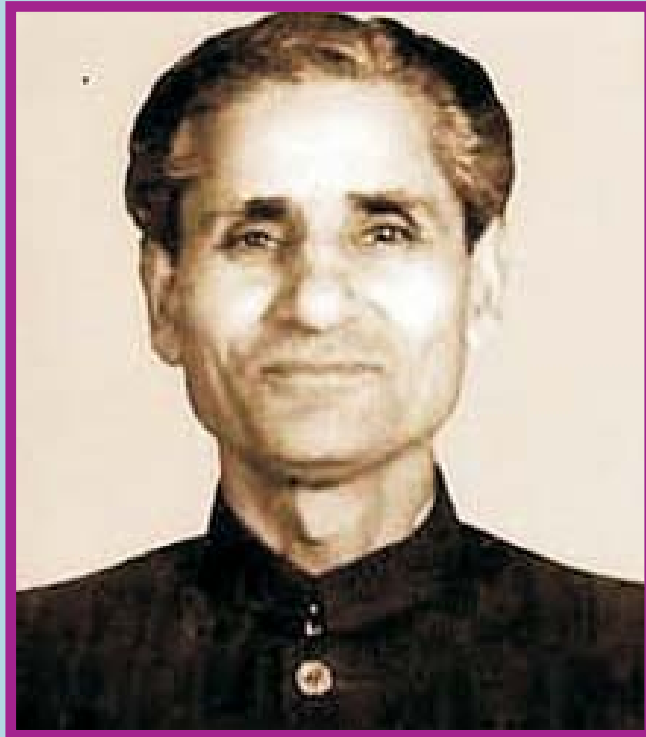


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**Amar Shaheed**  
**Sarvanand Koul Premi**



**02.11.1924 - 01.05.1990**  
**(30th Death Anniversary)**

## सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी

### अख अहद साज़ अदबी मुजस्सम

रविन्दर रवी

नगम ग्यवान बरँगी, हिकट 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 मुशक 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 पूजा करान ओस बँत्कि थँवुन अमन-आशती तु फिरकु दारानु हम आहंगी हुंज़ मशाल हर हालतस तु हर कुमतस मंज़ ज़ोतुवुन्य। अख बागि बोर दताँत्री कौल खानदानुक यि जुओ ओस लोलुक तु म्वहबतुक पॉगम्बर ऑस्यथुय मगर अथ लाफॉनी पॉगामस पोछर दिनु खॉतरु रुद यि थकु रोस कूशिशि करान। शायरि कश्मीर महजूर सुंदि वननु कोरुन प्रेमी तखलुस 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 सपुज़ सही सॉबिथ।



प्रेमी रूद्य पनुनि वतीरु, पनुन्यव खयालव, पनुनि लिखायि, बोलचालि तु बिला इम्तियाज़ मज़हब व मिलत बाँइ चारुक चोंग रोशन करान। परगनुकिस मुसलमान अकसँर्यतु किस अथ



गामस सुत्य ओसुख सख म्वहबत । सॉर्यसुय वादी बिलखसूस पनुनिस सोफ शाली गामस ओस ख्वद कॅफील 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 हुंज़ि 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 हुंद्य बाल शूबान क्वदरती दीवदार ज़न

लोलु दॅरियावस बॅठिस प्यठ गाह छु त्रावान गाम म्योन

सोफ शाली पॅत्य किन्य अँकिस बालस प्यठ ऑस कॅशीरि हुंदिस मोशूर रेश्य शेखुलआलम शेख नूर-उद-दीन नूरॉनी (यिमन नुन्दु यॉश तु सँहज़ानंद ति वनान छि) सुंज़ ज़ियारत गाह । ज़ियारतस अंदर छु अख बोड़ कनि पल यथ प्यठ बिहिथ नुन्दु रेश्य रियाज़त कॅर । शीतु किसि 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 । तँती ओस सुलि सुबहॉय नखुकिस कांदरस तँत्य तँत्य लवासु ह्यथ ज़ियारत गाहस मंज़ अकीदत मंदन बॉगरान । तमि वखतु अनंतनागुकिस मोशूर मुसँविरस ह्योतुन म्वलुवुनि कथु लीखिथ बोर्ड बनाँविथ युस दरगाह न्यँबरु कनि लागनु आव ।

प्रेमी सॉब ऑस्य वारयाह ज़बॉन्य ज्ञानान । मज़हबन हुन्द एहतिराम तु कदुर करुन्य ओस तिहुन्द नसबुलेन । यिथु कन्य तीलु रोस च़ोंग दज़ि नु तिथय पॉठ्य छु नु इनसान दयि सुंदि रोस ज़िंदु रुज़िथ 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 ज़ातस प्यठ यछ पछ थवन वोल प्रेमी ओस इनसॉनियतुक पुजॉर्य । गरि येत्यन श्रीमद भगवदगीतायि हुंद पाठ सपदान ओस, तँती ओस क्वरानुक्य आयात, गुरु ग्रंथ साहिब सुंज़ वॉनी तु बाइबल मंज़ दप्यव सुत्य ति फ़ैज़याब 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 दूहस प्यठ गरि बरनि न्यँबरु कनि सड़कि प्यठ पोशन हुंज डीड्य बनावान यपौर्य जलूसु नेरान ओस। ब्रॅगी क्वलि यपारि छि सोफ शाली, किहिर्य पूर, खारु पूर, शोहाड, जॉग्यमरग नाड संगर बेतरि गाम बालु क्वछि मंज बँसिथ। यिमन सारिनय गामन मंज ओस अख पंडित खानदान शँतिल्यव प्यठ बसान आमुत। अमि खानदानुक जद ओस पंडित ठोकुर कौल युस नखु तल क्यन बालन मंज नेरन वो ल 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, तिहिँदि दँस्य तोर नियाज ति सोज़ान। नुन्दु र्योश छु वनान:

