

Foreword

When a young human life perishes, no matter what the cause is, the whole glory of human life seems to crumble down precipitously and we die with it for sometime. The grandeur of human life is supported both by the marvel that nature makes of us as well as by the imagination that human mind imparts on it. Every human life is a scintillating possibility, a grand unwritten as yet promise. Amit Zutshi's life and death are the stuff of human drama, philosophy, and religion.

Jeevan Zutshi, the father of Amit, and author of *The Last smile*, has written the book in a cathartic experience, to lighten his and his family's infinite pain. This is the story of inspiration and perspiration of a family to build a better life for themselves. It is the story of their severe loss and their overcoming of it. Jeevan writes as a highly tormented parent wanting to know if he could have done things differently than they were to save Amit's life. He delineates the book with scientific objectivity to probe the causes of Amit's demise, but without anger on the culture and the institutions which might have contributed to it.

The book should possibly help other parents to avert the tragedy that fell Zutshis. The title of the book, *The Last Smile*, comes from the last smile Amit had on his face just moments after he dissolved into the eternity. It is that which sustains Jeevan now and he hopes it will last for his lifetime. It is that he wants to spread on to others now through this book and other works he has embarked on.

Jeevan came to United States in 1972 to realize a dream for his family and himself. Most of the human dreams are alike: to pursue one's ambitions, to love and be loved, to live peacefully, to be materially comfortable and be able to help the disadvantaged. America is the hottest crucible of human dreams. It has freedom to live how one wishes to and vast resources to support that. Immigrants often come loaded with a dream but they have to work harder than the natives and often at lesser wages. They work within glass ceilings and through layers of host countries prejudices. Also, there is a struggle of adjustment to the new culture. Immense effort to melt with America is in the end uplifting but not without excruciating heartbreaks.

Jeevan and his wife went through the full spectrum of immigrant's duel with

destiny. Being an ambitious, hardworking, and an intelligent person, Jeevan created a good professional career, economic security, and raised two kids. Coming from the throes of his motherland Kashmir's tragedy, his realizing the American dream was the culmination of an arduous marathon run. The tragedy of Amit's loss is the more devastating because it came not too long after all the sacrifices Zutshi's made to build a happy life for their family. Some times we wonder how God's mind works.

Amit passed away in 1908, at the age of 31. The cause of his death was given by the hospital he was in at that time to be cardiomyopathy, which in simple words is heart failure. It is surmised that his long use of health nutritional supplements robbed his heart muscle of the necessary amounts of sodium. His father twice intervened, when observing Amit's enfeebled physical state, getting him checked by a physician and a psychologist. Both professionals saw no sign of significant health problems, and in general they saw him on the right road. Further inquiries by Jeevan to the medical personnel were thwarted by them on the grounds of Amit's privacy. Frustrated and agonized he, his wife, and the second son waited in silent agony till the curtain unexpectedly fell on their beloved Amit.

Nutritional supplements are an unregulated health support industry. Their claims are unsubstantiated and their products' use is not much known by the medical doctors. Many people have lost their lives using these products. They appeal to people who have little confidence in the organized medical world by virtue of their ignorance or fantasies. Why does the U.S. Government allow them to run unregulated? Jeevan raises this very significant question facing Americans at this time in the book and tries to answer it?

Amit was a very thoughtful and down to earth person. He achieved scholastic goals very well and earned the trust and admiration of his schoolmates, friends, and relatives. He was clear-eyed, stable, highly ambitious, and confident. But he lived in the modern industrial culture which pushes us to loneliness. Caught in the vise of the centrifugal forces of loneliness, one weaves dreams of valor, victory, and perfection. The young people of today look for the perfection of mind and the perfection of body Narcissistic culture reigns supreme. Physical fitness has become an obsession with many a youth, a modern nirvana worth sacrificing conventional securities of life for. Nutritional supplements are heavily advertised as the elixirs for the perfect body. Amit fell prey to this fantasy even with his balanced disposition. In spite of his father's and brother's reservations about his

supplement intakes he firmly stood his ground. His very goal oriented approach to life and ambitious persistence, which brought him success in other endeavors of life, took him to his ultimate ruin. Here was a tragedy of mythic proportions. A gifted man designed for success failed tragically as he was seeking success in a good goal but with wrong means.

