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Praagaash Supplement May 2020

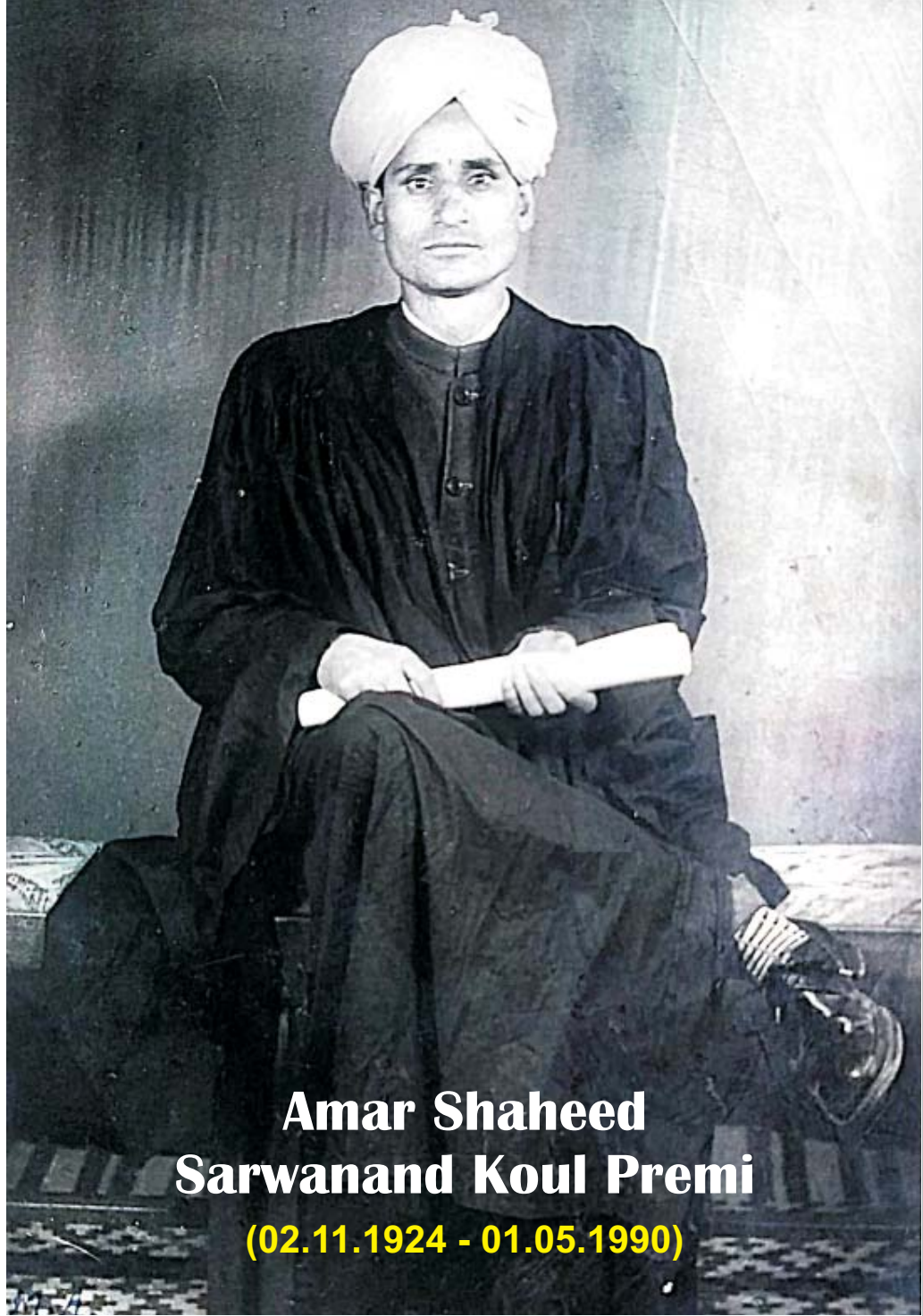
**Enlarged and Re-issued on 2 November 2020
The 96th Birthday of the Poet-Scholar**



**Amar Shaheed
Sarwanand Koul Premi**

(02.11.1924 - 01.05.1990)

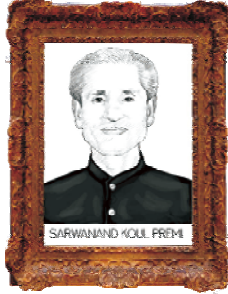
Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi



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Message from Editor Praagaash

M.K.Raina

I was in Jammu, struggling to settle down after my exodus from the Valley when I heard about the brutal murder of Shri Sarwanand Koul Premi along with his young son Verinder at Sof Shali. The circumstances, under which he was kidnapped and then murdered were enough to send shivers down one's spine. One can not imagine the brutalities he and his son must have been subjected to, as also the horror his home people must have gone through while waiting for them to return alive.



But that was not to be. Their brutalised dead bodies were later found hanging at Devpora locality on May 1. At Praagaash, we paid respectful homage to the departed souls on their 30th death anniversary. We understand, the vacuum created by the death of Premi Sahib, or for that matter of any literary personality, can not be filled. Space of one literary figure can not be filled by any other literary figure.

I am reminded of an episode which happened immediately after our exodus, in Jammu. A Jammu friend of mine who had worked with me at Kangan for a couple of years met me near Jewel Cinema. He asked about my welfare, and if I have had any valuable property back in Srinagar. I counted what I could, my house at Chhattabal, my new plot at Chhanapora, two electronics shops, scooter, my library etc. My 3 years old daughter was with me. She wanted to tell me something which I did not give attention to. After the friend was gone, my daughter looked at me, with tears in her eyes. "What happened", I asked. "You did not tell him about my new bag and shoes."

In remembering Premi Sahib and paying him our tributes, we utterly failed to remember Verinder, a young boy of 28 years, who sacrificed himself with his father. We don't know much about him - his ambitions, his dreams, his future plans etc. We only know about his love for his father and his bravery in providing security cover to him. My heart misses a beat when I imagine myself in his place. What would have he thought while

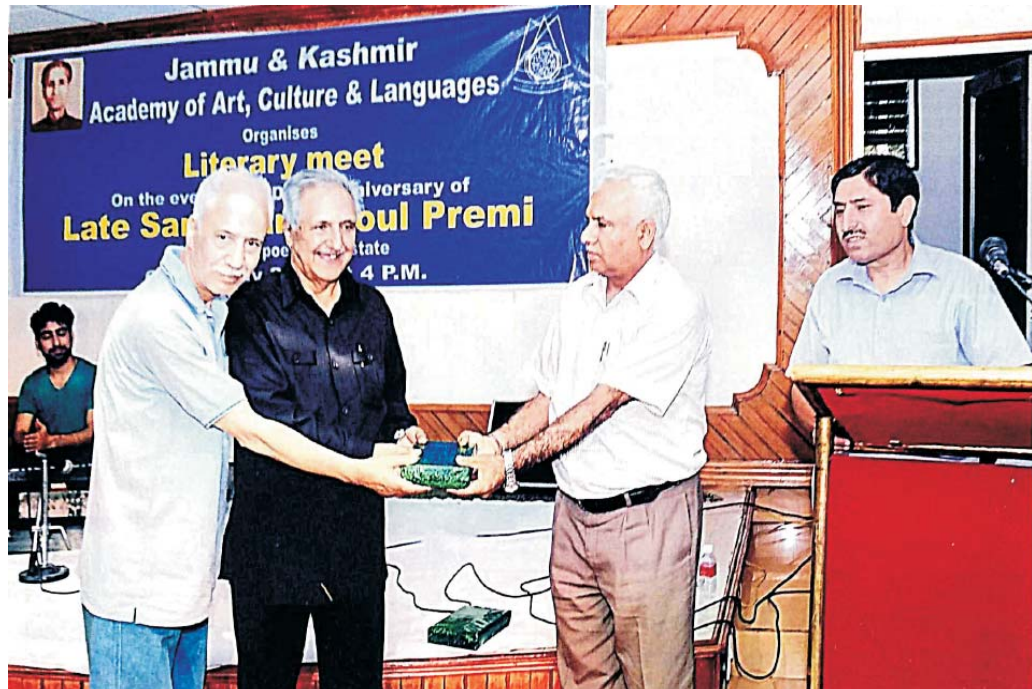


Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
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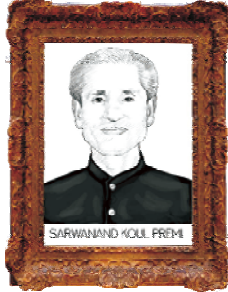
accompanying his father to a death trap? Let us keep him too in our prayers.

As a lover of the Kashmiri language, I have since produced the Devanagari versions of many books written by Premi Sahib in Nastaliq, to enable KP enthusiasts to read them. I am sure Premi Sahib’s creations will one day reach common masses and people won’t allow his hard work to go waste.

During the compilation of the Praagaash Supplement on Premi Sahib in April-May this year, lot of material of various authors was received late and could not be included in the publication. Many more wanted to write and expressed their desire to Rajinder, the illustrious son of Premi Ji. Rajinder wanted me to revise the Supplement, adding the new materials and re-issue the same on Premi Ji’s birthday falling on 2nd November 2020. I was only pleased to do that.



Praagaash Supplement - Enlarged & Re-issued 2 November 2020



Revising the Supplement

Rajinder Premi

It took a doyen like Mehjoor to recognise the literary genius in Sarwanand Kaul. Mesmerised by the linguistic craft of this "very young boy with magical personality", Mehjoor Christened this extraordinarily talented poet as "Premi".

Premi was a born leader as predicted by his family priest. "He will not only be the jack of all trades but also the master of many", the priest had professed. No wonder then, a selfless social worker and social reformist, an educator par excellence, a word-smith of repute, an ardent Gandhian, a young freedom fighter, a journalist of highest credibility, a philanthropist, an author of over two dozen books, Premi grew up as an all rounder personality.

Premi is credited with the first ever Kashmiri translation of Tagore's famous "Geetanjali". Apart from Ramayan and Russian folk tales, he translated many great literary works into Kashmiri to enrich his mother tongue. Shri Premi attained Martyrdom on 1May 1990.

On his 30 Martyrdom-day on 1.5.2020, a Supplement of Pragaash was brought out, edited by Shri M.K.Raina, which gathered much appreciation from the readership all over. I received many calls and messages from my friends, who also wanted to write on the late Premi but were either not invited or not informed to do so. There was a genuine complaint also by some that this supplement did not contain any Nastalik poems and articles. I promised them to respect their genuine and justified grievance and we thought of revising the supplement and re-issuing it on his birthday on 2nd November to respect their sentiments.

We reached out to all those writers who I could and I am happy to express my sincere thanks to all of them one by one who have obliged us with their thought provoking and valuable write-ups. I want to record my deep sense of gratitude for each one of them. I am equally thankful to Shri





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
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M.K.Raina, Editor Praagaash to have consented to revise the issue.

Many writers have taken care to explore more facets of the multidimensional personality of the late Premi Ji. Readers can further guide us with their valuable inputs, views and suggestions.

Many of the friends of my late father from Literary-fraternity sometimes genuinely express that the Literary works, services and sacrifices of the late Premi Ji, which he has rendered in the field of language and Literature, have neither been acknowledged fully nor recognized nationally. I must tell them again that their articles and notes, love and respect is the biggest recognition ever.

I am glad to share with you all, that we have undertaken to publishing some of his left over manuscripts on our own. Prominent among them will be his collection of Kashmiri and Urdu short stories, Parmartha Shatak in Hindi, Lalleshwari in Urdu and Mirza Kak in Hindi.

We will eagerly await your valuable views, in-puts & comments on this supplement.

Rajinder Premi

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Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

Dated: 20 October 2020

Dear Rajinder Ji,

I am delighted to know that you and your friends are taking out a souvenir in memory of your late father, revered Sh. Sarwanand Koul 'Premi' ji.

Premi ji was one of the most illustrious sons of not just our Biradari but of Kashmir who, along with his young son, Virender Koul, was abducted from his house on 29 April 1990, and mercilessly tortured for two days before being brutally killed by the Jihadis. On the one hand, the radicalized Islamists, driven by the zeal of waging Jihad against India, targeted the weak, unarmed, and peaceful Pandits to create panic among them, and on the other they targeted well known and respected members of the community to weaken our desire to stay back in Kashmir. In both cases, they struck with impunity and with an unheard-of violence against the unarmed and isolated community.

Among their chosen targets were those who represented the true ethos of syncretic Kashmiri tradition. Sh. Sarwanand Koul 'Premi' belonged to the latter category. Why did they target a peaceful, progressive and a true Kashmiri; secular to the core and a teacher par excellence whose students among the Muslim community itself held him in the highest esteem? The reasons are obvious. The radical Islamists, supported by Jammāt-e-Islami and sponsored by Pakistan, wanted to first destroy Kashmir's syncretic tradition, so strongly advocated by Lalleshwari and Nund Reshi before they could push their agenda forward. According to their thought process, if people like Premi Ji lived, their campaign of radicalizing Kashmiri society would not succeed. Besides, such killing would give them enormous publicity, their oxygen and hence this brutal





killing.

No matter whether Premi ji is physically with us or not, his work, his spirit and his life's message will continue to inspire generations. If Kashmiriyat must return to Kashmir, it will return through inspiration provided by Premi ji through his word and deed.
I salute this great Shaheed of Kashmir

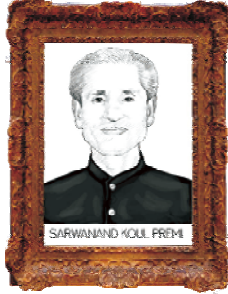
(Col Tej K Tikoo, Ph.D)
President

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सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी
अख अहद साज़ अदबी मुजस्सम
रविन्दर रवी

नगमु ग्यवान बरेंगी, हिकुट करवुन्य कोरिल क्वल, शोलु मारान दाँ खाह, सरसबुज़ शादाब वादी, ग्रायि मारुवुन हवा, हमेशि बहार थँदय देवदार तु कायिर्य कुल्य, वारयाहन कुसमन हुंघन पोशन हुंज़ मुशकु छट्ट, श्रूचि म्येचि हुंज़ ख्वशबू, दिलकश क्वदरती नज़ारु, पुर फिज़ा तु पुर स्कून माहोल, रँसिल्य मेवु कुल्य, जानावारन हुन्द चिर्यग्युश, असमानस सुत्य कथु करवुन्य शीनु दस्तार दिथ क्वह दामनस तल

क्वदरती होसनु सुत्य माला माल गाम सोफ शाली छु बरंग परगनस मंज़ अख ममताज़ हँसियत थावान। सफता शालीश्वर नावु मोशूर अँथ्य श्रूचि पँथरि मंज़ ह्योत अँक्य प्रेमीयन ज़नुम युस नु सिरिफ लोलु पूज़ा करान ओस बँलिक थँवुन अमन-आशती तु फिरकु दारानु हम आहंगी हुंज़ मशाल हर हालतस तु हर कुमतस मंज़ ज़ोतुवुन्य। अख बागि बोर दतौत्री कौल खानदानुक यि ज़ुर ओस लोलुक तु म्वहबतुक पॉगम्बर ऑस्यथुय मगर अथ लाफॉनी पॉगामस पोछर दिनु खॉतरु रूद यि थकु रोस कूशिशि करान। शायरि



कश्मीर महजूर सुंदि वननु वगोरुन प्रेमी ताखलुसा यखतियार। महजूरन छु तिमन मुतलक यि वोनमुत, 'प्रेमी छु स्वखनि गुलशनुक नव निहाल पोश। आसार छि वनान ज़ि अगर अथ पोशस आबयॉरी



सपदि, यि मुशकावि अथ गुलिस्तानस ।' यि पेशिन गोई सपुज सही सॉबिथ ।

प्रेमी रूद्य पनुनि वतीरु, पनुन्यव खयालव, पनुनि लिखायि, बोलचालि तु बिला इम्तियाज़ मज़हब व मिलत बाँइ चारुक चोंग रोशन करान । परगनुकिस मुसलमान अकसॅर्यतु किस अथ गामस सुत्य ओसुख सख म्वहबत । सॉर्यसुय वादी बिलखसूस पनुनिस सोफ शाली गामस ओस ख्वद वॅफील तु ख्वशहाल वुछुन यछान । गैज़िटिड अफसरु सुंदि हॅसियतु असुवुनि ह्वंजि तु ईमानदारानु पनुन्य फरॉइज़ अंजाम दिन्य ओस अख मुकदस फरीज़ समजान । अथ सुत्य सुत्य लुकन ह्वंजि कामि मंज़ दिलचस्पी निन्य, ओस तिहुन्द मोमूल । यि ज़न मे ग्वडय वोन ज़ि पनुनि ज़ेनु जायि सुत्य ओसुख सख लोल, येम्युक इज़हार तिमव यिथुकन्य कोरः

च्वन अंदन हुंघ बाल शूबान क्वदरती दीवदार ज़न

लोलु दॅरियावस बॅठिस प्यठ गाह छु त्रावान गाम म्योन

सोफ शाली पॅत्य किन्य अॅकिस बालस प्यठ ऑस वॅशीरि हुंदिस मोशूर रेश्य शेखुलआलम शेख नूर-उद-दीन नूरॉनी (यिमन नुन्दु यॉश तु सॅहज़ानंद ति वनान छि) सुंज़ ज़ियारत गाह । ज़ियारतस अंदर छु अख बोड़ कनि पल यथ प्यठ बिहिथ नुन्दु रेश्य रियाज़त वॅर । शीतु किस दॅहिलिस मंज़ सपुज़ अति तॉमीरॉती कॉम । अमि कामि हुन्द दस तुल प्रेमी सॉबन । गामस मंज़ बाग छु बाबा नसीबु-दीन गाज़ी सुंज़ ज़ियारत । प्रेमी ओस प्रथ दूह अति हॉज़िरी दिवान । तॅती ओस सुलि सुबहॉय नखुकिस कांदुरस तॅत्य तॅत्य लवासु ह्यथ ज़ियारत गाहस मंज़ अकीदत मंदन बाँगरान । तमि वखतु अनंतनागुकिस मोशूर मुसॅविरस ह्योतुन म्वलुवुनि कथु लीखिथ बोर्ड बनाविथ युस दरगाह न्यॅबरु कनि लागनु आव ।

प्रेमी सॉब ऑस्य वारयाह ज़बॉन्य ज़ानान । मज़हबन हुन्द एहतिराम तु कदुर करुन्य ओस तिहुन्द नसबुलेन । यिथु कन्य तीलु रोस चोंग दज़ि नु तिथय पॉठ्य छु नु इनसान दयि सुंदि रोस ज़िंदु रूज़िथ हेकान । तिहुन्द वनुन छुः

तेरा नाम मेरे लिए राम है

यह विरदे ज़बान जो सुबह शाम है



तुम ही से मिला है यह ज़ोरे कलम
तुम ही से मयसर सरूरे कलम
मेरे दिल के मालिक मेरे रहबर
मेरा सँजदह है तुझको शामो सहर

तसुंदिस ज्ञातस प्यठ पछ पछ थवन वोल प्रेमी ओस इनसॉनियतुक पुजॉर्य । गरि येत्यन श्रीमद भगवदगीतायि हुंद पाठ सपदान ओस, तँती ओस क्वरानुक्य आयात, गुरु ग्रंथ साहिब सुंज वॉनी तु बाइबल मंज दप्यव सुत्य ति फैजयाब सपदान । कोशुर पंडित छु असली एतिकॉद्य । दपान छि Faith moves mountains, पछ छे क्वहन ति अँलुरान । यिहय सेकु पछ छे इनसानस कन्यन, कुल्यन कट्यन तु जानावारन बेतरि हुंज पूजा ति करुनावान । यिथु कन्य मिर्जा महमद रफी सौदा फरमावान छि:

हर संग में शरर है तेरे ही ज़हूर का, मूसा नहीं कि सैर करों कोहि तूर का अक फखुर मंद कोशुर पंडित प्रेमी ओस प्रथ ज़ियारतस तु प्रथ अस्थापनस या तीर्थस प्यठ हॉज़िरी दिथ अकीदतुक्य पोश अर्पण करान । प्रथ वॅरियि ऑस्य ईद-मीलाद किस बँडिस द्दहस प्यठ गरि बरनि न्यँबरु कनि सड़कि प्यठ पोशन हुंज डीड्य बनावान यपॉर्य जलूसु नेरान ओस । ब्रँगी क्वलि यपारि छि सोफ शाली, किहिय पूर, खारु पूर, शोहाड, जॉग्यमरग नाड संगर बेतरि गाम बालु क्वछि मंज बँसिथ । यिमन सारिन्युय गामन मंज ओस अख पंडित खानदान शँतिल्यव प्यठु बसान आमुत । अमि खानदानुक जद ओस पंडित ठोकुर कौल युस नखु तल क्यन बालन मंज नेरन वोल खाम शँस्तुरुक ठेकुदार ओस । तवय अँस्य सॉरी लुख तँमिस यजथ करान । अथ परगनस मंज युस ति हजस गछान ओस, प्रेमी ओस तिमन पोशि माल नॉल्य त्रॉविथ, तिहिंदि दँस्य तोर नियाज़ ति सोज़ान । नुन्दु र्योश छु वनान:

‘क्या हैंद्यन तय मुसलमानन, करि बन्दन तोशि ख्वदाय’

(There is no distinction between a Hindu and Muslim. I pray for the welfare of human beings)’

प्रेमी सॉब अँस्य हमेशि ट्योक वॅरिथ नेरान । अकि लटि प्रुछ तिमन पनुन्य अँक्य सुलि



प्यठुक्य सॉथ्ययन 'प्रेमी सॉब तोह्य छिवु नु टेकि वरॉय ज़ांह नेरान।' प्रेमी यन वोनुख हुकः

मँतु सॉ वुछ्य तव म्यॉनिस खालस ।

दिलसुय म्यॉनिस नज़राह कॅर्य तव ॥

अख स्कालर, गांधी तरजुक ना पैद करन वोल समॉजी कारकुन, मॉहिरि तॉलीम प्रेमी यन न्युव कुइट इंडिया, कुइट कश्मीर तहरीकन मंज़ ति सर गरम हिसु। प्रेमी सॉबस ओस पनुनि कॅशीरि तु हतु बॅद्य वॅरी ब्रॉहिम रेवार्येच तु कदरन सुत्य युथ लगाव जि पंजाबस मंज़ थॅज़ नोकरी त्रॉविथ आव कॅशीरि वापस। यि कथ वनुन्य छुस येत्यन मुनॉसिब ज्ञानान जि प्रेमी सॉबन कोर गांधी जीयिन्य खादी तहरीक आम करनुकि गरजु कॅचन रियास्तन हुन्द ति दोरु। १९४७ किस अगस्तस मंज़ म्यूलुस सिरीनगरु बरजुलि गांधी जी यस सुत्य मुलाकात करनुक ति मोकु।

व्वस्ताद आसनु म्वखु छि प्रेमि जीयन सासु बॅद्य मुसलमान शुर्य तॉलीमि हुंदि नूर सुत्य मुनवर कॅर्यमुत्य। तिहुंद वनुन ओस जि अख तॉलिबि अॅलिम गछि दीनी तॉलिमि सुत्य सुत्य दुनियाँवी खासकर जदीद तॉलीमि सुत्य मुनवर सपदुन। तिंहजि ख्वद एतिमॉदी हुंद राज ओस पॅजिस साथ द्युन। येति तिमव तखलीकव जॅरियि आला अदब वरतोव, तँती थॅवुख हिन्दू मुसलिम इतिहादुच अलम ति बुलंद। तिंहजु मोशूर नज़ुम 'काशकारस कुन' येति बेदॉरी, मेहनथ तु शोक दरशावान छि, तँती छि वतनुक लोल ति बावानः

नैदु करने नेरु काशतकारो

नव बहार आव वतनुके यारो

पनुन कमाल हॉविथ कोर प्रेमी सॉबन दुनियाँवी अदबुक खराजि तहसीन ति हॉसिल। तिहुंज तखलीकातु छि यिछ मकबूल जि बोज़न वॉल्य लॅग्य पनुनि दिलुच आवाज़ महसूस करनि। 'हल वाले झंड़े' अनवानस तहत ल्यूख तिमव अख तरानु ति। युस शेख मुहम्मद अबदुलाहस स्यठाह टारि खोत। अथ मंज़ सपुज़ सिरिफ अख दुसती जि प्रणाम बदलु आव सलाम थावनु। ग्वडुन्युक मिसरु छु 'हल वाले प्यारे झंड़े तुझको सलाम मेरो'।



प्रेमी साँबुनि शॉयिरी हुंज खसूसियत छि यि जि तिमव छे माशरुच हकीकी तु यकसॉन्ययतुच पॅज तसवीर पेश कॅरमुच । लोलस द्युतुख पोछर, अमा पोज येत्यन तिमन नफरत द्रुंठ्य गॅयि तथ खलाफ वोलेयि । अकि लटि सपुज दून ज्ञन्यन पानवॉन्य तलख कलॉमी । वजह ओस अँकिस ओस वॅमीजि दाग । तिमव कोर महसूसः

पलवस लोग योद दाग लॅगिन सा

गछि नु मनस जांह दाग लगुन

व्वंदु गछि रोजुन दूहय वुशुन

गछि नु शकस जांह मॉल लगुन

प्रेमी साँब ऑस्य कलमे स्वखने दिरमे प्रथ अँकिस मदद करान । सखी खयालातुक्य ऑस्य । पनुनि चंदु मंजु ऑस्य हाजत मंदन हाजत कड़ान । येतीम कोर्यन खांदरु बापथ मदद कोरमुत । मँशीदन, स्कूलन, वॅदलन हुंदिस तॉमीरस या खॉरॉती काम्यन मंजु ऑस्य चंदु दिवान । फरवरी १९८६ तस मंजु यिम नासु त्रासु हालात रोनुमा सपुद्य तम्युक असर रूद ज्यादु अनंतनागस अंदर । लुकन हुन्द यि प्रेमी रूद अकलियँती फिरकस राथ द्यन खोफुक एहसास दूर करनुच कूशिश करान । तिहुंज यि कूशिश सपुज वारयाह कामयाब युथ ज्ञन हिजरतस मोकय म्यूल नु ।

१९९० तस मंजु येलि वादी मंजु मिलटनसी हुन्द ब्वहरान वोथ तिमन ओस यकीन जि यिमव शुर्यव हँथियार तुल्यमुत्य छि, तिम छि म्यॉन्य तॉलिबि अँलिम । तिम छि म्यॉन्य बचि । तिमन आव वनुनु ति जि तिम क्याजि छि नु चलान, अमा पोज तिमन ओस नु यि बोजुन ठीख लगान । तु जवाबन ऑसिख वनान जि यथ म्येचि मंजु बु थनु प्योस, पल्योस बड्योस किथु त्रावन गरु तु पनुन्य मुसलमान बाँय त्रॉविथ चलु ? वनान ऑस्य हँथियार तुलन वॉल्य वातनावन नु मे तकलीफ । यिम छि मे परनॉव्यमुत्य । कतन मोनुन नु चलुन । हालांकि मिलटन्ट तन्जीमन हुंद्य धमकी दार नोटसु ति आसु बरनि लागनु आमचु । इशतियाल अंगेज नारु तु जलूस बेतरि वुछिथ ति ओसुख तँती रोजनुक सेकु यरादु । लेखु पॅर चालू थँविथ रूद्य वुतुश दिनु वाल्यन हालातन मंजु ति लुकन निश गछान । इकबाल तु वॉर्डसवॅर्थ सुन्द ओसुख असर । मंजु ऑस्य यि वनानः



अमल पैहम यकीन महकम मोहबत फातिहे आलम

झहादे ज़िंदगानी में यह हैं मरदों की शमशेरें

फितरतुक्य आशक वॉर्डसवर्थ सुंद यिम अलफाज़ ति ऑस्य ज़ेवि प्यठ अनान:

(One impulse from vernal vood may teach you move of man, of moral, evil and of good than all the sages can.)

मुनशी धनपत राय प्रेम चंद तु गुरु देव राबिन्दर नाथ टैगोर सुन्द असर ति ओस तिमन मंज़ लबनु यिवान। गीतांजली हुन्द कोशुर मनज़ूम तरजमु कॅरिथ कोर तिमव अख कारनाम हॉसिल। प्रेम चंदुन्यन मोशूर प्रेम पचीसी, प्रेम बतीसी, खाबो-खयाल, बेतरि अफसानन ऑस्य फिर्य फिर्य परान। समॉजी ना बराबरी, इमतियाज़ तु नफरत मिटॉविथ ऑस्य समॉजी यकसॉनियत प्रखटावुन्य तु अदमि तवोजुन दूर करनुक्य सोपुन वुछान। इनसान युस अशरफुल-मखलूकात ति छु, तस छि हकूक ति हॉसिल। यिमन हकूकन हुंज़ पायदॉरी ऑस्य यछान। तु समॉजी इमतियाज़स रूद्य खलाफ। मज़हबस प्यठ कॉयिम रोजुन तु बेयिस मज़हबस एहतियाम करुन ओस तिहुन्द असूल। यि कथ छुस येत्यन मुनॉसिब समजान जि सरकॉर्य मुलाज़मतु निश रिटॉर सपदनु विज़ि सपुज़ तिंहदिस एजाज़स मंज़ अख पारटी यथ मंज़ तिमव फरमोव जि अज़ छि मे ज़िंदगी हुंज़ सारिय खोतु बॅड खुशी जि बु द्रास पनुन्य ज़िमुवॉरी बखूबी अंजाम दिथ, तु यिम मे परनुव्य तिम करन यिनु वालि पगहुक्य बा यज़थ शहरी बॅनिथ भारतुक नाव रोशन। क्वकर नागु प्यठ आयि तिम शहनॉई वायान वायान जलूसु किस सूरतस मंज़ पनुन गाम सोफ शाली अनुनु। तिमव छि इसलॉमी स्कूलन मंज़ ति शुर्य परनुव्यमुत्य। अँकिस पंडित सुन्द इसलॉमी स्कूलस मंज़ परनावुन छु मानि थवान। तिम ऑस्य प्रथ रंगु फारिगुलबाल। तिमव ल्यूख ईज़ प्यठ :

छु प्रेमी लोलु होत लारान, छु दिलदारस अमा छारान

मुबारक दोसदारन ईद, मुबारक दीनदारन ईद

'किसान गोछ' पनुनि नज़मि मंज़ छि वनान:

दिल कुनुय, रथ माज़ अख इनसान अख, संसार अख



क्याज़ि अद् दोग्यन्यार जॉरी व्वन्य पज़्युक यकसान गोछ ।

जुलुफकार भटूहस प्यठ छपॉवुख अख ल्वकुट किताब । भटू संज़ि फासि प्यठ यिम
हालात वॅंशीरि मंज़ सपुद्य, चेश्म दीद गवाह आसनु म्वखु ल्यूख तिमवः

शहीदन अंदर छुख चु सरताज जुलफी

करुन छुय शहीदो च़ेय राज जुलफी

कॉशिरि ज़बॉन्य तु अदबस लोल बरनुय योत ओस नु प्रेमी सुन्द रोल बॅल्कि तिंहज़ि
शॉयिरी ति कोर लुकन हुंज़ि दिलु दुबरायि सुत्य हम आहंगी हुन्द इज़हार ।

अथुवास करान युथनु अथु डलिये

कथु करि लोहरे तोतस सुत्य

अथुवास करान अथु रटी चीरय

कथु करि सीरय बॉच़स सुत्य

चनि कोरि दिच़नय शॅस्तर नाजय

फेरि कूर्य वाजे अथुवास वॅरिथ

अज़कल छु अथ रसमस प्यठ यिवान अम्युक मज़हबी पहलू अँकिथ कुन त्रॉविथ ना
जॉयिज़ फॉयिदु तुलनु । माहरेन्य तु माहराज़ु छि अख अँकिस पलवु तॅल्य या तु वॉज
कड़ान नतु गॅर बेतरि वॅंडिथ च़लान ह्यथ । अख दबु दबाह छि अज़ कल अमि सातु
माहरेनि तु माहराज़स लगान । वेसु सॅदरु छे माहरेनि वुतुश दिवान गॅर या वॉज खोलनु
खॉतरु तु माहराज़ु सुंद्य यार दोस छि तस हेमथ बड़ावान यि रुच़ कॉम करनु खॉतरु । अमि
पतु छु यिवान दयि बतुक रसुम । वाज़ु बिचोर छु वुरि तल प्रारान आसान जि कर वात्यम
दयि बतु खारनुक नाद । उजरतस छे गोबरु मॉल्य सुंदि तरफ़ जान बखशॉयिशा तरान ।
नाद वातुवुनुय छु वाज़ु खसान दयि बतु थाल ह्यथ । अथ छि वाज़न आसान तिम सॉरी
सिन्य थॉव्यमुत्य यिम वुर बलु रॅन्यमुत्य छिख आसान । सुत्य छुस जान ज़ामुच़ दूदु हना
ति त्रावान । यि छु माहराज़स तु माहरेनि आसान यिकुवटु ख्योन अख अँकिस ति छुख
आसान आपरावुन । यि छु महज़ अख रसुम । यिम छि तौतु जोराह खेवान तु बतु थाल
वापस सोज़ान । अमी सातु छे वाज़स बखशॉयिश तरान । तु सु छु व्वटु त्रावान त्रावान

वापस वुर बल गछान । यि रसुम छु युतुय । यि रसुम छु स्यठाह प्रोन । गधादरन छे पारस्कर
ग्रेह सूतरस मंज अमि रसमुच जान पॉठ्य वखनय कॅरमुच । अगर ज़न बटु पॉठ्य रूनिस
ज़नानि हुन्द छ्योट ख्योन छु मनाह । मगर अमी योत वखतु हेकि सु अँम्य सुन्द छ्योट
ख्यथ । यिमन दून अख अँक्य सुन्द वंदु प्रज़नावुन तु अथ कुन्यर बखशुन छु अमि
रसमुक खास मतलब । अमि सातु छु यि वनुवुन कनन गछान:

कूर्य कुमॉरी मामु जुव डखि छुय, नखु छुय च़ोतुरब्वज़ नारायन
ब्वनु कनि वँन्य तोस ल्वकटिस बाँयिस, दयि बतु खारिहे माहराज़स
गोरि हुंदि ओनमय दूद च़ोड वोरुय, सोरुय दामय चेतो मो





काव्य - सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी

गज़ल

चेति मा लोगुथ मोत देवाना म्याँनी पॉदय
लूकन बोवुथ नोन अफसाना म्याँनी पॉदय
यारच वॅर्य वॅर्य यारन बोवुम अँदुरिम राज़, चेति मा बुधि प्योय ठगु भगवाना म्याँनी पॉदय
हुस्नस पथ मा गथ वॅर्य वॅर्य ज़ांह ज़ोलुथ पान
चेति मा लोगुथ ओन परवाना म्याँनी पॉदय
खास्यव बॅर्य बॅर्य लोलाह चॉविम फीरिथ गॅय, चेति मा ओसुय युथ मयखाना म्याँनी पॉदय
पज़रुक सोदा ग्राहकन कुन्य कुन्य गाटय प्योम
वरतोवुथ मा पोज़ परवाना म्याँनी पॉदय
बेआशन हुंद आश बॅनिथ बस लतु म्वंजि गोस, चेति मा आमुत युथ तूफाना म्याँनी पॉदय
म्वंडु कठ मॉसुमन अथुरोट करुनस हांछ खँचुम
चेति मा लोगुथ दौदी दाना म्याँनी पॉदय
'प्रेमी' पोज़ पज़ि जलदुय दँज्यतन आलम वोन्य, चॉनिस नावस बनि अस्थाना म्याँनी पॉदय



काव्य - सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी

गज़ल

पज़रुचि वति ख्वर त्राव तु पख, योदुवय बुधि छुय वाव तु पख
वति छी कँड्य रतु दौव्य गछख, पदि पदि रथ वथुराव तु पख
रुत करुनस यिनु पोत ह्यख ज़ांह, वति वति पोश छँकुराव तु पख
कँड्य ववि युस तस कँड्य छावन्य, पोशन कर व्वथ क्राव तु पख
वंदु योद ज़ेठैयव ज़ीठ्यतनस, म्याँनी रुज़िनस ग्राव तु पख
हुस्नस त्वलुमतु लाय चु कर, लोलुक्य न्याय अँज़ुराव तु पख
अपुज़िस कौंचाह वाँस छय वुछ, पहरा छुस चिकुचाव तु पख
'प्रेमी' ताबस लाब छु पूर, लोलस चलि अठकाव तु पख





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



शहीदन श्रधांजली - प्रेम नाथ शाद सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



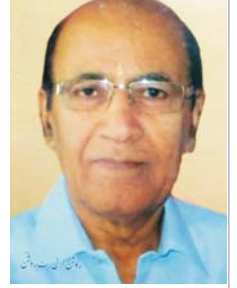
नमस्कार अँस्य करव पनुन्यन शहीदन
अँछन मंज़ ओश बरव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
वँथिव अरपन करव श्रधायि हुँद्य पोश
परन साँरी पेमव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
बँली जुव दिथ लछन सासन रोछुख ज़ूर
ति कति हूरिथ हेकव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
बबन माजन बेन्यन बायन छलव ओश
भरुसा सुय दिमव पनुन्यन शहीदम ॥
यिमव सनहॉर्य अ'रव ल्यूख इतिहास
गवाह बुतराथ छेव पनुन्यन शहीदम ॥
तिमव बोर खूनि जिगरुक रंग गुलालन
डेकस टिकु जोर गुलव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
दरखशान छिव अमर छिव जाविदान छिव
दिलन मंज़ छिव वनव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
गेवन ग्वन वाँसुवादन पीर दर पीर
महान अतम वनव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥
वँरिन दय वेशनु भवनस मंज़ तिमन जाय
हन शॉती मंगव पनु न्यन शहीदन ॥
तिहुन्द शुकरानु 'शादा' शूबि लॉज़िम
करव यूताह हेकव पनुन्यन शहीदन ॥





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

शहीदन श्रद्धांजलि - रोशन लाल रोशन शहीद सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



ब्रूज्यमुत्य छिम ग्वन स्यठा 'प्रेमी' सुंद्य पॅर्यमुत्य ति छिम
लोलु होत, मॅछ्यलि अनहारुक कलमकार, थोद अॅलिम ॥
ओसुस बु तेलि अदबस अंदर शुर्य बाशि करुवुन येलि वुछुम
मंज बाज़रस अकि दूहु वुछिथ म्वनि मीठ्य कॅर्यनम याद छिम ॥
असुवुन तसुंद म्वख, बा अदब, मॅदुर ज़ेव, नज़र श्रूच
शूबिदार तिथ्य हिव्य स्वखनवर स्यठा कम वुछ्यमुत्य मे छिम ॥
जॉलिमन बरदाश मा गव, पुचनिथुय येलि न्यूख गुल
हंगामु त्युथ बरपा सपुद दिलुकी ज़खुम वुनि ताज़ु छिम ॥
स्वनुहॉर्य हरफव लीखिथ थोवुन इतिहास 'रोशन' पोशिवुन
कति साँ बनन बेयि पूशिल्य चमन तै रॅसिल्य इज़हार तिम ॥

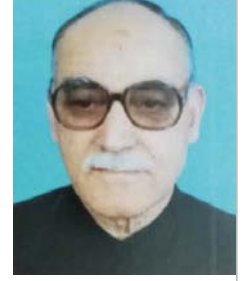




श्रद्धांजलि - मृती लाल नाज़ शहीद सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



सु ओस नावु किन्य सरवि आनंद
मगर व्यवहारु किन्य ओस कंदुय कंद
जन्म तँम्य ओस ह्योतमुत सूफ शॉली
थ्यकुन्य लायक यि अदबुच ऑस डॉल्य
सु प्रेमुकआनंदुक ओस म्यूठ संगम
सु मिलचारस बरान गोड पयहम
खादॉरी वतनदॉरी स्वरान ओस
परस पानस कुनी नज़राह करान ओस
सु ऑलिम ओस थदि पायुक स्वखनवर
सु दानिशवर ति कया साँ ओस बेहतर
सु रोछमुत ओस बालव कोहसारव
सु रोछमुत ओस बागव आबुशारव
सु रोछमुत बोनि बागव वीरि वारव
सु रोछमुत सब्ज-ज़ारव लोलु नारव



कनन मंज़ ओस तस बस यरि वनवुन
सु लकुवाण ओस दिलस मंज़ साज़ सनवुन
रगन मंज़ श्रेह तस अँलिमुक तु अदबुक
स्यठाह ओसुस पँरिथ संवरनुक तु सनुनुक
प्रथ्योव, व्वपुद्योव तु टाठ्योव सारिनुय कूत
बरन अदु लोल अदबस सारिनुय कूत
सु ललि हुंद वाख रूदुय ज़न तु ललुवान
बरान गव लोल लोलस लोलु सुमरान
वुछान वैछमान परान लेखान रूदुय
पँज़िस पतु गोड बरान पज़रान रूदुय
हिंदी उर्दू तु बेयि अंग्रीज़्य व्यदवान
सु ओस कौशिर्युक ति ऑलिम बडु जान
कोरुन गीतायि थ्यकुवुन जान अनुवाद
परान पँर्य पँर्य गछान दितुन सॉरिसुय अंद
तँमिस इनसॉनियस ऑस दीन तु ईमान
हिवी ऑस्य हैद्य, मुसलमान सिख तु क्रिश्चान
अड्यन मा आयि अँम्यसुंज़ कथ रास
यिमन मंज़ बाँयचारु ओस यखलास
अँमिस प्यव पान छेपि द्युन बाँयचारस
शहीदन मंज़ छु व्वन्य अँमिस शुमार
अँमिस स्वर्गस मंज़ ऑसिन जाय
मँशिथ मा गछि असि अँम्यसुंज़ माय





A Legendry Poet
and a real hero of real Kashmiriat

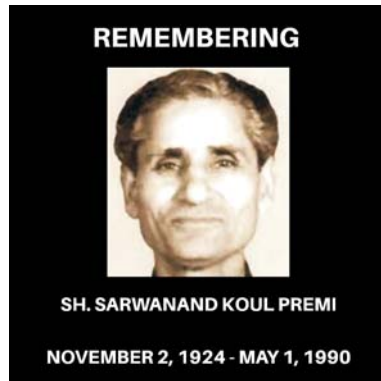
Sarwanand Koul Premi

A Tribute to him on his 30th death anniversary

- Pran Pandit



Late Pandit Sarwanand Koul was born on November 02, 1924 at Sof-Shali. The residents of Sof-Shali were a simple people, tending to their agricultural activities and livestock, so were the family members of Pandit Sarwanand Koul. Perhaps a microcosm of *Maraz* (South Kashmir) is the village Sof-Shali (ancient Sanskrit name, Saft-Shaleshwar), which sits on



the bank of River Brengi. Perched among the chain of mountains from three sides, Sof-Shali is a village in the vicinity of famous tourist resort of Kokarnag in Anantnag district. Wonderful surroundings that bounteous nature provided this village include snow-clad mighty mountain tops at some distance, which send chill and fresh air to the village, as also the gushing water of a mountain-dashed clear stream (Koril stream) and springs of sweet water; and the beautiful stretches of green turf, walnut trees and vast almond and

apple orchards, bushes and blooms of wild flowers on its plateaux and slopes. The material scenic beauty of the village and its surroundings does exist unchanged even after Pandit Sarwanand Koul ceased to exist.

Pandit Sarwanand Koul was popularly known as 'Premi Ji, the name given to him by late Mehjoor. Premi Ji's sentiments about his beloved home-land were nostalgic. He prided himself as a native of Sof-Shali and poured his heart about the grandeur and beauty of the village in lyric passion as under: *'Tren andun hendi baal shooban qodratik devar zan, Loleh-dariyavas bathis peth gah cho travan myon Gaam'* (Mountains in three directions looking majestic walls of bounteous nature, on the Love-shore of the River is situated my village so glittering). This was not for no reason - in addition to the beauty of scenery he saw, he had also felt the inner beauty of the inhabitants of the village. From his childhood days, he had witnessed Hindus and Muslims co-existing there in an atmosphere of



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

peace and tranquility; and had been listening to the call of a muezzin from a nearby mosque and the tolling of bells from a temple simultaneously. Sof-Shali had been the confluence of religions and culture from centuries.

The existence of ancient temple of 'Shiv', 'Kaali Sathapna' and the Shrine of Hazrat Baba Naseeb-ud-din Gazi, situated side by side, made the village a distinguished place that marked out 'Shaivism' and Sufi-ism (*Tasawuf*) as being in similar direction to God-realization. He had a firm belief that the inhabitants of the village Sof-Shali were staunch believers of Sufi traditions, non-violence, tolerance and communal amity.

Premi Ji was born to Pandit Gopi Nath Koul and Shrimati Amravati. His mother Shrimati Amravati passed away when Premi Ji was 5-year old and his aunt, Shrimati Gunwati, took upon herself the responsibility of bringing-up and nourishing the young Sarvanand Koul. His father had the distinction of being the first matriculate of Pandit Thakur Koul's clan. Pandit Gopi Nath Koul was drawn towards devotional path at a young age because of his intense desire for self-realization*; and he used to spend most of his time in the company and service of Saints, Sadhus, Acharyas, Darveshes and Faqirs, who visited him regularly in his 'grhast-ashram'. This afforded Premi Ji an opportunity to serve and sit in the company of those endowed with dispassion and knowledge and his young mind was influenced by their discourses and discussions on eternality, virtues, knowledge, bliss etc.

Premi Ji's first Guru was his father, Pandit Gopi Nath Koul. He taught him to be simple and righteous and imbibed moral values in his young mind. In his quest for knowledge and accomplishing the noble endeavors, late Shri Niranjan Nath Jyotshi of village Sagam was Premi Ji's guide friend. I had the privilege of meeting and interacting with late Premi Ji on numerous occasions on regular intervals, which I think was God-sent opportunity for me.

My first interaction with him relates to 1967, when I was just 17. Sof-Shali was at a walking distance from my native village (Hangalgund) and I had earlier visited the village on a number of times. Those days, it was a regular feature of a local group of open-theatre performers (Bhand-Paether) to perform annually at various Shrines of the area including the Shrine of Hazrat Baba Naseeb-ud-din Gazi at village Sof-Shali. The mimicry of the buffoon characters in the open theatre would attract a large crowd from the adjoining areas. Since I had missed to witness a similar show (Daerzeh-peather and Gosani-peather) by the same group at the Shrine of Hazrat Maan Shah at village Bidder, I visited Sof-Shali to witness their enthralling performance. After witnessing the Band-Paether, while I



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

was returning to my home, late Premi ji met me per chance and he helped me to cross the River Brengi, which was in full flow and enroute, I, of my curiosity and inquisitiveness, initiated a talk on 'Sufism'. I wanted to know about the 'Rishi Cult' of Kashmir. He spoke to me in the manner a teacher speaks to a Kindergarten student; and made me to fully understand what I was curious to know. What I grasped was: Hazrat Baba Naseeb-ud-din Gazi was a great mystic saint, who preached the message of love, brotherhood and communal amity among the masses irrespective of caste creed and religion. Elaborating further, he said that Kashmir has been the abode of Saints, Sufis and Rishis from times immemorial; who did abstain from indulging in worldly pleasures and comforts of life but did not negate life; and they never withdrew themselves from the Karma (actions). Unattached to the fruits of their Karma, they did all that was obligated to enrich the quality of the life of common man. He then switched over to Bhagavad-Gita and added that all genuine Sufi saints were Yogis; who were engaged in spiritual purification and through that they became liberated souls. Premi Ji explained to me what a Yogi stood for according to Bhagavad-Gita. I discovered an enlightened person in him. His perception was so profound and powerful that I was transformed into a totally new being. That was the day I started reading Bhagavad-Gita. My meetings and interactions with Premi Ji became a regular feature after that day.