‘क्या हैद्यन 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 सॉथ्यन ‘प्रेमी सॉब तोह्य छिवु नु टैकि वरॉय ज़ांह नेरान।’ प्रेमी यन वोनुख हुकु:

मँतु सॉ वुछ्य तव म्यॉनिस खालस ।

दिलसुय म्यॉनिस नज़राह वॅर्य तव ॥

अख स्कालर, गांधी तरजूक ना पैद करन वो ल समॉजी कारकुन, मॉहिरि तॉलीम प्रेमी यन न्युव कुइट इंडिया, कुइट कश्मीर तहरीकन मंज ति सर गरम हिसु। प्रेमी सॉबस ओस पनुनि वॅशीरि तु हतु बँद्य वॅरी ब्रॉहिम रेवायँच तु कदरन सुत्य युथ लगाव जि पंजाबस मंज थँज नोकरी त्रॉविथ आव वॅशीरि वापस। यि कथ वनुन्य छुस येत्यन मुनॉसिब ज्ञानान जि प्रेमी सॉबन कोर गांधी जीयिन्य खादी तहरीक आम करनुकि गरजू वॅचन रियास्तन हुन्द ति दोरु। १९४७ किस अगस्तस मंज म्यूलस सिरीनगरु बरजुलि गांधी जी यस सुत्य मुलाकात करनुक ति मोकु।



व्वस्ताद आसनु म्वख्रु छि प्रेमी जीयन सासु बँद्य मुसलमान शुर्य तौलीमि हुंदि नूर सुत्य मुनवर कॅर्यमत्य। तिहुंद वनुन ओस जि अख तौलिबि अँलिम गछि दीनी तौलिमि सुत्य सुत्य दुनियौवी खासकर जदीद तौलीमि सुत्य मुनवर सपदुन। तिंहजि ख्वद एतिमौदी हुंद राज ओस पँजिस साथ द्युन। येति तिमव तखलीकव जँरियि आला अदब वरतोव, तँती थँवुख हिन्दू मुसलिम इतिहादुच अलम ति बुलंद। तिंहज मोशूर नज़ुम 'काशकारस कुन' येति बेदौरी, मेहनथ तु शोक दरशावान छि, तँती छि वतनुक लोल ति बावान:

नैदु करने नेरु काशतकारो

नव बहार आव वतनुके यारो

पनुन कमाल हौविथ कोर प्रेमी सौबन दुनियौवी अदबुक खराजि तहसीन ति हौसिल। 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 सौबनि शौयिरी हुंज खसूसियत छि यि जि तिमव छे माशरुच हकीकी तु यकसौन्ययतुच पँज तसवीर पेश कॅरमुच। लोलस द्युतुख पोछर, अमा पोज येत्यन तिमन नफरत द्रुंठ्य गँयि तथ खलाफ वोलेयि। अकि लटि सपुज़ दून ज़न्यन पानवॉन्य तलख कलौमी। वजह ओस अँकिस ओस वॅमीजि दाग। तिमव कोर महसूस:

पलवस लोग योद दाग लॅगिन सा

गछि नु मनस ज़ांह दाग लगुन

व्वांदु गछि रोजुन द्दहय वुशुन

गछि नु शकस ज़ांह मॉल लगुन

प्रेमी सौब आँस्य कलमे स्वखने दिरमे प्रथ अँकिस मदद करान। सखी खयालातुक्य आँस्य। पनुनि चंदु मंज़ आँस्य हाजत मंदन हाजत कड़ान। येतीम कोर्यन खांदरु बापथ मदद कोरमुत। मँशीदन, स्कूलन, वॅदलन हुंदिस तौमीरस या खौरौती काम्यन मंज़ आँस्य चंदु दिवान। फरवरी १९८६ तस मंज़ यिम नासु त्रासु हालात रोनुमा सपुद्य तम्युक असर रूद ज़्यादु अनंतनागस अंदर। लुकन हुन्द यि प्रेमी रूद अकलियँती फिरकस राथ द्यन खोफुक एहसास दूर करनुच कूशिश करान। तिहुंज यि कूशिश सपुज़ वारयाह कामयाब युथ ज़न हिजरतस



मोकय म्यूल नु ।

१९९० तस मंज येलि वादी मंज 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 पोज़ तिमन ओस नु यि बोजुन ठीख लगान । तु जवाबन ऑसिख वनान जि यथ म्येचि मंज बु थनु प्योस, पल्योस बड्योस किथु त्रावन गरु तु पनुन्य मुसलमान बाँय त्रॉविथ च़लु ? वनान ऑस्य हँथियार तुलन वॉल्य वातनावन नु मे तकलीफ । यिम छि मे परनॉव्यमुत्य । कतन मोनुन नु च़लुन । हालांकि मिलटन्ट तन्ज़ीमन हुंघ धमकी दार नोटसु ति आसु बरनि लागनु आमचु । इशतियाल अंगेज़ नारु तु जलूस बेतरि वुछिथ ति ओसुख तँती रोज़नुक सेकु यरादु । लेखु पँर चालू थँविथ रूद्य वुतुश दिनु वाल्यन हालातन मंज ति लुकन निश गछान । इकबाल तु वॉर्डसवर्थ सुन्द ओसुख असर । मंजु ऑस्य यि वनान:

