroad. They do not feel any connection with the motherland and are partially or completely bereft of any feelings for the same. The greatest catastrophe that is not fully felt as yet by the community is loss of Culture, Traditions and

Mother tongue among the younger generation of KP's. The vacuum created due to the bridges burnt between the community and its culture and traditions is going to push the Next-Gen KP's into Identity crisis in the days of their dusk. The loss of mother tongue among the young generation will push us further into oblivion.

A serious problem that confronts the community even today is, availability of Purohits to do Kashmiri Karma Kanda. In absence of new generation of KP's who would be trained in Kashmiri Karma Kanda is forcing the community to give away the rituals related to the Shodash Sanskars (16 Sanskars) related to Birth, Death, Yagyopavit etc.

The concept of Kulpurohits (family priest) was for a purpose, the family purohit would facilitate the ritualistic continuity of each family by maintaining records of traditions, lineage and ancestry. The purohit's son would automatically inherit the yajmans and hence the continuity would be maintained. With the Exodus forced on us that continuity has been broken and thus degradation of our traditions is complete. The records maintained by the family Priest are lost / Burnt or left behind, we have become citizens with lost passports.

Adi Shankara travelled to Kashmir for Knowledge exchange and research in *Vyavaharik and Paramarthic* realms. Kashmir a land of yogis and mystics was sought after by Vedic scholars. Even in the recent past we have had enlightened masters like Swamy Lakshman Joo, Nand Lal ji, Gopinath Ji and many more who quenched the thirst for knowledge and seeking of masses and hence the community remained a spiritually and socially cohesive force, this aspect of spirituality too is dwindling due to dispersal of the community leading to degradation of our spiritual values.

Kashmir Shaivism, "Shaiva Siddhanta" unique to Kashmir now has very few actual practitioners, disintegration of the community has made these deeply spiritual practices reduce to superficial academic discussions devoid of any Sadhana.

It may well be argued that these traditions and practices can be kept alive anywhere but doesn't it tantamount to surrogacy? Traditions culture and practices have a direct relationship with Space, Climate, Spiritual Vibrations of the



elements of nature and Sanchit Sadhana of millions of “sadhakas” for centuries together, there is a deep emotional and spiritual connect which when missing takes away the soul and vibrance of its culture.

There are many other ingredients to culture which includes traditional Cuisine , Music and Performing arts. Our exodus has impacted all the elements including these. Our kids do not know many of our traditional food items, with mothers and Grand-Mothers gone our children remain unawares of the traditional food and their cooking methods. Many items are not even available, ours is a story of lost treasures. More we think about it more painful it becomes. Those of us who are now in our middle ages are at the cusp of our civilization the only link between the

past that we left and the future that is oblivious of Kashmir.

How I wish emotions especially pain could be transferred so that my child could feel the pain of exodus as us, then the next Generation would keep the “Hope” of home coming burning in their hearts in order to not wilt and wither like uprooted trees. Our genocide continued for 30 yrs now is the time to reverse it and not let inertia set in.

If we do not organise and augment ourselves now, we will lose our Identity and become soul less Zombies, our lives would be like that Cake Shop simulation where people will drag and drop ingredients of their choice and the real recipe gets lost.

Arise and Awake!

## जय माता दी कश्मीरी कर्मकाण्ड पंडित

लग्न, देवगुण, मेखल, काहनेथर, जन्मदिन, गृहप्रवेश, भूमि पूजा, नवग्रह पूजा, बड़ा हवन, दहिम् कहिम् बहिम्, शिवरात्रि, काल सर्पयोग महामृत्युंजय जप, जन्मपत्री मिलाना एवं देखना इत्यादि।



संपर्क

शिवदत्त शास्त्री

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## Jihadi Subversion in Jammu and Kashmir

The worst form of subversion has penetrated the governance of the state in the last seven decades as the policy makers of the Indian state besides the central governments either didn't know the malaise that was present in the state or are deliberate in their attempt to give the breathing space to the fifth column.

What made these so called mandarins indulge in procrastination in terms of nipping the veil of jihad in the bud is quite easy to analyse? Being the Muslim majority state, the policy makers felt that to appease the communalism of jihad will enable them to endear themselves to the major section of the people especially the Muslim dominated valley. This patronisation of communalism at the cost of the minority rights of the Hindus all over the state made the things turn from bad to worse.

This can be clearly seen from the religious cleansing of the Kashmiri Pandits that was engineered by the jihadis; both over ground and under ground to pave the way for the realisation of the Nizam-e-Mustafa. 1990 witnessed the culmination of the well strategized exodus of the community that represented the civilizational and cultural basis of the valley as the centre of Sanskrit learning and the laboratory of the Vedic and Agamic religion. Jihadis knew it well that to unhinge Jammu and Kashmir; especially Kashmir from the Indian nation requires the dismantling of the Northern Frontier. And to materialise this they knew that they will have to uproot the community of Kashmiri Pandits from their homeland. As in future it will enable them to erase all insignias of Hindu civilizational values. Moreover, the population density favoured them and for that they had to just displace the original inhabitants of Kashmir.

In this game of genocide oriented demographic change they targeted Kashmiri Pandits comprehensively rendering them refugees in their own state and own nation. Religious cleansing of Kashmiri Pandits is a tragedy. It brings to the fore a very valid argument. If India is a free nation and flourishes in democracy and human rights then what led to the violation of the human rights of a Hindu minority in a Muslim majority state? Have the fruits of democracy not reached the grass root level? Is J & K a Muslim sphere of influence where the writ of the Indian state is not implemented? or Is there some tacit understanding to accommodate the Muslim sub nationalism at the cost of the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the nation that swears in the public life by the principles of secularism?

All these questions collide with each other in the nationalist mind space. And prompt every nationalist in the state to introspect. Why the Muslims in the rest of India have not spoken openly against the jihadi society of Kashmir that holds the nation to ransom? Muslims in India enjoy the equal rights with their other compatriots all over the nation in spite of calling themselves as minority but why the same rights of minority are not applicable to the Hindus of Kashmir and other parts of the state including the Dogra Hindus of Jammu?

It creates a genuine suspicion that the jihadi penetration in the society and governance cannot be possible in J & K without the tacit support of the Muslims in India. As being a so called minority in the rest of India they indulge in plausible deniability by encouraging the jihadis of Kashmir to continue their persecution of Hindus. The reason being that it is a Muslim

majority state and the constitutional concessions in the state give them immunity to indulge in subversion. This long rope with a false hope by the Indian state at the cost of human rights of the non-Muslim minorities in the state led to the socio-political subversion.

It penetrated the every sphere of governance and got entrenched so deep in the DNA of the erstwhile princely state that it became impossible to retrieve the national interests. It gave Pakistan and China a lever to indulge in exploiting the situation ripe for subversion as the so called mandarins in New Delhi are even now inflicted with the Solzhenitsyn Syndrome. This syndrome leads to shying away from calling the problem by its actual name and continuing to give away the territories and sacrificing the nationalist people with a false hope of winning over the enemies of the nation. The end result being the shrinking the nationalist space and hence forfeiting the national territories.

The result is so gruesome that the structure of the erstwhile state of Jammu , Kashmir & Ladakh has developed as an asymmetrical and paradoxical state. It has emerged as the theocratic Islamic state but governed within the body politic of India by provisions that guarantee a Sharia state safeguarded by the progressive Indian constitution in the name of secularism and democracy. Thus, trampling upon the human rights of the non-Muslims of the state. It is a comical understanding of the law and democracy that envisages Muslims as minorities in a state where they constitute a majority and have been in the forefront of enjoying all the rights that are meant for the non-Muslim minorities of the state.

In the rest of India in terms of population percentage Muslims constitute a minority though an appreciable one keeping in view the birth rate and as such they are qualified to be beneficiaries of the minority benefits in terms of socio-economic development. In the state non-Muslims constitute the minority and as such can be termed as a reverse minority but the subversion through provisions like Article 370 and 35 A patronised the human rights violations of these minorities in the state leading to their total disempowerment. Not only that even the scheduled castes and scheduled tribes of the

state have been left out of the benefits of democracy to bring them in the mainstream of the society in the state.

This subversion didn't prosper overnight. The political history of the state is replete with history of wrecking the demography, society and polity of the state with impunity. This started from the pre-independence era and has been continuing post-independence. After the dissolution of the Sikh Empire with the demise of the Maharaja Ranjit Singh and subsequently with the signing of the Treaty of Amritsar. British left no stone unturned to instigate the Muslim populace of the princely state to keep the pot of unrest simmering by sponsoring the subversive politics. As they knew that to consolidate their hold on the sub-continent, they needed a lever to control the socio-political sphere of the Indian nation. With this in mind they were well aware of the strategic importance, geography and resourcefulness of the Northern Frontier and the Himalayas. And in the Himalayas Jammu, Kashmir and Ladakh constituted the frontline buffer to realise their dreams of imperial Great Game. The same Great Game later yielded the fruits of the artificial state called Pakistan that was meant to impose a check on the nationalist struggle that was realising its ultimate mote of upholding the Sanskrit moorings.

They knew well the nationalist struggle against the British in India was essentially a civilizational Hindu upsurge to seek the course correction and reclaim the Hindu Rashtira that what in reality India was. They were fully well versed in realising that to check mate the Hindu nationalist renaissance and awakening; it was essential to sabotage the march for the complete independence that was the credo of the nationalist avalanche.

The frontline ideologues and leaders of this original movement to uphold and resurrect Bharat were Sri Aurobindo, Bal Gangadhar Tilak and Swatantra Veer Savarkar.

It is not without reason and comprehensive preparation that the evangelical Church sponsored British Imperialism in India engineered a split in the Congress in the Surat session and 1907 witnessed a tremendous upheaval in the Indian freedom struggle. It was meant to throw out these stalwarts of the



nationalist struggle from the Congress to pave the way for the entry of Mohandas Karam Chand Gandhi, who had taken the mantle from the Gopal Krishna Gokhale a British loyalist and supporter of the dominion status within the Empire. It is proper to mention that the Congress was an imperial British creation as founded in 1885 by Allan Octavian Hume to take out the steam from the educated Indian elite and neutralise their energy to pave the way for the continuity of the colonial rule in India.

But visionaries as they were, Sri Aurobindo, Tilak and Savarkar internalised the intent and basis of the Congress and came out with the clear cut nationalist plan to uphold the Sanskritisation of India that defined it as a nation. It is pertinent to mention here that Swaraj and Swarajya are the terms originally crafted, defined and operationalized by these stalwarts, original thinkers and philosophers of India. Gandhi later twisted these terms to suit his agenda as mandated by the imperial masters. It is well known that Gandhi was operationally part of the British war effort in South Africa and was under the complete influence of the evangelists.

It suited the colonialists to tame the freedom movement through their chosen proxies and arm twist the to suit their agenda of consolidation and not only that if they had apprehensions about their hold then they had the exit plan ready in advance and it was the balkanisation of India. And in this colonial project the Muslim communalism was a shot in the arm to realise this nefarious objective. It is not a mere coincidence but a well-planned strategy that Muslim League came into existence around the same time in 1906 when the split in the Congress was engineered by expelling the nationalists like Sri Aurobindo, Tilak and subjecting Savarkar to immense torture and apathy of all sorts.

It brings to the fore the Anglo-Muslim project to share the bounties of the Indian nation and squander the civilizational continuity of India that ultimately led to partition in 1947. This project was extended to Jammu and Kashmir when the British realised that the Treaty of Amritsar had consolidated the state into a powerful entity and where they had no say like other princely states in India keeping in view

the complete legal and political control with the Maharaja of the state who over the time had fortified the Northern Frontier and was marching ahead in giving shape to the civilizational reality of Sanskritisation consciously or unconsciously. They felt repentant as the princely state that they carved out of the domains of the Lahore Darbar to balance the power in their favour was proving as an obstacle in their imperial march. So they extended the terms of reference of the Great Game. And that is how the state got engulfed in the politics of subversion and jihadi communalism that wrecked the state from within from time to time.

Another paradox that needs to be analysed is that though the British understood and internalised the importance of the Northern Frontier. They both consolidated it and at the same time kept option open to dismantle it. They knew that to control not only India but the entire sub-continent it was imperative to control the Himalayas and their sense of control of the sub-continent lied in the fact that it was meant to keep the option of consolidation to rule and the option of balkanisation for their exit open and they played well. And in this game they trained and co-opted the Congress that emerged after the split in 1907 besides the Muslim League being the another card to check mate the Indian freedom struggle so that it can't realise its true goal of Hindu Rashtra that was essentially the truth about the Indian freedom movement.

It is in this backdrop that we should see the emergence of Reading Room Party in Kashmir and Young Men Muslim Association in Jammu that later synergised into Muslim Conference and after the split of the Conference into the so called National Conference to gain a cover to operate the subversive agenda of de-Sanskritising the state of Jammu and Kashmir. Not to forget the Ahmediyas and Ahrars who played a key role through the borders with Punjab to indulge in sabotage in the socio-political landscape of the state. Role of Dr. Muhammad Iqbal in these subversive activities is well documented in the political history and documents who gave the ideological oxygen to the Islamic homeland creating a space for the communal Muslim politics in the Northern India with a focus to balkanise India. Even Dr. Bhim

Rao Ambedkar in his book Partition of India and Pakistan has championed the cause of balkanisation and terming the Northern India as the Muslim sphere of influence. It establishes the point that balkanising project was being formulated with utmost care to inject subversion in the Indian society and politics that is showing its malignancy in acute forms after the partition and independence of the Indian nation.