But let us not think Amit's life and death were in vain. In his short stay on earth he conducted himself with dignity and tenacity and gave his care, friendship, and love to most of the people he came in contact with. In a brief time he lit a flame that shone high, broad, and bright. One failure in his life, howsoever big it was, can not rob it of his brilliant spirit. He will remain alive in Zutshi clan, he will reverberate in his friends' hearts, he will remain an incandescent idea in the minds of the people who came to know him after his exit. From Amit's ashes Jeevan and his family resurrected a glow and a reverence for life mightier than his death, showing all of us, who know them, that here on earth God can make some things immortal.

Maharaj Kaul
Suffern, New York
7.16.09

Predimen Kishen Mattoo (1929 - 2007)

How does one salute, bid farewell to, and remember a man who touched many lives and things in his roles as a parent, public administrator, citizen, economics specialist, and a friend? It is difficult to do so, as one does not know where to begin and where to end, and especially at the time when he has just gone.

Mattoo Sahib was a Renaissance man. It was difficult to know his achievements when meeting him the first few times. He carefully hid them in a napkin to avoid them detracting from his humanity. He looked at once compassionate and child like. Difficult also it was to see that he was undergoing a long drawn out war with

cancer. Later on, after knowing him more, one still wondered where were his emotional wounds, where were the scars of the immense and the excruciating struggle he was undergoing. His fighting resources were great, greater still was his humanity.

Mattoo Sahib was born in Kashmir in 1929 in a well to do family. After going through his schooling there in about 1948 he proceeded to Banaras Hindu University, at that time a preeminent educational institution in India. He pursued the study of engineering, which was a premium profession at that time. After graduation in about 1952 he joined his native state's government as an electrical engineer. Going through for seven years in that job he either wanted to broaden his professional horizons or was less than happy with it. He undertook the national Indian Administrative Service examination in 1959 and was successful. This opened a new world in his life, started a new phase.

Following is an outline of his professional career after recruitment in IAS:

- As an IAS officer he held various magisterial positions in Allahabad, Moradabad, Faizabad, and New Delhi.
- In 1964 he was appointed District Commissioner for Chamba in Himachal Pradesh.
- From Chamba he moved to Simla and held senior administrative positions of Secretary Industries, Secretary Forests, and Financial Commissioner.
- In 1980 he was appointed Advisor to the Commonwealth Secretariat and in that connection posted in Maseru, Lesotho (South Africa) for three years.
- In 1984 he was appointed Chief Secretary, Himachal Pradesh.
- In 1989 he retired but was immediately after that appointed Chairman, Public Service Commission, Himachal Pradesh.
- In 1994 he again retired but was appointed Advisor, Board For Industrial Reconstruction (BIFR).
- After retiring from BIFR he was appointed Member, Drug Prices Liability Review Committee (DPLRC). He held this Central Government secretary level position till 2005, when he finally retired at the age of 76.

Mattoo Sahib had developed expertise in developmental economics and other subjects and wrote four books about them:

1. Corporate Restructuring: An Indian Perspective (1998)
2. Microcomputer In Government - An Introduction (1992)
3. Project Formulations In Developing Countries (1990)*
4. Project Appraisal: A Third World Viewpoint (1978)

* This book is considered a benchmark in the subject and continues to sell steadily.

Today we grieve the loss of a beloved family member, an astute public servant, a compassionate, generous, and a very humble human being, tomorrow we will miss him. A special son of Kashmir, who did it proud in more than one way, is now immortal behind the mists of time. Many people think that the cancer which bedeviled Mattoo Sahib over a long haul of time finally won the war, but I think it was the other way. Mattoo Sahib won the war because of his tenacious patience, quiet vigor, and honorable fortitude. He showed us how to live creatively while in the grips of a lethal and debilitating disease. Out of all his virtues his humility came across the most strikingly, as apparently he did not think much of human achievements. Next was his compassion, which was eloquently written on his face, as perhaps he thought it was the highest thing we could give to others.

Mattoo Sahib passed away on April 25th in New Delhi India. The cremation was done right after that. He was seventy seven. He is survived by:

- Raj Karni Mattoo, his wife, who lives in New Delhi. (91.11.26895212)
- Sunil and Anita Mattoo, son and daughter-in-law, who live in Conn. Amrita and Radhika, grand daughters. (203.431.8361)
- Ranjana and Vijay Kaul, daughter and son-in-law, who live in New Delhi. Neha and Tara, grand daughters. (91.11. 26273012)

Written by Maharaj Kaul,
Suffern, New York, on 5.2.07,
on behalf of Mattoo family.