अमल पैहम यकीन महकम मोहबत फातिहे आलम

झहादे जिंदगानी में यह हैं मरदों की शमशेरें

फितरतुक्य आशक वॉर्डसवर्थ सुंघ 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 मंज लबनु यिवान । गीतांजली हुन्द कोशुर मनज़ूम तरजमु वँरिथ कोर तिमव अख कारनामु 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 सौपुन वुछान । इनसान युस अशरफुल-मखलूकात ति छु, तस छि हकूक ति हॉसिल । यिमन हकूकन हुंज 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 एज़ाज़स मंज अख पारटी यथ मंज तिमव फरमोव जि अज़ छि मे जिंदगी हुंज सारिय खोतु बँड खुशी जि बु द्रास पनुन्य जिमुवॉरी बखूबी अंजाम दिथ, तु यिम मे परनॉव्य तिम करन यिनु वालि पगहुक्य बा यज़थ



शहरी बँनिथ भारतुक नाव रोशन। क्वकर नागु प्यठ आयि तिम शहनोंई वायान वायान जलूस  
किस सूरतस मंज पनुन गाम सोफ शाली अनुनु। तिमव छि इसलॉमी स्कूलन मंज ति शुर्य  
परनॉव्यमृत्य। अँकिस पंडित सुन्द इसलॉमी स्कूलस मंज परनावुन छु मानि थवान। तिम  
ऑस्य प्रथ रंगु फारिगुलबाल। तिमव ल्यूख ईज प्यठ :

छु प्रेमी लोलु होत लारान, छु दिलदारस अमा छारान  
मुबारक दोसदारन ईद, मुबारक दीनदारन ईद

'किसान गोछ' पनुनि नजमि मंज छि वनान:

दिल कुनुय, रथ माज अख इनसान अख, संसार अख  
क्याजि अदु दोग्यन्यार जॉरी व्वन्य पज्युक यकसान गोछ।

जुलुफकार भटूहस प्यठ छपॉवख अख ल्वकट किताब। भटू संजि फासि प्यठ यिम हालात  
कॅशीरि मंज सपुद्य, चेश्म दीद गवाह आसनु म्वखु ल्यूख तिमव:

शहीदन अंदर छुख चु सरताज जुलफी  
करुन छुय शहीदो च़ेय राज जुलफी

कॉशिरि ज़बॉन्य तु अदबस लोल बरनुय योत ओस नु प्रेमी सुन्द रोल बँल्कि तिंहजि शॉयिरी ति  
कोर लुकन हुंजि दिलु दुबरायि सुत्य हम आहंगी हुन्द इजहार।

अथुवास करान युथनु अथु डलिये  
कथु करि लोहरे तोतस सुत्य  
अथुवास करान अथु रटी चीरय  
कथु करि सीरय बॉचस सुत्य  
चनि कोरि दिचनय शँस्तर नाजय  
फेरि कूर्य वाजे अथुवास कॅरिथ

अजकल छु अथ रसमस प्यठ यिवान अम्युक मजहबी पहलू अँकिथ कुन त्रॉविथ ना जॉयिज  
फॉयिदु तुलनु। माहरेन्य तु माहराजु छि अख अँकिस पलवु तँल्य या तु वॉज कडान नतु गॅर  
बेतरि वॅण्डिथ च़लान ह्यथ। अख दबु दबाह छि अज कल अमि सातु माहरेनि तु माहराजस  
लगान। वेसु सँदरु छे माहरेनि वुतुश दिवान गॅर या वॉज खोलनु खॉतरु तु माहराजु 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



Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist  
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गोबरु मॉल्य सुंदि तरफु जान बखशाँयिशा तरान । नाद वातुवुनुय छु वाज़ु खसान दयि बतु थाल ह्यथ । अथ छि वाज़न आसान तिम साँरी सिन्य थॉव्यमुत्य यिम वुर बलु रँन्यमुत्य छिख आसान । सुत्य छुस जान ज़ामुच द्दु 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 बखशाँयिश 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 मंज़ अमि रसमुच जान पॉठ्य वखनय वँरमुच । अगर ज़न बटु पॉठ्य रूनिस ज़नानि हुन्द छ्योट ख्योन छु मनाह । मगर अमी योत वखतु हैकि सु अँम्य सुन्द छ्योट ख्यथ । यिमन दून अख अँक्य सुन्द व्वंदु 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 हुँदि ओनमय द्दु च़ोड वोरुय, सोरुय दामय चेतो मो







काव्य - सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी

## गज़ल

चैति मा लोगुथ मोत देवाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 लूकन बोवुथ नोन अफसाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 यारच कॅर्य कॅर्य यारन बोवुम अँदुरिम राज़, चैति मा बुधि प्योय ठगु भगवाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 हुस्नस पथ मा गथ कॅर्य कॅर्य ज़ांह ज़ोलुथ पान  
 चैति मा लोगुथ ओन परवाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 खास्यव बॅर्य बॅर्य लोलाह चॉविम फीरिथ गॅय, चैति 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, चैति मा आमुत युथ तूफाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 म्वंडु कठ मॉसुमन अथुरोट करुनस हांछ खँचुम  
 चैति मा लोगुथ दौदी दाना म्याँनी पॉदय  
 'प्रेमी' पोज़ पज़ि जलदुय दँज्यतन आलम वोन्य, चॉनिस नावस बनि अस्थाना म्याँनी पॉदय