British sowed the seeds of balkanisation with their exit but at the same time left the Muslim communalists well equipped with the tools of balkanisation to blackmail the future Indian state. Creation of Pakistan gave the Indian Muslims an ample lever to seek parity which was not actually existing and strengthened the jihadi infrastructure. To ensure that Pakistani state exists as a theocratic state made India weak by allowing appreciable secessionist tendencies to exist within the so called free but truncated and partitioned India.

The Muslim politics was consolidated on the basis of balkanising India with a hope of creation of future Pakistan's if India accepted the civilizational reality of Hindu India-the only home and homeland of the Hindus world over. Thus, accommodating Muslim secession as secularism and de-Hinduising the Hindu land became the definition of secularism. And the same project was consolidated in Jammu and Kashmir where a Pakistan was created that didn't not exist outside the body politic of India but was well governed by the Indian laws and constitution. Paradoxically, defending Muslim communalism and jihad which otherwise it had to fight if seen in terms of the secular democracy that Indian state claims. Indian state over the years defended and has been defending even now a Pakistan within the constitutional domain of India giving an impression that it is an unfinished agenda of governance. Which it is not.

Recently, a new development has taken place that signals a policy departure from the existing norms that defined the governance in the state. On 5<sup>th</sup> August 2019, Jammu and

Kashmir was reorganised into two union territories of Jammu & Kashmir and Ladakh with the abrogation of secessionist and subversive Article 370 & 35 A that rendered this state as a jihadi sphere of influence allowing the jihadis from within and from Pakistan to act with impunity against the Indian nation and the nationalist Hindu minorities of the state.

But mere constitutional change won't turn the tide for upholding the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the state as the subversion of wrecking the nation from within by using the instruments of the Indian state has penetrated into the DNA of the society entrenched deeply by the jihadis, who hold sway over the governance, jobs, polity, business, academia in the universities.

The jihadi infrastructure and superstructure is intact and acts as the launching pad for these subversives. To bring the state into the national mainstream, it needs the comprehensive reorganisation of the state that empowers the nationalist people of the state and hence the nation. The newly enacted J&K Reorganisation Act of 2019 empowers the long neglected West Pakistani Hindu and Sikh Refugees and marginalised classes like scheduled tribes and scheduled castes of the state. But the empowerment will not be complete and decisive and can lead to further disaffection among the neglected nationalist population that includes the religiously cleansed Kashmiri Pandit community of 1990, POJK Hindu and Sikh refugees of 1947 and above all the Dogras of Jammu who have been in the fore front of Kashmiri Muslim jihadi onslaught in terms of their share in the polity and business if their human rights are not taken into account.

Time has come to empower every segment of the nationalist population of the state by reversing the genocide of Kashmiri Pandits by empowering them with their own homeland which the community has adopted unanimously in the Margdarshan Resolution-1991, Jammu state for the Dogras, liberation of the POJK areas from Pakistan to empower the refugees of 1947.

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Excerpts from the recently published book titled Jammu and Kashmir Breaking the Subversive Web & A Way Forward (2020) by Dr. Mahesh Kaul; published by Shubhi Publications Gurugram, Price: Rs. 795.

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- Ajeet Bharti



## Uprooted Kashmiri Hindus in the 30<sup>th</sup> Year of Exile

It was 1989-90, three decades ago, when the single largest religious minority of Kashmir valley, the Hindu Community of Kashmir was forced out of the place of their origin. This annihilation of a civilizational continuity was organised under the watchful eyes of all those who spent their lives pursuing minority politics and making political fortune out of the same. People, who claim to be the protectors of the Constitution of India, were its worst abusers particularly in Jammu & Kashmir. Clearly their love and concern for minorities was because of two reasons; **a) restrictive not universal and b) matter of convenience not conviction.**

### Brief Background

Kashmir was not only the land of origin of these exiled Hindus but also place of their forefathers. Ancestors, who endeavoured really hard over millennia of years to turn the place into a valued, illustrious and coveted global BRAND (Brand beyond economic terms). Kashmir, we know, is identified with Knowledge/scholarship. This identity of Kashmir as **Sharda Peeth** or the Centre for Learning was not acquired overnight. It took centuries of hard labour and carefully cultivated culture of identifying, grooming and training inquisitive minds. The displacement of 1989-90 was not mere extirpation of few million individuals, but banishing of the Soul of Kashmir, which was carrier of its civilizational endurance. Within a short span of time Gun replaced Pen as identity of Kashmir. How sad!



### Experience in Exile

Today when we look back at these three decades spent away from Kashmir, we have a mixed bag of experiences. With a lot of pain, shock and anguish we note that so-called Secular-Liberal humanist combinations along with their political masters remained indifferent to our forced Displacement. This was true with almost every organ and institution of modern governance model that prides itself in democratic values. Self-proclaimed main stream media also remained a distant speculator. In short while



Jihadi terrorists forced us out of our homes and hearths, callousness of the biased opinion makers and policy planners along with decision makers further intensified our pain, embarrassment and vulnerability.

During all these years we witnessed a strong anti-India, Hindu-phobic and Islamo-Leftist lobby with its tentacles spread through length and breadth of India which made every attempt to deny our victimisation. These regressive groups actually pushed a narrative that made the community a villain. But, we also witnessed there was this Indian Nation-the people of Bharat who may not have been in control of the institutions but are the real power behind Governments which stood with the hapless Kashmiri Hindus. It was this section of Indian Nation which shared our agony, identified with us and wherever possible came forward to help. Common Man in street of every nook and corner of India, led by nationalist organisation were in the forefront to ensure instant relief and also to pressurise governments to take steps to mitigate problems faced by the community.

## Community Struggle

Kashmiri Hindu Community as a whole did not surrender meekly to the Islamo-Leftists onslaught either in Kashmir or in displacement. Even after having lost everything governments of the day were in complete denial about very existence of the community. Section of influential pseudo secular lobby actively

engaged in baseless denigration of the Displaced community, we fought back and made our case stronger and made every attempt to correct the perception of countrymen regarding situation in Kashmir. The community used its meagre resources to challenge the fake narrative of perpetrators of the worst crime against Humanity in Kashmir valley. It was a fight against all odds. It was like:

*Ravanurathi birath raghubera  
Dekhi bibheeshana bhayau adhira*

But the community fought it well. It was because of us that a false shroud of respectability covering the armed insurgency/terrorism and communal Jihadi movement was taken away and true nature of so-called struggle in Kashmir exposed. It was and continues to be the knockout punch on the adversary.

Continuous violation of Human Rights in the name of Jihad, killing of innocents, outraging modesty of women, wanton destruction of civilizational past of Kashmir, systemic distortion of History of Kashmir, vandalism of places of worship and internal sabotage by section of administration has also been highlighted by the community in many different ways.

Community on the other hand also did attempt to preserve its rich traditions and proud civilizational past and was simultaneously working hard to transfer the same to the generation next. Though, it continues to be a serious challenge.



## Way Forward

30-year period in exile is not a inconsequential time span. We may feel satisfied that in last leg of these three decades, in particular after 2014, when a new dispensation under Narendra Modi ji took office in New Delhi several positive changes have taken place. Most important and historic being revocation of Article 370 and complete annulment of discriminating Article 35 A from the constitution of India besides reorganising the erstwhile state into two Union Territories.

But let us be very clear. All these changes which are historic in nature and are done in right spirit of strengthening Indian nation are just the beginning of our struggle. These important changes have created some semblance of level playing field after putting an end to totally one-sided mechanism in Kashmir where we were at the receiving end. Now we can claim to have equality of rights and opportunities. We are in the fight now. Hence we have huge responsibility. We cannot afford to be complacent. Remember our struggle is to achieve what we are fighting for dignified, secure and irreversible Return and Rehabilitation in the land of our origin.

I believe that we need to focus on following core areas in coming days.

### 1. Cultural/civilizational ethos

Our efforts to preserve protect and propagate rich cultural traditions and civilisational ethos needs to be refurbished. Reach and intensity has to be widened vertically as well as horizontally. Effective viable and technologically updated institutions will have to be created. Care will be needed in building consortiums to ensure efficient use of resources avoiding overlapping of effort and making sure that all priority areas are covered.

### 2. Political empowerment

Last 5-6 years have made us understand the importance of political power. We have somehow ignored political aspect including the electoral politics for too long. We will have to stress political empowerment of the community at all levels. How we manage that needs to be sorted out by sitting together and pooling ideas. But it needs to be done with a sense of duty.

“  
People, who claim to be the protectors of the Constitution of India, were its worst abusers particularly in Jammu & Kashmir.

### 3. Retrieving Territory

Reclaiming territory is the most important aspect of our struggle. I realise that primary reasons for our displacement have not been addressed as yet. Also these issues are mostly to be addressed by the government only. Yet I will say that we cannot sit away from the land and hope to deliver on issues that are essentially connected with the ground. We will have to find ways and means to make sure that our stay away from Kashmir does not become a handicap. Our coming generations will have to interact physically with the land to have that emotional attachment and also to understand the nature of issues confronting us during & after return back. Community leadership also needs to play more active role in tracking cases of encroachments. Repair, reconstruction and bringing back to life our collective institutions socio-cultural symbols which are left back in Kashmir and are our link to valley. Immediate attention is required for preserving temples and shrines which are in dilapidated conditions so that they are protected and preserved from any vandalism. In present condition's the community assets can be used for generating employment opportunities as we cannot make them a profit earning institutions.

I understand in a small write up it is neither possible nor desirable to elaborate on these issues. It is what I feel must be direction of our collective responsibility for immediate future. Joining hands in an environment of cooperation and collectiveness we can and will find the WAY.

*asi aasy tu aasi asu, asav  
asi dor kar patuvath  
shivas sori nu zyon tu marun  
ravas sori nu atugath*



- Dr Sushma Shalla Kaul



## When Kashmir Smoldered

The night of 19<sup>th</sup> January 1990 was the coldest, longest, & darkest night in the history of Kashmir. That was the night when the social fabric of Kashmir got totally shattered & that night forced the aboriginals of Kashmir to leave their land of dreams for unknown destinations.

19<sup>th</sup> January, 1990, the sky was gloomy & there was an uneasy chill in the air, the Chinars & willows stood silently watching Kashmiryat dying that night. The soil of Kashmir was cold in anticipation of the bloodbath it was about to witness.

Suddenly, he seemed to have aged a lot & lines of worry & fear were clearly visible on his face. He told my mom, me & my kid brother to have early dinner & sleep in a room (a room for storage of firewood for winters) which was in the basement. My father, uncle & his friend locked the main entrance of the house from inside & dragged every piece of heavy furniture & put it against the closed door & while seeing all this brought about shivers in my spine.

We went down into the basement & as we were preparing for sleep (which seemed elusive as the loudspeakers were deafening our ears &

He handed me two kitchen knives & told me that in case there is a mob coming our way, before the mob gets you, you kill yourself.

We lived in Dist. Baramulla in a Sikh dominated locality. My dad (who eventually fell to the bullets of Jihadi Terrorists) was posted in the border district of Kupwara, but for some reasons he was in Baramulla that day. In the afternoon, the loudspeakers in the mosques started blaring strange slogans that were not previously heard upon. Apart from churning out highly religious slogans like "Pakistan se kya rishta la illa ilailla", direct threats were issued to Hindus of Kashmir, "Raliiev, Galiev Chaliev" that is either convert or die or leave. Highly shameful slogans also came out "Ase gase Pakistan, batto vareii te bateno saan" which was a clear threat to the honour of pandit womenfolk & with every passing hour these voices became more louder & clearer.

My dad went to the local police station to enquire what the matter is & when he returned half an hour later he seemed to be a worried man.

numbing our senses), my dad came & called me aside, as I followed him I saw his shoulders had dropped down & his walk was that of a defeated man. He said "you are a brave girl & I know you can do it", saying so he handed me two kitchen knives & told me that in case there is a mob coming our way, before the mob gets you, you kill yourself. I could see tears in my father's eyes & he seemed so helpless that time. Imagine what could have been his thoughts & emotions telling his teenage daughter to embrace death to dishonor. How much courage he must have mustered to tell me to kill myself. This must have happened in many pandits households throughout the valley that night.

We survived that night only to lose our identity, houses, hearths & Kashmir forever & became refugees in our own country, refugees from 30 years waiting for justice for our ethnic cleansing.





## Kashmiri Pandits – Unabated Exoduses Painful Recollections and Reflections

The night of January 1990 sends a shiver down the spine of every Kashmiri pandit as he was subjected to the most soul shattering and frightening experience never seen before in the recent times. It was the day when the Frankenstein monster of hate, death, plunder & destruction



was let loose on a minuscule, peace loving and defenceless people. The resulting exodus was no less than a deluge or a *Pralaya* as the entire community was forced to leave their native land and ancestor homes rendering them homeless and penniless overnight. It was more traumatic as the indigenous inhabitants were forced to abandon the land, which the legendary *Rishi Kashyapa* had made it fit for the habitation of our ancestors, historically called the *Swaraswat Brahamins* and geographically known as *Kashmiri Pandits*, after the *Satisar* lake had been drained by him.

