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**19th January - Kashmiri Hindu Holocaust Day
(Special Issue)**

AIKS Executive Meet at Jammu on 25th December 2018



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THIS MONTH'S COVER

The cover painting is depicting the refugee camps of Kashmiri Pandits who were exiled. The painting is made by renowned painter Sh Virji Sumbly.

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**Dear Readers,
“In the time of Universal deceit, telling truth
is a revolutionary act.”**

- George Orwell

Kashmiri Hindus around the globe observe 19th January as 'Holocaust Day'. It was on this day when Jihadis, fully armed and abetted by terror state Pakistan, along with their local outfits, pounced upon the miniscule Hindu minority of Kashmir with an aim of cleansing them from their land of birth. The Kashmiri Hindus, who are aborigines of Kashmir and have a glorious written history of 5000 years, were forcibly driven out from their homes and hearths under a sustained plan which resulted in their ethnic cleansing. This ethnic cleansing was very well calibrated, controlled and conceived by terror state Pakistan, who used the JKLF and other terror organisations to further their Jihadi agenda.

Denial of Genocide

The genocide of Kashmiri Hindus is one of the darkest chapters in the history of independent India where a peace-loving, progressive, democratic and secular community was annihilated from their own Homeland. A campaign was launched by secessionist forces within Kashmir which projected minority Hindus as their sworn enemies. Secessionists believed that Kashmiri Hindus are impediments for realisation of Caliphate on the soil of Kashmir and thus they unleashed a reign of terror in all its forms to make them leave valley. This Jihadi campaign was undertaken in the form of hate speeches, selective killings, threats, bomb attacks, etc. These barbaric killings and atrocities are similar in nature to what Jews faced under Nazi regime. This all happened in secular and democratic India. It would not be out of place to say that

Kashmiri Hindus were killed mercilessly, and the World remained Silent.

Every Kashmiri Hindu who had witnessed the orgy of communal events unfold before them cannot forget those days in Kashmir where their neighbours, colleagues, and others collaborated with the jihadis to indulge in their genocide. It is for this reason that 19th January remains in the collective memory of every Kashmiri Hindu who have their roots in the valley and who were forced to leave at the point of gun of Jihadis.

Unfortunately, Govt. of India and National Human Rights Commission have not taken any cognisance of this grim tragedy. NHRC, while evaluating the genocide of Kashmiri Hindus, toed the line of its masters and avoided declaring this human tragedy as genocide. One may ask a question to NHRC, “What does the killings of hundreds of people, burning of thousands of houses and vandalization of temples and cleansing of half a million people from their native land mean? Is it not a crime against the Humanity? Even Amnesty International and Asia Watch have chosen to ignore this genocide, which speaks much about the kind of bias they hold against the Kashmiri Hindus.

It is in this context that Kashmiri Hindus remind the nation and the successive dispensations, both at the centre and the state, every year, that ignoring this genocide would be a travesty of all that our country stands for.

Violation of Human Rights

The Jihadi-terrorist violence has severely infringed upon the human rights of Kashmiri Hindus. Terrorists made every attempt to eliminate the Hindus of Kashmir by mass killings, as happened in Wandhama and Nadimarg, or by selective killing of individual members of community. The

terrorists followed a systematic plan to destroy Hindu history of Kashmir by vandalising the temples, encroaching upon their properties, destroying the business establishments of minority Hindus and ensuring that their resolve to return to their home is completely shattered.

Brutalities against minority Kashmiri Hindus, disregarded international covenants, such as Universal Declaration of Human Rights and United Nation Covenants on Human Rights, adopted in UN General Assembly in 1966 have totally been swept under the carpet. The grievous injuries on victims of Jihad are testimony to the tortures the Hindus were put through. What is surprising is that there was silent connivance of the established political institutions and governmental organizations. The hapless Pandit's were left to fend for themselves and various dispensations remained mute spectators to this human tragedy.

Minority Kashmiri Hindus were denied the basic rights which include Article 21 of the Constitution, which ensures right to life and liberty, as it failed in its duty to protect the community from Jihadi onslaught.

Insensitivity of the State

Both the state govt. and the central govt. have made no serious attempts for refoolment of Kashmiri Hindus. Many ad hoc measures are taken to address the bare minimum needs of the victims of Jihad. Political parties use the tragedy of displacement only to garner political mileage but beyond that nothing tangible has come out from them to mitigate the community's sufferings.

The exodus of Kashmiri Hindus is a test of the Indian State to uphold the Secular character of the Indian Constitution as India cannot afford to allow an Islamic State within the secular Indian state and any such attempts to allow this shall only be detrimental to the secular, democratic and pluralistic values of Indian Constitution. It is to remind the powers that be, that Kashmiri Hindu had to leave the valley due to torture which has no parallels in annals of history. Therefore, any

attempt to call this exodus as migration reflects insensitivity of the governments who want to brush this human tragedy under the carpet.

Terrorists Must Face Trials

No procedure has been initiated to bring the perpetrators of this human tragedy before the justice system. Killers are roaming free, thus brazenly mocking at the judicial system of Indian state, which has an obligation under UDHR and other relevant covenants, to bring the terrorists to justice and ensure that victims get due justice; they have been waiting for the last 29 years.

An enquiry commission should be initiated, similar to what was done post-Jewish Holocaust. Tribunals, in line with war crimes for Nuremberg and war crimes for Tokyo, be constituted so that path is cleared for delivery of the justice. Both these tribunals accepted the rights of man and gave clear directions on how the regimes should treat similar situations.

Challenges before Community

Past 29 years of exile have been a terrible experience for the community. This displacement has created a huge gulf between Kashmiri Hindus and their native place, their true home. One cannot fathom the deep sadness that Kashmiri Hindus feel in their lives due to their displacement from Kashmir. This estrangement has made them rootless. No one would have imagined that this exile shall continue till three decades.

The community has kept alive its rich cultural traditions and heritage. But these traditions can best be practiced and enriched in their own native place and it looks that return to their land of origin is still far away.

This issue of NAAD is an attempt to bring out Untold Stories of Kashmiri Pandit Genocide in Public Domain. The analysis of this genocide, along with cover stories in this, issue are testimonials from the members who were eye witnesses to the excesses perpetrated by the jihadis on the hapless community.

भूनील गैर गणक



Why these Double Standards ?

The recent judgement of the Hon'ble Delhi High Court, convicting the Delhi Congress strong man, Sajjan Kumar, in the 1984 Sikh killings, post-Mrs Indira Gandhi assassination, lays bare the judicial double standards applied in similar situation to our (Kashmiri Pandit) killings in Kashmir in 1989-90.

A PIL had been filed in the Hon'ble Supreme Court of India by Shri Vikas Padora on 18th May 2017, seeking probe and prosecution of various persons, including the separatist leaders, Yasin Malik and Farooq Ahmad Dar, alias Bitta Karate, for offences, including murder of Kashmir Pandits in Kashmir during the early days of the armed uprising in 1989-90.

The PIL specifically referred to 215 cases out of 700 cases of murder and rape, for which FIR's had been lodged.

The two-judge bench, consisting of the Chief Justice of India, Shri J S Khehar and Justice D Y Chandrachud, dismissed the petition stating that almost 27 years had passed and it will be difficult to gather evidence in cases of murder, arson and looting, which had led to the mass exodus of Kashmiri Pandits from Kashmir. The learned Justices said, "It is heart wrenching but you sat over it for 27 years. Now tell us from where the evidence will come?"

Vikas Padora argued that Kashmiri Pandits were forced to leave the bodies of the murdered kith and kin in the valley, as they left in panic and could not just investigate and gather evidence. He also submitted that delay did take place, but neither State govt. nor the Central govt., nor judiciary took adequate notice of the mayhem and did not do the needful.

The verdict had come as a bolt from the blue to the beleaguered community living in exile for the past 29 years without any hope of

getting justice from a skewed justice system.

The relevant question that everyone asked, "Can delivery of Justice be held hostage to the long passage of time?" Does not the established law uphold the fundamental truth that "Crime never dies?"

The Delhi High Court, reversing the earlier judgements, rightfully sentenced one of the pogrom leaders, Sajjan Kumar, to life imprisonment for what it called as crime against humanity, which needed closure despite the lapse of 34 years. It is true that justice was delayed to the 2,700 Sikh families that have borne the burden of pain, loss and humiliation for so long. Nevertheless, Sajjan Kumar's conviction is both a vindication as also a reconciliation.

The judgement in the instant case is completely the reverse of how the denial of justice to Kashmiri Pandits was justified by the apex court. It had said that due to huge time lapse between the commission of crime and the filing of the case, it would be impossible to get the desired evidence to start the prosecution. However, the Delhi HC listed precedents to justify why delayed justice is necessary to prove that there is no getting away and restore faith in democracy as the ultimate arbiter of right and wrong even if the law and order system is itself held hostage by the perpetrators. The court also cited the Supreme Court of Bangladesh which took an appeal against the acquittal of the accused of mass killings of Bangladesh citizens in 1971. The trial began in 2009, 38 years after the incident, and concluded in 2013. A Nazi criminal was convicted after 56 years. As the court articulated, " no amount of time can be too long to satisfy the needs for truth and some measure of accountability, nor can some arbitrary time limit be set. The argument that some wounds are too old to be exposed has little moral integrity.....the wounds are still there for all to see."

In Israel, the courts brought to justice (and continue to do so) many of those who were involved in the massacre of six million Jews prior to and during the World War II. The degree of difficulty involved in collecting evidence in this case was far greater than in our case. Most Jewish massacres had taken place in Germany, Poland, Austria and other European countries, which had been evacuated by the Jews. A large number of the accused had vanished in thin air in the confusion that followed the defeat of Axis Powers. Yet, the State of Israel went after those who had carried out these massacres and brought them to justice after diligently gathering evidence across continents, over years. In Spain, the county enacted a law to investigate the crimes committed during Spanish Civil War, 80 years ago.

It is astonishing that in our country the Apex Court should question the ability of our system to gather evidence of events which have

taken place 27 years ago.

It can safely be said that the Delhi High Court verdict is, in a manner of speaking, an indictment of the ruling in our case. This ruling must become the foundation on which our legal team must work, henceforth, to undo the injustice meted out to us.

It may be mentioned that All India Kashmiri Samaj had filed a petition in the Supreme Court of India in 2006, through one of the country's leading lawyers, Shri Arun Jaitely. The killings of our people, which was nothing short of a genocide of our community, was one of the issues flagged therein. It is now hoped the Delhi High Court judgement will open the way for healing of our own wounds. It is never too late.

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Maharaj K. Pajan



General Secretary's Column

1. AIKS Trust Holds Meeting

Meeting of the Board of Trustees of AIKS was held on 8th December 2018 at Gurugram and chaired by Sh. Vijay Aima. Those who attended were S/Sh. Kuldeep Drabu, Ramesh Pandita, Ashok Ogra, Umesh Moza, M K Pajan all trustees and Col. Tej Tickoo and Rohit Dhar as special invitees.

Sh. Vijay Aima appraised the members of Trust activities for past three years and the ongoing free remedial classes being held at Govt. Secondary School, Jagati to help students of classes 9 and 10 to improve their academic performance.

Col. Tej Tickoo, President, AIKS was then inducted as a Trustee of AIKS trust as per provisions of the constitution. Col. Tickoo accepted his induction and promised to work for the welfare of the community. The Trustees took stock of the financial Position of the trust and decided to undertake new projects which will directly benefit the needy community members.

2. AIKS CWP Petition at High Court, Jammu

The case came up for review on 17th December 2018 and it was reported that no response has been received from the State Govt in response to the earlier order passed by the court. After due

consideration the registrar decided to await the Government reply till the Court reopens after the winter vacations.

3. AIKS Young Brigade Holds Meeting at Jammu

The young executive members of AIKS held a meeting at Jammu press club on 24th December 2018 which was attended by over 25 youth activists, experienced professionals, journalist and leaders. They deliberated on critical aspects of KP community as seen through vision of youth, a first of its kind interaction.

Sh. Ajay Bharti, BJP State VP Complimented the organizers for initiating the initiative connection the youth. He appraised the participants of key initiatives taken but community to survive with dignity & pride despite facing atrocities. He suggested AIKS to enroll more youth and collect all KP organization under one fold so that our voice is clear and strong.

Sh. Anil Bhat, Head PTI Jammu, sought youth active participation in strengthening the pillars of democracy apart from lucrative executive jobs and enrollment in adequate numbers in executive, legislature, judiciary and media.

Those who participated included Sarpach Sogam Ajay Raina, Sh. Veer Saraf, Dr. Samita Bhat, Sh Kamal

Warikoo, Dr Mahesh Kaul and many more. AIKS presented their views & perspective through achieve participation of Sh. Dalip Kaul, Vice president and leading CA, Dr Manorma Bakshi Social activist and Head women wing AIKS, Social activist Sanjay Sapru, Treasurar AIKS and activist Sunil Koul AIKS Secretary.

4. AIKS Holds Interactive Meeting in Community Stalwarts

A full day interactive meeting with community leaders and stalwarts was held by AIKS on 25th December 2018 at Hotel Savoy, Jammu. The meeting was presided over by Col. Tej Tickoo, President AIKS. The main purpose of the meeting was to understand the current perspective of the exited community with prominent leaders, opinion builders, jonurnalists and social workers of decades.

In the opening remarks, Col. Tej Tickoo applauded the achievements of KP community in various fields, sports and corporate world, je talked about efforts made by him to build bridges across all sections and organizations so that our voice is heard clearly. After meeting key leaders he has come to the conclusion that KP community is largely aligned on majority of issues and each KP has a kashmiri residing inside him. He intimated the audience that AIKS was keen to hear the concerns from stalwarts living in Jammu so that we are better placed to develop future strategies accordingly.

Sh. Shiban Khaibri highlighted about absence of political parties recognizing the genocide our community faced and need to remove migrant tag on us as we are internally displaced community. He feels that PM package offered to us contains

draconian conditions and requested AIKS to bring all KP organizations on one platform and demand representation in State legislative and a seat in Rajya sabha.

Sh. Ajay Bharti, VP State BJP, congratulated AIKS for hosting the interactive meet & analyze reasons why our voice not being heard and suggested the members to undertake meaningful actions even if none of the political parties render us support. One such method is to create institutions and centers of learning so that the community is able to built pressure on government and draw their attention. He also proposed that our children must be made part of KP psyche. MLC Surinder Ambardar called our displacement a human tragedy and spoke about disinformation created by media in voicing the right concerns of original residents of Kashmir as rightful owners of our heritage we must not lose sight of our land of birth. Mr. Ambardar reiterated need for KP's to create journalists, centers for coaching and help nationalist idealism as India is the sole abode of Hindus across the globe.

Dr. Usha Tickoo emphasized that all KP's must aim to have a space in the valley and not to lose hold on Kashmir. She sought involvement of women from Jagati & resolution of growing social issues.

Dr. K L Chaudhary spoke of our fast depleting population and gave example of 18% growth witnessed by Parsi community who introduced Geo Parsi policy to counter dicling numbers. According to him our biggest challenge is existential in nature. The Parsis have introduced schemes and programmes for expanding their population and are providing funds to those needing fertility treatments. He further proposed development of institutions.

Dr. Manorma Bakshi shared the need

of connecting with NGO's who are making dent on policies.

Sh. Anil Bhat from PTI Jammu spoke about need of expanding presence of KP's in Legislative, Executive, Judiciary & media so that our narrative receives support.

Advocate Kashmir Lal Bhat shared the status of AIKS PIL case which is currently being heard in Jammu Bench of J&K High Court and where a team of Jammu based lawyers is handling it.

Sh. P L Kaul Badgami drew attention of community to compilation of documents listing people murdered in 1990 for posterity & requested pending issues of compensation & settlement be followed up rigorously.

Dr. B L Saraf sought KP's to raise issues of Human Rights violations suffered by us, sought space for KP's in legislative and demanded protection for employees living in valley under PM Package apart for betterment in their accommodation and service conditions.

Others who spoke on the occasion included S/Sh. S k Kaul, M K Jalali, J L Pandit, B L Jalali, & Bhushan lal.

AIKS office bearers present in the meeting included S/Sh. Vijay Kashkari, A K Raina, Dileep Kaul, Sanjay Sapru, Manorma Bakshi and Sunil Kaul. Proceedings of the meeting were moderated by Maharaj Pajan, General Secretary, AIKS.

In conclusion, it was resolved that with passage of time in exile, as the community narrative has changed the various community organizations must address the new problems evolved during last few years. Problems of PM package employees, over aged youth and related issues need resolution. Voting pattern be made easy for participation of temples & shrines to be undertaken through

enactment of law. Return module be discussed jointly with community & a consensus evolved. Lastly security be provided to elected members of the community in urban local bodies.

5. Meeting with Various Organization at Jagti & Jammu

Delegation lead by President Col. Tej Tickoo accompanied with other members visited a number of social organizations at Jammu & Jagti to understand their working and find out linkages with them for improving the condition of our community children, youth & elders particularly women.

I) The team visited Sharika Foundation, at Roop Nagar and were introduced to the team of trustees operating in the fields of education, medical assistance, computer training and many other fields. President went around their facility and highly appreciated their contribution.

It was heartening to note that Sharika Foundation has handled Scholarships from two AIKS affiliate, KOA, USA and KSS Faridabad for the past two years.

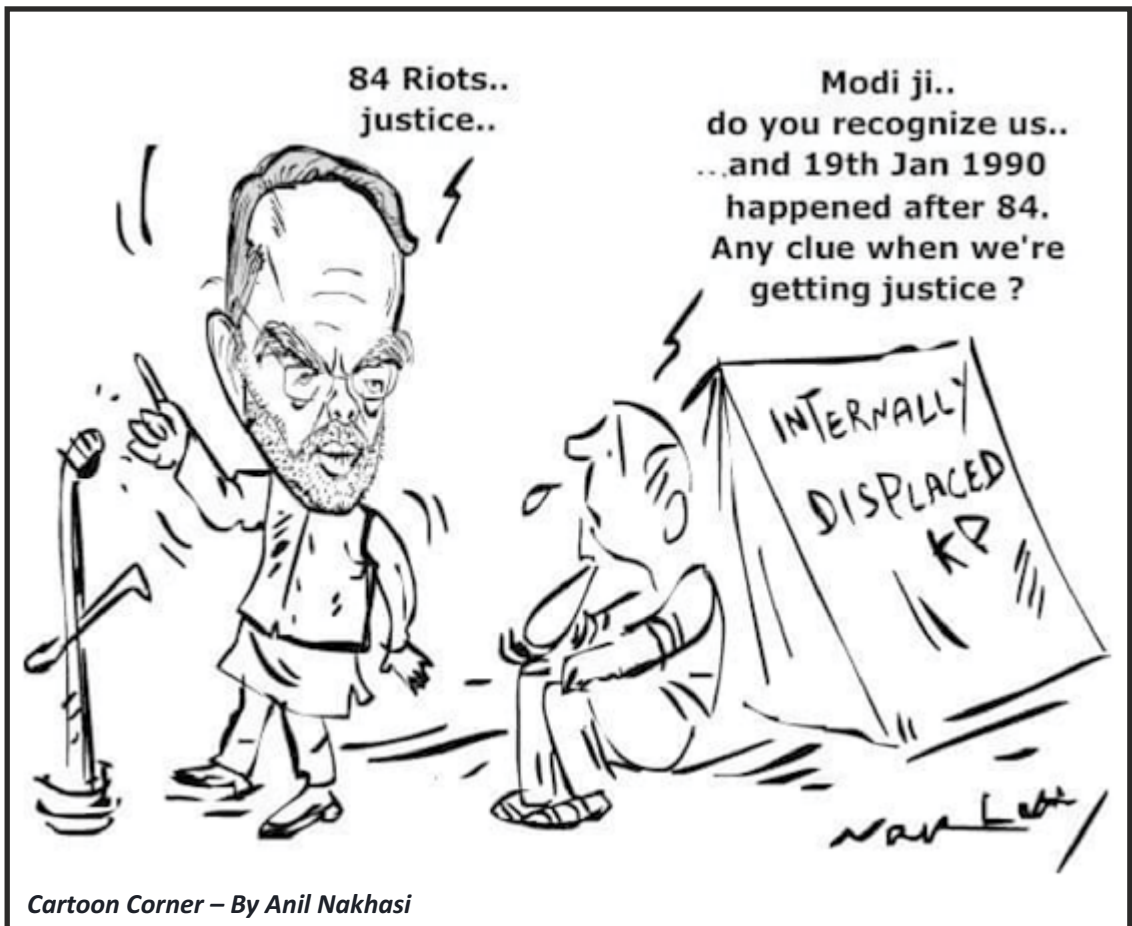
ii) A short visit was made by President & others Amar Balidan Trust to undertake a study of the various social works performed by them. The team was impressed with their contribution for uplifting of the community.

iii) The team visited Jagati township where they visited Orzu Gym. The future plans of the gym were explained to the team members and appreciated. Thereafter the team met members of a woman group called Mahilla Mandal who have dedicated themselves to upliftment of the women folks and their children and numerous problems faced by them were explained. AIKS members were appreciated for their efforts.

iv) On behalf of AIKS Trust the team members visited the remedial classes being held at Govt. Senior Secondary School premises by the trust for the benefit of students of class 9th & 10th. Apart from meeting the teachers assigned the task, the team interacted in the boys and girls undertaking the studies and motivated them to avail of the opportunities extended to them and improve their academic achievements so that they excel in future.

v) The President brought to their attention the fact that passed students of the school whose names appear on the merit board of the school have achieved marks in the range of + 85% despite multitude of problem faced by them. He further suggested that these passed out students with high academics should be identified and presented as role model to the existing students whenever they visit Jagati as they will motivate them to perform better.