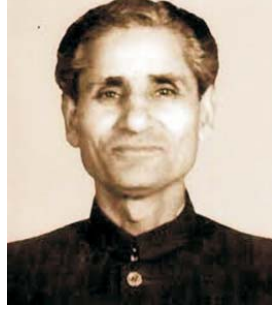
काव्य - सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी

## 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



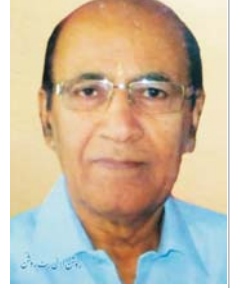
शहीदन श्रधांजली - प्रेम नाथ शाद  
सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



नमस्कार अँस्य करव पनुन्यन शहीदन  
अँछन मंज ओश बरव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।  
वँथिव अरपन करव श्रधायि हुँद्य पोश  
परन साँरी पेमव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।  
बँली जुव दिथ लछन सासन रोछुख जूर  
ति कति हूरिथ हेकव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।  
बबन माजन बेन्यन बायन छलव ओश  
भरुसा सुय दिमव पनुन्यन शहीदम ।।  
यिमव सनहॉर्य अँरव 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 मंज छिव वनव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।  
गेवन ग्वन वाँसुवादन पीर दर पीर  
महान अतम वनव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।  
वँगरिन दय वेशनु भवनस मंज तिमन जाय  
हन शाँती मंगव पनु न्यन शहीदन ।।  
तिहुन्द शुकरानु 'शादा' शूबि लॉजिम  
करव यूताह हेकव पनुन्यन शहीदन ।।

Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist  
Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

## शहीदन श्रद्धांजलि - रोशन लाल रोशन शहीद सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी

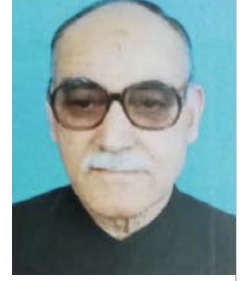


ब्रूज्यमुत्य छिम ग्वन स्यठा 'प्रेमी' सुंद्य पॅर्यमुत्य ति छिम  
लोलु होत, मॅछ्यलि अनहारुक कलमकार, थोद अॅलिम ॥  
ओसुस बु तेलि अदबस अंदर शुर्य बाशि करुवुन येलि वुछुम  
मंज बाज़रस अकि दूहु वुछिथ म्वनि मीठ्य कॅर्यनम याद छिम ॥  
असुवुन तसुंद म्वख, बा अदब, मॅदुर ज़ेव, नज़र श्रूच  
शूबिदार तिथ्य हिव्य स्वखनवर 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 - मूती 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 सारिनय कूत  
 बरन अदु लोल अदबस सारिनय कूत  
 सु ललि हुंद वाख रूदुय ज़न तु ललुवान  
 बरान गव लोल लोलस लोलु सुमरान  
 वुछान वैछमान परान लेखान रूदुय  
 पँज़िस पतु गोड बरान पज़ुरान रूदुय  
 हिंदी उदू तु बेयि अंग्रीज्य व्यदवान  
 सु ओस कौशिर्युक ति ऑलिम बडु जान  
 कौरुन 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





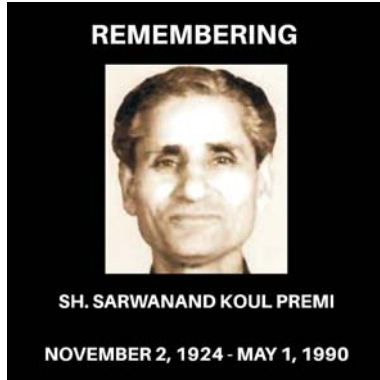
A Legendry Poet  
and a real hero of real Kashmiriat  
**Sarwanand Koul Premi**

A Tribute to him on his 30th death anniversary

- Pran Pandit



**L**ate 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 child-hood days, he had witnessed Hindus and Muslims co-existing there in an atmosphere of 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



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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 eternity, 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 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





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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.

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



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Kashmiri; and Russian folk tales in Kahmiri 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 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.

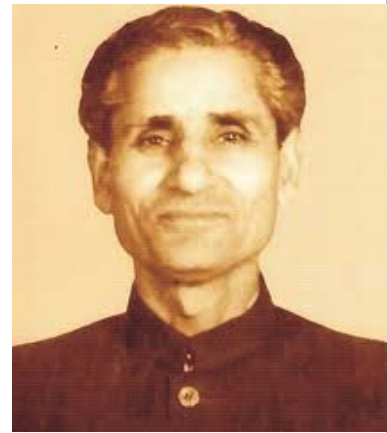
Aman who's poem ‘Roodh Jheir’ (Sudden Heavy Downpour) impressed Poet Mehjoor, a man who joined Gandhi ji's Quit India and then Quit Kashmir movement against Maharaja's rule. Premi ji was also associated with Khidmat News Paper and Cultural front in Kashmir. Not many amongst us know that Premi Ji wrote 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 fooling 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 Zameendaar .

“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 Zameendaar .