The present exodus is more dreadful and gruesome as it happened in free India, where the rhetoric of secularism and co-existence is drummed out day and night. The microscopic community was hounded out because they professed a faith contrary to the majoritarians living there. One more discomfort was the fact that they were fearlessly patriots. They

actualized the idea of Indianness by their presence for they represented a microcosm of India in the only Muslim majority state of the country. All these streaks made us suspect in the eyes of those, who subscribed to separatist and anti-national views. They accordingly labelled him a *Muskhbir*

or an Indian informer. The hateful label, regretfully enough even found a reference in the autobiographical book titled "Aatish-a-Chinar", authored by no other than Late Mr Sheikh Abdullah, supposed to be the tallest secular leader of Kashmir. The deportability of the then ruling dispensation can be calibrated by the fact that it was given the highest literary Sahitya Academy award, notwithstanding the spiteful reference in it. The KP community is the most unfortunate religious minority not only in India but also globally as it has suffered repeated and non-stop forced displacements and whole sum ethnic cleansings many times. The recorded history mentions seven forced expulsions and banishments. It is contrary to the oral history that be-speaks of dozens of massive forced displacements and hundreds of smaller ones during the medieval times. The spot of *Batta Mazzar*, the graveyard of Kashmiri Pandits existing in the near vicinity of *Abhi-Nawpora*,

area of *Lokkut Dal lake* is evocative of ruthlessness suffered by our forefathers like us. But the year 1990 exodus was horrific in comparison to the medieval brutality as the present one was enacted in the civilized era of 21st century. The agonizing aspect assumes enormous intent as the free India, country men, civil society, human rights activists and the media remained mute spectators and indifferent to our plight and sufferings. It finds no parallel in the documented history in the country and the world, wherein a single religious minority has suffered persecution umpteen times. The present exodus is more ghastly than the proverbial eleven KP households surviving in the medieval times as they at least functioned as familial houses. It is opposite the present mayhem, wherein the tiny community has got dispersed and scattered to unknown places everywhere within the country and outside. It has also debased the family structure from the earlier held joint family and extended family system to the nuclear ones. Agonizingly enough, the nuclear families have further split with parents staying out. The present exodus was not abrupt but on the contrary, outcome of a deep rooted and calculated conspiracy hatched by the religious fanatics in close collaboration with the anti-national masters across the border, devised under the notorious operation Topaz by Pakistani military dictator Gen. Zia-ul-Haq. The communal onslaught on the community in the villages of south Kashmir especially that of district Anantnag in 1986 was a part of the same sinister plan and a prelude to the subsequent 1990 holocaust. Shockingly enough, the publication of warning messages to the community in Kashmiri newspapers like *Daily Aftab* on 4/1/1990 and later in the *Alsafa* on 14/4/1990 where neither condemned by the majority community of Kashmir nor seriously taken note of by the state, central government and civil society of India. The indoctrination of religious extremism and jihadi ideology pre exodus was so alarming that apart from targeted killings, there were planned mass slaughter at *Nadimargh*, *Wandhama* and *Sangrampora* villages, where even the toddlers in the lap of the women folk were massacred. A specific brutal instance is that of young Naveen Saproo, who was inhumanly killed in broad day light at

*Habba Kadal*. The killers celebrated his death by clapping and cheeringly dancing upon his body. Another KP boy of *Sayed Ali Akbar* area of Srinagar after having been killed had his body dumped in a downslide drain of a KP house in *Purshiyar*, Srinagar. A horror infusing case is that of a KP who reportedly was carried by his killers holding him by his arms and legs. He was repeatedly thrashed on the stone steps of *Puorshiyar Yarbhal Ghat* till blood started oozing from his eyes, ears and the nose. Not satisfied with this Nazi style brutality he was shot at point blank range. One Shri Raj Nath Dhar, a resident of *Rahbab Sahib, Ali Kadal* Srinagar was persuaded by his neighbours to stay back. He was latter killed at his home & bullets were pumped into him by his killers. His immediate neighbours remained indifferent and silent to



the wailing and cries. His son Shri Ramesh Dhar was forced to carry his bleeding father on his back to the *Maharaj Gunj* police station where the SHO on duty was kind enough to provide him a police jeep for carriage to the hospital.

Shri Bal ji Tutu , an agriculture officer and resident of *Sheshiyar* , Srinagar, was like wise killed in his home. Shri Dwarka Nath Bhat , a chemist of the village *Khrew* was abducted , killed and body was dumped at an undisclosed site. His family failed to find his body and cremate him. In the village *Mahind*, Anantnag , Shri Naerkak, a constable by profession was shot dead by masked men in his room in presence of his family after they had sneaked by scaling the courtyard wall. He is said to have recognized one of the terrorists as his immediate

neighbour. His close door neighbour Shri S.N. Pandit later shared that all the KP families subsequently moved out next day bare handed after letting free their livestock comprising cows and horses. A reputed journalist Shri S.N Gorkha of Rainawari , Srinagar got saved due to timely alertness by his grandson Lokesh after the terrorists had barged in his house with the intention to kill him. Lokesh was later on rewarded for this brave act by Govt of India with *Baal Puruskar*. One more painful incident revealed by one Mr Gulam Mohammad, relates to a KP family which was persuaded to stay back at *Rainawari*. This house was often forcibly used by terrorists as a night shelter and one of them, a vegetable seller turned terrorist of *Jogilankar*, forced one of the female members of house to marry him. The torturous and barbaric mode employed in the killing of the reputed writer-poet Shri Sarvanand Premi and his young son Virender is too painful to be described. His killing happened, in spite of his massive contribution as a teacher. A soul stirring incident is that of *Kanya Kadal* locality Srinagar, where a half burned body of a lady was recovered from the abandoned torched house. She is said to have been kidnapped while on her way to see her parents.

She was taken to the said house, obviously physically abused, before being killed and the house set on fire to remove the traces of evidence.

One more inhuman case relates to then casual artist of AIR Srinagar, Shri Ramesh Marhatta, who was kidnapped from *Sonwar* and subjected to savage torture and barrage of bullets which he fortunately survived. The beastly case of *Nai Sadak*, Srinagar also needs a mention wherein a KP, a driver by profession, was made to see physical abuse of his spouse and his young daughter, before all three were killed by terrorists. There are hundreds of holocaust stories like this which are yet to be documented.

Desecration and encroachment of KP shrines and temples is another example of systematic campaign to erase the symbols of our centuries old existence in Kashmir. The most depressing example is the holiest of the holiest shrine of *Hari Parbat*. The entire traditional Parikrama route is totally encroached upon with



residential houses having come up there. It is agonising to see that the revered spot of *Sapth Rishi* has a private house constructed there. The Kali Temple in *Devi Aangan* does not exist now as it is said to have been destroyed after the gun powder put in it was ignited. The hallowed Hanuman Temple near *Pokharibal* shrine no more stands after it was burnt and dismantled. Its land measuring about 65 canals has a residential colony having come up there. The holy spot of *Kurukshetra* near *Pampore* having about 60 canals can't be seen now as its sacred ponds were filled up, paving way for a residential colony to come up. The most depressing sight is the way the Raghunath Temple at *Syed Ali Akbar* area, Srinagar has been plundered and burnt down. Likewise the temples of *Drabiyar* , *Karfalli Mohalla*, *Rainawari* Srinagar and *Kali temple, Tral* etc stand either burnt or demolished .The prime land of the famous Ramji's temple at *Sathu Burbarshah* has been sold off .The huge courtyard land of *Baab Dharamdasun* temple at *Sathu* has also met the same fate as most of its prime land stands disposed off. I am reminded of the painful sight of the *Vitaal Bhairav*, where



every idol has been vandalised and even the mulberry tree, the abode of the *Bhairav Sahab* has been burnt down. Likewise, the sacred *Bahukhetrashor Bhairav* shrine, *Chattabal Srinagar* stands gutted and destroyed. I am reminded of the agonising moment while at Srinagar, when I had to make calls to inform the organisations and the individuals about the sell-out move of the *Vitaal Bhairav* shrine, when the said information was received by me . I also recall my conversation with the *Rainawari* butcher, who spoke about the intensity of the poisonous feelings generated against the

*haath tae battae hai, akh akis paet hai....."*. Likewise, a painful recollect about the absence of feelingless can be gauged from the fact that the looted household goods of KP'S were openly sold at *Nowhatta, Babademb* and *Iqbal park* areas without any trace of guilt or condemnation.

Lastly, in the context of the prevailing conditions, it seems un-bearing that a fistful persons are marketing the narrative of reconciliation and rehab in the unchanged radicalized set up, which does not have an iota of regret or remorse for our exodus and horrific



community, which had resulted in his social ostracization on the plea that his buyers were Kashmiri Pandits. He also informed me that he was forced to flee to Jammu temporarily to beat the motivated accusation .The dreadful recall makes me to remember the manufactured narrative ,with branded every KP as a *Shiv Sanik* and his house to be the storing place of the arms. One more traumatic recall is about the pasting of the hit list of the selected KP'S on the electric poles on the assumption that they are *Mukhbirs*. The planned motivation was to kill one amongst them and scare the rest to run away from their homes. The act to randomly mark the outer doors of the KP houses during the night with the sign of a cross was a part of the same design to install fear amongst them. A recollection also comes to me about a denigrating rhyme having a taunting intent articulated before the KP'S coming from Jammu to retrieve their belongings from their downtown homes. The selected spot was near Barbar Shah bridge crossing and the rhyme would run as, "*Ram Naam satya hai, paanch*

killings. Furthermore, there is an element of silence by them on the question as to whether the returning one's can celebrate the national festivals of Republic and Independence days and unfurl the national flag without inviting the retaliatory endangerment. Moreover, it is also painful to expect the relatives of the community martyrs to live and coexist with those, who are responsible for inhuman killings. The feel of the pain endured by them can be had, if the return proponents momentarily slip into the skin of those whose dear ones were killed in cold blood. Any talk of the return becomes meaningless without the recognition of the genocide, reversal of the genocide, steps to be initiated for the reversal, judicial trial and punishment to the culprits and restoration of all the holy shrines like *Hari Prabhat* etc to the pre exodus time. The genocide is not yet over ,it continues as the community continues to live with unaddressed memories of the holocaust .I am reminded of a Shakespearean quote "*The fault ,dear Brutus ,is not in our stars, But in ourselves, that we are underlings*"





- Rajendra Razdan



# Struggle of Employees After Exodus

Year 1990 would be treated as a big blot in the contemporary History of Kashmir, when almost the entire Kashmiri Pandit community, the original inhabitants of Kashmir were hounded out from their homes and hearths lock, stock and barrel by Islamic fundamentalist forces inimical to their very existence in Kashmir. The whole exercise of extermination of Hindus was fully aided and abetted by Pakistan, to further their nefarious designs of Islamic expansionism of Ghazwa-e-Hind.

On 19th January the clarion call was announced across all mosques in valley which resulted in leaving of Kashmir by Kashmiri Hindus. This trickle finally resulted in a full scale genocide and forced exodus when nearly half a million Kashmiri Hindus comprising men, women and children young and old were forced to flee for their lives from their land of birth. These Hindus who left valley finally took refuge in Jammu and its adjoining areas. Meanwhile, those Hindus who were left behind were mercilessly killed in the name of Jihad. The Hindus had to eventually move out for safety from the valley, leaving behind all means of livelihood like jobs, business, trade and Agriculture.

At the time of Exodus there were more than 15,000 Kashmiri Hindus working in state government and semi government departments

in Kashmir. Besides more than 5000 Kashmiri Hindus were also working in Central Govt depts/Banks and nearly 3 to 4 thousand were working in private sector. Due to the unprecedented situation in Kashmir in 1990 itself these employees too had to flee with their families leaving everything behind.

On arrival in Jammu these hapless Hindu families had to face the pathetic conditions. We could see despair and despondency were visible all over these refugees. Many were seen weeping and wailing, which reminded some of those horrific days of Partition when millions had to flee from their homes for the safety of their lives. Similar, situation was in 1990 when Hindu refugees spread all over Jammu and were struggling to find some space in temple premises, Dharamshala's, rented accommodations and under construction government buildings to save themselves from extreme cold of winter.

The immediate need at that time was to provide basic food and temporary shelter for these refugees and it was Jammu's valiant Dogra Community who tried their level best to accommodate and provide basic day to day needs to these refugees. Since it was a herculean task it was immediately taken over by the Governor's administration, who took the charge to provide daily basic needs of food,

**“There was open hostility towards displaced Hindus and all means were used by Muslim bureaucrats to deprive, deny and discriminate”**

clothing, bedding, etc and started the registration process of these thousands of refugees pouring into Jammu daily. Even some refugees went straight to New Delhi to ease the load on Jammu, which had limited infrastructure.

Here the exemplary role played by the then Divisional Commissioner, Jammu Shri Vijay Bakaya those days can't be brushed aside, who day and night personally ensured that Ration and Shelter is provided to these refugees who were pouring in Jammu in thousands in the months of January, February, March and April.

To provide shelter to the displaced community some thousands of tents were procured from outside the state by the Administration and pitched on vacant lands in Jammu, Udhampur and Kathua to house these thousands of displaced Kashmiri Hindus temporarily, in order to save them from vagaries of nature in an alien land and dialect. It would not be out of place to mention here about the immense role played by RSS and BJP workers in Jammu region who day and night ensured that no one sleeps without food and shelter in Jammu was highly appreciated and commendable.

As the situation was deteriorating day by day in Kashmir, the displaced people needed long term shelter and means of livelihood. Governor's administration made immediate provisions for monthly cash assistance to these refugees. This monetary relief was being released to those people only who had no source of income and were not in any Government/ Semi Government services. Simultaneously, it was a gigantic task to release salary for sustenance of more than 15,000 State Government employees at Jammu and Delhi due to non-availability of their service records in Jammu, a large number of Displaced Employees Associations of all the departments and PSU's came into existence, who devised various ways and means through proper legal procedures to ensure that monthly salary is released to all. Meanwhile the Displaced employees of Central Government Departments, banks etc. were slowly adjusted and posted in various branches throughout the country. However, the private employees, traders, agriculturists, shopkeepers etc. were covered under relief category.