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Ishwar Ashram Trust conducted 6th Workshop on Kashmir Shaivism on Acharya Abhinavagupta's Sri Tantraloka - Ahnika1 (2-8 Dec 2018) at Delhi

By the Grace of Guru Dev, a week long workshop on Swami Lakshmanjoo's commentary on "Abhinavagupta's Tantraloka-Ahinka 1" was conducted at New Delhi Kendra of Ishwar Ashram Trust. *Tantrāloka* is the voluminous masterwork of the 10th century philosopher-saint, Acharya Abhinavagupta. He was one of the most outstanding teachers of the Shaiva philosophy. The word *Tantrāloka* means Light on the *Tantra*. It is concerned with the philosophy and practices of the monistic tradition which is called the Trika System, now known as Kashmir Shaivism.

The inaugural day was on 2nd December 2018. Subsequent to the normal Sunday pooja and lunch prashad, the Inauguration of the workshop started with lamp lighting and invocation to Guru Dev. 16 Students from different regions of India such as Maharashtra, Tamil Nadu, Karnataka, Uttar Pradesh, Chandigarh and Delhi NCR had registered for the event. Students introduced themselves and

were subsequently handed over course material by the faculty for the workshop. The evening of the inaugural day saw a dance performance by Ms. Nandita Banerjee which held the audience spell bound.

The actual text studies started from 3rd December. Ishwar Ashram Trust (Kashmir Shaiva Institute) had arranged a distinguished faculty to conduct the academic sessions. Each day of the workshop was divided into a pre-lunch and a post lunch session, with each session comprising of nearly 3 hours of study by a specific faculty member. Dr Navjivan Rastogi (Retd. Prof Lucknow Univ.) Conducted the sessions for the initial two days. Subsequent sessions were conducted by Dr Meera Rastogi (Lucknow), Dr Rajneesh Mishra (JNU), Prof ML Kukiloo (IAT, New Delhi) and Dr Bhakti Putra Rohtam (BHU, Varanasi). Students were given 30 minutes at the end of each session for questions& answers.

Morning yoga sessions were also arranged from 7 AM to 8 AM during the course of the workshop. A special skype session was held with Mr George Barselaar, Universal Shaiva Fellowship, Los Angeles, USA. All the participants keenly interacted with Mr George who answered their queries related to *Tantraloka* and Kashmir Shaivism.

On the concluding day, the day began with the teaching of the remaining verses of the text. This was followed by presentations by all the students of the workshop, who presented on a specific topic related to Kashmir Shaivism, which was chosen by them in consultation with the faculty. Their efforts were lauded by the faculty of the workshop. Looking at the level of knowledge of the students, Dr. Rajnish Mishra suggested that the students should contribute articles for the quarterly journal "Malini" which is brought out by the IAT every quarter.

The finale of the program had a mesmerizing bhajan sandhya by Sh. Sanjeev Gautam Raina who sang a mix of Kashmiri and Hindi bhajans and had the audience enthralled.



Global Kashmiri Pandit Diaspora (GKPD) held its Maiden Press Conference at Press Club Jammu

Briefing media, the Chairman, Dr KL Chowdhury, explained that GKPD is not a new organization or party but a global initiative that includes every Kashmiri Pandit uprooted from our homeland in Kashmir. He said that GKPD connotes the collective consciousness of the Ethnic Cleansing and Genocide perpetrated on Kashmiri Pandits that led to their wide dispersal and Diaspora. GKPD is an umbrella identity for all Pandits, and a platform for unity of purpose and action.

cleansing and genocide and nothing short of it, and vehemently rejected the conspiracy theories that it was Jagmohan who led us into exile.

Dr Chowdhury said that Kashmiri Pandits, the indigenous people of Kashmir with more than five thousand years of history in the valley, are internal refugees in their own country as per the revised definitions by the UN, and the word 'migrant' was repugnant, reprehensible and insulting to the bruised sensibilities of his community; it was a nefarious ploy by the State Government to deny and deprive them of their just rights.

He rued the fact that only one narrative about Kashmir was visible at the global level, the



Dr Chowdhury traced the genesis of Kashmiri Pandit Diaspora to the events preceding and following the January 19 holocaust thirty years back; the terrorizing slogans booming out from thousands of loud speakers from mosques; the frenzied masses marching in processions, threatening Pandits, asking them to quit the valley and leave their women behind; the notices published in Al Safa ordering Pandits to quit the valley in forty-eight hours or face death; and the large-scale intimidation, abduction and torture, rape and murder of hundreds of Pandits of all ages everywhere in the valley.

He said it was craftily orchestrated ethnic

narrative of separatism and human rights violation of Muslims by the security forces. The narrative of Pandits, the main victims of Islamic terrorism, has been conveniently brushed aside and forgotten. It is to set the narrative right that GKPD has set up a task force to reach out to stakeholders in India and across the world, global communities and international agencies including the United Nations. We are in the process of filing a petition with the UN to recognize the Genocide and Ethnic Cleansing of Kashmir Pandits. For this, a large team of our intelligentsia including, doctors, historians, scholars, lawyers and other professionals are working on the various dimensions of the petition

to compile peer validated data in order to present the true and total picture of the atrocities and crimes committed against us, including the severe, systematic and sustained deprivation of human rights at all levels before and after our forced exile. He said that the Netherland-based Global Human Rights Defence is supporting us for the UN venture.

Dr Chowdhury said that he has already sent a letter to Mr Bondevik, the Norwegian ex- PM who, after meeting the separatists recently, advocated their participation in any solution of the Kashmir problem, reminding him that it has to be the Kashmiri Pandits, the real victims of Islamic jihad, who should be invited for such deliberations.

Elaborating on the overwhelming support to GKDP from the community, he said there was convergence of Kashmiri Pandits all over the globe towards “One Community, One voice” and it is with that motto that everyone is sworn to carry forward the GKPD initiative. In this regard, in a massive show of unity, Martyrs Day was commemorated by the Kashmiri Pandit Diaspora on 14 September at Delhi and other parts of India and abroad, and a common memorandum submitted to GOI and to various high commissions/consulate across the globe. He said the whole community is focused on our mission.

Ending on a positive note, Dr Chowdhury declared, “We are quite conscious of the fact that we are up against a well-oiled terrorist-separatist combine backed by the rogue state of Pakistan and propped up by financial clout and moral support of Islamic countries, but our voice can't be drowned by the din of jihad. Our weapon is truth and justice. We are small in numbers but large in resolve.”

In his address, Shri Shiban Khaibiri, Vice-chairman of PNBMT, which spearheads the demand of Kashmiri Pandits for a temple bill for the protection and preservation of temples and shrines in Kashmir, said that Pandits faced a cultural and religious genocide. He said that an ancient culture and a uniquely distinct genre of Hindu religion have been relentlessly under attack and are slowly, but certainly melting away, but we are sworn to reverse this trend at all costs.

GL Raina, MLC Demands an Empowered Committee to Look Into the Targeted Killings & Encroachment of Immovable Property of the Displaced Minority Hindu Community

MLC G.L Raina has demanded constitution of an empowered commission of enquiry to investigate issue of our targeted killings of Kashmiri Hindus in 1989-90 and subsequent mass exodus from Kashmir. In a letter to Governor Sh. Satya Pal Malik and Union Home Minister Sh. Raj Nath Singh ji underlined the need to initiate steps that will induce confidence in the beleaguered Displaced Minority community from Kashmir. This shall be a major confidence Building measure that will convince the community about the seriousness of Government on our return with dignity and honour in a secure environment.

There is an effort going on to undermine the victimization of the Displaced community, Mr. Raina wrote.. Enquiry Commission must put records straight to stop any attempt to erase official records. It must also have the authority to reopen prosecution cases against self-proclaimed killers who are roaming around free in Kashmir, He added.

He further wrote, “The empowered commission of enquiry must also be asked to investigate all cases of Encroachments of left behind properties of The Displaced Community in Kashmir valley belonging to both individuals as well as to the community in the form of temples, shrines, cremation grounds etc.” Although necessary orders have been issued by different courts in several cases, still the possession has not been handed over to the concerned owners, Raina stressed. Over the last 25 years, illegal sale of the land belonging to our temples, shrines and endowments has been resorted to by some unscrupulous elements in league with the local government officials. Government should annul these sales. Government must get this encroachment removed at the earliest. Records have been manipulated fraudulently

He accused Deputy Commissioners of Kashmir valley- the designated custodians of

the said property under The Jammu and Kashmir Migrant Immovable Property (Preservation, Protection and Restraint on Distress Sales) Act 1997 to have failed to discharge their duty and responsibility. In fact my persistent persuasion to share information on the subject for over a year has also borne no results, Raina added further.

Athrot Holds Cultural Evening at Kashmiri Bhawan Lohegaon, Pune

KHS Pune in association with Athrot holds Cultural evening at Kashmiri Bhawan Lohegaon Pune, Athrot Artists mesmerized jam-packed audiences.

19 Nov 2018 Lohegaon Pune Cultural Evening Programme started with Deep Prajwalan by Chief Guest Sulakhshana Dhar Corporate Guest of Honour Padamshree Pran Krishan Koul and renowned artist Kanwal Peshin from Athrot followed by pushp arpan to statue of Pt Tika Lal Taploo. A two minutes silence was also observed to condole the sad demise of mother of Mr. J. Wali one of the founder members of KHS Pune. A bhajan presentation was performed by Sh Kanya Lal Razdan and party. Then a short Play Dastaras Kar Reach written and Directed by Kanwal Peshin full of humour satire and message for younger generation was enacted by Arvin Tickoo versatile actor, Anil Koul Chingari comedian and Kanwal Peshin, the play mesmerized all the people present in the hall and some of them felt nostalgic. This was followed by screening of Alakh Ishwari Mata Shri Roop Bhawani Film by Athrot and Shri Alakh Sahiba Trust. And at the end before felicitations a laughter dose by comedy king Anli Koul Chingari made the audiences spell bound, everyone enjoyed humour satire and messages conveyed through laughter, aimed at preservation and promotion of kp culture vote of thanks was presented by Sanjay Dhar Gen Secretary of KHS Pune and Presidential address was made by Sh I K Koul President of KHS. Corporator Sulakhshana Dhar and Padmashree Pran Kishore Koul praised Athrot for such a wonderful presentation the programme was anchored by Sanjay Koul Athrot team was felicitated by the guests. The event was coordinated by Rohit Ravi Bhat.

Shehjar Bahrain organized Sangarmaal

An annual cultural event connecting the Kashmiri diaspora living in Bahrain to their roots and heritage on Fri 23rd November 2018 in Manama, Bahrain. Shehjar Bahrain had invited young “Gaashtarukh” winners Master Vansh Pandita and Miss Ritika Raina to perform at the event. The young stars Vansh and Ritika left the audience spellbound by their excellent performance, singing one upon the other hit Kashmiri folk songs. The soulful Kashmiri music took the audience back to the valley for a moment



and made them recall their life, love and Joy which they lived in the valley before migration. A short performance, by Sanjeev Gautam Raina, as usual mesmerized the audience.

On this occasion, arrangements were made to screen the film made by Mr. Kanwal Peshin of Athrot Jammu, on the life and teachings of Alakh Ishwari Mata Shri Roop Bhawani recently released in Jammu. Mr. Ajay Jinsi, a leading Kashmiri entrepreneur in Bahrain and the major patron of Shehjar Bahrain addressed the gathering. Speaking at the event, Mr. Ajay Jinsi lay emphasis on preserving Kashmiri culture, values, traditions and language without which the identity of Kashmiri Pandit community can face extinction. Mr. Ajay Jinsi and his Shehjar Bahrain team promised to organize more such events in future to hone young talent and preserve the Kashmiri culture for future generations he praised Gaashtarukh team and Athrot. Mr. Sanjeev Gautam Raina, an enthusiastic “Gaashtarukh” founder thanked the passionate Shehjar Bahrain team which co-ordinated this lively event.

Panun Kashmir Press-brief on the Occasion of 29th Homeland Day

Once again reiterating demand regarding POLITICAL REORGANIZATION of Jammu & Kashmir State and division of Kashmir province to create a centrally administered Union Territory of Panun Kashmir (PK) to the North and East of river Jhelum for the rehabilitation of internally displaced Hindus of Kashmir, the academicians, intelligentsia and political activists belonging to Jammu, Laddakh and Hindus of Kashmir, participated in a Seminar organized by PANUN KASHMIR to commemorate the 29th HOMELAND DAY. The participants fully endorsed the demand of granting Union Territory status to Ladakh and Full Statehood to Jammu region.

“Division of Kashmir to create a UT in Kashmir for rehabilitating the displaced, UT for Laddakh and Statehood to Jammu are imperative to defeat the ongoing religious fascist war being waged by Pakistan in J&K. It shall not only empower the patriotic people of the present State but will also restrict the scope of radical Islamist Forces to just a few districts of Kashmir valley and redeem peace-loving nationalist minorities from the slavery of Kashmir-centric theo-fascists”, concurred the speakers unanimously.

The Seminar was presided over by the Chairman of Panun Kashmir Dr. Ajay Chrungoo. Sh. Shailendra Aima conducted the proceedings and Sh. Kuldeep Raina paid the vote of thanks.

Dr. Ajay Chrungoo in his presidential address said that any effort to correct the present situation of J&K behaving as Muslim State in the territory of India is being opposed tooth and nail by Muslim leadership of Kashmir which is acting as a Muslim monolith. “J&K has to cease to be a Muslim State if India has to survive as a secular nation”, he added. Dr Chrungoo said that happenings in Kashmir show that the Jehadi mindset has penetrated deep into the folk psyche and has polluted the minds of even women and children. He emphatically stated that India is fast losing time and initiative and radicalization is increasing and trying to devour the entire State. “It’s important that Union of India mulls over all

political options and reorganize the State, which shall empower both Jammu and Laddakh and create fair, just and secure conditions for the rehabilitation of displaced Hindus”, said Dr. Chrungoo. He called for the Union of India to recognize the destabilization in Jammu and Kashmir as a Jehadi War and not merely as terrorism. This recognition, it was asserted, has become an imperative necessity in case a comprehensive and decisive response is to be evolved to defeat this war.

Dr. Agnishekhar, Convener of Panun Kashmir said that the struggle for Homeland is an unflinching commitment to the Margadarshan Resolution for political reorganization of the State of Jammu & Kashmir and for creation of a Centrally Administered Union Territory of Panun Kashmir North and East of River Jhelum for the return and rehabilitation of the 7.5 lakh Hindus of Kashmir. He reminded the participants that what is happening in Kashmir in the name of Azaadi or self-rule or greater autonomy is an Islamic Jihad, which has successfully expelled the millennia old Indianness from Kashmir. Panun Kashmir is a struggle to re-establish civilization India in Kashmir. The participants also joined him unanimously in this assertion and vowed to carry on the struggle as it is a necessary instrumentality to defeat Islamo-fascism and a step towards re-establishing India in Kashmir.

Sh. T. Sampel, Ex-MLA Leh and the first LBA President, started by his gratitude to a Kashmiri Pandit, Pt. Shridhar Dulloo, who came to Laddakh in 1932 and created a great awareness about political developments in the sub-continent and created an understanding about Indian nationalism. He lambasted the Indian State as also the political structure of Jammu and Kashmir for holding the people of Ladakh hostage to the whims and fancies of the Kashmir-centric politics for seven decades, who have unleashed a no-holds bar demographic assault in the Laddakh region. He trashed the entire spectrum of so called mainstream leadership of Kashmir for their opposition to the proposed Divisional Status to Ladakh province and sanction of a University in Leh. He stated that this has once again demonstrated that polity in Kashmir has given up even a symbolic commitment to the idea and practice of

secularism, equality of opportunity and development. He endorsed division of Kashmir valley to carve out Panun Kashmir, statehood to Jammu and strongly demanded fulfillment of 70 year old demand of Laddakhis for a UT.

Prof. Hari Om, Historian, political ideology and a strong voice of Jammu was the next speaker. He stated that the time has come for the reorganization of Jammu & Kashmir State and division of the Kashmir Valley. Dwelling upon the making of the Constitution and political arrangement, Prof. Hari OM said that J&K was left out of the democratic secular arrangement of India and carved out as a Muslim State. This arrangement ensured the slavery of Jammu and Laddakh and other minorities in J&K under the absolute rule and domination of the Sunni Muslims of Kashmir Valley. This has been done under an intrigue to allow the Kashmir-centric Islamists to enslave the largest Laddakh and Jammu and Islamize the entire landscape. Kashmir which is just 7% of total land area has been mischievously allowed to dominate a narrative to the chagrin and neglect of 70% Laddakh and Jammu. This arrangement is undemocratic, blatantly communal and anti-people. This must go and has to go. Hence, the division of Kashmir Valley and re-organization of State have now become inevitable.

Adv. Ankur Sharma, Chairman Ikk Jutt Jammu, emphasized and elaborated in great

detail the politics of demographics in the context of Jammu and Kashmir, and how the given political structure allows the demographic invasion of Jammu and Laddakh to the Islamists' design of unleashing a Jihad for final Ghazwa-e-Hind. He pledged his support to the political reorganization of the State and division of Kashmir. "Kashmir is growing as a cancer on the body-politic of India. Hence, the first step is to quarantine the cancerous part", said Ankur Sharma. He also asserted that the people of Jammu, people of Laddakh and Hindus of Kashmir have forged an alliance for redeeming their regions and people from the servitude of a theocratic State, and also said that our victory is inevitable and sure shot.

