AMIR HAMZA KHAN SHINWARI
LIFE AND WORKS

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AREA STUDY CENTRE
(CENTRAL ASIA)
UNIVERSITY OF PESHAWAR
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AMIR HAMZA KHAN SHINWARI: LIFE AND WORKS

A Dissertation submitted to the Area Study Centre (C.A.), University of Peshawar in partial fulfilment for the requirement of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Qabil Khan Afridi
Islamia College, Peshawar.
July 18, 1990.
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18 July 1990
HAMZA AND THE AUTHOR

HAMZA, KHYBER AND THE AUTHOR
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1. fem. sing. nouns.
2. 2nd pl. verbs.
DEDICATION

May I dare to dedicate this obviously unworthy stint in the domain of Pashto literature to our family that is the Department of English and Modern European Languages, University of Peshawar, and its late parents:
Professor Margaret M.S. Harbottle
Professor Dr Mazhar Ali Khan
Professor Daud Kamal;
And its living but now retiring gurus:
Professor Bashirud Din
Professor Azizus Samad
Professor Dr S. Aurangzeb Shah,
And down to its legendary helping hands:
The late Chacha Miskin, Bahadur Sher,
Khitab Gul and Nazir Ahmad.
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I must acknowledge, at the outset, my thorough indebtedness to my supervisor, Dr. Mohammad Anwar Khan, Director, Area Study Centre (Central Asia) and Vice-Chancellor, University of Peshawar; and my co-supervisors, Dr. Syed Aurangzeb Shah, Chairman, Department of English and Modern European Languages, University of Peshawar and Prof. Mohammad Nawaz Tair, Director, Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar. Had it not been for their encouragement, guidance and even goading from time to time, perhaps it might not have been all that easy for me to maintain my balance and withstand the rigours of this study. Indeed I am deeply indebted to their invaluable, expert suggestions and even necessary alterations here and there, most of which were happily incorporated in the body of this work. While Dr. S. Aurangzeb Shah had been kind and considerate enough to scan the entire thesis from mainly linguistic point of view, Prof. Mohammad Nawaz Tair had very kindly an eye on its literary merits and demerits as viewed in the overall context of Pashto literature, and Dr. Mohammad Anwar Khan had an overview of the entire project, looking after the very technicalities, in the light of research methodology which he had also taught us for one full semester. I had been accountable to him for periodic progress reports and he never forgave my complacency and indolence. If there is any merit at all in this thesis, the credit of it undoubtedly goes to the above gurus (if I might use this rather indigenous expression for them) while I myself would gladly take the entire responsibility for all its shortcomings.

I also made extensive use of at least the following libraries, if not to mention the occasional boulder specimens in very many private collections, in connection with this research. 1) Islamia College Library, 2) The Pashto Academy Library, 3) The Pashto Departmental Library, 4) The Seminar Library of the English Department, 5) Library of the Area Study Centre (Central Asia). I wish to acknowledge the assistance and services of the entire staff of all these libraries. My particular thanks in this connection are due to Mr. Sarfaraz Khan, Librarian, Pashto Academy, for his personal interest in my project and his out of the way help that he rendered to me throughout my research.

I must also record here my appreciation of the kindness of Malik Abdur Rehman and his sons, Dr. Masood and Javed for allowing me a photo-copy of Hamza Shinwari’s letters lying with them. I am equally indebted to Mr. Zahid, a grand son of Mohammad Akram Khan Farooq Shinwari for providing the entire works of his illustrious grand father to be extensively used in this research. I was also allowed to make use of Hamza Shinwari’s letters by
Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai Kakakhel, Dr. Raj Wali Shah Khattak and a large number of his friends and admirers. In this connection I must also thank Syed Anis Shah Jilani to have allowed me to make a photo-copy of the MS of the autobiography of Hamza Shinwari that is lying with him. Sajjad Ali (grandson of Hamza Shinwari) also went on feeding me with usual material from the unfathomable store-house of his grandfather. I was highly impressed by his sustained interest in my work and his promptitude to oblige me with any document that I needed.

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At the end I must thank Dr. Wilma Heston of the University of Philadelphia (USA) for her unbounded interest in this thesis. Had it not been for her unreserved sympathy this thesis could not have been computerised, as it is. i.e. fed to the computer before final presentation, despite the fact that my own college has a full-fledged computer laboratory; yet the administration would not allow me the facility, as if I were an alien or was upon some commercial gimmick. Such is the state of encouragement in our own academic institutions!
/Ara/ bsm'llh 'IrHm'n 'IrHym/Rom

(In the name of God)

INTRODUCTION

/Polish/ nh H'f? de nh rwmy de nh s'dy de
nh xw$'l de nh rHm'n de nh $yc' de
'w nh myr de nh &'lb de nh 'qb'1 de
ch d' w'Rh orh yw $y nw Hmzr de (n'z?)

(Both Hafiz nor Rumi nor Saadi,
Nor Khushal nor Rehman nor Shaida;
He is neither Mir nor Ghalib nor Iqbal
Hamza is but all these poets put together)
(Nazir Shinwari)

This apparently wild comparison with three best poets—indeed incomparable poets in their own right—from each of the Pashto, Urdu and Persian literatures, may be considered excusable as a poetic effusion. At the same time, like a rich archaeological site it may bear a great deal of truth, buried under layers of linguistic and cultural dust and sedimentation. Indeed Hamza can be easily shown to have a great deal in common with all these great sages of the East, ingeniously strung together in a simple Pashto quatrain. Indeed it would be an interesting study to compare him with any or all these great masters, as he too
is very much a man of the same stature or a bird of the same feather. But here we are not concerned with a comparative study of our poet with any other poet; our aim is to look at his enormous contribution to Pashto literature. In this connection we should judge him on his own merit or see him in his own light, keeping in view the immediate context and the centuries-old tradition of Pashto literature in particular and the literature of the East in general, whether Urdu, Persian or Arabic. In this context, perhaps, the above quatrain refers to the essential universality of Hamza Shinwari. He transcends the petty parochial boundaries of his native consciousness and thought to become but a drop in the fathomless sea of the millennia-old tradition of the East. Like those of all the great sages of the East, his dominant themes too are those of God, man and the universe. His great mind grapples with the deep questions of cosmic proportions; his consciousness is continually in search of the pervading mysteries of the unseen powers. He too is lost in the byways of life, running after a mirage in the deep desert of uncertainty. He wonders at the reflection in the mirror of his heart and can see more than himself in it. In this way some see him as a mystic while others call him a philosopher. But at the same time his essential humanism has not been sacrificed at the altar of any philosophical system or mystic creed. Perhaps he was reflecting upon his own urges and his essential idealism when he once said about Iqbal:
Like those of Khushal Khan and Iqbal before him, his ideal is also the Afghan, both as an individual and as a race; and Pakhtoonwali, a socio-moral code of conduct. To him the Afghan is the true inheritor of the sacred legacy of Islam by virtue of his uprightness, austerity and down-right honesty. He is not only "Muslim and Islam-loving to the hilt" but has carried forward the torch of Islam in the darkest corners of Asia. It was at a time when "the people of the desert" had all but discarded its revolutionary precepts. It was the hard-hewn, hilly Afghan, if not a wild barbarian, who spread its revolutionary, proselytising message from the shores of the Caspian Sea to the archipelago of Indonesia. Hamza never tires of extolling the Afghan qualities of bravery, courage, sacrifice and heroism and continually emulates his example of "having never been subjugated or colonised." His essential sense of freedom has never been lost sight of through out the ups and downs of history. Indeed history itself has been trailing along the paths of his conquests and glory. He can be said to have made history by ruling all along over the width and breadth of Asia. Being an imperialist himself, he has successfully resisted every alien imperialism. His history is replete with wars of not only conquests but also for his own domestic freedom. The nineteenth century trilogy of Anglo-Afghan wars pale before the recent resounding Russian withdrawal.
from Afghanistan. It is a crowning example of his tenacity and ruthlessness as an adversary. History also vindicates the vision of our sages about the invincibility and the indomitable spirit of the Afghan. One can quote hundreds of couplets from Hamza in which he has glorified the eternal Afghan. Here we quote two of his supplicatory couplets:

\[ \text{Please God make my life honourable.} \]
\[ \text{To bow, in front of none but you.} \]
\[ \text{Let my heart be Mussalman,} \]
\[ \text{Please make my thoughts Pakhtoon.} \]
\[ \text{Please God increase tenfold} \]
\[ \text{The beauty of the Laila of Pashto.} \]
\[ \text{And then also increase my love} \]
\[ \text{Ten times more than Majnoon. (Hamza)} \]

As fully elaborated in the text. Hamza has two dominant, apparently contradictory, strains: Sufism and Pakhtoon Nationalism. He has successfully maintained both these antithetical strains throughout his life and works. Far from negating each other, these divergent streams seem to have given his life and works an extra dimension with the depth that can only be achieved with contrast. Both seem to have modified the extremist tendencies of each other so that he is not beset with the intensity of renunciation or monasticism, as required by sufism, or dedicating his life and art to a wild tribalism or the gratification of a chauvinistic cult based on empty, superficial emotionalism. As a result he is considered a "Pakhtoon Sufi".
having achieved the impossible synthesis of Sufism and Pakhtoon-wali. In his everyday life, as indicated by his speech, dress, manners and social intercourse, he is but an ordinary elderly Pakhtoon. But at the same time he is a practicing Sufi having a number of disciples to train in this esoteric discipline. This same moderation is successfully maintained in his art. His poetry, as indeed all his other works, is replete with the reflection of his successful treatment of both these trends which may otherwise appear as almost mutually exclusive. Perhaps this may also be a sign of his greatness.

For the last half a century Hamza has devoted his entire life to the promotion of Pashto literature. He turned to Pashto literature in a bleak, transitional period when the Indian Afghan Empire of Ahmad Shah Abdali had been trampled under feet first by the Sikhs from the Punjab and then thoroughly shredded by the British East India Company. These inexorable processes of fast disintegration, set in motion by the blind reversal of history, had resulted in a universal confusion, apathy and anarchy. The entire society was in a political, social, moral and spiritual flux in which values were changing fast. The powerful tidal waves had snapped the chain of continuity with the culture and literature of the past and the seedling for a new culture and a corresponding literature had not been sown nor had even the ground been prepared for it. Pashto then could be said to have no literature worth the name. A sinister vacuum seemed to have sucked in all that stood for culture and literature in the social
mores of this area. However, out of this yawning chasm sprang a handful of young, energetic, talented and dedicated writers and poets to guide the shaky caravan of Pashto literature in a vast, rough and uncharted desert. Hamza was one of the pioneers of this stubborn march of modern Pashto literature. By dint of his sheer genius he overcame all difficulties and obstacles, whether natural or man-made and was soon unanimously entrusted with the guiding rope of the modest but noisy caravan. He has not only revived the old grandeur of the medieval renaissance in Pashto literature but has at the same time successfully effected new experiments in almost all branches of literature. In fact he can be said to have determined the directions of the literary course for the coming generations of Pashto writers. In this way he is considered a milestone or better still, a bridge between medieval and modern Pashto poetry.

It was in the forties that Hamza was unanimously bestowed upon the coveted title of Baba-e-Ghazal (father of Pashto Ghazal). He had taken up the Pashto Ghazal from where it was left by Khushal Khan and Rehman Baba, some three hundred years ago. Taking up this worthy classical tradition for a start, he affixed to it the stamp of his own unmistakable personality to colour the entire modern Pashto Ghazal after his own fashion. Many subsequent writers can be said to have readily borrowed his thoughts, symbolism, imagery and even diction. The same can now be said about him in relation to Pashto Ghazal what was once said about Hafiz Shirazi, to have perfected Persian Ghazal. In this
way he can be looked upon as a landmark in the history of Pashto
Ghazal. Even when visibly overtaken by old age himself he is
happy that Pashto Ghazal has at last come of age with him. He
writes:

/st' ph 'nngw kxe d Hmzh d wynw srh dy
th $we d pXTw &zlI kw hi n Jh d b' b' kRm (Hmzh)

(the crimson colour in your cheeks
Is the colour of the blood of Hamza
You, Pashto Ghazal, came of age
While I am turned into an old Baba. (Hamza)

Those who will grudge this greatness to Hamza will find
a fitting reply in the following couplet by Abdur Rauf Zahid from
Mardan. He seems to have sincerely confessed on behalf of all
Hamza deniers:

/z'hdh nmr ph gwh nh pTsy
Jh d Hmzh nh 'nk'r Cngkh wkRm (z'hd)

(The sun can not be hidden with a finger,
How can I deny (the greatness) of Hamza.

(Abdur Rauf Zahid).

This father of Pashto Ghazal also became the
founder of a distinctive literary school called both as the
Khyber School of Poetry or simply the School of Hamza. This school
has produced a large number of notable poets and prose writers.
These very many poets can now be divided into the older gene-
ration of poets and the poets of the younger generation. Although
founded there, this school was no longer confined to the geogra-
phical boundaries of the craggy Khyber Pass; its reverberations
were soon heard from the Oxus to the Indus. Hamza was bound to
influence a large number of budding poets from the lower as well
as upper Pakhtoonkhwa. This has been discussed in fair detail in
chapter six, entitled: The Legacy of Hamza Shinwari.