After his initial schooling, Late Premi Ji was admitted in a Mission School at Anantnag and he passed his Matriculation from Punjab University, Lahore. Later, he passed his B.A, M.A. B.Ed from Srinagar. He was married to Oma Ji, a girl from a well-to-do and respectable family of village Hangalgund (Anantnag) in the year 1948.

Although for a period of few years, Premi Ji served in Village and Khadi Industries Board of GOI and Industries Department of Punjab yet he joined his preferred vocation in the Education Department of J&K as teacher in 1956. He had a burning desire to become a teacher so that he could strive with heart and soul to raise children up to highest perfections of mankind to share the huge responsibility. Knowing fully well that the job of a teacher had no promise of wealth, still he chose teaching as profession; he wanted to be a social engineer to socialize and humanize the young; and he wanted to act as a pivot for the transmission of intellectual traditions and technical skills from generation to generation to keep the lamp of civilization burning. He retired as Head Master from Government High School, Larnoo (Anantnag). As teacher he proved his mettle and came up to the expectations of his students and created a niche for himself.



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

In literal art, Premi Ji used the language for its aesthetic and evocative qualities. He was a great poet! His poetry is the blossom and fragrance of human knowledge, thoughts, passion, emotions and language. Shayir-e-Kashmir Mehjoor has acknowledged his poetic genius by recording “If the flower like ‘Premi’ is nurtured well to blossom to its full, the immense perfume of the flower shall make the garden of art and literature fragrant”. He was associated with the progressive group of poets of Cultural front, led by late Dina Nath Nadim, at a crucial phase when the Kashmir was recovering from the onslaught of raiders and villains of peace. ‘*Nendeh Karnay Nero Kasht-Karo, Nav-Bahar Aao Vatnaki Yaro*’ (O tiller of the land, set out to de-weed the rice crop; in thy beloved country, the new spring has appeared) is one of his most popular poems. The intensity, feeling and the passion in the poems of Premi Ji is remarkable. He had gained proficiency in prevailing literal languages of the times including Urdu, Hindi, Kashmiri, English and Persian. He has authored more than 24 books. His translation works of Bhagavad-Gita in Urdu verse; Ramayana in Kashmiri verse; Tagore's Gitanjali in Kashmiri; and Russian folk tales in Kashmiri in a most simple and easy-to-understand manner are his outstanding contributions to the treasure-house of literature.

Premi Ji witnessed many political changes in undivided India including the then Maharaja-ruled state of J&K which had a strong impact on his young mind. Throughout his life, he conducted himself with dignity and nobility in doing his Karma (actions). People were attracted to Late Premi Ji because of his simplicity and truthfulness in life and purity of mind. He had the privilege to meet and interact with the towering personalities of India including Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Maulana Azad, Ali Mohammad Jinnah, Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah, Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad, Indira Gandhi, Rajiv Gandhi, Rabinder Nath Tagore, Devinder Satyarthi, Harivansh Rai Bachan, Balraj Sahni and Ali Sardar Jaffri. He was a freedom fighter. From 1942 to 1946, he worked underground during the ‘Quit India Movement’ and during 1946-47, he was arrested six times.

Premi Ji was a great human being; a man of dignity, honor and values; and a friend of needy and the poor. Never did he, knowingly or inadvertently, wish or cause harm to anybody through his words and actions. He was a great soul! For 25 long years, he studied the Bhagavad-Gita that contained sublime thoughts and practical instructions on Yoga, Devotion, Vedanta and Karma (Action) to accomplish the task of its translation in Urdu verse. He had grasped and grasped well the teachings

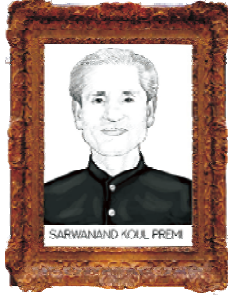


Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

of Lord Krishna that the body was made of fire, water, air, earth and ether, and one day it had to disappear into these elements; the soul is neither born, nor does it die; Whatever happened, happened for the good; whatever is happening, is happening for the good; and whatever will happen, will also happen for the good only. Premi Ji feared no body except the God.

Premi ji was a firm believer of Ahinsa (Non-violence). A man of firm conviction, as he was, would embrace death than to abandon his cherished belief of Ahinsa. During the intervening night of April 29/ 30, 1990, three masked men barged into the home of late Premi Ji and asked him to accompany them to their Master for some discussion; and he did not gaze with wonder on them neither was he panic-stricken. Premi Ji and his son, Virender Koul, accompanied the masked men and their dead bodies were found on May, 01, 1990. They were both brutally murdered. All those who knew Premi Ji very closely can say with authority that even when he may have seen his death as imminent, he must not have begged for his life by saying, ‘forgive me, have mercy’ and instead he must have gladly said to his tormentors, ‘If my Lord wills that, let me get killed at your hands’. The life of a worshipper of ‘Ahinsa ended’ in ‘Hinsa’ (violence).





Remembering Sarwanand Koul ‘Premi’ - Poet , Philosopher and a Humanist .

The marauding wind threw all the golden
leaves to dust

- Autar Mota

A man with established secular credentials, a Gandhian in thought and deeds and a man full of compassion for Humanity at large, Premi ji frequently quoted from Bhagwat Geeta and Holy Quran.

A man who's poem ‘Roodh Jheir’ (Sudden Heavy Downpour) impressed Poet Mehjoor, a man who joined Gandhi ji's Quit India and then Quit Kashmir movement against Maharaja's rule. Premi ji was also associated with Khidmat News Paper and Cultural front in Kashmir. Not many amongst us know that Premi Ji wrote poems expressing his anguish over the arrest of Sheikh Mohd Abdullah in 1953 and also when the Holy Relic was removed by some miscreants from Hazratbal shrine in 1964. I have read some couplets from his masterly translation of Tagore's Geetanjali and have felt the depth of the scholarship of the man.

I remember a brief personal interaction with him at Mattan in 1987. Premi ji had come to meet somebody in Mattan town and after finishing his appointment , he stepped inside our Branch premises to meet Shri Sarwanand an employee of the Bank. Till then , I had only heard of him and not seen him.

‘Ye Mahraa Chhu Master ji ta Beyi Chha kashir Shaiyree karaan. zaaen Hunn na’ or He is a teacher and a kashmiri poet as well. Don't you know him?’ said Sarwanand (Bank employee) to me. I offered him a chair and he drank a glass of water. I also asked Sarwanand (Bank employee) to prepare Kehwa Tea and bring some kulcha etc. from the nearby kashmiri Baker. Premi ji sat comfortably.

We had a local female employee Zeba who was a daily wagger employed in the bank prior to my joining the branch . I had joined the branch in November 1986 as officer In charge in Assistant Manager Cadre. Zeba was extremely poor and lived with her family in a single room built with mud. Her single room dwelling had a thatched roof. Zeba had also met my wife in my absence and opened another front for her permanent appointment in the Bank. “Zebuss Gaetchha Kenh kin Baeill Chhavunn



Bewkoof banaavaan’ or Shall Zeba's issue be decided or you are just befooling her? I had to attend to this query from my wife almost everyday at dinner time.

And Now Finding a saint like person inside the Bank, Zeba felt encouraged to seek his intervention as well. She told Premi ji ‘*Yemiss Manager Saebuss voneitaav Mahraa Myein Chith Sozeihay Hyor Dafatar . Ba Gutch-haa Mustaqal . Ayaal daar chhuss’* or ‘Kindly tell this manager sahib to recommend my name to higher office for a permanent Post I have a family to support.’

At this Premi ji intervened and looked at me “*Kyaa Sa kyaa chhu amiss Bichaari. Tuluss Qalam ta Karuss Khaaer* . What is the problem with this poor woman ? Pick up your pen and do her a favour ”. To this I clarified that I had already recommended for her permanent appointment and the issue is hanging at Srinagar controlling office where from query after query is being received with regard the sweeping area of the bank premises . I also added that some unrelated issues are being raised to deflect the core issue of her regularization. I further added that I also visited the office personally once for this issue but apparently no person is taking any decision over there .

”Who has to decide her case ? ” Asked Premi ji

“ Mr.Madan Lal Rekhi our Regional Manager ”

“ Give me his Number ? ”said Premi ji .

My mind was flooded with many thoughts ...

“ What can he do where I failed ? ”

“Is he connected with people in the Bank's Hierarchy ?”

“ What is the harm in passing a temporary assurance to poor Zeba. He appears to be doing that . ”

“ Fine . I should have no issue in passing on the telephone number. Zeba may later say that I put some hindrance in her work ”

Accordingly ,I gave him the number. After just two or three days , I received a telephone call from Our Regional office in Srinagar . Manager (HR) was on line and advised me to send my recommendations afresh. He even dictated the operative part of the revised recommendations expected from me. I did the needful and dispatched my revised recommendatory letter. To my surprise, Zeba's issue was settled within some days without any further query. She was employed on one half scale wages in permanent cadre with all facilities including Uniform, Medical Assistance , LTC Benefit , Bonus and Pro Rata loan facilities .

Yes Premi Ji had done his job. I do not know how and when. But I came to know from some reliable colleagues that he had contacted Shri Girdhari Lal Dulloo (from Rainawari), a Senior Manager in the Bank and a



saintly person. I never cross checked this information nor did I inform Zeba about it . That was the last and the only time I saw Premi ji .

And Zeba is a Permanent employee of the Bank now drawing a handsome salary. She has married all her children and constructed a Pucca /concrete House at Mattan. She is a happy grandmother. God bless her family.

This pious and innocent man fell to the bullets of armed militants in his village in Kashmir.

*Lollus byol gali titi na sa bani zaanh
Zoon peyi chhali-chhali titi na sa bani Zaanh
Apuuz kenh kaal yudway rathi khassi
Pazarus niyaal galli titi na sa bani zaanh*

(Sarvand Koul Premi)

“Love shall die out in toto? No , Not possible.

Splitting into pieces ,The moon shall fall to earth ? No, Not possible

Falsehood may survive for some time ? Quite Possible..

And truth shall vanish for good ? No. Not possible.”

RIP Sarvanand Koul Premi.

As a tribute ,I have translated his short story ‘Chalaak Groos’ or ‘Clever Peasant ‘ into English from Kashmiri. Premi ji wrote this story for children.

Clever Peasant:

There lived a poor peasant in a village who had a large family to feed . Except a duck, he had no other wealth to show off. He did not touch this Duck for quite some time. But then the pangs of hunger are cruel. One day, when he had nothing to eat, he decided to kill this duck for a meal. He looked around in the kitchen for some common salt and a piece of bread. Unable to find anything , he said to his wife

“Dear ! How can we eat this Roasted Duck without salt or a loaf of bread ? I think I need to carry this roasted Duck to the Zameendaar (Land owner) and ask for some food in exchange .”

The wife nodded in agreement and said

“I think that is the correct assessment . Carry it and try .”

The poor farmer now set out towards the house of the land owner

“Assalam U Alaikum. This is a small Nazraana from this poor fellow. You are a generous person. Favour me with some generosity.” said the



peasant as he saw the Zameendar .

“That is a good gesture. I am really pleased. Surely! Surely ! I shall help you . But my help is subject to a condition . You shall have to distribute this roasted duck amongst my family members in such a way that each person gets a piece of his choice and is satisfied. In case you fail in doing so, you should not expect any help from me. And in that event, I shall only be awarding a punishment”, replied the Zameendar .

The family of the Zameendar comprised of his wife, two sons and two Daughters. In all he had to distribute the roasted Duck amongst six persons.

The clever peasant asked for a knife and then started slicing pieces from the roasted duck. He first cut a piece from head and offered it to the Land owner saying “Jenab ! You are the respectable head of the family and you need a piece from the head only .”

After that he cut a piece from the lower Back (Bokhturr) of the roasted Duck and offered it to the Wife of the Zameendar saying “Madam! You stay inside the house and keep yourself busy managing the family affairs. Accordingly you alone deserve this piece .”

Thereafter he cut two legs of the roasted duck and offered them to the two sons of the Zameendar saying

“You have to follow your father now. You have to walk on his footsteps. What ever he has been doing, you need to do it. That is why I am offering these legs to you. ”

After that he cut the two wings of the roasted duck and offered them to two daughters saying

“Once you grow up , you have to fly away from your parental home. That is why I am offering these pieces to you .”

The reminder was the best and fleshy part of the roasted duck that comprised of some best pieces from the ribs and a sizeable part of plump back and all internal organs etc. Addressing the family, the peasant said, “Now I am not in this house, so whatever is left shall be carried by me .”

The zameendar was happy with this distribution and smilingly offered some salt , bread and some eatables to the peasant .

This story spread in the village like a wild fire. And Another well off but greedy peasant also decided to visit the Zameendar with Nazraana. He slaughtered five ducks, roasted them and set out towards the Zameendar's house carrying the Nazraana in a bag.

Once he entered the Zameendar's house he said loudly, “Assalam UAlaikum . This is a Nazraana from my side for you .”

The Zameendar repeated the same story and said, “You shall



have to distribute these five roasted ducks amongst my family members in such a way that each person gets a piece of his choice and is satisfied. In case you fail in doing so, you shall get nothing and I may be awarding a punishment as well.”

The greedy peasant kept playing with the roasted ducks but no way out emerged in his mind for a rational distribution thereof amongst the family members of the Zameendaar. Having failed, he started beating his head in defeat.

Looking at this , the Zameendaar summoned the clever peasant and asked him to distribute the five ducks amongst his family members. The clever peasant now hit upon a distribution plan. He picked up one roasted duck and gave it to the Zameendaar and his wife saying, “Sir keep it. You were two and with this you have now become three .”

He now picked up another roasted Duck and offered it to two sons of the Zameendar saying, “Look boys ! You are now three. keep it .”

He then turned to toward two daughters of the Zameendar and gave them one roasted duck saying, “Take it my daughters. You have also become now three.”

And finally he kept the remaining two Ducks for himself saying, “Look Jenab! I was single . Now with these two Ducks , I have also become three.”

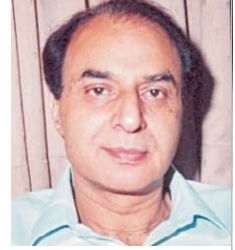
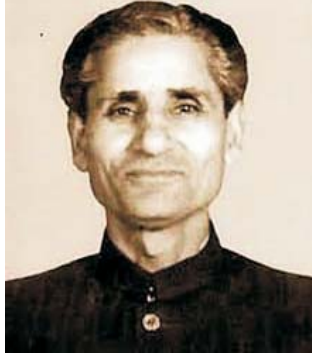
The Zameendar became happy at this distribution and smilingly said to the clever farmer, “You are a very sharp and clever person. You took care of your own self also .” So saying , he gave some more presents to the peasant and sent him back.

(Translated from Kashmiri By Autar Mota)





गाशिर्य मीनार - रूप कृष्ण भट सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



सरवानंद कौल ज़ाव कॅशीरि हंडिस

मशहूर सेहत अफज़ा मुकाम क्वकरनागु

प्यठु लग बग त्रे किलोमीटर दूर सोफ शाली गामस मंज़ १४ नवंबर १९२४ मंज़। मॉलीस ओसुस नाव गोपी नाथ कौल युस ओसूद मंद आसनस सुत्य सुत्य पोरमुत ल्यूखमुत इनसान ओस। दपान सु ओस तथ सॉर्यसुय अलाकस मंज़ ग्वडन्युक मैट्रिक पास युस मास्टर बन्योव मगर पतु त्राँवुन मास्ट्री तु कॅरुन दुकानदॉरी। लेहाज़ा ओस सरवानंदस गरस मंज़ परनुक

लेखनुक जान माहोल। सु छु पनुनिस मॉल्यसुय पनुन ग्वडन्युक गोरु मानान। सरवानंदन्य मोज गुज़रेयि येलि सु सिर्फ पांचु वुहुर ओस मगर तमि बावजूद आव सु स्कूल सोज़नु। इबतिदॉई तॉलीम पॅर अॅम्य गामकिसुय प्रॉमरी स्कूलस मंज़ पतु कोरुन अनंतननाग किस मिशन स्कूलस मंज़ मैट्रिक पास तु सिरीनॅगरु कोरुन ब-ए, म-ए तु बी-एड पास। पनुनिस ल्वकचारस मुतलक छु सु लेखान “ म्यॉनिस ल्वकचारस दोरान ऑस्य सॉनिस मुशतरकु गरस बे शुमार ख्वदा दोस, महातमा, सादू संत यिवान तु वारयाहन द्वहन अँती रोज़ान। गरिकि दारमिक तु रूहॉनी माहोलुक असर प्यव मे ल्वकचारु पानय तु ब्रॉहकुन रूज़ अमिच छाप दवहु खोतु दवहु हुरान।”

सरवानंद कोलस आव २४ वुहरिस उमाजी नावचि लॅडकी सुत्य ख्वसु सोफस नॅज़्यदीख हांगलग्वंडिच रोज़न वाजन्य ऑस नेथुर करनु। सरवानंदन कॅर ग्वडु खादी बंडारस मंज़ लगबग ऑडन वर्यन मुलॉज़्यमत तु अथ दोरान आव सु कॅशीरि नेबर पंजाब, हरियाणा तु देहली ति तबदील करनु। पतु आव सु कॅशीरि वापस तु बनेयस माशट्री हुंज़ नोकरी। वारयाहन स्कूलन हुंज़ माशट्री पतु गव सु हेड मास्टर सुंदिस ओहदस प्यठ रिटॉर। सरवानंद कौल ओस अख कॉबिल तु हमदरद, माशटर तु अख ख्वश मिज़ाज, यार बाश इनसान। माशट्री हुंदिस दोरस मंज़ छि यिमव कॉफी नामवर शखस परनॉव्यमित। यिमन मंज़ सोन मशहूर अदीब गुलाम नबी आतश ति शॉमिल छु। ज़िंदगी हुंद्यन मुखतॅलिफ मरहलन दोरान छु तिमव बडयन बडयन शखचियतन सुत्य मुलाकात कोरमुत यिमन मंज़ महातमा



गांधी, जवाहरलाल नहरू, मोलाना आज़ाद, अली मोहमद जिनाह, शेख मोहमद ओबदुला, बखशी मुलाम मोहमद, इंदरा गांधी, राजीव गांधी, राबिंदर नाथ टैगोर, हरिवंश राय बचन, सरदार जाफरी तु बलराज साहनी बेत्री शॉमिल छि ।

अकि दूहु येलि सरवानंद कौल शायरि कशमीर मँहजूरस समखनि मित्री गाम गव महजूरन पृछनस औरदू पॉट्य “ अप का तारुफ ? ” येम्य द्युतुस कॉशिर पॉट्य जवाब तु बोज़ नोवुन पनुन कलाम । मँहजूर गव ख्वश तु वोननस “वाह प्रेमी” बस सुय गव बहानु तु सरवानंदस म्यूल पनुन तखलुस तु बन्योव सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी । यिथु कन्य बन्योव सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी मँहजूरुन मुरीद । सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी गव कॅशीरि हुंद्यन नासाज़गार हालातन हुंद शिकार यि दॅप्य ज़ि ति लोग सु छपि तु २९ अप्रैल १९९० दवह आव सु पनुनिस मँज़मिस नेचविस विरंदरस सान गरि प्यठय छल कॅरिथ कडनु तु अवल मई १९९० आयि यिमन दूशवुन्य मॉल्य पोतरन हुंज़ कुल्यन अवेज़ान लाशु बरआमद करनु । तिम ऑस्च दॅहशत गरदव स्यठा बेरँहमी सान शहीद कॅर्यमित । प्रेमीनि बेकज़ा कतलु प्यव सॉरसुय गामस मातम तु अदबी समॉजी क्यो सयॉसी हलकन मंज़ मचोव कोहरम तु कॅशीर गॅयि अँकिस बँहलि पायि अँदीबस तु अँकिस लूबवनिस तु शूबिदार इनसानस निशि मँरूम ।

प्रेमी सुंद छु कॉशरिस अदबस कॉफी द्युत । येलि अँस्य तसुंदिस अदबी सफरस साम हेवान छि सु छु अख बिस्वार पासल शखसियतकिस रूपस मंज़ कॉशरि ज़बॉन्य हुंद बँहलि पायि शॉयिर श्री दीनानाथ नॉदिम छु सरवानंद कौल प्रेमियस मुतलक लेखान (१९५८) । “अमा सु लोव तु लुकु शॉयिर युस १९४८ इ मंज़ “कलचरल महाज़स” प्यठ ओस विज़ि विज़ि यिवान, सु कोत छु गोमुत । कोताह वुछु तु व्वलव्वलु ओस तसंद्यन स्यद्यन बोधन शारन मंज़ । वारयाह काल वोत तस वुछनस । ख्वश तँमीज़ तु ख्वश कलाम नवजवान ।” असि ब्रॉहकनि उबरान । अख कामयाब शॉयिर आसनस सुत्य सुत्य छु सु अख बेहतरीन तरजमुकार तु मयॉरी सवान्यह निगार ति, येम्यसुंज़ु ज़ु दरजन प्यठय छाप सपज़मचु किताबु अम्युक गवाह छे । प्रमियन छु च्वन ज़बानन याने औरदू, हैदी, अंगरीज़्य तु कॉशरिस मंज़ ल्यूखमुत । तस छु मुखतलिफ ज़बानन हुंद मुतालु ति वारयाह ओसमुत तु पनुनिस बैगस मंज़ ओस हमेशि परनु बापथ कांह नतु कांह किताब सुत्य थवान ।

कॉशरि ज़बॉन्य हुंद्य मशहूर तु पायि बँड्य शॉयिर क्यो अदीब अर्जुन कलामि प्रेमी, ओश तु दोश तु पांचादर छे तिहुंज़ु खास शॉयरी सौबरनु । गीतांजली, भगवत गीता, कोशुर रामायण छि अँहम तरजमु तु मेरज़ुकाख, मथुरा देवी, रूपु भवॉनी छि तरजमु यिम कॉफी मकबूल गॅयि । ताज छे तिहुंज़ु अख तवील नज़ुम ख्वसु परन वाल्यव क्यो अँदीबव स्यठा पसंद



कॅर। शॉयरी हुंदिस ईबतिदोई दोरस मंज़ छु प्रेमी मँहजूरस कॉफी नॅज्यदीख रूदमुत तु कलामि प्रेमी तु पयामि प्रेमी छे तँथ्य दोरस मंज़ तखलीक सपज़मचु। चुनाचि प्यव अँमिस मँहजूरन सोन तु गोन असर। “ओश तु दोश” किताबि छु मँहजूरन पेशि लफज़ ल्यखमुत। “पेश गोर” उनवानु छु मँहजूर प्रेमयस मुतलक लेखान, “प्रेमी काशमीरी गुलशन स्वखन के नवनिहाल हैं। आसार बताते हैं कि अगर इस नवनिहाल नाखास्ता की परवरिश व आब्यारी की जायेगी तो बज़ाहिर छोटे इस नवनिहाल के गलहायतर बाग को महिका देगी।”

देव मजबूर छि प्रेमियस मुतलक लेखान, “बँड्यार बालाहस मंज़ छि अँस्य दोश्वय करीब अँकिस रेतस डेरस रूदयमुत्य। १९५२ आसिहे। बु ओसुस अँकिस हय स्कूलस मंज़ कॉम करान तु सु ओस खादी बंडारस मंज़। प्रेमी ओस प्रथ तँहज़ीबी, तमदुनी तु अदबी जलसस मंज़ ग्वडु अनवारि यिवान। यि ख्वश मिज़ाज शखस ज्ञानन बु १९४९ प्यठ। सु ओस मनुशोद तु साफ गो। यँहय साफ गूई तु पज़र बनेयि तसंदि बापथ ज़हर। यि छु ज़गथ प्रथनु प्यठ आमुत। पज़र वनन वोल अरस्तू चोवुख शिंक्याह। पज़र वनन वॉलिस गलेलियोहस दिचुख फॉस्य।

प्रेमी ति आव कुनि कारनु बडु बेददी सान मारनु। प्रेमी सुंजि कॉशिरि शॉयरी मंज़ छु कॅशीरि हुंद बरपूर हुसुन, प्रेम, येमि भवसरुच बेसबॉती तु ज़िंदगी हुंद्य तिम मसलु द्राँट्य गछान यिम अज़लु प्यठय आदमस सुत्य छि।” बकोलि मशहूर व मोरूफ अफसानु निगार, नकाद, ड्रॉमा निगार, शॉयिर क्यो मोहकिक श्री रतन लाल शांत, “प्रेमी जी सुंज अवॉमी ज़िंदगी ऑस रंगबरंग। न सिर्फ अदब लेखनुक तु परनुक बँल्यकि अदबी मँहफिलन तु जलसन मंज़ शरकत करनुक ओस तस स्यठा शोक। यि छु अँहम ज़ि आज़ोदी पतय युथय कलचरल महाज़ बन्योव प्रेमी सपुद अथ सुत्य मुनसिलक। कॅछा अमि किन्य ज़ि ओर अँस्य मशहूर ज़मान शॉयिर तु अदीब यिवान तु कॅछा अमि किन्य कि प्रेमी ओस ख्यालातव किन्य तरकी पसंद यि ज़न अँस्य तँम्यसुंजन तसनीफन अंदर वुछान छि।”

सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी सुंदिस वँहशियानु कतलस प्यठ ल्यूख रिशी देवन मुसनिफ “ज़खमू की जुबानी” “तसुंद कसूर ओस सिर्फ यूतुय ज़ि तँम्य अँस कॉशिर ज़बान तु कश्मीर्यत दुस वॉसि नालुमति रँटिथ थविमचु।” बकोलि जगमोहन सॉब्यकु गुवरनर जे ऐंड के “प्रेमी ओस शॉयिर युस लोलुक पयम्बर ओस तु पज़र तु इनसाफुक ज़बरदस पासदार ओस” - फ़ोज़न टँरब्यलूनस इन कश्मीर।

प्रेमियन छे मेरज़ु काकुनि ज़िंदगी प्यठ नफीस किताब लीछमुच तु तिहुंद्य वाख यिकवटु वँरुथमित। रूपु भवॉनी हुंज़ हयाति ज़िंदगी ति छख तखलीख वँरमुच।



लार लारय लार जल जल लार सॉ
वखतस प्यठ ब्द म्वलवुन दाय
वस तु तुलमुल तति लगी पोज़ तार च़ेय
बखतस ब्द छय खँदमतगार

प्रेमी सॉबन ओस वारयाह अछोप कलाम पानस पथ कुन त्रोवमुत येमि मंजु बेशतर कलामु तिहँदयव स्पोतरव श्री राजंदर प्रेमियन तु रवीनदर रवी जयिन पँत्यम्यन वारयाहन वँर्यन मेहनतुसान छोप तु तखुसीम कोर । मे छु च्यतस पेवान येलि असि एन आर एल सी पटियाला तरफु १९७८ मंज पटियालाहस मंज आल इनडिया कॉशिर कानफ़नुस मुनकद कँर यथ मंज तमि वखतुक्य लग बग सॉरी बँहलि पायि कॉशिर्य अदीब शॉमिल सपुदय प्रेमी जी ति आयि तु अति पँरुख मुशॉयरस मंज पनुन्य मशहूर नज़म “ताज” यथ दोरान लूकव च़रि पय्यव सुत्य हालस मंज ग्रज़ तुल । बु ओससख तिम तमि ब्रॉह लग बग ज़ु त्रे वँरी प्यठ ज्ञानान । पतु आयि तिम नॉज़िर क्वलगॉमिस तु अयूब सॉबरस हमराह सॉनिस डेरस प्यठ बतु खेनि तु तति ति बोज़नोव त्रेश्वुय पनुन पनुन कलामु । तिम ऑस्य पज़ी माय मिलच़ारुक्य द्वह यिम नु शायद ज़ांह ति वापस यिन । प्रेमी सुंदयव तरजमव मंज छु टैगोरनि गीतांजली हुंद तरजमु अख शाहकार । अमि अलावु तसुंद भगवत गीतायि हुंद तरजमु तु कॉशुर रामायण ति छि कॉबलि तॉरीफ ।

नमून कलाम :

थदि थोद फ़स्ताह फ़स्ताह नीरिथ गव
अकला, छेनु अथ अख सिर साय
बु लोलस लोल बँर्य थुय युथ करस गथ
मे छुम सौरुय ज़गत सौरुय ख्वरन तल
बालन छालन कति कोर फीरुस
ख्याला पादशाहस वोथ कमी क्या
प्रेमी बावान प्यारुक्य राज़
वुछान युस छु सासन मरान राथ दोह
अँछन मंज ति लोलुच नज़र आसिहे
दिलन मंज शोज़र तय पज़र आसिहे
फीरुस तँम्यसुंज़ि वीरे बाल
हकूमत पादशाँही ज़र तु ताकत

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

अमा तस अम्युक ज़ाह असर आसिहे
 अँमिस क्युथ अख निशाना त्युथ थवुन छुम
 पानस क्युत समसार औनुम
 मसवलि व्वलसन प्यार औनुम
 दीवी दारन गँडमुच़ छम रँछ
 वँकम्य रँछ येति पाँ चादर म्यॉन्य
 मस गछ़ख़ मस चेथ खसी खुमार च़ेय
 ३. बुजरस तस ल्वकचार औनुम
 नालुमति लोलस तु हुसनस वाँस अख



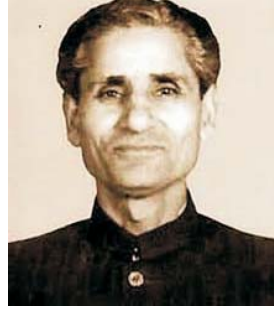
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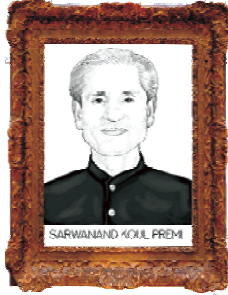
श्रद्धांजलि - अशोक गवहर सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



येति चानि रतु कोर काँतिलव व्वजुजार ज़मीनस
तनु प्यठु अँज्युकता फोल नु कुनि सब्जार ज़मीनस
अशिवानि मेन्न गँयि यीरु तु पकथ रोज़ु कुनय ओन
व्वन्य छुनु ब्ववान रसुदार न कैह मजुदार ज़मीनस



बुलबुलन छि तनु कमि आशि प्रुछान युस गुलन हुंद
कस वनु जि हस्दुनि नारु दोद गुलजार ज़मीनस
यनु बोनि तेहुरु लंग लंजि चँटिथ गव येति सु तबरदार
तनु पोक नु शुहुल वाव न प्यव शेहजार ज़मीनस
कमि हालु यथ बुतराँचतु आसुन आसि वुठन प्यठ
स्व छि बरान वुछ वुछ छय अँछ खूंखार ज़मीनस
हा बागवानो चानि पतु नो वारि फुलय लँज
थँर ज़रंड बँनिथ गँयि कंड्य छँकिथ बिस्वार ज़मीनस
शरु चानि बरु गँमुत्यन गुलन वुनि म्युल न संद्वार
हदु रोस छु गॉलिब ज़ॉलिमन हुंद बआर ज़मीनस
यिनु जनतु प्यठु वापस यिनुक कांह शोक गछी ज़ांह
येति न छय पुरन न छु प्रोन ह्यू अनहार ज़मीनस
'गवहर' जिन्दन दफनावनुक रँहज़न छु कराप संज़
व्वन्य मा फटन आदुम्य रतुक्य फंवार ज़मीनस



Review - Dr. R.L.Bhat

Sarwanand Koul Premi's Urdu Translation of Shriimad Bhagvad Giitaa

Premi Translates Gitaji with Context

Premiji, as Pandit Sarwanand Koul Premi was lovingly called, was as multidimensional a personality as they come. A poet, a researcher, an educationist, a social activist, a humanist and an intensely religious person, Premiji broke bread with the renowned bard Mahjoor and was martyred in the barrage of intolerance in 1990 that swept Kashmir off its feet, probably for all times to come. When the marauders came, they were hugely unsettled seeing a copy of their holy book, Koran, lying by the side of Gitaji (Giitaaajii), on his bookshelf. Yet that was hardly a new discovery for the common folks of Kokernag (Kwkarnaag) who were well aware of the secular and humanist concerns of Premiji. More than the Hindus of the area, it was the Muslim populace there who went to Premiji with their problems, doubts and difficulties and found solution and succor.



Why did they kill him and his brilliant son? That is a question the people have been asking without any respite, since that fateful day in April/May, 1990 when the marauders struck. That question has been asked about martyrs Tika Lal Taploo and Premnath Bhat too, as all of them were known for their secular approach and succoring the needy Muslims. Premiji had dazzling scholarly credentials which he employed to aid, educate and enlighten people of all hues in his native area, without discrimination. As Urdu translation of Shriimad Bhagvad Giitaa, the book under review shows in ample measure, that killing has cost the literature and scholarship of the state, much.

In his preface to the book, Premiji says that he began the Kashmiri translation of the holy book in 1947. That was the time when he was in active contact with Mahjoor. In his diary entry of 1946, Mahjoor tells that he had taken Premiji with him to meet the then governor to press for Shaaradaa to be adopted as the script for Kashmiri language. Premiji was a choice associate there. He was a polyglot. He knew Sanskrit, Persian,



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Arabic, Hindi, Urdu, Kashmiri and English. He was acquainted with five scripts Shaaraadaa, Devanagri, Nastaaliik, Arabic and Roman. When we read, in the same preface that, in his childhood, he was detailed to graze cattle and had to struggle to acquire a formal education, his scholarly attainments are shown to be as self-acquired as they are stupendous. On its back cover, the work under review lists seventeen published and eighteen unpublished works in Urdu, Hindi, English and Kashmiri languages.

Premiji was a pioneering writer who brought to fore some of the work of the well-known 18th century Saint Poet, Swami Merza Kaak of Hangalgund. Swami Merza Kaak's village is almost contiguous with Premiji's hamlet of Soof Shaali (Supt Shaalii). There he had excavated and resurrected the ancient Shrine of Supt Shaaleeshvar, from which the hamlet derives in name.

When a work comes from the pen of such a versatile scholar, it becomes a compendium. Sarvaanand Koal Premi's translation of Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa is a virtual encyclopedia on the whole subject of Bhagavad Giitaa. In fact, the work is divided into two parts. The first part, spread over pages, is a comprehensive discussion on anything and everything regarding this holy book. It takes after the work *Giitaa Gyaana Pravachan* published by Gita Press, Gorakhpur. But it must be remembered that Premiji had written this book before 1980. He does not tell when exactly he began his Urdu translation of Giitaa, though he speaks of having begun the Kashmiri translation in 1947, as mentioned afore. The published work includes views/opinions on the work from two dozen eminent personages including his *Guru* Mahaatma Goopii Nath Koul, Dr. Karan Singh, Master Zinda Koul, Gulaam Rasool Santoosh, Prem Nath Bazaz, Merzaa Aarif Beeg and Kashyap Bhandu. His multitalented son, Sh. Rajinder Premi, who has been rendering the language, literature and culture of Kashmir a great service by getting his worthy parent's works published, also showed me another letter from Kashyap Bhandu on the subject. Though many of these letters acknowledging Premiji efforts speak of the Kashmiri translation, which is yet to be published, letters from Mahaatmaaji and Bandhuji specifically speak of the Urdu translation. Accordingly it is presumed that the translation was completed before 1980's. That was an era when books were not as easily available as they are today and knowledge about the nuances had to be dredged out with great effort. Premiji's preface to the work, which would have been appended when the work was ready for print, is dated to the year 1986. The first part is spread over forty-six chapters. These chapters are filled with *dhaarmik* (religious), *daarshanik*



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

(philosophical) as well as cultural information that the student as well the lay reader of Giitajii would find immensely useful. It is a virtual window on the cultural milieu of this whole country, the subcontinent of India, including Kashmir. It tells of the life of the main personages of not only Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa, but also the great epic Mahaabhaarata. Giitajii, the seminal dialogue between Bhagvaan Krishna and Arjun, on the virtual and spiritual life as well as the due duties of a human being in life, is included in the 18th *parva* of Mahaabhaarata. In these chapters Premiji tells about the various other poems also designated Giitaa, though four of these are simply the collections of summary shlokaas of Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa. Here, Premiji also speaks of the Hindu conception of time and counting *yugaas* (epochs), the philosophical nuances and historical allusions that are relevant to the study and understanding of this one of the most significant holy scriptures of India.

Giitajii is seen variously as an Upanishad as well as the crux of all upanishadic teaching. Though Giitajii is not included in the holiest of holy Hindu scriptures, called *shruti*, which is comprised of Veda, the poem has acquired the stature of a Divine Song by the virtue of its having been uttered by Bhagavaan Krishna. As Premiji mentions, Bhagvaan Krishna was the most eminent of the ten *avataars* and is considered *shaddakalaa sampurana* – the one perfect in all the sixteen attributes – which is the stature of a total Divinity. That has given Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa the status of a scripture among all the poems designated Giitaa. It is read by Hindus of all hues. Saints of varied *aachaarans* from Shankaraachaarya (*Advaita*), Abhinava Gupta (*Shaiva*), Raamaanujaachaarya (*Vashist Advaita*) to Maadhavaachaarya (*Duvait*), have written commentaries on Giitajii. That attests to the fact that the appeal and acknowledgement of Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa cuts across callings. In modern times, two signal commentaries by Gandhiji and Radhakrishnan attest to its universality and the enduring appeal.

This wide-spread appeal of Giitajii, dating at least to early medieval age, disproves the contention of some English writers like Meghanand Desai and Devadat Patnaik that Giitajii gained acceptance after the oriental scholars translated the Divine Song into English and other European languages. That is true only so far the Europe is concerned. Giitajii has had a Pan India acceptance, as a universal scripture, since the very days of its being enunciated. That is the reason why Hindus of varied daashanik views have commented on it, as proof of their command as well as the truth of their visions. Hindus have been using Giitajii as the sacred scripture for oath taking all through. Its latest usage in this manner comes from American Congress. That makes the extended discussion on the



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

different aspects related to the main text, given by Premiji in his work, very valuable. And interesting, too. In one chapter Premiji expounds on the usage of epithets *Shrii Bhagavaan* and *Shrii Krishana* within the *adhyaayas* and in the colophon, respectively. Such depth of exposition can come only from a scholar who had delved as deep into the subject as Premiji has. He did so in his remote village of Supt Shaali, to reach which Rajinder Premi has to take many detours and change many buses even today, as he puts it.

In one of these chapters Premiji discusses the crucial issue of the number of *shlookas* in *Giitajii*. The sacred book *Giitajii* is spread over 18 *adhyaayas* of *Bhishma Parva* of *Mahaabhaarata*, from *adhyaayas* 25-42 (both inclusive). The epic then gives the number of *shlookas* in *Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa* in the 4th *shlooka* of the next *adhyaaya* i.e. 43rd *adhyaaya* of *Mahaabhaarata*, as 745 with the breakup of 620 *shlookaas* of *Bhagavaan Krishna*, 57 of *Arjuna*, 67 of *Sanjaya* and one of *Dritraashtra*. However, as Premiji tells the actual number of *shlookaas* in the *adhyaayas* 25-42 is the known 700, with the breakup that of 574 of *Bhagavaana Krishna*, 86 of *Arjuna*, 39 of *Sanjaya* and one of *Dhritraashtra*, the blind king to whom it was recounted by *Sanjaya*. Somehow Premiji does not mention here the Kashmiri version of the *shlookas* found in the text of *shlookaas* as given by *Raamakantha* and *Abhinava Gupta*, in their commentaries *Sarvatvobhadra* and *Giitaartha Sangraaha*, respectively. There, the text of *Giitajii* has around 14 and 16 additional *shlookas*. There is also a difference of 2 and a half *shlookaas* between the texts of *shlookaas* given in the commentaries of the two savants of Kashmir.

An additional introductory *shlooka*, attributed to *Arjuna*, is sometimes appended to the thirteenth *adhyaaya*, raising the number to 701. However, this *shlooka* is not considered original by most commentators, the latest one being *Sarvapali Radhakrishnan*. The version of *Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa* published by *Gita Press, Gorakhpur*, too does not contain this *shlooka*. The text of *shlookas* given in *Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa Bhaashya* of *Shankaraachaarya* also does not carry this *shlooka*, giving a text of only 700 *shlookas*. Some people have argued that the *shlooka* establishes the context for the thirteenth *adhyaaya*. In the chapter, Premiji reports that his enquiry from *Swami Chidbhavananda* of *Shri Ramakrishna Tapovanam* dated 15-2-1971, got the response that inclusion of this *shlooka* 'neither adds to not minimizes the trend by its presence or absence'. Interestingly, the text of *shlookas* given by the earliest commentator from Kashmir *Raamakantha*, spoken of earlier, does not carry this *shlooka* while that of *Abhinava Gupta* carries it. Clearly, the two Kashmiri savants followed different textual traditions. That again



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvaanand Koul Premi

tells that there were other commentaries there, antedating these known commentaries.

The first part also carries an interesting discussion on the significance of the number 18, which is the number of *adhyaayas* of Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa. Premiji links it to various mystic numbers. He points out that the number describes the *parvas* of the epic, the days the great war was waged, the contingents of army who took part in it etc. These expositions make the study of Premiji's tome a bewitching experience which once taken up cannot be laid aside till you are through all of them. But, of course, all this is only a prelude to the main work which is the versified translation of Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa in Urdu.

Premiji's endeavour tells that it was addressed to the particular time he lived in and the place where his audience was i.e. the valley of Kashmir. In 1986, when he wrote the preface, apparently in preparation to getting the work published, there was little hint that the Hindu community of Kashmir would be exiled from the ancestral land. Urdu, as the state language was what all read, and wrote in. Thirty years later, it is only those remnants of the community bred and born in the valley who read Urdu and its Persio – Arabic script. Possibly, Premiji had also the majority Muslims in view hoping to take the eternal message of the Divine Song to them, in furtherance of his mission of a wider understanding of the meaning of religion. As it is, Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa is a truly universal scripture that can be read without any specific religious context. Aldous Huxley's characterization of it as 'the scripture of the perennial philosophy' points to that character of Giitaaaji transcending all barriers of religion, region and language.

Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa is as inspiring in translation as it is in the original, provided the translator evinces as sufficient a command over the language of translation as in grasping the intent of the original. As a polyglot, with actively working in as many as four scripts and languages, Sarvaanand Koul Premi had that qualification in good measure. His simplicity of diction, the compactness of the verse as well as the power to convey the import of the original attest of that. He generally succeeds in conveying even the *chhand*, which of course comes from his being adept in the art of poesy. As it is, the connotative power of Sanskrit is astoundingly great. The words used in the original have highly evolved as to the import as well as specific implication. Conveying the same in a language of limited connotative power, especially in the highly *daarshanik* subjects dealt in Giitaaaji, demands great versatility. And that becomes another dimension of Premiji's scholarship as he transforms the Sanskrit *shlokas* into verses



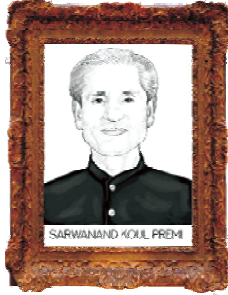
Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

in Urdu, almost effortlessly.

Premiji has called his work a unique endeavour. It certainly is so, as long as it is not taken to mean the first Urdu translation. Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa has been translated into almost every language of the world. Before the Urdu translation, it was translated into Persian. Urdu translations both in prose and poesy, are available and many have passed through Premiji's hands. In the reference section, he lists about a dozen of them including the most well received one by Dil Muhammad, titled *Dil Kii Giitaa*. He certainly believed that the Divine Song deserved another translation into Urdu and went about it. His work tells that he had the scholarship, philosophical insight and literary wherewithal to undertake this task.

Apparently the Exile of Hindus from Kashmir and their displacement to diverse lands has not diminished the reach of Premiji's work. It was successfully serialized last year in Hind Samaachar, the widely read Urdu paper of North India, over several months. Probably Rajinder Premi can lend the work to be likewise serialized in some Urdu language papers in the South and the East. Premiji's purpose in investing so much labour in translating Shriimad Bhagavad Giitaa was to take the message to as many minds and visions as possible. That noble mission needs be continued, and may yet being light to the closed minds, wherever they may be sequestered.





A Poet of Hope Sarvanand Koul Premi

Vijay Wali

It is well said that hope is life and every human being is hopeful of his bright tomorrow. But the poets are considered more sensitive than the common people, it is because of this they express their sentiments and views in such a way that the people are moved.

Sarvanand Koul Premi, was one of those poets who had dreams of bright tomorrow in their eyes and represented common sentiments of the common people. He gave voice to just and peaceful aspirations of the people, for whom he had great love in his heart.

Born in 1924 in a peasant Kashmiri Pandit family of Souf Shalli in Kukarnag area of Kashmir valley, Sarvanand was an intelligent boy and his zeal for education encouraged him to walk to Schools that were at a considerable distance from his home.

He with his determination completed his graduation and later went to Punjab in 1948 for doing job in khadi & village industries Deptt. and later went to Delhi for working in a central government office. But his heart remained in his place of birth Kashmir, which he loved more than himself. Sarvanand Koul Premi returned to Kashmir in year 1954 and joined Education Department of Jammu & Kashmir as a teacher, a department he served for next 23 years with sincerity.

Sarvanand Koul Premi's heart was moved by the sufferings of the common people, and he used to give vent to his feelings through Urdu and Hindi poetry, which he used to recite to his close associates and literary friends.

Sarvanand Koul Premi became a big name in Kashmiri poetry by virtue of his vocabulary a simple expression and placed himself in the galaxy of writers of his times like Gulam Ahmed Mehjoor, Arjan Deo Majboor, Master Zind Koul and others. In fact the ray of writing in mother tongue Kashmiri was kindled in Sarvanand's heart by a great Master of Kashmiri poetry Master Zinda Koul. It was Master Zinda Koul who advised him to





write in Kashmiri language in which he can express himself well and more effectively.

Sarvanand Koul Premi found the Master Ji's advice valuable and realistic . He found himself more conversant with the native language and started expressing himself freely, his writing gave him the requisite recognition and he never looked back again as his poetry collections and creative writings like Kalam-e-Premi, Payam-e-Premi , Rudh Jhari, Paan Chaddar , Osh Vosh took the literary circles as well as common people by storm.

Apart from being a creative writer, Sarvanand Koul Premi has been a good Researcher also., His scholarly qualities enabled him to write exclusive and maiden research papers on the life and teachings of Mata Roop Bhawani , Swami Mirza Kak and many more in the line.

Srvanand Koul Premi was genius of his times , a teacher, a scholar and a poet of repute . His poetry depicted the agony and pain he felt for a common man, filling the extinguished hearts with a new ray of hope.

*Lolas byol gali, titi ma bani zanh,
Zoon payi chali chali, titi ma bani zanh;
Apuz kenh kaal yodvy rathi khasi,
Pazras nyal gali, titi ma bani zanh.*

(It will never be, that love will be lost,
it will never be, that moon will shattered;
Lie can prevail for a moment,
it will never be, that truth will vanquish.)