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 Zameendaar 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 Zameendaar 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 zameendaar 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 Zameendaar 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 Zameendaar's house he said loudly, “Assalam U Alaikum . This is a Nazraana from my side for you .”

The Zameendaar 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 .”

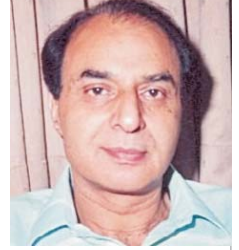
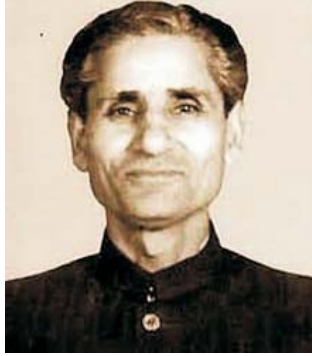
He then turned to toward two daughters of the Zameendar and gave them one roasted duck saying, “Take it my daughters. You have also become now three.”

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 ऑदुन 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 हुंज 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 मंज छु प्रेमी मॅहजूरस कॉफी नॅज्यदीख रूदमुत तु कलामि प्रेमी तु पयामि प्रेमी छे तॅथ्य दोरस मंज तखलीक सपजमचु। चुनाचि प्यव अॅमिस मॅहजूरन सोन तु गोन असर। “ओश तु दोश” किताबि छु मॅहजूरन पेशि लफज ल्यखमुत। “पेश गोर” उनवानु छु मॅहजूर 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, “बॅड्यार बालाहस मंज छि अॅस्य दोश्वय करीब अॅकिस रेतस डेरस रूदयमुत्य। १९५२ आसिहे। बु ओसुस अॅकिस हय स्कूलस मंज कॉम करान तु सु ओस खादी बंडारस मंज। प्रेमी ओस प्रथ तॅहजीबी, तमदुनी तु अदबी जलसस मंज ग्वडु अनवारि यिवान। यि ख्वश मिज़ाज शखस ज्ञानन बु १९४९ प्यठ। सु ओस मनुशोद तु साफ गो। यॅहय 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 मंज 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 बॅल्यकि अदबी मॅहफिलन तु जलसन मंज शरकत करनुक ओस तस स्यठा शोक। यि छु अॅहम जि आज़ोदी पतय युथय कलचरल महाज़ बन्योव प्रेमी सपुद अथ सुत्य मुनसिलक। कॅछा अमि किन्य जि ओर अॅस्य मशहूर ज़मान शॉयिर तु अदीब यिवान तु कॅछा अमि किन्य कि प्रेमी ओस ख्यालातव किन्य तरकी पसंद यि ज़न अॅस्य तॅम्यसुंजन तसनीफन अंदर वुछान छि।”

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

प्रेमियन छे मेरज़ु काकुनि ज़िंदगी प्यठ नफीस किताब लीछमुच तु तिहुंद्य वाख यिकवटु वॅरुथमित। रूपु भवॉनी हुंज हयाति ज़िंदगी ति छख तखलीख वॅरमुच।



लार लारय लार जल जल लार सॉ  
वखतस प्यठ ब्द म्वलवुन दाय  
वस तु तुलमुल तति लगी पोज 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 कानफ्रनुस 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 ग्रज 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 जगत 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 ओनुम  
 मसवलि व्वलसन प्यार ओनुम  
 दीवी दारन गँडमुच़ छम रँछ  
 कँम्य रँछ येति पाँ चादर म्यॉन्य  
 मस गछ़ख़ मस चेथ खसी खुमार च़ेय  
 ३. बुजरस तस ल्वकचार ओनुम  
 नालुमति लोलस तु हुसनस वाँस अख



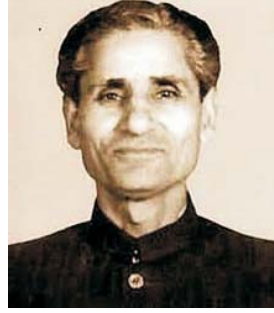




## श्रद्धांजलि - अशोक गवहर सरवानंद कौल प्रेमी



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



भुलबुलन छि तनु कमि आशि प्रुछान युस गुलन हुंद  
कस वनु ज़ि हस्दुनि नारु दौद गुलज़ार ज़मीनस  
यनु बोनि तेहुरु लंग लंजि च़ैटिथ गव येति सु तबरदार  
तनु पोक नु शुहुल वाव न प्यव शेहजार ज़मीनस  
कमि हालु यथ बुतराँन्नतु आसुन आसि वुठन प्यठ  
स्व छि बरान वुछ वुछ छय अँछ खूखार ज़मीनस  
हा बागवानो चानि पतु नो वारि फुलय लँज  
थँर ज़रंड बँनिथ गँयि कंड्य छँकिथ बिस्पार ज़मीनस  
शरु चानि बरु गँमुत्यन गुलन वुनि म्युल न संद्रार  
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' ज़िन्दन दफनावनुक रँहज़न छु कराप संज़  
व्वन्य मा फटन आदुम्य रतुक्य फंवार ज़मीनस





*Review - Dr. R.L.Bhat*

## Sarvanand Koul Premi's Urdu Translation of Shriimad Bhagvad Giitaa

### Premi Translates Gitaji with Context

**P**remiji, as Pandit Sarvanand 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, 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



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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 Giitaaajii, 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* (philosophical) as well as cultural information that the student as well the lay reader of Giitaaajii 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. Giitaaajii, 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 shlokas 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.