Born in 1907 Hamza Shinwari is now more than 83 years old. He is really old and frail and infirm; in fact too old even to walk or talk. Of late he has been again suffering from kidney trouble for which he had been successfully operated upon in Hyderabad (Sindh) in 1986. In winter he lives in a small, modest house, inside Assia Gate in Peshawar city, while the summer heat drives him to his village in the comparatively drier and cooler hills on the northwest of Landikotal, the erstwhile caravan Sarai, perched on the top of the Khyber Pass. But unlike the rest of the old, superannuated people who are abandoned to their fate, he has a virtual stream of friends, disciples, admirers and well-wishers, who call on him every day. Like a living shrine, his house is almost always thronged by devotees of literature and mysticism. There is hardly a day in his life when he is not visited by a number of people, talking to him with the tongue of the pen, as he is now too deaf to hear ordinary human voice; and he doesn’t relish the hearing aid either. However, despite all his senility and infirmity he has good eyesight and the most tenacious memory. He still remembers almost all his poetry, indeed not only his own poetry but a great deal of good poetry from Urdu, Persian and even Arabic literatures that he might have read long ago. His overall knowledge of Pashto literature is simply encyclopedic. One feels that he is still as much a living part of the hoary past as the ultra-modern age of Pashto literature.

Pashto poetry in particular and Pashto literature in
general suffered from a universal apathy and a criminal neglect on the part of the general public. The result is that even our greatest writers have been confined to the chilling obscurity of an overall hazy history; at best, they are enshrined in blissful oblivion. They have been kept alive more as legends than living literary figures. The case of Bayazid Ansari, Khushal Khan Khattak, Rehman Baba, Abdul Hamid, Kazim Khan Shaida and Ali Khan, to name only the most well known figures in our literary history, is in front of us. About most of them we don't even know the rudiments of their practical life; even the very dates of their births and deaths have been left to speculation. Even their Deowans (collections of verses) cannot be considered with certainty to be entirely authentic and free from interpolations by apparently well-meaning friends and relatives. At the same time most of their great works have been simply lost to us now. Khushal Khan, for instance, was said to have written more than a hundred books of which only about a dozen have come down to us. His life is a little better known because he was not only a poet but also a political leader at the same time, fighting against the mighty Moghul Empire in India. The life of Rehman Baba, decidedly the greatest Pashto sage, has been left to hearsay and legend. With almost no sure internal evidence in his great poetry, even the places of his birth and death are shrouded in mystery. More or less, the same is the story of all our otherwise great writers on whom Pashto literature prides itself.

The twentieth century saw a lively revival of Pashto
letters. There was a mushroom growth of young, assertive and
dedicated writers in not only poetry but also prose and drama.
New forms were adopted and newer themes were explored. A sudden
exposure to European thought and literature had a wholesome,
diversifying effect on the fossilized Pashto literature. For
the first time Pashto literature was seen from a fresh angle and
the myth of its crudeness and hence unworthiness was shattered. As a spill over of the modern zealotry, considerable
interest was aroused in medieval literature and beyond. Most of
the timeless folk literature was collected, compiled and published. A large number of Dewans of the medieval writers were unearthed and published for the first time. Research, though on a
modest scale, was also conducted on the life and works of the
medieval writers which threw a great deal of light on their
otherwise uncertain identity. In the wake of the British Raj a
number of European scholars and missionaries turned to translating
Pashto literature in not only English but also other European
languages. These "Orientalists" aroused great interest in Pashto
history, culture and literature not only in the outside world but
also among the educated Pakhtoons themselves. It was through
Khushal’s English translations by Major Raverty that Allama Iqbal
came across the universal genius of Khushal Khan Khattak who left
an indelible imprint on his susceptible consciousness. Even some
poetry of Hamza Shinwari has been translated in Russian and
published from Moscow in 1973. In 1963 Hamza translated the
entire Dewan of Rehman Baba in Urdu verse, besides translating
Allama Iqbal's Armaghan-e-Hijaz and Javednama in Pashto verse. A scholar from Lahore, Khadija Ferozuddin, submitted a Ph.D. thesis on "the life and works of the illustrious Khushal Khan Khattak" to the university of the Punjab in 1928. After the creation of Pakistan, Dost Mohammad Khan Kamil Mohmand also published highly authentic biographies of both Khushal Khan Khattak and Rehman Baba. Mir Abdus Samad Khan published a comparative study of Khushal and Iqbal. During the seventies five Ph.D. theses were submitted to the university of Peshawar: one on Bayazid Ansari by Akhtar Khan and another on the aesthetics of Khushal Khan by Iqbal Naseem Khattak another on Islamic Literature in Pashto by Hidayatullah Naseem while Raj Wali Shah Khattak wrote on Literary Movements in Pashto and Mohammad Azam Azam on Characterisation in Pashto Literature. Now a number of students at the post graduate Pashto department and the Area Study Centre (Central Asia) of the university of Peshawar, are busy in research in various branches of Pashto literature. This study is a modest link in the same chain. After going carefully over the following text it will be seen that there has been more than ample justification for this study.

The format of the thesis is like this: the entire subject has been subdivided into six chapters. They are:

1) BIOGRAPHICAL
2) POETRY
3) PROSE
4) DRAMA
5) LETTERS AND DIARIES
6) LEGACY

Chapter One takes up the life of our writer from birth
to the present day. It has been split up into some forty three sub-titles covering all aspects of his life. Throughout this chapter, a conscious attempt has been made to maintain a descriptive style so that it is as interesting for the layman as for a serious scholar. Many interesting and revealing anecdotes and events have been purposely included to throw light on the more intimate and humane side of our legendary writer. However no attempt has been made to idolise our writer or stretch him to super-human proportions; rather it has been tried to bring out his essential humanism. While our writer himself was fortunately very much alive, he had also written his autobiography. This was found to be more than enough for an accurate depiction of his life. Nothing at all was left to guesswork or an imaginary reconstruction of any missing link in the chain. The chain was very much intact and the seemingly missing links were supplied either by the autobiography or the writer himself.

Chapter two has been devoted to the discussion of his poetry. It has been split into eight sub-titles. They are: 1) Literary background, 2) A bridge between medieval and modern poetry, 3) Baba-e-Ghazal, 4) Non-Ghazal poetry, 5) Metaphysical poetry, 6) Reflection of Pakhtoon ethos, 7) Verse translations, 8) Published and unpublished poetry. This, it is hoped, covers up every aspect of his seemingly intractable, enigmatic and vast body of poetry. The chapter also gives a brief outline of Pashto poetry from the 15th century onwards. Fortunately many people have written on Hamza Shinwari’s poetic achievements. The chapter
is accompanied by a large number of references. All sorts of opinions about our writer have been accommodated and quoted. No prejudice has been allowed to mar the necessary objectivity by choosing what would be favourable and rejecting the apparently unfavourable criticism of our poet.