A prominent Kashmiri Hindu leader and foremost intellectual, Sh. Sushil Pandit, emphasizing on necessity to contest the regressive politics dominating all shades of political spectrum in Jammu & Kashmir, said that Government should bear in mind that fascist movements have to be defeated intellectually to liberate the people from its grip. Unfortunately, the Indian State believes in status quo and refuses to see light. He said categorically that it is Delhi, which is responsible for all ills in Jammu & Kashmir. "It is Delhi which is responsible for creating an Islamic State in Jammu and Kashmir. The hope that in 2014 Indians elected a nationalist party in the hope to bring about a



paradigm shift has been belied,” said Sh. Sushil Pandit. He said that the Hindus of Kashmir are all committed to Margdarshan-91 and would not rest till they achieve division of Kashmir in order to create Homeland to the North and East of River Jhelum with a Union Territory status; and that Panun Kashmir shall continue its efforts to educate the people of India along the length and breadth of the nation about the threat posed by Jehadis not only to Kashmir Valley but to entire nation. He said that we should learn from Laddakh, where all parties and people are unanimous about UT.

Sh. Piarre Lal Kaul Badgami, a veteran Trade Union Leader, congratulated Panun Kashmir for its unflinching efforts and for creating a historical opportunity for the re-organization of the Jammu and Kashmir. He warned elements who were trying to harm the cause of Hindus of Kashmir, by giving some reinterpretation to historic Margdarshan Resolution. He said that formation UT of Panun Kashmir in the valley of Kashmir, UT for Laddakh and State of Jammu are the only viable option for restoring order and justice in the State.

KP Migrants Stage Protest Demonstration

Large number of Kashmiri Pandit migrants on Sunday held a protest demonstration at Nagrota against the relief authorities for non-supplements of ration from last more than three months are facing the days of starvation. Raising slogans in support of their demands, the migrants demanded earlier supplement of ration to end the crisis sharply. The ground report confirmed that, the food grains earlier supplied by the ration depots are not available at present to meet the consumption needs of the poor families living in miserable conditions at migrant camp Nagrota.

Registered their protest against the unsatisfactory redressal Complaint redressal System within the relief authorities they said that the mechanism for enhancing the food security for the poor families the relief authorities fails to provide the ration and relief to the genuine migrant families in time.

While talking to the reporters the society president Roop Krishen kaul said that it is the

first time after migration when the supplement of ration has been stopped in favour of deserved migrant families without any reason and evidence. He urged upon the relief and rehabilitation commissioner to intervene the matter sharply to save the precious lives of weaker section of the community. It is pertinent to mention here that people mainly weaker sections of the community being provided 9 KG Rice and 2Kg flour per soul as per government order since after unfortunate exodus of the community in the year of 1990.

Foundation Day of Shri Hari Kirtan Adiyatmik Jagrati Misson Held

On 25th of December, 2003 under the name and style “HARI KIRTAN SATSANG MANDLI” was born and started the service of community by Satsangs and slowly and steadily arouse to a bigger vision to its commitment and service to community. The Satsang Mandli was transformed under the banner “SHRI HARI



KIRTAN ADYTMIK JAGRATI MISSION” with its Headquarter in Durga Nagar, Jammu. The mission besides Satsangs also heal the wounds down trodden patients in our community by providing financial help to the deserving.

Dr J N Raina, President distributed Sweets and fruits among the children at Mother Terrace Home, New Plot, Jammu to commemorate the Foundation day.

Inputs from Nana Ji Sathu.



Analysing Ethnic-Cleansing of Kashmiri Hindus in 1990

Ethnic -cleansing of Kashmiri Hindus is a unique instance where an entire minority was pushed out through a process of ethnic-cleansing for its religious affiliation and which continues to languish in exile for the past 29 years. To treat this cleansing as just a fall-out of terrorist violence or mere collapse of law and order apparatus is to miss the larger design behind this forcible extirpation. Ethnic-cleansing of Kashmiri Hindus was an integral component of Pakistan's game-plan to destabilise Kashmir by stoking secessionist flames through its proxies. Pakistan began implementing its game plan in last quarter of 1982. There is hard evidence which suggests that Pak agencies had a definite plan to

as '**fifth columnists**' of India, denounced as '**infidels**' and projected as a group which 'encroached' upon interests of Kashmiri Muslims. Many members of Muslim civil society, radical Islamist and separatist outfits and some mainstream parties too were active in this hate campaign.

Alongside this hate campaign began harassment of Kashmiri Pandit community. During India's Cricket matches with Pakistan houses of Pandit community were selectively stoned to terrorise them. Women were targeted. Forceful intervention by a member of majority community saved a married Pandit lady, waiting at bus-stand at Pulwama, from abduction. Around same time there was an attack on Pandit care-taker of historic Vicharnag temple. The policeman, owing allegiance to a fundamentalist secessionist outfit, who was on security duty shot dead the caretaker. Another mysterious killing was that of noted Hakim in Tangmarg, Srikanth Pandita. There were cases of abduction of two young Pandit employees, one from Bandipore and another from Habba Kadal. These cases remain unresolved till date. All these killings, abduction and attempted abduction happened in 1986-87.

What is intriguing is that there was convergence in hate campaign of Jamaat Islami and National Conference. Why was it so has not received much attention from scholars working on Kashmir.

1986-A Rehearsal for 1990

Ethnic-Cleansing

In 1986 well-organised communal aggression against Kashmiri Hindus in South Kashmir cannot simply be treated as an attempt by Congress to destabilise GM Shah regime. Its

“The aim of the present struggle is supremacy of Islam in Kashmir in all walks of life and nothing else. Any one who puts any hurdle in our way will be annihilated.”

destabilise Kashmiri Hindus and throw them out through a process of ethnic cleansing.

Hate Campaign

Sustained hate campaign precedes every instance of genocide. It happened in case of Kashmiri Hindus too. In last quarter of 1982 Pak proxy outfits in Kashmir launched a hate campaign against Kashmiri Hindus to project them as villains. Kashmiri Pandits were dubbed



undertones were to test national reaction in case Pandits were thrown out. This was the view of a former DGP. He said 1986 was rehearsal by fundamentalists to destabilise Pandits in valley. A prominent member of civil society in Jammu wrote a letter to Home Minister in which he expressed that 1986 incidents were aimed to destabilise Kashmiri Pandits and asked for remedial measures to preempt it. The letter though acknowledged by Home Minister got no response. The former DGP reportedly had given a plan for re-location of Kashmiri Hindus in case of contingency but Rajiv Gandhi Govt. took no action.

Selective Killings

Kashmiri Hindus were not much jolted by spate of bomb blasts, but it was selective killings of prominent members of their community which alerted them to larger designs aimed at provoking ethnic cleansing of Pandit community. Shortly before Tika Lal Taploo's killing there had been some migration of members of Pandit community from border areas. These members expressed their apprehensions to a prominent journalist in Srinagar. They revealed that unlike previous times their neighbours' behaviour was rather disturbing and did not inspire confidence.

Gradually, subversion overtook vital organs of administrative apparatus. A segment of Civil society had become extension of separatist bandwagon. Mainstream parties were either in retreat or keeping separatist outfits in good humour. By now hate campaign and harassment against Kashmiri Hindus, both at individual and community level, took an organised shape. It was in this background broad daylight killing of Tika Lal Taploo, a prominent member of Pandit community, shook Pandits. Taploo,

though a BJP leader, enjoyed tremendous goodwill among Muslims. As a lawyer he often fought cases of poor Muslims without remuneration. This had not gone amiss in the Muslim community. In a rare reference to Tika Lal's liberal outlook noted member of Kashmir Bar Association Latif Querishi while paying glowing tributes to Tika Lal said 'he was the only link between his party and secularism.'

Immediately after killing of Taploo Prof. KN Pandita, former Director of Central Asian Studies, University of Kashmir, wrote an open letter addressed to terrorist outfit JKLF in daily Kashmir Times, 1 Nov. 1989. He asked JKLF to clarify its stand against the Pandit minority. He wrote:

"Fraternal relations expressed by JKLF are welcome but there are certain misgivings of historical nature e.g. killing of Taploo. Furthermore, if stalwarts like Sheikh Abdullah can come down to such low levels of indiscretion so as to single out this community as Indian agents, one has to think on the whole matter with caution. Evidently and in spite of whatever fund of goodwill JKLF may have for the members of this community some sort of unreasoned hatred and unfounded suspicion will continue to linger on in the mind of the majority community." Prof. KN Pandita asked Pandit community to give a serious thought to their future in valley.

JKLF responded sarcastically replied, *"It expects Pandits to play a significant role in the creation of independent Kashmir in view of their accessibility to Indian Govt. and stress implementation of UN Resolutions. Kashmiri Pandits should realise that this is the only way of preserving their existence and culture of which they are so fond of."*

JKLF, which started ethnic-cleansing, clearly warned Kashmiri Pandits that they can be safe only if they joined secessionist movement. It also denounced them as "Indian agents." Prof. Pandita had to immediately move to Jammu after he received threatening for writing this letter.

There was no Govt. worth the name in Kashmir. Governor Krishna Rao, who had close friendship with Dr. Farooq Abdullah, was casual and probably did not brief GOI about grimness of situation in Kashmir.

On 4th November, 1989 another prominent

member of Pandit community Nilakant Ganjoo was gunned down in busy centre of Hari Singh High Street. He had sentenced terrorist leader Maqbool Bhat to death 18 years ago in a case of murder. Terrorists warned people walking near by of reprisals in case they picked the body. Justice Ganjoo had retired long ago. After he sentenced Maqbool Bhat to death the latter had gone for appeal to State HC for repealing the sentence. The Judge, who happened to be Muslim, turned down appeal and confirmed the death sentence. Supreme Court too upheld death sentence. Prosecuting officer, the investigating officer, most of the witnesses against the accused and even the approver, the state witness all happened to be Muslim. Justice Ganjoo was targeted because of being Pandit.

Selective targets chosen initially were high-profile, the objective being to terrorise Pandit community. Killings of Taploo and Ganjoo were to create fear among Pandits of Srinagar. Prominent lawyer Prem Nath Bhat was targeted to destabilise Kashmiri Pandits in South Kashmir. He was gunned down on 27th December, 1989. This led to migration of three hundred families. Their members had attended the deceased lawyer's cremation. A top separatist leader openly threatened three senior Kashmiri Pandit journalists.

Release of five top terrorists of JKLF in exchange with then Home Minister's daughter Rubiya Sayeed created mass hysteria that Indian state was about to leave Kashmir and secession was round the corner. Mass euphoria, selective killings of Pandits and increasing stridency in anti-Pandit campaign made Kashmiri Hindus vulnerable. Neither State Govt. nor GOI was coming forward to provide protection to Pandits. The Pandit minority could not depend on goodwill of the majority community for major segments socialised with fundamentalist terrorist movement and looked at Pandits with suspicion.

Hindustan Times's Delhi correspondent wrote on 6.1.1990:

With its inability to prevent killings new Governor Girish Saxena's administration had to issue a declaration in June 1990 that Kashmir was unsafe for Kashmiri Pandits.

"Hindus have also started migrating from the state because they have been targets of militant wrath....Despite warnings to the state by the community leaders that they feared repercussions, the Govt. Could not save the lives of some of the community leaders." About the role of Congress he wrote:

"If Dr. Abdullah is responsible for soft-peddling of Kashmir situation, the Congress is equally responsible because it has not raised its voice against the militants' action. In order to share power with Dr. Abdullah it had bartered away the state as well as the national interest."

Around 26,000 Kashmiri Hindus left Kashmir during first fortnight of January, 1990. During January-March, 1990 Separatists made determined bids to throw out Kashmiri Hindus forcibly:

First major exodus started on 20.1.1990 when thousands of members of majority community took out processions shouting anti-Indian, fundamentalist and highly provocative slogans against Kashmiri Hindus. Amplifiers put up in mosques blazed this propaganda non-stop. Govt. existed nowhere. Entire law and order apparatus had collapsed. Beseiged Kashmiri Hindus made frantic appeals to Home Minister, Home Secretary and Governor Jagmohan.

Explaining its non-action GOI claimed that no senior security official could be contacted.

Disastrous decisions taken by then HM Mufti Mohammad Sayeed further emboldened secessionists to destabilise Kashmir and Kashmiri Hindus. Every time he paid a visit to Srinagar he announced a decision which worsened security situation and made Pandits increasingly vulnerable. First, he announced lifting of BSF bunkers from Srinagar city. Then he allowed lakhs of people to go to Charar-e-sharif. Last decision, which allowed processions of lakhs of people to UN Military Observers Group to demand secession of Kashmir from India, was interpreted by majority community as a signal that India was leaving Kashmir. They turned more belligerent. Kashmiri Hindus were

coerced to join these processions and asked to raise anti-Indian and fundamentalist slogans. In some cases, they were put at the front to face firing and tear gas-shells. One elderly Kashmiri Pandit was killed in Habba Kadal this way.

Concerted attempts were made in February and March, 1990 to throw Pandits out by killing members of Pandit community in Pandit dominated localities in and around Habba Kadal area. JKLF began issuing physical threats. Hit lists were prepared and posters pasted on doors of Pandit houses, detailing the serial number of the potential victim. Threatening's were also conveyed on phone or letters sent to homes on letter heads of terrorist organisations. Pandits were labelled as informers and killed. Killings were not random. These followed a pattern—to kill one to frighten one thousand. Posters issued by terrorists outfit Allah Tigers and pasted in Pandit dominated localities asked Pandits to leave Kashmir by February, 1990.

As Pandit killings continued Mr. H N Jattu, Kashmiri Pandit leader, issued a press note, published in Kashmir Times on February 22, 1990. It sought to remind JKLF about its commitment to provide security to Kashmiri Pandits. He appealed to the terrorists not to kill Pandits by labelling them as informers and asked if they had suspicion about any Pandit they should bring it to the notice of his organisation. He also sought intervention of two senior think-tanks of JKLF. On February 28, 1990 his Secretary Ashok Qazi was killed in a gruesome manner. Same evening, it was reported, that Mr. Jattu was asked if he got reply to his press note. He was also served a strong warning.

Pandits were neither safe at home nor in office or at business establishments. A whisper campaign talked about targeting Kashmiri Pandit employees working in Central Govt. Offices and other undertakings. Kashmiri Pandits were told that all Pandit youth below 25 would be forcibly recruited in to terrorist organisations and sent across the border for training in arms. It was said that main targets of terrorist outfits were Pandit males in age group of 25-40, typical of genocides. Whispered campaign said Pandit women would be given immunity. Genocidal intentions were clear about what type of immunity could it be. The slogan was---"We want Pakistan without Kashmiri Pandit males but with Panditanis."

Ladies were asked to put bindi on forehead for identification. Pandits were coerced to adjust watches to Pakistan Standard Time.

From March 1990 terrorists started targeting rural Pandit community. Terrorist outfits also issued mass threats to Pandit community to complete process of ethnic cleansing. On April 1, 1990 Daily Aftab carried the release of terrorist outfit Hizbul Mujahideen. It said:

"The aim of the present struggle is supremacy of Islam in Kashmir in all walks of life and nothing else. Any one who puts any hurdle in our way will be annihilated."

Again on April 14, 1990 daily Al Safa carried press release of Hizbul Mujahideen asking Pandits to leave within two days.

Terrorists outfits indulged in gruesome killings and tortured victims before killing them. It even forbade members of Pandit community to attend final rites of the victim. All this was to create atmosphere of horror and terror to force Pandits to leave immediately. Terrorist outfits also conveyed to hospital staff not to attend to the people shot by them.

Neither State Govt. nor GOI had any plan to ensure safety and security of Kashmiri Pandit community. Every Pandit evaluated threat perception on individual basis and left Kashmir at the earliest available opportunity.

By 14th April, 1990 majority of the members of Pandit community left Kashmir because this was the deadline set by terrorist outfits. On 13th April over thirty thousand Pandits left the valley choosing whatever transport was available.

Despite warnings over thirty thousand Pandits braved threats to stay back. Killings continued to take place on daily basis. With its inability to prevent killings new Governor Girish Saxena's administration had to issue a declaration in June 1990 that Kashmir was unsafe for Kashmiri Pandits. To meet the urgency Govt. decided to arrange temporary stay of victims' families at Metro Hotel. State Police asked for undertaking from those who were unwilling to leave that they were staying back at their own risk. In localities like Rainawari and Ali Kadal Govt. had to virtually force Pandit families out in view of serious threats to their security. By September 1990 only ten



thousand Pandits remained in Kashmir valley.

Sporadic incidents of killings of Pandits continued in subsequent years too. In 1997 terrorists massacred seven members of Kashmiri Pandit community in Sangrampura. There were two other major massacres of Kashmiri Pandits at Wandhama and Nadimarg in which over twenty persons were killed. The objective of these was to force last remnants of Pandit community out and also deter Pandits from coming back.

Amidst mad frenzy there were exceptional cases where members of majority community in some villages took responsibility for protection of Kashmiri Hindus. The number of such villages was 2 in South Kashmir, 1 in Tangmarg, 1 in Budgam and one in Ganderbal tehsil. Terrorist outfits forbade members of these Pandit families to move to Jammu without their written permission. Such was the atmosphere in 1990s in which members of Pandits families lived in Kashmir.

Response of GOI, Political Parties and National English Press

GOI wanted to deny that terrorist movement was communal and asked English press controlled dominated by obliging Liberal-Left journalists to underplay or ignore ethnic cleansing of Kashmiri Hindus. Surya magazine, owned by Dr. J K Jain of BJP, was the first mainstream magazine to bring out story of ethnic cleansing of Pandits. Subsequently, other papers & magazines too came out with restrained coverage but sought to deny that Kashmiri Pandits's exodus was for communal reasons. It counter-posed migration of some Muslim members, whose exodus was for different reasons to Pandit ethnic -cleansing. These Muslim migrants were either members of mainstream parties or else labelled by terrorists as working against their movement.

Kashmiri Pandits' ethnic – cleansing and its non-resolution is a major failure of Indian state and its political establishment. Unless basic causes of ethnic cleansing are factored there can be no solution to Pandits' genocide. But where is visionary political leadership in the country which can muster requisite will to accomplish this task?



My Frozen Memories

Almost for the last two decades, many of us were stressing for compiling our gruesome experiences of our forced displacement, though on various forums we shared and discussed a lot. But, no organisation of ours did a dedicated job in this respect. We have also miserably failed in bringing the murderers to justice and making them to face law of the land. The remark of the Supreme Court that now it is hard to find evidence against them

At
Kangan, army had
intercepted a Lorry
full of Terrorists who
had come after receiving
training at POK.

is equally astonishing and casual in approach.

I worked in a Nationalised Bank and by April 1990, almost entire community of ours had escaped, Mushir Ul Haque of Kashmir University was kidnapped and killed, there was continuous curfew from 8th of April to 18th of April and my one-year old daughter even did not have milk & cereals. We fooled her by giving a sweetened feed of crushed rice. I was

temporarily deputed to a branch at Zadibal, the most vulnerable and militancy infected area. Just after two days of my joining, there was a bomb blast in my branch as a bomb was planted at the rear end of the building. There was a rumor that Indian currency notes will not be accepted which brought heavy rush in Banks and on one occasion I had to get Rs 35 lakhs from SBI, Residency Road in an Auto-rickshaw trashed in a gunny bag without any armed guard. When the Auto driver knew that there was cash in my gunny bag, he remarked that had it been in his knowledge, I would not have been alive. My elder brother along with his family consisting of two little kids had gone to Jaipur on LTC and we did not allow him to return to Srinagar, he was having neither enough money nor other essentials to sustain the full family at Jammu. I had to book an air ticket for Jammu to deliver some cash to him, at least to take some accommodation on rent. Later, under compelling circumstances, on a curfewed day, I had to go to Jammu in an emergency on my bike leaving behind my spouse, daughter and other family members, an expired curfew pass came to my rescue as I tampered with its date of expiry. This curfew pass I have still preserved as a token of memory. Since I had to leave my residence in a haste I had forgotten to carry the cash available with me then with very little petrol in my bike. I had to run my bike on neutral gear right from Jawahar Tunnel downwards and from Patni Top to a fair distance downwards to save fuel as I had no money to refill the tank.