Sarvanand Koul Premi in his youth also took part in independence struggle and the same comradeship remained entrusted in his hear for rest of his life along with his views of brotherhood and patriotism.As a journalist he worked in Daily Khidmat nd WeeklyDesh newspapers, expressing in solidarity with his independent countrymen. During this dawn of independence Premi also remained a active member of Cultural Front, where he worked with many genius writers of his times.

In fact Gulam Ahmed Mahjoor , the great poet of Kashmir lauded his poetry colle ction "Rudha Jahre" s a master peice, which won him acclaim on heighist level.

Apart from being a poet and research scholar Sarvanand Koul Premi was a good translator too. He translated many prominent books from other languages into Kashmiri language. His translations include Shri Mad Bhagwat Geeta, Rabindra Nath Tagore's Geetanjali and many more.



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

The specialty of his translations is that he has translated them in the verse form, knitting them poetically in such a manner that they proved to be the exact replicas of the original texts and thoughts.

On the fateful day of 29th April 1990, Srvanand Koul Premi along with his son were martyred by unknown gun men in his native village itself, but the songs of Premi which are full of compassion, brotherhood and patriotism will echo in our ears for ever, reminding us of the great human being he was.

A fearless soldier of pen, Premi was never afraid of his stand on brotherhood and patriotism he stood for all through his life.

Be aashan hanz aash banith
bas lat monji gos.
Cheti ma amut yuth toofanah
myani pathi”

(Being a hope of the hopeless
I am being trampled upon;
Are you also facing this typhoon like me)





Exodus of a Patriotic Pandit Family

By Sunil Thapliyal

Principal Correspondent Asian Age

The exodus of the Kashmiri Pandits will be completing 30 years on Sunday (January 19), but the community is still waiting for justice and their return to homeland with honour and dignity.

Late Sarwanand Koul Premi is still being remembered in Kashmir as a renowned poet, a social activist, a journalist and a reputed author of around three dozen books. Being a known figure, he chose to stay back in his native place when the Valley was in the grip of turmoil.

Unfortunately, his belief was brutally shattered and cost him his and his younger son's life. On the intervening night of April 29-30, 1990, some unknown persons kidnapped Premi and his son Veerji Koul from their native village Soafshali and then killed them. An FIR was registered at the local police station Dooru. Unfortunately, no clue regarding the accused was stuck out, so the probe in the case was closed as untraced.

Further, the family suffered another blow when on the intervening night of August 11-12, 1998, some miscreants set the residence of Premi on fire regarding which an FIR was registered. The case was again closed as the culprits were untraced.

However, Rajender Koul Premi, the elder son of Sarwanand Koul Premi, who was forced to migrate to Delhi after the horrifying incident with his family is still fighting for justice not only for his personal cause but also for the entire community.

Mr. Premi, who is the complainant, told this newspaper that even after 29 years of the tragic incident, the inaction and insensitive approach of the government, which initially had made huge promises to compensate and resettle the family, has miserably failed to transform the same into action.

"For the last 29 years, I have met Prime Ministers and chief ministers, Union ministers and top officials but everything went in vain, we are yet to get justice. My family has lost everything so as my community. We want justice, due compensation and return to our homeland with safety and security. He further said that after the government revoked Article 370 last year, we got a ray of hope. People are now coming forward for the our

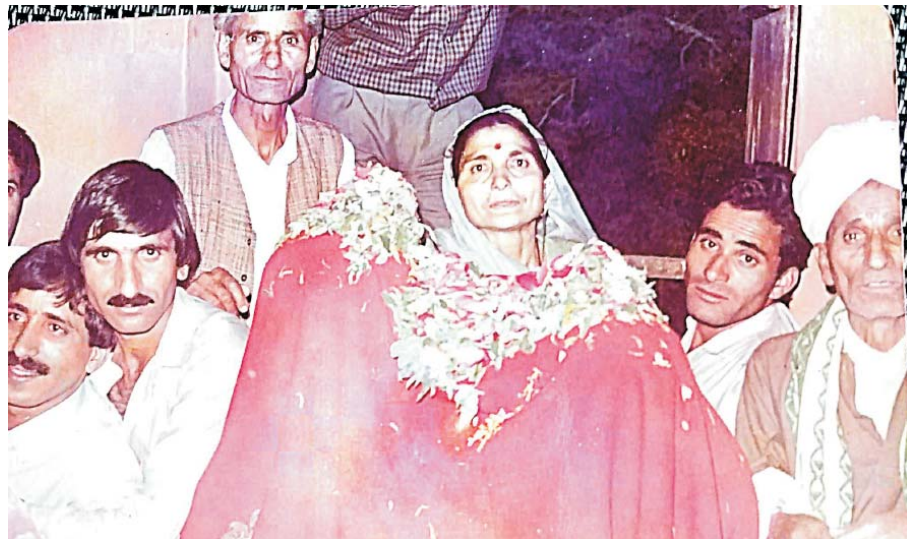


Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

cause.

“The State Human Rights Commission on February 22, 2012, in its double-bench verdict has ordered very valid recommendations and has asked the state government to redress the grievances of the family “sooner the better” but nothing has changed since then,” said Mr Premi.

Meanwhile, the Kashmiri Pandits living in the national capital are now expecting the Centre to chart out a concrete roadmap for their safe return and rehabilitation in the trouble-torn valley.



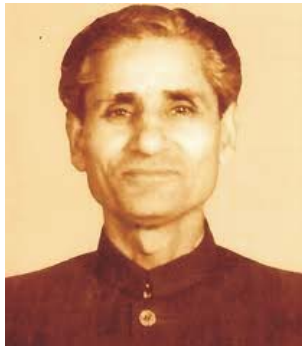


Remembering Sarwanand Koul Premi - Rajinder Premi

Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi A Profile

A special article written on the occasion of Shri Premi's death

[The happenings in Jammu and Kashmir for the past some time need noelucidation. The forces of fundamentalism and fanaticism have not only ruined the fibre of the secular character but have also been responsible for innumerable innocent killings. The list is too large to be enumerated. And here is a towering personality who had made z place in the hearts of all Kashmiris, irrespective of their sectarian beliefs. He is Shaheed Sarwanand Kaul Premi, a proud son of Kashmir.]



Early Years :

Born in village Soaf Shali of Anantnag district in November 1924, he passed the Master's degree in Hindi with Honours and started his career with the All-India SphlnersAssociation (Khaddan Bhandar). Thus he got influenced by the Gandhian



philosophy and involved himself in the freedom movement. He remained underground at the age of 17 during the Quit India movement and later took active part in Quit Kashmir movement during 1946-47. He worked on the Cultural Front, a counter, propaganda agency, to repulse the Kabaili raid on Kashmir. He contributed to DAILY KHIDMAT, the of ficial organ of the National Conterence, and WEEKLY DESH in Srinagar. Many of his writings got censored during that period.

After 1948, he had to leave the Valley under very odd circumstances and got employed in the Industries Department of the Punjab Government and then in the Central Government at Delhi.

He returned to the Valley in 1954, joined the Education Department of the State and served it for 23s years. During these years, he developed keen interest in social work which he advocated strongly through his writings. As a writer, he attained fame when his writings came in the form of life stories of saint-poetess Roopa Bhavani, a biography of saint-poet



Mirza Kak and translation of Sri mad Bhagwad Gita in Kashmiri verse. His other notable works include 'Kalam-e-Premi', 'Pyam-e-Premi', 'Rooda Jeri', 'Osh Vosh', 'Pantchadar', 'Mahjoor ta Kasher', 'Kashmir ki Beti', 'Russ) Padsha' Katha, prose translations of Tagore's famous Gitanjali into Kashmiri. Among the Urdu, Kashmiri and Hindi translations of Gita, only Urdu translation has been published. Other translations are being published shortly. He has written a number of papers which he read out in seminars and symposia, highlighting the cause of national and international understanding.

Secular Belief

He had a firm belief in secularism and up to the last he fully justified the remarks of Mahatma Gandhi that if there is any ray of hope it existed in the Valley.

It was his strong advocacy of secularism and the State's accession to India which may also have been a cause of anger among the subversives. He was fearless in speaking out this publicly through local newspapers even in the times of the emergence of terrorism in Kashmir.

Advocate of Secularism

Advocacy of secularism was highlighted by him whenever the situation demanded. For instance, he wielded his pen, when Sheikh Abdullah was arrested, in 1953, missing of the holy relic in 1964, Pakistan's aggression in 1965 and 1971, Kashmiri Pandit agitation in 1967 and in the 1968 Anantnag riots, when militancy dawned in the Valley.

When some Kashmiri Pandits were being selectively killed, he condemned this publicly and through local papers knowing full well that the Valley was gradually getting into the clutches of fundamentalistic elements. He did not deviate from his love for communal harmony and brotherhood, for which he was respected by all communities.

Although some of his friends and the family members requested him to leave the village which was dominated by the majority community (his being the lone Hindu family in that village), he would overrule and even rebuke by saying that he was so deeply rooted in the secular traditions of the Valley and he had most of his students and other friends in the area to take care of him and his family.

He was deeply religious as well as liberal. He was widely respected in the area as in his long career as a teacher he had illuminated many minds and given them education - the most precious of all gifts. But the fact that the world of his poetic beliefs and sensibilities had ceased to exist and



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

old loyalties and friendship had become powerless in the face of fierce assaults mounted by the forces of fundamentalism and fanaticism dawned upon us and the faith was ultimately shattered when on April 29, 1990, late in the evening three young masked terrorists, like hungry wolves most anxious to trap their prey, forced their entry into the house and let loose the reign of terror. They asked the inmates at gunpoint to queue in one room, with one gunman guarding its door. The other terrorists ransacked the entire house and stretched their ugly hands on what-ever they could lay, looted all their valuables after forcing the ladies to hand over their ornaments. They ransacked the library and destroyed rare manuscripts. While plundering, one militant shouted in surprise: "Masha Allah, ye to Qurani Sharif he". Shri Kaul had kept one copy of it reverentially in the library for his study.

Harmless Soul

This incident came most shocking, since only that day some Muslim neighbours had given full assurance of their help for protection. It was so because Premi and declared so openly that he had no plans of abandoning the village where he had fought for years together for the upliftment of the majority community and has not done any harm to anybody.

After packing the loot in suit-cases, they asked this noble soul to accompany them to see their higher ups who, they said, were waiting outside. They also asked Virindra (his son) to escort them up to the camp. They swore in the name of Allah that no harm would be done to him and his son. Their hand-folded requests had no effect on them. They carried both the father and the son at gunpoint and after two days of painful anxiety came the most tragic news of their assassination.

This happened to a man who had kept a copy of the Quran in his books for regular study, a freedom fighter, a humanist and a philanthropist, an eminent scholar social worker and a well-known Kashmiri poet contemporary of Mahjoor and Azad. A man who has worked voluntarily for 3 months each in private Muslim and Hindu schools after his retirement as a love for children of both the communities.

Family Migrates

This luminary was done to death by the terrorists in a most brutal manner along with his son. In this backdrop, the family had to migrate, abandoning their home and hearth then and there. It was for this reason that the rest of the family members were threatened with dire consequences if they reported the matter to the police. The family was told that no harm would



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

come to them if they could stay in their native village but if these two persons would have gone anywhere, they were to be eliminated at any cost.

What is most shocking and shameful that even after about 25 years, the criminals have not been identified although there had been Press reports that the government has made 8 arrests in this connection in early May 1990.

The news of looting the house first and then torching of ancestral house of these victims was also published in the national dailies in December 1992. The local temple had been desecrated and burnt; cowsheds also burnt, the other houses ransacked. No information about the abandoned cattle, land, trees and orchards has come to them. This is the state of their plight, pain and agony, which has been suffered by all other Kashmiri families as well.





Sarvanand Koul Premi Known - Unknown

Vijay Kashkari



In May 1, 2018, I was presented a set of books written by Martyr Sarvanand Kaul Premi at Jammu. The occasion was the 28th year of martyrdom of the writer. To be honoured on this occasion by presenting a set of books, authored by Premi ji, in recognition of being a community activist, gave me a feeling of a celebrity. Sarvanand Kaul Premi was a poet, journalist, academic, intellectual and an activist.



As dozens of community members belonging to the group of genius were gunned down by the zealots in the Valley of Kashmir, in nineties, to muzzle the voice of the Kashmiri Pandit community so was to gag the articulation of Sarvanand Kaul Premi. He was kidnapped and assassinated. On 29th April 1990, after sunset, three armed men knocked at the door of his house and announced a decree to Premi ji to accompany him for questioning. His son Virendar perceiving danger accompanied his father with the abductors. After two days on 1st May 1990, bodies of father and son were found hanging with their limbs broken, hairs uprooted, and portions of their skin slit open and burnt.

Premi was born in the Kaul family of Soaf-Shali, a village near Kokernag resort in Kashmir's Anantnag district of Kashmir, parented by Gopinath Koul and Omravati Koul on 2nd November 1924. He was married to Oma from Hangulgund in the year 1948. They brought into existence 3 sons and 4 daughters. One son Virendar was brutalised and killed along with his father.

Acquiring his School education from Mission School of Anantnag, completing matriculation in 1939 from Punjab University, attained degrees of B.A., M.A.(Hindi) and B.Ed. from Punjab University, Lahore. He initially worked for Khadi Industries Board and Industries Department of Punjab.



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

He was appointed as teacher in Education Department of Jammu & Kashmir. He worked in the Department from 1954 to 1977.

He was a revolutionary and worked overground during the Quit India Movement from 1942 to 1946. He was arrested six times during the period. He was a social activist and believed in communal harmony. He would read both Gita and Koran with admiration.

His initial works were in Hindi and Urdu and later wrote in Kashmiri. He knew the languages of Hindi, Urdu, English, Kashmiri, Persian and Sanskrit. His embryonic works were about the sufferings of the people of Kashmir.

Amongst the contemporary writers, he was influenced by Master Zinda Koul, Ghulam Ahmed Mehjoor and Abdul Ahad Azad. Arjan Deo Majboor, the poet, is influenced by Premi ji's writings. The name of "Premi" was bestowed on him by the famous poet Mehjoor.

He wrote for Daily Khidmat, the official organ of the National Conference and Weekly Desh. He translated Bhagwad Gita and Gitanjali written by Rabinder Nath Tagore into Kashmiri language. His writings are referred to the composite culture of Kashmir. He has authored about 24 books, besides articles and poems. Amongst his published works are Kalami Premi, Payami Premi, Rood Jeri, Osh ta Vush, Gitanjanli, Russi Padshah Katha, Panctchadar (poetic collections), Bakhti Koosum, Akhri Mulaqat, Mathura Devi, Mirza Kak (life and works), Mirza Kak Ji Wakh, Kashmiri ki beeti, Bagwat Gita (Translation), Taj, Rupa Bhawani and Ramayana. Many of his works are not published. His sons Rajinder and Ravinder are in the course of action to publish them. His un-published works are

Kehn Dharmik Katha, Bhakti Qusa, Walkh hia premi, Pushkin Sanza nazma, Araadhana, Aalat, Laleshwari, Madhushala, Suruhas Kun, My Holy Father, Tears of Joy and Love, Spiritual Doses, Utterances of Premi, Hamara Majhoor and Parmarth Shatak,

A film titled Alakh Ishwari, on the life of Rupa Bhawani by Kanwal Peshin has used Premi's bhajan as a title song of the film.

In 1997, he was posthumously awarded a Gold Medal by the Government of Jammu and Kashmir for his contributions to the field of social, cultural and communal amity.

His martyrdom led to displacement of the families from the areas like Kokernag, Verinag and Chinigund of Anantnag district.

Premi ji loved Kashmir and in-particular his village. The beauty of the place is echoed in his poems. His description of the place doesn't only explain beauty of the place but it seems the place had mesmerised him and



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

the vibration was living in him. He was also influenced by Late Dina Nath Nadim, a revolutionary poet. When Kashmir was recovering from the onslaught of raiders, he had associated himself with the writers of liberal thoughts.

He liked and had the audience with Mahatma Gandhi, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Maulana Azad, Ali Mohammad Jinnah, Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah, Bakhshi Ghulam Mohammad, Indira Gandhi, Rajiv Gandhi, Rabinder Nath Tagore, Devinder Satyarthi, Harivansh Rai Bachan, Balraj Sahni and Ali Sardar Jaffri.

Great men come to lead us on the path but their martyrdom should make us brave to heal the suffering of millions. Pt. Sarvanand Kaul Premi became martyr for our sake to create more faith in him.

“It is not punishment but the cause that makes the martyr”

- Saint Augustin

References: Articles published in journals and news papers. Biographic account edited in Wikipedia and papers read by eminent writers on various occasions.





Remembering Sarwanand Koul Premi

The Poet Still Unsung

Dr. R.L.Bhat



Premi Kashmiri, as Master Sarwanand Koul of Souf

Shali, Anantnag used to style himself, belonged to that generation of men who got inspired by the challenges of the first half of the twentieth century. Born in 1924 he plunged into the freedom movement in 1938 at the age of



14. It must have been around that time that he started writing poetry, for it was the age when 'men' were substantive beings if they were anything. They would be socially conscious, reformist though devout religionists, men of letters who mingled research and creative writing, easily and harmoniously in their pursuits.

True to his age and as Mahjoor and Azad had done before him, Premi started writing in Urdu but shifted to Kashmir, again like these peers. When Premi met Mahjoor, he handed him a number of his poems in succession. At each presentation Mahjoor is said to have remarked, but that is what I have written myself. Then Premi showed him his poem Roouda-jarea and the great

poet reportedly cried out, but why did I not-write that!

As Premi himself says in his collection of verse Paan-tsaaddar, he is influenced by Mahjoor. Indeed, the Gazals in 'the 'collection not only' carry the unmistakable flavour of Mahjoorian poetry, but many actually appear to be continuations of some one or the other of the soulful lyrics of the great poet. Mahjoor went out of fashion with his death. May be that would' have been delayed had not the master craftsman Dinanath Nadim stepped into the arena. At one sitting Mahjoor is said to have pointed to Nadim as the one who was to bear the torch after him. But many feel that Nadim had not only appropriated the torch but had already begun



to throw new light upon the Kashmiri poetic vistas. The fifties saw Kashmir poetry taking new diction', new idiom, new concerns. Other monumental changes in ideation were taking place. Mahjoorian ways, how so delighting they may have been passed out rather too soon. So, did his ardent followers, find the times change quickly for what they had perfected.

Premi can be said to have mastered that style well. That is why his poems look so close that the master himself may well have claimed authorship of many of them. But there are other gems in there:

Lolus byol gali titi na sa bani zanh
Zoon payi chali-chali titina sa bani Zanh
Apuz kenh kaal yudway rathi khasi
Pazarus niyal gali titi na sa bani zanh
(Love'll will be uprooted good? no never
Moon' ll break into bits and fall? no never
Lie may live 'for a day, 'or so but
Truth won't lose its rind, no never.)
Gatse-hey bulbulan kayizi aeli naash.
Kuni kath yimen, yud kuner asihey'
Qadar zanahan chani sabaruk wupar
Yiman chon huiw yud jigar asihey
Nightingales wouldn't have lost their nest,
Had they been of but one voice .
Others would have known thy tolerance
If they had thy heart, thy for bearance

And of course, there is the rooda jaer, that Mahjoor himself envied Premi. But Premi was only in his twenties when Mahjoor died. He wrote the new verse, modern, verse. Indeed, second part of Paan Tsaadar is all nazams, in the right modern style. And quite in tune he livens up Taj Mahal in the progressivist, workers' idiom and idea, replete with the sweat of brow of the hard work. Paan Tsaadar, the title poem is in this part and quite a piece in itself. As per Premi's son Rajinder Premi certain quarters, the money wielding powers of cultural academy, tried to prevail on Premi to change the title of his collection, to call it Aabshar or something in that tone and tongue, to get the necessary funding from the academy, which he refused. He refused to change it to a suitably Urdu sounding title that is, for he got the academy aid and published the work with it. But refusal to compromise ultimately cost Premi his life

Just before his cruel death at the hands of the terrorists, who were then called Mujahid Saaeb-they still are called that but with much less



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

ardor!-Premi who was also a journalist and commentator, sent one of the valley papers a rebuttal of the communalist visions that the terrorists were propagating. They came calling soon after, in the night of 29th April 1990 and took him away for 'questioning'. His eldest son Verinder insisted on accompanying his father. Two days later the father and son were hanged, in which condition they were discovered several hours later. But before that, they had been severely tortured, their eyes had been gouged out, their bodies burnt with cigarette bits and a deep hole had been burnt into Premi's forehead where he used to wear his tilak ! What fulfillments the Mujahids got from thus violating a retired headmaster who may never have harmed a fly is not only for those marauders to answer. It is also for the torch bearers of their creed, the apologists of the 'movement to address. Many others had preceded Premi; many more followed him, though the callous killing of the father and son remained one of the most dastardly deaths the terrorists masterminded.

But then Premi was not only a versifier and rebutter of communalist tendencies. He had been an activists all his life, though none of it could be said to have rubbed any religion, any faith, any belief the wrong way. He used to keep a copy of Koran in his Puja room. He was hugely popular among all the people of his area irrespective of creed or calling. He was a Gandhian having started 'his life in the Gandhiashram. He was a freedom fighter and above all a humanist who Spanned the arenas of social activity as easily as the academic pursuits. Though Government servants in those days kept away from political activity his freedom struggle background, would not have allowed him to remain aloof from activism. It is remarkable that a category of political workers in the valley somehow just did not prosper or progress in politics inspite of their huge contributions. Kashap Bandhu was afrontrunner no doubt yet he sank into the sidelines. Rishi Deev another grassroots worker in the old National Conference mould faded out even though he was a whole-timer there. Premi had to be thankful for the teacher's job he had- Others who had the potential and could have been significant names had to be content with a mere occasional call from the powers. A few of them made it, but it was with entirely different means and for different reasons. Premi could well have been a leader of masses. His hold and influence cut across creeds, and extended much beyond the area where he lived. His literary work was extensive. Apart from Paan Tsaadar, they include Kalami Premi, Payami. Premi, Rooda Jeriosh to vush, bakhti kosum, etc. He was an editor, translator, compiler. They only published works of the adyatmik seer- poet, Mirza Kak are the two compilations by Premi. He published two books on Rupa Bawani. He translated Bhagawat Gita and Ramayana into



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Kashmiri. He also translated Tagore's Geetanjali. His published works number seventeen while another eighteen works are yet to be published. These three dozen books are written in Urdu, Hindi, English and Kashmiri languages. Indeed, his was a life much larger than one may imagine a forlorn villager to have live. This life has largely remained unacknowledged, unsung, even though notables from Jag Mohan to L.M. Sanghvi, including George Fernandes, Syed Sahabudin, Quareshi, Subramanyam Swami, and topped by Vice-President Bharon Singh Shekhawat himself, lamented his death and the Chief Minister of State had been a close associate and fellow traveler of Premi.

Thus as small a bequeath as naming a couple of institutions in his home district. Anantnag after him have remained proposals forgotten in the Government files. Nor have any other fitting tributes been paid to this great soul for his sacrifice, his social and political work and literary contributions. The bereaved family had to run after the administrators and ministers of this State to get the date of death of this martyr corrected in the records which somehow had come to be stated it as 5th of May 1990!





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

श्रद्धांजलि - बाल कृष्ण सन्यासी वैम्य न्युव थफ दिथ प्रेमी जी



प्रेमुक सागर प्रेमी जी
विद्या सागर प्रेमी जी
सर्व कदा ओस सर्वानंदस
सर्व शुहुल ओस प्रेमी जी
दोपुनम दूह अकि बेह थव कन बोझ
वन गछुनस छुनु माने कांह
बन त्योंगी बन सँन्यासो सन
निष्काम कर्मय चॉनी जी
मंथन कोर तँम्य पूरनु प्रकाशस
ललुनाविन व्यछुनाविन ग्रंथ
माने पदि कोड प्रेमी लालन
कुराने शँरीफस गीताजी

कथ कॅर तँम्य वहदतुल-वजूदच
पर्मु-आनंदुय द्युतुनस नाव
सरस्वती वुछ दूहदिश पूजान
शेरि सु वुछ तस लागान ही
स्वनु मीले मंजु कलुमाह बडुवानय
यछि पछि लेखान रामायन
वछि वॉलिंजि वुछ मुकट सजावान
माजि कॅशीरे प्रेमी जी
क्वलु रादन व्वलु व्वलु करुनावान
पोशे मर्ग असुनावान कुत्य
बोल अँनिन व्वलुसनसुय वुन्य वुन्य
शारु हलम ह्यथ प्रेमी जी
ज्ञॉनी ज्ञानुक परतव त्रावान
असवुनि म्वखु वुछ खसवुन तीज
वसवुनि वुडरे छुय वुनि पकनुय
थकनुय मा ओस प्रेमी जी
वतुनुय प्यठ तस लुख ऑस्य प्रारान
प्रावान तस निश शिक्षा कुत्य
वाय यि करतल वैम्य तुज तस प्यठ
वैम्य न्युव थफ दिथ प्रेमी जी

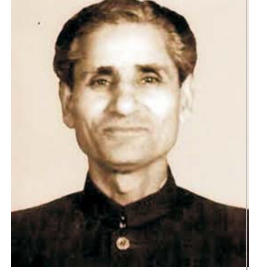




रूसी पादशाह कथु काँविन्य तु होस

सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी

देवनागरी-कश्मीरी रुफ : म.क.रैना



दपान अख काँविन्या आँस। तमि ओस अँकिस कुलिस प्यठ पनुन ओल बनोवमुत। अँती आँसिन दूल त्रॉव्यमुत्य तु तिमन फाह दिथ बचु कँड्यमुत्य। अकि दूह आव अपॉर्य अख होसाह। तँम्य कोश अमि कुलि किस गंडस सुत्य। कुलिस गँयि अलुराय तु ओल गव तबाह। कावु बचु आयि पथर लायिनु तु म्वयि। काँविनि प्यव स्यठाह गम तु वोदुन वारियाहस कालस।



वारियाह काल गँछिथ यूर अमि काँविनि अँथ्य कुलिस प्यठ ब्याख ओस, बेयि त्रॉविन दूल तु वँडिन पूत्य। दपान अपॉर्य आव बेयि यि होस तु कोशुन अथ कुलिस सुत्य। कुलिस गँयि अलुराय। ओल गव तबाह तु कावु पूत्य पेयि पथर तु आयि मथनु तु मूद्य।

काँविनि ह्योक नु दूख च्रॉलिथ तु बडि हटि वोनुन हँस्यतिस, 'चे कोरुथ मे आँल्य नाश तु गॉल्यथख म्यॉन्य पूत्य। अम्युक आंच होरय।'



हँस्य तुल पनुन कर थोद तु असुनाह वँरिथ वोनुनस, 'चु छख तीन्नाह ल्वकुट जि च्चे छुय नु कांह हक मे हिविस यीतिस बँडिस यिथु पॉठ्य वनुनुक। नेर पानस गछ। यि करुन छुयति कर।'

काँविन्य द्रायि
अँश्य टॉर्य
ह्यथ फुटिमति





दिल तु गँयि वुफ तुलिथ अँकिस पांच्रॉल्य कावस निश, युस स्यठाह चालाक ओस तु अँमिस ओस ज़ॉन्य कार, यि व्यचारान जि अँमिस कावस पृछु केंह मशवरु।

पांच्रॉल्य कावन वुछ यि ओश हारान कॉविन्य तु पृछुनस, ‘क्या बी देंलील छे ? च्रु क्याजि छख बाकु छटान।’ कॉविनि वोनुस फीरिथ, ‘हे, चालाख पांच्रॉल्य कावु ! मे कर अथु रोट। अख होसाह अख आव म्यॉनिस कुलिस निश तु कोरनम

ओल तबाह तु शुर्य मॉर्यनम। बु क्याह करु ? तँमिस किथु पॉठ्य वालु नखु तु कुस डंड दिमस।’ कावन वोनुस यि बूजिथ ‘पँज्य पॉठ्य छे हँस्य स्यठाह नाकारु हरकथ कँरमुच्र। तँमिस पजि डंड द्युन। व्वलु मे छुय अख दोस्ताह अख, तँमिस ह्यमव मशवरु।’



वोनुनख, ‘मे छवु अख ज़ॉन्यकारा अख। वँलिव अँस्य गछव तँमिसुय तु पृछोस मशवरु।’

अँमिस माछ तुलरि आँस अख नेनि मंडजाह अख ज़ॉन्य। तु च्वशवुयव कोर सोचा समजा तु फॉसलु कौरुख जि माछ तुलरु अनि वारियाहन पनुन्यन माछ तुलर्यन सौँबुरिथ तु गछन वुफ दिथ हँस्यतिस निश।

पांच्रॉल्य कावस खसु दोस माछ तुलरु आँस, स्व गँयि वुफ दिथ हँस्यतिस निश तु चायि अँमिस कनु ग्वगरस मंज तु हेचुनस दवपु दिनि। हँस्य हेच नु दवपन



हुंज दग चॉलिथ । सु प्यव पथर तु ह्योतुन पॅथरिस सुत्य कन रगडावुन । अँथ्य अंदर आयि बेयि माच तुलरि तु हेचख हँस्यतिस अछन अँद्य अँद्य नर्म तु नोजुक माज़स ट्वपु दिनि । हँस्तिस गँयि अँछ वर्म बँडिथ तु ह्योकुन नु व्वन्य कँह ति वुछिथ तु गव पॅथरिस प्यठ दराज़ । न स्वर तु न सिथ । खोतुस तफ तु ह्योतुनस त्रेश दोदसु लगुन ।

अमि पतु गँयि नेनि म्वंडुज तु तँम्यसंज़ व्यस अँकिस डाँज हुंदिस बँठिस कुन तु ह्योतुख शोर करुन । यि शोर बूज़िथ आव हँस्तिस सोच जि येतिनस यिमु नेनि म्वंडुजि छि, ततिनस आसि पोन्व ज़रूर । तु द्राव यी सोंचान सोंचान तूर्य कुन । तु युथुय डाँज हुंजि बेरि प्यठ वोत तु सेदिहे डाँज मंज़ जि पांचॉल्य काव आव वुफि तु लॉयिनस क्रख, ‘हो हँसत्या! अख ज़ु कदम नेर पथ, नतु गछख डाँज मंज़ । यि बूज़िथुय द्राव होस खूच्य खूच्य पथ



तु पतु ह्योत नेनि म्वंडुजव बेयि खोवर्य किन्व शोर तुलुन । हँस्य सूच बेयि जि अपॉर्य आसि पोन्व तु द्राव ऊर्य कुन । तु युथुय हँस्य हेचोव डाँज कुन पोद त्रावुन, जि पांचॉल्य कावन कोर बेयि टाव टाव । ‘हो हँसत्या! पोत फेर नतु स्यदख डाँज मंज़ ।’ होस फ्यूर पोत । तु यिथु पॉठ्य कोर यिमव नेनि म्वंडुजव यि होस वारियाहि लटि डाँज हुंदिस बँठिस वातुनॉविथ स्यठाह परेशान तु ऑसिस वथ रावरान । मगर प्रथ विज़ि ओसुस पांचॉल्य काव खतरु निशि आगाह करान ।

ऑखुरस प्यठ येलि हँस्यतिस अँछन हना वर्म वोथ तु आव डांजि हुंदिस बँठिस प्यठ



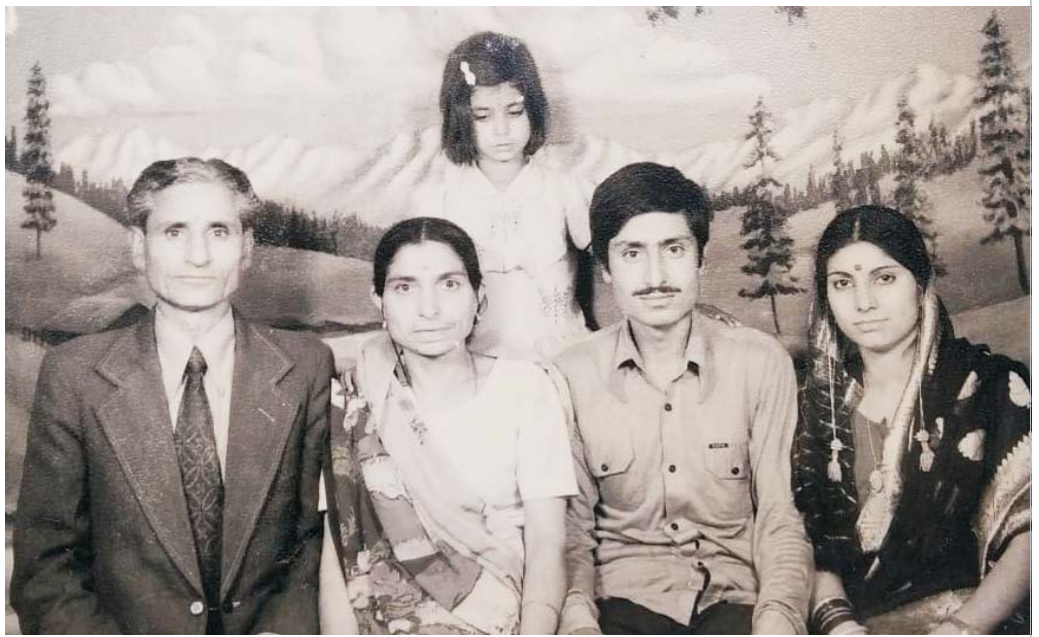
पँत्यमि लटि । अति येलि वुछुन ज सु ओस डाँज अंदर स्यदुनस तैयार, तु जुवु लर्ज़ु फ्यूर पोत । अमी विज़ि आयि कॉविन्व हँस्तिस निश वुफि तु लॉयिनस क्रख, ‘हतो गमंडी हँस्ति! च्ने कोरुथ मे ऑल्य नाश, म्यॉन्व पूत्य मॉरिथ । तु ज़ोनुथ जि

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



अख निच तु ल्वकुट
जुव ज़ाथ क्या हेकि
मे वॅरिथ। तु व्वन्य
वुछुथ पनुन्यव
अँछव ज़ि येलि
ल्वकचि जुव ज़ॉन्न
अथुवास करान छि
तु यिकुवटु समान
छि, तिम छि ह्यकान
त्रे हिव्यन बड्यन
तान्य पथर पॉविथ
तु असमान हॉविथ।

हँस्य मॉन्य आन यकदम तु वोनून, 'आ, पोज़ छु। तु बु छुसय व्वन्य त्रे वादु करान ज़ि
अँज्यकि ब्रॉह कुन वातुनावु नु बु काँसि ति ल्वकचि जुव ज़ॉन्न कांह ज़र्यर।'
तनु प्यठु बन्योव यि होस स्यठाह नेक।

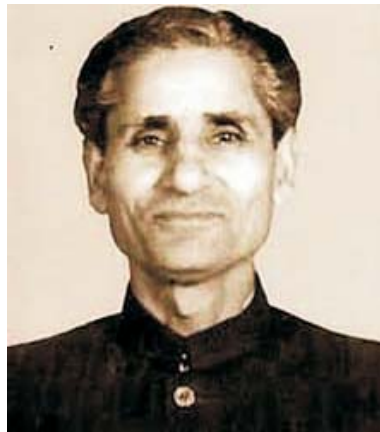




Away From Home, A Kashmiri Pandit Is Reviving His Language

Hanan Zaffar and Akhilesh Nagari reflect the work done by Rajinder Premi

[Reproduced from The Wire 14 May 2019]



Rajendra Koul Premi cups his cheeks as his gaze is fixed on an army of ants feeding on breadcrumbs near his feet. In his lap lie the hardcovers of several books translated into Kashmiri by his father, which he has recently published.

In seclusion, away from the hustle and bustle of city life, sitting on the stairs of the Swami Laxman Joo Ashram in Delhi, Premi reveals the motive behind publishing his father's work.

"Kashmiri Pandits are losing their identity. The Pandit youth don't know how to speak Kashmiri. Our generation was fortunate enough to be brought up in the Valley. But now, when I look at the next generation, which has not been brought up in Kashmir, I don't see a reflection of my identity. It scares me to death. Sometimes it scares me more than that dark night in 1990 when I had to leave my homeland."

On the night of May 5, 1990, Premi left Kashmir, barely a week after his father and brother were killed by 'unidentified' gunmen. They had been driven out of their home. Kashmir was tense and an overwhelming majority of the Pandit community had already left the Valley. Premi also decided to leave, but with the hope that he would return.

Premi's father Sarvanand Koul Premi was a famous poet and the headmaster of a local school. His reluctance to leave Kashmir cost him his life. "My father always believed there is nothing to fear. He would say, 'My students won't let anyone harm us.'," says Premi.

He says the people of his village – Soaf Shali in Anantanag district – called for a meeting and decided that the family of Sarvanand Koul Premi



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

will live there without any fear. “The whole village assured us that they would not let anyone touch us. So while other Pandit families were leaving Kashmir, we decided to stay. But ultimately, it proved to be that the situation was beyond their control.”

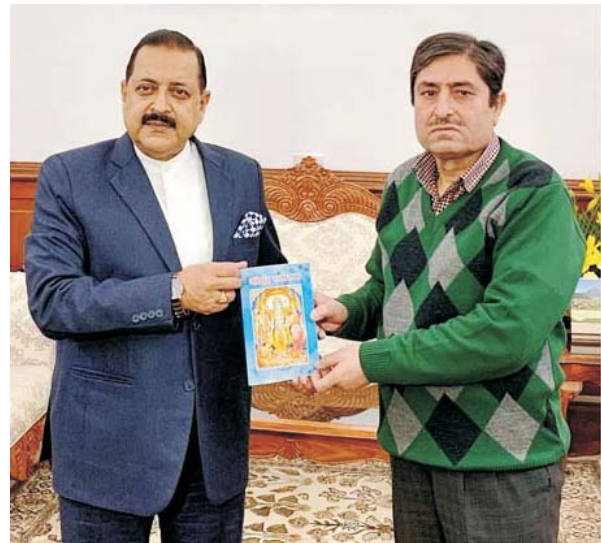
Premi channeled his pain into preserving the legacy of his father. Nearly 30 years after leaving Kashmir, he started republishing his father's work in Kashmiri. But when sales were abysmally low, he started distributing them free of cost. Soon, he realised that the books weren't being bought because the next generation of Kashmiri Pandits could not read the script.

“Keeping this in mind, I began recording my father's work on audio cassettes, which also I distributed for free. I just don't want the new generation which has been brought up outside Kashmir to forget their roots, culture, art and most importantly, their language. It is important for us as an older generation to nurture the next one so that they can also feel the pride of being a Kashmiri,” he says.

Premi feels that if Kashmiri Pandits don't want to lose their identity and sense of belonging to Kashmir, they need to preserve their language. “To preserve the language, I republished my father's old work. They include Kashmiri poetry and translation of Bhagwat Gita and Ramayan, both in Urdu as well as Kashmiri.”

“Language is the only medium through which one can connect with his/her roots while living in exile,” Premi says with discernible hope on his face.

Rajinder Premi
presenting Premi's
Kashmiri translation
of Ramayan to Dr.
Jitendra Singh,
Central Minister





Review - Dr. Chaman Lal Raina

Analysis on the Koshur Ramayana

KOSHUR RAMAYANA

Authored by

Pandit Sarvanand Kaul Premi



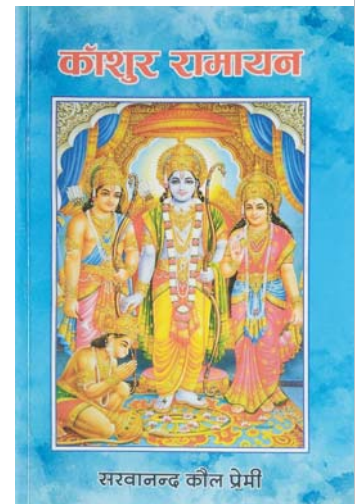
Published by Rajinder Pemi, Satita Vihar, New Delhi
Kashmiri in Devanagri rendering by M. K Raina
Price Rs 500/-
Number of Pages 175

Vyestar - Index

1. Balakand - Lvakachar of 9 sub titles
2. Ayodhya Kand - Ayodhyayi Manz of 9 sub titles
3. Aranya Kand - Vanavas of 5 sub titles
4. Kishkindha Kand - Kiishkandh Manz of 2 sub titles
5. Sundar Kand - Sundar Varta of 6 sub titles
6. Lanka Kand - Lanka Vyeze of 7 sub titles
7. Uttar Kand - Vanawas Patu Ayodhyayi Phirith Yiyun of 3 sub titles
8. Uttar Ramayan - Ram Kathayi Hunz Patim Han of 9 sub titles

Pandit Sarvanand Kaul Premi Ji has given the Kashmiri flavour to the chapters, as mentioned in the Vyestar, as is evident from the titles changing the Word Kanda in the Kashmiri context. This is poet's wonderful idea. This is the beauty of the chapters. In all there are 50 sub-titles. So the vastness of the Valmiki Ramayana and the Ramacharita Manasa of Tulsidas has been put within the quintessence of 50 subtitles.

This has put this Ramayana in the appreciating theme, of the Stotra literature. It is the Koshur Ramayana in the eulogy form, presenting the very breath of the Ramayana story, easily intelligible to the modern readers.





Of course, it is a Dharmik interpretation of the vastness of the Ramayana. It is spiritual in content, with the Meter applied in the Mantrik Bhajans.

This Koshur Ramayana, when viewed from the point of 'Sociology of Religion' concerns the dialectical relationship between the Sanatana Dharma and the society. The religious practices, with historical backgrounds, and theological developments, are seen in this grand poetic composition of fifty sub-titles. The universal theme of the Valmiki Ramayana has been maintained to give credence to Shri Rama, as the Mariyada Purushottama - the human being with the noblest virtues within the prescribed social norms of the then Bharata of the Treta Yuga. His role of Avatara Purusha in society, has been based on the Ramcharita Manasa of Tulsidas. The poet considers Shri Rama as the Dharma Purusha. This is the question of belief.

There seems a particular emphasis on the recurring role of Kshetriya Dharma, as is seen in the poetic narration of "Vishwamitras Sutyam Ram Tu Lakshman", to be translated as - Rama and Lakshmana with Vishwamitra. The important facets of recorded history about the Ramayana in the Sanskrit texts has been included in this Ramayana, to give credence to the social norms, but the theme is of the Ramacharita-Manasa.

Shri Rama is said to be the Saviour of Ahalya - the wife of the Rishi Gautama of the Post Vedic period. The poet writes:

Triyaa Tas (Gautamas) A'isa Bhaagivaanaa
SyeTha Svandat Tu Rupeetha Dhaarmavanaa
Muni Sund Roopph Indran Dormut Oas
Ahalyayi Bhaas Tamath Gautam Suind Goas

There is a twist seen in the character of Indra, who is a fallen personality with malign attributes with moral impurity, to chase the chaste woman like Ahalya, who is considered as the most devoted towards her husband. The irony of fate for her starts. (Even today Ahalya is revered one among the Pancha Kanyas)

Shri Rama is revered as the Adarsha Santana - an ideal son. The poet guides the modern youth to be the Adarsha Santan like Shri Rama, giving preference to the Word of father rather seeking his crown, as granted by Dashratha. He says:

Su Santana Bhagyavan Van Kuoot Aasi
Yamis Mata Pita Bhagawan Basi
– Dayas Pooza Pyeta Sunz Pooz Chhay Tas
Karaan Seewa Chhu M'aiolis Maaji Santan



The poet puts the son in great esteem, through these words. This is a definition of an ideal son, like Shri Rama.

Here starts the sociology of religion, which is distinguished from the philosophy of Dharma. It does not set out to assess the validity of religious beliefs, though the process of comparing multiple conflicting dogmas in the mind of Gautama. From stone to Divinity is the inner massage of the Ramayana, through the blessings of Shi Rama.

Sita Haran, as depicted by the poet 'Premi Ji' is the irony of fate after being taken away forcibly by the wicked Ravana. The poet is very sensitive about this forceful abduction of the Mother Sita. He says:

Acchav Sitayi Kotah Khoon Horuy

Karan A'is Ram Ram, Tami Paanm Moruy

Shri Rama and Sita suffered the biggest tragedy

Hanuman is being addressed as the Pavansuta - the son of the Wind Deity, or the Vayu Devata.

Hanuman Sita Samvad represents the applied Dharma of Hanuman

He says "O Mother!

BuChhus Shri Ram Sund Doot Savidan Roz

Bu Chhus Pay Kadni Aamut Yi Pazar Boz

Bu Soozus Ran Tsandran Toth Bhagwan

Ma Khots Mata Bu Chhus Santan Chonuy.

It is the perfect example of devotion and dedication.

After being Ravana killed by Shri Rama, the poet makes Mandodari say

- Yi Kith PaiThya Dayi Sunde Ath Muud Ravun

Hupaa'irya Kari Laaf Velap

Chhu Pazi PaiThya Ram

Shri Ram Panu Bhagwan

The Supernatural element is seen In the Agni Pariksha of Sita, theorists tend to acknowledge socio-cultural effects of the religious practice.

Sva Ai'sa Pazy Patha Neshpap jan Sita

Tithu Ada Naar Tsandanuk Zaalnu Aaw

Athi Andar Tsayi Sita Naar Nvon Draaw

Sva Sita Svarga Vastra wal;nu Aayi Kuutya

Sva DeeviNaar ManmzGulzar Sapdyos

The chastity of woman hood has been established within the sacred fire, which traces its source from the Vedic Agni Sukta.

A number of methodologies are used in Religious Studies. Methodologies are interpretive models, that provide a structure for the



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

analysis of the Bhartiya Darshana - spirituality in the philosophy of religion, as the basic source of religious studies in the Ramayana.

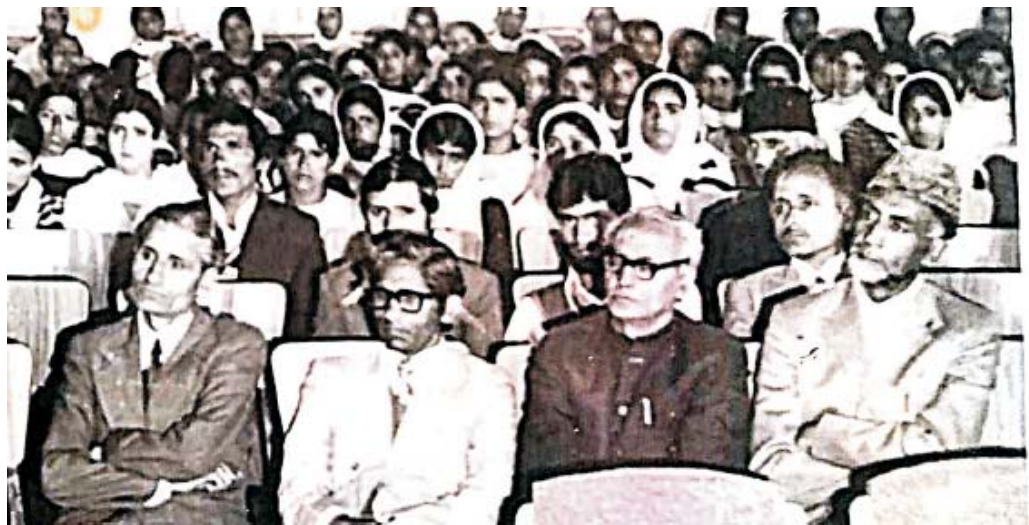
This is evident from the concluding poem, a samaapti.