In due course of time the Displaced

employees faced lot of difficulties by them to get even their salaries released on month to month basis. An Apex body of all employees under the name of ADKEF (All Displaced Kashmiri Employees Forum) came into being under the leadership of S/Shri S.K Gadoo, MK Tickoo, ML Kak, Ajay Muju, VK Jinsi, TN Kalla, AK Kachroo, ON Koul, Vijay Kashkari, AK Sadhu, Raj Nath, Indu Kilam and Prof BL Zutshi not only to regulate monthly salary for sustenance in the first place but for settlement of other service related issues confronting the displaced employees on day to day basis.

The Governor's Administration, keeping the deteriorating situation in Kashmir in view at that time also proposed to utilize the services of some of the displaced employees in Jammu region but this was opposed tooth and nail by employees of Jammu region who felt that it amounted to infringement of their rights. Hence, this matter of adjustment got shelved forever. The difficulties of displaced employees were getting compounded month after month due to not only deterioration in the law and order situation in Kashmir but by the hostile nature of subsequent Kashmiri Muslim dominated administration towards displaced Kashmiri Hindus, that came into fore after unceremonious removal of the Governor Jagmohan from the turmoil hit State, despite of the fact that the salary of these displaced employees as well as the monthly ration and cash assistance to relief holders was being paid by the Central Government from security related fund account. The other discrimination by Muslim dominated administration was denial of annual increments, promotions, DA/HRA CCA, retirement benefits, leave encashment, medical facilities etc. There was open hostility towards displaced Hindus and all means were used by Muslim bureaucrats to deprive, deny and discriminate against these hapless employees in all possible ways and means. These displaced employees had no other option but to knock the doors of Justice from lower court to High Court to Supreme Court, spending lot of money to pursue the cases for years together. It would not be out of place to mention here that after putting in great efforts by dedicated team of employee leaders under the tutelage of Prof BL Zutshi, Shri Vijay Kashkari, Smt Indu Kilam, etc.

succeeded in getting deferment of payment of Income Tax for the Displaced State Government employees from Government of India year after year that continued till year 2011 -12.

In the meantime, State Government issued promotion orders to displaced employees who were working in various departments but with a rider that these displaced employees have to join in their respective places in Kashmir otherwise the promotions would get forfeited. Few volunteered to join back in Kashmir but majority didn't and they were denied the due promotions. In many State PSU's the promotions were completely denied despite clear orders from government. One such organization was J&K Cements Ltd. where the muslim officers who were helm of affairs from 1990 till year 2014 subjected displaced Hindu employees numbering more than 100 employees to great financial, harassment and mental torture and engaged them in many court cases. However, in some other state PSU's the displaced employees whose number being very less were adjusted in Jammu region in their branches after many years of displacement.

To conclude, by now much water has flown down the river Jhelum and almost entire segment of Displaced Kashmiri Hindu Employees have attained superannuation.

- 1) Total Displaced Families registered at Jammu - 43000 approx (comprising of 1,53,000 souls approx)
- 2) Families under Monthly Ration and Relief category -20,000 approx (65,000 souls approx)
- 3) Out of 20,000 relief category  
Kashmiri Hindus - 15,800 families approx  
Kashmiri Muslims -2,500 families approx  
Kashmiri Sikh 1,700 families approx
- 4) Non relief category - 23,000 families approx. (85,000 souls approx)

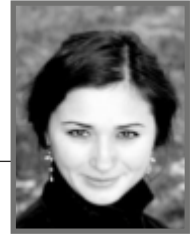
With this ends the sordid saga of deceit, deprivation and denial of justice to the Displaced employees at the hands of Successive State Governments and their hostile Muslim Administrative setup in the State towards nearly 15000 Unsong Displaced Kashmiri Hindu employees comprising of brilliant Doctors, Engineers, Professors, Teachers and other technical and non-technical staff from the scene of State Government services in their own State of Jammu and Kashmir. The only sin they had committed was that they were Patriotic Indians.

## Cartoon Corner - Anil Nakhasi





- Riya Rozanova



## A Crimson Leaf in the Wind

Kashmir valley is called one of the most beautiful places on the earth. Here the towering Himalayas with their snowy peaks are combined with wide meadows of amazing palette, magical transparent lakes and magnificent gardens. Here the great saints, scholars and ascetics worked and attained the highest wisdom. For centuries Kashmir has been the center of education and various spiritual movements. The blessed land, where thoughts of great artists and poets were rushing... No one could have imagined that this blessed land would be stained with blood.

“The past is never dead. It didn't even pass”- recalling that famous aphorism, we plunge into the ever-living time of the past, which reached us in the form of historical events, artistic currents, musical trends, life-changing books that can convey the spirit of that time. Looking back at the past, we are looking for lessons to better understand the present and develop our future in right direction. But when we talk about Kashmir, a completely different



situation opens up before us. There is a past here, but this past is not accepted and almost nobody doesn't talk about it... The tragic history of Kashmiri Pandits is almost erased from public memory. The whole world shamelessly pretends that there is no problem.

Until now, the genocide is not perceived by the world as a tragedy. And no one realizes true dimensions of this woe. This is a terrible disaster. Nobody did anything to avoid it at that time. And now, many years later, the authorities are not properly responding to the destruction of carriers of such beautiful and distinctive Hindu-Kashmiri tradition. This is our common problem, a world-class problem - the original inhabitants of the Kashmir valley with a recorded cultural and civilizational history dating back 5,000 years were subjected to terrible persecution. This is a common theme for world newspapers, magazines, television programs. We must not be silent aside. We must discuss the genocide of Kashmiri Pandits

What has been lost is a part of India's Hindu culture, what has been erased is integral to India's Hindu civilization.





everywhere. Because it is like a wound that still bleeds.

A whole people have been expelled from the land of their ancestors and left to fend for themselves. A part of India's cultural heritage has been brutally destroyed. A whole Chapter of the history of Indian civilization has been erased. How many lives have been destroyed! Why does the government not pay attention to the plight of Kashmiri Pandits caused by Islamic terror? Why is this tragedy still not recognized as "ethnic cleansing" and "genocide"? Why are movies with horrific titles not made about this? Why is the Supreme Court of India silent? Why does the media not provoke a big fury, reporting tiniest details of this tragedy? So that people know and remember. Why does everyone pretend not to know about it? Why should innocent people die? Why should entire cultural peoples be wiped off the face of the earth for the sake of political games? So that a bunch of ambitious politicians can implement their long-standing plans? Both are human. Where is our humanity? Humanity - that's what important. We are all brothers. We must always remember this. We must not encourage fratricide. After all, what has been lost is a part of India's Hindu culture, what has been erased is integral to India's Hindu civilization.

In order to understand challenges facing the preservation of Kashmiri Hindu culture today, it is necessary not only to accept the fact of genocide, but also to be clear about its terrifying consequences:

## 1. Human Losses

Kashmiri pandits survived a terrible blow. On that fateful January night, some were shot dead; others were tortured and then brutally murdered. Women were abducted, raped, and then killed. Many Pandits in immeasurable despair abandoned their homes and fled from Kashmir to escape the terrible fate. It was the horrible massacre. We can't even imagine how terrible the number of lost lives is for small nation of Kashmiri Pandits. The situation is aggravated by emigration, which does not stop to this day. Rehabilitation and recovery of people after such grim events will require a lot of time. The human losses during this tragedy affected not only the number of Kashmiri Pandits, but also its

cumulative quality (in particular, introducing the so-called "survival" psychology into the masses, preference only for personal and family interests in everything).

## 2. Loss of Living Space

The regions and districts of Kashmir were not just a territory, but a five-thousand-year-old homeland. The worst consequence of the genocide is that Kashmiri Pandits were torn off and removed from their living space. Hundreds of thousands of Pandits from Kashmir left their home and hearth and began to live as refugees in their country. People settled in fugitive's squalid camps in Jammu and Delhi. Over the years, a whole generation of expelled Kashmiri Pandits has grown up without seeing their native land from where their parents fled to escape the brutality of Islamic terrorism, the native land to which they dare not return, although this land still remains a part of their country. Refugees in their own country.

## 3. Cultural Losses

Cultural losses are incalculable. These are not only individual temples, shrines, various unique architectural monuments and structures, but also ancient educational centers created on this land for centuries. Many priceless manuscripts in which unique knowledge of the Kashmir Hindu tradition was generalized were destroyed and sunk into oblivion. All this has deprived Kashmiri Pandits of a significant part of the spiritual heritage of their ancestors, tearing them away from ancestors' thoughts and spirit.

## 4. Material Losses

After making a painful decision to leave own homeland in order to save their lives, Kashmiri Pandits settled in various Indian cities. And some even fled the country. Many of them, once prosperous and proud of their rich heritage now live in terrifying poverty, depending on state benefits and charity. And instead of constructive work in favor of strengthening and enriching the collective national life, they are forced, each individually, with hard work to provide the elementary physical existence of their families.

## 5. Psychological Trauma

Psychologically, the loss of living space has deprived daily communication with natural and

also man-made traditional symbols, thereby destroying the very possibility of the natural spiritual development of Kashmiri Pandits. The consequences of genocide are psychologically terrible. They can give rise to inferiority complexes - disbelief in the future, in some cases even self-phobia, i.e. denial of interests and values of own tradition, worship of all foreign. It can also lead to a phenomenon when a significant part of the younger generation will undergo cultural denationalization.

## 6. Destruction of Organized Communities and Structures

During the genocide, not only huge masses of people were destroyed, but also the Demos which was united and organized around its centuries-old structures. Communities, temples, schools, numerous and diverse structures and

Stalin's genocide against his people. If it were recognized, evaluated, if it were included in history books, maybe there would not be such a serious conflict between two fraternal peoples - Russians and Ukrainians. The conflict which is filled with innocent blood... Therefore, the genocide of Kashmiri Pandits is very important for any country and for any history. We must not be silent about it! Because it will remain a terrible stain on the conscience of mankind.

It is natural and understandable that such territorial, spiritual, cultural, material and human losses have affected the general intellectual and moral potential of the nation. However, these deplorable facts should inspire us to unite. All Indians must respond in every way to this terrible genocide. All Indians must accept this sad fate of their fellow men and join forces in resolving this issue as soon as possible.



organizations, including the political, intellectual, cultural and spiritual elites, were destroyed. The human masses without structures uniting them are no longer a people, but individuals.

The situation of Kashmiri Pandits will always remain a sore topic precisely because the genocide has not found its completion and the government refuses to recognize the fact of the genocide itself. It is very important to know and accept the truth, it is very important to speak and constantly remember about this truth, without it there is no movement forward. An example of this is the Holodomor, which Russia still cannot recognize as the genocide of Ukrainians. Like the most important genocide in Russian history,

All together should commemorate the day of these events in order to convince themselves and others: such madness should not happen again. We can really change something only when we respond to the genocide of Kashmiri Pandits with active actions.

*Like a ray of sudden lightning  
Pain pierced hearts of those,  
Leaving their native lands.  
Like a sudden thunder from gloomy clouds  
Their souls were darkened by tragedy forever...  
When? When will this darkness be dispelled?  
Light! Light a flickering lamp  
Light this lamp with your hope  
And one day its shine will destroy  
Shaggy paws of painful darkness...*



- Sanchi Bhat



## The Fading Kashmir Connection

The question “Where are you from?” always makes me nervous. Calling Delhi my hometown seems unfair to the city because I was only raised in the capital since I was 14 years old. But also, answering this question with “Kashmir” seems hollow as I wasn't born in the valley, do not have a strong command over the Kashmiri language and wasn't raised as a part of the culture. I have understood what it means to be a Kashmiri Pandit as probably an outsider would, through second-hand learning.

The genesis of this confusion about my identity can be traced back to January of 1990. Thirty years since the exodus, with no long-term solution to rehabilitate to the Kashmir valley has only worsened this confusion. The question, “where are you from?” forces me to think hard about the scattered few cultural and human connections that I have left with Kashmir as the child of a – and I always stutter at this word – *refugee*.

Simple things forge my delicate, thread-like connection to Kashmir as a second-generation Kashmiri Pandit: waking up at 4 am during *Pann* and helping my mom make *roth*, admiring my grandmother and my mother's *dejure* collection or snuggling in warm *pherans* during Delhi winters. One of my most cherished connections to Kashmir has always been my late grandfather, Shri Prem Nath Bhat's fond stories of his pre-exodus boyhood and thereafter adulthood in Kashmir.

There were many winter afternoons in Delhi when my sister and I would sit around him and listen to a colorful account of his life. Orphaned at the tender age of nine, my grandad lived a tough life centered on surviving. Hard-working and dedicated by nature, it wasn't long before he got the job as a postman in Srinagar. Many of his stories were happy ones; the first



***When my beloved grandad, Shri Prem Nath Bhat, passed away on 28<sup>th</sup> December 2017, I lost an important connection to Kashmir.***

time he saw an old, black and white film called the *Dracula* in 1931 (it scared him to no end), when he bought his cherished radio after saving up for months, sowing seeds of all varieties in his garden and watching them grow into strong plants, and about how he would travel from house to house delivering letters, each journey seeming like a new adventure. There were also stories tainted with darkness during the unrest during 1989-1990; losing all his life's earnings, including his precious radio and garden, at sixty-five due to the exodus. At an age where he should've been retiring and spending the remainder of his life relaxing in Srinagar, he had to build his house, his earnings from scratch again in the unfamiliar city of Jammu.