It was September 1990, my old aged Father-in-law & Mother-in-law had for the security reasons shifted to Indiranagar Srinagar and I visited them there, my spouse and my one



The writer escaped Jihadis on this motor bike

year old daughter was also accompanying them. Dr. P. N. Raina was also living nearby. Shakti Raina (working at UTI) S/O Dr. Raina had already escaped to Jammu, his younger brother, Vijay Raina was living at Indra Nagar. Shakti Raina was part of our team when we on our bikes had gone to Khar-Dungla / Nobra Valley/ Dah & Hanu in Ladakh two years before.

At Kangan, army had intercepted a Lorry full of Terrorists who had come after receiving training at POK. A fierce gun battle took place and all the occupants perished in this encounter. In protest, the people of the valley came to streets and an indefinite curfew was imposed. Next day, early in the morning, Vijay Raina came to the house where I was staying with the news that his father had expired. There was strict curfew, for performing the last rites, funeral material including arranging shroud etc was to be done. No such material was available in Indra Nagar and Army also could not help. The only Hobsons choice available was to go to

Ganpatyar Temple but Curfew was the main cause of concern. Sh. T.N. Chrangoo (Ex-Manager PNB) was living nearby and he was once an active member of Ganpatyar Samiti. He volunteered to accompany me to Ganpatyar, we arranged an Ambulance and proceeded for Ganpatyar, obtained requisite material and came back. Enroute, it was a dreadful scene and had made us scared.

Now, we were awaiting arrival of Shakti Raina from Jammu, he along with his family had reached Srinagar airport around 1 p.m. but did not get any conveyance and they walked on foot to Indra Nagar. They arrived around 5 p.m. and we had arranged a police truck to take the mortal remains to cremation ground at Karan Nagar. We were now only six people who went to cremation ground. We were not sure about availability of firewood so we broke wooden fence and also took kerosene oil with us. In pitch dark, we reached cremation ground and fortunately we found some firewood and prepared a pyre. While we were preparing the pyre, a vehicle gate crashed the cremation ground and the vehicle stopped just near us, blinding us with its headlight, we expected some untoward thing to happen but soon a police Inspector jumped out followed by two more jawans. They took out a dead body from the vehicle, he seemed to be a poor Pandit wearing a waist coat over a kurta/pajama and a bath room sleeper under his feet. I could see blood oozing out from his heart which bore a bullet mark.

Accompanying Inspector revealed that the dead was a peon of mental hospital, Rainawari which was then headed by a sikh gentleman who had given Rs.500 to the Inspector for performing last rites. Inspector revealed that he could not get

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shroud etc. due to curfew and asked me where from I had got the same. I did not reveal the facts and held back the information. Now there was no

extra fire wood, I looked towards Shakti Raina and through a signal I asked him to keep mum, I tore the shroud of his father, made pyre out of broken fence wood carried by us, sprinkled kerosene and lit the pyres of both. I could not control myself and wept bitterly in presence of all, I was shaking with anger and deep grief, Shakti Raina could guess my feelings as he was a brave Kashmiri Pandit and he along with Ashok Raina (Hari singh high street- played hockey for kashmir wanderers) had kept the heads of Kashmiri Pandit boys high in Kashmir University, this was later on an example for us. He whispered to me that we will never remain silent. The poor Pandit shot dead was from Anantnag area and had sent his family to Jammu. When I reached back to Indra Nagar, in news bulletin of 7.45 p.m. his name was announced as Mr. Bhat.

These incidents have remained frozen in my mind. Time for me has stopped.

(The writer is the victim of genocide and has witnessed the Kashmiri Pandit holocaust).

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Days of Refugee - My Story

Its first time that I am sharing the real experiences of my early days of the exodus and refuge, which was full of pain, agony, humiliation and revisiting those days brings tears and those chilling moments of marauding crowd baying for our blood brings fear in my eyes even today.

It was 1990 when Kashmiri Pandits started moving to Jammu due to fear of getting killed, raped and stoned in Kashmir. Islamic terror had started spreading its venoms, anti-Hindu and anti-India tentacles in Kashmir. The whole Kashmir was engulfed in the fear of jihadi terrorism. I was 9 years old, a kid studying in govt school, the word terrorism was itself gibberish for me. I saw my friends behaving towards me in a different way as if I was kind of untouchable. I saw our neighbors looking at us with suspicion. My Father Mr. Swaroop Nath Bhat came home one evening and said to my mother that condition is getting worse every day and he had heard that they will be targeting Hindus and will kill them take their daughters and wives and rape them. All of us got tensed and in the meantime, my father also informed us that he has made arrangement for the escape from valley and would be moving towards Jammu next morning. Next day early morning we six members of our family and four members of our neighboring family board a truck and started our journey towards Jammu. As a kid, I was excited as it was just like a picnic for me. The idea of going to a new place excited me. I thought it would be all fun without any struggle, but who knew that destiny had something else stored for all of us.

My father and his friend decided to stay at Chenani, near Udhampur. Late in the evening,

we reached Chenani which is almost 90 km from Jammu on Srinagar-Jammu highway. It was a late evening we slept in the truck near the bus stand. Next morning my father and uncle went in search of accommodation. Within a couple of hours, they came back with the news that they have rented two rooms and they are going to stay in Chenani only for a month. When we reached the place, it was one small room with a very small kitchen adjacent to it. I thought this room would be for kids, but when my father told me that we all six family members which included my father, mother, grandmother, sister, and brother have to live in this room only then I got a shock. The visuals of our big house in Kashmir came in front of my eyes. I started crying standing outside that room thinking where I shall play, sleep, read and eat. As days progressed somewhere in my mind I

When we reached Purkhoo Camp we saw hundreds of tents with thousands of displaced people swarming around.

started realizing that this is no fun, the struggle has started. I still recall my mother coming towards me one day with tears in her eyes and telling me that we need to adjust with this life as we are thrown out from our homeland. With despondency written large on her face she further told me that it's a long drawn struggle and placated me with these words, **“get used to live**

life of a refugee now.”

Next morning when we got up and searched for the washroom/ bathroom there was none. We had to travel a distance to use a public toilet and the condition of that was pitiable. As girls, I and my elder sister were very uncomfortable. I remember me not going to the toilet for three days, after that I had stomach-ache and then I had no option but to use that stinking toilet. The days used to be horrible as we had to fetch potable water from a distance of almost 2 km whereas at home in Kashmir we had potable connection of water line at home along with small brook running near our house. At the same time struggle of six people sleeping in one small room was a big problem and after some days my father started to sleep in that tiny kitchen to give us some space.

One day while playing in my room I felt something on my right shoulder, I just turned around to see what was there and to my horror what I saw was a snake (black and long) crawling on my body. I was so terrified, and I screamed aloud and hearing my scream father came rushing towards me and seeing the snake he immediately hit the reptile with a stick. The snake fell on the floor, and it hid somewhere in the room. I was in shock and shivering with fear as I had seen snake for the first time. Some local people came rushing towards our room, since few among them had past experience of catching the snakes they cautiously started searching the room and they found it under a bag. They caught it and later informed us that it was a poisonous snake and its bite could had been fatal. That night none of us could sleep. The life as a displaced from their homes is painful and has its own share of problems and one of them was falling sick as doctors and hospitals were not easily available. My grandmother was aged and to arrange a proper medical attention for her used to be a nightmare.

Our schooling started in Chenani govt primary school, I was in 5th Grade, it was also a struggle as the language in which teachers spoke was totally different. They spoke the local Dogri language which we didn't were familiar with. It took some considerable time to understand and speak that language. Climate, education, basic facilities were all taking a very heavy toll on us mentally and physically. Our parents struggled

every day to meet our very basic needs. We used to stand in line for hours to get hold of minimal ration which govt provided to us as a relief. It was a beggar like feeling but we didn't have any choice. It was very painful and heartbreaking.

After a year, we realized that life has is a bumpy road ahead and we have to ride over it. Govt set up some relief camps where Kashmiri Pandits could be provided free tent accommodation and rule was One tent per family. Getting that free tent accommodation was not easy. The menace of favoritism was all over the place with lots of struggle our family finally got a single tent accommodation. It was allocated at Purkhoo (Jammu). We decided to



We used to sit for hours holding the ropes so that we prevent the tent from falling off. We were not able to cook the food as the winds will splash everything.

move to Jammu, now in my heart, I thought it would be a little bit easy life there, but I was wrong again. When we reached Purkhoo Camp we saw hundreds of tents with thousands of displaced people swarming around. At first sight it looked like a riot like situation as people from Kashmir were still reaching to these camps. All were eager to catch hold of these tents and at one point it looked as if people were getting berserk for these tents. At the same time the climate of Jammu was like a blazing furnace and a heat wave was waiting for us we compared this new climate to that of Chenani as Kashmir environment was now turning out to be a sweet



dream. But this new change of climate in Jammu was unexpected and none among us were ready for this. And what an irony now I felt Chenani was a far better place than Jammu.

Finally, we got our tent. It was mid of May and the temperature in Jammu was soaring at 43 degrees. We felt like we are burning inside and outside. We soaked our handkerchiefs in water and put them on our head and started moving towards the tent. It was even smaller than the room we had earlier. The tent was set up on a rock and rubbles. We cleaned the place and furnished it with whatever we had and started our new life of struggle.

We were now part of a big Refugee Camp. We met lot of people from our native place, many of our relatives lived in the camp. The Camp had no proper Sanitation and basic

facilities. makeshift bathrooms were made that could fly away with a whisker of wind also. Now that there was no separate kitchen everything was cooked inside the tent only and condition of living was terrible as outside temperature was 43 degrees and inside temperature was 50 degrees. Every day we used to hear that people are dying due to Sun stroke/heat stroke. In the night people used to sleep and in the morning there used to be cries and screams everywhere that someone died due snakebite while he or she was asleep. This had become an everyday scene. **Not able to acclimatize to scorching heat; sun strokes, heart attacks, and extreme psychological trauma became the leading causes of death for Kashmiri Pandits who went to the refugee camps. More than 1000 people lost their lives due to the unhygienic conditions in these refugee camps.**

Some of the local miscreants used to harass us, we were looked upon as an easy prey. Girls in the camp used to get emotionally hammered every day with sleazy comments and actions by some local goons. As a community, we were given names.

If summers were bad the rainy season was worst. Living in a tent in the rainy season was like hell. Everything used to get drenched in rain water. These makeshift tents were not equipped to handle such rains and wind speed. I remember umpteen number of time we used to form a group of two people to hold our tents in rains. We used to sit for hours holding the ropes so that we prevent the tent from falling off. We were not able to cook the food as the winds will splash everything. Every day was a herculean challenge and we used to fight it out with full strength and determination. Standing in queues for water,

ration, relief had become an ugly truth of our life. Living in ghettos with below average living conditions was far from what we deserved and hoped for.

Some called us Migrants, some called Refugees, the irony was we were displaced within our own country. The patriotic citizens of India were displaced in secular and democratic India just because we hoped so much from our own country. We hoped that India will honor and save its citizens from the jihadi wave and shall resettle them back in their homeland. However, that dream is still to be realized. Today when I look back I pray to God that no one should ever experience that kind of life. God bless All.

(The writer is the Genocide Survivor who stayed at Purkhoo Camp)

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29 Years of Exile

19th January, 1990 is the day etched in the memory of every Kashmiri Pandit. The day that changed their lives for ever as the peace loving and patriotic community were thrown on the streets of unknown places and left to struggle with the hardships that our own neighbours/friends/colleagues were responsible for. The Hindus of the Kashmir valley, were forced to flee the Kashmir valley as a result of Islamic insurgency in the region which resulted in resettling of these aborigines in the towns and cities throughout India whilst awaiting an opportunity to return to their Homeland.

Our family residing in Vicahrnag locality of Srinagar was amongst the very few families still existing with the Muslim neighbourhood, while most of our cousins and other extended family had escaped to Jammu and Delhi. My uncle had rented a house in Jammu a few months back since they feared for their young daughter's and son, who were being targeted by the rabid jihadis for being Hindus. Few days after Shivratri that year, the situation worsened, when my father's cousin Ramesh Peer was killed by terrorists. After that nerve wrecking incident, we too packed our bags and escaped our home forever.

“Mumma assi kot chu gacchun” (Mom where do we have to go?), I kept asking my mother and without answering my questions, she was busy packing a small bag with little stuff

, I could see her fighting her tears and yet she was putting a brave face. Army men were surrounding our house and my father rushing through the things and trying to calm my grandparents. Those fearful memories of leaving our home will never fade away. My younger sister was barely a year old, she was crying incessantly as mother was hustling through the other things. I tried to pacify my sister and tried to feed her some milk as instructed by my mother. After a couple of hours of packing and preparation, we finally bid goodbye to our abode. I still get heavy hearted when I think of that moment. How we had to spend a night in the nearby temple since Army did not find it safe for us to leave that same night. Army warned us that the vehicles helping the families

“ Terrorists were looking out for my maternal uncle. The terrorists had made it open that he shall be killed at first sight. ”

to flee were being stopped by the terrorists. There was eerie feeling which I can still remember. In that cold March night, we were trying to stay awake away from the comfort of our home, praying for our safety. We all felt so vulnerable and helpless, its hard to describe the turmoil of emotions reeking through us.

Meanwhile there was a life and death situation at my matamaal (maternal grandparents house), in Ali Kadal. Terrorists were looking out for my maternal uncle. The terrorists had made it open that he shall be killed at first sight. Apparently my Mamaji (maternal uncle) Mr B.L Charagi, working at Kashmir University had left

his house like any other day. And suddenly during the afternoon, curfew was imposed in the town, which was a common practice during those days to restore law and order. Everyone at home panicked and my grandmother asked her daughter in law to let the Army know that one of our family members is still out at work, and to let him in whenever he comes. While my mami (uncle's wife) was conveying the same to the army from the window someone from the Muslim neighbourhood saw it and perceived our family as the army informers. Within few hours the situation was out of control. This news was spread like a fire and family had already been informed that terrorists might come asking for my uncle. Before these few masked men came knocking at the door that evening asking my grandmother about my uncle's whereabouts, he had gone hiding at one of his student's house, whom he used to teach Maths. That student's father helped them escape, the very same night. Meanwhile my uncle was sneaking at his student's residence as he was completely devastated and demoralised not knowing what was happening, until he was taken safely to the place by his family, where my grandmother along with his wife and kids were waiting with the vehicle to escape.

After making it out of valley, we landed up in Reasi along with my paternal grandparents, maternal grandmother and uncle's family. My elder uncle and his family also moved from Jammu to stay with us. We decided to put up in government quarters at village Talwara of Tehsil Reasi in district Udhampur. It reminds me of the book titled, "from riches to rags".

Many of us, once prosperous and proud of our rich heritage, were now living in grovelling poverty, dependent on government dole and charity. People who were staying in the multi-storied houses back home were forced to survive in one room with the entire family of 4 to 6 members. It was a everyday struggle to live in a place like that. We could not adjust to the weather, it was extremely hot. To top that, encounter with the deadly insects and snakes was a daily affair. Once my uncle was trimming the grass from the path, that led to the common washroom for 10 families. And while he was at it, a poisonous snake bit him. I can't wash out that day from my memory. We lost another loved one after

losing my father's cousin back in Srinagar to terrorism. After this incident we moved to Jammu and set ourselves up in pathetic quality of life like other displaced families. Life here was tough. There were around 4 other displaced families sharing the same washroom and other amenities. It was not just us, we have had heard number of many such incidents from our friends and relatives going through the same in other parts of the city.

As if the life was not throwing enough tantrums already, we were put through another misery of searching a place for my grandparents. Our landlord had put a clause; that they won't let us continue our stay at their house, if we were accompanied by elderly people. As per them they were a nuisance. We ran from pillar to post in search of a decent place for them. Someone suggested my father to take shelter in the refugee camps of Purkhu and Muthi area of Jammu like other displaced families. That way we wouldn't have to worry about his parents. But my father never agreed as he himself had witnessed people living in worse than death like situation at these camps. After weeks of running around, we finally managed to find a shelter for my grandparents with the bare minimum facilities to survive.

We had to face a lot of difficulties in terms of searching a shelter, a school and a decent locality to live in and start afresh. The weather conditions were completely in contrast to what we were used to. This took a toll on our health's, especially the elderly in the family. We were looked down upon by the locals and the people renting us out their houses. We were constantly being reminded by them, that we do not belong here. We were refugees in our own state and country. Our water consumption, food preparation and even frequency of people visiting us was being monitored by the landlords. Many landlords in Jammu would rent out their house to the pandit family, only if they assured them of not cooking the non veg meals. It was like living in a hell under such scrutiny of landlords and locals. I remember we had stopped preparing any meat items at home for quite a long time until our landlords felt pity and allowed us to cook. Many of our cultural beliefs and religious practices were compromised. We could not cook meat during the Shivratri as per our traditions back home. There were many such adjustments and alterations we had to accept in lieu of

surviving in the most hostile conditions. We were always a subject of mockery and were made fun of. I recall, our landlord addressing us as cowards that we fled our hometown instead of fighting back. I don't remember any of the pandit family present there, explain our plight to them and justifying themselves. Such were the days of our struggle after being displaced.

In a small room where our bed could barely fit, we, a family of 4 spent almost 3 years. The kitchen was in the same room demarcated by few wooden sticks. We were not allowed to watch TV after 10 since it used to disturb the landlord. There used to be a long queue in the morning along with the other 4 families for taking bath, washing utensils and filling drinking water. To our utmost frustration, we shifted to another house, but things were not meant to happen for us. The room and kitchen were at the extreme ends of the property. We had to take a whole tour of our owners house before we could make our way into the kitchen. After struggling there for a year we moved to another

place. This place was like a blessing in disguise, good and helping landlords and the house too was in a better shape. But our happiness could not last longer and yet another move , where we landed up at a pandits house. Who were not displaced. And to our utter surprise, they turned out to be even more inconsiderate than the locals. Recalling these phases of our struggling days, I feel really proud of our entire community who were able to reshape their lives and future of their kids even after destiny had deprived them of all the necessary means. It was a long wait of 10 years when we finally had our own house in Jammu. Looking at my parents struggle and sacrifice all these years after displacement, I wonder how their generation dealt with all the stress and whatever rubbish life threw at them. After all, what doesn't kill us makes us stronger. Our community did prove it to all the critics and all those who once thought we were doomed after our exodus from Kashmir.

But yet there are numerous questions that still remain unsolved in my head. In these 29



years, an entire generation of exiled Kashmiri Pandits has grown up, without seeing the land from where our parents fled to escape the brutalities of Islamic terrorism, a land they dare not return to, although that land still remains a part of their country. And thereby hangs a tragic tale that has been wiped out from public memory. But added to this, people became alienated as they lost their cultural space along with their homes, suffered psychological damage and loss of confidence. Other aspects of life like social arrangements and local association that are important to survival are also lost when people are displaced.

I often ponder; how would a bird survive when its nest and everything he requires to exist, is snatched from it? Have you ever seen a flower blossoming, if the plant has been uprooted from its soil? How would a child sustain if detached from the mother? If we find these questions disturbing and difficult to answer then one can only imagine what we all must have gone

through when we were forced to leave our land, all we ever owned was snatched and destroyed. People we grew up with and shared our lives with were killed. Our world was turned upside down. We were uprooted from our mothers lap and left to exist in the most harsh circumstances; leaving behind our souls and traces of our identity. We all have built our so called new shelters and are doing well in our lives but our soul/ thoughts still wandering in the place we once called home.

It has been 29 years since then and we are still in the search of that lost soul which is reluctant to settle down for anything but justice. Justice to people who were killed brutally, justice to people who were left to die in the unfavourable weather conditions of other cities and justice to our future generations who will never know where they really belong.

(The writer is the survivor of the Holocaust and was 9 years at the time of Jihadi Uprising in Kashmir).

प. मनोज शास्त्री



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Proof of Jihadi Threats



Destroyed Hindu Houses in Kashmir



Vandalised Kashmiri Hindu Homes



Desecrated Temples



Life in Refugee Camps



Kashmiri Hindus Highlighting Genocide



Refugees from J&K taking out a protest rally from Red Fort to Boat Club.