Premi Ji documents the Tithi as Poh Gat Pachh Dvayi - Pausha Krishna Paksha Dvitiya of the Saptarshi Samvat as 5046,

Concludingly, Eastern philosophical traditions are generally spiritual in content, transcendental in nature and applied in the social behaviour generally being written by the scholars who are believers. This is established by this monumental poetic description of an epic Theology stands as a component to the philosophy of religion and religious studies in that,

The poet, here is first and foremost is a believer of the Sanatana Dharma, employing both logic *and* scripture as evidence. It happens to be a religious commitment to which he subscribes.

Lastly, I would like to add that the publisher gives an account that his father Pandit Sarvanand Premi finalized the proof of this Ramayana on January, 1942-43. He considers this an edition to the literary addition to Ramayana in Kashmiri language





Profile

Pt. Sarwanand Koul Premi

- Rocky Pandita



poet, who read the Koran and the Gita daily with equal reverence and translated the



SARWANAND KOUL PREMI

Bhagwad Gita and Tagore's Gitanjali into Kashmiri language. A social worker and a freedom fighter, who had participated in 'Quit India' movement. A familiar name in Kashmir, known for his sociability and helping the poor & needy. and a person with a smiling face, committed to his motherland Kashmir, and blunt in speaking the truth through his writings was none other than the great Sarwanand Kaul Premi.

Sarwanand Kaul 'Premi' was born on 2nd November 1924 in the village Soaf Shali of Anantnag district of Kashmir. He passed Matric from Punjab University in 1939 with Merit. He later obtained his Masters in Hindi with Honors. and started his professional career with the All India Spinners Association, a politico-commercial organization (Khaddi-Bhandar), set up by Mahatma Gandhi and worked there for 8 years. He was influenced by the Gandhian Philosophy of life and got involved in the freedom movement. As writing was inborn in him, he used to write for newspapers of that time. He contributed to DAILY KHIDMAT, the official organ of the National Conference, and WEEKLY DESH in Srinagar. He has authored 24 books, and has written many articles and poems.

After 1948 he left the valley and got employed in the industries dep't. Of Punjab Govt. later in the Central-Govt. in Delhi. He returned to the happy valley in 1954 and joined the Education Dep't. of the J&K state and served this Dep't for 23 long years. He was also an active social worker working tirelessly for both Hindu and Muslim communities in Kashmir. Through his writings, he advocated strongly the need of a secular character of Kashmir. He always used to highlight the causes of poor and



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

needy people in seminars and symposia on the state and national level. He was deeply religious but liberal.

He achieved fame and became a household name with his writings on the life stories of the saint-poetess Mata Roopa Bhawani, a short biography of saint-poet Swami Mirza-Kakji, and translating the Bagwat Geeta in Kashmiri. His other works include Kalami-Premi, Paymai-Premi, Rooda-jery, Oosh-ta-vosh, Mahjoor-t-Kashir, Russi Padshah Katha, Hamara Mahjoor, Kashmir ki Bettie, He is pioneer in the translation of "Shrimad Bagwat Gita", in 3 languages, Urdu, Hindi and Kashmiri. Urdu and Kashmiri versions have been published.

Sarwanand Kaul Premi was the person who always believed in secularism as a way of life in Kashmir. He loved his village, the people around; and was always eager to help his people. He used to teach the poor Muslim boys and girls free of cost. Majority of educated persons today from that area are the students of Premi sahib. His family was the lone Hindu family in his village and he was loved and respected by all. His basic belief was that there was no difference between the Muslims and Hindus.

He was fearless in speaking out publicly as well through local newspapers. Whenever the situation demanded, he used his pen, to speak the truth. His love for communal harmony, amity and brotherhood made him popular as well as widely respected in the area. Unfortunately, he was unaware of the spread of the militancy that had started in Kashmir and became a victim.

On April 29, 1990, it was around 9 pm when the three armed men, forced their entry into the house at Soaf Shali and ransacked the entire house and looted all the valuables at gun point” says Rajinder Kaul the son of late Premi sahib. The muslim terrorists also took away cash, jewelery and other valuables from the house.

The youngest daughter Jyoti could not understand what was happening and why the gunmen were looting their valuables. She never expected that her loving father who was respected and loved by the Muslims will be taken away by the terrorists and then killed alongwith her elder 27 year old brother in a brutal manner.

On the pretext of asking him some questions, Sarwanand Kaul Premi who was 64, was kidnapped by the terrorists from his house. His 27 year old son, Varinder Kaul insisted on accompanying his father.

When the news of the assassination came on the radio, it appeared that the valley had lost one of the most popular personalities and secularism was dead in the state. The death of Sarwanand Koul Premi

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

shocked the whole area of Anantnag distt. and the Kashmiri Hindus/Pandits from the surroundings areas like Kokernag, Verinag, Chinigund, started to leave the Kashmir valley.

Some of the friends and associates had requested Sarvanand Premi to leave the village when the selective killings of Kashmiri Hindus had started in the valley in 1990. But it was his firm belief that because he has always loved his village and his Muslim neighbor, these people would take care of him. He could never imagine that the Islamic terrorists would kill him and not even spare his 27 yrs old young son.

This happened to a man who was the freedom fighter, a humanist, a social worker, a journalist and a well-known Kashmiri poet and the person who was loved most by his Muslim neighbors.

Because of this shock, the remaining members of the family had to migrate and take refuge elsewhere abandoning their home and belongings.

Late Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi was awarded posthumously a gold medal and Rs 1.0 lac in the field of literature on the Independence Day, in 1997 by J & K government. He is also conferred with Shree Bhat Puraskar - 2000 by Kashmiri Hindu community.

Who will answer the questions of his wife, his daughters, his son and other family members?

Why my husband and our father was killed?

Who will give back our home in Kashmir?

Will the loss be ever compensated ?





Shraddhanjali

Revered Premi Ji

- T.N.Dhar ‘Kundan’

May 1st of the year 1990 was a gloomy dark day when one of the shining stars of the community was brutally killed. He was none other than late lamented Pt. Sarwanand Koul Premi. Many other prominent and lesser known pandits too were killed and indescribable brutality of sorts was unleashed on them. Shri Premi's killing has been a surprise even to this day for he was perhaps more popular among Muslim community than among Hindus. He was equally and fondly loved by Muslim residents of the area and the Hindus, who were even otherwise miniscule in number. It was perhaps the religious frenzy that could not see the messiah in him who was a saviour, a helper, a guide and a well wisher for all irrespective of their faith or status.

His name was '*Sarwanand*' which means pleasure for all or an embodiment of complete bliss. He, during his lifetime justified his name. He was a source of pleasure for all. He gave happiness to everyone with his helpful nature and friendly behaviour. He wrote under the pen name of Premi, which means a person who is full of love for all. There cannot be a better description of this noble person who was indeed love personified. He was a social worker who was always there to serve the needy, the one in difficulty and the downtrodden. He must have helped countless people physically, by guidance and advice as also financially as much as possible. Because of the loss of his mother in early age he had to face a lot of hardship, but his aunt brought him up and supported his education. Eventually he worked in Khadi Bandar and also took private tuition for the children of the neighbourhood. His father was a pious man and he inherited from him an acute interest in religion and religious scriptures. This was further augmented by his service in Khadi Bandar. This service induced him to learn Hindi in addition to English and Urdu that he had already





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

studied in his school. Apart from Prabhakar, he obtained a master's degree in Hindi.

Eventually he became a Gandhian in every respect. He respected people of all faiths so much so that he kept a copy of holy Quran with him and not only Shri Ramayana and Shri Gita. He worked ceaselessly for national integration. His secular credentials endeared him to one and all, particularly the majority community of Kashmir. He became an ardent *Desh-bhakta*. He loved his countrymen of all religions and ideologies. As a teacher, he was very popular with his students. He was deeply spiritual who believed in the service of humanity as an act of devotion. No wonder he had named his house, '*Prem Ashram*' meaning a retreat of love. He must have lived all his life like an ascetic with this bent of mind.

He was a voracious reader. He studied not only fiction and literary works of great authors but also spiritual and religious books. One of his passions was Ramayana written by Goswami Tulsidas. Among the well-known writers of other languages Rabindra Nath Tagore was his favourite. This love for reading eventually awakened the writer in him. He wrote both in prose and poetry. In Kashmir, for decades he was recognised as a poet, as a writer and a journalist. He wrote for Daily Martand and other publications. His articles were based on thorough research and deep understanding. His article on Shiryia Bhatt, published in eighty's was very well received. He has translated many books but his translation of Tagore's Geetanjali was recognised as a great literary work. In fact, the translation of famous works from one language to another is a great service to the literature of both the languages. It helps readers to know the qualities of the geniuses produced in other languages and the nuances and peculiarities of the literature available in different languages.

Premi ji was a multi-faceted person. Although professionally he worked in Khadi Bandar, he was a teacher in his own right. Those whom he taught would always sing in his praise as they felt grateful to him for having given them a sound knowledge. He had a good knowledge of English, Hindi and Urdu languages besides his mother tongue Kashmiri. He proved to be a journalist of repute when his articles appeared in various publications including Martand, a reputed daily paper published from Sheetal Nath Srinagar. As already stated, he was a prolific writer, who was respected during his lifetime itself both for his prose as also poetic compositions. It is stated that two dozen of his books were published while he was alive and there are many more with his sons; we hope that those books also will see the light of day with their effort to that end. Since he had



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

a good command on various languages, he proved to be an accurate translator. His translation of 'Geetanjali' of Gurudev Rabindranath Tagore is an ample proof for the same. Among his original writings is Ramayana written in Kashmiri, which is a monumental epic. Although it is broadly based on Ramcharit-maanasa of Shri Tulsidas, yet it is original in its presentation, locale and the treatment, which has a Kashmiri flavour. It has been published in both the scripts, Devnagari and Nastaleekh for the benefit of all types of readers. His Russian folk tales is yet another marvel of writing conceived intelligently and written aptly by this genius of a man.

In addition to all these talents and qualities that he possessed he was a social worker too. He had a broad vision, a very gentle disposition and a humane approach. These qualities endeared him to one and all. He loved his homeland Kashmir and its inhabitants Kashmiris of all hues. He was proud of our heritage. He had studied all time greats of Kashmir, Kalhana, Jonaraja, Khemendra, Srivara, Mamata and others. He would refer to their contribution in his writings. He was very impressed by Shirya Bhatt, the Ayurvedic Vaidya, who cured Badshah and in return asked for nothing for his own self. Instead, he asked for safety, honour and dignity for the community, who were ill-treated by his father Sikander and his elder brother, during their reign. His magnanimity and selfless attitude was an inspiration for all.

In the end I would again emphasise that a person of Shri Premi's qualities, behaviour, thinking and noble deeds is always an '*Ajata-shatru*' – a person without enemies. But we know noble persons '*Devatas*' have enemies in the form of '*Rakshasa*'. We have to console ourselves that this beloved noble person was removed from among us by a *Rakshas* only. May his soul rest in peace. Our homage to his fond memory.





A Remembrance - Shyam Kaul

Sarwanand Koul Premi

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him that nature might stand up, And say to all the world 'This was a man'.

- Shakespeare

SARWANAND Koul Premi was a noble human being, a learned teacher, a gifted poet and a political activist in the Gandhian tradition. All his life he sowed goodness in the minds and hearts of thousands of people, whom he taught, whom he came in contact with and whom he wrote for. And when it should have been harvest time for his noble deeds, he reaped a gruesome death. He met his death at the hands of his assassins who had been brainwashed and trained to hate, kill and destroy all the symbolized noble human values, like non-violence, peace and brotherhood of man. Of the selective killings that Kashmir witnessed with the onslaught of terrorism, Sarwanand Koul's was the most tragic.



It was a cursed night of April 29, 1990, that Premi and his young son, Virender were herded out of their home at Soaf Shali in Anantnag district, by three heavily-armed terrorists, on false pretense of "making some enquiries" from Pandit Premi. His 27 year old son pleaded with the intruders to make the "enquiry" inside a separate room in the house, but the bloodthirsty trio would not listen, swearing that no harm would come to the old poet. But when Virender insisted on accompanying his father, he was taken along too. Three days later the bodies of Premi and Virender were found hanging from a tree in the village. They had been tortured, their limbs had been brutally broken, their hair pulled out and some parts of their skin cut open and subjected to burns.

Like many youths of his generation, Premi in younger days was highly inspired by Gandhian ideals and became active in freedom movement when still not out of his teens. He worked underground during Quit Kashmir movement, led by Sheikh Abdulla, during 1946. After independence by which time he had obtained his M.A degree in Hindi (with honours), Premi worked in Punjab and later in Delhi before returning to Kashmir in 1955. He spent rest of his professional career working with the Education department of Jammu & Kashmir government. It was during those years that his talent flowered as an excellent teacher and a dedicated social worker, a noted columnist, and a talented writer and poet.



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

He authored twenty-five books on prose and poetry.

It was not Sarvanand Kaul alone who was hanged in a small village of Kashmir on a horrid night of mid-1990. Much more was being hanged during those dreadful days, in a bid to destroy Kashmir's secular identity, its civilizational past and its legacy of peace, non-violence and amity. Those were the heady days of terror, torture and murder when rationality and sanity had gone stark-blind in the 'valley of Rishis'. But even in that ambience of doomfulness, Premi had held on to his convictions and beliefs and had continued to advocate the cause of reason and rationality, through his writings. He was, no doubt, made to pay with his life for doing so. But the light of saneness, which he and some others like him held aloft when Kashmir was racked by terrorist violence, could never be extinguished by the evil winds.

The hanging of Virender was not merely the death of a son of Premi, who had tried to protect his father. It was the assault of fundamentalist forces on the future of a peace-loving people. Virender died but the brutal killings of young men like him generated a new awakening and determination to fight, defeat and destroy the scourge that had hit Kashmir in early 1990s.

When Virender was killed, his little daughter, Promilla, was eight months old. Today she is grown up women, living with her displaced family like other Pandit children, with great dreams in their eyes to build their own future and that of their homeless community. This by itself is a resounding counterblast to all those who had set out to destroy the past, present and future of a people who take pride in calling themselves the inheritors of Kashmir.

I had met Sarvanand Kaul Premi late in his life when he had already retired from government service. I met him in the office of late Pandit Nandlal Wattal, editor of daily *Khidmat*, Srinagar. I would often call on Pandit Wattal in the evenings to sit in his enlightening company and listen to him talking about his experiences as journalist and witness to an epoch-making era in Kashmir history. Yet another noted journalist, R.K.Kak would be there too often, so also Premiji. Makhan Lal Mahav, a well-known Kashmiri poet, who worked with *Khidmat*, would also join in sometimes.

Premi was a man of pastoral simplicity, with a heart that bore malice for none. Even during the frightful days of late 1989 and early 1990, when the minority Pandit Community lived on its nerves, one never heard Premi speaking languages of anger and acrimony. Instead he would shed silent tears, with a poet's sensitivity, over the calamity of terror and fanaticism that had struck the valley, all so abruptly, tearing apart its age old tradition of peaceful co-existence. He, however had unwavering faith in the



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

goodness and vitality of Kashmiri ethos and reacted angrily if anyone suggested to him that he should leave Kashmir, as most other Pandits were doing then. Unfortunately, and ultimately, his faith was belied.

Premi had deep study of Hindu scriptures and philosophy, especially the Upanishads and Bhagwat Gita. He had translated Gita into Kashmiri and Urdu which got published posthumously. It was a treat to listen to him when he opened up on those subjects. He had extensively studied the life teachings of Ramakrishna Paramhansa and Swami Vivekananda and had been profoundly influenced by them. He was a firm believer in Upanishadic precept that God is one, but there are different paths to reach him. He would often repeat the Swami's words that each faith should be “accepted” on the basis of equality and not mere “tolerance”. A fellow journalist, M.Yusuf Qadiri, who was a man of friendly and congenial disposition, would often talk and listen to Premi. He was so impressed by Premi's large heartedness that he sometimes referred to him as “Sufi Premi”.

In his writings on politics and current affairs, appearing in newspapers and journals, Premi never compromised his views regarding the need to preserve, promote and strengthen communal peace and amity. He was so unforgiving to the elements within the valley, who he believed, were fanning extremist and fanatical trends in state politics and day to day life of people. Perhaps it was due to his strong views that his name got on the hit list of terrorist groups.

I once asked Premi whether his writings, with peace and amity as the constant refrain created any impact? He replied that even if his words could influence the views of only five persons, he would consider himself amply rewarded. Poets and writers of Kashmir, he said, had made far greater contribution than politicians and others in the enhancement of higher values of life, such as the brotherhood of man. In fact the poetic legacy of Kashmir, beginning with Lal Ded and Nund Rishi, had its roots in these very values, Premi said.

One thing that stood out in Sarvanand Kaul Premi's multi-faceted personality was his strict adherence to high principles through thick and thin of life. He lived and died for his convictions. In the literary domain of Kashmir, Premi created his own niche in the temple of fame for which posterity will remember him. But whenever his name will come up in people's mind, there will always be a painful touch of pathos in the remembrance.

(Shyam Kaul was a veteran Journalist of Jammu and Kashmir. This write-up of his on Premi has been reproduced from an old issue of Koshur Samachar)

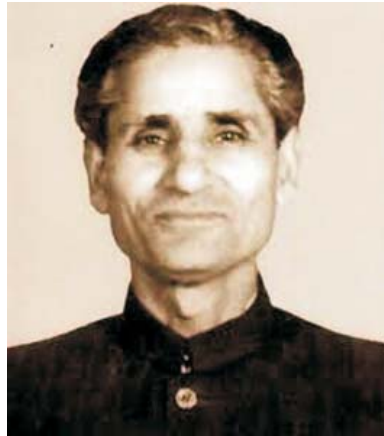


Remembering Sarwanand Koul 'Premi'

The Saint Poet - Pt. Sarwanand Koul Premi

- M.L.Bhan

Sarwanand Koul Premi, a teacher par excellence, a powerful poet, mystic author, a social activist without any prejudices and a freedom fighter was assassinated along with his son by Pak-sponsored terrorists on May 1, 1990, in Southern Anantnag, Kashmir.



Busy at my office table, looking into some official papers and augmenting the sub-conscious store of my mind occurred to very faintly register a simultaneous dialogue going on between some unknown visitor wanting to see me and my peon, this time very unlike himself (rude and always disallowing) almost inviting the visitor to enter. The dialogue, faintly recorded by my sub-conscious mind went thus:

"Oh! Sir, you need not wait. He is alone. you get in, sir."

"No, you carry my slip in".

"No need sir".

"No, my dear etiquette is etiquette". My sub-conscious mind registered a picture of nobleness obviously.

Avon came in the peon carrying the slip, reading: "With best regards, Yours Sarwanand Premi". The peon placing the slip on the table said, as if to himself, "Aukhrut Manush" (a noble soul). Getting my consent, he escorted the visitor in.

In came a thin, slim, medium-sized man, clean-shaved, hair parted well in between, having spent his meaningful time on the well-pressed dress and cute to the minor detail, the shoes retaining the shine having perhaps consciously avoided every dusty step. His achkan depicting a leader in him and his lost moods speaking of a poet in him.

This all caught my attention and I forgot to offer him a seat. But then the man would not occupy a chair of his own until, I offered one. Occupying it with thanks. I got interested in the man and somewhat humbly asked him how I could serve him.

"Oh!! first thing first, I must introduce myself", "I am Sarwanand Koul Premi, long associated with education, it is this instinct that I chose to



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

share my views with you here. Hope to be excused for the interference, Sir”.

I got out of a sort of reverie as I had gone too deep into personality of the man before my trying to read something meaningful in it. I said, "Oh Sir, there is nothing to be excused about. Seems you are a poet too". "Yes, I do write some lines if you call that poetry....."

"No, I never had a good fortune of seeing your lines but your personality offers volumes to read". The man bowed his head in humility. To my further query whether he had written any book he said "quite a few" and it was the "Kashmiri translation of Shrimad Bhagwat Gita" which he had in hand at that time. By someone strange whim, I called in the peon and asked him not to allow any one in and also for a cup of tea for the poet-cum-educationist.

The "Gita", I asked with excitement and "what aspect of this song Celestial did attract you most".

"Yoga, you mean", I asked.

"Yes" and with a Pause.

"It is merger all the way, merger grows out of ultimate surrender and this in turn is born out of nishkam Karma. This nishkam Karma has attracted me the most". He read out a couplet composed by him for the book. "It is this that drew me nearer and nearer to Gandhi Ji . It was the Bhagwat Geeta in one hand and the staff of karma in the other, Gandhi ji won freedom for the crores of his countryman". He said he had been in the National conference fighting for the rights of the people. He called this freedom "Naya Kashmir". He was reminded of his long association with renowned Kashmiri poet. Mehjoor, who he said , had impressed him deeply. Then he talked about Gurudev Tagore's 'Gitanjali'. During all the discourse I could clearly feel that there was no superficiality in what he was saying and that it showed his real involvement with all that he said.

He had opposed some political moves of Sheikh Mohammed Abdullah in 1953 which according to him would land Kashmirs in trouble. He also alluded to the pain that the Vietnam War had caused him. Premi stands vindicated today by what has happened in Kashmir to Kashmiris.

He also said that even mehjoor the poet-laurette whose writings had enthused every freedom-fighter in Kashmir, like himself, got disgusted at the end. In his later years Mejhooor wrote poems like "noon teel rai rai baugran", " kuni aalam, kuni adam", "chae loughouth beyaar..." etc. This time he got deeper into his thoughts and spoke of how he had fought hand-in-hand and shoulder-to-shoulder with other freedom-fighters under the able guidance of their leaders, and how the same leadership lost gear later.

I posed a question to get the educationist out of him. "Well, Premi



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

sahib, what do you think of a remark made by so and so (name avoided for the purpose of this profile) , who takes pride as an educationist and says that 'Education is just a mirror to reflect you as you are'. No, No , education has much else to do. " It reforms society. This is its bounden duty".

“We educated people to become civil and cultured. No education is complete unless it takes this aspect of life into account". He talked about almost all educational method and about the Montessori method at length. He gave the impression of being an authority on education. With a remorseful sigh he added that even with all this education our society seems to be adrift, getting astray but gathering himself, he announced; "I have complete faith in humanity. Lets us all be sincere to our jobs. That is crux of it all".

He vowed by Hindu-Muslim unity. A staunch secularist in him spoke all the time.

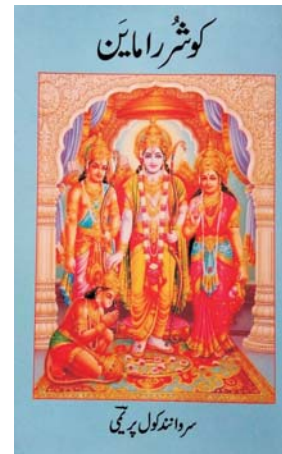
It was an astounding shock to learn about his tragic end, the very anti-climax of life-ideal , the brutal assassination of a noble soul, with a sense of mission by those whom he wanted to make "Civil and Cultured".

In my humble view if the Late Janaki Nath Dassi could be called Ramakrishna Paramhansa of Anantnag district, Sarwanand Koul Premi could be compared favorably with the philanthropist, Ishwar Chandra Vidyasagar.

[The author was himself an educationist of repute and student of spiritual literature. This write up of his on Premi has been reproduced from an old issue of Koshur Samachar.]

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Remembering Sarwanand Koul 'Premi' in Covid-19 times : A societal perspective on identity of KPs

- Avtar Nehru

Even if Covid-19 pandemic is tamed without any further significant toll on humanity and economy, it will still have a lasting impact on our societal systems, trade and individual thinking. Globalization as a eulogized order of past a few decades is coming apart and many would believe, it has been, in fact, the cause of pandemics, not just the current one, but several of the past as well.



SARWANAND KOUL PREMI



However, every order - social, religious or economic, does serve big purposes of evolution. Most of the times, change and transformation is inevitable and dynamic; so can't be analyzed beforehand for potential good or bad. Only thing how much is the role of adaptability and its influence on individual and

society is measured by its acceptability by the larger society.

The day Pandit Sarwanand Kaul Premi was murdered 30 years ago, most would argue the much nurtured and showcased 'Kashmiriyat' was also murdered the same day. Premi symbolically represented this concept and in fact lived his whole life around it. He may have been murdered for his name and faith he professed, but it was in reality a social order that was being decimated in the name of so-called freedom.

Premi was living a dream life that every youth of independence dreamt of. Nation building was above individual comfort, preferences and recognition. A new social order of universal franchise, equality, empowerment and liberalism, was ideal of every well meaning person in that awakening and mission. It was a power magnet and attracted thousands of talent people like Premi to actualize it. He in fact, spent whole life for these ideals.

It may sound ironic in today's age of staged award ceremonies, the poet and peacenik of Premi's stature hasn't received a big national award to his name. He never chased it because it meant nothing to his mission and inherent faith of spreading compassion and oneness. Ever since,



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Premi as a young boy was enrolled in Mission School, Anantnag to his headmaster days, the idealism of nation building remained on top of his mind. At the same time, very few people would realize that Sarvanand Premi as a rustic practicing farmer was equally attached to his land, people and cattle.

That Premi was an accomplished poet, an educationist, a literati and socialite is well known but what people miss is that he was a typical village Bhatta (Pandit) and in a way represented the prevalent thought process among this population all over Kashmir. His empathy and brotherhood towards fellow villagers was an order that was being carefully nourished in naya Kashmir of post-1947. It was not cosmetic at least from the point of view of people of likes of Premi. He religiously practiced it on ground. In fact, as a disciplined yogi, after waking up at dawn and going to 'Batta Lam'—the rivulet, where he would do the regular bath as prescribed by the scriptures and then to offer prayers to Lord Shiva at the ancestral historic temple, Premi would regularly purchase plentiful of bread (lavasa) from the Muslim bakery shop and offer it to nimazis coming out of mosque. He would always be in the forefront of any donation for a human cause not only in his own village of Soaf Shalli but in entire Kokernag region. He stood shoulder to shoulder with his village fellows on all occasions of happiness as well as grief. His own faith in the shrine of Baba Nassiruddin Ghazi, located in his village was rock solid.

Talking about the order that Premi sought to live and encourage was living it and setting example. He always put a vermilion on his forehead, dressed modestly but fashionably and always cared about his hairstyle. In fact, it is said that before he accompanied the terrorist mercenaries on the night of his murder, he first combed his hair. As an ascetic he adhered to his adaptation of Gandhian way of life, as a proud custodian of a library having a collection of thousands of books in his mansion, he always engrossed into works of great writers be it Wordsworth or Allama Iqbal.

Premi lived a multidisciplinary life. If he was a teacher by profession, he was a farmer by birth. If he was a poet of Kashmiri language, he was equally at ease with most languages' in vogue—Urdu, English, Persian, Hindi and even Arabic. If he could pen 'Roud Jerr' (downpour) and now in folklore 'Novv Bahar aav watani kay yaar lolo...'”, he would be credited with giving the erstwhile Jammu & Kashmir state of its state song 'Hal walay jhanday ko salam...'” Again, if he would be talked of as a loyal Congressman and author of Kashmir ke Beti—Indira Gandhi, he was also the one who had portrait of Sheikh Mohd Abdullah in his prayer room. If he was a regular at attending literature events and had comradeship with who's who of his contemporary times, his place had a beeline of visitors from state to national level.



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

This spiritual self that he crafted through his being a nature lover to a poet of masses and a soldier in nation building process, easily made him, a community well wisher as well as a role model. And when opportunity came, he rose to the occasion and in 1986 riots that shook foundations of KP community in Anantnag, he played a major role in rebuilding confidence and provided the much needed leadership and comfort.

So, since he came to senses and till his brutal death in 1990, Sarvanand Premi, was weaving a dream social order and for close to 60 years from 1930s, a whole generation from both Kashmiri Pandits as well as Muslims, was seeking to create a social order that would be unique to Kashmir and would be based on mutual respect, harmony and social enterprise. It definitely proved a tall order as the turmoil of 1990s downturned it and washed away one its fiercest and successful champions.

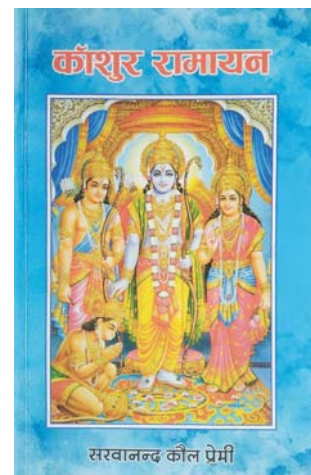
Premi's life is a case study for all those who want to understand minority ethnic identity issue more so in Islamic ruled societies. For younger generation of KPs, his life must be studied to know how much contribution has been made by our older generation in creating a just and inclusive society in Kashmir and also, what are dangers of idealism.

The 'After Day' of Coronavirus pandemic, will come with a revival and choices. And certainly a transformed order as well. We would need many Premis to reweave our lives and society to lessen its impact and keep humanity going.



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Shraddhanjali

Remembering Sarwanand Koul ‘Premi’

- Adarsh Ajit

‘The tyrant dies and his rule is over; the martyr dies and his rule begins.’
 - Soren Kierkegaard

Sarwanand Koul Premi is born in Soaf Shali, a village in Anantnag district, in November of 1924. He passes the Master's degree in Hindi. He starts his career with All-India Spinners Association (Khadi Bhandar). He is influenced by the Gandhian philosophy and involves himself in the freedom movement. At the age of 17, he goes underground during the Quit India movement. Later he takes active part in the Quit Kashmir movement during 1946-47. He works for the Cultural Front, a counter propaganda agency, to repulse the Kabaili raid on Kashmir. He contributes to Daily Khidmat, the official organ of the National Conference, and Weekly Dosh, in Srinagar. Many of his writings are censored during that period. He leaves valley under very unpleasant circumstances after 1948. He is employed in the Industries Department of the Punjab Government and then in the Central Government at Delhi.

In 1954, he returns to the Valley. He joins the Education Department of the State. He serves for twenty-three years. He develops keen interest in social work. He is a writer also. He writes the life stories of saint-poetess Roopa Bhavani and a biography of saint-poet Mirza Kak. He translates the Bhagwad Gita into Kashmiri verse. His other remarkable literary works include 'Kalaam-e-Premi', 'Pyaam-e-Premi', 'Rooda Jaer', 'Osh Ta Vosh', 'Paan-tchaadar', 'Mahjoor ta Kasheer', 'Kashmir ki Beti', 'Ruusi Padsha Katha, etc. He also translates Tagore's famous Gitanjali into Kashmiri. He writes a number of papers and reads them out in seminars and symposia. He is a famous literary person besides being a social worker.

Premi loves his community. But he strongly advocates secularism and the State's accession to India. He writes about the arrest of Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah in 1953, missing of the holy relic in 1964, Pakistan's aggression in 1965 and 1971, Kashmiri Pandit agitation in 1967, etc.

He is deeply religious as well as liberal. He is highly respected. Being a teacher he illumines many minds. However, the world of his poetic beliefs and sensibilities ceases to exist. Old loyalties and friendships



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

become powerless in the face of fierce assaults mounted by the forces of fundamentalism and fanaticism.

It is May Day today. Three decades have elapsed since black thunder burst on the community. Some have made houses but homes elude them. Kashmiri Pandits are still in exile. Observing the martyrdom days doesn't yield results. The governing bodies are emotionless. They have drawn black curtains on their eyes. Yes, life moves on under all circumstances. But one who erases the martyrs from his memory is as good as dead.

It is 1990. Once, Kashmir was called 'paradise on earth'. It divulged aroma of faith and love. Now the air is polluted with frenzied ideology. The air of co-existence has taken the shape of the typhoon of communalism. Knowing that the Valley is gradually getting into the clutches of fundamentalist elements, Sarwanand Koul Premi writes and speaks fearlessly. He does not shy away from unfolding his ideas publicly and through local newspapers even in the times of the sudden eruption of terrorism in Kashmir. He openly condemns terrorism and fundamentalism. The valley is full of turbulence. Selective killings have already terrorized every moat of the paradise on earth. The change is so frightening that the well-wishers request Premi Ji to leave the village. The village has only one Pandit family. He rejects this idea out rightly. He believes that most of his students and friends are there to take care of him and his family. Muslim neighbours give him full assurance of their help for protection.

And then comes the fateful day of April 29, 1990. It is late evening. The long shadows with carnivorous jaws are furthering their tentacles. The black dot in the world history is already recorded with the exodus of Kashmiri Pandits. The largest democracy in the world fails them. The left out Pandits are terribly frightened. India, their beloved country, cuts sorry figure in retaining them in the lap of the beautiful valley where Mahatma Gandhi, the father of the nation, sees a ray of hope. Kashmiri Pandits represent Indian-ism and secularism. However, their belief is traumatized. They are gunned down for being patriots. Sarwanand Koul Premi keeps the holy Quran honorably in his library. He is unmoved. Perhaps waiting for a miracle to happen. Or love for his Kashmir-ethos does not allow him to depart from the land of birth. He has had his dinner. He is in traditional Pandit attire. He is reading the famous book Serpent Power. He is unaware that serpents have already reached near his home. The religious lunatics in masks force their entry. They let loose the reign of terror asking the family to be in a queue in one room on the gunpoint. Other wolves loot valuables. They ransack the library and destroy rare manuscripts. The other terrorists ransack the entire house and stretch their ugly hands to loot. They force the



ladies to hand over their ornaments. Suddenly, one terrorist divulges his surprise:

“Masha Allah, yeh to Qurani Sharif hay.”

Representatives of Islamic fundamentalism ask Premi to accompany them after packing the looted things. They also ask Virindra (his son) to escort them up to the camp. They swear in the name of Allah that no harm will be done to him and to his son. Two days are very painful. Finally news comes. Both, father and son are brutally killed. The bodies evince the horrendous atrocities. Already stabbed so-called Kashmiriat remains in lectures only. It proves it was only politically thrust philosophy. Neither the pleas of the family members nor the hand-folded requests of Premi and his son leave any effect on the brainwashed ideology of New Kashmir.

1990 was full of treacheries. But this time it happens to a man who keeps a copy of the Quran in his books for regular study, who is a freedom fighter, a humanist, a philanthropist, an eminent scholar, a social worker and a well-known Kashmiri poet, contemporary of Mahjoor and Azad. Premi is no more. But his imprints are there in Kashmir. He was bold, co-operative, helpful, secular, etc. His nature was bound to contribute:

न कर्तृत्वं न कर्माणां लोकस्य सृजतां प्रभुः ।
न कर्मफलसंयोगं स्वभावस्तु प्रवर्तते ॥

(na kartritvaṃ na karmāṇi lokasya srijatī prabhuḥ
na karma-phala-saṅyogaṃ svabhāvas tu pravartate)

Neither the sense of doership nor the nature of actions comes from God; nor does He create the fruits of actions. All this is enacted by the modes of material nature (*guṇas*).





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



— اوتار کرشن ناز —

سر وانڈ کول پڑتی

شاعرِ نثر شاعرِ اوس بے شک لاجواب
اُسی رزہرتھ تہس وچھس نثر اُنتھ روستے مکتی خواب
دہن تہس انسانیت اوس، دھرم اوس تھر سُنڈ خلوص
بے کسں پیہ بے بسن ہندک دادر دوکھ اُسی تہس عذاب
قومہ گئے معمار اوس ووستاد اوس مقبولِ عام
نیک سپرت، خوبصورت ڈیکہ پزلون آفتاب
سپہ اوس تہس اُنہ ہیو صاف گوئی بے مثال
لیکھ تھر سُنڈ موجود رُوژن تا ابد در کتاب
لیکھ کیاہ تھر تھرے چھم، چھم نٹان سورے مے پان
ظالمو اسہ نشہ جدا کور، ستی ہتھ اڈ پھول گولاب
شاعرِ کشمیر مجورن وونہ نس پرتی پڑ چھکھ
تا ابد امر چھ پرتی، چھنہ مران تھم لؤکھ خاب
گیانہ وان اوس کریمہ وان، اُجمنن ہنز شوہ اوس
نادمن، مجورن وونہ نس پڑ چھکھ سون انتخاب



Shraddhanjali

Sarvanand Koul Premi - Martyr to a Belief My First and Last Impression of the Great Man

- B.L.Saraf

In mid sixties of the 20th Century I was pursuing graduation studies in S P College Srinagar. Coming from a far off place called Shopian and having been brought up in a rural atmosphere, it seemed natural that whenever my father Pandit Saroop Nath, be in the city he would, invariably, send for me or, time permitting, himself visit the college. Father did so to enquire about my welfare; or may be, assure himself that his rustic son, who was new to the place, had not fallen to the charm of "other side" of the city. True to the pattern, one day in early summer of 1964 father, who had come down, sent a word that I should see him after my class work was over. The suggested meeting place was the office of 'Roznama Khadmat' then an official news paper of the ruling National Conference party . The place was convenient because it lay opposite to my college - in a lane taking off from the Residency Road , near India Coffee House, abutting the "Bund". The iconic Ahdoo's Hotel was in close neighborhood .



Those days *Khadmat* was being edited by Pandit Nand Lal Wattal, a veteran journalist and an authentic freedom fighter whom I had met with earlier, in company of my father. Before Independence my father himself had spent precious period of his life fighting the autocratic rule which made him suffer incarceration of many years. He was one among the few Kashmiri Pandits who had joined National Conference, soon after it metamorphosed from its earlier incarnation of Muslim Conference, in 1939. Sheikh Abdullah was instrumental in the changeover as Jawaharlal Nehru had advised him to carry along all sections of the J&K, so that a meaningful campaign could be launched to usher in a democratic rule in the state.

Entering the office I bowed to Sh Wattal, who was in the chair and those seated around the table – father included. I was signaled to take a seat in a corner which I did. They were in a serious discussion which at times had an animated tone - at times it assumed a somber note. Sometimes they felt silent. Nonetheless, their silence was too eloquent to miss the underlying worry and concern for the future .



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

The seriousness of the discussion was palpable and quite understandable. Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru had just passed away. The State, in general, and Kashmir in particular had, in the winter months, undergone a political and religious upheaval of a larger proportion. People in the Valley had come out on the roads in what looked to be a near revolt against India. Reason for the uprising was a despicable act. A Sacred Relic was found missing from the revered place in Hazratbal Shrine. The diabolical act caused widespread anger among the followers which in no time assumed an anti India color. Knowledgeable persons hold that had it not been the political sagacity of Maulana Massoudi, who lead the people in Kashmir in those tumultuous times, and the political cum administrative deftness employed by Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri - deputed by Nehru to bring situation back from the brink - game would have been over for India then, in January 1964. The political fallout locally, however, couldn't be avoided which effectively spelt the end of Bakshi Ghulam Mohammad's political carrier and ensured rise of G M Sadiq to the throne. Nehru too, suffered a shock which, apparently, brought his end nearer.

When the meeting ended and people moved out of the office, father signaled me to follow him close by. After enquiring about my welfare and progress in studies, father relieved me. The significance of what followed thereafter recalls the whole scene to my mind, rather vividly. No sooner had I moved towards my destination than father summoned me back and told me to pay respects to a gentleman standing alongside him. Together, both had moved out of the *Khadmat* office. I did as ordered. Whereupon father gave a detailed introduction of the person, his achievements in the field of art and literature and the role he had played in spread of education in the far flung area of Kokernag. Father respectfully called him Master Premi JI (suffixed was his pen name) and recounted his association with Masterji when both were incarcerated in quit Kashmir movement. And the illustrious person for whom I was summoned back to pay respects happened to be Pt. Sarvanand Koul Premi of Soaf- Shali, Kokernag. Then I came to know that, driven by his journalistic propensity, Premi JI was a regular visitor to the *Khadmat* office.

Frankly speaking, even such a imposing CV of a man wouldn't impress, much, a young man like me (as I was then) who had just come out of adolescence. At that stage of the life, for young and college going students, generally, Cine stars and film songs - not the seriously written poetry and serious looking poets - are the objects of attraction and interest. Nonetheless, there was something in persona of the man that I felt compelled to have a second look of him. Masterji looked a typical Kashmiri Pandit, had sharp facial features and a slim physique where on



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

his well tailored Bandgalla jacket and trousers fitted appropriate. His well tended luxurious crop of hair was properly combed and, in the mould of so many male matinee idols of the time, had a straight parting line. If I recall correctly, Master ji had a Tilak dotting his forehead. All in all, his physical turn out exhibited a youngish and an immaculate demeanor, normally not a hall mark of the carefree and unassuming rural life and the raw surroundings, Premi Ji had come from. That was my first acquaintance with the person; and thus got the sketch of Premi ji ingrained in my mind!

Later on, at number of times I did have fleeting glimpse of Premi Ji on the dais either in Tagore hall or in Auditorium of Women's College, Amira kadal, Srinagar; where he would demonstrate his literary acumen in company of greats like Dina nath Nadim, Prof Hajni, Rehman Rahi, Amin Kamil and dozens of other literary giants. In Women's College Auditorium I found Premi ji seated among host of political bigwigs of the period; namely Syed Mir Qasim, Pir Gayasudin, Noor Mohammed, ML Misri, ON Trisal, Abdul Sattar Ranjoor, A G Namtahli and many others.

My serious and fairly profitable interaction with the great man took place in Village Hangulgund, in the house of late Pt Radhakrishan Hangloo - an illustrious father of an equally illustrious son - Prof Rattan Lal Hangloo. It was a pleasant autumn day, in Oct 1984, when my younger brother Vir Ji tied marital knot with dear Teja ji - daughter of Pt Radhakrishan. Pt Sarvanand Koul ji was there to receive the Baraat. It so happened that Mirza Gulam Qadir Beg (elder brother of Mirza Afzal Beg) was also present there. The three political activists (father included), known to one another very well, had a very absorbing discussion among themselves, of which politics constituted a major part. The discussion provided me with a good measure to assess the brilliance, clarity of thought, firmness of belief in Kashmir's pluralism and emancipated articulation cum interpretation of religious scriptures - across religions - Premi ji was endowed with.

Shaeed Sarvanand Koul Premi was, undoubtedly, a multifaceted personality. As alluded to hereinbefore, he combined in himself a poet, author, thinker, scholar, an authentic translator and a socio-political activist of high repute. Journalism was another feather added to his cap. Range of his scholarship and command on vocabulary, of so many languages, were so wide and intense as to bring home, both, letter and spirit of Tagore's Gitangali to the readers of Kashmiri language. Premi Ji's biography of Saint Mirza Kak is a cherished possession of the devotees.

Limitations impede me to assess the literary greatness of Premi Ji. The domain experts have done it elaborately. The exercise, nevertheless, is ongoing one. With the passage of time new and hitherto unexplored



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

facets of Martyr's literary and political works keep on coming to the fore. It is said that indigenous communities across globe have always attached profound cultural, political and spiritual significances to the great works of poets, painters and art practitioners. Poetry has been representing voice of the people, their trials, tribulations and aspirations in the language entwined with ideas, emotions touching the very core of readers hearts and minds. It is not an overstatement to say that in our times, so far as Kashmir is concerned, one of the intense, passionate and exciting voices belonged to Pt. Sarvanand Koul Premi. It is a tragedy - beyond words - that such a voice got silenced by a demented assassin.

Going through Premi Ji's life story, his activism (both educational and political) aimed at ameliorating the lot of down trodden, yearning for a democratic form of governance and literary out puts – of varied nature – one could safely say that, as a true intellectual, he was endowed with a quality to hold multiple ideas in the mind at the same time and still retain ability and courage to concentrate on one of them - that of the syncretism which in our context is euphemistically known as Kashmiriat. It is the firmness of that belief which explains Koul Sahib's insistence to stay put when terrorists had ordered his whole community to move out of the Valley. On the other side, some may say that it was too much of a generous attribute he, fatally, granted to his neighbors of other faith. And, that may afford a reason for them to raise a question that Sarvanand Koul Premi's intelligence proved inadequate when confronted with the hard realities of the time. Could therefore, they say that more than assassins' bullet Premi Ji fell prey to his own error of judgment? My answer to it is emphatic NO.

Well, history is replete with the instances where great men of learning fell prey to the demented, despite having fore knowledge of what they ultimately came to. Hundreds of men and women who had made a mark in their lives, across globe and faiths, have been crucified at the Cross. Generally, the hangmen happened to belong to the tribe which had befitted most of the hard toil put in by those whom they put to the Cross. In the martyrdom of Premi Ji and his younger son the culprits have committed a threefold murder. Trust has been the third causality : Trust, created by Premi Ji, of which his neighbors, of different faith, were the major beneficiaries . A Trustee seldom causes a breach in the trust. In the martyrdom of Pt Sarvanand Koul and his younger son Verinder, onus is heavy on the beneficiaries to account for the betrayal. They are as much culpable, albeit passively, as those who committed the dastardly act, actually.

Terrorists may have snatched his mortal remains but Master Premi



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Ji's humanism, in the genre of Abdul Ahad Azad and Gulam Mohammad Mehjoor, will remain immortal to sustain hope in human values. No wonder, it was Mehjoor who gave us Premi out of Pt Sarvanand Koul.

For Pt Sarvanand Koul Premi the poet has very apt words :

*Hazaroon Saal Nargis Apni Be noory Pae Rotee Hai
Badie Mushkil say Hoteh Hain Chaman Mein Deedawar Paida*

Respected Premi Ji, Rest In Peace.

About the author : *Bushan Lal Saraf is a former Principal District & Sessions Judge. He is a columnist and author of book New Lexicon of the Kashmiris. He can be mailed at bushanlalsaraf@gmail.com (Cell: 94191 - 61022). He originally belongs to Shopian, Kashmir and is presently living in exile at 23, Saraswati Vihar, Lower Muthi, Jammu 181205.*





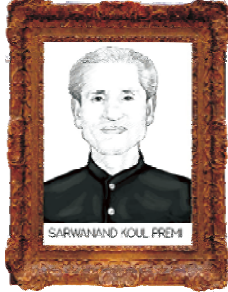
Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



اشوک گوہر

شیخ یونی

میتھ جہانس مَنز لچھ بُدی تَتھی یوان تے تَتھی گَرشہان
پریہس ہیو خال کائشہا یُس تھوان پتھ گُن نشان
پنہ وَنو شمشان وَا راگائے اوسم گو مُشتھ
کائہہ فرشتا پریہس ہیو آسہ وُنی تو چھا مشان
دور یود دُشمن تہ کائشہا زور چھنہ روزان یہ اوش
بیلمہ سوخنور راو کائشہا اوش چھہ راواں تھہ دزان
بائے چارک اکھ ہمالے گاہے چارک سون سدر
اُتھہ رُوس گونماتہ ہندی تم گون کرو کائیاہ بیان
کچھہ ونوتس سورگہ واس زار اسہ گئیہ اچھہ وُستھہ
اسہ چھہ نا دو ہہر ہوکھان تے اسی چھہ یادو وچھہ پُشان
میانہ بانچ شیخ یونی نیہ تہر دارو زُتھہ
نے چھہ واوے شریہل تے نے چھہ شہجائے پہوان
پانہ گو خالی ستہ مشہ ما میتھ سماجس دیئت تَسند
عالم ادیکو لال بُرک بُرک گو سہ تزاوتھہ اکھ خزان
وائسہ مَنز کائہہ رہبر اتس ہیو دُویم پزووم نہ زانہہ
مائے موحتہہ، لول تکر سُنڈ وُنہ اچھن تل چھم عیاں
میانہ دیہ سون سہ واپس میتھ سماجس گرشہ سُدھار
بوز عرضی گوہر تے روز اسہ پٹھ مہربان



Sarvanand Koul Premi's Writings

Dr. Gaurishankar

Sarvanand Koul Premi was born in a place which has bred brilliant minds. The name signifies ecstasy and intellectual excellence. The stimulating journey through his writings instigates on a moving note. In his forward to '*Koshur Ramayana*', he writes that his early days were the most miserable years of his life. However, it was his aunt, Tara, who sheltered him and devoted her time for his upbringing in a big joint family. She looked after him and was keen on his matriculation as his mother had passed away during his infancy. His father, who was a saintly person, would despite many problems not express his fondness for his son openly but adored and cared for him. So the son was devoted to his father and was influenced by his spiritual demeanour. He is appreciative of his aunt also who like a mother looked after him. Though the beginning was difficult, yet the poet- author acquired Masters Degree with a distinction and contributed significantly to Kashmiri Literature.