Chapter three discusses his prose. It has been split into the following sub-titles: 1) Evolution of Pashto prose, 2) Metaphysical prose, 3) Stories and Essays, 4) The novel, 5) Travelogues, 6) A biography and an Autobiography, 7) Philosophical prose, 8) Prose style. There was scant critical literature on his equally voluminous prose. His critics seem to have been fascinated by his charming poetry so much that they didn’t have much time for his equally charming prose and also drama, for that matter. However, I have tried to divide his equally enormous prose in proper compartments and then proceeded to discuss its merits and demerits. I have also hazarded an attempt at the discussion of his unmistakable prose style at the end of the chapter.

Chapter four discusses his drama. Like the previous chapters this chapter too has been split into the following sub-titles: 1) The story of Pashto drama, 2) Hamza on drama, 3) Contribution to Pashto drama, 4) Characteristics of his drama, 5) Characterisation, 6) Humour, 7) The story of the first Pashto Film “Laila Majnoon.”, 8) A review of the play "Zhrandagarhe" (the miller). The drama of Hamza is radio drama. He is believed to have written more than two hundred plays for the radio, over a
period of more than thirty years. He himself would put the number at "more than hundred". Most of those plays are now unfortunately simply lost due partly to the carelessness of the writer but mainly to the irresponsible negligence of the Peshawar radio station not to keep a proper record of the literature it had been broadcasting. However, some fifteen plays have been salvaged in manuscript form. All these plays have been thoroughly discussed in this chapter, of course in the overall context of Pashto drama.

Chapter five has been devoted to the discussion of the letters and diaries of our writer. This may be a novel idea in Pashto literature as there is hardly any precedence of the sort; but then Hamza Shinwari's letters were already published, perhaps for the first time in our literature; and he had such a large number of letters, collected over the ages, by a number of his friends and disciples, that it would be sheer injustice to Pashto literature to overlook them, particularly in a thesis of this magnitude. Similarly he has been keeping regular diaries since 1957, when he was at the height of his literary career. These diaries can legitimately be looked upon as a sort of day-to-day history of contemporary Pashto literature, apart from throwing considerable light on the life and thoughts of our writer. All these have been discussed in fair detail in this chapter.

The last chapter, chapter six, has been devoted to his legacy as Hamza has been not only a poet but an institution. He has already left the deepest imprint on contemporary Pashto
literature. During the past half a century of active and prolific literary life, he has raised a fresh crop of poets and writers all in his own image. In this context he is looked upon as the leader of a modern school of poetry, with the school being named after him or called The School of Khyber. In this chapter the active adherents of this school have been divided into the older and the younger generation of poets and writers. A brief note with sample verses, has been written on each worthy writer of this school. This, it is hoped, will provide an insight into the permeating spirit of Hamza Shinwari.

With due apology to all those who would be looking for something in this thesis on the Shinwari tribe as such, I must say that even a whole book on the Shinwari tribe would not necessarily have thrown any extra light on the life and works of Hamza Shinwari as a poet or thinker. Deliberately avoiding to delve deeper into the pedigree of our writer, I have tried to concentrate on Hamza the writer and not Hamza Shinwari, for the accident of his birth in the Shinwari tribe has nothing to do with his universal genius. Whatever the tribe of his birth, he would still be very much the same Hamza. I have, therefore, not bothered myself with drawing family trees or genealogical tables, tracing the probable origin of his tribe in some dusty chronicles of long-forgotten histories or pinpointing its exact (of course supported by strong, irrefutable guesswork) locations in the wake of its mercurial movements from place to place and from time to time. The story of the Shinwari tribe, at the end, would appear to be
no different from the matrix of the thousand and one (here no allusion to Alif Laila intended) big and small, Central Asian tribes, continuously shifting around and fighting for survival through the ages.

The social, political and even literary background of the Shinwari tribe was considered outside the pale of this study as Hamza, with the ever-present appellation of Shinwari with his name, can be said to have transcended petty tribal bound- aries. It is the overall Pashto tradition and not the Shinwari tribe as such that seem to have moulded and made Hamza into what he actually is. Instead I have turned to his Pashto literary and social background, giving a brief outline of the entire Pashto literature at the outset of each chapter. The appellation of Shinwari might have tickled the sense of vanity and chauvinism of the young Hamza of yore but he later on certainly would have agreed with Rehman Baba who disowned every tribe in his universal divine love.

/Rehman/zh "$q ym sr w k' r m de lh "$h nn xlyl nh d' wdze ym nh mwmd. (rHm'n) (Being a lover, only love is my calling, I am neither Khalil nor Daudzai nor Momand. (Rehman)

This study was better taken up now than a hundred years hence, for by that time, like all our great poets before him, Hamza would also have been turned into a living legend. Apart from his published works, some of which too might have vanished with the passage of time, most of the other vital facts of his life and works, which could now be recorded with honest, scientific accuracy, coming, as they do, from the horse's mouth.
as it were, could only have been left over for wild guess work if not a tiring patchwork. His life could then be anything but his life; it could have taken any shape as visualised by his imagina-
tive and resourceful writers, but not its actual shape, that is hoped to have emerged from this writing. Even now when he is very much alive, most of his otherwise close friends don’t really know his life with a detached, impersonal objectivity and accuracy. Then Hamza is not only a poet or a Sufi, he is a multi-sided genius and, outside his family circle, very few people could claim to know the other, equally important aspects of his life that must have some bearing on his outlook and thoughts.

Apart from the regular contacts with the old man himself it was not at all difficult for me to find my way to his entire, inner family. His son, Murad Ali was my old friend and his younger brother, Mohammad Omar Seemab, I knew before hand. His grandsons, Altaf and Sajjad (sons of Murad Ali) and his nephews, Shaukat, Ali and Faisal (sons of Seemab) were my students and friends. I had personal contact with almost all the Khyber poets of the older as well as the younger generation. In fact most of them were my old friends; in fact I have known Hamza and his cohorts, attending the lively Mushairas and fascinating Qawali sessions at his village, since 1957 when I was a 9th class student at Landikotal. Eversince I have been in an almost constant touch with the Khyber literary movement, fostered by Hamza Shinwari.

I have taken great care not to leave out any aspect
of the life and works of our writer. If from this study Hamza emerges as not only a great poet and writer but also a great, living and lovable man, I shall be assured to have succeeded in my endeavors. On the contrary, it is possible that I might have only killed my living poet in this clumsy vivisection with all the conscious care on my part. I should, therefore, accept my responsibility at the outset for any fault, negligence or shortcoming of any magnitude. I shall only beg the indulgence and mercy of the discerning reader to bear in mind that it was but the first real difficult task in my otherwise placid life that I had to face with a great deal of hesitation and anxiety. If I have missed seeing the jungle from the trees, it may be attributed to my profound confusion at being over-awed by the crushing enormity of my subject. Very often the suspicion lurked at the back of my mind whether I was really equal to the task that I had taken upon myself. Had it not been for the constant support and encouragement of the old man himself and a number of poets and well-wishers, I might have floundered. Perhaps I might also have been helped over by the silent prayers of my own family. However, it was a pleasure to work on Hamza Shinwari and I hope I have been able to successfully share some of the pleasure with my readers.