Rallying for Kashmir

By A Staff Reporter

Thousands of Hindu refugees of Jammu and Kashmir took out a rally in the Capital today to protest against the rising violence in the valley. The rally was organised under the banner of Kashmiri Samitis of Delhi.

The rally started from Red Fort this morning and will culminate at the Boat Club later in the day after passing through Darya-Ganj and Bahadurshah Zafar Marg.

According to a spokesman of the Kashmiri Samiti, about 4,000 Hindu refugees from the valley are already in Delhi. Most of them are undergoing a traumatic time as they have left behind their business and property in the valley, while professionals find difficulty in landing new jobs in the Capital.

The spokesman also claimed to have received invitation from Prime Minister V.P. Singh to call on the latter today to discuss the Kashmir situation and try to find out a solution to the crisis.



Escape from Death

My soul often tremble's when I recall the horror of our escape on a cold winter day of November 1990 when I was seven years old. The memories of that day are still afresh in my mind which keep haunting me during my sleep. When most of the Kashmiri Pandits had left valley, we were among the few who still continued to live in our ancestral home at Habba Kadal. My elder uncle and my father believed that our family shall never be harmed. Infact many of the separatist leaders who were terrorist sympathisers would visit our residence during those periods to assure my uncle that no harm shall be done to any of us. It was these assurances that our family continued to extend our stay during those maddening days, though the overall situation for Hindus was completely hostile. I still recall during our regular visit to Ganpatyar temple the adjoining Hindu houses were looted and plundered. The Muslim neighbours would infact collaborate in most of the plundering activities and would rejoice once they found anything worth.

However, it was on 23rd November 1990 at around 4 pm that a young bearded man wearing pheran knocked at our door and asked for my father that someone wants to meet him. I along with cousin was standing in the balcony of my house. We two of us along with my father went out along with that man. After traveling a distance of 200 mt, we saw two men sitting in an auto. When my father who was walking ahead of us along with that man reached near the auto this man along with two other men started forcing my father to sit in the auto and verbal altercation followed between my father and those men. These men started raining blows on my father who in turn was jostling not to board the auto.

It was on 23rd November 1990 at around 4 pm that a young bearded man wearing pheran knocked at our door and asked for my father that someone wants to meet him.

During this melee the people gathered, and my cousin acted very smartly and shouted, "police police". The neighbours who had known our family came out and they intervened. But since my cousin continued to shout, "police police" someone in the crowd told these terrorist's that police party is approaching. All the three men (terrorists) one of whom had a gun under his pheran decided to run away. Before leaving they warned my father that they will seek him soon. At around 8 pm some army men came to our house and advised us to leave the place as they are unable to give protection to us. The commanding officer told us that Govt. had no plans to provide any kind of protection to minority Hindus. The army personnel guarded us till wee hours of next day and with heavy heart we had to leave our home at 6 am. Entire family of ours which



included my grandmother, uncles family and that of ours left our house for Jammu leaving all our belongings. Around 10 pm we reached at another uncles rented accommodation in Jammu who had left few months back as his name figured in the hit list of the terrorists. There in his rented place we all stayed for few days after that we went to stay at the refugee camp at Mishriwala, Jammu.

Mishriwala refugee camp at first glance looked like a ghetto with no amenities. It appeared to me and to all of us that a huge struggle is going to start now onwards. We had escaped with bear minimum luggage and we had no clothing or goods. To start a new life was altogether a big challenge. I still remember we borrowed few utensils from our nearby families who lived in camps and prepared meals. The first night at camp was an eye opener. We all slept on tarpaulin sheet that night. In the camp the life was very difficult as there were no basic amenities like water nor was there any electricity. Besides menace of reptiles was a constant threat as they roamed freely in these camps. After few months electricity and water were provided, still the life was very difficult.

Sleeping in the tents in the harsh winter and then in the hot summers was very traumatic experience. Many times the tents were blown away by strong winds and heavy rains. We continued to stay in these conditions till no other alternate arrangement was not made.

Those years were very traumatic and full of bad experiences beyond explanation. There were no toilets no bathrooms and we had to travel a long distance of 1 km to fetch water from tube well. There was a canal were people use to take bath and even some people got drowned and many died in the canal. People died of sunstroke and snake bite also some people went into the depression. There was no job and no avenues to earn money. We were almost penniless and due to adverse conditions in camps some people went into depression and committed suicide. There horror of time spent in that camp still terrifies me. The local thieves and gangsters use to scare and threaten us. We were refugees in our own land. What can be more pitiable than this? Sometimes I ask God What a travesty we were subjected to?

(The writer is the Genocide Survivor who stayed at Mishriwala Camp)



Saga of Survival

Our community has faced exodus a number of times in the past many centuries. But the mass exodus of Kashmiri Pandits in early 90's was unfortunate and unethical. None from the civil society took any serious step to stop this erratic situation. I was at a tender age when my family members faced the turmoil. I have seen my family members getting anxious because of announcements made from the mosques using loudspeakers. It was all against India and Kashmiri Pandits. The announcements would be annoying, hair raising and terrorising. Then under a well planned agenda people would move through lanes and by lanes shouting against India and minority Kashmiri Pandits. It was never known when they would turn violent and start pelting at our homes which often did happen.

The slogans were enough to make a shiver run down our spine. My family had sleepless nights as life was uncertain. They attended to all the chores and errands but half-heartedly as tension was looming large. I have an indelible memory about the fact that my father had kept certificates and some important document handy in a brief case. Whenever there was a knock at the door, my father would jump out of the window with them so that in adverse circumstances they could help us in sustenance. And that really did happen. What took care of us was handful of papers.

Another episode which left a mark in my mind was when a person left a letter in our house. Even at this stage of my life also, I get goose bumps when I remember those tears in my grand father's eyes. Oh God! the tears of pain. The reason was his best friend's son who had

written a letter of shooting him if he was seen the next day on his own land, the land where he had spent his entire life and his soul was destined to live. In 1987 my grandfather had decided to build a dream house after getting shifted from his ancestral house which was also a three-storey building. My grandfather invested his hard earned money in it. He had so many plans in mind that it took three years to complete it. He was very happy and as a religious person he had built a small temple in the new dwelling with exquisite wood carvings and other best of the design. We all had decided to celebrate our Shivratri falling in year 1990 in this new place. Everybody was so

“Take the things that would be sufficient for 1 month”.

excited about it. But life had different plans. On ill fated day of May 1990 we had to leave our roots and escape to places we had never been. Not knowing where to go, what to do and how to survive.

Displacement was a major setback for our family but a nightmare for my grandfather. He often quoted these lines “jis ashiane ko sajaya tha apni duniya basane ke liye, ussi ko apni ankhon ne ujadte hue dekha.”

I could see the pain in my parents eyes. Those shaken hands of my grandmother and mother who were gathering the things we would be taking with us for survival. It was just like that I remember my grandma's words “Take the things that would be sufficient for 1 month”.

When my father asked “why mother”? With tears in her eyes she consoled everyone saying that conditions would be better in month and we would be back home. But who would know that it was the last night we would be spending on our native soil. After that life has been so different. The struggle of our grandparents while coping with the new environmental conditions has been a nightmare to all of us. A major transition for them were the weather conditions in Jammu. They were not used to scorching heat of 45 degrees. It was so difficult for them to adjust in those conditions. My grandfather retired just after displacement from Kashmir and I still remember the times when my grandfather had to be in long queues for his pension case to be settled during those hot weather conditions. And in evening when he returned it would bring tears in his eyes. He would say “At this age I have to live a life that was not meant for me. I think I won't survive but in my heart of hearts I am worried for my family. I am alive just because I want you people to stabilise in life and I will



surely stand again for you my children. Those cruel hands have burnt my nest but till the day I am alive I shall make a new one for you and till then I have to live.” These words were reassuring for all of us and we all were determined to overcome this tragedy collectively.

The hardships of our parents have our salutation. How my father earned livelihood for the family, educated us in every sphere and started with a single brick for building a new shelter for us has been so tiring phase of his life. During initial years as a student we suffered a lot when we were called by different names by local fellows as if we were a parasite on their society who had deliberately come to make their lives a mess. It was so disheartening and demoralising to study in such atmosphere. But thanks to the courage of our elders and their sacrifices which made us stand even in such adverse conditions and it is to their credit which infused in us the spirit of dedication, commitment and courage to fight back in such conditions.

I vividly remember our first place where we directly stayed from Kashmir, from three story newly constructed house in Kashmir to a two room in Jammu, where there were no traces of water and electricity. There are really a lot of experiences to share. But sharing the pain every Kashmiri Pandit family has gone through is so disheartening. “kehna bahut asaan hai ki ghar

How my father earned livelihood for the family, educated us in every sphere and started with a single brick for building a new shelter for us has been so tiring phase of his life. During initial years as a student we suffered a lot when we were called by different names by local fellows as if we were a parasite on their society who had deliberately come to make their lives a mess.



The House Which My Grandfather Constructed

chhod do lekin woh takleef apne ghar se jhuda hone ki utni hi mushkil hai”

I would end up in saying the early months

of year 1990 can never be forgotten by any Kashmiri Pandit as it was as if we were living at that time under the sword in our own homes.

NAAD Congratulates

Sheen Khurdi, daughter of Sunil Khurdi and Dr Ruby Bakshi Khurdi who live in Switzerland as she recieved the title of Master Vaudoise, State Champion for Badminton 2018, U15 Category. She has been walking up and down the podium winning medals in all the tournaments. She was felicitated by the Mayor of her commune for Excellence in Sports on Swiss National day in a formal ceremony. Yet another feather was added on Sheen's hat when she received an Excellence Award for three domains - Best Student for receiving Highest Grades in French, German and English, Good Conduct and Great Team Spirit at her School Ceremony this year. Sheen is Master of Languages - she can fluently speak Hindi, French, German, English and basic Kashmiri.





The Kashmir Pandit Exodus

The View of an Outsider

I was asked to write an article on the exodus of Kashmiri Pandits which happened in 1990. When I asked the editor what perspective he wants in my article, he suggested to write as an outsider. I understood that what he probably meant by that to write as a non-Kashmiri. It made me pause and reflect. Could I, an Indian at heart, consider myself as an outsider and write as one? Questions crisscrossed my mind where I was flooded with memories with the community dating back to twenty-nine years. In this period, I had heard narratives that belonged to survivors, a few even from within the family related to me. Are there two different points of views within me, I wondered, one that of an insider and one that of an outsider that I can separate? Will they run parallel or diverge when I write? Should I be an intellectual dissecting the issue clinically and threadbare? A part of me said I can't do that with my own people, more so when I see feelings of the exodus still raw and justice becoming elusive and turning into a memory.

The exodus of Kashmiri Pandits has been written by novelists, erudite scholars, survivors and historians. I will try to write with a position of someone in between that of an observer and a part insider and as a psychologist which I am. I

will share from my experience of having worked in the camps, talking to families about the night of 19th January, 1990.

It has been seen by psychologists that after a mass trauma it usually takes an average of twenty five to thirty years for a society to turn introspective and reflective. The first generation remains in a survival mode and the next generation starts searching for answers. It is well known that often we don't share some stories or secrets with our closed ones because it might hurt them further as we want to protect them.

Over the years, I can classify the major emotions that Kashmiri Pandits shared about the night of 19th January was grief, bewilderment and loss. The deepest emotion out of all has been that of terror and the ambivalence around it. None of them expressed a wish to go back to their homes to live there as long as Article 370 was there. Puzzled I had

asked why.

"If we go we will get massacred and there will be no one left of us."

"Even after twenty nine years?" I had enquired, wondering why the present generation feels that they will be massacred too. The terror runs deep in their eyes, as if driven inside their bones by the events of 19th January. It remains as

**"Many women were raped that they never spoke about during those days in January."
"My mother and my sister were raped but they never spoke about it."**

real and genuine a memory as if it happened yesterday. Is this terror being passed on from generation to generation in a conspiracy of silence? There is little doubt about it.

As I tried to understand the roots of this terror, I discovered it lies in the hatred shown against them raised through the different slogans by Kashmiri Muslims on the night of 19th January, 1990.

As one of them explained, “The hatred suddenly seemed to come from nowhere. But as we understood it was always there ready to burst out at the slightest provocation. They were addressing us as 'kafirs' and asking us to either convert or leave. Another slogan asked us to leave our women behind for them. And the most painful part was that they were raised from the mosques. The slogans dehumanized us and made us objects overnight. From being a friendly neighbor, a colleague, I suddenly became a 'kafir', a 'munafiq', who had to be exterminated if I didn't leave.”

“Why is it that no one has yet felt guilty that the loudspeakers of the mosques said such things?” someone had asked. “Does it mean that the whole movement was religious in nature?”

“Where did it all come from? How did it grow overnight and if it already existed why were our parents not aware of it,” asked a young girl studying in the local university. Then she added ruefully, “My identity amongst my friends in the university is 'I am a campwali'. I can sense the derision in their voice when they use that term for me. There is no acceptance for people like us. Boys here pass cheap comments. Do you know how many nights I thought of dying unable to face the humiliation?”

“What makes you go on?” I had asked.

“My parents. They stood by us like a rock and wanted to see us settled in life.” The father nodded. “I was told by my father that a Kashmiri parent will see to his last breath that his children get educated.”

“I have come to the realization that the generation that drove us out was pure evil and our elders find it difficult to accept this.” said another girl. “They refuse to believe that friendly neighbors whom they trusted could have so much hatred in their hearts that they allowed their children to rape and plundered us?”

“Is this is a hatred “for being a non-Muslim in a Muslim land?” The silent majority in the room had nodded.

Hard questions but reflective, penetrating and incisive. They are signs of a community coming to terms with their exile.

Is the younger generation of Kashmiri Pandits trying to find a new identity? Are they questioning and moving out of a script that saw Hindus and Muslims living in harmony? Is it possible that the younger generation is trying to rediscover itself through asking tough questions? I believe it may be really the answer.

“Many women were raped that they never spoke about during those days in January.” A woman told a woman in our group. She talked about the nightmares many women faced. “My mother and my sister were raped but they never spoke about it,” her friend added. She spoke haltingly about how living in a small room with seven other people in the camp robbed her dignity. She still feels terrified that if she goes out of the camp she will be raped and never walks alone.

“Will you ever come forward to tell your story,” we had asked her.

“Not as long as our father is alive. It will break him in two to know otherwise.”

“Are there women who have gone through a similar experience like you?”

“Yes, but we keep it a secret. Many women have decided they will carry it with them to their graves. We have lived carrying this secret. None of us want to change that.”

Like many societies that faced genocide and annihilation, the Kashmiri society too had to deal with issue of evil, both within and outside the community. They had to deal with writers who minimized and mocked their suffering, media who marginalized them and a failed leadership. They had to see how the world at large empathized not with them but with their perpetrators. The elders had to explain to the younger people why so many of their neighbors turned out in streets shouting slogans and baying for their blood.

Does the reason for their exodus then lie in that the two religions couldn't live together as is being debated around the world? Many young Kashmiris believe so and want to warn the rest of the world.

Today, almost everyone I spoke to sees that no one amongst the present political parties is courageous enough to admit that.

Many Kashmiri Pandits ask what is our future as people? “When we have lost our homeland, is anything left for us to call our own? Will we get absorbed and swamped in the plains of India by the Hindu population?” I tell them that they are a resilient people who will not and emerge once again to become a collective force.

Why I say this is because I am reminded of an incident I witnessed sometime ago. In a conference, a prominent political leader in response to a question as to why the problem of Kashmiri Pandits still exists had said, “When the government is willing to spend money on your rehabilitation and settle you outside the valley, why do you not accept it and go ahead but keep harping about homeland and going back?”

What this man said was that the political class sees the issue as a financial, geographic one rather than on homeland and collective identity. Maybe that is why our political class has completely failed to address the aspirations of a people.

“Does that not explain why there is a lack of will and passion to solve it?” The young woman who had asked him this question made it clear that Kashmir was an issue about Hindu civilization, about identity and loss of homeland and they, the younger generation, won't accept any other explanation.

Her answer, I hope, will stay as a reminder that one day Kashmiri Pandits will go back to their home.

(The writer is Psychologist and Author of the book 'The Infidel Next Door').

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

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- Veena Bhat Pandita



Exodus : Remembering the Women Martyrs

The exodus of the community, as we know, was triggered by large scale violence and killings targeted at us in the 90s of the last century. A large number of people, men, women and children were brutally murdered.

The community is in its 29th year of exile and there seems little chance of return to our homeland in the near future given the current politics and ground situation in Kashmir. The militancy remains unabated and the political discourse as dicey as it can be. Although our exile consciousness, by and large, has remained intact yet we have not grown new roots. Our socio-cultural life is under strain even when, generally speaking, we may seem continuing adherence to our religious practices. We mourn our root-less-ness yet there is lot of consolation in the fact that our younger generation is doing well in the wide world. As a consequence of our exodus, our community now comprises a generation that actually lived in Kashmir before exodus and have a clear impress of life lived there and a generation born outside Kashmir whose only umbilical cord with Kashmir is by way of race memory through tales heard by them from their elders.

The exodus of the community, as we know, was triggered by large scale violence and killings targeted at us in the 90s of the last century. A large number of people, men, women and children were brutally murdered. Their martyrdom is the most sacred memory that has kept the wounds of our exile fresh and green. Their sacrifice keeps the community aflame

with the resolve to avenge the wrongs of history perpetrated against us. Each year the community observes September 14 as the Martyrs Day. It was on this day in 1989 that the great community leader Tika Lal Taploo was gunned down by militants in cold blood outside his residence in Bana Mohalla in Srinagar. It followed with a spate of killings of many other Kashmiri Pandits. Among these, names like Nila Kanth Ganjoo, Navin Sapru, Sarvanand Koul Premi, his son Virender Kumar and Lassa Koul are indelibly embedded on the psyche of the community. Their supreme sacrifice is a sacred trust with the community. And yet hundreds of other martyrs are not so much in public space particularly the women and children. In fact the martyrdom of children has gone anonymous and those of the women practically unnoticed and recalled. Perhaps the patriarchal system in our community, like it is in most other communities, may have much to do for this isolation. That however, need not be seen to undermine the martyrdom of male members of the community.

In fact everyone of our community member who lost life to gun past three decades is an immortal icon of our sacrifice symbolizing our resolve to resurrect. At no cost their supreme sacrifice can go waste. To them our individual and collective homage is perennial and so is their

memory sacred in our minds to inspire us in the future.

Ours is an emancipated community that does not suffer gender discrimination and yet martyrdom of women in the community has been neglected, rather it has never been recalled and acknowledged publicly. A recent isolated remembrance and acknowledgment cannot be seen as public acknowledgment of martyrdom attained by our women. This reality reflects with pain and calls for introspection. The fact is that the martyrdom of our women equals to that of our men. And so is the martyrdom of our children.

A complete statistical data and biographical profile of each martyr should be taken up as the most urgent priority of the community initiative. Equal efforts must be afoot to obtain their photographs so that the community becomes familiar both with their names and their faces. Let us rise to this challenge that no martyr is lost in anonymity, be that his name or face. This effort would perhaps be the most precious legacy we may pass on to our progeny. It is in this sentiment that I briefly recall the martyrdom of some women, I am aware of, to place on record their supreme sacrifice. There are others too who need to be remembered in equal measure.