We become conscious of the ultimate by motivation and such a reason eventually leads to creation. Premi ji created admirable poetry, excellent translations of Pushkin's poems and Rabindranath Tagore's 'Geetanjali' into Kashmiri. With an introduction by W.B. Yeats in September, 1912 song offerings moved the readers and told incredibly of the out for the reckoning thought. That very thought was recreated by the poet in Kashmiri. It is easy to translate a love poem but recreating a philosophical idea into another language is a formidable task. However, Premi ji's spiritual inclinations had made it possible.

Ramayana narrates the journey of virtue to wipe out vice. Rama lived in Treta Yug, and his journey has been translated from an oral tradition. Valmiki's Ramayana, studied by scholars and historians has been composed in Slokas. These verses are arranged into Sargas. The chapters thus composed tell the story of Ram in a linear form. Tulsidas' Ramcharitmanas, composed in 16th century begins with the conversation



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Kaul Premi

between Shiva and Parvati and has been narrated through *guru-shisha* tradition. Following this tradition Tulsidas composed it in 10,902 verses. Premi ji was so influenced that he would read it daily, while in Pampore. His spiritual intuition saw in his mind's eye the legend in a different way. He had great reverence for Tulsidas and was aware that Prakash Ram Kurigami had already written the Kashmiri Ramayana; therefore as a devotee he composed his version of Ramayana in a different style. Premi ji's Koshur Ramayan has eight chapters which includes the *Uttar- Kand* as well. But what makes it most significant is the unique poems that the poet has created to tell the story of Ram.

Traditional philosophy and the new knowledge have found expression in the writings of Sarwanand Kaul Premi ji. In his eighteen published and sixteen unpublished works he rejoices humanity. Be it *Rooda Jeri*, *Osh ta Vush* or *Paanchadar* the magic lies in the layering of words and the subtlety of the verse. The language and the arrangement of stanzas employed by the poet are charming. His son, Rajinder Premi was requested to read a poem from *Paanchadar* in the Gramalok programme on 4th November, 2018 and every one present in the auditorium was captivated by the beauty of the poem. The poetic diction was profound, influencing and innovative.

The prose collections of the author remind us of the tradition followed by the *gdhya* writers of Hindi like Makhanlal Chaturvedi and others which rip between conscious and unconscious, reason and desire, social and pre social and devotion and transformation. *Kashmiri ki Beti*, *Tears of Love & Joy* and other writings of Sarwanand Kaul Premi constantly transform through logical and humanitarian ideas.

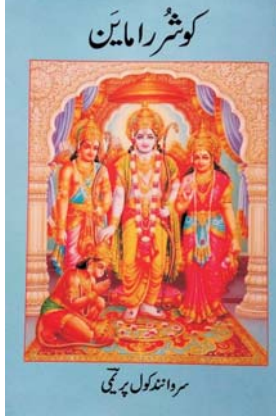
Translations of Bhagwat Gita in Kashmiri and Urdu harmonize and provide a sense of satisfaction. Similarly the other works of the writer in Hindi and English present an idealistic but at the same time a pragmatic view of life. We may be surrounded by the dragons but the writings relate to our lives and the society that we live in. Palaces perish with the turn of civilizations but the literature survives and enriches our lives.





कोशुर रामायण एक संस्मरण एक श्रद्धांजलि एक चिन्तन

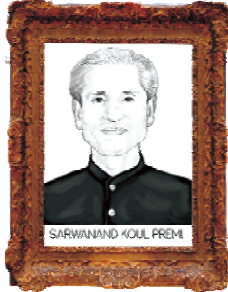
श्रीमती जया सिबू



उस कश्यप पुत्र को
जिसके शब्द संचय में है
रामायण की गूँज की आस्था
सीता माता की जो कहलाती व्यथा
श्री राम का आर्ष--विज्ञान
वही कहलाता है दिव्य--प्रज्ञान
शब्द में अर्थ होते हैं नित्य-- संज्ञान



व्युत्पत्ति से बनते हैं आदर्श वाक्य
समास का हेतु आभास वही बीज शक्ति
रामायण की काव्यात्मक कथा से
शब्दों की प्राण प्रतिष्ठा वैभव पूरित
अपनी लेखनी से
गोपी सत्संग केन्द्र से
हिंगल;राज की पुत्री संग
रामायण को अभिभूत बना
आठ काण्डों के अन्तर्गत
प्रेम से प्रेमी ही कहलाते हैं
जो करते रहते माता शारदा की साधना
ऐसे कविताएं सदा बनती आदर्श की अभीप्सा
मंथन हुआ शब्द का आरोहण
मातृकाओं का गुंथन में अवरोहण
राम नाम में केवल शब्द संबोधन
- एक श्रद्धांजलि



An Immortal Soul Sarwanand Koul ‘Premi’ - As I Knew Him

M.K.Raina Ratnakar

All of us know about one vicious circle - how one evil begets another evil, and so on. The famous illustration is the story of a cat that pounced on a rat, the dog that devoured the cat, the tiger that killed the dog, the man who shot the tiger, the other man who robbed and killed the man and so on.

But equally significant is the Blessed Circle-how one good deed begets another good deed and so on, ad infinitum. This is particularly true of spiritual and cultural- especially literary-influences which defy frontiers guarded by bayonets and guns, frontiers that seem to be demarcated by radicalized and gun trotting militants of Pakistan and the so called innocent youth of Kashmir who stone the men in uniform and remain always ready to kill them which also now includes the civilians as well. In the year 1990, it was Kashmiri Pandits only. Now they are not in the valley of Kashmir, so it is anyone and probably everyone who can be named or dubbed to be anyone or anything against Islam to get him killed

Gautma, the Budha was born about 25 centuries ago in a princely family of North India. But , his teachings of love, humanity and compassion crossed the seven seas and reached distant places in the world where they influenced people's thoughts and ideas . A certain intellectual – aristocrat named Leo Tolostoy born in 1828 read about him and his philosophy. He was already influenced by another oriental, Jesus Christ who had lived 18 centuries ago especially by his message of love and compassion. From the wide reading of religious spiritual books, he added the earlier message of Buddha – about love.

But I have always been at a loss to understand about the term of Jihad of Islam. If Jihad is an Islamic term which refers to the religious duty of Muslims to maintain the religion, then I hope that none should have any problem because it is good to maintain one's own religion. In Arabic, the word Jihad is a noun which means "to strive, to apply oneself, to struggle,





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

to persevere". A person engaged in Jihad is called a **mujahid**, the plural of which is mujahideen. The word mujahid appears frequently in the Quran, often in the idiomatic expression "striving in the way of God (al-jihad fi sabil Allah)", to refer to the act of striving to serve the purposes of **God** on this earth. According to the classical Sharia law manual, Jihad means war against non-Muslims, and is etymologically derived from the word "mujahada" signifying warfare to establish the religion though some Muslims and scholars of Islam do not all agree on its definition. Many observers - both Muslim and non-Muslim - as well as the Dictionary of Islam, talk of jihad having two meanings. It is an inner spiritual struggle which is called the "greater jihad", and an outer physical struggle against the enemies of Islam, the "lesser jihad" which may take a violent or non-violent form. Jihad is often translated as "Holy War", although this term is controversial. According to orientalist **Bernard Lewis**, "the overwhelming majority of classical theologians, jurists, and **specialists in the hadith** "understood the obligation of jihad in a military sense." **Javed Ahmad Ghamidi** states that there is consensus among Islamic scholars that the concept of jihad will always include armed struggle against wrongdoers.

Some of the finer details of Jihad are clear from the above para, but when we talk of human beings living all over the world who are soon going to face biological, nuclear and so many types of known and unknown wars, then please tell me, "Are those Jihadis on the right track who are involved in the game of murder, assassination and manslaughter for any and every human being in the name of Jihad on one or the other pretext when something bigger may strike the humanity soon".

I was supposed to speak about Sarwanand Koul "Premi", but I don't know why I sometimes recall those moments of life and times when under the influence of Islamic sponsored terrorism of Pakistan and Jihad by our own brethren of the same ancestry went on a spree of rape, murder and killing in the valley of Kashmir.

Yes, Sarwanand koul Premi was the sweetest human being, I have come across. His sweetness flowed from his heart, pure as gold, free from the slightest trace of envy or rancor, full of understanding and sympathy for his fellowmen and always ready to share their joys and sorrows. It was this quality which made him the sweetest of the companions.

Though having a masters degree in Hindi, his education was rooted in Urdu and Kashmiri. He knew no English so far as writing is concerned. He specialized himself as a devoted teacher and dabbled in writing. His major task was to translate Shrimad Bhagwad Gita in Kashmiri verse, biography of saint – poet Mirza Kak and story of Saint – Poetess Mata Roopa Bhawani. He has also translated Tagore's famous "Gitanjali" in



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

Kashmiri in prose.

He was always liked by his friends, colleagues, co-villagers and common people of the area because he was always ready to help the weak and the sick and to console those who were depressed. He was a great advocate of secularism. Though liked by most of my colleagues at Radio Kashmir, Srinagar, but it was not a surprise to me if some of my colleagues had not ever given a thought to the indisputable and strangely true fact that Sarwanand Koul “Premi” was a spiritual man and the greatest gift with him was his very pleasing; delightful and divine smile. The power of his smile was often overlooked by some of my colleagues because they could not differentiate between the ordinary smile and the smile of this spiritual man named Sarwanand Koul “Premi”. He was a regular visitor to Radio Kashmir, Srinagar where I worked as a Programme Executive for more than a decade. Though he was booked by my colleagues for various programmes, but I would generally book him for the Radio Digest programme “Sheshrang”.

“Tilak” on his forehead fraught with no dangers by him on his forehead had more potential value than his speech. His “Tilak” on his forehead spoke a universal language which was not cramped by differences of Grammar, Syntax or Vocabulary, a language understood by everyone despite differences of caste, creed, colour and nationality. Never misjudged, always reciprocated and possessing a friendly warmth of its own that radiated all around, his was a gesture prompted by the heart and not dictated by the mind.

But, this was sore in the eyes of Pakistan sponsored terrorism and terrorists and the militants of the valley of Kashmir. The same place in between the eyebrows, where Premi used to apply the sandal wood mark as "Tilak" was pierced by an eight inch iron nail and his skin was peeled off. The entire body bore the marks of cigarette burns. The limbs were found broken and eyes of both father and the son who had also been taken away by militants were gouged out. Later they were hanged and thereafter shot dead.

This was done to a man in whose house a rare manuscript of the holy Quran along with Gita was found placed with reverence in his prayer room.

What Islam, militants or the radicalized youth have to say about the killing of Premi and his son who revered Quran in the same way he had reverence for Gita. Was it then that the Quran and Gita had nothing to do with the killing of Premi and his son? Was it then that the Islam had to do nothing with the killing of Premi and his son? Was it that some agency was at work which is still at work to exploit the youth of Kashmir to radicalization



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

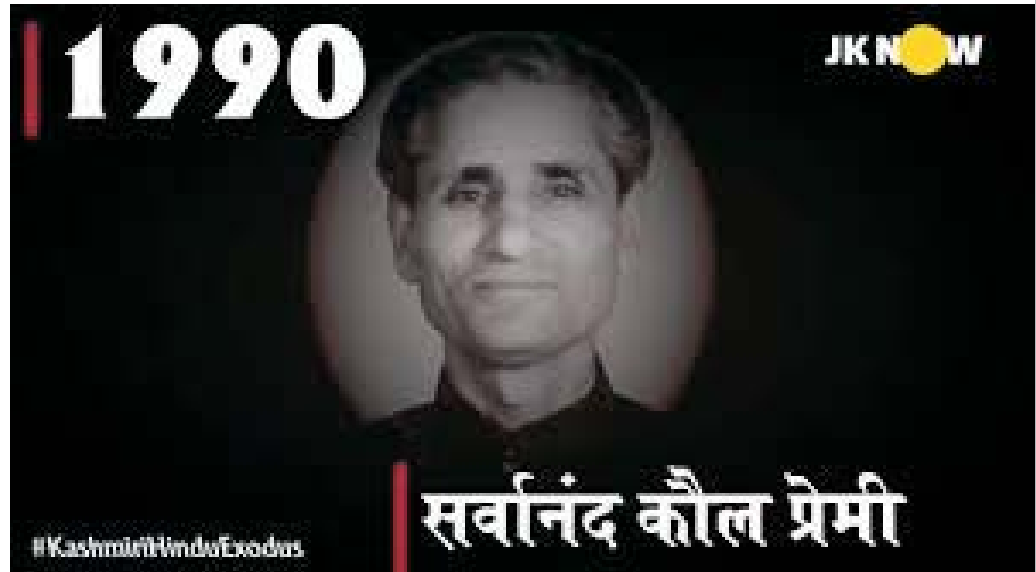
and change them into militants which probably the young boys of Kashmir still don't understand?

What is it ultimately is still a riddle? What does Pakistan want and in which search are the young men of Kashmir involved when they have every opportunity in India and they are utilizing those opportunities to their full advantage.

The emotional prisoners of militancy and radicalization always appear happy though they are always encompassed behind the dark clouds of brain washing techniques applied on them by the clergies of Islam.

All these emotional prisoners are liked by their co-prisoners because they are always alike and always ready to kill even the weak, sick and depressed. They always get joyous contentment in inhuman behavior. When they are asked about why do they undertake killings? They say, "These are the orders of our God and we are supposed to follow His orders".

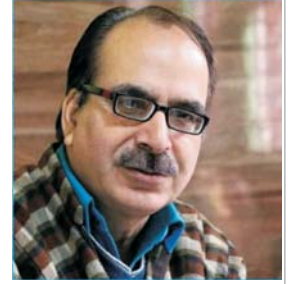
The secret of His happiness and our happiness is in killing those who don't believe in Islam.



पेड़ पर टंगा एक कवि का शव
 (सर्वानन्द कौल 'प्रेमी' की याद में)

- अग्निशेखर

ओ कवि, मेरी मिट्टी के
 इस तरह निर्दयता से मार दिए जाने पर भी
 अपनी कविता की तरह ही
 हो निर्भीक
 प्यारे पुत्र सहित
 तुम्हारे स्वप्न-बीज को
 तुम्हें टांग दिया उसी बूढ़े चिनार से
 जिसकी छाया में
 कभी सदियों पहले
 बैठी थीं ललचद तुम्हारे गाँव आकर
 'वाख' सुनाए थे तुम्हारे पूर्वजों को
 जो आज तक याद थे
 गाँव की चिड़ियों को



सुना है इसी चिनार के नीचे
 लगती थीं महफिलें
 बड़ी ईद और शिवरात्रि पर
 भाण्ड बजाते शहनाई



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

तुम कहते थे
इसी चिनार के नीचे बतियातीं
गाँव की स्त्रियों से सुने थे तुमने
हव्वाखातून, अरनिमाल के गीत
उनके दुख, प्रेम उनके

ओ कवि, मेरी मातृभूमि के
नोच लीं उन्होंने
तुम्हारी चमकती आँखें
बाँधे पीछे को हाथ

हाथ, जो सबसे मिलाते तुम
गाय और बैलों को सहलाते
हाथ, जिनसे गीता और कुरआन के
किए थे कश्मीरी अनुवाद
तुम बदल गये उसी चिनार से टंगे
एक जिन्दा प्रश्न में
जो पूछता है पता पता हर किसी से

ओ, कवि हमारे !
तुम देखते हो हमारी आँखों से
लिखते हो हजार हजार हाथों से
प्रतिरोध की कविताएं



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

जिन्हें स्वर्ग से सुनने उतरती है ललघद
उसी खूली चिनार के नीचे
बैठती है मायूस

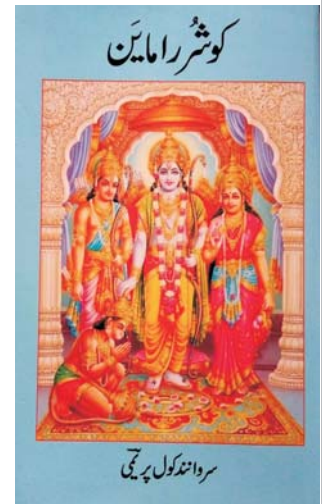
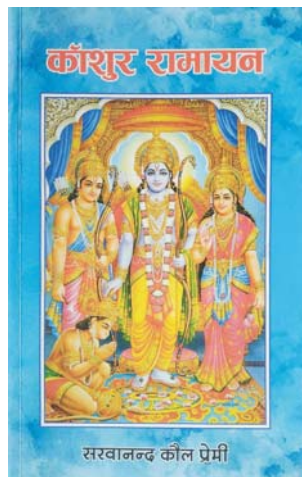
दिवंगत हुए शहनाई-वादक
करते हैं तुम्हें याद
उसी पेड़ के नीचे
और वे चिड़ियाँ तुम्हारे गाँव की आती हैं
तुम्हारी पुण्य तिथि पर यहाँ
जलावतनी में हमारे पास
शरणार्थी कैंपों में



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New Delhi.

Cell: 9871034686





तीन कविताओं की गवाही

महाराज कृष्ण संतोषी



यह एक सुखद संयोग था कि सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी की तीन हिन्दी कविताएं मुझे पढ़ने को मिलीं। इन कविताओं का रचना काल सन् 1946 के आसपास है। मैं इन कविताओं के गुण-दोष पर नहीं बल्कि इन में व्यंजित भाव पर बात करूंगा "पहली कविता का शीर्षक है" आवो एक साथ चले"

यह कविता बीस इक्कीस साल के युवा मन की सात्विक भावना को अभिव्यक्त करता है। विश्व बंधुत्व से प्रेरित यह कविता प्रेम और सद्भावना का प्रतिनिधित्व करती है। यहां उद्धृत है इस का एक अंश

हम वासी है एक धरती के
हम वासी एक आकाश तले
उठ बैठ हमारी एक संग
हम हाथ मिलाकर साथ चलें

दरअसल युवा कवि सारे संसार को प्रेममय देखना चाहते हैं जहां हिंसा और घृणा का कहीं कोई हस्तक्षेप न हो। कविता का यह भाव ही सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी का जीवन दर्शन



बना। वे ताउम्र इस के प्रति प्रतिबद्ध रहे । समाज में वैर और घृणा का माहौल होने के बावजूद भी वे भरपूर कोशिश करते रहे कि दिलों का मेल हो, अपनापा हो और परस्पर सहयोग की वृत्ति हो। यही कारण है कि वे साम्प्रदायिक सद्भाव की दिशा में आगे आगे रहते थे। इस के लिए उन्हें अपने जीवन की बलि भी देनी पड़ी। यह कविता उन के व्यक्तित्व की पहली गवाह है

दूसरी कविता का शीर्षक है "केसर के फूल"
यहां एक अंश प्रस्तुत है:

कितना सुन्दर कोमल है तू
अंतर प्यारा प्यारा है
सीमित विकसित निर्मल जोबन
प्यार का इक श्रंगार है

यह सभी जानते हैं कि कश्मीर अपने केसर के लिए देश में ही नहीं बल्कि पूरे विश्व में विख्यात है। यह कश्मीरवासियों के लिए कितने गर्व की बात है कि उन की भूमि पर उपजने वाला केसर आस्थावान लोगों के माथे पर सुशोभित होता है। सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी की यह कविता उन के अंतरमन की पवित्रता तथा सुन्दरता को प्रकट करता है। यह पवित्रता और सौन्दर्य उन्होंने ने लोगों में देखा, नदियों के कल कल स्वर में सुना, हवा की साय सांय में अनुभव किया और विभिन्न



धर्मों की प्रार्थनाओं में महसूस किया।पर सुन्दरता का यह पुजारी तमीचरों की भेंट चढ़ा।वे नहीं चाहते थे कि ऐसे व्यक्ति समाज में हों जो हिन्दू मुस्लिम का भेदभाव भूलकर मानवता की सेवा करते रहें और दूसरों से भी यही अपेक्षा रखते हों।यह उन की दृष्टि में अपराध से कम नहीं था।यह अपराध ही उन की हत्या का कारण बना। यह कविता उन के स्वभाव की दूसरी गवाह है।

तीसरी कविता का शीर्षक है " दीवाली "

कवि कहते हैं:

आवो प्रिये नव दीप जलाएं
अरमानों के उजियाले हों
मुस्कानों के मतवाले हों
कण कण में नव दीप जलाए
अंधियारा सब दूर करे हम.....

कविता के इन भावों से स्पष्ट है कि कवि की आस्था रोशनी में है।इसी लिए वे चिरागो की बात करते हैं। तमस से भरपूर इस संसार को वे आलोकमय देखना चाहते हैं और जिन्दगी भर उन्होंने ने यही किया।जहां भी घृणा का अंधियारा दिखाई दिया,वहीं चिराग जलाने का प्रयास किया।बड़ी बड़ी पोथिया पढकर भी जिन का दृष्टिकोण संकीर्ण है, उन के लिए वे दिए की लौ बन जाते थे।



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

यह कविता सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी के कर्म संसार की तीसरी गवाही देते हैं।

प्रेमी जी के व्यक्तित्व की ये तीन विशेषताएं थीं। वे प्रेम, सौंदर्य और आलोक में विश्वास रखते थे और हमेशा यह ध्यान रखा कि वे अपने जीवन मूल्यों को सर्वोपरि रखें। वे सादगी के साथ जिए लेकिन उच्च मस्तक किए जिए। उन्हें इस की सजा भी मिली। तमीचरों ने पुत्र समेत उन्हें क्रूरता के साथ मारा। यह सन् 1990 की पहली मई थी।

कैसी विडम्बना है कि कलम के इस मजदूर का जीवन उस दिन समाप्त हुआ जब सारे मजदूर विश्व भर में बेहतर दुनिया का सपना लिए अपनी एकता को प्रदर्शित करते हैं। कविता में कहें---

उस दिन

तमस ने

उज्जाले के एक टुकड़े को

निगल लिया

हाय !वह दिन

जब हवाओं ने जोर जोर से आंहीं भरी

नदी बहुत देर तक रोती रही

वनस्पतियां सहम गईं



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

आकाश पर
टिमटिमाते तारों ने आवाज दी
हम ने देखा
हम गवाह रहेंगे
उस की हत्या के

वह दिन था
जब सती देश का ऋषि
इतना उदास हो गया
कि अपने ही लिखे श्लोकों से
निराश हो गया

वह दिन था
जब सूफी आत्माओं ने
एक साथ मिलकर
अपने वचनों को मिथ्या कहा

ओ हत्यारों
तुम ने एक मनष्य का ही नहीं
एक पूरी संस्कृति का भी खून किया है
तुम अक्षम्य हो
अक्षम्य हो
अक्षम्य हो



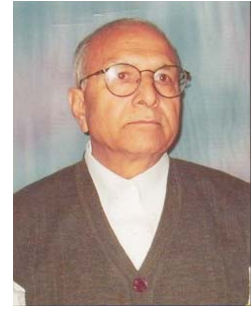


Sarvanand Koul Premi An Appraisal

- M.L.Pandita



I had heard about Sarvanand Koul Premi but I never came across his writings. It was in a meeting of Sahiyya Akademi at Delhi that I was asked to translate his monograph written in Kashmiri by Dr. R.L.Shant, in to English, I had, in the meeting asked for a copy of the monograph to go through to visualise the extent of work. This could not be available. However a copy of same was arranged by Premi Ji's son, Sh. Rajinder Jee and without going into details I took up the job in my hand. It was my first experience of translation and I found the



difficulty of finding an exact English substitute. Leaving that aside I would not like, in this brief article, to delve into the details of ancestry of the poet, that being amply discussed in his monograph, except one thing, that he was born on 2-11-1924, which gives an idea of the circumstances prevailing from his birth especially his youth till his death, which had a stormy feature, to which he was a witness and under went them. The poet had a God sent opportunity to pass his youth under the guidance of his elders and also under the influence of pious men who happened to visit his home. In his late stage of life he enjoyed the respect of the whole village. These were historical times shaping high and low waves in Kashmir.

After passing his matriculation, Premi Ji in his young age remained wedded to the daily house hold task as is usual in the village life, but the joint family system increased his work load and one day when he had gone to the spring site to tend his sheep, it rained heavily as a result of which he wrote the poem torrential rain 'Rooda Jerye'. It explains that he had his disposition to writing from the early life and translated Bhagvat Gita at the age of 22 years when it is difficult to understand the overall meaning of the philosophy of Soul and God as described in the book. In his early youth and he had to take up a job with Khadi Bandar, an independent organisation of Government of India and had an occasion to visit the places like Punjab, Haryana and Delhi. Strictly saying, it was not actually the compulsion of hearth which made him to take up this job at his young age but it was rather a tradition of village life to lend a helping hand on achieving adult hood or do some job preferably of the government after passing matriculation, which qualification was prerequisite for government employment. But he



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

was basically an inspired poet and how could he remain contented with the job, he against the normal and common instinct of a Kashmiri Pandit, left the job and was successful in carving out a place for himself in the education department as a teacher and finally retired as Head Master. This appointment provided him a chance to go for higher studies for which he had great urge and talent and passed his B.A, M.A ,B.Ed., and honours. During his life time he is reported to have met among others, great and reputed personalities like those of Rabindra Nath Tagore in literature and Mahatma Gandhi, the father of the nation and Jawahir lal Nehru the then Prime Minister.

He was attached to his village Sofi Shali. This name is actually a debased form of old Sanskrit name Supt Shaleshwar. The poet has high praise for the village and its natural beauty which had profound effect on his poetry. He addresses village as under:

The hills on four sides adorn like natural walls
On the bank of river of love illumines my village

This river of love is conspicuous from the fact that he was always in the vanguard in collective community endeavours. He laid among others, the foundation stone of the shrine of Shiekul- Alam which is at the peak of the hill adjacent to Sof Shali. He would also accompany the mob of the visitants paying annual pilgrimage to the shrine. And similarly the local Muslims would present themselves at the Supt Shalishwar temple on yearly holy occasion. Little did he know the vicissitudes, the village had in its store for him in future.

I am reminded of the cascades which were frequent sites in many villages in Kashmir and I have personal experience of them. Besides them is great water fall of Ahar Bal in the lap of nature. These are rather relics of Kashmir, refreshing, invigorating, and soothing. The poet also tells about his experience and writes about the water fall ie Pan Tsader.

From the poem of Pan Tsader. (water fall)
I strolled over the hills and even lands ,
And as young strolled longing for Him.
I have made a vow at the temples of goddesses
Who guarded here my water fall.
Who could go here across the ocean
Who could embrace the sky
Who caused showers in moonlit and dark half of the month?
He has guarded my small water fall.

Premi Ji wrote in Kashmir, Urdu, Hindi and English and left behind him a treasure of poetry, prose and translations. He wrote Ramayan in Kashmiri and translated Bhagvat Gita, Gitan Jali and poems of Pushkin. It



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

is not possible to list up all his writings here.

Premi had occasion to meet Mehjoor the great poet of Kashmir. Mehjoor writes about him:

Premi Kashmiri is a new sapling in the art of poetic orchard. The signs indicate that this sapling if reared with due care, will spread out the sweat fragrance in his flower garden.' Premi Ji was only 22 years of age when Mehjoor had expressed his feelings about him. I feel it was the style and feelings of his writings, which impressed the great poet and prompted him to say these words.

At several places Premi Ji upholds human values as he was full of warmth for all, and writes about it readily, but some times things happen to pass through narrow frame of mind, get deformed, and with new derivations assume new faces. As a result thereof new political derivations are deduced, making values change and what we hold one time dear to us change radically next time. These leave their imprints on the face of the time. This must have been conducive to his fateful plight of 1990. I hold my breath in amazement, if some hidden power was holding him back in spite of being advised by the family members to leave the village. Otherwise as also noted above and as per the information that has reached us whether through his literary pursuits or social amity there seems to have been no occasion to treat him in such a horrendous manner resulting in his murder. I am highly moved especially by the plight of his son, who chose to go with him on the fateful night of 29-4-1990, his main aim being to get him back without any harm, but instead he himself met a similar fate as that of his father. He was a budding youth and should have not been cut at the prime of his life. I am still in a fix if such things are pre destined or if it is the result of time, place and one's presence at that time and place that gives birth to unpredictable ghastly things. Dr. Radha Krishnan says, 'Life is a fabric of chance, fate and character.' When I weigh different pros and cons I feel all these three things play a predominant role in shaping one's future. We are not in a position to alter them. Besides the nature does not seem to care or weep for undue death of a person though the person may not have any fault of his own. Nature has endowed all living beings with some basic instincts and all are engaged to satisfy these instincts and at places one gets aghast to see the savagery employed to satisfy them. The mystery of death is still wrapped in an enigma and lies beyond our hands and we have not been able to straighten out same as yet.

It is not possible to summarise and throw light on all the works of the poet in this write up. These are of remarkable range and may require a separate book to comment. I pray his soul may rest in peace.





A Monograph Review

Review by Dr. Chaman Lal Raina

Title : Merza Kak

Author : Pandit Sarvanand Koul Premi

Year of Publication : 1960

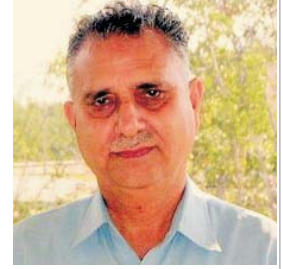
Language : Urdu

Reprint Edition : 2007 A.D

Price Rs 50.00

Pages 30 + iv

Publisher : Rajinder Premi, Sarita Vihar, New Delhi



About Monograph

The term 'monograph' is derived from the Greek word *mono-* single and *grapho-* to write, meaning writing on a single subject. It is not a text book or any poetic work, but written in the prosaic form, in the consigned style of writing on a particular subject, or person unlike a textbook. It is a primary survey in a field, but with original scholarship. It has got a reliable credibility to the required recipient. It is a short and concise in the form. (Ref: Penguin Rogets Thesurus, and Chambers Concise Dictionary & Google Search)

Under the laid down criterion by the academic world of literature, 'Merza-Kak authored by Premi Ji is established monograph. The main features of this present work are :

The **Pesh-e-Lafz** - Foreword has been written by the great educationist of the time Pandit Jia Lal Kaul Nazir on the 24th April-1960.

Do Baatein - Preface by the author himself on the Jyeth Krishna Dvitiya, corresponding to the 13 May, 1960. Premi ji had recorded the Saptarshi Samvat, along with the Panchanga Tithi.

The author has not put his work within chapters, under the norms of writing the monograph, but it is like a sequence of the life situation of the great saintly-Poet Merza Kak.

The author describes his date of birth according to the tradition as *Poh Shukla Paksha Okdoh*, in the year 1805 Bikrami. He was named as Merza Pandit, when born. The eye witness says that *Tahri* - Cooked rice with turmeric is being cooked in that village by the devotees, on his birth



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

day, as a mark of respect. He was born in the Hangalgund village.

Merza Pandit was adopted by the Mausī, hailing from Acchan, Tehsil Pulwama.

Premi Ji writes about the direct vision, which is said to be the Grace of the Divine Mother, who is Hingula Devi. This evolved the 'Pragnya' or intuitive faculty of the VAK, in Merza Kak.

Merza Kak returns to his ancestral home and would be driven into trance at times, as per the local sayings. It is said that Merza Kak had attained the Ashta Siddhis, as recorded by the monograph writer.

Yeha'n Bhi Aur Waha'n Bhi - He is here, he is there at the same time, thus transcending time ending Time - the Kaala Krama in the Yogic language.

Merza Kak happened to be a great reformer, as Premi Ji depicts the incidence of the Bhagadaji woman of Rainawari, Srinagar as how he managed her last rites when the locality refused to attend her last rites, due to certain allegations. He uses the Word **Trahi** - Save me, Save us, as the term stands for in Sanskrit, in case of any emergency or like situation.

It is said in the monograph that he was graced by Lalleshvari through the mystic vision. He was blessed with Pragnya - the faculty of Self-realization within.

This great saint of the time left his mortal coil in 1891 Bikrami, His relics consist of Kantop - cap, Khadao'n - wooden shoe, Chhadi - a stick, Samavaar, Khos, Gadavi - a pitcher.

Merza Kak is known as the author of the VAKH tradition. Vak is purely spiritual in content. It is written with inner experience of the soul. It is an expression of ecstasy.

A specimen is given as under :

*Zaan Isha Parm, a Isha Sui Sui Dita Taji
Poz Isha Poz Parmishvari -
PozGyan PozVigyan Sui
PozNaadu-i Poz Bend Sui
Zaan Isha Parm, a Isha Sui Sui
Dita Taji RaazaZanakh Sai'khi
Kartu Bhakti Bhakhta Bhahlad Sa'ikhi
Karu Grihastha Svadi Vonyi Chhu Saikhio
Zaan Isha Parm, a Isha Sui Sui Dita Taji*

This establishes Merza Kak had studied the Puranas and Itihasa - Ramayana.



Further Merza Kak writes:

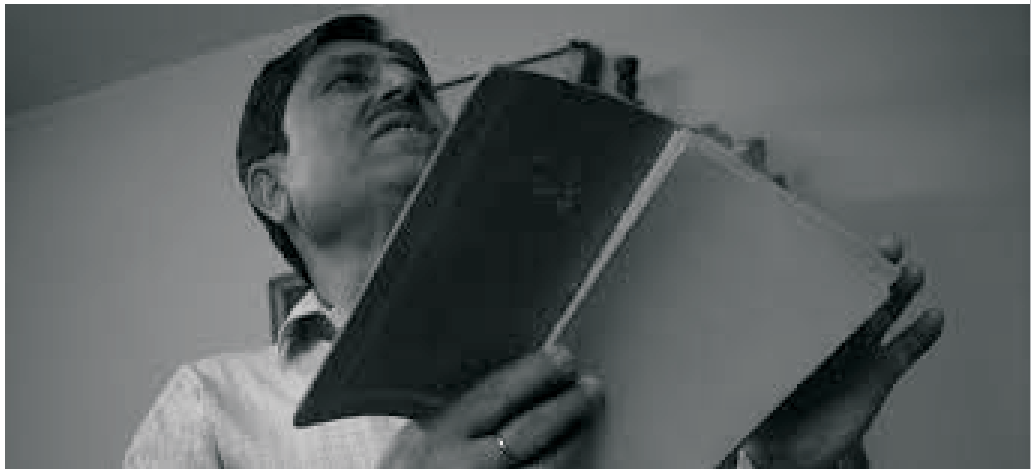
Byol Shabdah Brahma Kunuy Chhuyi
Basith Kyah Sanah Chhi Tchaaye
Hushant Zeewo Zi Shant Rumu Resahun Aye
Yim Sata Reshi Tim Kas Maaje Zaaye

He speaks of the Shabda Brahma - as the Eternal Shabda sound, which is Pranava OM. He speaks of the Sapta Rishis being born as the Miond born Rishis of Brahma. He uses the Vedic and agamic term as Hum + stant - dong - Ahuti in the fire for universal peace or shanti. Merza Kak through Vakh will be revered always after Lall Ded.

As the publisher Rajinder Premi says the present edition has been reprinted at the serious demand of the devotees and readers, that is why, the monograph is reprinted and as per the Iccha - will of his Mother who hailed from Hangalgund (Verbally communicated by the publisher).

I, would like to add that I transliterated this Monograph in Hindi, as a token of respects for Pandit Sarvanand Koul Premi ji, in the Manuscript form. I presented to Rajinder Premi Ji the MSS, at the Kashyap Bhavan Noida, on the 9th February, 2020 during the inaugural Book Programme.

Away from home, Premi's son Rajinder is reviving his language





Review

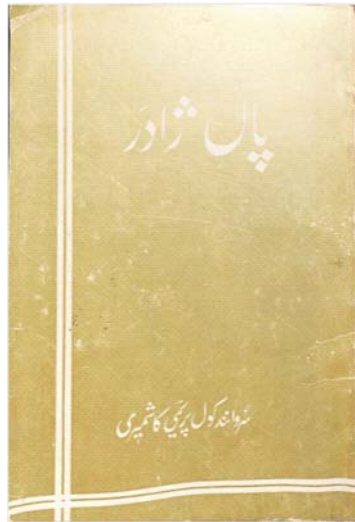
Sarwanand Koul Premi's Paan Chaadar

- Upender Ambardar

The poetry book under review titled “*Paan Chaader*”, written in nastaliq Kashmiri by Sh. Sarwanand Koul Premi Kashmiri, published in the year 1982 (price not mentioned), runs into 100 pages. The book is thoughtfully organized into four poetic forms of the *Ghazals*, *Nazams*, *Vaakhs* and *Vaakhgeet*, named by him as “*Taet Tukre*”. The book seeped into literary merit has myriad hues of feelings, heartfelt perceptions, lofty imaginations and many layered connotations. The flavor of the lucid expression and the amazing simplicity in conveying the feelings is evocative of the extraordinary deftness and narrative skills possessed by the poet



Sh. Sarwanand Koul Premi. The acknowledged poet being instinctive and perceptive by nature speaks with seamless ease in some of his written *Ghazals*, which touch cockles of the heart. The loftiness of the thought and clarity of the poetic expression is eloquently visible in many of his works, including *Ghazals*, like “*Kya Saena Darshun Su Diyae*”, “*Zindagi Hind Saen Vougin*”, “*Lukh Vanaan Premi Baneoumut Paarsa*”, “*Bujrus Tes Loakchaar Onum*”, “*Sounder Naazal Musval*” and “*Cholum Kotah Loakchaarus*” etc.



The compelling poetic spread of the emotions and reflections in them conjure up enchanting images of youthful exuberance. They loosen the chords of the emotional feelings and bring to the fore a whole gamut of buoyant visualizations. Unquestionably, the poet has also taken a proper care of the *Ghazal* perquisites ranging from the *Matla*, *Maqta*, *Baheer*, *Qafiya* and the *Radeef* in his poetic endeavours.

“*Nazm*” is the second specific sequence of the said book. It includes the different *Nazms* like “*Taaj*”, “*Rudhaejaer*”, “*Bae Marnae Zanh*”, “*Sheenae Thoes*”, “*Paan Chaader*” and “*Yaeti*”



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

Insaanus Paanus Taam” etc. The Nazm labelled as “*Sheenae Thoes*” is illustrative of the natural bonhomie of the poet with the winter wonder in the form of snow and the falling snow flakes. In another poem, named “*Paan Chaader*”, the poet is fascinated and thrilled by the spectrum of swirling rain drops. Both these *Nazms* are exhibitivie of the 'go- letting' spirit of the poet.

He, due to his observatory eye gives a surreal portrayal of Mother Nature's marvels in the form of drizzle and snowfall. The poet draws inspiration from Nature since it is an expression of the divine for the poet. The poetic spread of his observations takes a reader beyond the conventional boundaries. The wonderment expressed by the poet in the *Nazms* named as “*Rudhaejaer*”, “*Sheenae Thoes*” and “*Paan Chaader*” have a mood lifting element present in them which connects the reader with the tantalizing aspect of nature. The intense imagery is the beauty of these poetic outpourings. They bring spontaneous cheer and mirth for the readers. Nature for the poet is both, spiritual and sanctified, as it represents the all-powerful Divine Force. It gives credence to the fact that Shri Premi is not an armchair poet but the one who has a deep camaraderie with the calmness of the sylvan surroundings. His penned down *Nazms* are emotive and engaging that warmup spirits.

The third section of the book titled “*Vaakhs*” comprise short verses. In it, the poet transcends the stereotypes and brings forth the hyper reality of life. The centrality of the said truth and heartfelt abstraction finds a dominant presence in them.

“*Taet Tukre*” is the last and concluding section of his poetry book. The poet uses this form to express his indignation and unease with the day to day dilemmas and paradoxes of mundane life. His vigilant reflections packed with socially intense purpose are an integral component of this section. The name “*Taet Tukre*” or “sizzling pieces” in English fully endorses the poetic build up contained in the poetic narrative.

Lastly, the very title of the book “*Paan Chaader*” meaning the cascading watercourse seems to have been thoughtfully chosen by the poet, who was ecologically and environmentally sensitive. In plain speak, the poetry book “*Paan Chaader*” firmly establishes Sh Sarwanand Koul Premi “Kashmiri” as an acknowledged nature loving poet. He is endearingly honest in his views and observations. Undeniably, the said book “*Paan Chaader*” makes an enriching and delightful reading.





Review

Sarvanand Koul Premi's Pa:N tsa:dar

- Prof. Raj Nath Bhat

Pa:N tsa:dar is a collection of ghazals, poems and songs authored/sung by 'Premi Kashmiri' - the poet romantic. He is in love with nature, with the toiling masses, with his profession and with his deity that he worships.

In his ghazals he maintains a rhythmic-style that make his songs and poems worthy to sing. He employs people-friendly vocabulary in order to enable an ordinary villager appreciate his emotion.

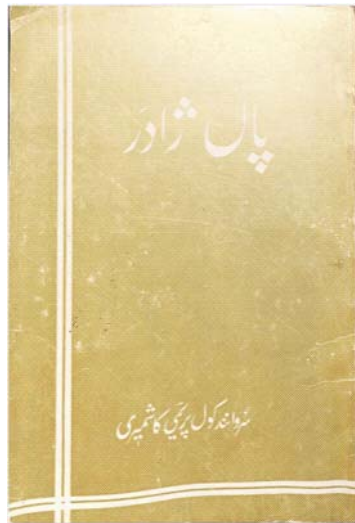
In one of his ghazals, he invites his beloved saying that he (the beloved) must arrive because the poet in his eagerness to see him has put on special 'apron' to meet him. At another place, Premi compares his beloved to a fresh rose and tells him that he has grown beyond his youthful days waiting for him. Premi is in love with his *ishtadeva* (personal god) whom he begs to come to him.

Premi has not only expressed his love for and his own preparedness to meet his 'beloved' but he has also sung words of praise for the enchanting beauty of his village. Premi dislikes disloyal and insincere people. At one place he writes: the dishonest people borrow and tend to forget the timely help.

Premi praises the youthful persons who do their hair well and take care of their personal hygiene as 'youth of extraordinary beauty who are talked about across the town/village'.

In one of his ghazals he laments that truth has been throttled in the society whereas falsehood has attained a higher pedestal.

In a song Premi expresses his deep love and pathos for the toiling masses who after day's toil, go to sleep in a cramped space along with their kids but the unpredictable weather disturbs their sleep as a heavy down-pour wakes them up, since their roof has pores through which rain-drops drench their sleeping





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

space. It is a song that in addition to reflecting the toilers' want and hard-work, also reflects Premi's love for the changing season of his native place.

In a long poem eulogising Taj Mahal at Agra as a symbol of eternal love, Premi praises the king who built this monument in memory of his deceased wife. In his poem Premi reads the mind of the ruler and says that he desired people to remember their fondness and love for each other years after they are no more around on earth.

Ru:dl jariye (flashes of rain) is a memorable poem included in pa:N tsa:dar (blanket of water) collection. Says the poet: the streams and rivers are roaring, the pits on the ground are full, even the irrigating veins of the vegetable gardens have become full, the soothing music of the falling rain is adding to our pleasure.

Premi has authored Vakh-s (*sentences*) too. These are four-liners, devotional creations with a philosophical bent. In one such 'vakh' Premi admires or suggests that depriving oneself of food (fasting) is a mode of training for the mind to learn to be patient. One can search for god's grace only after fasting, says he. One must dedicate one's body and mind to the deity, it is only then that some awakening will happen.

On death, the poet is straight and realistic. Upon someone's death, people assemble and remark that the deceased was fated to die at this juncture. The people around express their view that the mortal-remains must be taken to the cremation ground lest it gets late! Death is a certainty of life which cannot be delayed. One who is born is destined to die. The mortal-remains must be cremated ceremoniously at the earliest, the dearest ones say.

One can notice that the poet in Premi is a multi-dimensional personality. He is knowledgeable and rooted. He appreciates the thought of constructing a monument to immortalise the then King's 'love' for the queen; he admires blossoming flowers, flowing rivers and streams, falling rain and its musicality; on top of it all, he describes death as the final bell that nature rings into the being and the mortal-remains are swiftly carried to the cremation ground.





Premiji’s Relevance Stays As Kashmir still yearns for Peace & Harmony

- Avtar Nehru

A *hero is a man who does what he can*, is a famous quotation by French Nobel Laureate Romain Rollan. A close look at the life of Pt Sarvanand Kaul Premi, would tell you as much quite easily.

Premiji as he was lovingly addressed while he was alive, led a fulfilled life, and perhaps one for all of us to analyze. That he was a humanist, a secularist and a man of letters in languages available to him is an easy and popular introduction of him written all over. Then, there is also a second opinion that would say the man was a kind of 'naïve' person who couldn't read his imminent death as he refused to believe 'alarmist' well-wishers who told him to migrate.

Beyond these two views, it is the purusartha or life objective of this great man that needs an understanding as well appreciation. The evil or dark has destroyed great civilizations, institutions and orders all along the history be it Egypt, Greece or Sharda and Nalanda in our case. All these were evolved on best human endeavors and a quest for excellence. The kind of death that happened to all these was perhaps never anticipated by the learned minds of those orders or institutions. But the residual mention of these great epochs is still their greatness.

Pandit Sarvanand Kaul Premi may have lived an ordinary life, his achievements in his own lifetime may not have been big enough to describe him epochal but in both life and death, he has left a watermark on Kashmiri society, which will not be erased in foreseeable future for many years. For some scholars it may be a case study and for others, it may well turn to be a way forward.

His own conviction of believing his ideals and living those ideals have a deeper relationship between them. He was raised as a child in an era where a new history was being scripted on daily basis. Revolution is the appropriate word. As a curious kid, as he explored this world, he was perhaps sucked into it. He himself became a campaigner for this





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

'revolution'. Almost every student of his period was fired by idealism, nationalism, progressivism and a reformist vision. Being a gifted poet, young Premiji would have had an added zeal to be imaginative and optimistic for this new culture. He called himself an ashawadi (hopeful) poet and often mentioned it in his prefaces to books.

He was out to change the world and he did change his small world. If public representatives of his native area, Soaf Shail (Anantnag) even today claim that almost all (99.99%) of people there still remember him with respect and affection, it is a vindication of his belief and philosophy. The gruesome way he was killed after subjecting the family to humiliating inquiries and loot by terrorists, might have briefly led to hard questions about his beliefs and values in his own mind, but in the hindsight it only emphasizes how potent and significant as a barrier he was between the nefarious destructive designs of his killers and humanity he cherished.