“ Realizing that my grandad was a Hindu, they beat him to a pulp, breaking and permanently damaging his nose in the process. ”

If you would have ever met my grandad you would have noticed that his typical, handsome Kashmiri features were marred by a rather crooked nose. During January 1990, while on his way to work, my grandad was confronted by a mob of Kashmiri Muslims. A Kashmiri Pandit had been shot in the day and in the middle of a rioting Srinagar, a mob had gathered on a bridge near the river Jhelum. Realizing that my grandad was a Hindu, they beat him to a pulp, breaking and permanently damaging his nose in the process. The horde of angry men and women were not satisfied by just hurting him. They picked him up and decided to snub out his life by throwing him into the river. If the Kashmir police hadn't intervened at the last moment, I would have forever lost the joy of being his grandchild and, in the years to come, an important connection to Kashmir.

My grandad's life of trauma post the exodus came to an end in December 2017, when he breathed his last. With the pain of losing him came the agony of also letting go of one of the last few important ties to Kashmir. The answer to the question, “Where are you from?” seemed more elusive than ever before.

After decades of disappointments: failed attempts to rehabilitate Pandits in the Kashmir Valley due to communal violence by Kashmiri Muslims and empty promises from political parties, the Kashmiri Pandit community saw a tiny beacon of hope in the abrogation of article 370. As Jammu and Kashmir becomes one with the rest of India, Kashmiri Pandits look forward to a more efficient and safe relocation program than before. However, with Jammu and Kashmir also under lockdown for the past five months, the Kashmiri Pandit community is unsure of the “how” and “when” of the program.

As the Kashmir valley slowly integrates into the fabric of India, I hope to answer the question of “Where are you from?” with something more culturally concrete than second-hand connections. Even though Kashmiri Pandits are now self-sufficient, a lot is riding on the center's initiative to bring us back to the valley: first and foremost ensuring the safety of rehabilitators and providing adequate economic opportunities. Without these two pillars, it's impossible for Kashmiri youth to feel safe and earn their keep in the valley.

My hope for second-generation Kashmiri youth is that someday, when we think of home, our minds swiftly race toward the Kashmir valley, and we have a variety of our own, colorful stories to recount about our life in Kashmir, just like my beloved grandad.

*Until that time, we wait patiently. (The writer can be reached on @thesanb on Instagram or email her onsanchibhat13@gmail.com)*

## Events of the Month

Shisher Sankrati Paancham	15 January
Sahib-Satam	16 January
KP Exodus Day	19 January
Ekadashi (Krishna Paksh)	20 January
Amavasya	24 January
Gauri Tritya	28 January
Basant Panchmi	30 January
Bhishma Ashtami	02 February
Ekadashi (Shukal Paksh)	05 February
Yachne' Chodah Chaturdashi	08 February
Kaaw Poornima	09 February

**Note | Panchak starts on January 26<sup>th</sup>, Ends on January 31<sup>st</sup>.**





- Siya Bhat



## Unsaid Pain of Kashmiri Pandit

I shall never forget the nights that I spent in camp, living my life as migrant and seeking shelter in refugee camps. I shall never forget the term "Migrant" that was embedded on me right after my birth.

I shall never forget the nights that I spent in camp, living my life as migrant and seeking shelter in refugee camps. I shall never forget the term "Migrant" that was embedded on me right after my birth. I shall never forget the life I have seen while I was progressing towards teenage, maintaining dignity as well as sharing resources with other families. I shall never forget those images, wherein a thin dupatta (piece of cloth) used to serve as barrier for different families, how the ladies used to manage. I shall never forget those moist eyes, those moments when my grandparents used to pray endlessly to God for their safe return to motherland. I have seen their dreams turned to ashes along with them under a silent sky. I shall never forget those stories that my parents used to say, how one of the peace-loving community had to flee from their home. Someone has rightly said that life is not a smooth journey, Life of a Kashmiri Pandit may be best related to this. For a moment life was blossomed like saffron, flower and next moment just as barren and dark as soot.

Despite, these situation, Kashmiri Pandits, never lost their hopes, they never stopped praying to God, never forget their fasts- especially aatham (asthmi). They firmly believed Violence is not the answer, their firm faith on God was their strength. I remember: it happened just yesterday, or eternities ago. My friends asking are you migrant, what happened in 1990. Who would allow such crimes to be committed? "How could the world remain silent?" I have tried to keep my memory alive, that I have tried to fight those who would forget.

We would be guilty, if we forget, we are accomplices. I made them understand that our

community is a peace loving, how naive we were, that the world did know and remained silent. I am raised in Delhi, hearing stories from my parents and I swore never to be silent whenever and wherever human beings endure suffering and humiliation. We need to take sides. Being neutral helps the oppressor but never the victim. Silence encourages the tormentor but never the tormented. Sometimes it's necessary that we must interfere. When human lives are endangered, when human dignity is in jeopardy, national borders and sensitivities become irrelevant. Penning down the thoughts are one of the ways, that can be shared among others. It's not about gaining sympathy but a learning platform that how one can survive in worst conditions. Amidst the bad memories, I shall never forget those happy faces of my parents whenever they share details of the fashion in J&K. Those pictures, with bell sleeves, bell bottom pants and not to forget dark shades and haircut.

Alas! That's the fashion trend that everyone used to follow that time. For the survivors, have to witness the pain of loosing their loved ones and to make efforts for living. Even if there were grim chances to recover from the loses, everyone tried to muster strength and did not lose heart. With less resources and not losing courage, each and every Kashmiri Pandit overcame the troubles. Despite there were so many hurdles, but Kashmiri pandit is rightly called as Pandit- who never misses their intellect. The love and passion to learn more, made them successful in their later stages of life. They choose pen over any weapon to win battle in life not with ammunition but with their intellect and wisdom.



- Rajiv Raina



## Lost Angel

The times that have gone through displacement and restoration add to the experiences of human beings and many forgotten stories, scriptures, edicts, which continue to travel with them in the coming times. Such tales and questions are not new to the entire community of Kashmiri Pandits, who are desperate to return to their own homeland after forced to live displaced lives in their own country for last three decades after their heaven became a slaughterhouse of its own flowers. Its beautiful surroundings still echo the unbridled groans of hundreds of Kashmiri Hindu daughters, who were victims of their own blood libel, there are many stories of torture which are untold till date. The empty, burnt houses in the community scream on the flowing waters of the Jhelum which witnessed unending stains to the heart of humanity and the poison being spewed by the loudspeakers of the mosques. These paraphrases still resonate in our ears, “what we want here, Nizam-e-Mustafa” What does freedom mean, “La Ilaha Ilallah, “If you want to live in Kashmir, you need to say Allah- O-Akbar,”Asi Gacchi Pakistan, battav roas te batnev saan”, which meant that we have to make our Pakistan here, with Kashmiri Pandit women shunning Kashmiri Pandits, such poisonous emotions dared to rob us of centuries of brotherhood.

In this mayhem, I suddenly found myself with dad handing over a small handbag which had a small towel and an undergarment. I had to wake myself up to come to terms what was happening. Parents were dependent on me as my two brothers due to Jihadi threat had already fled to Jammu. Elder brother had picked up a job outside an insurance company, though having

secured distinction in graduation. Parents were reluctant and finally I could not resist anymore. I took my brother's employment papers as I thought these would be of some value than my mother's jewelry. That is all which I could fit in handbag. My mother handed me ten notes of hundred each for the airplane tickets and miscellaneous expenditure with tears in eyes. We had an ailing grandmother at home which prevented parents from leaving besides we had enough land and orchards and all this kept my father clinging on to his roots.

Travelling from Ganderbal to Srinagar airport was an achievement those days due to extreme cold and hostile conditions. I hastily brought a ticket of Air India flight to Jammu but could not get it okayed as these used to be done those days besides waiting halfhearted, watching the last flight taking off without me. There were a lot of people still stranded and the local police warned us to leave the premises and try again the next day. This was my Waterloo moment. There was no place for me to go. All my relatives had already left Srinagar. I went pale. My paleness was suddenly observed by an angel, my friend who stood behind me in the line for confirmation of flight. We both were the losers but he seemed to have an opportunity left. He had his home in Zaina kadal and he offered me to spend the night there. I agreed having no other options left.

We boarded a bus secured by the army personnel which dropped us at Zaina kadal. All of a sudden we found us walking through the alleys with people staring at us. It was late evening. He reached his home and I was surprised that the front door was locked. I wanted to enter in a shelter as quickly as

possible. He didn't have the keys. Soon he made some silly noise and somebody threw a key in the alley. He opened the door and we went in to our great relief. I was to witness a horrifying fact of life.

There was only one very old man in the house. My friend explained to me that 'Tathae' as they used to call their grandfather was reluctant to move to Jammu so he was left behind locked with enough supplies for six months till the family returned. The family had moved to Jammu. The old man received us well. He got blankets and covered us and gave us Kangri to warm ourselves. He cooked rice and baderwahi lentils and we had a sumptuous meal. During the pin drop silence of night we could here bullet ricochet from far away distance. The grandfather was a brave man. He kept vigil as we slept soundly. He woke us up early at four in the morning. We just splashed a few drops of water on our faces and relaying the keys after locking the front door over the fence to Tathae. I thought of once to invite him to follow us to Jammu but couldn't gather the strength.

We walked maybe 12 kms to reach airport to find it already overflowing. I was happy to be with an angel friend that day as I had felt very lonely the previous day before meeting him. I was to betray my angel is another fact of life.

We stood in the line confident that we would fly that day as an extra flight had been requisitioned due to heavy rush. We were talking of the future events that would be reality once we touched Jammu as I felt a hand on my shoulder. Abdul Ghani Mir worked as a loader at airport. He was taught by my father. He had recognized me. He took me away with him and I told my angel friend that I will be back in a few minutes. Somebody had to secure the line. I was never to see him again.

Ghani took my ticket and went inside. He came after a few minutes and told me to accompany him. My ticket had been okayed. I refused to go inside without my angel friend. He

insisted that he will ensure my friend also boarded the flight. I agreed after his long persuasion. That was my first flight of life at the age of 18 years and I didn't like it. My friend was not with me. I came out of Jammu airport and after buying an omelette nearby the main gate, I patiently waited till the other flights landed and the passengers kept emerging from the gate. My patience diminished after I saw the passengers coming out of last flight. I enquired from many passengers as to how many were still stranded at the airport. They said the last flight had many vacant seats could give me relief but not happiness that I would have got by physically seeing him coming out. Finally as it was getting late, I went to bus stand to catch the last bus to Akhnoor where my uncle had a small place to start my refugee life in Jammu. Next couple of

years were a saga of struggle. Getting parents and an almost dead grandmother from Kashmir was planned by my elder brother who sneaked in to our village at night in a small truck during heavy hostilities, registering as migrants in camps, starting college in a

tent while living in a 10x10 shack with hostile temperature and insects is horrifying. I constantly visited all camps to locate my angel but in vain. I knew his pet name "gasha" which could not help me in finding him besides writing about him in Orkut, Facebook and Twitter recently. My guilt of leaving him alone when he needed me most forces me to go to the front gate of Jammu airport frequently in case, he also is trying to locate me. My angel had saved me that night and it will remain embedded in my heart for whole life. God willing, he may read this issue of Naad to come back to me. Till then I will continue trying.

On the morning of January 19, 1990, a note was found affixed on the doors of Hindu homes and mosques in Kashmir, on which it was written, "If you do not leave Kashmir, you will be killed". It is a matter of fact that earlier the separatist organizations had asked the Kashmiri

**Grandfather was reluctant to move to Jammu so he was left behind locked with enough supplies for six months till the family returned.**

Pandits to revolt against the Indian government, but when the Pandits refused to do so, thousands of Kashmiri Muslims started burning the Pandits' houses. The children and elderly were killed on the street and women gang raped, saw almost 5 lakh Hindu families displaced from Kashmir to Jammu and Delhi immediately. Thousands of Kashmiri Pandits were killed in this massacre and hundreds of temples were destroyed. The slogans of Raliv, Galiv and Chaliv, Kashmiri Pandits convert, die or go away resonates vividly in the hearts of every Kashmiri pandith. Not only this, the names of 300 Hindu villages were changed to Islampura, Sheikhpura and Mohammadpura. Names like Shankaracharya, Hariparbat and Anantnag have now been changed and are being called by names like Suleiman Teing, Kohimaran and Islamabad. Uma Nagari in Anantnag district, where two

hundred and fifty Hindu families lived, was named Sheikhpura. Under the rule of Farooq Abdullah's father Sheikh Abdullah, policies were made which made it difficult for Kashmiri Pandits to survive. Sheikh Abdullah passed the oppressive policy 'Land Abolition Act' and caused great harm. Under this law, without giving compensation to the Pandith owners, their arable land was snatched and handed over to the tillers. The government had abolished the loan given by Pandit to the Muslims under the 'loan cancellation scheme'. The idea of secularism was basically shattered by destroying places of worship and hospices. January 19, 1990 is asking the world's largest democratic country a question repeatedly as whether India has ability to restore Kashmiri Pandits to the Valley with the lost respect and humility. Maybe we all know the answer.





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# The Muezzin's Call

(Excerpted from 'Days of Destiny: A Memoir of Kashmir',  
authored by Professor Shanti Swarup Ambardar)

The night of 20 January was a night saturated with fear and verbal assaults, and one I am unlikely to forget. It must have been around eight when the quiet of the night was rent by the slogans;

*"Musalmano Jago, Kaffiro bhago, Jihad Aa Raha Hai,"*  
(Muslims arise, Infidels run away, Holy war is coming.)  
*"Aay Zalimo, Aay Kaffiro, Kashmir Hamara Chodh Do."*  
(Oh Tyrants, Oh Infidels, Leave our Kashmir.)