It may be recalled that the first direct targets of the community were Swami K. Nath and Keshav Nath Pandit. Both were martyred on December 9, 1988; the former was killed in Vichar Nag and the latter in Noorpora, Tral, in district Pulwama. The first woman martyr of the community was Prabhawati. She was injured in bomb blast in Hari Singh High Street, Srinagar in March, 1989 and she succumbed on 14th April. A few days later, on April 19, Sarla Bhat working as a nurse at Medical Institute, Soura was abducted and gang raped for several days before

Girija Tickoo of Trehgam, Kupwara who worked as a Laboratory Assistant in Government Girls High School, Trehgam was abducted, gang raped for many days and then shred into pieces on a bar of a saw-mill.

she was killed. Later her body was recovered at a roadside. Sarla Bhat belonged to Qazi Mohalla, Anantnag. Girija Tickoo of Trehgam, Kupwara who worked as a Laboratory Assistant in Government Girls High School, Trehgam was abducted, gang raped for many days and then shred into pieces on a bar of a saw-mill. She is reported to have been killed on June 4, 1990.

Two women by the same name Prana Ganjoo were slain on June 17, 1990 and November 11, 1990. One belonged to Bana Mohalla, Srinagar and the other to Sopore. Both incidentally were the employees of the State Government. Another state government employee named Girja Dhar belonging to Ali Kadal, Srinagar was gunned down on July 1, 1990. Mrs. Jawahar Lal Ganjoo and her sister-in-law along with their respective spouses were killed in Bana Mohalla, Srinagar on June, 17, 1990. Rupawati of Dursu, Pulwama was tortured in her home itself and after her death, the body was flung into a field from the third storey of her house. She was killed on June 28, 1990.

Mrs. Usha Kaul and Mrs. Rajinder Kaul and their husbands were shot dead in their home at Ali Kadal, Srinagar on October 14, 1990. Pitti Koul, resident of Mandir Bagh,

Srinagar, who worked as a teacher, was killed on November 7, 1990. Usha Kumari Koul of Sheyar, Ali Kadal, Srinagar was killed on October 14, 1990. Asha Koul of Achchabal was killed sometime in May 1990. Her actual date of death remains unknown. Devki of Alachi Bagh, Srinagar became victim of the terrorist bullet on March 23, 1990. Dolly of Karan Nagar, Srinagar was shot dead on may 7, 1990. Sarika, Asha Ji, Jyoti, Neema, Vijay Kumari, Meenakshi and Dulari were the victims of Wandhama carnage perpetrated on January 26, 1998. Rekha Ji,

Pratima Kumari, Girja Kumari, Asha and Geeta Devi were victims of Nadimarg carnage that took place on March 23, 2003.

Sheela Tickoo of Dalhasanyar, Srinagar was killed on October 31, 1990. Babli, a student and resident of Drusu, Pulwama was gunned down on June 28, 1990. Usha Ji of Srinagar was killed on October 14, 1990. Nirmala Raina of Pethibug, Anantnag was killed on March 6, 2000. Asha Kaul, a resident of Achabal, Anantnag was abducted from her native village. She was gang raped and tortured in a deserted Hindu house and her decomposed dead body was later recovered at a roadside in Karfali Mohalla, Srinagar on August 8, 1991.

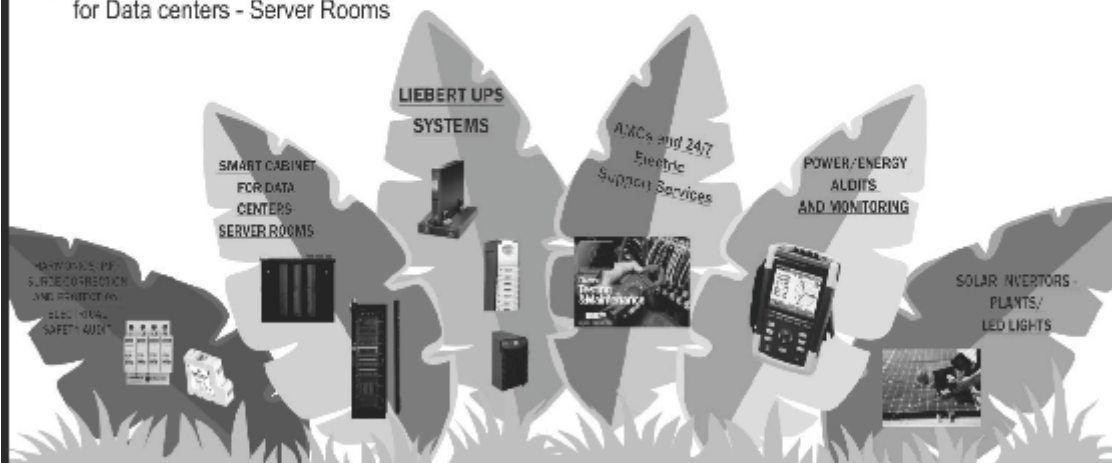
Militants also attempted on the life of one of its most accomplished daughters Ms. Warikoo who later rose to be a Session Judge in the State Judicial Service. Ms. Warikoo was the first Kashmiri Pandit woman to be injured in a bomb blast that luckily she survived.

Let the sacrifice of all our martyrs not go waste. May their sacred memory inspire us and our generations to come with ideals, beliefs and values the community espouses and for which they laid down their lives. It is time that the community pays its lasting homage and tribute to all the martyrs by building a museum befitting their sacrifice.

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KP Exodus – A Genocide Passed Over

Their exodus from Kashmir Valley has left an indelible scar on the post-independence history of our country as it has happened in the Secular Democratic Republic of India.

India's super-cop, KPS Gill, aptly summed up the plight of Kashmiri Pandit (KP) community in his observation that 'The Pandits have become the targets and victims of one of the most successful, though little known, campaigns of ethnic cleansing in the world. Programs of a far lesser magnitude in other parts of the world have attracted international attention, censure and action in support of the victim communities, but this is an insidious campaign that has passed virtually unnoticed and on which the world remains silent'. Indian state and its national political parties of all hues are far more culpable for this callous indifference

Article II of the Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide (1948), defines Genocide as "...acts committed with intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group, as such: killing members of the group; ...". Article V of the Convention mandates Indian state to prevent and punish acts of genocide as does article 21 of the Indian Constitution. Unfortunately, neither 'Crimes against Humanity' nor 'genocide' is part of our domestic law of crime.

Indeed, the present plight of the KPs is a direct result of genocide unleashed upon them since 1998/90. Their exodus from Kashmir Valley has left an indelible scar on the post-independence history of our country as it has happened in the Secular Democratic Republic of India. Successive governments, including the present one, have shied away from recognising KPs' ethnic cleansing in its diabolical reality. Instead, governments, both in the state and at the centre, have played it down as 'migration' of a section of the populace, as if in search of greener pastures.

Background

Not digging deep into the medieval history of the Valley when conversion to Islam with the might of the sword was commonplace triggering many a KP exodus, suffice to say that Sikandar Butshikan treated KPs exactly in the manner as they were treated by democratic regimes post-accession of J&K to the Indian union. While mayhem in the aftermath of 31st July 1931 incident in the Valley was just a curtain raiser to what was to befall the community, Sheikh Abdullah, after grabbing political power, unleashed a silent campaign to economically disempower KPs. With land holdings taken

away and government services and contracts denied to them, insecurity and uncertainty were deliberately built about their future in the Valley, compelling many KPs to leave their land of birth for good. Each Pandit, who left the State then, carried tales of atrocities and about the communal dispensation at the helm in Kashmir. Possessed by vindictiveness, Sheikh did not only introduce a permit system for those intending to leave the state, he even wrote to the Indian Government to deny government service to KPs anywhere in India. Rest is all history.

Exodus in the 1990s- The Genocide

"They (KPs) have to realise that nobody is going to come with a begging bowl and say come and stay with us. They have to make the move. Don't wait till the guns stop firing. ... Who are you waiting for? You think Farooq Abdullah will come, hold your hand and take you there.'. This contemptuous invitation was extended to the KPs by none other than the mercurial Farooq Abdullah, who, in 1990, abdicated his constitutional and moral responsibility as a CM, abandoning them to the mercy of the murderers. Farooq's antics don't surprise KPs. They have had enough of these during successive NC regimes, be those in forms of social exclusion and political marginalization or of the economic squeeze. KPs singularly hold him responsible for the mayhem that was unleashed on them in the early 1990s.

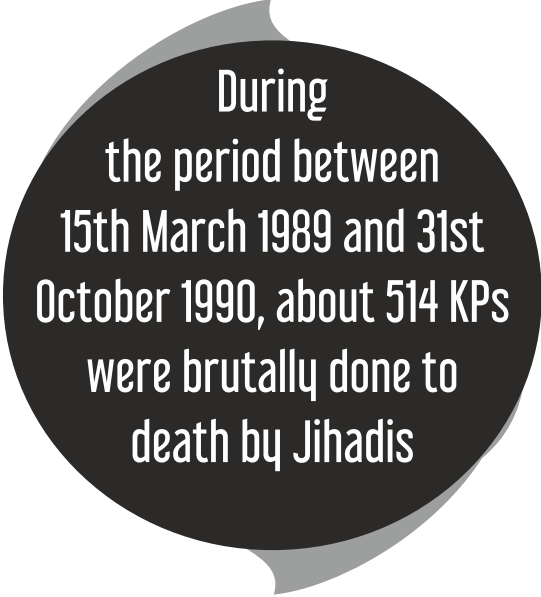
During the period between 15th March 1989 and 31st October 1990, about 514 KPs were brutally done to death by Jihadis prompting a wave of fear among them which resulted in their running to safety in the plains. Every day then, scores of families would pick up whatever they could and huddle into whatever transport they managed to cross Pirpanjal to safety. Migration to the plains of India hurled rural folks, who barely had moved out of their Tehsils/Districts, into proverbial furnaces. With banking system paralysed throughout the Valley, most KPs reached Jammu with barely a day's sustenance in hand. It was a common sight to find KPs sleeping under open skies in Jammu with nothing to cover their bodies with. Finally, KPs lost all hope when New Delhi, seeking the release of Rubaiya Sayeed, was brought down on its knees by the insurgents. New Delhi had no idea what to do.

Ethnic cleansing was a systemic component

of the insurgents' strategy. In a matter of three months, between January and March 1990, about 1,60,000 KPs fled the Valley to Jammu, Delhi and other parts of the country. Eventually, about 4,50,000 of them, over 99% of their population in the Valley, became part of this statistic. Not only did Indian state fail to protect them in their homes, successive governments too have provided no more than a lip-service. Exiled community seldom features in the discourse on Kashmir.

Institutional Indifference

Perpetuation of genocide is not a lone wolf crime. It is the work, wittingly or unwittingly, of many hands.



During
the period between
15th March 1989 and 31st
October 1990, about 514 KPs
were brutally done to
death by Jihadis

Political Executive

Governments, both in the state and in New Delhi, have shown cruel indifference to the human rights of the KPs. The concept of Insanyat (humanity) in their context is often given a go-by. Had it not been for some voluntary organisations and untiring efforts of its youth, the community would have starved to death with a miserly monthly sustenance allowance of Rs. 500/- per family.

Without exonerating them of serious omissions, UPA dispensations at the centre made some amends by rescuing these 'refugees' from sub-human shanties to tenements in Jagati township and by setting aside a quota in government jobs. Modi and his party, other than

As per the data collected by Kashmiri Pandit Sangarsh Samiti (KPSS) - a Valley-based organization- confirms that 900 KPs were massacred, their 22,000 dwelling units either burnt down or encroached upon and 1,200 temples vandalized.

playing politics over KPs' plight, has done absolutely nothing, not even filling the vacancies sanctioned way back in 2009. Even BJP's rehabilitation plan was shelved at the altar of party's political greed.

National Human Rights Commission (NHRC)

A three-member NHRC Bench, headed by Justice M.N. Venkatchaliah, evaluating conditions leading to the exodus of KPs from the Valley against the 'stern definition of the Genocide Convention', recorded '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'. Sadly, the Commission, as usual, delivered a 'politically correct' verdict ignoring the reality - KPs were butchered because they were Hindus. NHRC verdict was a clear case of politics overriding KPs' human rights.

If killings of about a thousand KPs, wholesale burning down of their dwellings and their places of worship do not constitute cleansing of an ethno religious group, an essential condition for Genocide, what else was it? That the insurgents justified every KP killing either by labelling the victim as an Indian Mukhbir (informer) or one representing India in Kashmir, truth, however, was otherwise. Neel kanth Ganjoo was assassinated for sentencing Maqbool Bhat to death, but no harm has done to Muslims involved in latter's prosecution, be those who were the witnesses or in the prosecution team. Further, both Tikka Lal Taploo and Lassa Kaul were assassinated, former for his political affiliation and latter for heading an Indian institution in Kashmir, but no harm was done to their Muslim successors.

Judiciary

Last year, in a big blow to the KPs' fight for justice, the Apex Court of India rejected their second plea to re-open investigations into mass killings of members of their community that resulted in their exodus from the Valley. SC upheld its earlier order declining investigation into killing claiming 'it had happened 27 years ago'. "If SC can scrutinize each case of anti-Sikh riots that happened 33 years and order re-opening of closed ones, why can't they order a probe into Kashmiri Pandit killings which took place 27 years ago?", wonders Vikas Padora, the lawyer appearing for KPs. Earlier too, Bitta Karate, who had publicly confessed to killing more than twenty KPs, was let off. The Trial Court judge lamented prosecution's non-seriousness to seek his conviction. The community fully realizes that justice essentially depends on the impartiality of the state and even-handedness of the judicial system. While their murderers roam free in the Valley, KPs justifiably feel let down by every institution of the state.

In Perpetual Denial

One wonders why Indian state and the political parties are in a state of perpetual denial in accepting the reality of KP holocaust? Why does the state still insist that only 219 KPs were killed in the Valley, a few thousand KP dwelling units torched and some temples vandalised? **As per the data collected by Kashmiri Pandit Sangarsh Samiti (KPSS) - a Valley-based organization- confirms that 900 KPs were massacred, their 22,000 dwelling units either burnt down or encroached upon and 1,200 temples vandalized.** Why is India hiding the facts from the world?

For their insignificant numbers, KPs have been ignored by most political parties. Even their contributions in the field of politics, that too in a vitiated atmosphere, have been ignored. That P.L. Handoo, National Conference, and Tikka Lal Taploo, BJP, have long been forgotten is evident when their sterling contributions are remembered only during community functions and not on respective party fora.

Fault-lines Within

Among the complex reasons for their neglect, the prime one is the nature of the KP community itself. While other campaigns of ethnic cleansing

have invariably provoked at least some retaliatory violence, the deep tradition and culture of no-violence has made them accept their sufferings in silence, with not a single act of retaliatory violence on record. That, probably, is why KPs have been taken for granted thus far. Equally important is lack of cohesion within the community. Alas! KPs could neither find a Phoolka, the advocate who tirelessly fought for the justice of 1984 riot victims, amongst them nor could they hire a competent hand to book the murderers. Persecution of the community over seven hundred years has not only rendered KPs individualistic but also to seek support elsewhere.

Looking Ahead

Kps seem reconciled to their fate. With new generation not having lived in the Valley, the

yarning to reclaim moorings is all but lost. Indian political system fully understands this dilemma of the community. Only an out of box solutions like the cancellation of all distress sales by the KPs, as hinted by Ghulam Nabi Azad on the floor of the assembly during his tenure as CM, may infuse some degree of confidence in the beleaguered community. Unfortunately, Azad's proposition was buried deep under the weight of vested interests of the political class exactly in the same way as Kashmir Temples and Shrines Bill was. Ultimately, solution to the problem lies in political re-organization of Kashmir valley to set aside an enclave for the KPs. As of now, the only silver lining is the presence of KP youth serving there under UPA rolled out employment package. May be folklore of 'eleven KP households' rebuilding KP numbers in the Valley is retold in future/



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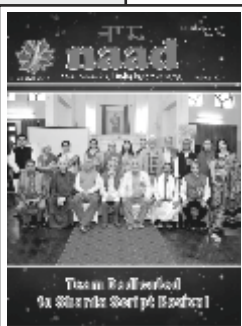
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- Rakesh Kumar Kaw



Childhood Lost in Refugee Camps

Growing up in a refugee camp is so difficult. It is a life of poverty, limited access to education, lack of access to sporting or recreational facilities and few opportunities. Hopelessness and disparity become your natural allies. It was under these circumstances that hundreds of thousands of Kashmiri Hindus grew up in exile after their exodus in 1990.

I was born post exodus on 5th March, 1997 at a place called Patoli near, Jammu. Three years later my family moved to Purkhoo Camp, one of the refugee camps where about 2000 Kashmiri Hindus families lived in exile. In the camp each family was allotted a room with area of 160 square feet. The living conditions were such that children of my age were denied many of the joys of a typical childhood and were forced to accept this without much complaining. A few youngsters from my community were jobless at that time while others worked in different fields but most families relied primarily on meagre government relief of Rs 1,200 per family. The camp lacked basic facilities such as water, toilets, sanitation and proper shelter leading to a never ending chain reaction of diseases. The electric supply was never more than 10 hours per day. To make things worse there was not even a proper functional hospital to avail treatment from. The only medical facility that was available then was a pharmacy shop or two. Quality healthcare services were out of reach. For an effective treatment of a serious ailment one depended largely on monetary help from relatives and friends. No money would mean no treatment at all.

I remember that one fateful night my

cousin was stung by a scorpion. It happened during the dinner time when there was no electricity in the room and things were barely visible in candle light. He had to be rushed to the house of a local chemist for treatment. He was bedridden for two weeks. The horrors of that night can't be described in words. Friends of my age group have similar terrible experiences of snake or scorpion bites.

Some years later, when I turned five my parents got me admitted to a local school. As I grew up I had to undergo countless hardships, some bearable and some excruciating. Though financial insecurity was always the biggest hurdle, yet my parents managed to get all that I would demand. I didn't have the luxury of a separate study room. Intermittent power supply (which meant no electricity during night) was another major problem. In the absence of electric lighting I and my sister used to study for hours in the light of a table lamp. The harshest were the monsoons. Power supply would always get disconnected as soon as it started raining. While it was resumed within a few hours in most parts of the city, we had to wait for days together to get the supply resumed. Little was done by concerned authorities to ensure uninterrupted power supply. Seeing me agonised, I was regularly comforted by my elder brothers saying that their pursuit for education after displacement was even more difficult. I was told that they were taught by community teachers in tents and many times in "open sky schools" in 40 degree temperature. Their struggle was in the worst subhuman conditions.

It was in early 2002 that the biggest tragedy befell us. One of my uncles who had gone to

Delhi to earn a living was diagnosed with an ailment in the intestines. The doctor had advised that an operation be performed at the earliest. For us, who lived just above poverty line, private health insurance schemes were unheard of those days. Obviously, we were not financially sound to bear the overall expenses of the surgery. My father and two other uncles somehow managed to bring my uncle to Jammu and got him operated in a private hospital by a surgeon whom they promised to pay in instalments. Years later I came to know that a huge amount of money had been borrowed from friends and relatives. I can vaguely recall those painful days. Though I was not told everything back then about this yet I used to weep a lot. I could feel something was not right. The worrisome faces of my grandparents would always make me cry. It was only after the operation was successful that I got to see my uncle after a week. Watching him laying on a hospital bed with drips attached to his chest was a painful sight. I could not eat, play or study properly since then. It took me many days to get over this incident. As I grew up I witnessed several other incidents which were equally painful and traumatic.

In 2011 we moved to Jagti Township Nagrota, the new refugee settlement. Nagrota city, situated about 8 miles away from Jammu a hilly area surrounded by thick forest cover.

Mostly the pandit families from Purkhoo Camp, Nagrota Camp, Muthi Camp and Mishri wala camp shifted here. Each refugee family

The horrors of growing up in a refugee camp with little financial security, restlessness and a fear of future is difficult to sum up in a few hundred words.

was provided a one room set. In the initial days, there was no electricity & and water supply was available for two random days in a week. I was then in 10th grade. Since there was little transport services from Jagti to Jammu. So it was decided that I shall be admitted to the high school built itself in Jagti. In the very first day of my new school I realised how hectic the coming days were going to be. The number of students per class was more than 70. The teaching staff was also very limited. The helpless administration had squeezed as many kids as possible into classrooms, taking a toll on teachers and students alike. The classrooms were overcrowded to such an extent that one felt suffocated. Even in the eighth week of the school I couldn't match a name to every face in my class.