His choice between being a politician and a social worker was confusing by today's standards. There is no evidence to show he had political ambitions despite being part of the most powerful political block of his time. He had no hesitations in letting his party or leader affiliations known and what he was doing won't by any stretch of imagination termed as even sycophancy. He was among a whole generation who were fed on the Gandhian values that taught them selflessness, compassion, honesty and nation building through harmony. Perhaps it was liberalism where he decided to dedicate his life.

Love for nature and using natural metaphors in his poetry is abundant in his writings. This can tell us he was in spiritual love with natural phenomenon and must have been his only private passion. His *Paan Tsadar* (rainy lamina) collection of poems is a testimony of this. Being a peasant himself, he was earthy and simple. In my view, Premiji would have been a household name in Kashmir in his lifetime if Kashmiri language would have been adopted in school curricula. The long neglect that Kashmiri language faced in our institutions was also the years of Premiji prime years of life. I remember his legendary poem, '*hend karnay nayru kashkaro...nov bahar aava watanna kay yaaro*' was part of textbook, in fact the first page of the textbook when I was in school, but it was hardly taught and then Kashmiri language altogether disappeared from schools.

The whole idea is to demonstrate that Premiji was unlucky in excelling in things he was made for. This feeling may have never passed through his mind but a careful analysis would tell us his fame and fruits of wisdom didn't go to distances these deserved. On his part, he had accepted a life that was quintessentially a millwork of a social worker. This kept him on toes and gave him immense satisfaction.

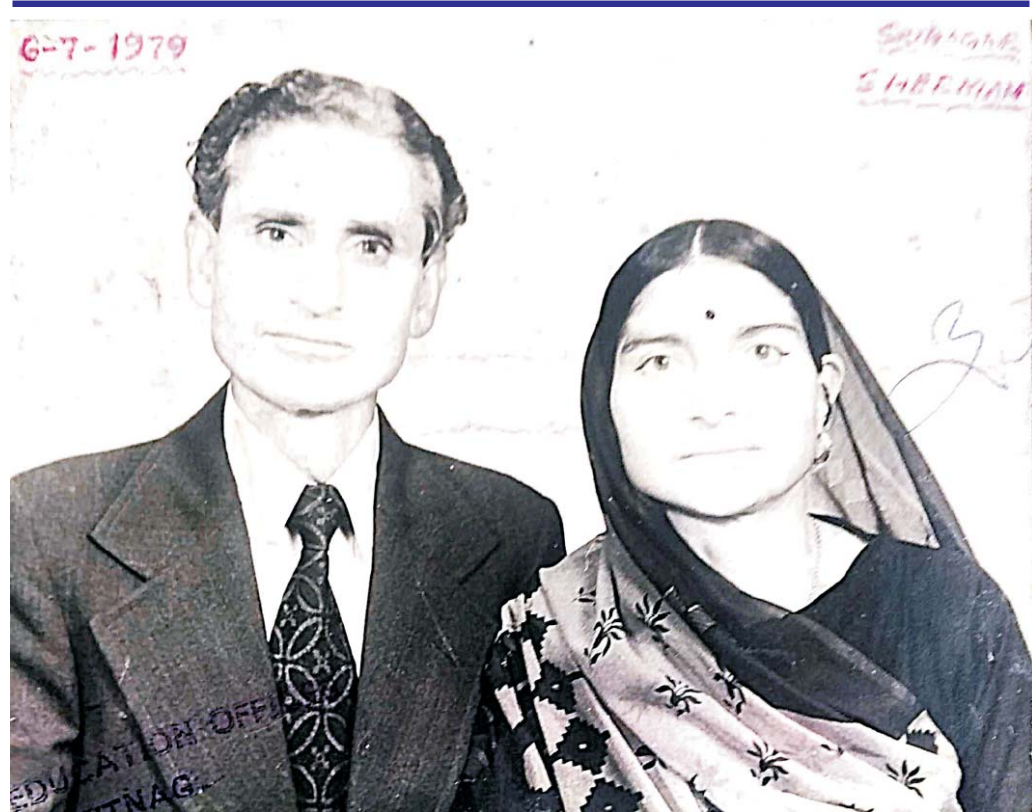


Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Though he may appear to be left leaning but his other equally impressive facet was his deep-rooted religious persona. Translation of Shrimad Bhagavad Gita into Kashmiri by him is not the only proof of this but his writings on the life stories of the saint-poetess Mata Roopa Bhawani, and biography of saint-poet Swami Mirza-Kak say it aloud. A proud Kashmiri Pandit, he brought to fore the rich heritage and legacy of long forgotten years and will stand as his treasured contributions to the pride of KP community.

So, how are lessons from Premiji life still relevant in the quagmire of Kashmir problem? At one end of it, he continues to serve a reminder about the barbarism of radicalism and insecurity from majoritarianism but at the other end, he also provides opportunities of conflict resolution and tackling extremism.

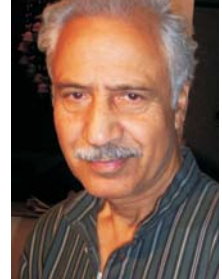
Either way, memory and content of his writings will continue to provide a peep into contemporary history of Kashmir of his generation and a connect to fond memories of our lost home. The path tread by him is an exclusive of karam yogis and by that extension he will always be an inspiration for all of us. Salutations!





शहीद सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी - एक स्मरण

प्रो. रतन लाल शांत



स्वभाव की दृष्टि से मनुष्यों के कई प्रकार बताए जाते हैं पर स्वभाव में सक्रियता या गतिशीलता कितनी है, इस लिहाज से दो ही किस्म के आदमी इस संसार में मिलते हैं : सक्रिय और निष्क्रिय। जो शायर किस्म के लोग होते हैं वे आमतौर पर कुछ ही सक्रिय होते हैं। पर इस वर्ग विभाजन के अपवाद भी हो सकते हैं। सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी ऐसे ही एक अपवाद थे। यह उनकी जिंदगी की सबसे बड़ी विशेषता थी। अपनी 66 वर्ष की जिंदगी में जितना उन्होंने लिखा, जितने लोगों, लेखकों, नेताओं, समाज-सुधारकों से मिले, जितनी घर की जिम्मेवारियां संभाली, गुजर-बसर के लिए जितनी दौड़-धूप की, जितना घूमे-फिरे, जितनी अदबी संस्थाओं से जुड़े व सब देखते हुए उस आदमी के पक्के इरादे, समर्पण भाव और ऊर्जा के प्रति श्रद्धा से सिर झुक जाता है।

ठीक 29 साल पहले 1 मई 1990 को अपने ही पैतृक गांव सोफ शाली, जिला में शहीद हुए इस साधारण कश्मीरी कवि में क्या ऐसा था कि इतिहास उन्हें आज तक भुला नहीं सका है। इस प्रश्न का उत्तर हमें उस घटना से मिल सकता है, जब उनकी हत्या की गई। आतंकवादियों ने जब उन्हें शहीद किया, तब तक उनका यह विश्वास अडिग और अटल रहा कि उन्होंने जीवन भर सिर्फ लोगों का उपकार किया है। धर्म, जाति, देश और काल के आधार पर किसी को पराया नहीं माना है, बड़ों का आशीर्वाद और



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

छोटों का आदर पाया है तो उन्हें किसी से क्या डर। मुस्लिम बहुल गांव में उनका एक हिंदू घराना पीढ़ियों से सुख और सहयोग के साथ रहा, तो उनका शत्रु कोई क्यों कर हो सकता है? उनके हत्यारों को उनके शैल्फ में भगवतगीता के साथ ही कुरान भी मिला जिसे वे रुचि और आदर से पढ़ा करते थे। गांव के किनारे पर छोटी-सी पहाड़ी पर कश्मीरी सूफी कवि नुंद ऋषि का एक आस्तान था उसकी तामीर में उन्होंने बढ़-चढ़कर मुसलमान भाइयों का साथ दिया, यों कि उसकी आधारशिला प्रेमी जी ने ही रखी। गांव के "सुप्तशालीश्वर" मंदिर के वार्षिक उत्सव में मुसलमान भी शामिल होकर मन्नतें मांगा करते थे। प्रेमी जी के लिए ये परंपराएं बहुत सहज थी, क्योंकि इनकी रीत वहां सैकड़ों साल पुरानी थी। 1979 में पाकिस्तान के प्रधानमंत्री भुट्टों को हुई फांसी के विरोध में कश्मीर में जो सैलाब उमड़ा, उसमें प्रेमी जी न सिर्फ शामिल रहे बल्कि उससे प्रेरित होकर एक लंबी नज़्म लिखी। इसी तरह मक्का में कुछ सिरफिरो ने प्रवेश कर उस मुकद्दस स्थान को नापाक करने की कोशिश की, जिसके विरोध में सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी की लिखी नज़्म लोग जगह-जगह कोट करने लगे थे। आतंकवाद के विरोध में उनका ऐसा सहनशील और भाईचारे का व्यक्तित्व उनकी शहादत का कारण बना तो इसके पीछे उनका कोई निहित स्वार्थ सिर्फ यह था कि वे इनसानियत को सबसे बड़ा धर्म मानते थे। उनकी कविता उनके मानवतावाद के विश्वास की कविता है। बल्कि उनकी जिंदगी ही उनके इस विश्वास की व्याख्या है।

सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी की जिंदगी और उनका लेखन उनके सक्रिय विश्वास का लेखन है, सक्रिय पक्षधरता (पासदारी) की जिंदगी है। उन्होंने जितना लिखा उसका 50 प्रतिशत से कम छपा है और बताता



है कि कई भाषाओं में (उन्होंने कश्मीरी, उर्दू, हिंदी, अंग्रेजी में लिखा) और कई विधाओं (उन्होंने गजल, नज़्म, कुकत छंद, वाख, कहानी, जीवनी, आत्मकथा सब में लिखा) में लिखने के पीछे क्या भावना हो सकती है। वे महजूर और नादिम जैसे कश्मीरी कवियों से बराबर मिलते रहे ('महजूर' ने उन्हें 'प्रेमी' उपनाम दिया, नादिम ने उनकी कविता में 'धधकती प्रेम की ज्वाला' का स्वागत किया।) वे जवाहरलाल नेहरू, रवींद्रनाथ ठाकुर, हरिवंश राय बच्चन, देवेन्द्र सत्यार्थी, शेख मुहम्मद अब्दुल्ला आदि से व्यक्तिगत रूप से मिले थे और उनसे प्रेरणा प्राप्त की थी। वे जब भी कुछ प्रभावशाली अध्ययन करते तो उससे एकदम प्रेरणा ग्रहण करके लिख लेते थे। इकबाल की 'जवाबे शिकवा' और बच्चन की 'मधुशाला' से प्रेरित होकर उन्होंने कविताएं लिखीं। कश्मीर में प्रतिवादी आंदोलन से जुड़े रहे और गरीब तथा मजलूम किसान, मजदूर के दुख-दर्द में भागीदारी की कविता लिखी। उनकी साहित्यिक सक्रियता का एक और उदाहरण है उनका कई संस्थाओं से जुड़े रहना। ये संस्थाएं जिला अनंतनाग में भी थी और श्रीनगर में भी। कई लेखकों और संस्थाओं के संपर्क का नतीजा यह था कि उन्होंने कई अनुवाद किए। इनमें गीतांजलि के कुछ अंश कश्मीरी में, संपूर्ण गीता (उर्दू में), पुश्किन की कविताएं (कश्मीरी में) गीता के 6 अध्याय कश्मीरी में शामिल हैं।

सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी के जीवन और लेखन में अगर कुछ साझा है, जिसकी पहचान आखिरकार कवि प्रेमी की एक सबल पहचान बनकर उभरती है वह है उनकी राष्ट्रियता। भारतीय राष्ट्र में उनकी अटल आस्था थी। वे उन राजनैतिक शक्तियों से जुड़े जो उन्हें लगा कि ईमानदारी से राष्ट्रवादी हैं। वे उन साहित्यिक प्रतिमाओं का प्रभाव स्वीकार करते रहे जो उन्हें लगा कि राष्ट्रीय धारा के नजदीक है।



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

वे मानते थे कि भारतीय राष्ट्रवाद का मूल है सर्वधर्मसमभाव और ऐसी शक्तियों का साथ वे निडरता से देते रहे जो इस भाव का समर्थन करते थे। इस भाव का मूलमंत्र है "सर्वजन सुखाय सर्वजन हिताय"। यही कारण है कि प्रेमी ने जीवन जैसे बिताय और लेखन जिस आधार पर किया उसमें सर्वहित तथा सर्वसुख की भावना प्रमुख रही। 'महजूर' का समतावाद उन्हें प्रेरित करता रहा तो 'आजाद' का धर्मनिरपेक्ष विचार उन्हें भाया। यही कारण है कि हमें उनके लेखन में सबसे ज्यादा इन दो युग प्रवर्तक कश्मीरी कवियों की गूंज सुनाई देती है। कश्मीरी लेखकों तथा कलाकारों के प्रगतिवादी आंदोलन के साथ जुड़ने के पीछे भी यही प्रेरणा रही। इस आंदोलन के सकारात्मक पहलुओं को जीवन में उतारने में उन्होंने ईमानदारी बरती और अपने विश्वासों पर आखिरी सांस तक कायम रहे। उनका कहना था - "मैं अगरचि जिंदगी की कई उलझनों में फंसा हूँ पर उनसे बाहर निकलने में हमेशा सफल रहा हूँ। मैंने सदा शुभ सपने देखे और सदा आशावादी रहा हूँ।"

आज जब आस्थाएं टूट रही हैं और आदमी जिंदगी को नए अर्थ देने की हवस में खुद से जूझ रहा है, सर्वानंद कौल जैसे शायर की आस्थावान जिंदगी और अथक प्रयास में हमें उम्मीद की एक राह नजर आ रही है। भले ही वे शहीद किए गए, उन्होंने न अपनी जिंदगी की शैली छोड़ी न अपने लेखन का सिलसिला। ऐसे उदाहरण आज आम लोगों और शायरों, दोनों में कम मिलते हैं।





SARWANAND KOUL PREMI

Pandit Sarwanand Koul ‘Premi’ A Legendary Poet & Translator

- Prof. Raj Nath Bhat

Pandit Sarwanand Koul 'Premi' is a household name across Kashmir. His talent, simplicity, humbleness, intelligence impressed every person who came into his contact or who read his creative writing in the form of poetry or prose. He was widely read, a polyglot and a prolific writer who was in love with his native village, Sof-Shali (ancient Sanskrit name, Saft-Shaleshwar), which is surrounded by snow-clad mountains and is irrigated by clean waters from their melting snows. He loved teaching although with his educational achievements (M.A; B.Ed), he could have landed in any other 'lucrative' profession. He retired as the Head-Master of a High school.



A saintly person at heart, he desired to teach the young minds the benefits of non-violence and individual action that profit the society as a whole. Sadly though, he was murdered in cold blood by mask-wearing goons in May 1990. His younger son was murdered along with him. Thus came to an end an eminent and enlightened mind who loved and trusted the people around him.

He was a devout follower of Gandhi and his association with Dinanath 'Nadim' had turned him into a social reformer. A poet who had dreams of a bright tomorrow and who represented common sentiments of the common people in one of his poems laments the plight of the labourers, artisans and sculptors at the building of the monuments like 'Taj Mahal' whose construction satisfies the ruler but the ruled, including the labourers and sculptors, remain poverty-stricken and unsung.

He gave voice to just and peaceful aspirations of the people, for whom he had great love in his heart. Initially he would write Urdu and Hindi couplets and recite them among his close friends. But his association with some Masters persuaded him to write in his mother-tongue. It was Master



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Zinda Koul's constant persuasion that encouraged Sarvanand Koul to write in Kashmiri language in which he could express himself effectively. Thus, he achieved heights of creative writing in Kashmiri. He was a devout follower of 'dharma'. He did not discriminate between faiths or sects.

His poetry is embellished with words from Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit. He described his village as a beautiful 'valley' walled around by tall deodar trees. His description of water-falls, falling-rain and spring-blooms in poetry is enchanting and attract ones attention.

He attributed his talent for creative writing to the all-powerful force that made life and everything around it possible. He has published twelve volumes of his creative writing and eighteen of his works remain unpublished.

His frequent visits to temples, and graves was a noteworthy feature of his personality. His poetry reflects his deep belief in 'human' intelligence where distinction of faith has no place. Little did he realize that his 'secular' attitude was under watch of the people who later butchered him along with his younger son.

'Gitanjali' impressed him immensely and he translated Rabindranath Tagore's 'Gitanjali' into Kashmiri. He would recite lines from it at appropriate occasions. Despite constant persuasion by well-wishers, he expressed his unwillingness to migrate away from his home in Kashmir at the onset of religious terrorism in 1989-90. His reluctance to 'run away' cost him his life along with that of his younger son. 'Premi' and his son Virendra were brutally killed by the inhuman thugs and their mutilated bodies were found hanging from a tree-branch on 1st of May, 1990.

Thus came to an end the songs of a loving heart and a vibrant mind who aspired to bring development, peace and knowledge to the door-steps of the people around him. The memories remain so does the fragrance. Sarvanand Koul 'Premi' shall live on in the community folklore. His work shall inspire young creative minds for generations to come.

We hope that eighteen of his unpublished works will also reach the reader in print .





موشولہ انہارک شاپر تہ عہد ساز ادب

شہید سر وانند کول پریمی

روشن لال بھٹ روشن

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

شہید سر وانند کول پریمی اکھ قد اور شخصیت چھ پنے بہ قابلیت کٹر امر۔ تم آکر کو کرناگ علاس منر بالہ کھو نہ منر تو درتی نظر و ستر
آر اسہ سننا شاپور (صوف) گاس منر زائر۔ اعلیٰ تالیم پر اوتھ آکر تم گوڈ و ساداتہ پنے گز بیڈ انسر پتھ نو کری کران۔ کو کرناگ
علاس منر چھ پنے تالیلی خاطر سبھا دیت۔ چھنر تھک کٹر لائق کام چھنا کا پتھ علاس منر سار پنے ویز۔ سماجی طور آکر تم بس و س رکار
پوان۔ اشور مشور تہ دوان۔ پنے بس علاس منر اوس پتھ سماجی کیوتا لیمی رنگرز بر دس دیہ دب۔

سے چھ وہ پے ڈور لہ انت ناگ بازرس منر تممن ستر ملا قاتھ سید مت مگر تم آکر جلدی منرے آسان شاید سر پتھر ریکار ڈنگ کر پے
کس سلسلس منر۔ سہ ملا قات چھ میانہ خاطر سبھا اہیت تھاوان۔ تکلیا زہ او سس تممن دوہن ادبی ما داس منر کو نہ و تہ گریہ تھہ گرتھ
آسان تو مو جو پنے ادبی رنگر کا تہہ تہ دلہ خیال۔ مگر پتھہ سس تہ اسو نہ ہونجہ کلام کزن چھ پنے سہ مشان۔

بحر حال سر وانند کول پریمی صائن ادبی رنگر کا ڈکڈن تہ جہا پر اوان گو قس ستر ستر مولوم تہ سہ تہ بڈیوشوق تممن ستر ادبی
ملا قاتھ کرنگ۔ ملنسی اوس زور و تھمت تہ نامہ تر اسہ و اقات آپ پتھ۔ تہ اتھ و اوڑھہ منر آپہ ساری ولنہ تہ آکر آپہ طرفا تن
چھکراونہ۔ جلاے وطنی پتھہ سو و تھن تہ مشکلاتن منر گمر سد تھہ مو صخر او و تہ منر مان و مہ اوان تھکانہ راون۔
پتہ سز و ابر پریمی صائب نہ ادبی کارناچ زان تہ پتھ کتہہ کتابہ پرنگ موقعہ تہ میول۔ تم آکر سار کر پے کشیر تہ خاص طور
صوف گاس خوشحال تہ خود کفیل و تھن یرھان۔ اعلیٰ تالیم پانہ آسہ تہ تھہ پایہ کین شایرن تہ ادب تہ و تھہ بیٹھہ پنے نہ
شودار شونڈ تہ پتھ ستر کٹر روکر پریمی صائب بر ذہہ پکان تہ ادس منر پنے ناوبر پراوان۔

پریمی صائب چھ شایر کشمیر چھ صائب ستر تہ ملا قاتھ سید مت۔ تہ پتھہ چھو صائب چھ تممن و تھمت ز پریمی چھ سونجہ گلشنگ نونہال
پوش پے پراوتھر تہ۔ پریمی تخلص چھکھ پانے کول صائب تھو و مت۔

سر وانند کول پریمی آکر واریاہ زبانہ زانان۔ مذہبی قدرن مند احترام کزن اوس تممن نصب العین۔ پتھنڈ و تہ اوس زہ پتھہ کٹر پتھہ
رؤس ڈونگ دزینہ تھہ کتہ چھ نہ انسان دیہ پندرؤس روز تھہ ہرکان۔ پتھنڈ و تہ چھ۔

تیرانا مہرے لیے رام ہے۔ یہ وردن بان صبح شام ہے

تم ہی سے ہے ملایہ زور قلم۔ تم ہی سے میسر سرور قلم

میرے دل کے مالک میرے رہبر۔ میرا سجدہ ہے تجھ کو شام و صبح



برہمی اوس انسانڈی ٹیک یز آرڈی۔ بھگوت گیتا۔ ستر ستر جھڑھ تم نورانی آماٹ، گور و گرج وانی تہ باہبل کور و پوسٹری تہ فیض ماہ
سپڈر ہتر۔ پرتھی اوس ہرتھ تیر تھس تہ زیارتس ہٹھ حاضر ی دتھ عقیدہ ہتھی پوش ارپن کران۔
گیٹ لڈیا تہ گیٹ کشمیر تھر چکن منز تہ چھڑھ تموجھہ نیومت۔ کشمیر ہند لول اوسکھ یوت زینجاہس منز سبھا تھر نوکری تر اوتھ آہیہ
واپس کشمیر۔ 1947 ہس منز چھکھ تھر پکھ ہتر آسہ کڈ گاندھی جی ہس ہتر ملا قاتھ ہرمت۔
پرتھی صاٹھ شائری چھہ ہر مانے، کتھ کروڈی، عام فہم، ہر شہدا ولی، تہ ہر کشش تہ۔
’فہمید کرنے ہر کاشکارو، نو بہار آو وٹکے یارو، پنڈی ہجستھہ گرتھ کڈ کھوڈیا وی ادبک خراج تحسین تہ حاصل۔ ہمز تخلیقات چھہ ہیز
موشور زیوزن و اڈ لڈی گرتھ ہر ہر آواز محسوس کرتہ۔
لولس اکر پوجھر ووان المادہ زینہن نفرت در پٹھر گورہ ہکھ تھہ خلاف اکر وولان تہ۔ دون نگران ہنز تلخ کلامی ہند وجہ اوس تمہیہ
پٹھر داغ۔ تموکور محسوس:-

پلوس لوگ یوز داغ لگن سا گوہ تہ منس زانہہ داغ لگن
وہ ہر گوہ روڈن دوہے ووشن گوہ تہ شکس زانہہ مال لگن

گیتا نجلی ہند کاشتر منظوم ترجمہ گرتھ کڈ پرتھی صابن اکھ کارنامہ حاصل۔ ہر ہم چند فی افسانہ اکر ہجر ہجر ہجر پران
آسان۔ بھگوت گیتا ہند منظوم ترجمہ ہند تھلک لائق کارنامہ۔ پران و اوس چھہ سیدہ وچھہ تہ یہ ان تہ باسان چھس زن تہ
کاشتر پائھی چھہ بھگوت گیتا ونہ آہرہ۔

انسانڈی حقوق ہنز پاید آری تہ اکر ہر حان۔ سماجی امتیاز اکر خلاف۔ تموجھہ اسلامی سولن منز تہ شری پرناوڈ ہتر۔ اکر
کاشتر پنڈ تہ سند اسلامی سولن منز پرناون چھہ سبھا مانے تھاوان۔ ہند عہد پٹھروئن چھہ۔
چھہ پرتھی لولہ ہوت لاران چھہ ولدارس اماٹھاران
مبارک دوستدارن عہد مبارک دہندارن عہد
ہنہ تہ ’یکسان گوتھ‘ نظمہ۔ منز چھہ ووان۔

دل گئے تھہ مازا اکھ انسان اکھ سسارا کھ

کیا زادو گینیا رجا ر ی وودنی یز یک یکسان گوتھ

کاشتر اوس لول برٹے یوت اوس ہنہ شہید پرتھی سند رول بلو کہ ہمز شائری اوس لکن ہنز دل دبرایہ ہتر ہم آہنگی ہند اظہار
تہ۔ نیٹک اوس تمن ہمیشہ گرتھ آسان۔ تہ اکر پڑتھ تمن نیٹک لگاؤس ہٹھہ۔ جواب دہکھہ ہر چھہ کڈ
متہ ساو چھہ تو سانس حاس دلہہ سہ میانس نظر اہ گرتھ تو

پرتی صاب اُس قلمے، سوخنے، ورے یس ولس مدد کران۔ مشپن، سون کون تہ کڈن ہندس تاہرس یا خار اُتی کامین اُس چند
دوان۔ ناسہ ترا سہ حالاتن مثر با سو تہمن زین موٹس بو ہتھریا رتھو تہر چھ تہم چھ میاڈی طالب علم رودر تہم چھ میاڈی بچہ۔ ”تو تہر کیا زہ چھو نہ پیتہ
نیران“ ملنٹن ہند پیر وُن اوسکھ نہ بوڈن ٹھیکھ لگان۔ ”تہر میڈ منز تھنہ پیوس، پرتھ پیوس کتھ تراون تہ مسلمان باے ترا دکھ تہ تہلہ۔“
پتھن اوسکھ تہ تھریا رتھن و اُلی چھم پرتا ورتہ تہم واتاوان تہ تہ تکلیف۔
چھیکرس سپڈ تہر ہمہ اپریل گکوہ شتھ نمٹھ عیسوی ظالمین ہند ڈکر گرتھ ہنواہ میل دور تہر دوشوے مالڈ تہر شہید تہ اولی واپڑ
دوشوے لاشہ تہر کتھنہ۔

سروانند کول پرتی، ہنز درجن وادرتا پتھے چھ پیوہ تہ درجن وادرتا پتھے ڈنہ تہ چھاپہ نے۔

پرتی نے تھم کالگ بیتہ تیس یس مشہ نہ زانہہ
اپونہ ہونچہ تہند گنتار مؤڈر یس مشہ نہ زانہہ
مصور ہے آپہ ہا، تہنر ہے شکلا تہ بناوہ ہا
شکلہ ناز نسبتہ کڈل ڈیکہ ورتھ یس مشہ نہ زانہہ
روشن



سروانند کول پریمی: اکھ ہمہ جہت شخصیت



رتن تلاشی

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خواتین و حضرات۔ از چھ اُس و ہمہ صدی ہندس تَمس ہرن مولا ادبی شخصیت شردانجلی ارپن کرنہ خاطر سمجھتو
تہتر ہنز آواز گو ہ شتھ نمٹس منز پینے دوہن انسانیت دشمن دہشت گردو ہمیشہ باپتھ خاموش کر۔ تہ یہ ادبی شخصیت
چھے ’سروانند کول پریمی‘۔ پریمی اوس پنے عصر کین تمن لکھارین منز اکھ اہم قلم کار یس خود نمائی تہ پننیں قلمی
کاوشن ہند تشہیر کرنہ ورائی کا شہر زبانی ہند ادبی ہلم بران رُو د۔ سہ تہ گنہ دادر سیدی ہند طبع تہ اعزاز پراد نہ کہ
آرزوے رؤس۔ پریمی ہنز شخصیت اُس پُ جہت تہ پاسل۔ سہ اوس کثیر ہنز تحریک آزادی ستو تہ وابستہ تہ اکھ
با اثر سماجی کارگن تہ گاندھی درشنک شیدائی۔ سہ اوس پنے وقتہ طالبہ علمن ہند باپتھ اکھ من پسند تہ شفقتہ پورت
مدرس تہ تہ اکھ شیرین کار تخلیق کار تہ ترجمہ کار تہ۔ تہ ہنز شخصیت کین یمن سار پے پہلوہن ہند تفصیلی تذکرہ تہ
مؤخر مضمونس کرن چھ محال۔ یہ کتھ تہ چھے اہم زیہ دوہ چھ اُمس باگہ پورت ادبی تہ سماجی شخصیت ہند یاد اوری
ہند دوہ تہ اہنز شخصیت مولنا و بکر تہ لانا و بکر جن برو نہ گن تہ کا تیاہ تہ ساتھ۔ از کر یہ تہ ہنز ادبی دیوت کہ حوالہ تہ ہنز،
ادبی شخصیت ہند ین کینون گوش ہنزے کتھ۔ پز چھ یہ زمے چھ سروانند کول پریمی نود کی سان گوڈنچہ لہ ۱۹۸۸
تس کشمیر یونورٹی منز کا شہر شعبہ کس سالانہ سیمینارس منز چھمت۔ رُمہ ز ا ویل تہ تنو کھ، چاکلیٹی رنگہ بند گلہ کوٹھ تہ
پتلون لاکتھ۔ کلہ لوگٹ، وٹھن پیٹھ پھولہ و ن اُس یس تہ ہنز اُ چھن تہ فرحتہ شباخہ ستو ساراب کران اوس تہ
ڈیکہ مورتھ۔ ہمن دون درمیان باد اُ کر چالہ سفید نندن ٹوک۔ یہ اوس تہ ہنز نفاست پسند شخصیتک ظاہری پاس۔
حالانکہ سیمینارس منز اوس نہ سہ کثیمیت مقالہ نگار مگر مقالن پیٹھ نکشتن دوران دیوت تہ پنے علمی وسعتک انداز۔
بہر حال سیمینار موکلیووتہ ساری درایہ تہ گپہ پننیں پننیں مسر و فیون ستو جو۔ مگر کینو دوہ پنے مے اخبار اقبال کس



اندر مس صفس پیٹھ نظر ہتھ منز پریمی ہند ڈس لیکھ نہ آمت اتھ سیمنارس متلق اکھ تفصیلی جاپو شالیج سپد مت اوس۔ امہ ستر سپدے اندازِ علمی تہ ادبی سرگرمین نیسبت کوتاہ سنجید اوس سہ۔ پریمی نیمہ انمانہ وطن تہ ہاجکہ رثر ہاچھ پنہ حیاتی دوران سرگرم عمل رڈ تہی انمانہ رڈ پور ہند مد سان تحریری تہ تخلیقی سرگرمین تہ برہنہ پکناوان۔ وئس تام چھے اردو، ہندی تہ کاشرس منز تسنز ڈوڈرجن پیٹھی کتابہ تہ کتابچہ منظر عامس پیٹھ آمہ۔ یکن منز کلامہ پریمی، پیامہ پریمی، رڈ جہر، اوش تہ ووش ناوچہ شعر سو مبرنہ تہ شامل چھے تہ گیتا نجلی یا بھگوت گیتا تہ ہش ترجمہ کاوش تہ چھے۔ بیو منز سپر کینہہ کتابہ ہنز حیاتی دوران شالیج تہ کینہہ تہ ہند شہادت پراونہ پتہ۔

ادبی دنیہس منز اس پریمی ہنز پیٹھ بانہ پچھان اُکس شیرین کلام شاعر ہند کٹر پیٹہ۔ تہی مختلف موضوعن، احسان تہ قلبی وارڈ داتن اظہار بخشن والی وزن، وزن نما نظمہ، تہ غزلہ ہتہ تخلیق کردی۔ پریمی ہندس شعر سر مالیس انز دمنز گرہنہ پتہ چھ باسان ز پریمی اوس اکھ فطری شاعر۔ تہ تسنز تخلیقی صلاحیون بین دس پسہ پرد چھ مختلف محرکات، اول سہ ماحول ہتھ منز کٹر پون لوکپا رگدور تہ اتھ ستر ستر جاے سکونت تہ دہیم سہ ادبی منظر نامہ ہتھ منز سہ فکر پیو۔ پریمی سہد علاقہ چھ کاشر زبانی ہندین دون بلند پایہ شاعرن یعنی محمود گامی تہ رسل میر سہد ہاشہ مادان۔ امہ علاو اوس اتھ زمانس منز کشیر ہندس فضہس منز مچھ رتہ آزاد ہون شعر آوازن ہند گرتہ تہ امہ نش لوہ روزن اوس پریمی ہوس حساس فرد ہند ہاچھ مشکل تہ محال۔ ہنز ادبی شخصیت چہ شیر پار پسہ پرد چھ تمہہ ووتھ پیٹھ ہند دخل تہ یوس تہ پنہ زمانکین مقامی تہ غار مقامی ادبین تہ عالمن ستر رڈ زمہ چھے۔ پریمی لیس چھہ نو جو آنی ہند دور پیٹھ ادبین تہ عالمن ستر روزور و دمت۔ مچھ رن چھے پانہ گنوہ شہہ پانز تاجی لیس منز تحریر کرہ آمہ ڈایری منز اکہ دوہلین مصر و فیا تہ ہنز ذکر تحریر کو رمت زسہ سمکھ پریمی لیس ہمراہ تمہہ وقتہ کین کینون حاکمن۔ توہی ہیکو انداز لگاوتھ ز مچھ رتہ سہد دہدہ تمہہ وقتہ نہ صرف ادبی حلقن منز اوس بلکہ اوس تحریک حریس منز تہ اکھ ویلا دناوتہ تمہہ ساتک اکوہ ہر پریمی تہ ہمنوا آسن یہ واقع چھہ ادبی تہ سیاسی تحریکہ ستر پریمی ہند قرتک آپینہ بردار۔

کھشیت شاعر اوس پریمی روایت تہ جد تک سمن بل۔ ہتھ منز مچھ رہنر شعر روایت ہند پلا ت گرتہ چھہ تہ



نویسہ خیال ہنز واہ رنگہ تہ چھے۔ تہنز شاعری منز چھے کاشر زندگی ہندین مارڈ منڈر منظر تہ دیہاتی زندگی ہنز نژہالیہ گنتین ہنز عکاس تہ تہ انفرادی احسان ہنز ترجمانی تہ۔ پریکی یو دوسے کھوورڈرچہ ادبی انجمنہ ستر تہ وابسہ اوس اما پوزورخ صبح کہ مارمہ کُر نہ کُر امہ نظریہ فکرچہ انتہا پسندی قبول۔ چناچہ سہ اوس مزازن دھارمک تہ پرتھ مذہبی فکر ہنز کہنے کئی چھے انسانی مساوت، رواداری تہ انسان دوستی۔ ترقی پسندی ہند چھیکر ستر منزل تہ اوس بی۔ امہ سہ چھ نہ تہنز شاعرانہ فکر منز بین ہند لکراو بلکہ اکھ خوش پونی ملہ مش۔ پیسے وجہ چھ زتسند کلام چھ انسانی زندگی ہندس رزرس آے کو نچمان۔ تہنز شاعری منز چھ قلبی وادراتن ہنز باوتھ تہ مٹائی سماجکہ تعمیرک پیام تہ۔ امہ علاوچھے تہ کھتی رنگ شاعری تہ کرہو۔ پریکی چھ امید پرستی ہند شاعر۔ تس اوس انسانہ ہندس مؤلہ رزرس پیٹھ پڑھ۔ تہندین شعر تجربہ بن ہند تخلیقی پوچھ زمین سو تھر چہ کشیر ہنز زندگی تہ منز مثبت انسانی قدرن ہنز زہالیہ گرایہ تہ چھ تہ کشیر ہنز سادہ لوح زندگی ہند مختلف رنگ تہ جلو گرچہ۔ تہندین سوزنلی شعر تجربہ بن منز چھ تہنز کیہمہ موضوعی نظمہ تہ شامل بین منز آزاد دی ہندین برگد پد ولہ ویرن شرداپہ ہند کی پوش ارپن کرہ آتہ چھ۔ ہتی طور چھ تہنز شاعری منز روایتی وژن چالہ نظمہ تہ شامل بین لگہ آہنگس منز زمینہ غوطہ دنہ آمت چھ۔ یوہے وجہ چھ زتہندین کینون وژن میاں۔ تہ قبولہ عام زازتہ چھ بین متعلق لگہ باتن ہند گمانہ سپدان۔

پریکی ہنز ادبی شخصیتک بیا کہ اکھ روشن پہلو چھ یہ زسہ اوس اکھ کامیاب ترجمہ کار۔ تہنزن بین ترجمہ کابین منز چھ یگور ہنز شوہر آفاق شعر تصنیفہ ”گیتا نچلی“ ہند کاشر ترجمہ علاو ”بھگوت گیتا“ ہند ترجمہ خاص پٹھر شامل۔ پڑھن تصنیف ہندس ترجمس منز چھ نہ صرف زبانی زان بلکہ دروں بینی تہ جرتمندی درکار تہ پریکی ہند کیہم ترجمہ چھ یم تیشوے وصف نا کار کران۔ خاص پٹھر چھ تہنز ترجمہ مہارت گیتا نچلی منز نا کار۔ گیتا نچلی ہند ترجمہ چھ کاشرس منز موتی لال ناز صا بن تہ کو رمت مگر پریکی سندر ترجمہ چھ امہ تصنیفہ ہند کاشر زبانی منز گوڈ نیگ



ترجمہ۔ باسان چھہ یہ ترجمہ کینون فلٹرز زبان ہند وسیلہ کرے اُمت۔ بنگال کی زبان کی منہ چھہ ٹیگورن گیتا نجلی ۱۹۱۰ ہس منہ شایع کر ہہ یوس ۱۵۷۱ بکھتی تہ سری مراز کین گیتن پیٹھ مشتمل چھہ۔ انگریزی گیتا نجلی منہ چھہ ۱۰۳ اشعر تخلیقہ یس منہ اصل گیتا نجلی ہند کی صرف ۵۲ گیت شامل چھہ۔ چناچہ ٹیگورن چھہ بیشتر گیتن پانے آزاد ترجمہ کو رمت مگر تمہ باوہو دچھہ دوشوہنی گیتا نجلی یں ہنن تخلیقن باہم تفاوت۔ انگریزی ترجمس منہ چھہ مختلف گیتو منہ کینہہ کینہہ تراونہ تہ بدلاونہ اُمت۔ پریمی ہند ترجمہ پیادہ تہ چھہ انگریزی گیتا نجلی رُوہو۔ بنگال کی ادبی تنقیدس منہ چھہ ٹیگور ہنر زبان رنگہ رُوہو رُوہو مانہ آہو۔ تہند زبان ورتا دچھہ دون قسمن ہند تہ چھہ گنہ گنہ ”شود بھاشا“ یعنی سنسکرتی لہجہ تہ گنہ گنہ ”چولتی بھاشا“ یعنی بول چالی لہجہ دیہاتی لگہ لہ سان ورتو وُمت۔ پنے زبان ہند لفظ تیک اندر رُوہو ساؤت ورتا وُمت تہ ستی ہم لفظ حرکتل شین منہ سبباً وُمتہ کو رُوہو پنے شاعری ہند ڈریہ موسیقی تہ مصوری ہند اکہ گمبہ خانہ تخلیق۔ چھہ منہ نہ صرف فنک بلکہ فکر ہند تہ انتہا چھہ۔ یہ سورے ترجمن منہ ویراؤن چھہ ناممکن۔ بقولہ رابرٹ فراسٹ۔ ”شعر تہ گوہہ کینوہا یہ ترجمس منہ راوان چھہ۔“ مگر پریمی یں نیمہ انداز گیتا نجلی ہنر تہیہ وہپر اونچ کوشش کر ہہ چھہ، سوچھہ قابلہ داد۔ چناچہ انگریزی آزاد ترجمہ برعکس چھہ تہ برپائی ہند ول ورتا وُمت پُن ترجمہ پابند نظمس منہ کو رمت۔ اتہ ترجمس چھہ یہ خوہی زہ چھہ نہ باسان زہ پریمی یس نش کیا چھہ لفظ کش کش نیران۔ یہ ترجمہ پران پران ہیگہ یہ احساس سپد تہ ز اُس چھہ، نہ کانہہ ترجمہ بلکہ پریمی ہنر کانہہ طبع اذ تخلیق پران۔ تہی چھہ سورگیہ پریمی ہندس ترجمس متعلق جیالال ماطر ونان: ”پریمی یں چھہ گیتا نجلی ہند ترجمہ کر تہ فلسفہ سیٹھا سہل تہ سادہ پٹھہر کاشر زبان منہ پیش کو رمت۔“ حالانکہ یہ تہ چھہ پلا زہ پریمی ہند باپتہ اوس ٹیگور ہنر زبان ہند امتیاز ووتلاؤن محال تکیا ز تہند ترجمہ چھہ مؤلہ تلہ ترجمہ۔

سورگیہ پریمی ہنر شخصیتک بیا کھ پاس چھہ تہنر بیانہ شاعری منہ نا کار۔ اتہ ضمنس منہ چھہ تہند کوشر راماین اہم۔ چھہ تہنر ادبی شخصیت باپتہ مختلف رنگواہمیت چھہ۔ اول نیمہ لحاظ ز کاشر شعر روایہ منہ چھہ یہ تخلیق پریمی ہنر



करांनी बाँकल सुँगुन बकھتی हेनरतेह شعر राविये सत्रे गंडान सिमिक दस काशरस मंत्रसचब कउन ठुमंत असु - दुविये मे नु
मोवाड लजाड किनेहे हेपर पेहेपर आसने बावुडु डेहे थिनेक लजाड येहे रामानिस प्रकाश राम करी काडु पेन्दस रामानिस सत्रे वारिया
हेशर येहे करी काशरस राम बकहेत शाएन मंत्र प्रियी प्रकाश राम हूस वुसताड गुनमास सत्रे हेमसरी करान चेहे - काशर
रुबानी हेनरु रामानि चहे जद हेनुसतानी रुबान हेनुन येहे रामानिस हेनरु पाठुडु हेमे हेनु सदु हेनुस अहेयातेहे रामानि
रुस रुस रुस पेहे - अहे पेहे चहे वीडानत फलसुक अत्रे - अहे रामानिस मंत्र चहे राम ते सिता विसुते लकहेमी हेनरु अतार
माने आत्रे - येहे काशरस रामानिस मंत्र ते चहे राम ते सिता विसुते लकहेमी हेनरु अतार रंगु आत्रे ते येन मंत्र ते चहे
अहेयातेहे रामानि ते थुलसी हे "राम चरत मानसु" पाठुडु राम बकहेतु बरु येहे अमंत - राम कहेये हेनरु अलिन तसुनिय चहे
वालुकी रामानि - मगरामिक राम चहे अहे हेरो, ने रुकानेहे अतार - सुहे चहे अहे बुनुद अलक ते बावुल असनु येसु
मालु सुनुडु बोलु बजा अने बाये राबुत त्रा अतुहे वन रुतान चहे - ते हेनु हेनुस येकर रावुस गालान चहे - बुदुहे ते येन
जातुन मंत्र ते चहे राम हेनु अहे आदरु अलक ते वुवुरु हेनु हेनुस - मगर अहेयातेहे रामानि येते येन ते रामानि तसुनिय
सुडु तेन मंत्र चहे येहे मंत्र पाठुडु राम हेनु अतारु रुखुनिय वुतुलवने हेनु -

सरोनुदु कूल प्रियी चहेने येने रामानि रुस तसुनियस मनुदु येने रुबानी हेनुस रुने मखुस रामानिस पुडु तालु
रुदुमंत - बकुले तेनुडु चहेनु येने रामानि चहे तखुलक सारी मंत्र थुलसी करुत रामानि पुन आदुहार वुनुमुंत, येदुदु येने ते
केनुन पुसुतुन हेनु सेहारा येनुत चहेनु - वुल गुडु सुसु पेहे चहे अहे रामानिगु मरुअु येने हेनुस रामानिस सत्रे
हेशर तहावान रुमे केनु मखुन रुदरान चहे नुदेये ते एकुनियु तुल मये केहारे अमंत - हेनुसतानस मनु येन रामानि
शुआ हेनु सदु पेहे लिकेने येने तेन मंत्र चहे सुतुका नुदु बरुस "लुकुश वारुनिस" ते रामस दरुम्यान जनुके के हेनुस रुनुकु
अठुम कानुते - ये जनुके पेहे बाने अठुमे सदु हेनुस सुसुकरुत नाकारु हेनुवुतु येन येनुस "अतु रामानिस" मनु
हेनुमुंत - थुलसी करुत रामानि येदुदु सेने कानुन येने मुशुतुल चहे अमाडु रुम कहे मकुल सुवुतुस मनु येन रुने सेहे चहे अतु



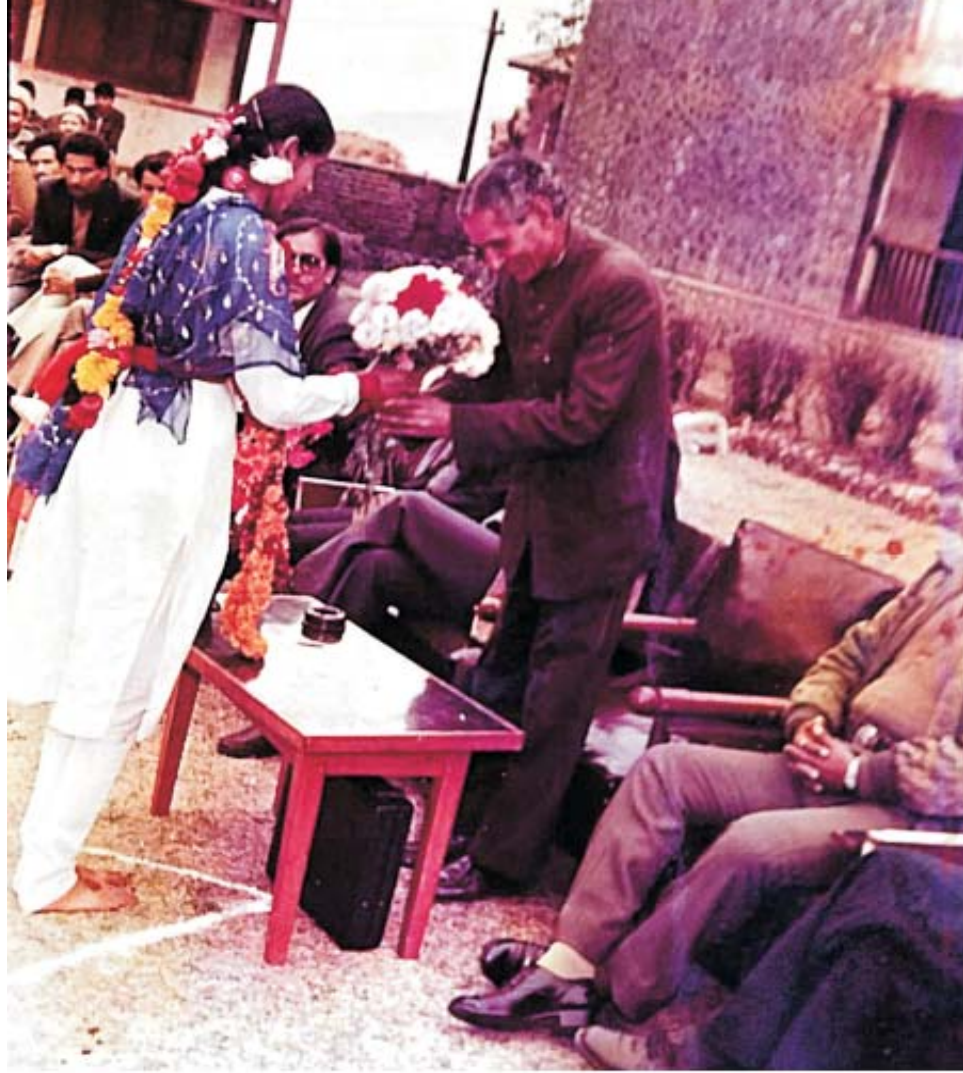
راماینک لوکوش قصہ تہہ ہتھ راماینس منز شامیل کو رمت مگر گری گامس مقابلہ سیٹھا موخصر پائٹھر۔ امہ راماینہ تلہ چھ ناکار سپدان ز نہ چھ یہ بیشتر کاشر داستانی اد بکر پائٹھر ترجمہ تہہ نہ ہیکو اتھ تخلیقہ نوؤ ہتھ۔ بلکہ ہیکو اتھ رام کتھاپہ ہند تلخیص و ہتھ۔ تکیا ز پریمی ین چھ اصل راماینکو ذیلی قصہ تہہ آدھیاتمہ راماینکو ہوو فاسیانہ نوکتہ نظر انداز کرتھ پنن توجہ رام کتھاپہ ہند ین اصل واقعن کن مرکز کو رمت۔ یا ہیکو پتہ و ہتھ ز پریمی سُد ”کوشر راماین“ چھ اصل راماین کہ پلاچ ژھوٹرن۔ تیمیک آغاز سید سیو دراز دشر تھ ہند پٹھ سپد تھ رام ہندس مہا پر تھانس پیٹھ اختتام پذیر سپدان چھ۔ راماین چھ تہہ اکھ تخلیق ہتھ منز رام تہہ راونس در میان جنگ کس صورتس منز زمیہ خصوصیتہ چھ تہہ رام تہہ سینتاپہ ہندس ہجر تہہ وصل کس صورتس منز زمیہ خصوصیتہ چھ۔ فارسی ادبکس اثرس تحت چھ بیشتر کاشر جنگ نامن تہہ زمیہ نظم منرا کشر مخر متقارب ورتاوند آہو۔ مگر پرکاش رام ہند رام ادتار ژر پتھو پائٹھر چھ پریمی ین تہہ پننس راماینس منز مخر ہرج ہند ورتاوند کو رمت یوس لولہ مثنوی ین ہنز مقبول مخر چھ۔ کاشر ین لولہ مثنوی ین ہنز سرتاج ”مگریز“ منز تہہ چھ امی مخر ہند ورتاوند اتھ مخر منز چھ لے موسیقیت ووتلا وچ توڑھ۔ یہ نوبلی چھ پریمی ہندس راماینس منز تہہ۔ حالانکہ پریمی چھ اچھ زبانی سنسکرت آمیز اسٹاک اعتراف کرتھ اتھ کینون قاری ین باپتھ بارگراں محسوس کران۔ مگر وچھوے تہہ موضوع مطابق چھ نہ امیک لہجہ گنہ پائٹھر تہہ گوب بلکہ دھارمک موضوع آسنہ کئی چھ امہ باپتھ پڑھ ہش زبان ناگدیر۔ ہر گاہ ”ویشو پرتاپ راماین“ وچھو اچھ روآنی چھ اُردو، پنجابی، ڈوگری تہہ کاشر زبانی ہند تہہ سادو ورتاوند تہہ آہ متاثر سپر ہوو ز بعضے چھ قاری تہہ سوچان سوچان راوان ز یہ کہہ زبانی ہنز تخلیق مانہون۔

سرواند کول پریمی ہنز ادبی شخصیتکو چھ پیہ کینہہ رنگ۔ یم ہنز تذکر نگاری تہہ ادبی صحافتس ہنز منز پٹھ گوتھان چھ۔ تہہ سوزے ادبی سرمایہ چھ نہ و نہ منظر عامس پیٹھ آمت۔ یہ کینوہاتہ بروہنہ گن آمت چھ سہ تہہ چھنہ کم کینہہ۔ یہ سوزے ادبی سرمایہ چھ یہ کتھ کھر کران ز سہ اوس نہ صرف تحریک آزاد دی ہند مجاہد بلکہ رُ دس

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

وَأَنْسِهْ اُمْنِ، آشتی تہ ملہ ارس پیڑھ مینی کا شرسما جگ تعمیر کرنہ باپتھ قلمی جہاد کران۔ انسان دشمن دہشت گرد و کوار
پریمی اسہ نش جڈا مگر تہند آتماچ خوشبوے چھے ازتہ تہند کلامکہ وساطتہ اسہ درمیان موجود۔ تھ نہ کانہہ اوزار پور
تہ نہ کانہہ ہتھیار۔ تھی چھ و نان:

اپز کینہہ کال یو دوے رتھ کھسہ
پزرس نیال گلہ تہ مابنہ زانہہ





Sarwanand Koul Premi A Multifarious Personality

- Dr. Roop K. Bhat

When we assess his literary contribution Sarwanand Koul Premi emerges as a multifarious personality in terms of his writings. A poet, prose writer- biographer and translator. Though he wrote both prose and poetry but is better known as a poet. Besides writing in his mother tongue Kashmiri he also wrote in Urdu, Hindi and English languages. However, he is much known for his Kashmiri writings. He was a voracious reader as well and would usually carry books in his bag wherever he travelled to. Premi's important works are the poetry collections: *kalami Premi* "Premi's poetry", *osh ta vosh* "tears and sighs" and *paan tsadar*, "Water fall". During his early years as a poet Premi had an opportunity to remain connected with Mehjoor the great poet of modern Kashmiri poetry. On the pattern of *kalami mehjoor* and *payami Mehjoor* premi also wrote *kalami Premi* and *payami Premi*. Mehjoor's influences could be seen in these pieces of Premi's poetry. It is said that the pen name Premi was given to him by none other than Mehjoor himself. Mehjoor even wrote the preface of Premi's poetry collection *osh ta dosh*. He wrote "*Premi Kashmiri gulshan sokhan ke navnihaal hai. Asaar batate hai ki agar is navnihaal nakhista ki parvarish va abiyaari ki jayegi to bazahir chote is navnihaal ke galaytar baagko mehka degi.*" "Premi is the youngboy of garden of Kashmiri literature. It is inclined that in case this budding poet is groomed and brought up well he could certainly add fragrance to this garden."