These slogans, in the Urdu language, seemed to be emanating from the loudspeakers of the mosques in our vicinity. Mixed in with these was a more sinister slogan, in the Kashmiri language:

*"Asi Gacche Pakistan, Batav Ros Te Batnev Saan."*

(We want Pakistan, without the Pandit men, but with their women.)

The hum of the loudspeakers reverberated in the cold air, playing the same slogans over and over. The virulence of these announcements sent shivers up my spine. *"Bhabhi, kya karav?"* (Bhabhi, what should we do?) I asked Arundati anxiously. *"Wyyen Cha Yim Baangh Boezni?"* (Do we have to listen to these rants?) She shot back, but left my question unanswered.

The implications of the exhortations were obvious; Arundati strode to the front door to check that it was locked and barricaded. It was a very cold night. We hurried up to the *kainee*, and locked ourselves in Satish's small bedroom. Prithvi Nath was panicking. Young Sachin was clinging to Santosh's *pheran*. Satish's easy smile and boisterous laughter had been replaced by a look of wild-eyed terror. For Arundati, the demons of the *Qabaili* invasion of 1947

reappeared on her face.

*"Bei Pvev Taawan,"* (Another havoc is in the offing) she hissed angrily.

She started relating how the options for her, a newly-wed bride, and for the young women and girls in the household, had narrowed as the Qabailis advanced on Srinagar in 1947. Her accounts of the killings in Muzaffarabad, Domel and Baramulla were chilling. Tatha ji, my grandfather, sometimes talked about the *Qabaili* invasion. However, I had dismissed these as fifty-year-old history, never to be repeated. But Arundati's re-telling of the anxious and traumatic events of those days, in her strained voice as she paused, searching for words, took on a hard edge which could not be dismissed. Her distressed look, her odd silence and vague phrases, hid something yet told it all. Would it come to pass again? Would history repeat itself?

Each echoing wave of the scratchy slogans filled the winter night with fear. One slogan stopped and another started sometimes in competition with each other. That day the muezzin's calls from the mosques, were not urging one to seek enlightenment and emancipation. They, instead, were rousing religious fervor, and instilling terror in the non-Muslims' hearts. What used to be a call to prayer had turned into a call for *jihad*. Never before had I heard such venom being exhorted from a religious place.

To me, this *Baangh-e-Raath* (night of rants) evoked echoes of the *Kristallnacht* of November 1938. Windows of Synagogues and Jewish shops had been shattered by Nazi Party

activists in the streets of Berlin then. Nearly fifty years later, the Kashmiri Pandits' brittle sense of security was being shattered in Srinagar. Just as the *Kristallnacht* marked the beginning of the incarceration of Jews, so did the *Baangh-e-Raath* of 20 January 1990, terrorise the Kashmiri Pandits to flee the Valley. The parallels, though of vastly different scales, were unnervingly similar.

Every noise, real or imagined, took on an ominous overtone. I mentally prepared for the onslaught, trying to remember my NCC training from years ago about how to handle a gun. Ironically, I did not even have a surgical knife with me. The hours passed fitfully, in sleepless anxiety. One had to live through that night to comprehend the depths of fear it created.

The slogans died down as dawn broke on 21 January 1990. Arundati opened the window to let in some air. A *bulbul* perched on a mulberry tree branch was startled by the noise. The curl of the black feathers on its head sprung back and forth. It seemed so free and without a care. The elderly Jia Lal Raina, who lived directly across our backyard, was walking towards Vital Sahib Temple. This boosted our morale. Santosh and I ran to the temple. Santosh tried to jangle the temple bell.

*"Kya Chak Karan? Haalath Gayi Kharab. Vaen Paeyi Tchalun,"* (What are you doing? The situation is bad. We will have to flee) Jia Lal commented agitatedly. Santosh and I walked back home, rather stunned by Jia Lal's chastisement. Arundati accosted me.

*"Gus Vaeriw. Naukari Balai. Zuv Bachav!"* (Go home. Forget your job. Save your life!) she insisted. Arundati seemed to have assumed responsibility for my safety. Prompted by her urgings, I went to see Prabhavati Dembi, my friend Girja's mother, who lived in Mengan Mohalla, across the dried-out narrow canal, by our home.

*"Lookh Tche Tchalan. Vapas Kyazi Aayekh?"* (People are fleeing. Why did you return?) Prabhavati questioned me, her face a picture of anxious inquiry. Her son, Kuldeep Dembi, had just arrived from Ludhiana to evacuate his mother. I asked Kuldeep if I could accompany them. He agreed instantly. I rushed home, stuffed a change of clothes into a handbag, and informed Arundati about my plan.

She seemed relieved.

Next morning, at around four, I was ready to leave. Arundati murmured a quick, *"Bhagwanes Hawale,"* (God be with you) and hugged me. I stepped out wondering how she and her family would fare. She had coaxed, counselled and chastised me, all in a motherly fashion, to leave Srinagar. She was a doyenne of the Ambardar family, full of wit, tact and pluck. She ordered Prithvi Nath, her husband, to accompany me.

We walked past the familiar lane to the municipal water tap and across the dried-out canal, to the Dembi residence. The lights were not on, but Kuldeep and Prabhavati were waiting. She grabbed a shawl and we quietly filed out to the main road. We trudged past Kralyar, then Khanyar, and towards the Tourist Reception Centre. Occasionally, ice cracked like a pane of glass under our feet. The walk was exhausting Prabhavati, but she did not complain. Prithvi Nath brought up the rear, his teeth dug deep into his lower lip. Kuldeep, if he was fearful, did not show it. I was very uneasy. CRPF units were stationed on the road. Once past Dal Gate, we hastened our pace. Prabhavati and Prithvi Nath were gasping.

The Tourist Reception Center was crawling with people clamoring for bus tickets. They were elbowing and jostling with each other to get to the counter. Some were thrusting money at the ticket agents, willing to pay double, even triple the normal fare. Kuldeep somehow was able to purchase three tickets. We barely managed to get into a bus and occupied three seats behind the driver's door. Prabhavati flopped into the window seat next to me. In the commotion of the moment, I could not say goodbye to Prithvi Nath. He had fallen back in the crowd and disappeared from view.

The bus was filled with Kashmiri Pandits, some clutching terrified kids in their laps, others staring nervously at each other. Rita Jalla, and her grandmother, who seemed as frail as a parchment and who was shaking with the tremour of old age, kept mumbling, *"Vaelinj Tcham Phatan."* (My heart is breaking). They were among the forty or so people in the bus. They lived in Habba Kadal. Their house had been stoned repeatedly in the past weeks, although they had fixed a black flag on their door. Last night's exhortations had driven them to flee.

The bus drove off sometime after eight in the morning, a dove-grey winter sky our canopy. Snowflakes were drifting about. The once surging water fountains near Radio Kashmir Srinagar were silent. The bus rolled past Burn Hall School towards Badami Bagh. “*Dedhwun Gaw Yeti,*” (It is all burnt here) Prabhavati remarked wistfully.

While driving through Anantnag, an angry crowd was attempting to block traffic. The driver slowed down as he neared the group, but then roared past. Stones started hitting the bus. Prabhavati was holding her face. A shard of glass had gashed her right cheek. Blood trickled on to her creamy-white shawl. Others were also hurt, but nobody called out for the driver to stop. Half an hour later he stopped at Qazi Gund, where I applied first-aid to those hurt.

The road to Jammu was crawling with buses and taxis some with luggage and bedrolls lashed to their roofs. Most likely, they were all

packed with Kashmiri Pandits fleeing Srinagar. Many hours later we reached Jammu bus stand. Old men and women, some clad in pherans, others clutching small bundles, were squatting on the ground in the evening darkness. Their faces, creased with anxiety, stood out in the garish light cast by the petromax lamps, swinging from the fruit vendor's carts. Little boys and girls were walking around, awed by the rumble around them. A young lady was arguing ferociously with a much older man.

The terror of those cold days of January 1990 lives in me. However, Arundati's motherly concerns, and Kuldeep and Prabhavati's ready assistance in facilitating my escape from Srinagar, helps me get over the memories of this unforgettable period of my life.

*(This is the account of Dr Sunite Ambardar Ganju, the author's daughter, who was posted at Tangmarg Hospital. She was in Rainawari, Srinagar, during January 1990.)*

**प. मनोज शास्त्री**



**9911853256**

# कश्मीरी कर्मकाण्ड पद्धति

लग्न-देवगुण, मेखल, काहनेथर, जन्मदिन, गृहप्रवेश,  
भूमि पूजन, नवग्रह पूजा, बडा हवन, दहिम्, कहिम्, बहिम्,  
शिवरात्रि, कालसर्पयोग, महामृत्युञ्जय जप,  
जन्मपत्री मिलाना एवं देखना इत्यादि।

**कश्मीरी सेवक समाज, शारिका भवन, सैक्टर-17, फरीदाबाद**



- Shivani Koul Bhat



## In Search of Homeland - Kashmir

Exodus, strangely compelling to think about but terrible to experience. It is an in healable rift between a person and a native place and the amount of sadness can never be surmounted. You can ask a Kashmiri Pandit the pain behind exodus and its slow poisoning effects that consumed him or her throughout these years. A Kashmiri Pandit left his home with a life longing pain and was explicitly refused permission to return back to the roots.

I don't need to go into so much detailing because we all know how disheartening the exodus has been and how it changed the whole life of Kashmiri Pandit families. Just here to tell you a story. A story of a person who was settled in his life, earning bread and butter for his family, owning a beautiful house in a small village of Kashmir. His only source of income was that small shop where he used to go early morning, greet his friends there, earn a livelihood and return back home with a huge bundle of joy.

Situations in the valley started worsening. It was the time of 1990's when came an ill fated day. Somebody came up with the news that his shop was burnt to ashes. The view of his livelihood burning was not a big shock to him but watching his own helper, whom he treated as his son, setting fire to it was even more painful. This has been a disheartening story of almost every Kashmiri Pandit where your close associates stabbed you and then pretended as if they were the one who were bleeding. To make the situation even worse came out the slogans "Just leave your roots or you will be slaughtered". That small businessman like thousands of others had to leave his home with a hope to return back to his roots. Leaving the

native place is not easy. It is running away from what was your comfort zone forgetting safety issues that would come in the path and start relocating at the place you fear to live. Same was with that Kashmiri Pandit family like so many others who came over to a new place not knowing how to start and earn a livelihood for their family. This situation gave space to killing depression. Depression of not having a job, depression of watching their loved ones being brutally murdered in front of their eyes, depression of facing harsh climatic conditions, depression of thinking about the career of their kids, depression of living in those suffocating one room compartments and what not. The count is endless.

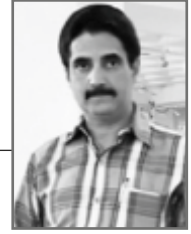
The story has been same for thousands of Kashmiri Pandit families who lost all their dreams to the mass exodus. Starting from the basics, without any money in hand, make a living for the family, raising kids in those tough conditions, fighting with depression and those 25 years of sacrifice by our parents and grandparents so that our community stands against all the odds. But the struggle is still on with the hope to get back to our roots, where we learnt to breathe.

Home is a word that resonates deeply. May be for a common man it evokes family, childhood and some vivid memories. But for us it is a word that comforts our soul, that names a place we want to return to, that makes us feel safe, loved and nurtured. Exodus, leaving behind your home is even more painful than leaving behind your soul and just hoping that your body will find the soul again to live a happy perfect life and breathe freely.





- Er. Vinod Kumar



## KOOTIHAR – The Tirtha of Kaptivesvara



### History and Legends

Many pilgrimages lose their importance over a period of time if not visited by the pilgrims due to one reason or the other. Such things have happened in Kashmir too. Presently pilgrimages to the holy cave of Amarnath, the shrines of Kheerbhawani and Martand have the greatest sanctity for Kashmiri Hindus. But visits to Harmukh Ganga, Kounsernag, Bheda Tirtha, Lukbhawan, Dumtabal, Trisandhya, Payar Temple and Kaptivesvara Spring (Kootihar Nag) were highly revered in ancient Kashmir. Located about 5 kms away from Achhabal in District Anantnag, Kootihar is one of the prominent archeological sites of ancient Kashmir. The sacred spring of Kootihar is devoted to Kaptivesvara, which is an appellation of Lord Shiva. According to a legend Lord Shiva has shown himself here under the disguise

(Kapata) of pieces of wood floating on the water. So Lord Shiva is worshipped here under the name of Kaptivesvara.

The sacred spring now rises in a circular tank, about sixty yards in diameter. It is enclosed by a massive stone wall. From the formation of the ground, it is evident that this tank has been formed by closing artificially the gully in which the spring rises on the hillside. The dam, which affected this, forms the western side of the tank. Depth of the spring is quite considerable. The place has enjoyed a great reputation for sanctity for many centuries in the past. Due to the importance and popularity of Kootihar spring, the entire pargana is called as Kutehaar.

### Legend of King Mutuskund

The construction of the Kaptivesvara tank and its stone enclosure are credited to the legendary

King Mutuskund. This king was cursed by nature with a pair of buffalo ears. He was anxious to rid himself of this disfigurement. He visited a number of sacred sites for seeking relief, but all in vain. At last someone advised him to take a bath in the sacred waters of Kootihar spring in order to have his heart's desire. He learned about the miraculous powers of Kapatesvara spring. So he decided to get rid from the buffalo ears by bathing in the spring. When he reached near the Kapatesvara spring, he noticed that a wounded dog was healed by entering the water of the sacred spring. The King followed his example and had a bath in the spring with true devotion to Lord Shiva. There was a miracle. His buffalo ears turned into human ears after the bath. In support of this sacred incident, there is a popular Kashmiri adage,

*"Mutsakund razas manshihind kann  
Tim Kati tsalnas? Kootihar vann."*

(King Mutsakund has buffalo's ears; where will they be removed? In the forests of Kootihar)

In gratitude, King Mutsakund expended his treasures upon the upkeep of the spring. He also constructed some wooden temples at the site. Later in 8th century Samrat Lalitaditya Muktapida, the great emperor of Kashmir region, rebuilt the temples and fortified the area with stone work.