With all this labour of love, I still claim to be no authority on Hamza Shinwari and I really mean it. If anybody can ever be an authority on Hamza it will be the old man himself. The rest of us will be basking in false delusion if we harbour any notion of being an authority or even the presence of it, about
this living giant of modern Pashto literature. Many people have been devoted to Hamza and they have been writing about this or that aspect of his prestigious works but, like a group of blind pygmies they all seem to have missed the essential elephant from the various parts of his body. Far from jeering at all these honest devotees, I would most often wonder at their knowledge, perception and understanding. In fact, at times, I felt more than reassured by their guidance so much so that I was made only more acutely conscious of my still more hopeless blindness. Had it not been for the discerning guidance of all these apparently blind poachers of the giant I could not even have differentiated between the head or tail of my elephant; I would have been hopelessly groping in the dark. Or perhaps I might still be equally hopelessly groping in the dark! Perhaps it is impossible to explore the entire elephant. Perhaps the enigma of Hamza is but a reflection of the lack of necessary corresponding vision on our part. Perhaps to unravel the mystery requires not one but two sets of eyes: that of the head as well as that of the heart.

Wali ra wali me shunasad" (it takes a saint to know a saint). And to claim false sainthood is not only to invite the wrath of God but also the curse of man. I better be clear of all such incisive curses by claiming simply nothing. I must be contented to be all the same a blind follower of Hamza Shinwari.

I have not only written but also finally typed the entire thesis. Since I was neither a writer nor a typist it must
be full of literary and topographical mistakes, although I have
gone over the final draft once or twice to rectify as many of
them as I could. But then I believe that one is simply short-sigh
ted if not totally blind to one's own mistakes. I will, therefore,
beg the indulgence of my readers to overlook my pettish mistakes
and forgive my apparent carelessness as far as immaculate correct
ness is concerned. I believe that flawlessness is impossible in
English for a non-native speaker or writer. We don't only make
a mess of its pronunciation but also colour its syntax and
diction with the brush of our own literary and linguistic back-
ground. While going over the first draft, Professor Fida Mohammad
would laugh at my "un-English" expressions; I would simply have
transferred Pashto expressions in such a way that they would look
like an awkward patchwork in my otherwise acceptable English. It
would sound (or look) like an Englishman wearing a Pakhtoon
turban on his head. However I have tried my best to make fewer
mistakes; for the rest I will apologise right at the outset. I
was also made nervous by the mere handling of the computer.
Although, as compared to the typewriter, it is much easier and
even pleasanter to use, but it has its own toll to take. Because
of the too many technicalities involved in this modern magic
machine, one is at times simply unnerved at its idiosyncrasies.
However, I am happy to have at last got my thesis through. I
believe I am amply rewarded for all my cares, worries and labour.

WABIL KHAN AFRIDI
ISLAMIA COLLEGE, PESHAWAR
18 DEC. 1989
CHAPTER ONE

B I O G R A P H I C A L

EARLY LIFE

.../bash/... ch d'st'r tRy hz'r dy
d d'st'r sRy ph $m'r dy (xw$'1 x'n)

(those who wear the turban are in thousands
But the turban is really becoming for a few.
(Khushal Khan).

Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari, to give him his full name
at the outset, was born in 1907, in the Ashraf Khel clan, in a
small village called Khuga Khel, at a stone's throw from the
Landikotal Sarai.(1). His father was Malik Baz Mir Khan, one of
the maliks of the Shinwari tribe, who commanded considerable
respect. Malik Baz Mir Khan had married twice and had six sons in
all. Hamza was his fifth son. All his elder brothers, Balkhi Khan,
Yar Mohammad Khan, Khalil Khan and Bawar Khan are now dead.
However, his younger brother, Mohammad Omar Khan Seemab, is still
alive and a father of five sons. Hamza himself has but only one
son, Murad Ali Khan. He married five times, his wives having died
from time to time, and a number of his children also died in
infancy.

Malik Baz Mir Khan died in 1930 and his eldest son,
Balkhi Khan, inherited the title of Malik. After his death in 1934, since his own sons were too young, the Malikship was bestowed upon Bawar Khan, as the other two elder brothers, Yar Mohammad Khan and Khalil Khan had also passed away in the meantime.

In his autobiography as well as in friendly conversations Hamza fondly relates his earliest life, with vivid details, right from the time of breast-feeding and toddling infancy. He claims to have had a very sharp memory, so sharp that if he described all the fond memories of his infant life it would only be taken for exaggerated fiction or a figment of his fertile imagination and nobody would really believe him. (2). He claims even to have memories of prenatal life, the scene of /Ara/ '1st brbkm, q'lw bl' /Rom/ "Alasta Bir rabikum Qalu Bala", when after creating the souls God had gathered them all to ask them, “am I not your Lord?” and they all (or each) had replied, "Yes Thou Art". He explains that this first affirmation and the direct interaction with Almighty Allah has left a permanent mark on each soul, which has become its life-long, distinguishing trait, even long after its embodiment in this temporal world. Some were terrified by the booming thunder of the voice of God while others heard it as a sweet symphony. Some were dazed by His luminous brightness while others were bewitched by His infinite beauties. Some started dancing with joy while others bolted in fear. And these traits have been brought over by all of us to our life on this planet.
Describing his own memories of this supreme event of the human spiritual world he writes, "I heard a voice 'Alasto birrabikum' (am I not your Lord?) and I suddenly had a consciousness of my being. It might be said that before this I was in a state of unconsciousness, even if I was there already. And in reply I said, "Bala, (Yes Thou Art); and I felt that there was an element of doubt in my voice." Then, after describing the various stages of the transformation and descent of the spirit into this terrestrial world, he says that while yet in his mother's womb he was feeling a gradually receding light; and then he felt as if he had a fall from above, with the light finally disappearing from his sight; leaving him in the lap of a suffocating darkness. At this he cried and the women gathered around his mother cheerfully proclaimed that a male baby was born(3).

Hamza relates the memories of his life when he was less than a year old. He remembers that his brother, Yar Mohammad Khan, was recruited in the Khyber Cavalry. One afternoon he came home on his horse back. His mother was milking the cow while Hamza was toddling about in the courtyard. His brother, Yar Mohammad Khan, bent down from the horse back and picked him up from the ground and made him sit on the saddle in front of him. Then he took the horse to the porch and, alighting himself there, left Hamza high and dry on the horse back. Finding the perch hopelessly dangerous, he glued to the saddle and started crying. This brought the ever-caring mother with a leap, scolding Yar Mohammad in these words, "May you turn blind, what have you done?"
But the cavalier seemed to have heartily enjoyed this cruel practical joke at the expense of the hapless baby. Still, broadly grinning, he told his mother, "Let him stick to the saddle so that he gets the fright of his life. This will only stimulate his inherent bravery i.e. if he has any guts".