Sh Dina Nath Nadim an eminent poet of Kashmiri writes about Premi, "*ama su loov ta luka shaeyir yus 1948 manz cultural mahazas pyath oos vizi vizi yivaan, kot chu gomut. kotah vutsh ta volavola oos tasindyan sydyan sadan sharan manz*". I wonder where is that young and peoples poet gone who used to visit the cultural front very frequently in 1948. How loud and joyous his verses were?

Sh Arjan Dev Majboor an eminent poet and scholar of Kashmiri language writes about Premi, "*baDyaar balahas manz chi aes doshway kareeb akis retas yikva Tay Deeras ruudymit. 1952 aasihe ba oosus akis high schoolas manz kaem karaan ta su oos khadi banDaras manz. Premi oos prath tehzeebi, tamaduni ta adbi jalsas manz goDa anwari yivaan. yi*



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

khosh mizaaj shakhs zanan ba 1949 pyaTha .su Oos mana shod ta saaph go. Yihaey saaph goyiy ta Pazar baneyi tasIndi bapath zahar.yi chu zagat prathna pyaTha aamut.Pazar vananvool Aristo chovukh shenkhya. pazar vana vaelis Galileohas ditsikh phaes.Premi ti aav kuni kaarna baDa bedardee saan maarna.premi slnzi kaeshri shaeyri manz chu kasheeri hund barpuur husun,yemi bavsaric napayidaery ta zindgi hIndy tim masla drenThy gatshaan yim azla pyaThay aadmas saety chi.”

Both of us stayed together in a rented house at Badiyaar Bala in Srinagar.It must have been 1952, I was working in a high school and he was in Khadi bandaar. Premi was first to be present in every literary, cultural meet. I knew this joyous fellow since 1949. He was a pure hearted and frank person. This very quality of frankness and truthfulness became a curse for Premi. This is seen from the beginning of this universe. The truthful man like Aristo was poisoned. The truthful Galileo was crucified. Premi also became a victim of violence and was killed brutally.”

Many of Premi's poems are very popular and one such poem is “Taj”. A satire on Taj Mahal. This long poem is a complete poem on every aspect of this world famous monument. It starts like

*Khayala paadshahas voth kami kya
Hukuumat,paadshaehi,zar ta taakat
Me chum sooruy zagat soruy khoran tal
Amis kyuth akh nishana tyuth thavun chum*

An idea stroked to the king, I have no dearth of anything
Government, Kingdom, wealth and power
The whole world is at my feet
For her (my beloved) have to leave behind a unique memory

I remember very well that in late 1978 an All India conference of Kashmiri language was conducted and coordinated by late Prof Omkar Koul at Northern Regional Language Centre, Patiala, a regional centre of central Institute of Indian languages, Mysore, of then HRD Ministry Govt. of India. The conference was attended by a galaxy of Kashmiri scholars and Linguists. Sh. Premi presented this poem “Taj” in a mushiara organized in the side lines of the conference. The poem was liked by one and all and he was honored for his excellent presentation. Though I knew Premi Ji earlier to that but this conference gave me opportunity to get apprised of his literary genius. After that I was in regular touch with him till his tragic demise.

Writing about Premi's life and works(A monograph published by Sahitya



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

Academy) Prof. Ratan Lal Shant an eminent short story writer, play wright and critic says, “*premi ji slnz awaemi zindgi aes rangbirangi.na sirf abad lekhnuk ta parnuk balki adbi mehfilan ta jalsan manz sharkat karnuk oos tas syatha shookh.yi chu aham zi azaedi patay yuthuy kalcral mahaaz banyoov ,premi ruud ath saet munsalik.kentsha amikin zi oor aes mashhuur zaman shaeyir ta adeeb yivaan ta kentsha amikin zi premi oos khayalaatav kin tarki pasand. yi zan aes tasinzan tasneefan andar vuchaan chi.*”

Premi ji's public life was colourful. Not only because of writing and reading of literature but to participate in literary and cultural assemblies was his great passion. It is important to mention that as soon as cultural front was formed after the Independence of India Premi became part of it. Partly because famous poets and writers of that period used to come over there and partly for he being of progressive ideology, which is evident in his writings.

As a prose writer Sarwanand Kaul premi wrote biographies of Mirza Kak a saint poet and of Rupa Bhawani the saint poetess of Kashmir. Besides translating Geetanjali of Tagore he also translated Bhagwat Geeta and Ramayan into Kashmiri.

It is a matter of great satisfaction and pleasure that many of Premi Ji's unpublished works were published after his tragic demise by his children Sh. Rajinder Premi and Sh. Ravinder Ravi, for which they have earned great appreciation from the community.

I close this write up with a very good verse of Premi :

Dilan manz shozar tay Pazar aasihe
Achan manz ti loollc nazar aasihe
Vuchaan yus chu saasan maraan raath doh
Amah tas amyuk zanh asar aasihe.

Had there been purity and truthfulness in hearts
Had there been a sight of love in eyes
One who sees thousands dying day and night
Wish such a heart had an impact of it





گہل گٹے کار

بے کے کول "بے زان"

گہل گٹے کار، شہل تلہ نار وچھان گئی
 عتہن پیہو نندر مستی منڑی پیہ
 مہتھ مارتھ کرکھ زپہ مال بیون بیون
 تے پھلہ پھلہ کرتھ ٹینکن دتھ وون
 دمو یود ژتھ آسہ ما ساد ونبہار
 توے ما پڑتس درواز بند تہ یلہ دار
 چھ ٹھوگر گٹھی تہ زن بیکھشایہ درامتر
 بہر لد ہوی توے زن یور آمت
 تمن کمر یوز یمو چھپپہ پان دتمت
 تمن شاین فقط سوپہ بیول کھوتمت
 سہ رتہ سُرک "لالہ پڑی بٹ" مٹھ گو
 وٹھن دیٹ تزوپ تہ غارتھ زن وستھ پو
 پَن اتحاس آسہ ما رآسی گرشان رُود
 تیلک کھن ازیک بڈشاہ چھنا یود
 سہ ساگم بڑنگ تہ ما چھم آور اوتھ
 جہ ما گوس پوشہ پاتھل راور اوتھ
 دپان بے زان پڑیک اتحاس ونہ گس
 چھوکن بلغار شلس شہجار انہ یس



امر شہید سروانند کول پریمی

بے کے کول "بے زان"

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

پڑی اوس غم زدن غمخار پریمی پڑی اوس قومکے معمار پریمی
 دُن بلیدان دُن جس ہوشہ رؤستن پڑی اوس بیکسن دگدار پریمی
 شوزر شروژر تمس اوس باگہ ازلگ پڑی اوس مس مودر گفتار پریمی
 تمی اوس سر گر تھ سمسار سورمت پڑی اوس لولہ کئے اظہار پریمی
 تمس اوس شوہ راوان ٹیوک دیکس پٹھ پڑی اوس اکھ مولل شاہکار پریمی
 تمی رڈی بس وچھس مٹز نیز بسیار پڑی سانن چھوکن بلغار پریمی
 تے اوس مس قلندر شاہ شاہن پنڈر پڑی اوس سر یہ سندا آکار پریمی
 فقط کھیاؤن تہ چاؤن شوق تمی سندا پڑی اوس ریشیتگ وبتار پریمی
 تمی دیت چھپہ قومس ٹوٹھ سنتان وریندر کول پڑی انہار پریمی
 سہ اہمنو بٹھ آو بیمہ زمانک نوی گپتا نوے بلغار پریمی
 توے بے زان پڑی کنی پڈر چھ ژھاران تمس رہبر فقط اظہار پریمی



سر وانند کول پریمی ہندو وا کہ

اکھ موخسر جائیز - اوتار ہنگامی

لوگ یو دپلوس داغ لگن ساء۔ گووہ نہ منس زانہہ داغ لگن
وونہ گووہ روزن دوہے ہوشن۔ گووہ نہ شلمس زانہہ ماگ لگن
پریمی

کاشر زبانی ہنز مولا دھارتہ شو یو گنی لل دید یوس صنف پن
وونہ باونہ باپتھ ورتاوتھ چھ وا کہ ومان۔ تیمیک بحر، وزن، رگن تہ
باسق ادبی لو ازر مات چھ مشخص تہ امر ہند پر مگتی پر اوہ پتہ کور اتھ
صنفہ منز بیہ تہ گونما تو طبع آزمائی۔ یمن مزار ر نہ مال، روپہ
دہد، مہر ز کاک تہ پڑ دہد قابل غور چھ۔ امر شہید سر وانند کول پریمی
صائبن تہ چھ اتھ صنفہ منز پن جو دتھ ہو وومت یس نہ صرف فنی لحاظہ
پونہ چھ بلکہ ادبی گہو چہ پٹھ صحیحی و تران چھ۔ ہنہد بن وا کھن منز چٹھے
ویداہنچ مشکہ پدج تھہ ماران لبہہ یوان۔ ہنہد بن وا کھن ہند بغور
مطالہ ہتر چھ یہ کتھ واضح سپدان ز پریمی یس چھ ویداہنچ پٹھ نہ صرف
یڑھ پڑھ اُسہ بلکہ اُس تکر امہ کمن اوصولن عملی زندگی منز ورتاوتھ



یہی کہہ کر ہندو بھوتھ پیش کران ز منشس چھ نہ۔ ہتھ ناشوان زندگی منز
امر روزنہ باپتھ امہ وراے کاہہ ژھوٹہ بر ووتہ بور۔ (short
cut) تمو چھ یوگہ ابھیاسہ چہ ہیر پاوپا و کھستھ زخم چھل کر تک پنہ بن
واکھن منز سبھا سرل تہ نرل طرفتس منز ساڈ باڈی مگر پرمغز تہ مانے
خیز اندازس منز لکھتھ اُس کس گریستی انسانس وتہ گاشراوہ۔
واکھن ہنز زبان چھے عام بول چالچ زبان یوسہ عام انسانس پلہ
ہنس منز کاہہ تہ ڈگوش یا ڈڈیوت چھے نہ کران۔ صرف گوہ پائھکس
پانس منز جوہ شودہ ہو آہستہ ہتھ سہ یمن لالن مو بوتھ ہیکہ نتہ چھ نہ تہ
لبن ممکن ہیر زن پریمی صائبن مداتہ مقصد اوس۔ واکھن منز چھتھ
روحانی فلسفس دل دینہ آمت۔ اُس عام انسانس زاہراہ شادھ سپد اُس
تس پر لوس منز پن کر مہ پھل پر اوس منز سبھا اتھ رڈ کر۔ بشرطیکہ
سہ آسہ پرمہ یمن واکھن عملی طور ورتاوس اہل۔ نتہ گوہ او ڈگریس تہ
او ڈگریہ خار۔ دے گاؤن، ژھارن تہ پتہ و ہارن چھے ژمر وقر
ژاپنہ۔ اُس منشس چھ نہ یمن کڈرین وتن پگتھ منزلس واتس گوہ پر
ہنز کر ہایہ وراے کاہہ چار تکیا زیم وتہ چھے نہ صرف مشکل بلکہ
ناممکن تہ۔ پریمی صائبس چھ امہ لیاظہ ختہ بجر کیا زیم اوس پن پتا جی



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

سورگیہ شہر پیمانہ پنڈتھ گوپنی ناتھ کول گوریو پریمی جی لیس سوتریش
ہو مر آوتیمینک تمن لو کچار پانہ پٹھے دودسہ اوس۔ اتھ متعلق چھ تم پانے
وانان ز ”سے اوس مول گور“۔ تمو چھ ز تو وہ ہہری گپتا جی ہنز گوڈ نچہ
ادھیایہ اردو منظوم ترجمہ کو رمت تہ پنہ نس پتا جی لیس بوز نوومت۔ یہ
چھ نیمہ کتھ ہند غماز پریمی جی لیس چھ لو کچار پانہ پٹھے دھار مک
کامن ہنز رچی اسپہ۔ تہ بقول سوامی پرمانند جی۔
”بجرس کیا کر دارن تہ پاڑن۔ بالہ پانہ روز سنی یا سہ
کالہ نش موکلکھ تہ واتکھ نہ مارن تارن یہ پانے پان اسپہ“
تمو چھ پرمانند جی ہندس ونہ نس رچھ کر مہ نیمہ کہہ رکتہ تمو گپتا جی
ہند اردو منظوم ترجمہ گرتھ ہیوک یاراملنگ کاکٹر روپ دنک کارنامہ
انجام دیت۔ کشیر ہندو بڈو بڈو آچار یوچھ یمن منز وسوگیت، ابھنو
گیت تہ اتھیل دیوقابل زکر چھ انسانس پنڈ زان کرنس اپشور ہنز زان
مانی ہہ۔ تہند مانن اوس زیس منش پن پان ز اتھ ہیکہ تس سپد خورور
اپشور ہنز زان تہ تکیا ز خود شناسی چھے خود آگاہی وہ تھہو دیوان۔ یوس
چھیکرس دے پر ز ناوچ جوڈی چکاوان چھے نیمہ ستر ساری اندھکاریانے



کام، کرودھ، لوب، مہمہ تہ اہنکار دور چھ سپدان۔ تہ جڈ چھ کلس ستی
 مپلتھ زن تہ قطر سمندر منزم غم سپدان تہ آواگون ختم سپد تھ چھس
 موکش میلان۔ پریمی جی لیس اوس یمن کتھن ہند ہر تر و نہ
 آمت۔ تمن آس نہ صرف خود آگاہی ہندی بر مزہ رہہ آہتر بلکہ اوسکھ
 خودا شناسی ہندی طور طریقہ تہ بدس سپدی ہتر۔ شاید چھ یہ وا کھامہ جی
 غمآزی کران:-

(1) انومان (2) (19)

وہ مکار لپتھ وہ مکار زونم۔ زونم آسن گوہم ستی
 ستی چھم پانس تہ پر زونوم۔ تہ آس تس دوی سنے ستی ہتر۔
 انومان (انداز) ہیکہ غلط تہ آستھ مگر انوبھو (تجر بہ) چھ نہ زانہہ تہ غلط
 آسان تکیا زانومان چھ سانہ منچ کلپنا آسان نیلہ زن انوبھو چھ اسہ
 وآنہہ آسان کورمت یا ہیو چھمت رت وکھ تسر آسان یس نہ کآنہہ ہند
 باپتھ ناکار کانچھ یا سونچہ۔ پریمی جی لیس اوس زندگی ہند تجر بہ دیس پٹھ
 یرھ تہ پڑھ تہ پتہ سوکریا کرم کرنک شونڈ ہالہ پانہ پٹھے پاتھیومت یس
 تمن آخری دس تام وتہ ہاوک پٹھ وتہ گاشراوان رود۔ پنہ نہ آتمہ



گیانہ تہ تجربہ کس بنا ہس پڑھ۔ یوں تہ کام تمہو عملی زندگی منز گرتھ
کلمہ دراوقو درتی طور رٹے پھل تہ نئے چھ ذاتی راے ز پریمی جی اکر
ادبی کامن تہ اکھ کزیا زانان۔ نیمہ کہہ برکتہ تمہو مختلف زبانن منز۔ تہ
منز انگریزی، اردو، ہندی تہ کاشر زبانہ شامل چھے پنڈر و ہند باوتھ فنی
یوحتہ گی تہ ادبی فنکاری سان انجام چھ دثرہ۔ حالانکہ میانی یہ حقہ
راے ماہاسہ قاری ین قبل از وقت تکلیا ز تہند بیشتر ادبی سرمایہ (کاشر)
(انگریزی) اردو تہ ہندی زبانن منز چھ و نہ تہ اچھوپ۔ مگر تہ دیگر
چھ و چھان پڑھ کہہ۔ و نیکنام یہہ کتابہ (لوکچہ کیو بچہ) مختلف زبانن
منز چھاپہ ہو چھے تم چھے میانس دعوا ہس پشنے کران۔

ست سنج ہما چھے و ہدن، اُپنشدن، تہ باقیہ دھرم گرتھن منز
و کھناونہ آمر تہ۔ تہ کتھ پڑھ زور و نہ آمت ز یوگہ ابھیاسہ باپتھ چھ
منشس ست سنگ سٹھاہ لا بھد ایک۔ یہ چھ یوگہ ابھیاسہ چہ و تہ ہند
گوڈ نیک پڑاومانتھ اہم مانہ آمت۔ سورگیہ پریمی جی ین چھ ست
سنگ اول وانگن نثر راوتھ اچ و کھنے یمن واکن منز گرتھ۔ مثالے۔



ست سنگ میلن چھے دیا دیہ ہنز۔ ست سنگہ وہ پدان ستہ گئے ہاو
 ست سنگہ زفو ہتھ ستہ سنگہ ورشن۔ ست سنگہ ستہ چھے زمن زان
 (۲) ست سنگہ ستی ٹلسی ہیو رکھوت۔ ٹکر بووز گنس رامین
 شری رام ورشن دینہ آس پانے۔ دینہ آس پانے نندن ون
 (۳) ست سنگہ ستہ من گوہ مانجن۔ تن گوہ تاو فی ست سنگہ گنگ
 کن تھا وشو دھ پڑ ست سنگہ شہدو۔ ادرہ منہ پمپوش رت رنگ
 چھیکرس ونہ پہ بی زیری جی نین واکن منز تر چھ سے
 دھار مک رس ژھپہ ماران یس ہنہزن چھاپ سز ہون دھار مک
 کتابن منز لب لباب چھ۔ یمن واکن ہند چھاپ سپدن چھ ضروری
 چھ یمن لوکھ پڑتھ تہ سرتھ دھار مک گیانس ہر بر گرتھ ہیکن تہ پئن
 زہنم سو پھل بناو نس منز کامیاب سپدن۔ پئن یہ لوگٹ موگٹ لیکھ واتناو
 پہ تیمہ وا کچھ ستہ اند:- رت تے شو بھ گوہ گر گر لہہ ون
 گر گر گری رت گوہ مولہ ون کار
 رت گو رت تے اشو بھ اشو بھ چھے
 بیون بیون تیمی کو ڈمی لو ب سار





Sarwanand Koul Premi The Quintessential Vidvan

Shantiveer Kaul

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

Many scholars who are familiar with his work and have had the good fortune of having known him closely have written perceptively on the life, times and creative output of Shri Sarwanand Koul Premi. Premi Ji's creative output is formidable indeed, both in its span and quality. His life, likewise, has touched many people in various ways. Premi Ji was the quintessential Vidvan as described in Niralamba Upanishad: “vidvan iti ca sarvantara-sthasva-samvid-rupa-vid vidvan”: a Vidvan, verily, is one who knows the all-pervading supreme.

Premiji had sam-bhaav (equal feeling) for all humanity and was personally sthit-pragya (equanimity personified). The catholicity of his life-view can be gauged from his poetic interests and influences, spanning from nature and her beauty to progressivism to the Bhagvadgita, Ramayan and Tagore's Gitanjali. He could live seamlessly in all these orbs of existence at the same time, being equally concerned with both exoteric and the esoteric.

I knew, and had been seeing Premiji right from childhood as he was a very close friend and colleague of my father Sh. D.N. Nadim, both having worked together in the iconic Cultural Front since its inception. There was another connect between them that overlaid other levels of their relationship. My father's mother was from Muran, close to Premiji's village. For my father Premiji was always family. I was the recipient of the affection of Premiji during my childhood and, upon growing up, got to know and appreciate his poetry and prose and wonderful translations in all their splendour. However, my strongest recollection of Premiji is, interestingly, far removed from this family association or even his creative self or output. It has more to do with him, obliquely, as a teacher. It must have been the mid-seventies or early eighties of the previous century. The renowned theatre personality M.K. Raina had already begun to make a name for





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

himself as an exciting young director. He also happened to, and continues to, be a dear friend. He was back home in Kashmir for some time. Radio Kashmir decided to feature him in an interview programme and I was asked to be the interviewer. I was addressing him informally as 'MK' during the interview as I did in real life. After the programme was broadcast, Premiji wrote to Radio Kashmir taking strong exception to this informality. He also talked to my father about it. I learnt a great life lesson about propriety in public life vis-à-vis camaraderie in personal life that stood me in good stead all my life. I have always regarded this incident as a fundamental learning experience of life as it unfolded for me.

I pay my humble tribute to Premiji, my unacknowledged life-coach, with this couplet:

Meri awaaz pehchaani nahin hai?
Zamaane, tu mera saani nahin hai!





Sarwanand Koul ‘Premi’ The Poetic Genius

- Uma Kant Kachru

It is a privilege to be asked to write about the scholar-poet, Late Pt. Sarwanand Koul 'Premi'. I must admit, though, that my knowledge about this legendary son-of-the-soil is limited only to what I have read about him in the past few years since I started editing Sharda Tarangini, the socio-cultural magazine of Kashmiri Sewak Samaj, Faridabad. In this journey, I had the privilege of connecting with his son, Shri Rajinder Premi, who supplemented a lot of material that helped me to know many facets of this legendary personality. We also dedicated the Jan-Mar 2020 issue of Sharda Tarangini in memory of Pt. Premi in which many stalwarts from the writer fraternity paid tributes to him. Much has been written about his life and his dedication to the field of education and poetry by those who have been closely associated with him in person. I will confine myself to the impressions I have gathered about him, largely from what the many writers have written about him and my personal impressions from reading his famous work “Pantchadar”, a collection of his gazals and poems in Kashmiri written in Nastalik. I am also, currently, engaged in transliterating this work in Devnagri. Besides, I will also touch upon the part of his life story that has touched me the most.



I have been an ardent fan of Nadim Sahab, who is considered to be the architect of modern style of Kashmiri poesy. It was, therefore, a great pleasure to learn that Premi Sahab was greatly influenced by Nadim's style of poetry. There are reflections of this influence in the collection in “Pantchadar”. However, I find simplicity in diction and delivery that connects these collections of poems directly with the common man. None of the poems in this collection forces the reader to refer to a Kashmiri dictionary. Premi seems to be aware that if he has to reach the common audience, he needs to write in their language and style. His first gazal in Pantchadar, is a longing of a beloved for her love which he begins with the following lines:

क्याह सनाह दरशुन सु दीना बोझिना म्यॉन्य जॉरिये
दाग हावस सीनुकी बँ दौद्य बावस सॉरिये।



कुञ्ज तु कीवल मंज वनस प्रारान छस तस संगदिलस
श्रावनस म्यॉनिस सपुन पोह यत्ति तस प्रॉर्य प्रॉरिये ।

This pen picture has carefully chosen words that are simple, commonplace yet provide lyrical flow which is reminiscent of typical Kashmiri folklore. In this collection, there are quite a few gazals of longing for the beloved, yet each one has a distinct style much different from the other. This is a great skill of a poet who doesn't monotonise his readers with one style. This can be seen in another gazal which, yet again, is an expression of longing but with a different style of emotional depiction.

थविम वॅथ्य दिलॅक्य लोलु बर टाठि म्याने
यिहम कर म्ये फोलिहे जिगर टाठि म्याने ।
चे लोगुथ दोहय यारु संगदिल वनय क्या
ह्यचॅथ कर ब्यमारस खबर टाठि म्याने ।

Here, the longing is an underlying emotion while the emphasis is more on the expression of complaint. Premi's poetry absorbs you into commonplace situations with such ease that depicts the influence of Nadim's poetry at many places.

Another unmissable common feature with Nadim's poetry is the use of his diction. Kashmiri vocabulary, over the centuries has got largely influenced by usage of Persian and Urdu words which one finds in literary works produced in Kashmiri language. Here again, Premi's poetry can be seen standing out, hardly influenced by this change. He has predominantly used unadulterated diction in his poetry. This is yet another commonality with Nadim's poetic style.

Travelling through the collection, you see varied expressions. At one place he renders experiential message, while at another it is experiential advice. For instance:

चेति मा लोगुथ मोत देवानाह म्यॉनी पॉठ्य,
लूकन बोवुथ नोन अफसानाह म्यॉनी पॉठ्य ।
यारुच वॅर्य वॅर्य यारन बोवुम अंदरिम राज़,
चेति मा बुथि प्योय ठगु भगवाना म्यॉनी पॉठ्य ।



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

This poem has apprehensive questions to the addressee, showing fallout of the poet's own experience in it. There is also a strong underlying social message in it. It depicts the socio-cultural situation of the times. However, if one moves away from this aspect and focuses purely on the poetry, it is yet again the expression of simplicity in common man's language. This, in my opinion is the greatest contribution of Premi's poesy. This makes his poetry acceptable to a wide spectrum of readers. In another poem, for instance, you see him in an advisory mode:

पज़ुरचि वति ख्वोर त्राव तु पख,
योदवय बुथि छुय वाव तु पख।
वति छी कँड्य रतु दौव्य गछख,
पदि पदि रथ वथराव तु पख।

This poem has a motivational message for not giving up, despite hurdles. He ends it with these powerful lines:

अपज़िस कौँचाह वॉस छय वुछ,
पुहरा छुस चिकुचाव तु पख।
'प्रेमी' ताबस लाब छु पूर,
लोलस चलि अठकाव तु पख।

This connection to the grassroots can be seen in his grooming, where he has had a very humble upbringing. When one reads about his childhood and his passion and struggle for education, he somehow reminds you of Pt. Lal Bahadur Shastri, the great Prime Minister of India. Walking miles to the school was never tiring because he was overtaken by the zest for learning. His connect to the moorings he belonged is seen in his giving up a lucrative central Govt job in Delhi and returning to his roots and his passion for spreading education amongst the people in his own village in Kashmir, who, at that time were predominantly illiterate. His contribution in spreading literacy has been phenomenal. His love for spreading knowledge, took him to Muslim madrassas after his retirement where he spent rest of his life teaching and preparing the students to stand on their own feet with moral and ethical thinking. Least did he know that this benevolent selfless service would cost him his life at the hands of the very people whom he taught righteousness.





Sarwanand Koul Premi A Journey of Scholastic Attainment

- Upender Ambardar

Shri Sarwanand Koul Premi occupies an exalted place in the literary landscape of Kashmir. He was a highly acclaimed writer, a distinguished poet, a reputed transcriber, a well-known academician, a noted journalist and a progressive thinker – all combined in one. A plethora of thoughtfully written books and write ups on varying subjects mark him as a celebrated writer and poet. He is also remembered as an author whose writings



were always anchored with purpose. All the pragmatic values and incontestable conventions that a social fabric holds were dear to him. Many of his writings and the poetic outpourings are laden with hidden meanings and whip up a vintage feel amongst the readers.

Shri Sarwanand Koul Premi was born in the salubrious scenic hamlet of Souf Shali, District Anantnag on Nov 1, 1924 to Lt Shri Gopinath Koul and Smt Omravati Koul. He had his basic schooling at his native place and passed his matriculation from the Punjab University in 1939 with distinction. He had an insatiable hunger for higher learning, which made him opt for Post Graduation in Hindi and later on, he also completed his B.Ed. He was initially employed with the Deptt of Khadi and Village Industries Board, more popularly known as Khadi Bhandaar, where he worked for about 8 years. Here, he came under the spell of Gandhian thought, which prompted him to become an advocate of the freedom struggle movement in the country. During the Pakistan sponsored tribal raid on Kashmir in Oct 1947, he contributed his journalistic might to counter their spiteful disinformation. He also worked as a Columnist for "Khidmat", the daily Urdu newspaper as well as "Desh", the weekly magazine. His hard



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

reporting did not find favor with the then establishment, which forced him to quit the job he was holding. Consequently, he was compelled to take a job outside the state in the Department of Industries in Punjab Govt in 1948. Later on, he had a brief stint in the Central Department in Delhi. However, the strong lure and emotional bonding with his native land, made him leave that job and return to Kashmir. On his return to Kashmir, he joined as a Teacher in the State Education Department in 1954 where he served in the best of his capacity for 23 years. Premi, in tune with the then prevalent trend, first started writing in Urdu but subsequently shifted to Kashmiri, his mother tongue on the advice of the renowned poet Master Zinda Koul. The pen name “Premi” was given to him by the legendary poet Shri Arjan Dev Majboor. Premi’s literary work comprised of both poetry and prose. His poetry reflected his keen eye for nature and his concern for the commoners. It had an indelible effect in shaping his thinking and influencing his perceptions. His foremost poetic collection titled “Rudhae Jaer” is evocative of his bonhomie with the beautiful aspects of nature. His love for rural landscape and nature blossomed at an early age as he would spend long hours walking in the balmy solitude of his pastoral surroundings. Another notable poetic work titled “Kalami Premi” has also been written with relatable resonating reflections. “Osh Tae Vosh”, yet another book of verses is full of depth and eloquently exhibits his dexterity in poetry.

Premi, had a sublime temperament which greatly influenced his writings and one of the outcomes was a devotional collection titled “Bhakti Kosum”. His books on the famous Kashmiri Saint Alkeshwari Mata Rupa Bhavani and the reputed Saint Mirza Kak have also been highly acclaimed. Additional praiseworthy books are his translations of the Shrimad Bhagwat Geeta and the epic Ramayana into Urdu and Kashmiri languages. He has dealt with both of them with remarkable deftness, proficiency and has succeeded in capturing the nuances of the original, admirably. The translation of Gurudev Tagore’s “Geetanjali” is yet another remarkable addition. Some of his other books “Mehjoor Tae Kasheer”, “Humara Mehjoor”, “Kashmir Ki Beti” and “Roosi Padhsah Kaeth” are a part of an incredible repertoire of his literary accomplishments. It is heartening to mention that about one and half dozen books of Sarwanand Koul Premi are still unpublished and hopefully will be published soon.

Premi was also a distinguished teacher and a well acclaimed educator. He was a man of values and knowledge and never flaunted his accomplishments. A large number of his books are loud proclamation of Premi’s creative excellence both as a poet and as a writer. However, painfully enough in the evening of Apr 29, 1990, he along with his youthful



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

son Shri Virender Koul were kidnapped by armed militants from his house and thereafter, their dead bodies were recovered on May 1, 1990. Both of them were killed in the most inhuman and savage manner. However, Shri Sarvanand Koul Premi has left behind a legacy in abundance in the form of numerous books, for which he will be remembered for a long time to come.





Remembering the Towering Poet of Valley

- Versha Koul

Kashmir has been the soil of saints, poets like Nund Rishi, Lalleshwari, Habba Khatoon, and Mahjoor. These people are revered by both Muslims and Pandits. Nund Rishi has preached Sufism in Kashmir, while Lal Ded (Mother Lalla) was a Kashmiri mystic who used to recite Vakhs in the name of Shiva. Both of them while belonging to different religions shared a common purpose, that was to spread love in the name of God.



One such poet was Habba khatoon, a mystic from the v a l l e y , whose poetry is still famous in Kashmir. Following this line, Mahjoor is another celebrated poet of the 1900s, known for introducing a new style into Kashmiri poetry. Mahjoor's first poetry was published in 1918.

Among many admirers of Mahjoor, one was Late Pt. Sarwanand Koul Premi. He was one of the towering figures in the history of Kashmiri poetic culture. Premi was born in the small village Soaf Shali of Anantnag district on 2nd of November 1924. He was the one who later in his life translated Srimad Bhagavad Gita in Kashmiri and Urdu and penned the biography of Saint-poetess Roopa Bhavani.

After passing his matriculation from Lahore university with distinction in 1939, he started his career with the All-India Spinners Association (Khadi Bhandar), which was famous by the name of Gandhi ashram and Khaddar Bandar. This was the time in his life when he got influenced by Gandhian philosophy and also got involved in the Indian freedom struggle against Britisher's colonial rule. During the Quit India movement, he went underground, at that time he was 17 years old.

His first poetry Roouda Jarea was published when he was 20 years old. While working in Khaddar Bhandar in Pampore which is near to Matri Gaam, the residence of Mahjoor. One day Premi along with his colleague and childhood friend Shri Arjan Dev Duda went to meet Majhoor. In his first meeting, Premi showed him his Roouda Jarea and the great poet became teary-eyed. The year was 1944 when Mahjoor became the philosopher, guide, and a close friend of Premi. Their relationship became so healthy that Premi accompanied Majhoor to meet the Governor of J&K in Srinagar on 9th June 1945. This incident is mentioned by Mahjoor in his diary which



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

is now with the J & K Academy of Art, Culture and Languages. The diary has been published by Academy. One can understand the influence of Mehjoor on premi in his collection of verse "Paan-Tsaaddar". Premi has authored more than 24 books and has left many manuscripts.

A major chunk of Premi's work is in Kashmiri, in which he has written a biography of saint-poet Mirza Kak, translated prose of Tagore's famous Gitanjali into Kashmiri.

The great follower of Gandhi who started his life in Gandhi Ashram became a martyr-like him. Entranced with the image of his father, Mr Rajinder Koul Premi recalls the fateful night of April 28, 1990, when few militants barged into his home and the moment his life changed. It was a warm evening, and soon after lighting Sandhya Chong (a lamp-lit at sunset with clarified butter), Mr Premi's family had begun preparations for the dinner. It was around 9 pm when Mr Premi heard some strange creaking noise outside, Within a few seconds, there was a knock on the door. Rajender Koul opened the door and three young militants barged into their home. They started ransacking everything that came within their way. They asked the ladies to remove all the precious jewellery on them and hand it over. They did as they were told, everyone was scared. A few minutes later, while throwing away the books from the shelf, the young militant came across the copy of the Quran. Premi asked the militant to pay respect to the Holy Scripture. He was stunned to see a copy of the Quran at a Pandit's home, taking all the valuable stuff from their home. Later, they asked Sarwanand Koul Premi to come with them, as their commander would like to talk to him. The suspicious younger brother of Mr Premi, Verinder Koul Premi, asked the militants to let him accompany his old father. The Militant kidnapers swore on Allah, Quran, Khana Qaba that no harm will be done to them.

On 1st May 1990, few police officials called Mr Premi and told him that they have found his father and brother. It was a brief bio moment of relief for Mr Premi. On the following day, the officials told them that they both were found dead, shattering all hopes left within Mr Premi.

He has written a number of papers which his son Rajinder Koul Premi read out in seminars. His son has undertaken to publish the left behind manuscripts of his father. He has published Urdu translations of Gita, Ramayana in Kashmiri, both Nastalik and Nagri. The Kashmiri translation of Gita has been set in audiovisual form.

The devotional poetry in the form of bhajans which have been composed in both Nastalik and Nagri is in the process of publishing.

His son is publishing his work to preserve the Kashmiri literature. However, due to exodus, there is no considerable readership. He has published his work of his own and is distributing it free of cost.



प्रेमी कश्मीरी - यादों के झरोखों से

प्राण पंडित



समय बीत जाने पर जीवन यात्रा से सम्बंधित सामान्य एवं साधारण घटनाओं की यादों का धुंधला पड़ जाना एक प्राकृतिक बात है परन्तु बीते हुए समय के सुन्दरतम पल्लों की यादें मनुष्य के जीवन में धरोहर का रूप धारण करके अमिट बन जाती हैं। यह लेख स्वर्गीय प्रेमी जी के जीवन से सम्बंधित ऐसी ही तीन घटनाओं के वर्णन है।

घटना १ :

पतझड़ का ऋतू था - धान के खेतों से फसल काटी जा चुकी थी जिस कारण खेतों में किसी प्रकार की कोई हलचल नहीं थी - कोई काम काज नहीं हो रहा था। गाँव के १५-१६ किशोरों की एक टोली ने, जिस का एक सदस्य मैं भी था, एक घोड़ी को खेत में घास चरते देखा। घोड़ी पास के ही एक गाँव के खेतिहर की थी जिस कारन सारे किशोर उस घोड़ी के बारे में भलीभांति जानते थे की वह वषयी है जो ना तो काटती है और न ही लात मरती है। फिर क्या था - किशोरों की टोली ने उसे पलक झपकते ही घेर लिया- एक रस्सा उस की गर्दन में बांध लिया और उस की नंगी पीठ पर एक एक कर के सवार होकर उसे सरपट चाल में दौड़ाने लगे। किशोरों की टोली हर्ष एवं आनंद का उदगार करते रहे और बेचारी घोड़ी के मुँह से सफेद झाग रिसने लगी और हांपने लगी।

उस खेत के पास ही एक कच्चे रास्ते से गाँव के युवक, अधेड़ और वृद्ध लोग गुजरते रहे परन्तु किशोरों की टोली उन की ओर ध्यान न देकर अपनी मस्ती में मस्त रहे। एक दो घंटे पश्चात किशोरों की टोली ने दर से पास के ही गाँव के एक व्यक्ति को साइकिल पर सवार कच्चे रास्ते की



ओर आते देखा I उसे व्यक्ति को देखते ही किशोरों की टोली एकाएक नव दो ग्यारह हो गयी I घोड़ी को किशोरों क चुंगल से छूटने का अवसर मिला I वह साइकिल सवार व्यक्ति थे- पंडित सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी जी ! अपने निकट सम्बन्ध सदस्यों, गाँव के वयोवृद्ध, अधेड़ एवं युवकों की ओर ध्यान न देकर अपने अल्हड कार्य में मगन रहे परन्तु प्रेमी जी को देखते ही वह रफुचकर क्यों हुए, इस प्रश्न का उत्तर खोजने के लिए मैं ने मनन किया और अन्तरावलोकन के पश्चात् में इस परिणाम पर पहुंचा कि ऐसा इस लिये हुआ क्योंकि किशोरों की टोली स्वर्ग्य प्रेमी जी के व्यक्तित्व एवं छवि से अत्यंत प्रभावित थे - वह बलिभाँति जानते थे कि स्वर्ग्य प्रेमी जी समाजोपयोगी जीवन व्यापन करने वाले, सत्य पथ पर आचरण करने वाले, आक्रोश रहित लोगों का मार्गदर्शन करने वाले, क्षमाशील तथा दार्शनिक शिक्षक थे- उन के मन में प्रेमी जी के प्रति आदरभाव प्राकृतिक था!

वह जानते थे कि प्रेमी जी एक पशु के साथ उनका अमानवीय एवं उग्र-व्यवहार सहन नहीं करने वालों में नहीं थे जिस कारण उन्होंने ने भागने में ही अपनी भला समझी I

घटना-२: मेरे जीवन की जीवन भर न भूलने वाली पहली अनुपचारिक भेंट स्वर्गीय प्रेमी जी से १९६७ में हुयी I सॉफ-शाली गाँव में हजरत बाबा नसीब-उद-दीन गाजी का पवित्र अस्थान है जहाँ हर वर्ष एक उर्स का आयोजन होता है I अकिन्न्गाम गाँव की एक नाटक-टोली जिन्हें 'बांड' के नाम से जाना जाता है मेले को अपने स्वांग और हास्य-पूर्ण नाटक द्वारा आक्रषण प्रधान करते थे I उस दिन मैं भी मेले में गया था I सॉफ-शाली गाँव में जाने के लिए ब्रेंगगी नदी को पार करना पड़ता था क्योंकि कुछ समय पूर्व नदी पर बना पुल बाढ़ में बह चुका था I

वापस अपने गाँव लौटते समय मैं ने ब्रेंगगी नदी का स्वच्छ जल ज्यादा ही वेग से बहते देखा I उसी समय प्रेमी जी समेत सॉफ-शाली गाँव के तीन निवासी नदी के तट पर पहुंचे और स्वर्गीय प्रेमी जी ने मेरा हाथ



पकड़ कर मुझे नदी पार करवाया।

नदी किनारे पहुंचने पर मैं प्रेमी जी के साथ अपने गाँव की ओर चल पड़ा। उन्होंने मेरे विद्यार्थी जीवन सम्बंधित विषय पर बात प्रारम्भ की और चलते चलते बातों का सिसलिला बढ़ता गया। उनके साथ बात करने का मेरा पहला अनुभव होने के कारण आरम्भ में मैं उनके प्रश्नों का उत्तर देने में बड़ी सावधानी बरतता रहा परन्तु उन की मधुर-वाणी, सज्जनता एवं सरलता और व्यवहार को देख कर कुछ ही समय में मैं ने वार्तालाप को विधिवत रूप से आगे बढ़ाया। इस बीच मेरे मन में विचार आया की मैं उनसे एक प्रश्न पूछूँ जिस का उत्तर जानने के लिए कुछ समय से उत्सुकता बढ़ गई थी। मैं ने उनसे प्रश्न पुछा: "बिना अपेक्षा इस बात की- कि वह हिन्दू है या मुस्लमान - सारे कश्मीर निवासी सुफर्यों के अस्थानों पर हाजरी लगाने जाते हैं - वहां श्रद्धा से नमन करते हैं - दण्डवत्प्रणाम करते हैं - गुणगान एवं स्तुति करते हैं - सफेद चावल, पीले चावल इत्यादि का भोग चढाते हैं - हाथ फैला कर मन्नतें मांगते हैं - उनका वार्षिक उत्सव मनाते हैं - यह सूफी लोग हैं कौन?"