There were no arrangements for potable water, toilets or something as basic as a separate library. I remember we would go back to our homes during the lunch break to empty our bowels. Many students brought water bottles with them for the teachers. Despite the lack of basic facilities, the teaching staff which comprised mostly of Kashmiri Hindus was extremely cooperative and empathic. The students who studied in 11th and 12th grade were the worst sufferers. To attend the tuitions or school, they had to travel more than 6 hours a day. To add to their problems, there was no transport facility available from Jammu City to Jagti after 8 p.m and the township remained isolated from the rest of the city. During the peak of the summers, it was so exhaustive that some girls even fainted on their way back. The township faced a daily power cut of more than fifteen hours. My grandmother once jokingly said that the government is so sensitive to our plight that it ensures supply from six to eight in the morning to make the breakfast, from 11 a.m to 1 p.m to cook the lunch and from 7p.m to 9p.m to prepare the dinner.

The horrors of growing up in a refugee camp with little financial security, restlessness and a fear of future is difficult to sum up in a few hundred words. Still many important grievances call for an immediate attention from both the government and within the community. We as a community need to keep doing our best to alleviate the suffering and improve the conditions of the future generation to come.



- Sunita Ticku



EXODUS - It's Biggest Impact

Exodusyes mass departure of Kashmiri Hindus from their own motherland, a forced dispersion. I'm not going to repeat what so many others have been saying for the past three decades now. I am not going to go into the gory details and I don't need to tell anybody how we were smoked out of our own home and hearth by the very people who we thought were just like our kith & kin. The new narrative in the valley is we left on our own and there is a lot of fact twisting. I really don't care about that at this point now because I have a burning issue at hand which needs to be addressed by me, my people, my generation and the generations to come. It is the issue of my identity. The Kashmiri Pandit is on the verge of extinction yet we, the elite are least bothered except for ranting this "tosufi" expression that "ha batta'h ha sa gav bajah"! How pathetic !!!

Language is intrinsic to the expression of culture. It is the gateway to a culture. As a means of communicating values, beliefs and customs, it has an important social function and fosters feelings of group identity and solidarity. We preserve our culture and its traditions and convey our shared values by means of language.

With due respects to our koshur cuisine, it however is, neither Rogan Josh nor Leddar Tsaman that defines us and takes us back to thousands of years to our roots. Only language does that via the medium of literature, poetry, art, sufi traditions, festivals and their relevance and so on. The Kashmiri Muslim culture might get blotched with external Arabic influence, but it still maintains its integrity. Ours on the other hand is losing ground very fast. Majority of our kids, youngsters don't speak kashmiri at all and a good number doesn't even understand it. The

We are raising our off springs without giving them the sense of belonging. In their deep psyche, there is no place called Home. They are becoming the chameleon of the society.

nuances of indigenous phrases and idioms of a language cannot be replicated when it is translated into another language. "Harudh'h maaryokh kichul, tu soant'ah korhas kyuch kyuch" - none of our young folks are going to relate to that. Even our nursery rhymes like "hukkus-Bukkus teli wan tsu kus" are not just word play for kids but also contain deep philosophy. There is absolutely no comparison between this and "one two, buckle my shoe" which is just a pure rhyming poem for kids. And oh yes, we used to have so many clever riddles which were fun to play with, like for example :

"bak bak karvun janawara, chak chak karvun tchui

Aes kin traavaan modhur poniya (water),
Wanta honiya, su kus tchui "and drum roll pleasethe answer is" "Samavaar" !!!!!!!

How many of us play koshur riddles now ?

Let's not forget silly stories like "Mannut tu Paanzu" "or" "Akh oas shaalkaakha" & so on. Or the story of sensitive girl "syenkisri" who has

a fight with brother over a trivial thing.

And then come the “Maha Kavya” like Heemal tu Nagrai or the Akknandun etc. The list is endless, but all these lists are in the process of cessation.

Every time I recite a leela or a koshur bhajan, I am teleported to a place of understanding wherein I realize that I don't need to be a Vedantin or a scriptural scholar to understand the cryptic knowledge given in our Shastras. All that knowledge is simply and beautifully given to us lucky folks by our masters by composing such poetic pieces in koshur language. How amazing is that! And so that is why my heart aches when I think of the dying flicker of all this linguistic bright light or treasure that defined us.

There is another misconception in our community on the front of religious practices and the knowledge base of our system. No doubt KP religious practices are much different from the rest of India but they are authentic and the reason is twofold - first, they are much more elaborate because they are older than the traditions that the rest of India follows; secondly, since we lived in a bowl shaped valley which would remain cut off from the plains of India for a good 4-5 months during winter in the olden times & which was also climatically different, there has been minimal influence of the traditions of the plains on us thereby keeping the change to a minimum from the ancient times. After living in an alien land & then learning about the process & traditions of my own Maej Kasheer, I have come to appreciate and value tremendously the whole nine yards of Battgi (well, barring a few eccentric things here n there).

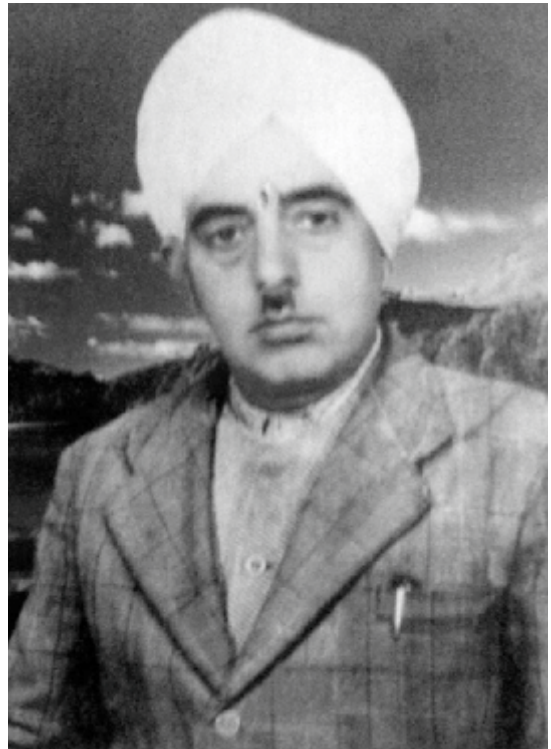
After going through only a little bit literature on Kashmir Shaivism, I have come to realize how little we have been delving into the realm of self-realization and self discovery which has been laid out for us, even as householders, by our great masters and yogis. Abhinavgupta, Utpaladeva, Kshemraja, Somnanda, Swami Ram, Swami Mahtab Kak, Swami Lakshman Joo - and many more great scholars of Kashmir Shaivism have carried on their shoulders this spiritual legacy.

You don't have to go on the path of renunciation to realize God or to become one

with him; just follow a true Koshur batta way of life and you got the ways and means to reach that end goal.

Today a vast majority of students learning Kashmir Shaivism are mostly foreigners and a handful of other Hindus and couple of kashmiri Pandits. There is research being conducted on the works of Mata Lalded by westerners. It is also a pity that we have not been able to stop the authorities from changing the names of our places like ShankaraCharya hill, Hari Parbat, Anantnag. Apparently, even Lalded is now being referenced as Lal-Arifa and her identity too might get changed in times to come to be an Islamic saint. So, the erosion of our culture is evident and fading into anonymity is, sadly, imminent.

We are raising our off springs without giving them the sense of belonging. In their deep psyche, there is no place called Home. They are becoming the chameleon of the society. They will blend in whatever the environment they are in but



(Writer is the genocide survivor and above photo is of her grandfather Sh. Maheshwar Nath Bhat who was brutally killed at his Wazir Bagh residence on 15th Oct 1991)

will never know what their true color is. How depressing is that! Our children are the descendants of great sages, great mystics; they are the progenies of the gene pool of Resh-vaer yet we are not in a position to enable them to carry forward their great mystic inheritance.

Now a days, so many of us say we are proud Kashmiri Pandits, but are not aware of how we have left that Kashmiri Pandit behind on the other side of the Banihal tunnel. It is our responsibility to pass our legacy to our next generation. The young generation of teens hardly have any idea of the richness of koshur culture and traditions. For them, all that glitters in the outside world is gold whereas they are not aware of the fact that if they rub the dirt off their

It is our responsibility to pass our legacy to our next generation. The young generation of teens hardly have any idea of the richness of koshur culture and traditions.

cultural robes, they will find themselves wrapped in gold.

Exodus - yes, the demon that has been devouring my identity; how can anybody say that it is good for me. If we would not have been forced to survive outside our habitat, we most likely would have evolved like any other culture does. There would have been changes, of course, but in accordance with the overall ecosystem. After all change is what evolution is about. But our children would have been born in that familiar koshur immersion that we were born into and hence, intrinsically, they would identify themselves in a whole different light than today. Our language, food, literature, arts, music would have been preserved, flourishing and adapting in accordance with the changing times, not mummified in time, waiting to rot into irrelevance. Like a plant severed from its roots,

we cannot continue to survive and grow as a composite culture. The sudden severing and thereby fatal haemorrhaging of our identity is leading us to extinction.

Knowing first hand how tough it was to stay afloat immediately after the displacement, I understand the inability on part of my generation to imbue the cultural and language part into our off springs. But now as we have established ourselves away from our Maej Kasheer, I strongly believe that we can still resuscitate our language & the culture thereof by taking initiatives and investing seriously into this process.

It is heartening to see a few developments happening in Jammu. The revival of arts in terms of music and drama and some poetry is a very encouraging. The launch of a couple of radio stations that are dedicatedly broadcasting programs in Kashmiri is a huge step. While all this is absolutely needed and very important, but I believe, the customers of such transactions is still mostly us and older generations. In order for the youngsters to get involved, we need to create an atmosphere of Kasheer inside each of our homes. First and foremost, would be total transformation of spoken language at home which ought to be primarily Kashir. This would automatically encompass exposure to other aspects of the culture too.

For those readers who might think otherwise, I would like to add the paper clipping of that horrendous terrorist attack on our family where the terrorists attacked my family, shot three family members out of whom we lost two to the bullets of the communal hatred. Exodus was a smartly implemented process of ethnic cleansing which robbed me off everything that I possessed; but my spirit, though broken it may be but it is not dead yet! I still believe that we can rescue our dying culture and for that I'm trying to do my part with the hope that my fellow KPs are also doing their part.

Closing with this quote, that resonates so well with the Kashmiri Pandits' plight.

“As languages disappear, cultures die. The world becomes inherently a less interesting place, but we also sacrifice raw knowledge and the intellectual achievements of millennia.”

- Ken Hale



The Forgotten People of Kashmir

Many Kashmiri Pandits were desperate to believe that this reign of terror would be a transitional phenomenon. This belief was shattered on Jan 19, 1990.

ENWALLED

In November of 1989, when the world was celebrating the fall of the Berlin Wall, we were being walled-in - otherized and terrorized into locking ourselves in our own homes. Kalashnikovs had arrived in Kashmir. The streets were being taken over by AK-47-wielding masked jihadists, roaming unchecked and massacring people at will. It was becoming clear that Farooq Abdullah wasn't going to do much, other than whining, philosophizing and romanticizing terrorism as "the battle for hearts and minds".

"They remain faceless and underground and yet control Kashmir" he declared to Tavleen Singh in an interview on 27 August 1989.

The passivity and willful neglect of the Government led to the escalation of terrorist violence.

By January 'hit lists' and targeted terror attacks against Kashmiri Pandits were becoming routine.

We were Being Isolated and Hunted

On January 4, 1990, Aftab, a local Urdu newspaper, published a press release issued by the Hizbul Mujahideen, declaring jihad and ordering all Hindus to leave the valley or, prepare to be annihilated. Al Safa, another local

daily published the same expulsion order. Soon notices to leave were pasted on our doors.

The Diktat was Very Clear

"Raeliv, Gaeliv ya Tschaeliv", ("Convert, Perish or, Leave!")

Crippled by fear, the only response we could muster to our persecution was denial. Many Kashmiri Pandits were desperate to believe that this reign of terror would be a transitional phenomenon. This belief was shattered on Jan 19, 1990.

Waiting our Turn to Die

At approximately 10 p.m., January 19, 1990, the streets of Kashmir erupted into an orchestrated babel of bloodcurdling Islamist war cries and communal slogans inciting the local Muslims to wage jihad and cleanse Kashmir of all non-Islamic influences. The sloganeering was accompanied with inflammatory 'taranas' and jihadist propaganda being broadcast from the loud speakers of every mosque (numbering roughly 1100) in Kashmir. Before we could make sense of what was happening, our greatest fear was realized - a tsunami of ferocious mobs had been unleashed on us. Thousands of Kashmiri Muslims (including children) flooded the streets, roaming unrestrained, shouting and screaming in a gut-wrenching chorus of rage. The first few minutes felt like a blur, almost like an out-of-

body experience and then it struck us and it became apparent that we were about to be murdered or defiled. Few knew how to cope with this onslaught that had escalated into an all-out siege. It felt like the ground beneath our feet was being gnawed, bit by bit, moment by moment and there we were stuck in place - captives in our own homes. Soon, the crowd gripped by mass hysteria marched closer and the shrieks and threatening slogans grew louder:

“Naara-e-Takbir, Allah-ho-Akbar”

“Kashmir mein agar rehna hai,
Allah-ho-Akbar kahna hoga”

(Any one wanting to live in Kashmir will have to convert to Islam)

“Yahan kya chalega? Nizam-e- Mustafa”

(What will be implemented here? Shari'ah)

“Battan hyund byol Khodahan gol”

(May Khuda annihilate the seed of Pandits)

The uninhibited display of intense Anti-Pandit hatred made our blood run cold and left no doubt that no one could be trusted. The ultimate horror was felt when we heard this one slogan:

“Kashir banawon Pakistan, Batav varaie,
Batneiv saan”

(We will turn Kashmir into Pakistan along with Kashmiri Pandit women, but without their men folk)

It was a Punch to the Gut

Fearing a break-in, panic-stricken families hid their womenfolk in attics and storerooms. They were handed kitchen knives and instructed to kill themselves in case the mob would barge in. Stomach churning, chest closing, hapless parents began preparing their children for contact with the rampaging mob.

Little children who could barely say their own names were urged to run as fast as they could, to avoid being caught. Run, “whereto”? No one had the answers.

These were not spontaneous mobs reacting to a provocation. These were organized genocidal mobs that struck with the purpose of instilling terror and annihilating Kaffirs root-and-branch.

Making matters worse, the Police was nowhere to be seen. Earlier that day, Farooq Abdullah, who had abetted the rise of terrorism with his willful policy of indifference and inaction, wholly abdicated his responsibilities

and resigned. The deeply entrenched institutional Islamism and bias against Kashmiri Pandits lay exposed when the Government authorities in Srinagar decided not to respond to our desperate pleas for help. Throughout the night, defenseless Kashmiri Pandits made hundreds of frantic phone calls to the authorities in Srinagar, Jammu and New Delhi. But, no one intervened. We had been abandoned, left alone against the violent mobs.

The same Indian State that fought a war to put an end to the Bangladesh (1971) genocide ignored the threat of genocide of its own citizens.

The Message was Clear:

Our Lives didn't Matter

History was repeating itself. Our condition started to resemble that of the persecuted Pandits exterminated during the reign of the Shah Mir dynasty, described and compared by Jonaraja to “fish tormented by fisherman in a closed river”. There was no escaping from this closed river of unquenchable sadism. Unable to sleep, the little ones cried through the night, muffling their sobs so that the mob couldn't find them. With hope gone and no help unavailable, we huddled and waited in the dark, watching for the impending doom.

Early the next morning, people hurriedly gathered whatever little they could and bid farewell to the homes. In their desperation to reach safety, they struck out in anything they could find: buses, taxis, trucks. In the coming days, tens of thousands of Kashmiri Pandit families found themselves homeless. Thrown into squalid, overcrowded tented refugee camps, they were now struggling to stay alive in the most sub-human conditions, without access to basic amenities like toilets. Many children and unaccompanied teenagers were separated from their parents in the chaos. In these refugee camps, thousands died due to snake bites, sunstrokes, starvation, trauma and diseases. None of this evoked a reaction from the media or, the human rights organizations operating within the country.

The genocidal jihad continued unabated. Targeted terror attacks, and frenzied mob attacks became a regular occurrence. The Government scrambled to take control of the situation.

But, it was already too late. In the months that followed, more than 1800 Kashmiri Pandits were tortured and murdered in the most brutal manner.

These were real people, people who had names and families who loved them. But, their jihad driven attackers didn't see them as human. They were defiled and tortured before they were killed. The crowds danced at the sight of their writhing bodies. They were pissed upon, spat upon and mutilated beyond recognition. They were humiliated even in death.

Among the most macabre realities is that even grieving families weren't spared. B K Ganjoo was mercilessly murdered in presence of his wife. The grieving relatives at Sarla Bhatt's funeral were attacked. They didn't even allow her body to be cremated. Scores of Kashmiri Pandit women were raped and butchered in the name of "Azaadi".

By the end of 1990, half a million Kashmiri Pandits were cleansed out of Kashmir. The genocide-induced displacement of Kashmiri Pandits was a humanitarian catastrophe of epic proportions, but clearly not enough to merit suo motu action by the Hon'ble Supreme Court of India.

The bleeding heart liberals and members of the Indian intelligentsia were also complicit in helping the violence to continue unquestioned. No awards were returned, no "Not In My Name"

protests were organized, no one came forward to condemn this brazen act of genocide.

YATO DHARMA TATO JAYA

It was as if we did not exist.

Then, in 2013, someone from the Bhartiya Janata Party realized that we would make an excellent batch of election-fodder, so they decided to shed light on our plight to appeal to the consciousness of their target voter base. After the elections were won and new alliances were formed, we were relegated to being invisible again. We received sympathy and words of kindness from all over the country but there has been no official recognition of the ongoing Kashmiri Pandit genocide. Denial of genocide never helps the victims. Denial of genocide enables the perpetrators. The Kashmiri Pandits languishing in India's refugee camps and elsewhere in the world live with grief of losing their homeland, their social fabric and their unique way of life. We live with the pain of knowing that the perpetrators are getting away. And our 5000 year old culture, our religious practices are on the brink of dying out.

We've received sympathy in election speeches; what we really need is concrete actions to punish the perpetrators and enable our community to return to our ancestral homeland.

We need more than words of solidarity.

We need justice.

REQUEST / NOTICE

We have been receiving contributions/subscriptions from members through NEFT/RTGS/IMPS. Many such payments made online are not intimated to us and reconciliation of such payment becomes difficult.

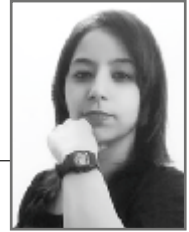
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Email-hqaiks@gmail.com

Phone: 011-26107431

Mobile: 8130538867

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The Uprooted Home

The morning sun over the valley was always a guest bringing along a blanket of light and warmth to the otherwise cold landscape. The air would be filled with the scent of the Kahwa, the Kashmiri herbal tea or the freshly baked Kulchas, a type of Kashmiri bread. Like any other neighborhood, the valley would see small groups of women and men moving about for their morning chores. The village fields would be a plethora of activity and the morning commute of the town, the minibus (Matadors) would be filled with young men hanging about, in urgency to reach their coveted 'daftars'. But we had nowhere to go. We were guests. The Kashmir tourism board stood gravely in the front of our makeshift tent like a symbol of great service it had done to us. We weren't entitled to visit the homeland, we were privileged to do it.