Hamza's family had developed some differences with Sahibzada Abdul Wayyum Khan (1863-1937), the then political agent (P.A.) Khyber (4). Yar Mohammad Khan had got so much incensed by his bureaucratic affront that he actually plotted to kill the Sahibzada. But his father somehow got the wind of the heedless plot and reprimanded him so sternly that, leaving his village in disgust, he took the caravan rout to Kabul, on the back of the very cavalry horse which in all fairness belonged to the British Army. Kabul was then ruled by Amir Habibullah Khan (1901-1919). The benign Amir received Yar Mohammad Khan favourably and appointed him a captain in his army. Back home, the Sahibzada was furious at Yar Mohammad's treacherous disloyalty of crossing over to the hostile Afghanistan. His family was pressurised to bring him back by all means. For this a Jharga (council of elders) was sent after him to Kabul to convince him of his rashness and make him change his mind and come back. Only after firm assurances by the Jharga that he would be forgiven and treated kindly on return, he was persuaded to change his mind and come back. Hamza remembers that when his brother came home he was sick and was wearing a sheep skin against the fever. On coming back, however, he was sent to jail for six months. Being thoroughly disillusioned he regretted
his coming back and went over to Afghanistan once again as soon as he was released from the prison. And this time he went there for good, and the Sahibzada had also had to reconcile himself with this unfortunate fact.

There, Yar Mohammad Khan was promoted to the rank of a colonel and was also given a Jagir (grant of land) in the bargain. But then he didn't live long. He died there after a year or so, leaving behind a young widow who gave birth to twins after about a month after his death. But both the unfortunate twins died soon after birth. The coffin of Yar Mohammad was brought from Kabul to Landikotal for burial. His widow was married by his elder brother, Balkhi Khan and was brought from Kabul to Landikotal in a Tonga (a two-wheel carriage driven by two or up to four horses). Hamza was hardly two years old then but he vividly remembers all these details. He also remembers having been fondly kissed by his unfortunate sister-in-law saying that his dead brother had always wanted somehow to smuggle Hamza to Kabul and he would always talk to her about him.

THE DEATH OF HIS MOTHER

At about the same time, when he was hardly two years old his mother also died. Hamza remembers standing by her bedside, weeping. Then his elder brother, Balkhi Khan, picked him up and took him to the house of some relatives, trying to lull him to sleep on a bed. He might have dozed for a while, but when he opened his eyes, his brother had gone, leaving him alone. He got
off the bed and went out of the house to the street. Outside he saw a funeral procession. His sixth sense told him that it was but the funeral of his dear mother. In utter desperation he asked somebody, "where are you taking her?". They told him that she was being taken to the hospital as she was ill. From then on he remembers to be sleeping with his elder brother, Balkhi Khan and mock-sucking his bulging breasts to satisfy his untimely weaning from his mother by death. His brother was extremely kind to him and never gave him cause to complain. Soon his father married again and his step mother treated him even better, as her own darling son, making him almost forget, at times, his real, departed mother(6).

Hamza also remembers that his next brother, Khalil Khan, was recruited in the 20 Punjab Regiment. During the First World War (1914-1918) the regiment was taken to Iraq to fight there. At Baghdad Khalil Khan fell ill and was given two month's leave to go home. At home he said that the 20 Punjab Regiment was always kept at the front while the British regiments were at the rear. After some time, this cowardly injustice on the part of the brave British army, caused a mutiny in the Punjab regiment, and once, during the heat of the battle, like the proverbial elephants of King Porus, they simply turned back to fire at the British soldiers, killing and wounding a large number of them. As a result of this bloody revolt, the regiment was disarmed and the soldiers imprisoned in a ship on the high seas. At the subsequent court martial, various alterna-
tives were considered including the sinking of the prison-house ship, lock, stock and barrel. But then due to the possibility of a serious backlash back in India of any savage punishment to the native sepoys, it was decided to disband the regiment. Khalil Khan was on sick leave during that time and was saved from the debacle of his life being in the balance. A few days were still left in his leave when he was taken by the elder brother to the army headquarters (G.H.Q.) at Jehlam to be relieved of his army service there and then. Soon after saying farewell to arms, his marriage was solemnised with great pomp and show. May be it was just a trick to shackle him up so that he did not run again to take up arms against his very life, as he had done in the first place by enlisting himself in the army, against the wishes of his family. (?)

**PRIMARY EDUCATION**

It was in 1915 that Hamza was admitted to a primary school at Landikotal. The school was situated in a large (rather long) single room, inside the Khyber Rifles Camp, beside the office of the Political Agent (P.A.), Khayber. But an unfortunate incident, right at the outset, turned the school into a haunted-house for him. He was so badly shaken up by this rude experience that he developed hatred for school. Instead of attending the school he used to pass his time in the nearby graveyard, by his mother’s grave, who continued giving him the much needed solace
even in the deep slumber of death.

The incident is related as follows: Hamza was in the lower first class, the equivalent of the modern-day Kindergarten (K.G.) and had hardly spent a month in the school when one day he was asked to write some letters of the alphabet on a washable and reusable small wooden board called Takhte (the tablet). After practicing it repeatedly for a couple of days, he thought he had had enough of it and, therefore, thought of turning to some more interesting exercise on his neat and smooth wooden board. And his precocious mind was not lagging behind in suggesting to him that nothing else would please the all-knowing teacher more than drawing faces and figures on the board, for the letters of the alphabet were but faceless abstractions. He was highly flattered at his inborn felicity at drawing and thought that his teacher would simply jump at it. But when the board, smeared with silly scribbling all over, was finally shown to the teacher, he literally jumped at him with a screeching shout. "Fool, what have you done?". And getting hold of his dreaded stick he started beating the silly boy as if he were a senseless animal. The young boy bolted from this harsh, unexpected curse. The teacher grabbed him from behind and kept on flogging him. All the time the hapless wretch was cringing and crying his heart out. At this a 4th class student called Gulzai, who was also a relative of Hamza, leaped at the teacher, and snatching the stick from his hand, pushed him so hard that he tumbled down on the ground. In utter desperation, he shouted at the underdog or fallen hero,
"What are you doing? Are you going to kill the boy?" (8).

With this he developed a deep-rooted hatred for school. This was enough to cloud his entire school career and ultimately blocked his progress beyond the high classes. We can clearly notice its psychological impact on his later school life. However, since then, he would take up his satchel every morning and leave for "school"; but instead of going to school he would hide himself somewhere beside the camp wall or go straight to the adjacent graveyard and sit down either by the grave of Syed Amir Bacha or of his own dear mother. There he would be lost in vague reveries and mortifying self-pity till the final ringing of the school bell when he would return home like all the rest of the school boys, with the dust of the day on his innocent but melancholy face.