Giitaaajii is seen variously as an Upanishad as well as the crux of all upanishadic teaching. Though Giitaaajii 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



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*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 Giitaaajii. 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 Giitaaajii, dating at least to early medieval age, disproves the contention of some English writers like Meghanand Desai and Devadat Patnaik that Giitaaajii 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. Giitaaajii 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 Giitaaajii 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 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 Giitaaajii. The sacred book Giitaaajii is spread over 18 *adhyaayas* of Bishma 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 Dhritraashtra. 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



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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 nor minimizes the trend by its presence or absence'. Interestingly, the text of *shlookas* given by the earliest commentator from Kashmir Raamakanttha, 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 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 Giitaa 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



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*daarshanik* subjects dealt in *Giitaa*, demands great versatility. And that becomes another dimension of Premiji's scholarship as he transforms the Sanskrit *shlookas* into verses 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.





*Remembering Sarvanand Koul Premi - Vijay Wali*

## A Poet of Hope Sarvanand Koul Premi

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 Kahmiri Pandit family of Souf Shali 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 heighest 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. 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 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.

**T**he 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 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.



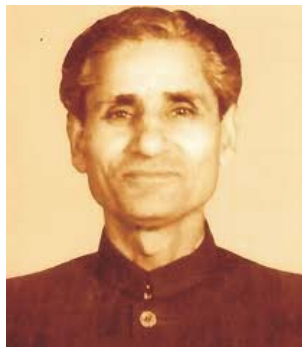


*Remembering Sarwanand Koul Premi - Rajinder Premi*

## 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 no elucidation. 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 a 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 Sphlners Association (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 official organ of the National Conference, 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 23 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', 'Pantchastdar', '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 his stance, 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 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 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.







*Remembering Sarvanand Koul Premi - Vijay Kashkari*

## Sarvanand Koul Premi Known - Unknown



In May 1, 2018, I was presented a set of books written by Martyr Sarvanand Koul 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 Koul 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 Koul 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. 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 underground 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.





## Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

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 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 - Dr. R.L.Bhat*

## The Poet Still Unsung



**P**remi 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 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.



## Remembering Poet, Philosopher & Humanist Amar Shaheed Sarvanand Koul Premi

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 afronrunner 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 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

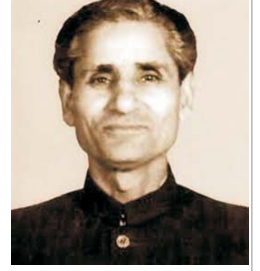




## रूसी पादशाह कथु काँविन्य तु होस

### सर्वानंद कौल प्रेमी

देवनागरी-कश्मीरी रूप : म.क.रैना



दपान अख काँविन्या ओस। तमि ओस अँकिस कुलिस प्यठ पनुन ओल बनोवमुत। अँती ओसिन दूल त्रॉव्यमुत्य तु तिमन फाह दिथ बचु वेंड्यमुत्य। 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 वेंडिन 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 चॉलिथ तु बडि हटि वोनुन हँस्पतिस, 'त्रे कोरुथ मे ओँल्य नाश तु गॉल्यथख म्यॉन्य पूत्य। अम्युक आंच होरय।'



हँस्य तुल पनुन कर थोद तु असुनाह वेंरिथ वोनुनस, 'चु छख तीन्नाह ल्वकट जि त्रे छुय नु कांह हक मे हिविस यीतिस बँडिस यिथु पॉठ्य वनुनुक। नेर पानस गछ। यि करुन छुय ति 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 व्यन्नारान जि अँमिस कावस पृछु केंह मशवरु।

पांच्रॉल्य कावन वुछ यि ओश हारान काँविन्य तु पृछुनस, ‘क्या बी देंलील छे ? च्रु क्याजि छख बाकु छटान।’ काँविनि 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 पाँठ्य वालु नखु तु कुस डंड दिमस।’ कावन वोनुस यि बूजिथ ‘पँज्य पाँठ्य 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 म्वंडजाह अख ज़ॉन्य। तु च्वशवुयव कोर सोचा समजा तु फॉसलु कोरुख 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



हंज 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 म्वंडज तु तँम्यसंज व्यस अँकिस डाँज हुंदिस बँठिस कुन तु ह्योतुख

शोर करुन। यि शोर बूज़िथ आव हँस्तिस सोच जि येतिनस यिमु नेनि म्वंडजि छि, ततिनस आसि पोन्स ज़रुर। तु द्राव यी सोंचान सोंचान तूर्य कुन। तु युथुय डाँज हुंज़ि 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 म्वंडजव बेयि खोवर्य किन्स शोर तुलुन। हँस्य सूच बेयि जि अपॉर्य आसि पोन्स 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 म्वंडजव 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 कॉविन्स