Bhaisahib Prem Nath Kaul (Dulloo) (1920 - 2007)

He was a lover of mountains and lakes, trees and flowers. He thought of nature next to God. Maybe, sometimes, he thought it was the other way. Because of this Kashmir Valley was to him a supreme experience. Moving out of Kashmir was for him a banishment from the heavens, a fall from the God's grace. One of his famous statements, treasured in our family folklore, ridiculed as well as admired, was that he would rather have been a boatman in the Valley than an official in an organization. I was one of the few who knew he meant it.

He was a strikingly handsome, soft spoken, and friendly person. (In his younger days we would call him Duke Of Edinburgh because of his sharp looks) He possessed a fine smile. He loved the company of people and maintained long lasting relationships with them. He admired women for the special attributes nature had given them. He was an unrepentant romantic but who walked on hard ground. A simple minded but an intelligent person, a realistic but a compassionate person. He was in this world but yet seemed to be many times away from it.

Bhaisahib was born in Rainawari, Srinagar, Kashmir, and after graduation he joined Govt. Of India's Residency office in Srinagar. He moved out of Kashmir sometime in 1948-49, after Residency office was closed, and started working in Delhi with Government Of India's Revenue Intelligence Department. This was the time when I also emigrated to Delhi and therefore had the opportunity to meet him often. Despite the big gap in our ages we hit it well. I saw him raise his family assiduously while going through the demanding life in Delhi of those days. He did not take his responsibilities lightly. Later on as he rose to a good position in his job and for other reasons his life become more comfortable and enjoyable. He was a regular fixture at our Delhi home. My parents adored him.

He achieved many things in his life: a good position in his profession, a fine family, a circle of friends who loved and admired him, and a record of a principled life. He would have liked to spend the last phase of his life in his beloved Kashmir,

but it was not to be. He wanted to be a writer but throughout his younger life he had no time to develop himself into one. Every time I landed in Delhi, almost the next day he would come to see me. I will miss his styled smile, his elegant looks, his debonair manners, his inherent decency, his love for nature, and his romantic outlook.

Many people will think that the disease of diabetes in its long drawn out lethal and debilitating war on Bhaisahib was victorious, but I think it was the other way. Bhaisahib fought the war with tenacious patience, quiet vigor, and honorable fortitude, becoming the ultimate victor.

“Some people see things as they are and wonder why, others dream of things that are not and say why not.”

Today a good and a simple man passes away from our family, tomorrow his absence will press us to ask us why.

Maharaj Kaul

New York

4.30.07

The Future Of Kashmir

We stand today at a strange moment in Kashmir's ongoing drama. While we are not yet over with its recent tragic past, we are haunted by the questions of why did what happened there happen, and by what will happen there in the next five, ten years. Needless to say that the two questions are connected.

The tragedy of Kashmir is the tragedy of human nature; its blindness, its greed, its ignorance, its sheer stupidity.

Kashmiri Muslims did not find in 1947 their religious tug strong enough to have raised their hand for throwing their lot with Pakistan; but yet by 1989 they took a suicidal leap to do that, even though in the interim they lead a more prosperous time in their history than ever before. Strange are the ways of human psychology.

Why would any people join one of the most rickety economies in the world, and one of its most politically benighted nations. While religion is the most imaginative and sublime of man's creations, but it has proven to be also the most stupefying and blinding.

What will happen to Kashmir in the next ten years? We do not have to depend upon the politicians on both sides of the divide to enhance the conditions for human living, the human instinct to survive and live peacefully has regained enough momentum in Kashmir to proceed its course in spite of their selfishness, greed, and narrow-mindedness. Humanness overcomes politics, as survival precedes faith. Kashmiris are getting out of the grip of terrorism and the instincts of life are gaining strength. The last eight years of their lives have to be reckoned as their brush with insanity. As individuals go through mental crisis, communities, even nations, go through mental crisis. Kashmiri Muslims thought their bliss was to be integrated with the Islamic State Of Pakistan, but the hard geopolitical realities would not allow that to happen. Having lost their homes and hearth, brothers and neighbors, their peace of mind and image, they have realized that they were better off in all aspects of life before their rendezvous with the fantasy of establishing a religious state. Do not reason with a people whose fantasies have just been shattered. Not only is this a period of economic, political, and infrastructure repair in Kashmir, but also of the minds of the people who risked almost everything they had to be the devil's advocate.