Nani, held the warm cup of tea to her lips, quivering and smiling at the snow-capped peaks right in front of her. Kashmir was home. It had always been. She clutched the ends of the maroon pashmina shawl that she always took a special pride in adorning. After all, it was the 'soft gold', as they say in Kashmiri, and it had always reminded her of those old steel trunks in which women hoarded their priceless ancestral jewellery, their wedding sarees, the sacred headgear (Targa) worn on the day of marriage. The boxes, that would make an annual appearance in every home, opened with great reverence, its ingredients spread out in the sun for a nice sunbath and then carefully kept back inside like a relic, spread with neem leaves or these days naphthalene balls. The Pandora's box would open up not just the inherited treasures of

the women of the household but also many stories from the bygone times. Stories that run in every family between mothers and daughters, sisters, siblings. Stories of love and animosity both.

How could it not be home? She was born here, she grew up in its laps, playing across in the orchards that spanned their maternal home, getting married here to the love of her life. Having her daughters here. If this wasn't home she didn't know what else was?

"Tathi, when do you think we should leave?," asked Neha, her chirpy little granddaughter.

Tathi, the loved one, that's what everyone called her, her husband, her children and now her doting grandchildren as well.

Such was the love in this name, that over the years she had forgotten what her mother had named her as, Shanta.

"What sort of a name is that?," Neha would say.

"It's not Shanti, its Shanta. Doesn't that sound like a man's name?,"

"Well, we were simple people back then. Simple people with weird names.", Tathi would always reply back.

She was a Kashmiri Pandit, the acclaimed scholarly community of the mountains of the Indian Himalayas or the paradise on earth as it was fondly called, the Valley named after Kashyap Rishi. They were the for bearers of knowledge and the stalwarts of wisdom so much so that the medieval Muslim ruler Zain-ul-Abdeen had reverently and with gratitude called them back to the valley in the mid-1400s, when his administration was marred by medio-crazy,

But the guardians of the paradise on earth couldn't protect its sanctity or the cultural diversity that was fondly called Kashmiriyat.

lying into shambles at the hands of worthless brains. The last exodus of 1990, out of the many that they had been subjected to in the past, had been meted out to them in a land that had supposedly now attained democracy. The world's largest democracy, which famously won their freedom with the Gandhian brand of Ahimsa and Nehruvian socialism, with the blood of Bose and the rebellion of Bhagat Singh. To such a nation, the maharaja entrusted the reigns of his kingdom. But the guardians of the paradise on earth couldn't protect its sanctity or the cultural diversity that was fondly called Kashmiriyat.

The Pandits now visited the motherland as mere tourists making a yearly pilgrimage, sometimes to the revered Tulmula temple, sometimes as a summertime sport to the lush grasslands of Gulmarg and Pahalgam. They spent money, to stay in hotels, pay for their food where they had always grown their own crops, in their own lands.

"Maa, let's go and visit our home in Nagam. What do you say?," Jija her daughter suggested.

"To that rumble that we left behind in those nights of horror? That, which was robbed of the warmth called home. Let's go there tomorrow morning. I want my grandchildren to see the stories that you have been telling them all their lives. The fields and the orchards, the walnut trees and the attics atop our four-storeyed houses", Tathi said.

"But are you sure, it's going to be safe Maa?", Jija expressed doubt. "I still shiver thinking of that night. That cold night where even the warm hearts of our neighbors became

cold towards us. Blood cold. Where religion and jihad took primacy over years of brotherhood that we shared with our Muslim neighbors".

"You remember the day we left Jija? The day I packed 3 bags one each for you n your sisters and hushed you into the eerie silence of that night. You know, me and your father, we actually thought that it's gonna be all ok soon. That it was just a political upheaval as they used to call that massacre those days. We sent you off to save your life and our honor. We sent you away, often in fear of never seeing you again", Tathi whispered in a familiar nostalgic tone

"Let's go inside Maa. It's afternoon. We can have lunch here and then I am going to go to Dal Gate in the evening, taking Neha along. Maybe you'll want to accompany us?"

No, you go, just get me a kg of walnuts from the Abdullah store. Your aunt has asked me to get some.

Tathi, got up, dusting off her shawl and clothes and went inside to take her customary afternoon nap. The week-long stay at the temple premises on the pretext of Mahashtami festival was about to end. The crowds had already withered and the temple compound saw more of armed men in olive green. The deity was in their caring hands most part of the year and them, at her mercy. As she lay in a lazy slumber, the spring breeze of the dense Chinar foliage sung a sweet lullaby to which she quickly fell asleep.

After a while, two children, wearing the traditional Kashmiri Pheran walked up to her bedside, with a somber expression.

"Your bus awaits outside. You should leave! Now!", the elder girl said in a monotone.

And they ran off before Tathi could even ask them what they meant.

Suddenly, she felt the ground beneath shake a bit. The carpet flooring lifted up uprooting the tent. The mattress, the rugs, their bags overflowing with cardigans and the other luggage hovered up in the air as if, levitating in the middle of a hurricane.

Tathi, in her inability to move her legs, called out to Jija and Neha. Nobody was to be seen around. With whatever strength was remaining of her old legs she got down from the cot, dragged herself to the edge of the tent. The sight made her dizzy. Hundreds stood there, in separate mobs of men and women, hurling abuses and throwing

stones. The tent rested on a cliff, suspended by an iron chain, moving at the whim of a button.

“Chaliyev nat raliyev,” they shouted laughing in vicious smiles (Either flee or convert!)

Young boys stood in the forefront, fists full of stones, eyes burning with anger and an iron will to reclaim what they were told was theirs. The homeland.

The mob, of whom some were known faces, Iqbal, Maqbool, Siddique, Ahmed. All of them who once used to come for their evening classes at her home, to be taught by her husband. They were now the disciples of jihad. Now the soldiers of a war against their own neighbors. The Pandits. The same pandits who had never yielded a sword in their lives were suddenly a threat to their religion. How?

A Question that Remained Unanswered

“What a bounty yield of paddy you had that summer Tathi? It fetched me a massive Rs 20,000 even in that chaotic year!”, he laughed hysterically as the others joined in.

Her milkman was also there, glancing menacingly at her, as she shivered in fear of an upcoming catastrophe. He lifted his arm. She knew this motion. A stone came rushing through his hand and hit her head.

Aghast, in shock, she woke up from the dreadful dream. A nightmare. Sweating profusely, she ruffled through the sheets, through her senses as she rushed outside the tent.

Their driver stood there!

“What are you doing here?”, she asked, almost shouting

“I, I came to take you along to Dal Gate, ” he fumbled.

“Get going, I am on my way.”

Hurriedly slipping on her shoes, she grabbed her shawl, giving a quick look around the tent, she left to join Jija and Neha in the car.

“This is beautiful”, Neha exclaimed gazing at the Char Chinar (the four chinar trees) in the middle of the serene looking Dal Lake.

It used to be covered in lotuses beta, before your fancy environmental degradation took over”, lamented her mother.

While the mother-daughter engulfed themselves in conversation about the artifacts sold on the roadside, about the vegetable vendors rowing with small boats (Shikara) full

of fresh vegetables, about the local delicacy Nadru, which not many knew was the stem of a lotus plant, Tathi was still shaken, still jittery from the dream.

The people around appeared all eerily familiar to her. All of them, posing questions in their silent deathly stares. She tucked her Dejahoru, a long ear chain worn by Kashmiri Pandit women behind her ear, hiding it carefully between in her bun, lest no one could identify her as a pandit.

From the nearby bus stand, the drivers collected passengers as if chickens in a coop.

Jammu gasyeiv batinyav ! Bus che lagith !

Will you go to Jammu, oh pandit ladies? The bus awaits.

Tathi grabbed Neha's hand, brushing past him and hurriedly got inside the car.

She was panting and shivering at the thought of the sentence itself. How the terrorists in those years and even the locals had tortured them, passing lewd remarks, asking the menfolk to run off from the valley and leave the women behind. To be abused, raped and converted. For 28 years now the community was in exile, building lives from makeshift settlements in Jammu, educating themselves against all odds and recreating a lost legacy. For 28 years now the word 'Home' was still a delusion. Still a fleeting memory, a memory only their generation could relate to. For the younger ones, there was no home. They would only have stories of a distant time and a land that was now entangled in a bloodbath and religious fanaticism. A place which used to be the paradise on earth.

“We are leaving back home Jija. Your father is alone back there and I miss home”, Tathi said bereft of any expression.

Upon reaching back to the tent, in the evening, she found a neatly folded paper lying on the bed.

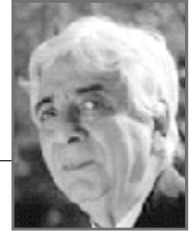
It read

“Dear Guests

Hope your stay in the premise was comfortable and the hospitality perfect. Have a safe journey back home. You'll be dropped to the bus stand tomorrow early morning. The valley entices many. Hope to see you again next year!

Allah Hafiz!

The J&K tourism board (in service of Migrants).



A Time Perspective of the Year 2041

This yields 10th November my English birthday, which determined the date of my retirement. My own family does not accept this date. My birthday is celebrated according to Hindu calendar in the month of Margashirsha.

In the year 2016 I attained the age of 75. Being a devout Hindu I openly declared that I had reached the age of sanyas. I would hereafter not accept any posts titles or responsibilities under the govt or any other institutional mechanism nor would I be a recipient of any award, certificate or prize. As is well known the Hindus are supposed to follow the logic of the four Ashrams which gives them a time perspective of hundred years with the last 25 years being spent in the forest. The idea was to prepare them psychologically for the Great Transition called Death, so that they could start a fresh life with a clean slate.

On 10 th November this year I celebrated my 77th birthday, in usual style. Like most Kashmiri pandits I celebrated the official birthday on the basis of the data supplied by my father at the time I filled up my application form for the Matriculation Examination of the Panjab University. This yields 10th November my English birthday, which determined the date of my retirement. My own family does not accept this date. My birthday is celebrated according to Hindu calendar in the month of Margashirsha. The date of birth that is the counterpart of this date of the Hindu calendar falls on 12th November 1941.

Why I am going into these details is that the date of birth is the main basis for all astrological

calculations including the health and longevity of the jataka. When I took a course in astrology from the Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan the quest for a fool proof method for ascertaining the date of death was a constant obsession. This despite the warning by all classical masters that the date of death should be treated as taboo and no predictions should be made on this subject. My curiosity on this subject led me to an astrologer in Bazar Sitaram. He gave me a detailed analysis on all aspects of life and predicted late seventies as the probable date of death. Some ten years back we went for a pilgrimage to Badrinath. On the way we called on a well known Panditji who was reputed to predict the future events by looking at the face of the person concerned. He looked and told me with great confidence that I will go on into the early nineties. My mother lived upto the age of 93 years. In recent months as my health started giving trouble I consulted a few friends about the possible nature of diseases that were likely to afflict my body. One of them said that I had a long way to go, but various problems would trouble me. Another said that I could easily go on upto 100! These varied predictions have taken me across many emotional highs and lows. Sometimes I see wild animals about to tear into me with utmost ferocity. And sometimes there is a surfeit of feminine flesh out there in the sun. I find that the mental turbulence that I have

In the R Block Ornamental Park which I circumbulate every morning you cannot throw a brick without hitting a nonagenarian. A time will soon come when everyone in the park would be a centenarian.

undergone gives me a golden opportunity to reorder my life and enter a new era of intellectual acuity and emotional stability.

It is in this context that I have decided to take these predictions with utmost seriousness .

The overarching hypothesis that I have accepted is that I shall fulfil the ancient Hindu blessing: “*Jiva twam sharadam shatam*” or “May you live for a hundred years”. So I have decided to make my plans for self actualization fit into this extended time frame. Hence the plan 2041 !!!

In 2041 I shall attain the age of hundred years. Don't tell me that this time perspective is unrealistic and unattainable. In the R Block Ornamental Park which I circumbulate every morning you cannot throw a brick without hitting a nonagenarian . A time will soon come when everyone in the park would be a centenarian.

So there is nothing incongruous in my formulating a perspective plan for the year 2041.

What the plan envisages is currently classified as Top Secret . For the present I only invite my friends to formulate and implement their individual perspective plans in the public domain.

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I Want Freedom

Freedom is our birthright,
But can we have it by might?
Would that really be right?

Thousands are getting injured,
As if a cattle herd.
Many have died,
In this scary ride.
Many lost their precious lives,
But still we are carrying knives.
Students are students no more,
Waiting for freedom on shores.
Young children with stones in hand,
Ready to fight bullets for their land.
Freedom! Freedom! We cry,
I really don't know why.

We are part of this land,
Our soil, our sand.
Can't see it perish like this,
That peace and tranquillity, I miss.
Hospitals have become DEATH NEWS
STATIONS,
People are now losing their patience.
How long shall we walk with our eyes shut,
When we know that
our land has bleeding cuts.
Freedom is what in everyone dwells.
Why ask it from someone else?
Freedom is all ours.
Why give Kashmir scars?
Freedom lies within us.
Why create this fuss?

You want freedom, so do I
But do you know, from what and why?
Freedom from enmity,

I want peace and fraternity.
Freedom from selfishness,
I want love and happiness.
Freedom from cheat and fraud,
I want everyone to remember God

No discontentment and no greed,
Birds in cages need to be freed.
Freedom from the formality,
But not from humans and humanity.
Freedom from the sensual joys,
Which are just like playing toys.
Above all is the freedom from the
cycle of life and death,
Which can't be compared to any wealth.
No borders and no fence,
That is the freedom in real sense.
YES, I WANT FREEDOM
No letter, no referendum.
I JUST WANT FREEDOM.
Freedom from negativity,
But not from humility.
NOT HOSPITALS BUT HOSPITALITY,
Every human with humanity.
Need to free ourselves from the elements bad,
That will stop us from being sad.
One day people will say
Is it a heaven or a hell,
Once it was hard to tell,
But this sacred land has changed, so fast,
Maybe because of the minds, so vast.

OUR MOTHERLAND IS MORE
BEAUTIFUL THAN A KINGDOM,
LET'S WORK TOGETHER,
FOR THE REAL FREEDOM.



AIKS Matrimonial Service



1. Suitable alliance sought for my son born on 21 December 1988 at 6.50 PM at New Delhi. Height 5' 11", 180 cms well built, fair complexion. Done B.E., Electronics, Communications, and Electricals from Vishveshwaraya Technical University, Bangalore and presently working in Tata Communications Ltd., Pune. May contact with Bio- data / Kulavali at raajeev.gunju@gmail.com, phone 8860143211.



2. SUITABLE ALLIANCE FOR OUR GOOD LOOKING DAUGHTER BORN ON 3RD MARCH 1989 AT 1.15 PM SRINAGAR HT 159 CMS.PRESENTLY Working Innov service private LTD as Branch Relation Executive for State Bank of India Card Jammu . SHE HAS DONE THREE YEAR DIPLOMA IN GARMENTS & ISDT IN COMPUTERS. INTERESTED MAY CORRESPOND WITH TEKNI-BIODATAAT fotedarm@gmail.com MOBILE NO 8825065500 , 9419120204.



3. Seeking matrimonial alliance for my son (Manglik) born in Srinagar (J & K) on May 1987 at 8:20 pm, 5' 8" tall, good looking with handsome salary. BE (mechanical) from Pune University. Working as Senior Engineer (R&D) for MNC in Pune. Interested please call 8851266302/9596721212 (WhatsApp)



4. Seeking Suitable Match for our daughter born on 17.09.1991(11.15 AM) at Jammu. Employed with Delhi based Research Organization as Senior Research Fellow and currently pursuing PhD. Originally from Bana Mohalla, Habba Kadal, Srinagar and presently at Kaushambi, Ghaziabad. Please contact Vijay Kaul at 9999038631/9999038632; email id : - vkk159@hotmail.com



5. Wanted suitable match for our daughter born on, 11th Aug. 1993 at 12.10 A.M. at Delhi. Height 5'6", Education B.E. (Electronic & Communication) and MBA (Marketing and Finance) currently working with Insurance Company at Gurugram. Interested may please contact with Tekni/Kulavali on E-Mail: dileepdhar@yahoo.com or contact on Mob. No. 9810775153, 9958866998.



6. Wanted A Suitable Match For My Son Born 23.06 1984 10.55 Pm At Srinagar. Ht 177 Cms.bsc Electronics, law Graduate Llb. MA in Political Science. Working as an Advocate in High Court Jammu, standing Counsel for Govt Departments. Interested May Please Contact Mob. No 9419261267 or 01912597924.email Rajankumardhar@gmain.com.



7. Suitable Alliance Invited For Our Daughter Born 02.01.1991 9:45 Am At Jammu Ht. 165cms. M.tech Cse, B.tech It Honours (above Distinction) .has Two Years Experience In Cognizant Mnc Pune. Now Working As Assistant Professor Engineering College Ncr. Interested May Kindly Send Tekni And Kulavali At Nirjamattoo11@gmail.com. Or Whatsapp Number Or Mob:9419209499



8. Looking for a suitable alliance for our son born on 13th April 1989 at 9.55 pm in Srinagar, Kashmir. Height 182 cms. Working as a senior editor with the most watched English TV network in India for last 5

years, earning handsome salary. Studied in Delhi University, St. Xavier's College, Mumbai and a short executive course from IIM, Bengaluru. Please contact with full Kulavali at utpalpublications@gmail.com. Phone: 9818447636/9818844338.



9. Seeking suitable match for our son, born in Jammu on 30 July 1990, at 10:58 PM height 174 cms. Qualified B. Tech from Bangalore University in Computer Science. Family belongs to Srinagar, at present Jammu. Working as a Chief Counselor in Bangalore. Contact at rsanjays@yahoo.co.in, mobile No. 9419103132



10. 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



11. Seeking a suitable match for our son, born Sep 09, 1988, 9 25 pm at Srinagar, 5' 11", B.Tech. Gainfully employed as an Executive in one of the reputed IT companies at Gurgaon. Contact 9872992186, email sadhubansilal@gmail.com



12. Seeking Suitable Alliance for my son 167 cms. tall born in Ghaziabad on 7th July 1990 at 18.42 hrs. B.E.(CS) Working with MNC at Gurugram. Interested may please contact at 9219551200, 9818721322, EMAIL: bimaltiku@yahoo.co.in



13. Alliance for life partner is invited for my son Born July 1992, 5.6' ht, B. Tech (Mechanical) brought up in NCR, Schooling DPS, Working as Senior Engineer with an Automobile MNC. Family Settled in Indirapuram. NCR Interested may inform at: narindarpandita@gmail.com/9953771960.



14. Alliance invited for our daughter, born 30.11.1992 at 3:42 am in Mumbai. Height 164 cm, B.E. (Comp. Engineering Gujarat University), P.G. (Animation Gujarat University). Presently working in an internationally reputed Noida based company as an Animator. Parents based at Baroda. Interested may respond with Tekni and Bio-data to susheel819@yahoo.com. Mob: 9898046098 / 9898086097

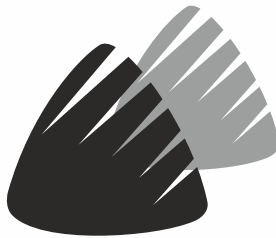


15. Suitable alliance is invited from respectable Kashmiri family for my son (non Kashmiri, Gujarati PATEL) born 20/April/1992 at 6:50am at Vadodara, Gujarat. Height 5'10", well built, wheatish brown complexion. BE E.C from Vadodara. Presently working with father's business. Father engaged in ethical transmission line & substation business having all India. Interested may contact with tekni and kolawali on email bhumiengg@yahoo.com/ bhumiinc@gmail.com. Mob/Whats app 9824077724/ +919737730009



16. Suitable alliance for our daughter born on June 8, 1985 in Chandigarh at 4.42.55 a.m. She has passed B. Com from Jesus & Mary College, Delhi University and MBA (HR) from Lal Bahadur Shastri, Institute of Management, New Delhi, in April 2009. Working with an MNC in Gurgaon. Interested may send details or contact through email – zafweddi@gmail.com, mob: 9810210809 and 9871675975.

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