His continuous absence from school was reported to his father and elder brothers. His father gave him some more beating but in vain. Then it was decided that he should be admitted to the prestigious Islamia Collegiate school at Peshawar where he was put in a hostel and forced to continue his education, away from the depressing and distracting atmosphere of home. It was in 1917 that he was admitted to the Collegiate school in class two and was put in the third hostel (the present Grant Hostel). There were already a few boys from the Khyber Agency in the hostel and Hamza was put up in a room (or the dormitories of those good old days), with Malikzada Mohammad Azam Khan. The other boys from the Khyber were Malakzada Gulzar and Malakzada Mohammad Janas Khan.
They lived in the same room who were later on also joined by a cousin, Ramosh Khan.

It seems that the demoralising experience of Landikotal could not be dusted off from his rustic mind by even the fairy-tale atmosphere of the newly founded Collegiate school. He says that, ever since, the sound of the school bell would remind him of the devastating ring of the flute of the angel Israfeel. He attributes all his childhood inequities to the savage ignorance of the Landikotal teacher. If he had been properly educated and trained he would have understood and appreciated the boy’s natural inclination towards art and literature. On the contrary he ought to have given him some positive incentive to make him bring out and develop his inborn talent.

Another reason that Hamza himself cites for his obstinate apathy to formal schooling was that Urdu and not Pashto was the medium of instructions. For his mother tongue, Pashto, there was no place at any stage. It wasn’t even taught as a subject. Hamza regrets the fact that even today Pashto has not been able to get its due place despite the tall claims of provincial autonomy by successive governments, among all the socio-political flux since independence, to replace Urdu or English or both, as a legitimate medium of instructions, at least at the primary level. He has inexhaustible and disarming arguments in support of switching over to Pashto from the nursery to the higher secondary level. Only then can we hope to properly educate our younger generation.
At school Hamza used to be all the same miserable and developed withdrawal symptoms. He didn’t care for anything whether it were his lessons or homework or food or dress. His dress was always full of lice: the slimy creatures could be seen creeping about even on his bed. Naturally he did not enjoy good health and this further confounded his miseries. In this morbid, cheerless world sleep was his only reassuring and soothing refuge. He would sleep so early and so deeply that he had to be shaken up and dragged by the foot for the congregational prayers which were compulsory and used to be offered inside the hostel. Boys were harshly punished for missing them. Proper rolls were called before the prayers. Perhaps the hostel monitors were more concerned than even the angels above. You could hope to have been forgiven by God but not the hostel administration.

Hamza relates an interesting incident in this connection. One evening he was found missing from his room. This started worrying the boys. A formal search was declared for him. But he had fallen asleep in the latrine he doesn’t know how. At last he was found there by a couple of boys. They started beating him to wake him up. Since he could not be awakened by even the booming sound of a gun, as they say in Pashto, the shrillling noise of the small boys had no effect on him. Then somebody hit him really hard on the head with the tough toe of the boot. This awakened him with a start. After this the boys took him in a procession to the superintendent, Syed Qamar Ali Shah. They told him that Hamza had obviously hit upon that dirty trick to skip
the evening prayers. But even now Hamza believes that far from a gimmick it was more a case of sleep-walking or somnambulism which was his family trait. However, thanks to his silly aberrations, the boys had a hearty joke at his expense that evening, making him the butt of their mischievous jeers for some days to come.

At the time, the principal of Islamia college was the late Allama Inayatullah Khan Mashriqui who used to be extremely well-dressed and up-to-date in every respect. His Begum Sahiba also used to come out on the evening promenades, wearing a thin, transparent veil. The principal (who was then used to be called the headmaster) of Collegiate school was an Englishman called Mr Watkins. He was famous for his stiff cane, with a stiffer disposition behind it. He used to flog the tender boys as if they were cumbersome pack animals. Once Hamza and another student, Mohammad Shah, had skipped the school one day prior to the Christmas holidays. On resumption of school at the end of the holidays, they were duly taken to the principal by the headmaster primary section (or prep). Mohammad Shirin, who had a couple of the front teeth missing, with his mouth invariably full of "Naswar" (the oral snuff), which used to trickle down his beard, leaving a permanent yellow track on it. The inexorable principal was told of the boys' audacity to have run away a day before the holidays were called. This was enough cause for him to catch hold of his dreaded cane and Hamza remembers the pinch of the punishment to this day.

Hamza was in the third or the fourth class when the
Third Afghan War of 1919 broke out. The school and college were closed and vacated for the army. After some time classes were resumed at the Shahi Mehmankhana for some time and then shifted back to the school and college. The Landikotal villages were also vacated in anticipation of the war. The people had migrated north, to the far off valley of Shilman, in the Mohammad territory, so that they were safe from the fury of the cross fire. Hamza himself had gone home to Shilman during the school closure. However, the heat of the war did not quite reach Landikotal except that the camp was shelled one day from the Shamshad Ghar(10); and the rumour had it that Ghazi Amanullah Khan himself had been manning one of the cannons. Another sensational outcome of the war was the disbandment of the Khyber Rifles by Sir George Roose Keppel, for its refusal to take up arms against Afghanistan. But then the British India conceded to the demands of Amanullah Khan; a treaty was signed at Rawalpindi; Afghanistan was granted self determination and the war was brought to an end.

Next year Hamza was in the fifth class and from now onwards, overcoming and setting aside his juvenile inhibitions, he seemed to be more and more involved and felt more at home at school; and it was also at this juncture that the latent poet in him started stirring for sure as his muse had just but started blowing the magic flute at the periphery of his awakening consciousness. Perhaps he was reminded of his own hidden treasure of poetry by others around him, whether staff or students, now and then reciting verses whether their own or from "the masters".
He particularly enjoyed the extempore versification of the joint master, Mirza Abbas Ali Beg, who used to teach them Urdu. Like those of the spring flowers, the scent of poetry was pervading the entire school atmosphere around him. This also inspired his own muse and he started writing verses and took them to the late Maulana Abdul Qadir for correction and evaluation. The Maulana was then a middle class student, living in the second hostel (the present Abdul Qayyum Mînzil).

From now on Hamza also started taking active interest in extra-curricular activities. He used to play football and hockey, and considerably enjoyed the latter. But his main drawback was his inability to run fast enough and this stopped him from becoming a good sportsman. Yet all the same he enjoyed playing these refreshing games in the long afternoons, leaving him more relaxed and healthy in the end.