Indian Government's governing of Kashmir has been as colossal a failure as any had by a government. Much more than the failure of the nuts and bolts of the governing, it has been a failure to grasp the essence of the Kashmir and India integration. You can not develop and strengthen a relationship by money and guns. You can not isolate a people and still expect them to be a part of you. Human relationship, whether at individual or community level, is a dynamic condition. Leaving Kashmiris in a political, social, and economic freezer, their alienation turned to seeking security and strength in religious identification.

Much castigated nowadays is the legal and political condition called Article 370, which ties India with Kashmir. It is particularly the younger generation who is much troubled with it and angry with the Indian leaders who accepted it at the infancy of the Indo-Kashmir integration. They do not understand that Kashmir was not like any other state who had thrown its lot with India; it had remained a separate political and historical entity for hundreds of years. Sheikh Abdullah

chose to integrate Kashmir with India over Pakistan, but he wanted to maintain Kashmir's historical autonomy. India could not have done anything about it; it had either to accept this condition or lose Kashmir. But much water has gone down Jehlum since the condition was consummated; time is overdue for its revocation. If India had understood the integration with Kashmir rightly, conditions of the revocation would have reached much earlier. Of course, it can not be done right now in the present seething political climate of Kashmir and under the glare of the international headlights, but three to four years from now it would be feasible.

Even Indian Government will have to learn from its mistakes. Kashmir has to be treated like another state of India, otherwise another civil war will be planted there by its arch enemy and neighbor, Pakistan. The son-in-law treatment of Kashmiris has gone in a long way to make them irresponsible citizens. India has to remove all its latent guilt of thinking that it is occupying Kashmir against the will of its inhabitants; the fact is that in 1949 Kashmiris made a willful decision to join India; and they profited immensely from that. When non-Kashmiri Indians can buy property in Kashmir, when Indian businesses can control employment there, the perspective of Kashmiris will be forced to change. When government subsidies are lifted and people have to compete for a living, survival instinct will overwhelm religious fantasies. Let any Kashmiri wanting to emigrate to Pakistan be allowed to do so, but only on no-return basis.

Certainly, the biggest problem for India in the Kashmir situation has not been its inhabitants, but the ever evil-designing Pakistan. How many nations in the world would have reacted passively as India did, when Pakistan was destabilizing it simultaneously in two places, Punjab and Kashmir. Can you imagine Germany, France, Great Britain, U.S. practically doing nothing while its militarily comparable neighbors are undermining their security. If we can not make Pakistan realize the consequences of its weakening of India's integrity, then we might as well hand over Kashmir to them, sparing the blood of many innocents and the grief of the survivors.

Also if we can not seal the very porous border between Kashmir and Pakistan due to the weaknesses of our military personnel, then we are again better- off gifting Kashmir to Pakistan.

A gain has accrued in the tragic turmoil of Kashmir, that of the shattering of Kashmiri Muslims' fantasy that if they raised their hands for Pakistan, it would go

to the great lengths to secure their integration with itself. Pakistan demonstrated quite unequivocally that it could only do so much for its beloved Kashmiris. Also the unrestrained violence of the militants has left a large number of Muslims cold. In two to three years Kashmir will grow into a stable and livable place, with the unshakable attendant stigma of destruction, violence, and tragedy hanging over the heads of its inhabitants for a long time to come. The culture of the place has been permanently altered. Many children will grow with aberrated psyches. The shadow of distrust between Hindu and Muslim communities will endure for several decades.

The above picture of the future of Kashmir is idealized. Actually Indian government will not be able to shake off all its inhibitions, apprehensions, and inertia about Kashmir rapidly; Kashmiri Muslims will not totally forget their inflamed religious passion for the vision of an Islamic state of Kashmir; Pakistan can not, both for its political and psychological reasons, cut itself off from Kashmir. Kashmir's return to normalcy will continue, but it will be laced with many setbacks, violent opposition, sabotages, and false-steps. The drama of the Kashmiri stupidity, Indian incompetence, and Pakistani greed will continue for a while, impeding the progress in Kashmir. In the long run Kashmir will regain its equilibrium and humanity; some of the illusions of all the major involved parties will be shattered.

Kashmiri Pandits, the tragic victims of the Kashmir war, will continue to remain refugees in their land for a while. The militants see their return as ultimate defeat of their objective in Kashmir. Therefore, they will continue to indulge in activities like the massacres in Wandhama and Sangrampura to discourage the Pandit resettlement. Pandits will never inhabit Kashmir in the same way as they did before.