Since the information about the treasure of King Mutsakund was written, the area round the spring has been excavated many times. A cellular quadrangle and a number of shrines belonging to the tenth to eleventh centuries have been exhumed. Geological evidences shows that there was an older stratum of buildings also, upon which the structures of the tenth to eleventh centuries were superimposed.

### Legend of King Bhoja

There is another legend associated with Kootihar Spring. King Anantadeva (Ananta) was the king of Kashmir from 1028 to 1063 A.D. During the same period King Bhoja of Dhara was ruling Malwa state in central India. He ruled over Malwa for four decades as a great patron of literature. He was a prince of uncommon ability and laid out Bhojpur Lake near Bhopal. This lake, once covering 250 sq miles was formed by massive embankments and testifies to

the skills of his engineers. He was a great devotee of Lord Shiva. After knowing about the sanctity of Kapatesvara spring, King Bhoja vowed to wash his face regularly with the sacred waters of Kootihar spring. He sent heaps of gold to King Ananta of Kashmir for construction of round tank (kund) at Kootihar spring. He deputed his man Padmaraja in Kashmir for dispatching the sacred waters in big glass jars from Kootihar to Malwa regularly. This continued till Raja Bhoj was alive. The stone basin built by King Bhoja is still existing partially. Flights of steps lead down to the water level.

### Legend of a Treasure

A curious local legend reports that a treasure lies buried somewhere in or near the spring, and that there was a stone slab embedded in the wall of the spring on which were inscribed directions for its discovery. This was meant as compensation for the person who would undertake the repairs and upkeep of the spring and its dependent shrines. The same legend associates the name of King Mutsakund with the foundation of the temples. Sir Aurel Stein confirms the traditional reference to treasure. He says that an inscription in various characters had existed until Sikh times near a door in the stone enclosure on the northern side of the tank. It is believed that this inscription was thrown into the tank by a local Muslim Jagirdar during the times of King Ranjit Singh.

Sultan Shahabuddin is also reported to have carried out repairs of the tank and an inscription relating to it was found by the State archeology department during one of its surveys.

### Archeological Remains

During Dogra rule, archeologists carried out excavation work in this area in 1932-33. It revealed a cellular quadrangle and a number of shrines belonging to the tenth to eleventh centuries. It also showed that there was an older stratum of buildings, upon which these structures were superimposed. Near the site of the spring now there are three small temples which are made of stone walls. The larger temple measures 8' 4" internally and faces south-west. Its roof seems to have been destroyed by fire. The entrance is 3' 8" by 6'.

There are recesses on the exterior of the other three sides of all the three temples which are almost of the same dimensions as the open doorway. The smaller temple measures 6' 4" internally. It faces west. Its lower part is buried underground. There was also a much bigger stone structure which is now in shambles and the foundation of which is quite visible. There is a long stretch of wall 246' long and about 12' wide, on the north side of the area, which originally formed part of the enclosure wall round the temples and the tank. The fragment that is above ground on the east side shows that this surrounding wall is in reality a cellular peristyle. The top stones of the cells are visible. The architecture very much resembles with the temples of other places of Kashmir region built during Samrat Lalitaditya's reign.



### Historical Evidences

The importance of Kaptesvara tirtha has been recorded in Nilmatpurana, Srikanthcharita of Mankha, Kitab-ul-Hind of Alberuni, Rajatarangini of Kalhan Pandit, Haracaritacintamani of Jayadratha, Ain-i-Akbari of Abul Fazal and by Ram Chand Kak, an outstanding archeologist. About Kapatesvara, Kalhana writes in the first taranga of Rajatarangini. According to him, those who touch the husband of Uma in woden form secure for reward of the pleasures of life and liberation. The great Kashmirian poet Mankha was a contemporary of Kalhana. About Kapatesvara tirtha, he says the temple is situated in water and in it are present the wooden images of Lord Shiva. Jayadratha, the author of

Haracaritacintamani, devotes the entire fourteenth canto to the story of Kapatesvara. This has now become the official Mahatmya of the tirtha. In Ain-i-Akbari, Abul Fazl writes "In the village of Kotiyar is a deep spring surrounded by stone temples. When its water decreases an image of Mahadeva in sandalwood appears." R.C. Kak in his 'Ancient Monuments of Kashmir', has recorded the legend of King Mutuskund and has given detailed description about the architectural aspect of Kapatesvara spring and the surrounding temples.

By far the most detailed description about the origin of Kapatesva area is given in Nilmat Purana. It describes the sanctity associated with taking a bath in Kapatesvara spring. Nilmat records that one attains the world of Rudra by taking bath in Kapatesvara.

### Tirth Yatra

In the past, pilgrims used to visit Kapatesvara tirtha every year in the month of Baisakh. Now the pilgrimage has lost much of its importance after the forced exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from the valley of Kashmir. Before 1990 Kashmiri Pandits used to organise an annual festival here called as Achhen Trai (Akhshay Tritiya). Pilgrims used to have a sacred bath in the holy spring on that day.

### Recent Developments

It is good to note that recently the kund (spring) has been refurbished by the Tourism Department of erstwhile J&K state (now UT). Stone/concrete work has been done and the spring has been properly demarcated with metallic bars. Fencing has also been done around the entire area of the shrine. But as on date most of the temples at the site are in shambles with only plinths and stones visible. There are bushes and wild grass all around the spring. It is very difficult to walk through the area. Only Three temples and some fortified structures are visible but in damaged condition. It is painful to see that no idol is found anywhere in the area. All idols are missing. It is learnt that a few idols of Kootihar Temples are preserved in SPS Museum Srinagar. The road leading to this heritage site is narrow and in bad condition at many places. It needs to be repaired. There is immediate need to protect and revive this place of tremendous religious and historical importance.

# MARTYRS OF JIHAD IN KASHMIR

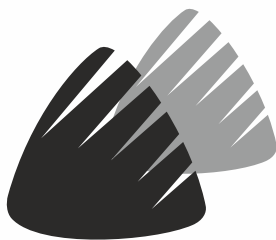
## January List of Martyrs

Team NAAD pays homage to the martyrs who were brutally killed by Jihadis in Kashmir which eventually led to the ethnic cleansing of Kashmiri Pandit's from their Homeland. The list given below is not comprehensive. We request community members, friends and relatives of victims to share with us the details of martyrs so that a list is constantly updated. Due to the violent & disturbed conditions prevailing in Kashmir during the initial phase of militancy, there may be some discrepancies prevailing in the information given below.

Sr. No	Name	LOCATION	KILLING DATE
1	Sh. Pawan Kumar	Ziandar Mohalla, Srinagar	01.01.1989
2	Sh. RPN. Singh	Killed at Anantnag	03.01.1990
3	Sh. M.L.Bhan	Khonomoh, Srinagar	15.01.1990
4	Sh. P.K.Kotru	Srinagar	19.01.1990
5	Sh. Satish Kr. Tickoo	Karfali, Srinagar	22.01.1990
6	Sh. Omkar Nath Wali	---	02.01.1991
7	Sh. Baldev Raj Dutta	---	19.01.1991
8	Sh. Pradeep Kumar Bhat	---	28.01.1994
9	Sh. Akshay Kumar	---	25.01.1998
10	Sh. Badri Nath	---	25.01.1998
11	Smt. Jyoti	---	25.01.1998
12	Sh. Kashi Nath	---	25.01.1998
13	Smt. Meenakshi	---	25.01.1998
14	Sh. Moti Lal Bhat	---	25.01.1998
15	Sh. Rakesh Kumar	---	25.01.1998
16	Sh. Sanjay Kr. Bhat	---	25.01.1998
17	Smt. Sarika	---	25.01.1998
18	Ms. Sarla Kumari	---	25.01.1998
19	Ms. Seema Kumari	----	25.01.1998
20	Smt. Choti	----	25.01.1998
21	Smt. Dulari	---	25.01.1998
22	Smt. Neeru Ji	----	25.01.1998
23	Sh. Sudarshan	----	25.01.1998
24	Sh. Vijay Kumar	----	25.01.1998
25	Sh. Vikas Kumar	----	25.01.1998
26	Sh. Vinod Kumar	----	25.01.1998



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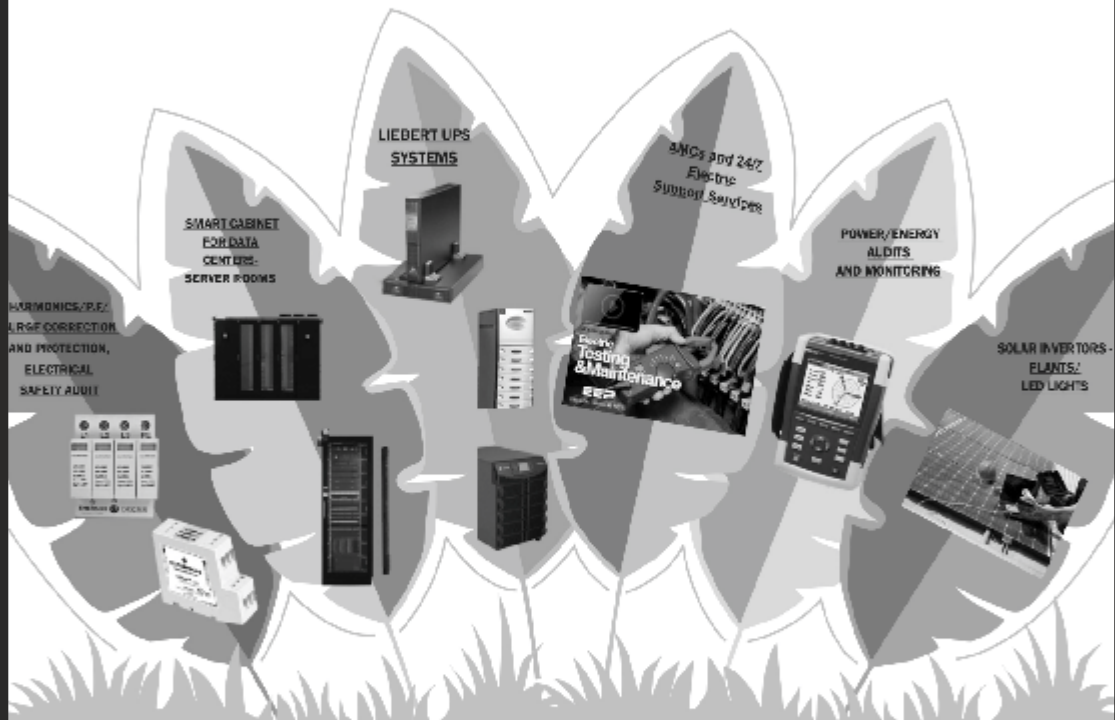
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Web : [www.aiks.org](http://www.aiks.org) E-mail : [hqaiks@gmail.com](mailto:hqaiks@gmail.com)

Application No. : .....

Date : .....

**The President**  
**All India Kashmir Samaj**  
244, Sector-3, R.K. Puram  
New Delhi - 110022

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I have studied the AIKS Constitution and agree to abide by the policies and programmes of the AIKS.

**With best wishes**  
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**Signature**

A Cheque of Rs 5,000/- (Rs. Five Thousand) only favouring All India Kashmiri Samaj is enclosed here with.

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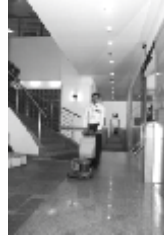


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»» **COUNSELLING**

**Important Update released by NTA on NEET 2020 15% All India Quota seats**

National Testing Agency (NTA) has issued a notification regarding 'State of Eligibility' for 15% All India Quota seats in the NEET 2020 Application Form.

The notice has been released to clear the confusion of the students irrespective of their state of eligibility choice, as NTA has been receiving many queries regarding filling up of choice under State of Eligibility (for 15% All India Quota) column in the Application Form of NEET (UG) – 2020.

The notification reads that the candidates from the Jammu and Kashmir now known as UTs of J & K and Ladakh) are not eligible for the 15 per cent reservations, as it has been opted out of all India scheme since its inception. In case the candidates wished to apply under 15% All India Quota required to submit online self-declaration which will be generated and printed automatically along with confirmation page for record and to present the same during counseling/admission.

“The above is applicable to 15% All India Quota seats only. For State/UT quota and other seats falling under the ambit of States/UTs, the domicile will be governed by the respective State rules and will be required at the time of Counselling by the State/UT Authorities,” is also mentioned in the notice released by NTA.

The notification also reiterates that, 'under various categories, state list category candidates who are not in Central list must choose general’.

NEET 2020 is scheduled to be held on May 3, 2020 at various centres across the country. The registration for the same is going on and the last date for registration is December 31, 2019. NEET 2020 is the only entrance exam for admission into Undergraduate Medical courses in approved/recognized Medical/Dental & other Colleges/ Institutes in India including AIIMS, New Delhi, JIPMER and all AIIMS like Institutions

**Which medical college to choose after NEET results?**

Along with the worry of NEET results with good score lies the apprehension of which medical college to choose for best medical training. Well, here we try to lessen your burden of the best college hunt and bring you the list of top 15 Indian medical Colleges to take admission on the basis of NEET scores. The below given tabular illustration will also guide you with the total number of seats available for admissions.