प्रेमी जी ने मेरे प्रश्न का उत्तर स्पष्ट शब्दों में दिया। मेरे लिए उनके एक एक शब्द का वृत्तांत देना कठिन ही नहीं असम्भव है परन्तु जो कुछ भी मैं ने अपने विवेकानुसार ग्रहण किया उसका सही विवरण देना मेरा कर्तव्यधर्म है। प्रेमी जी ने प्रश्न सुनते ही तुरंत एक ही सांस में नौद-ऋषि, मान-शाह, जैन-शाह, ऋषि-मोल और उनके समकालीन सूफियों के बीसों नाम लेकर कहा: "यह वह महामानव हैं जिन्होंने इस-लोक और पर-लोक में परमात्मा की शिष्टता एवं आध्यात्मिक धन्यता के लिए विशेष आचरण संहिता का अनुसरण किया और जीवन भर सत्य-पथ पर चलते रहे- यह वह महामानव हैं जिन्होंने सांसारिक विषयी-भोगों का त्याग किया था- यह वह महामानव थे जिन्होंने कभी भी इस जन्म की कमाई समय के प्रचलित सिक्कों और भौतिक सुख-सुविदेवों के हिसाब से नहीं आंकी - वह ऋषि थे ऋषि - कर्मयोगी।



घटना-३: १९६८ ई. की बात है। एक दिन मेरे पड़ोस में एक सांस्कारिक एवं धार्मिक विचारों वाले परिवार में कश्मीरी पंडितों का वेशभूषण धारण किए दो वृद्ध पुरुष प्रकट हुए। आचारधर्म के पालक उस परिवार के सदस्यों ने दोनों को 'अतिथि देवो भवः' के सांस्कारिक नियम का पालन करते हुए सतत-सत्कार किया। तत्पश्चात् वह दोनों नियमित क्रम से उस परिवार में आते रहे और गाँव में यह बात फैल गई की वह दोनों अध्यात्मविद्या से युक्त उचकोटी के तपस्वी साधु हैं। मेरी जिज्ञासा जाग गई और एक दिन शाम के समय मैं भी अपने पड़ोसी के घर गया। वहाँ का दृश्य देख कर मैं चकित हुआ- तथाकथित तपस्वी साधु मोटे आसनों पर पाऊँ पसारे बैठे थे- दो मेहलायें उनके पाऊँ दबा रही थीं- परिवार का प्रधान हुक्के की चिलम में आग सुलगने हेतु धोंकनी की तरह अपने मुँह से हवा फूंक रहा था और एक तथाकथित साधु हुक्के से लम्बे लम्बे कश खींच रहा था- कमरे के एक कोने में ४-५ सदस्यों की वाली मण्डली गाना-बजाने में व्यस्त थी। परिवार की एक महिला सदस्य ने कमरे में प्रवेश करते ही इशारों इशारों में मुझे साधुओं को दंडवत प्रणाम करने का आदेश दिया परन्तु मैं ने अपने विवेकानुसार केवल हाथ झोड़ कर प्रणाम किया और कमरे के एक कोने में बैठ गया। हुक्का पीने वाला साधु मुझे तिरछी नजर से घूरता रहा। कुछ समय पश्चात् दोनों साधुओं ने मांसाहारी भोजन सेवन किया । तत्पश्चात् तथाकथित साधुओं के आदेश पर कमरे में उपस्थित भजन-मंडली तथा अन्य लोगों के लिए थालियों में प्रशाद के रूप में मांसाहारी भोजन लाया गया। इस से पूर्व कि मैं भी भोजन सेवन करता एक तथाकथित साधु ने मेरी ओर देखते हुए कहा: "तुम साधुओं की समागम मण्डली में बैठने के योग्य



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

नहीं हो-अपने घर पर भोजन करो-यहाँ नहीं"। मैं झट से उठा और अपने घर निकल पड़ा ।

अगले दिन मेरी भेंट स्वर्ग्य प्रेमी जी से हुई और मैं ने उन से इस घटना के विषय में विवरण किया। प्रेमी जी ने हँसते हुए मुझे कहा:"प्राण जी वह साधु नहीं स्वादु हैं- साधु सात्विक भोजन सेवन करते हैं तामसिक भोजन नहीं- साधु अपने निज-स्वरूप में स्थिर होता है- वह ढोंगी हैं"। फिर मुस्कराते हुए कहने लगे:" सच्चा साधु कदाचित तामसी नहीं हो सकता- कभी क्रोध नहीं करता - साधु आप के जीवन में तमस मिटा दे गा- सात्विकता लाए गा-तुम्हारे जीवन को सार्थक बनाए गा-उनके लिए ईश्वर से प्रार्थना करो कि वह उन्हें निर्मल बुद्धि प्रदान करे- उन को क्षमा करे"।

स्वर्ग्य प्रेमी जी किसी भी विचारणीय विषय के सम्बन्ध में बिना किसी अपेक्षा के अपना पक्ष निसंकोच रखते थे और वह भी तत्काल। वह प्रायः कहते थे की शुद्ध-चित्त में अपक्षपात एवं पवित्र विचार उत्पन्न होते हैं और अशुद्ध चित्त में पक्षपात वाले एवं बुरे संकल्प। उनके साथ हुए भेंटों में वार्तालाप के दौरान उनके सार्थक एवं पवित्र विचारों से सर्वदा मुझे कुछ न कुछ सीख अवश्य प्राप्त होती थी ।





स्व. सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी

आशायि हुंद प्रकाश बाँगरन वोल

रतन लाल जौहर

स्व. सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी कर ज़ाव ? माताजी तु पिता जियस क्याह ओसुस नाव ? रोज़ान कति ओस ? पोरमुत ल्यूखमुत कोताह ओस ? काँचाह किताबु छन तहरीर करिमचु ? तरजमु काँत्याह ऑसिन वॉर्यमुत्य ? काँचाह यज़थ अफज़ॉयी प्रॉवुन तु काँत्याहव यनामव सुत्य ओस नवाज़नु आमुत ? अथ साँरिसुय मुतलक छु वुन्युक ताम बिसयार आमुत लेखनु तु ब्रॉहकुन ति यियि लेखनु युथ ज़ि बेयि कैह गोशि यिन गॉशरावन । बु करु नु येत्यन तथ मुतलिक कांह कथ, बल्कि करु बु तस सुत्य वाबस्तु अकि वाकुहुक ज़िकिर ।



यि ओस ९ जुलाई १९८६ तु वख ओस दुहचि कॅरीब साडु बाह । बु ओसुस रेडियो कश्मीर श्रीनगरु औतार कृष्ण रहबर सुंदिस मेज़स ब्रॉह कनि खडा । रहबर साँबस सुत्य ओस तसुंद असिस्टेंट रफीक राज़ ति बिहिथ । बु ओसुस दरअसल 'रहबर' सुंदिस वननस प्यठ अमि दूह पनुन अख गज़ल ह्यथ आमुत युस हरगाह मियारस प्यठ वुतरिहे, तु मे मेलिहे ग्वडनिचि लटि जनरल सर्विसि प्यठ नशर सपदन वॉलिस अदबी प्रोग्राम संगरमालस मंज़ शरकत करनुक मोकु । अमी प्रोग्रामुक कर्ताधर्ता ओस 'रहबर' साँब तु अम्युक मियार ओस यूताह थोद ज़ि यस ति अथ अंदर शरकत करनुक मोकु मेलिहे, सु ओस मोतुबर लिखार्यन हुंदिस जुमरस मंज़ शुमार सपदान । मे ऑस्य गॉमुत्य युवा वाणी प्यठ वारयाह वॅरी प्रोग्रामन अंदर शरकत करान । युवा वाणी प्यठ संगरमाल प्रोग्रामस ताम वातुनस ओस जनरल सर्विस प्यठय कॅदलु रॅग्य 'नॅव तखलीक' नावु अख दॅहन पंदुहन मिनटन हुंद प्रोग्राम यथ अंदर मे ब्रुंहुम पनुन अख अफसानु ओस नशर कोरमुत, तु ओसुस व्वन्य संगरमाल प्रोग्रामस अंदर शॉमिल गछनुक पानस पकु दावादार मानान ।



युथुय मे रहबर साँबन वोन कुर्सी प्यठ बेहन तु कलामु बोज़नावनु खॉतरु, त्युथुय चाव कमरस मंज़ सूठ बूठ लॉगिथ स्यठाह चाक चोबंद सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी साँब। बु वोथुस आदर सत्कारु किन्य यकदम थोद तु त्रॉवुम कुर्सी अँमिस खॉतरु। अथस मंज़ युस बैग ओसुस, सु मेज़स प्यठ थँविथ तु रहबर साँबस ऑल्यवाख वँरिथ त्रॉवुन मे कुन ति सरसरी नज़रा। यिमन दूहन ऑस पृथवी नाथ कौल साँयिल संज़ लीला विजय मल्ला संज़ि आवाज़ि मंज़ कालु पगाह रेडियो प्यठ नशर सपदान:

दर्शनु दूख चलि त्रिभवन लालय।
पंपोशि मालय त्रावय नॉल्य ॥

प्रेमी साँबन तुज कम कासु शरारतु होत अमिची कथ। “क्याह छिवु तोह्य करान रहबर साँब ? कलामु खासकर बखती कलामु ग्यवुनावनु ब्रोंह गछि तम्युक सिक्रिप्ट तवजुह सान वुछुन। तोह्य खसु यि पृथवी नाथ साँयिल संज़ लीला कालु पगाह चलावान छिवु, स्व छा मियाँरी लीला ? ति क्या गव पंपोशि मालय त्रावय नॉल्य। पंपोशन छा माल यिवान करनु ? जवाँज़ियथ ति गछि ना आसुन्य ? पंपोश छि अलग अलग पूज़ि लागान, न जि माल वँरिथ। हंगु तु मंगु छेनु इस्तिलाह थुरनु यिवान। यि क्या मतलब गव ‘राधायि लोगनख शेरि गोपालय’ ? राधा तु गोपाल क्वसु जूर्य छे ? गोपाल छि तमि सातु वनान येलि तस सुत्य कामदीनन हुंज़ जिकिर करनु यियि। तु येमि विज़ि राधा वनव, तमि विज़ि छु कृष्ण वनुन। यिथय पॉद्य छि साँरी शार फकत होरुक बाल योर तु योरुक होर वँरिथ, तु दँछिन्य खोवर्य बरोबरी अँनिथ असि शोठन प्यठ यि पस्त मियाँरी लीला मुस्सलत करनु आमुच तु त्वहि खॉजिवोन अर्शस। यि छुनु तथ इदारस शायान यथ अंदर त्वहि हिव्य ऑलिम तु माँहिर प्रोग्राम साज़ आसन। ” अँथ्य सुत्य वोनूनस जि सु छु पृथवी नाथ साँयिलस सुत्य अथ बारस मंज़ बहस करनस तु तस इसलाह करनस तयार। अमि तलु छु साफ बासान जि चकि गछि सु आसुन खास शाँयिर। हकीकत छि यि जि रहबर साँबस गँयि गुटु गोजि तु युतुय वोनूनस: “प्रेमी साँब, बु छुस नु म्यूज़िक इनचारज, यि छि चकि तिहुंज़य कॉम।”

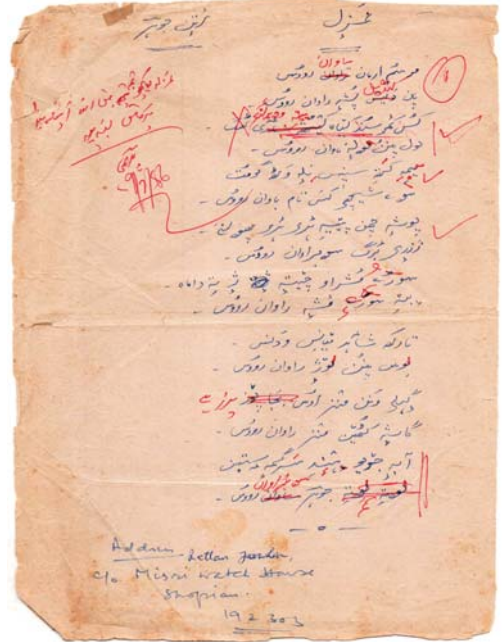
अँथ्य असनाहस मंज़ फ्यूर व्वन्य प्रेमी साँब मे कुन तु बिला जिजक तु तवकह



सान निवुन म्यानि अथु मंजु कागज वरुक यथ प्यठ मे गजल ओस लीखिथ ओनुमुत, तु सुती वोनुन, “तलु साँ गोबुरा क्या छुख लेखान ?” कालांकि म्याँन्य दिली खाँहिश आँस जि यिम कर म्वकुलावन कथ बाथ युथ बु छुनहा गजल बोजुनॉविथ तु रहबर साँबस निशि संगरमाल प्रोग्राम खाँतरु रिकार्डिंग तॉरीख नोट वॅरिथ नेरुहा। मगर प्रेमी साँबन लोग बडु ध्यान सान यि परुन, चंदु मंजु कोडुन व्वजुल कलम तु सृत्य सृत्य लॉजिन शारन दुस्ती ति करुन्य। केंचन जायन शूरुन रस्मि खत ति तु पोतुस ल्यूखुन प्यठ कनि कूनस मंजु यि नोट: “गजलु लीखिव तिमु यिमन अंदर आशायि हुंद प्रकाश लबनु यियि।”

सु कागज वरुक छु मे निशि अज ताम बराबर महफूज। ईमानदॉरी गॅयि यि जि मे गोव तमि विजि स्यठाह बरतबाह। व्वन्य क्या बोजुनावहा बु ? रहबर साँबन वोन गॉछि तॅल्य असुन वॅरिथ मे कुन, “नेर साँ, बड व्वन्य। बेयि विजि यिजि तु यि गजल शेरनु अलावु अँन्यजि बेयि ति अख ज़ु नमून बेयि कुनि द्दह। प्रेमी साँबस आँस रिकार्डिंग करुन्य तु रहबर साँबन पयूर तसुंद ज्वन तोर कुन तु बु द्रास।

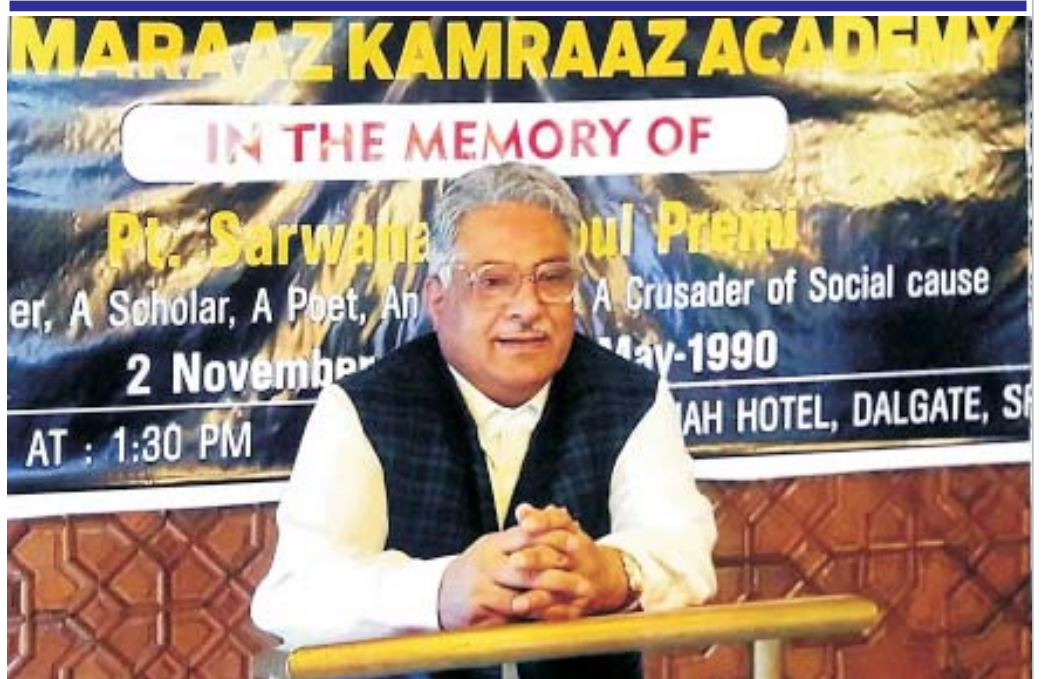
पतु येलि बु वापस गरु वोतुस, बु सन्योस वारु प्रेमी साँबनि दॅस्य करनु आमचन दुस्तिनयन तु मुतबाँदिल शब्दन कुन। हकीकतन ओस व्वन्य गजलस अंदर जुव ज्यतु पाँदु गोमुत। तथ व्वजुलिस नोटस ति सन्योस तु साफ ओस अयान जि प्रेमी साँब ओस दर असल पानु स्यठाह आशावॉदी तु मे हिव्यन नवीनु लेखन वाल्यन खाँतरु ति ओस तिछुय कामना करान। जिंदगी मुतलक तसुंद यि आशावॉदी तरजि फिकरुक इन्तिहा ओस यि जि तॅम्य त्राँव नु तमि विजि ति काँशरिस तहज़ीब तु कलचरस प्यठ पछ यथ कश्मीरियत आँस्य वनान तु युस बिला कुनि मजहबी इम्तियाज बकाहि बाहमस प्यठ मबनी ओस, येमि विजि १९९० कि शुरुआतु प्यठय तथ च्वपॉर्य नारु जम जम ओस लोगमुत तु लूकन खासकर बटन हुंजु

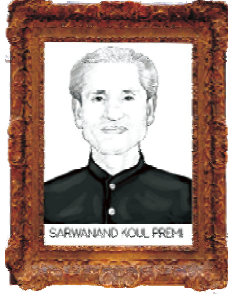




Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

लाशि आसु कालु पगाह सडकन, कोचन, गागमन तु गुठन मंज दडादड प्यवान। सु रुद
तिमन हालातन मंज ति चाहे अखबारव दॅस्य चाहे ज़बॉनी लूकन मंज प्रॉनिस
इनसॉनियतस प्यठ दॅरिथ कॉशरिस रलु मिलु तहज़ीबस मुतलिक लेखान ति तु बॅडिथ तु
बूलिथ बराबर पनुन्य राय बिला खोफ ज़ॉहिर करान। चूंकि दोयमि तरफु ओस वॅशीरि तु
कॉशर्यन तबाह तु बरबाद करनुक मनसूबु तयस प्यठ जॉरी तु तस आयि कलम पथ
रटनुचि तु ज़बान बंद करनुचि दमकी ति दिनु मगर प्रेमी सॉब ओस कमर गँडिथ आशायि
हुंद प्रकाश बॉगरावान। तॅम्य त्रॉव नु आशायि हुंज़ि लॉचि ऑखरी दमस ताम थफ तु
ओसुस नु बिलकुल तम्युक तवकाह यि पोतुस तस तु तसुंदिस फरज़ंदस सुत्य इसलॉमी
दहशतगरदव दॅस्य सपुद। सु ओस पॅज्य पॉठ्य शारदा पुत्र येम्य पनुनि पूर वॉसि च्वपॉर्य
विद्यायि पठन पाठन तु लेखनी दॅस्य तिछ ज्यूत्य रोशन वॅर खसु यिनु वाजुन्यन पीर्यन
बराबर प्रकाशमयी रोज़ि करान।





Down My Memory Lane Shri Premi Ji

M.K.Parimoo

During my tenure at A.I.R. Srinagar in 1981 I had the occasion to meet an elderly tall person wearing a Kesar Tilak on his fore head with a sober but a thought provoking face with a faint yet attractive smile with a black coloured leather hand bag. He introduced himself to me as Sarvanand Koul with ‘Premi’ as his pen name. That time I was looking at the zero Bridge from the window of my office chamber situated on the first floor of a newly constructed building at A.I R. Srinagar. I greeted Premi ji & offered him a chair.



During one hour of our meeting, he reviewed some of the topics broadcast in the then popular Non Formal Educational Programme which I used to conceive, plan, produce & present daily at 12.40 p.m from A.I.R. Srinagar. From his narration, I surmised that he is a regular listener of Praagaash Programme & I should offer him participation in the programme Praagaash which used to be presented in the conversational format. Those days there was one of my colleagues at A.I.R. Srinagar Shri R.L.Kaul who was an Audience Research Officer. His job assignment was to get a monthly field survey done through his field staff for some popular programmes used to be aired from A.I.R. Srinagar. One day Shri Kaul suggested me to b'cast a programme on regular basis so as to highlight the history, topography and cultural aspects of certain such villages of the Kashmir valley which were not projected properly. During my interaction with Premi ji, I came to know that he used to visit Srinagar at least once a fortnight, as he had some acquaintances and also two or three intimate friends, who he used to visit & could comfortably stay with.

One day I had again the privilege to meet Premi ji and I casually chatted with him about his birth place Soaf Shali, a village in the vicinity of famous tourist spot Kokernag in the Anantnag District of Kashmir. During his conversation, Premi ji gave me a sound picture of his birth place Soaf



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Shalli, which used to be surrounded by snow clad mountains & gushing water of Koil stream. He also named some of the springs of sweet water, walnut trees and also vast almond & apple orchards.

During the month of October 1981, Premi Ji was invited by me for recording an item under the title ‘Sone Gaam Soaf Shali’ for Praagaash Programme. He had worded the script beautifully starting it with a stanza from one of his own poem which I still remember “Tren Andan Hendi Baal shoobaan Dewaar zan, Lola Dariyaav Bhatthis path, gahh chhu traawaan myon Gaam”. Premi ji read this stanza in his peculiar poetical style creating a sound picture in the conversational format with myself in Praagaash Programme."

After giving the Geographical & topographical description of his native village Soaf Shalli, he threw some light on the background of his childhood, thereby depicting the secular bondage right from his childhood between the then existing Muslims & the Hindus of his village Soaf Shalli. He also gave a vivid description of an ancient temple of Lord Shiva & also the shrine of Baba Naseeruddin Ghazi. Premi ji though yearning for spiritual knowledge, but held in great esteem the temple as a symbol of Shaivism & the mosque as a symbol of Sufism. While recording that programme, Premi ji reiterated that all the residents of his village Soaf Shalli, whether Hindus or Muslims were staunch believers of not only Sufi traditions, but also believed in communal harmony & non violence. During that programme, I had poked some indirect questions in a supplementary manner, so as to know his mental makeup (sanskaars) & in a nut shell he attributed all his child hood qualities imbibed from his aunt, as he had lost his biological mother when he was just five years old.

Regarding his mentor, he was guided by his biological father so as to imbibe a simple & a righteous life style in Premi ji. Thus Premi ji considered his father as his Aadi Guru. Regarding the cultural aspect of his village Soaf Shalli, Premi ji described in the Praagaash programme, how he was influenced by a great mystic saint of his village named Hazrat Baba Naseeruddin Ghazi. Premi ji had also the impact of a few incidents of messages of love, brotherhood & the communal harmony described by the Baba Naseeruddin. The programme on Premi ji's village Soaf Shalli was very well liked by the listeners of Praagaash programme as reported by the Audience Research unit of A.I.R. Srinagar.

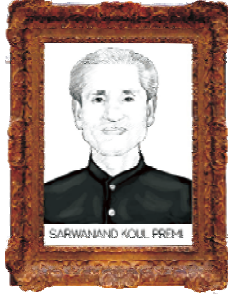
After that Programme, whenever Premi ji used to visit Srinagar, he used to come to A.I.R. Srinagar & meet me off & on & every time gave me some of the books written by him generally in Nastaleeq script. But



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

unfortunately my ancestral home in Srinagar was ransacked by some of the miscreants, who had compelled our Kashmiri Hindus for a mass exodus from the valley & I being in the All India Service Cadre was transferred & posted in the North Western part of Uttar Pradesh. Prior to that, one of my colleagues Mr. A.R. Bandey, senior news reader at A.I.R. Srinagar broke the sad news about the demise of Shri Premi ji on 1st May 1990. I was grieved to know how Shri Sarwanand Koul Premi was mercilessly done with along with his younger son in his own village Soaf Shalli by using proxy methods. Thus I felt bereft of an elderly friend with whom I had developed about ten years of friendship & also had conceived some other topics of popular interest so as to plan & produce programmes with Premi Ji in Praagaash in a conversational format. However I am of the opinion that the noble Soul of Premi ji must have been bestowed Vaikunth Dhaam by the Almighty. O M Shanti.





Premi - A Tryst with Legacy

Dr. R.L.Bhat

*Dwn andan hu'ndy baal shuubaan
Qwdratu'ky deevaar zan
Loolu' da'riyaavu'kis ba'tthis pyatth
Gah traavaan myoon gaam*

[Amount graceful on either side
boundaries natural there do set
From the bank of love's river
glows my village; tryst well met]



Educationist, litterateur and social activist, Sarwanand Koul Premi was born at a place that shares a rich niche in the land and legacy of Kashmir. The famed valley of Kashmir is as picturesque as subject to underserved ravages. Premi's birth place, the present day village of 'Souf Shali' is as much a study of that ravaged legacy, as the life of this good son of that soil. Bordered by graceful mountains of which Premi sings so eloquently, the niche is watered by the Brangi, running parallel to the great Vistata in the ravines, before joining in to swell its waters. In his monograph on Premiji, published by Sahitya Akademi, New Delhi, in 2009, Professor R L Shant tells that the name 'Souf Shali' (as it is spelled in the records) is deformation of a more majestic name, Suptshaaleeshvara, the Lord in sleeping poise amid the lilting rice fields (page 9). The village boasted of a temple of ancient date, presided over by a grand muurtii of Shiva, or so it was till thirty years ago.

In a recent (2018) monograph on Premiji, published by the Jammu and Kashmir Academy of Art Culture and Languages, Srinagar, G N Atish points to an intimation by Piir Hasan Khoyihaamii, in his Taariikh that 'Souf Shali' was one of the four sites in Kashmir, where iron was mined. The metal mined at 'Souf Shali' or Suptshaaleeshvara, as it was known then, was of a soft quality. The stone that yields this type of iron is particularly suited to carving *muurtiis*. Such sites have been home to some of the most



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

versatile stone carving craft, in Kashmir. The other major iron-mining site, Khrew Shaar, at the feet of Vostarvan, is well known for the exquisite stone carvings. This art is still practiced there, though it is now limited to household items like pestles and mortars, of which Pantachowk, the erstwhile Purnadishthaana, is now a hub. In more pristine eras, these pestle-mortar carvers transformed whole blocks of stone into huge *muurtis* still standing in the nearby temple of Baalahoom. Souf Shali a.k.a. Suptshaaleeshvara would have been a like location.

Premiji's village also boasts of a mosque rather a shrine (*astaan*, in Kashmiri), of Baabaa Nasiibudiin Gaazii. *Avliyaayi Kashmir*, a special number of the JKAACL journal *Hamaaraa Adab*, tells that Baabaa Gaazii, was an energetic missionary who used to roam around with an army of twelve hundred zealous followers, dedicated to the cause of converting both people and shrines. After having done the necessary conversion, they would raise *masjids* and *astaans* on the razed ruins, tells his biographer in *Avliyaayi Kashmir*, adding that the valley is littered with the accomplishments of the Baabaa. The hoary Deevii Mandir, at Naagabal in Anantnag town, just opposite the Sheerbaag Park there, is now a bare four feet spring encircled by a mosque dedicated to Baabaa Daavuud Khaakii, a disciple of Baabaa Gaazii. The *aastaan* of Baabaa Gaazii at Souf or Suptshaaleeshvara, would have been one of the many results of that zealotry.

Rajinder Premi, the son dedicated to enlivening the memory of his redoubtable father, Sarwanand Koul Premi, relates that in nineteen sixties, while the shrine of Baabaa Gaazii was being extended and the adjacent grounds dug up, a huge cache of *muurtis* got unearthed. Mohammad Amin Rafiqi's paper on the graveyards in Kashmir, in an issue of another JKAACL journal *shiraaza*, indicates the peculiar locations of graveyards and *astaans*. A feature of significance, is that most of them are close to the Hindu shrines. Many graveyards and *aastaans* have yielded treasured *muurtis*, which obviously are buried there. Rajinderji tells that Premi got the ones that had not been shattered relocated to the temple. Suptshaaleeshvara *muurtii*, Lord in sleeping poise, would have been of priceless import. While working on my book *Hindu Shrines of Kashmir*, I came across many such vistas that have been the burial grounds of *muurtis*. As recorded in the work, there is a whole field at Khrew-Zevan, actually called *pwtu'ly da'j* – the field of *muurtis* – where *muurtis* can be excavated by mere scraping the surface layers. Like Khrew Shar, the area around iron yielding well carvable stones, Suptshaaleeshvara would have had a good population of artisans, sustained by the industry.

Given the landscape of mountains holding a plain in their lap, skirted



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

by the river Brangii, of which Premi describes, Suptshaaleeshvara would have been a hub of temples and a bubbling market of *muurtiis*. That would be the attraction for a fervent Baabaa to go visiting for the missionary work, which otherwise would have been a remote nook, accessed through long journeys across the, then, much wider and more daunting Brangi. This, however, would have been as rich a heritage as one could wish for a persona like Sarwanand Koul Premi.

Living amid this ravishing beauty, laid out by nature in full measure, Sarwanand Koul Premi became a deserving legatee to the hoary Suptshaaleeshvara. Of course, the environs by themselves do not produce men of great caliber. It is the men of caliber, who enliven the inheritance. Premi did more than his due share, in embellishing the locale and legacy. He belonged to that generation of men who got inspired by the challenges of the twentieth century. Born in 1924 he plunged into the freedom movement in 1938 at the age of 14. He was a socially conscious reformer yet a devout religionist, a man of letters who easily mingled research and creative writing in his pursuits.

Premi started writing in Urdu but shifted to Kashmir. But that is only as far as versification was concerned. For his other pursuits he used the other languages to good effect. Premi's literary output comprises poetry, translations and miscellaneous writings. In Poetry he has six collection of poems, two translations, one edited book and five biographies which already stand published. Another fifteen works including five in English and a verse translation of *Raamaayan* remain unpublished, yet. *Raamaayan* and *myaa'ny madushaalaa* are said to be complete and ready for publication. A stupendous translator, he translated both into and from Kashmiri. He translated Urdu, English and Hindi works of note into Kashmiri to enrich Kashmiri literature. Most of these translations being in verse are better called transcreations.

Bringing up the balance, Premi translated Kashmiri works into Urdu, Hindi and English and thereby introduced non-Kashmiri readers to the Kashmiri literature of universal value. Here, he brought Kashmiri icons like Laleeshvarii, Marzu' Kaak and Mathra Devi to fore. Premiji's work on the 18th century Kashmiri saint-point Merzu' Kaaak is a pioneering effort to introduce this spiritual poet to both Kashmiri and non-Kashmiri audiences. The work which is mainly in Urdu, includes some sixty Vaakhs of Merzu' Kaak. As Premi says this is just a sample of the thousands of Vaakhs Merzu' Kaak wrote. Premiji is probably the only person to have translated Gitaji in two languages Urdu and Kashmiri.

As mentioned above, writing was only one dimension of this multifaceted persona. A full appreciation of Sarwanand Koul Premi would



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarwanand Koul Premi

come when the Premi's activities in nationalism and his sacrifice in the patriotic cause shall be similarly recognized and he gets his place in the gallery of national martyrs. Premi had been an activist all his life, though none of it could be said to have rubbed any religion, faith, or belief the wrong way. No wonder, he was hugely popular among all the people of his area irrespective of creed or calling. He was a Gandhian having started his life in the Gandhi-ashram. He was a freedom fighter and above all a humanist who spanned the arenas of social activity as easily as the academic pursuits. It is a lasting blot on the activities that pushed the aborigines of Kashmir out of their land, that a person like Sarwanand Koul Premi, who used to keep a copy of Koran in his *puja* room, was felled.

Premi was also a journalist and commentator. In the spring of 1990, he published a rebuttal of the communalist visions being propagated. Soon the terrorists came calling, in the night of 29th April 1990 and took him away, in the now well known surreptitious manner of asking something. His eldest son, Ravinder insisted on accompanying his father. Two days later the father and son were found hanging. They had been severely tortured, eyes gouged out. The bodies burnt with cigarette bits and a deep hole burnt into forehead. What fulfillments they got from thus violating a retired headmaster who may never have harmed a fly? This is not only for the marauders, but also for the torch bearers of their creed, the apologists of the 'movement' to answer. Many had preceded Premi; many followed him, yet the callous killing of the father-son duo is one of the most dastardly deaths the terrorists wrecked.

The killings were also grim warning. Soon after a martyr had been felled, the area got cleared of the minority Hindus. Bahaaristan Shaahii tells that after Kanchana Chak obtained a victory over his Muslim opponents, he got orders from his mentor Araakii and executed about a thousand prominent Hindus which was enough to destabilize the populace of Hindus anchored by them in the turbulence. The killing of people of note was to the same effect. Exiled community of Kashmir has acutely missed the great activists like Premiji for the guidance they could have given, the lead they could have provided in adversity. On the literary front, Premiji's possible contribution, had he not been martyred, can be easily guessed. His mastery extended to four languages Kashmiri, Hindi, Urdu and English. His translation of Gitaji shows his mastery over Sanskrit. One can easily surmise that he would not have been unacquainted with Persian. The copy of Koran among his books would indicate an acquaintance with Arabic too. Kashmiri would definitely have got an authoritative and extensive work on Merzu' Kaak. It is easy to imagine how much he would've contributed to Kashmir, to Kashmiri people and culture and to



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

Kashmiri literature, had his life not been stifled so early.

It gratifying to note that the Exiled Kashmiris have not forgotten their martyrs, especially those who were felled during the seventh onslaught on the aboriginal community of Kashmir. And, we have paid regular obsequies to them. The community has kept their memory alive, talked of their worth, their achievements, their contribution and, of course, the supreme sacrifice they made. Though outsiders have not been as effusive, as devoted, to martyrs, yet even they cannot brush aside the sacrifices, for these martyrs laid down their lives for the larger cause of the nation. That is something which makes us all proud. In Premi we have many aspects to make us proud of this great son of Kashmir. And an intimation that the sacrifices won't be forgotten.

*Loolus byool gali, titi na sah bani zanh
Zoon payi thali-thali, titi na sa bani zanh
Apuz kenh kaal yudvai rathi khasi
Pazu'ras niyaal gali, titi na sa bani zanh*

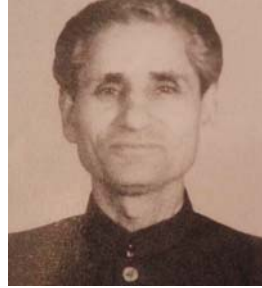
(Will Love be uprooted good? No, never!
Moon break into bits and fall? No, never!
A lie may sure live for a day yet,
Will truth lose its rind forever? No, never!)





Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

سر وانند کول پریمی



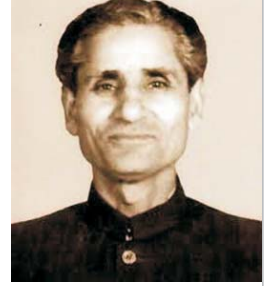
گور دیو

سَموکھ رُوڑ تھ اتھ رُوٹ کر تم
لالو! ور تم ڈوکھ چھم چون
پاری پاری لگہ ہے سنتن بہ سادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن
دوہ راتھ ستھ چھم چانی لالو
رہ بہتھ نالو درشن ہاو
یرہ یرہ پور چھم آشیر وادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن
ش چون پریمی شرنا گتھ چھنے
شہر نے پتھ و تھ رُوڑ تھ ثنے
ٹو ٹو وِزِیا لُجی ناگہ رادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن

گور دیو! لگبو پموشہ پادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن
وانی کر پور وِہ چھنے آدن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن
لو کچا لاریوس یاون رایس
وون پیوس پایس انوگرہ چون
رچھ چھم گر مہ لولہ سوادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن
وِزِوزِ کر تھم دیا یہ درشی
امریتہ ورشی ددی مس تراو
کر تم کھیٹھے اپرادن
نادن میانین تھو تم کن



रुदु जेर्य सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी



नबु वँछुखय नाज़ वँर्य वँरिये
सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये
येलि वसुनुक संज़ हय कोरुथय
म्वख्तु अँद्य अँद्य पानस जोरुथय
सुत्य वॉलिथ लछि बँद्य फेरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये

आफताबस पर्दु क्याह थोवुथ
लोलु सोज़ाह लोलु बोज़नोवुथ
सब्ज़ारस म्वख्तु जँर्य जँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये

त्रेशि हतिनुय त्रेश पिलुनॉवुथ
मारु मतिनुय नैदराह पॉवुथ
दजि डूर्य क्याह आयि बँर्य बँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये

तन नॉवुथ संगरमालन
वुडुरन तय बेयि पांचालन
अँद्य अँद्य तय बेयि ब्वन हेरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये

शोर कूताह द्युत क्वलव आरव
सनिरव तय बेयि व्वगुन्यारव
सगुविन तान्य गँयि क्याह सँरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ रुदु जेरिये

सगुनावान यार्यन दिवदारन
सब्ज़ारन बेयि गुलज़ारन
पनुन्य तय बेयि व्वपँर्यये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रुदु जेरिये

Continued on next Page



ग्रायि मारान वर्नि दामानस
तलु ज़मीन तय प्यठु आसमानस
श्रवनि दार कॅम्य ग्वडु कॅर्य गॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

तीज़ी क्याह चॉनिस कारस
सॉतस तय श्रावुनस हारस
पोशि वन क्याह छी दिलावॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

कैह छि कुनिरुक सोज़ चोन बोज़ान
कैह छि ताबेह च़ेय कुन रोज़ान
कैह छि त्रोपरिथ दारि तय बरुये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

छुनु कांह अख बेगानु च़ेय निश
सारिनय प्यठ नज़राह चॉन्य हिश
अबदु बद्यन चॉनी यावॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

हिव्य छि सॉरी च़ेय निश इनसान
जानवर तय बेयि सॉर्य हयवान
ज़रदार तय बेयि बे-ज़रुये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

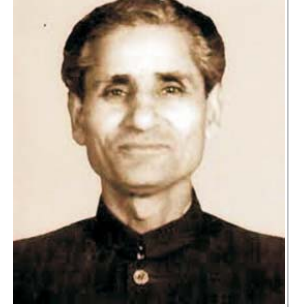
तोरु लारान योत हय आयख
सँदुरस निश यस हय ज़ायख
ग्रायि मॉर्य मॉर्य दॅछिन्य खोवुरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ी रूदु जेरिये

चॉन्य साज़न ख्वश आवाज़न
कोर प्रेमी वॉकुफ राज़न
दूर गछुनस सॉरी ठॅरिये, सोज़े दिल म्योन बोज़ रूदु जेरिये





जानानु म्योन सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी

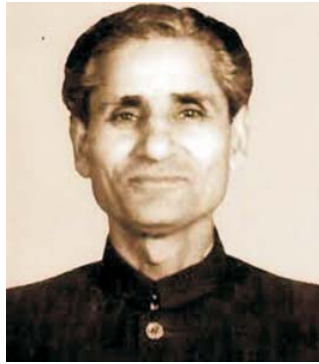


हाय वेस्य मे वारु वन वॅम्य वरगुलोव जानानु म्योन
 कन बॅरिथ वॅम्य डोल वति वॅम्य छँदुरोव जानानु म्योन
 नाज़ बरदौरी करान रुज़ुस वुन्युक ताम दिलबरस
 कमि सना पितरुनि म्याने रोशिनोव जानानु म्योन
 रायि वॅम्य संज़ि पोक अमा कॅम्य कल वॅडुस वॅम्य मस द्युतुस
 शॉल्य तारक हॉविनस वॅम्य ब्रॅमुरोव जानानु म्योन
 छुम नु मोलूम यूत कोताह खोत तॅमिस चेश्मन खुमार
 प्यालु युथ वॅम्य म्यॉन्य शॅत्रन चावनोव जानानु म्योन
 बुलबुलाह ओस रात तामथ गथ करान यथ गुलशनस
 फुलयि हुंद व्यूर तुलनु ब्रॉह वॅम्य मॅचुरोव जानानु म्योन
 आम खंजर याम बूजुम म्यानि स्वनि वॅन्य शेछ वॅनिथ
 लोल मॅशुरॉविथ वरुक क्युथ फिरनोव जानानु म्योन
 यक कलम मॅशुरॉव्य तॅम्य सॉर्य वादु इकरार आदुनुक
 बे-वफॉयी हुंद सबक वॅम्य परनोव जानानु म्योन
 डल सॉलस द्राव क्याह शिकारि पानय नम रॅटिथ
 होश रोवुस दिलबरस वॅम्य तंबुलोव जानानु म्योन
 आदुनुक यार म्योन ल्वकुचार पेश थावुन वायि रोस
 वनतु प्रेमी ऑखुरस वॅम्य दूररोव जानानु म्योन





اوش تہ ووش



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

پھلہ ڈن کانسہ ہند اڑہ ٹروٹ کرن لوکی رما داتے
گرس ٹیس لاگہ دادی سوی کرن سنگسار ما داتے
کرن پڑہ باغوانس تی یہ پوشن بلبلن کیوت جان
رچھن اڑتے کرن اٹن لڑن لڑہ پار ما داتے
رچھن سوی دروت دیون داہہ سنبلن عشقہ پیچن
کنڈن دیون سگت پوشن غلمتین پڑہ پار ما داتے
کڑھس تل آسہ کر تل لیں تہ رپوہ کن رھارہ بھگوانس
بنیتھ بے دین انسانس اڑہ پار ما داتے
بہن در دل عدوت کینہہ نفرت دئی منوشن ہمنسز
تھون تسبیح آھس منسز نال تہن زنار ما داتے

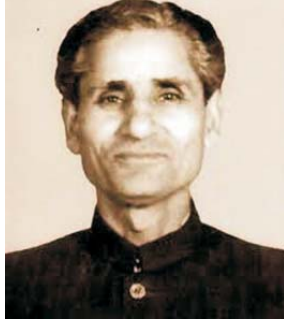
کرن دینس تہ ایمانس اڑہ پار ایس آسے
تمس دینک تہ ایمانک بنن محسار ما داتے
مؤڈریسہ آسہ کتھ پڑہ سوی کرن پنزن تہ پردن منسز
کرن گفتار تہ توتھہ میہریت گنڈہ پتہ نار ما داتے
رٹن بلبلن ٹرن لیس تڑھوگ کرن تس خانہ ویرانی
پڑہ پارہ کا دس بڑن ہاوس ملین سنسز کھار ما داتے
دیون ما خوش بیانس پوشن ٹوس دا تہ کینہہ آزار
تہ خوش آواز بند تھا ڈن یہ جانا دار ما داتے
بنن معصوم پتیمین بے کس ہند ڈن پڑہ پار بیگان
مہ آسن دال سنڈ لاگن سٹھاہ غم خار ما داتے
ژہ چھک پری می دچھان سوروی اڑہ پڑہ کیاہ چلان پار
اکس جاہل منوشس سیت کرن تکرار ما داتے

ما داتے

سروانند کول پری می



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



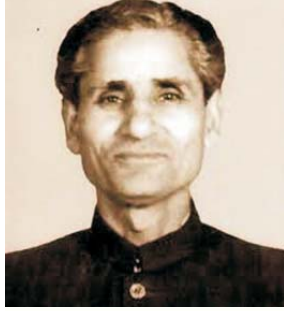
सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



न्हाउतھ थं थुलहं थुंरुं मीं ज़ानां गोलालो
 लस बापु अंदरिम दादरुं बیتی افسانہ گولالو
 لوکر سفر کس بوونے کس واتر داوس مین
 آخر مین ونتم چکھه थं क्ठह استانا گولالو
 یاؤن مین کورتھم ضاپہ یاؤن رایہ ونے کیاہ
 ساتھہ थं پکھنا سون ووڈ میہریانہ گولالو
 یکتھ لولہ باغس پوشہ پھلیاہ اُس برجستہ
 کور دوڑین چانی گلشنس وارانہ گولالو
 دراهم مین ترٹھ تار لوچہ لولہ سیتار س
 لاگس یہ لوچہ تار ووڈی کمرہ وانہ گولالو
 درشن مین لٹ اکہ ہاو ووڈی مشراو ملانے
 جانانہ تھوڈ چون شان چھے شاپانہ گولالو
 پریمی چھے پراران درشنس پیمپوش پھولہم دل
 لوکچار آم سوران تیئے پرارانہ گولالو



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



سر وانند کول پری می



زندگی ہندکشی تہ و وگنڑ وچھ مینہ کتیاہ بائیے
کروٹھی مسارک مینہ کتیاہ ٹیٹھ ندر ہے ترا بیے
آپتے درائیں بہ صدو، سختیو ترور او، س
رود نیترو ہاری ہاری اکھ ترہیہ تہ گوم نے خالیے

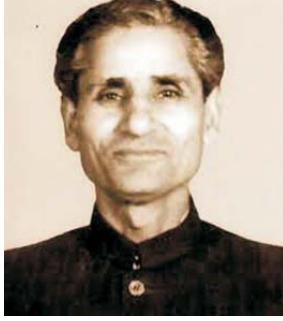
ٹوروسن نوشبوے، رنگین، پان کنڈین منتر پھستھ
لولہ کس چنس پھولن گل باا افسر کا بیے
یاونس میانس کورکھ ساپو شمتھ انہار بیا کھ
پیالہ برداری کریم تیسر، پر کسی میاں ترا بیے

ریبہ میہ اندری لولہ نارچ پتر گے تیزاں دوہے
پان پنپنے واپہ روس میہ پیش کورکھ ڈا بیے
کورمین تھ زوفدا رڈکھ نہ افسر پاروزان
توتہ رڈس بودس منتر لولہ ہتھ پوز با بیے

روز خوش پری تہ وچھ وونہ کتھ پھولہ گلزار چون
وونہ خریداری تریہ نازن جامہ ترصن لوتو نا بیے



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi



सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



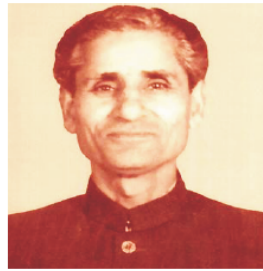
प्रारणाउत्स दाउत्स नाले मदनो!
 कस बे त्राउत्स बाल यिमे हाले मदनो
 प्रारणाउत्स कसे उन याउन मीउन!
 शोते चाने मारे हेरने रहे हाले मदनो
 तारे कामे त्रहेस बे उने मारे उने कया!
 वाले आश हेस लोपे के डाले मदनो
 लोपेस प्रारे बे कोताह काल!
 लोके पाने हेम कोताह डाले मदनो!
 एर कने हेस वारे वारे तारे कने नरान
 चाउनाउत्स लोपेस पीले मदनो
 नाले वोलमेत हेम वसे उने सारे पारे हे
 हेस बे प्राराने उने हेते तरे मदनो
 पोशे मेते मीने प्रेमी प्राराने हे
 पेने चाने अडे मने डाले मदनो



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

**A Heartfelt Tribute to the Legendary, Icon
on 30th Shaheedi - Diwas 01-05-2020**

REMEMBRANCE



Sarvanand Koul Premi
02.11.1924 to 01.05.1990



Verinder Koul Veer
29.05.1962 to 01.05.1990

You were a great Visionary, Patriot, Affectionate, Selfless and a True Karmyogi. You inherited wealth of rich ideals and served the mankind with dedication.

A Social Reformer and Philanthropist, you always trod on a righteous path of Honesty, Integrity and Selflessness. Your Vision inspires us to be noble and human.

Your teachings will continue to inspire us forever. We owe our today and tomorrow to your love, noble thoughts and valuable guidance. We all grew-up with your un-paralleled Wisdom, Warmth, Cheerfulness and Strength. You will live for ever and your Tolerance, Benevolence and Light will always guide our path.

We salute you today and we pay our respectful homage to you in a spirit of gratitude, indebtedness and humility.

May your soul rest in peace.

**In reverence :
Samast Parivar, Relatives & Friends**