हँस्तिस निश वुफि तु लॉयिनस

क्रख, ‘हतो गमंडी हँस्ति! च्ने

कोरुथ मे ऑल्य नाश, म्यॉन्स

पूत्य मॉरिथ। तु ज़ोनुथ जि



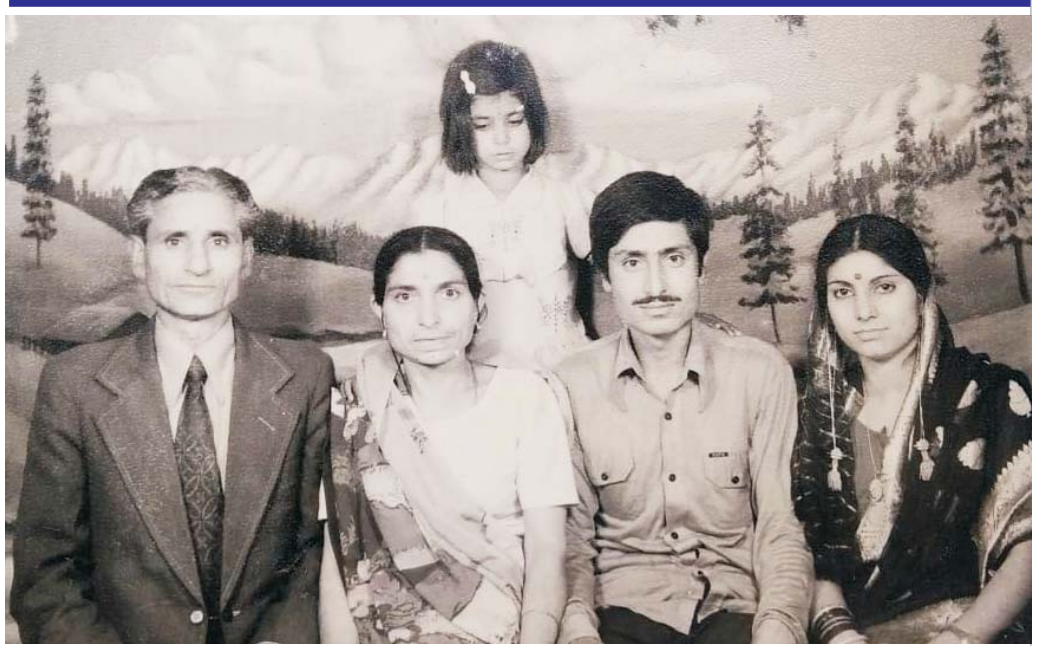


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अख निच तु ल्वकुट  
जुव ज़ाथ क्या हेकि  
मे वॅरिथ। तु व्वन्य  
वुछुथ पनुन्यव  
अँछव ज़ि येलि  
ल्वकचि जुवु ज़ॉन्न  
अथुवास करान छि  
तु यिकुवटु समान  
छि, तिम छि ह्यकान  
त्रे हिव्यन बड्यन  
तान्य पथर पॉविथ  
तु असमान हॉविथ।

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

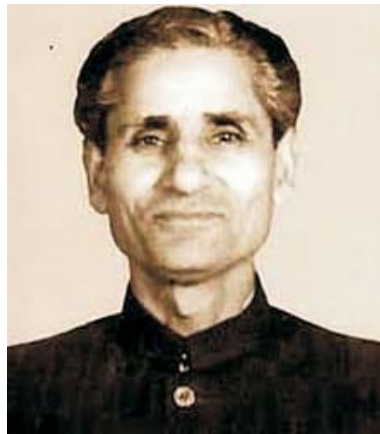




## Away From Home, A Kashmiri Pandit Is Reviving His Language

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

[Reproduced from The Wire 14 May 2019]



**R**ajendra 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





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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.”

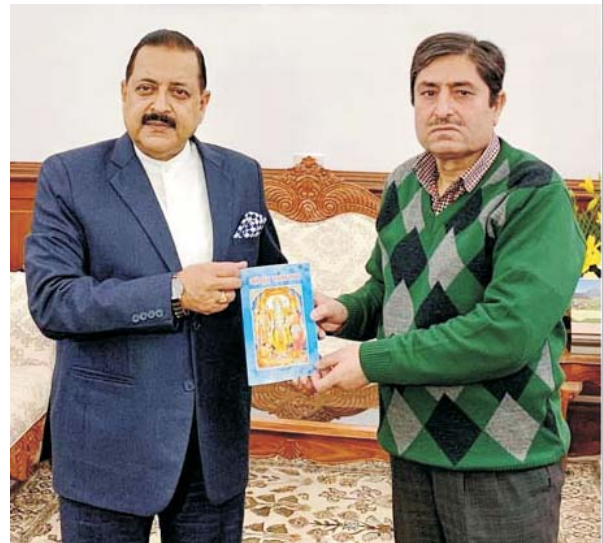
Premi channeled his pain into preserving the legacy of his father. Nearly 30 years after leaving Kashmir, he started republishing his father's work in Kashmiri. But when sales were abysmally low, he started distributing them free of cost. Soon, he realised that the books weren't being bought because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

**P**andit 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 Sutya 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 message of the Ramayana, through the blessings of Shri 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 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



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





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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 Sarvanad 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 Sarvanad 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’



**M**ay 1<sup>st</sup> 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 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





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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 Shirya 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 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-manas 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

**S**ARWANAND 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 enquires” 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. He authored twenty-five books on prose and poetry.

It was not Sarwanand Koul 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



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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 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



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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 Koul 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

**S**arwanand 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 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





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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 sahib, what do you think of a remark made by so and so (name avoided for the purpose of this profile) , who takes pried 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.