Sr. No.	Name of college
01	Seth Gordhandas Sunderdas Medical College (G.S Medical College) Mumbai
02	Armed Forces Medical College (AFMC) Pune
03	King George Medical College, Lucknow:
04	Maulana Azad Medical College in New Delhi:
05	Grant Medical College, Mumbai
06	Byramjee Jeejeebhoy Medical College, Ahmedabad
07	Lady Hardinge Medical College, New Delhi
08	Kolkata Medical College (LHMC) Kolkata:
09	Patna Medical College Patna
10	Institute of Medical Sciences Banaras Hindu University Varanasi

11	Assam Medical College, Dibrugarh Assam
12	Maharaja Krishna Chandra Gajapati Medical College & Hospital Behrampur Odisha
13	Christian Medical College, Ludhiana
14	Byramjee Jeejeebhoy Medical College, Pune
15	North Eastern Indira Gandhi Regional Institute of Health and Medical Sciences Shillong

## »» **ADMISSION ALERT**

### **IIM Indore announces 5 year Integrated Program in Management (IPM) Admission 2020**

Indian Institute of Management (IIM), Indore, invites applications for the Five-Year Integrated Program in Management (IPM) for the academic session 2020.

#### **Important Dates**

1. Updation of the Admissions Procedure for IPM 2020 Batch: February 2020
2. Last date of submission of application: March 2020 to April 2020
3. IPM AT 20 Test day: 30th April 2020 Thursday
4. Announcement of call for Personal Interviews: 2nd week of May 2020
5. Personal Interviews: last week of May 2020
6. Announcement of Provisional Admissions Offers: 3rd week of June 2020 onwards
7. Programme Registration: July 2020 (last week)/ August 2020 (first week)

#### **Selection Process**

- ▼ An entrance examination follows, to test the applicant's aptitude, logical reasoning and proficiency in English we Application Process

The application form for IIM Indore IPM 2020 will be available in online mode only at website [www.iimdr.ac.in](http://www.iimdr.ac.in) For more details please visit [www.iimdr.ac.in](http://www.iimdr.ac.in)

### **BITS Pilani Admission MBA**

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Deadline for online submission of the applications 17th February 2020. Candidates will be shortlisted based on their CAT (2019) / XAT (2020) / GMAT (2019) percentiles. For details about the MBA program please check Department website <https://www.bitsadmission.com>

## »» **EDUCATION NEWS**

### **IDC launches two Initiatives to promote Design Education**

The India Design Council (IDC) launched the Chartered Designs of India (CDI) and the Design Education Quality Mark (DEQM) in New Delhi.

These two initiatives of IDC and National Institute of design, Ahmedabad will help to address the 5 challenges of scale, quality of design, quality of education for design, raising the priority for design in industry and design for public purpose.

India Design Council is an autonomous body of the Government of India established under the Department for Promotion of Industry and Internal Trade, Ministry of Commerce and Industry. IDC is mandated to implement the NDP and is committed to work towards raising the standards of design education in India and ensure that it meets global benchmarks. IDC is working with other government agencies, the design community, industry and educational institutions to promote design in business, society and public service.

Feedback : [vijaykashkari@gmail.com](mailto:vijaykashkari@gmail.com)



# AIKS Matrimonial Service



We are looking for MEDICO MATCH with MD/MS/DN working in DELHI – NCR match for our Daughter, beautiful & tall , Born-June 87 / Ht.- 167 Cm qualified as MD in Obs. & Gynae. & Specialization in IVF & working as IVF Consultant with Hospital in GURGAON. Interested may please contact on e-mail at: [bergen.kaulsk@gmail.com](mailto:bergen.kaulsk@gmail.com) Mob. +91 9873452557/9414012557.



Looking for a Suitable Match for our Son Born on 13th July 1991, 11.40 AM at Jammu. Parents are presently living in Roop Nagar, Jammu. Height 5'11", Qualified as BE in Computer Science. Working as Application Developer in Dhyey Consulting Services Pvt. Ltd. at Vadodara, Gujrat. Interested may contact on MB- 941914151, Email id: [ratanpur1990@gmail.com](mailto:ratanpur1990@gmail.com) for Tekni & Biodata.



Seeking suitable alliance for our son, born at Srinagar on 23rd July, 1988 at 11.59 AM, 173 CMS. He is pursuing his own business at Valsad, Gujarat having a decent annual income in seven figures. The family is currently based in Faridabad. Interested may please contact for further details on email: [rajindermagazine@gmail.com](mailto:rajindermagazine@gmail.com) or Mobile/WhatsApp: 9810847376



Suitable alliance invited for our son Akshit, born 10 December 1991, 1410hrs at Jammu, Height 166cms, B. Tech (software Engineering) from Delhi College of Engineering, MS/PhD in Electrical Engineering from USA, Presently Working With Intel Oregon, USA, Interested may please Contact Bharat Peer mail Id - [bb.peer@gmail.com](mailto:bb.peer@gmail.com)/8146625401, Anita peer/9872967824



Looking for suitable qualified good looking alliance for our son slightly Manglik born on 22 Oct.1990 at 3.50PM at Jammu, Height 169cm, Qualification BTech. EC, working as business analyst engineer in HSBC Bank, Pune. Interested may contact on mobile nos 7827427686, 8851887320 or [urmilabhannikhil@gmail.com](mailto:urmilabhannikhil@gmail.com)



Suitable Alliance invited for our Daughter Born on 14th November 1992 at 14.55 Hours at New Delhi, Height 164 cm, Qualification BBA (General) & MBA (Media Management). Presently working at Gurgaon. Interested may respond with Biodata, Tekin & Kulawali at [oaria637@gmail.com](mailto:oaria637@gmail.com) or Call on Mobile : 9810096064



We invite a suitable alliance, from respectable families, for our daughter, MBBS, currently studying for MS [Ophthalmology] second year. Our daughter is 1992 born and is 163 cms. tall. The boy should be an India based doctor [MD/MS]. Those interested may please respond with a tekni and a short bio-data on [skjailkhani@gmail.com](mailto:skjailkhani@gmail.com).





Looking for a Suitable Match for our Son Born, 7th September 1991 (11.02AM) at Jammu, height (178cms). B.E (C.S.E). Presently working in MNC AS Team Leader in Gurugram (Haryana), earning handsome salary. Interested person may contact on MB- 8826008555. Email- vijaykaul622@gmail.com.



Looking for a Suitable Match for our Son Born, 2nd January 1991 (6.30PM) at Jammu, height (5'.11"). B.Tech (C.S.E) computer Science from VTU Bangalore, Karnataka University. Presently working as Senior Business Development specialist in Sales in Net Surion (USA) MNC at Bangalore, earning handsome salary. Parents are settled in Jammu & Pune. Interested person may contact on MB- 7006171324, 9055272134, 8717090264. Email- hldhar1958@gmail.com



Seeking a suitable alliance for our daughter born on Aug 30, 1992 at 3.37 AM at Jammu. She is 180 cms tall. She has done B.Com & M.Com from H. L. College of commerce, Ahmedabad. Additional. Qualification Data Scientist. Presently working as Business Analyst in Tatvic Analytics, Ahmedabad. Interested may send tekni & kulawali on email id- ashok.kachroo2@gmail.com, Mob: 9419147374.



Suitable alliance invited for our son Bipin Wanchoo born on 22nd June 1990 at 08.15 AM in Jammu. Height 5'.9". Studied B.E from University of Mumbai. Working as a senior Consultant with Capgemini in Pune, earning handsome salary. Parents living in Jammu. Interested may contact with full Kulawali at akwanchoo@rediffmail.com & MB- 7006410298/7889971482



Suitable alliance for our daughter born on December 9, 1991 in Faridabad (Time: 9.58 AM). She is 5'.7" tall and has had done BBA from IP university, Delhi. She is an Asst. Manager Talent acquisition (Recruitment) in NCR. Parents belong from Habba Kadal Srinagar. Presently living in Faridabad. Interested may send CV & Kulawali along with snaps of the boy on our email id- mansi.kaul18@gmail.com. You can also contact us on mob: 8447956643.



Suitable alliance is invited for my daughter who is legally separated, issueless, born on 22.4.1986 at 10.25 hours at Srinagar. She is BE (CSE) from MIET Jammu, through Jammu University and M.Tech (IT) through Karnataka State Open University, Mysore. She is working as an Executive in a Govt. of India Enterprises, and presently posted at Jammu. Job transferable anywhere in India. The previous marriage lasted for a very brief time due to certain peculiar circumstances which ultimately lead to legal separation. Interested may kindly send their tekni and Kulawali per return mail to R K Raina on email id rkrjgk@gmail.com or phone 7006003635 or can WhatsApp the details on 9419264309.



Seeking divine matrimonial alliance from respectable KP families for our son, BE (E & TC); Born: 29 June '89, Srinagar, Kashmir (Time: 9.12 am); Height - 5'.8". Presently posted at Pune as 'Team Leader' in ACCENTURE (A fortune 500 Global MNC). Those interested may kindly contact our family ( now in NOIDA ) with relevant details on Mob : 9412224683 / 7982907003; Email : paannyaar@rediffmail.com / rameshmanvati@yahoo.co.in



# REMEMBERING

## YOU ON YOUR 1<sup>ST</sup> ANNIVERSARY



### **Shri Brij Mohan Wanchoo**

**(03.06.1933- 18.01.2019)**

*Late Shri Brij Mohan Wanchoo, husband of Late Smt. Dulari Wanchoo, left us all for his heavenly abode on 18th January 2019. A source of inspiration, he has left behind a rich treasure trove of memories to cherish and high standards to emulate.*

#### ***In remembrance by :***

*Asha and Vijay Wangnoo | Krishna and Ramesh Raina  
Rishati and Chetan Wangnoo*

*Veena and Rajinder Wanchoo | Harish Wanchoo  
and fondly remembered by many more near and dear ones.*

# OBITUARY



## Smt. Laxmishuri Kilam

We are very sad to inform the passing away of our respected mother, Smt. Laxmishuri Kilam alias Kanta Devi Kilam, W/O Late Sh. Rugh Nath Kilam, originally resident of 198 Karan Nagar, Srinagar on 12th Jan 2020 at Laleshwari Apartments, Sector 21 D Faridabad.

*In grief:*

**Laxmi & Dr. RK Khar (Kilam)**

403 Laleshwari Vatika, 21 D, Faridabad - 9810508898

**Indra & Dr. Inder Krishen Kilam**

1224 / 37, Faridabad - 9810682512

**Renu & Udhay Krishen Kilam**

847 / 37, Faridabad - 9910747711

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Mahinder Nagar, Jammu- 9469169743, 9419107046

**Sheela Mukoo**

Amar Colony Jammu - 9796630453

All Grand Children & Great Grand Children  
**KILAMs, KHARs, KAULs, MUKOOs, MATTOOs**

# Shraddhanjali



## Surender Kachru

(27 July, 1938 – 30 October, 2019)

*Shri Surender Kachru, resident of Flat # 401, Sabzaar CGHS, Plot # 4, Sector 45, Faridabad left for his heavenly abode on 30<sup>th</sup> October, 2019 after a brief illness. He was the illustrious son of late Dr J N Kachroo, originally from Ghat Jogi Lankar, Rainawari Srinagar. Surender Ji lived a life filled with happiness, content, compassion, benevolence and humility. He held very strong views about the happenings around him and his community post displacement and would express them fearlessly at all forums. He remained an active member of Kashmiri Sewak Samaj, Faridabad and passionately worked for the upliftment of the people of his community. His love for the Sabzaar lawns and the flora in it is reflected by the imposing garden and green lawns that were very painstakingly being maintained by him till even a few days before he bid adieu to this world. Surender Ji has left behind him, a rich legacy and values for the community to imbibe and take forward.*

*A life of his stature cannot be mourned but is to be celebrated as an inspiration and guiding torch!*

**Sheela Kachru (Wife) +919311834818**

**Dr. Poonam & Dr. Siddharth Kachru (Daughter-in-law & Son) +6581380816**

**Neetu & Ayushman Kachru (Daughter-in-law & Son) +15635082788**

**Siddhant, Arush, Punav & Sheen (Grand-children)**

**Kachrus & Razdans**



# Intra-Community Interaction in NCR



# HYDROTECH ENGINEERING

(WATER TREATMENT SPECIALIST)



**M.K.Raina : 9811795529**

**Sahil Raina : 9811434504**

**FACTORY & OFFICE**  
G-310, Sector-63,  
Noida, U.p.  
0120 4257872

Manufacturers of : Electro Chlorination, Water Purification (R.O.) and Water Softening Equipments. We also undertake AMC.

The advertisement is set against a grey stone wall background. It features several framed elements:

- Top Left Frame:** Text reads "We knew it was possible to Better So we made it."
- Top Right Frame:** Text reads "We love you too" next to a close-up image of a woman's lips and a glass of wine.
- Center:** A large dark blue banner for "GOLFER'S SHOT" with a golf ball icon. Below it, the text "GO CARTING GAMES" and "Better Your Game" is visible. To the right of the banner is a gold award medal with "MONDE SELECTION" and "SINCE 1966" text, and a "QUALITY AWARD" ribbon.
- Bottom Left Frame:** Text reads "Recipe We have simply added Gold to Water".
- Bottom Right Frame:** Text reads "Popular Well Made" with a checkmark icon.

AIKS NAAD  
All India Kashmiri Samaj  
New Delhi