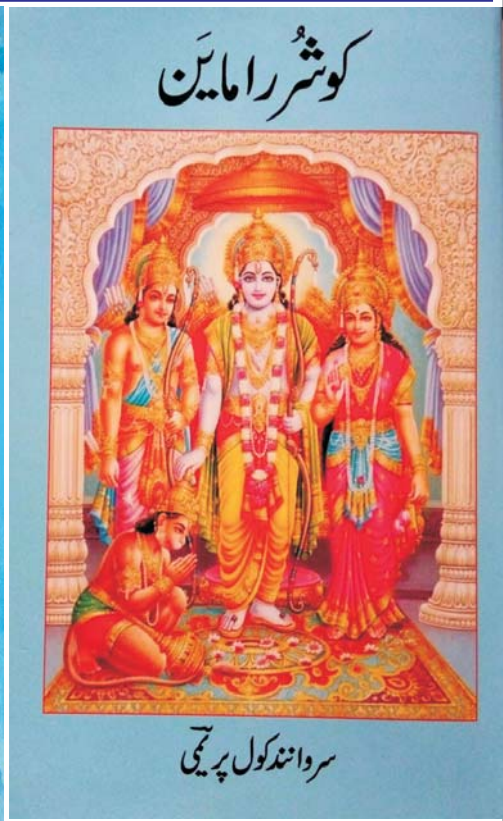
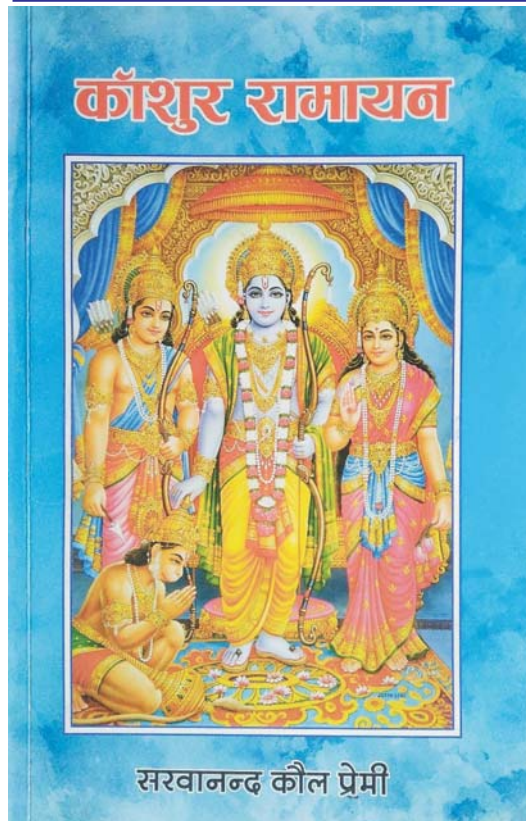
It was an astounding shock to learn about his tragic end, the very anti-climax of life-ideal , the brutal assassination of a noble soul, with a sense of



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 Sarvanand Koul ‘Premi’ in Covid-19 times : A societal perspective on identity of KPs

- Avtar Nehru

**E**ven 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.

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 Sarvanand 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, 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



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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.

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.







## Shraddhanjali

### Remembering Sarvanand Koul 'Premi'

- Adarsh Ajit

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

**S**arvanand 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 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





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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: "MashaAllah, 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



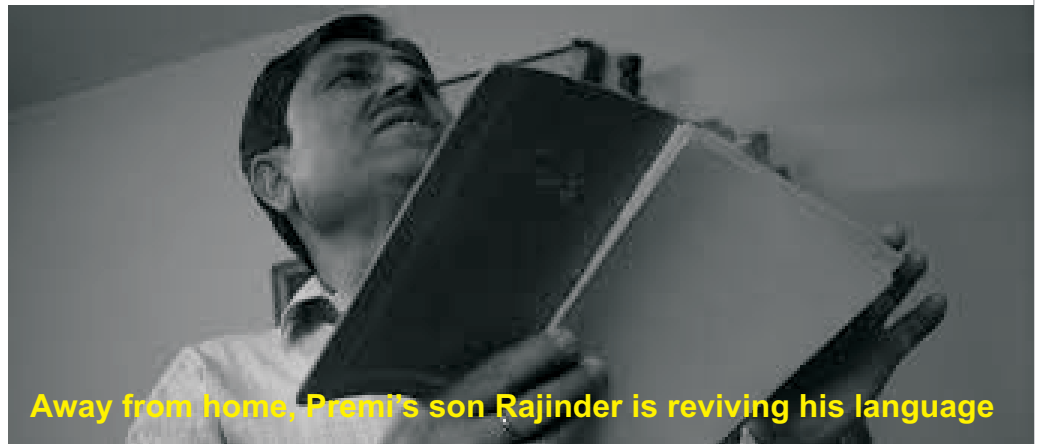
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humanist, a philanthropist, an eminent scholar, a social worker and a well-known Kashmiri poet, contemporary of Mahjoor and Azad. Premi is no more. But his imprints are there in Kashmir. He was bold, co-operative, helpful, secular, etc. His nature was bound to contribute:

न कर्तृत्वं न कर्माणि लोकस्य सृजति प्रभुः ।  
न कर्मफलसंयोगं स्वभावस्तु प्रवर्तते ॥

(na karṭitvaṁ na karmāṇi lokasya sṛijati prabhuḥ  
na karma-phala-saṅyogaṁ 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).



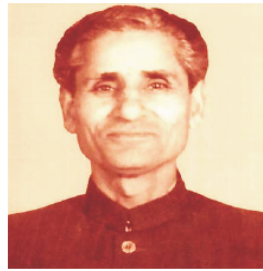
Away from home, Premi's son Rajinder is reviving his language



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**