Hamza also felt pleasure in singing, his voice being tolerably good. He had memorised a "Charbaita"(11), by Ghulam Qadir Khan, the father of Syed Qamar Ali Shah, the hostel superintendent. He would sing it with great gusto. Since he had a sharp memory and a natural inclination towards poetry, he had easily memorised a number of poems. One day there was an Eid-Milad function at the hostel(12). Hamza read a "Naat" (a panegyric for the prophet (P.B.U.H) in the function. This was appreciated by all and most of all by Syed Qamar Ali Shah, with the remarks, "Bhir/" "Yh xby# Zrwr $ 'r bnyğ'/ /Rom/ "Ye Khabis zaroor Shai'r banega!" (This wretch will definitely grow into a poet).
Perhaps the perceptive Syed could more easily see the poet in others as he was a poet himself, always writing in Urdu, although he was a Yousafzai Pathan from Mardan.

**EARLY DABBING IN OCCULTISM**

Hamza was a student of 5th class when a certain Syed had come to the hostel with some students, and he had also met him along with the other boys. He was a handsome man and well-versed in the mysteries of occultism. Hamza writes in his autobiography that, "\textit{bind}/"nůh nhē hzm'd q'b̄w krne k' w'yf̄h 'wr/rqyh bt' dy'"/Rom/, "onho ne mujē hamzād qābu karne kā wazīfa awr tāriqā bata diyā" (He told me the incantation and method of controlling and commanding the spiritual twinborn) (13). The method was to sit in an empty room, putting a lighted lamp at the back so that his shadow fell on the front wall. And then concentrating on his own shadow, he was to repeat "Sura Fatiha" (the first Sura, or chapter, from the Holy Book), four hundred times. This routine was to be repeated for eleven nights. The twinborn spirit was bound to come by that time and stay obedient for the rest of his life. And then it could be asked to do the incredibly impossible tasks for him. Hamza started the process from the very next night. At the third night he felt that the twinborn spirit's face was becoming more and more conspicuous and sharp. Then it started almost moving and coming nearer and nearer towards him. This gave him a horrible fright. He ran away and hid himself in the bed, giving up the whole thing for good. Since then he says he has never attempted any such spiritual exercise.
He says that he had read somewhere in a book called *Kanzul Hussain* (treasure of Hussain) about a process with the practicing of which one could disappear from people's sight. But then it was necessary to kill a cat for it and this Hamza could not bring himself to do. Then one day he told it to a Chitrari friend, Abdul Hamid, who did not take any appreciable notice of it at the time. But Hamza was astonished when one day Abdul Hamid told him quite unexpectedly that the method was found to be absolutely correct as he had tried it to be working. And then he related the whole episode. He said that one day he was going towards the post office when he saw a black cat by the hostel wall. The Chitrari was reminded of the black magic for which this black cat was, as it were, presenting itself on a silver platter. Catching hold of it by the hind legs he hit it against the hostel wall so hard that the poor thing immediately succumbed to the impact. When it was almost dead, he buried it in the ground. After exactly twenty-one days he dug it up again and then breaking one of its rib-bones, he rubbed it on a stone, along with a few drops of water. Then he smeared the resultant paste on his forehead and went to the railway station. There at the station he felt no one was looking at him as if he were not there at all. Then he saw some of his friends there but they too didn't take any notice of him. Among them was also his room-mate, Moti. He called him but Moti only looked this way and that in surprise as he didn't see him. Then he was so terrified by the strangeness of the fact that he rushed back to the hostel and
Hamza says that the same Shah Sahib had told him a charm against the wasp sting. After repeating the said charm for a few times he held a wasp in his palm. At this he was stung so severely that he jumped with pain and continued feeling the prick of it for quite some days. Seeing a number of people catching hold even of scorpions and snakes with similar charms, his own faith was also reaffirmed in the power of spells. His elder brother, Bawar Khan, could practice such a charm with absolute certainty. When he would blow the charm on a scorpion it would at once straighten its tail and be tamed. Then he would pick it up, of course not with a pair of pincers but with his own bare fingers and put it on his palm. It would never sting. Yet his charm would not protect or immunise Hamza and he was all the same stung by the venomous wasp. And with this he also gave up insect or creeper’s charms.

**THE MISCHIEVOUS FORGERER**

Hamza confesses that he was strongly drawn to the art of forgery(15). Forgery must be an art for if it were a science he would have nothing to do with it! It gave him immense pleasure to outsmart the smart and learned teachers. He had practiced the signatures of almost all the teachers, or at least all those eminent teachers who mattered most in the school, with such smooth felicity that the teachers themselves would be deceived with all but their forged signatures. Yet at the same time, he
says, he was so down-right simple and innocent that even much younger and simpler boys used to dupe him easily. He was too trusting and perhaps that was the one basic drawback (if not the tragic flaw) with him which he couldn't easily overcome. Although mischievous in some ways and to some extent, it was after all not his grain and he didn't really believe in mischief as such. To him, looking back upon it now, it was but a crude assertion of the inherent base nature of man. He was too straightforward to anticipate any mischief from his otherwise upright and unsuspecting fellow boys. Yet at the same time he has never regretted that elemental simplicity.

A supreme instance of his psychopathic simplicity was the fact that when he would drop a post card to his elder brother, Bawar Khan, he would invariably address it to himself. As a result he would get it back from the post office. Later on the postman had come to know of the freak and he would simply tear up the card instead of taking the trouble of delivering it back to the crazy boy. Whether it was narcissism or some other mysterious psychological complex, too deep for words, Hamza himself laughs it away as a simplicity syndrome.

CRUDE INITIATION IN THE REFINED ART OF MUSIC

While still in the fifth class he had gone to live at home in Landikotal during the summer vacations. There he also used to attend a primary school, taught by a Qadyani teacher, Maulvi Maseehuddin. After school he would go to the Sarai (the
Landikotal Bazar) where a Banya (a Hindu shopkeeper) called Jawan Sing(16), had been asked by his father to give the boy a pocket allowance of four Annas a day (i.e. 1/4 Rupee daily). Although it can not fetch even a glass of plain water now-a-days, four Annas in those good old days was nothing less than a fortune for a school kid. He could eat and drink with it as such as he would like and still save some of it for the proverbial rainy day.

In the village Hamza had two relatives of about his own age, called Hayat Mir and Zyarat Gul. Together the three of them had cleverly improvised a “Rabab” (a stringed instrument from Persia) of their own. It was, however, the crudest imaginable instrument. What they had actually done was to catch hold of an otherwise worthless wooden board, about half a yard long and three inches broad. Next, they had fixed four or five nails on each end of it; and then they had run steel wires from one end of the nails to the other. And lo and behold! it would play like a Rabab; and in the words of the Persian sage: 

"Khushk tar wo khushk chob wo khushk post, Namidanam az kuja mi ayad een awazi dost". It produced the very voice of the beloved. Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi from Persia has described the Rabab as a combination of dry wires, dry wood and dry skin and yet it gives off the voice of beloved when played.

In the same way these three, musical friends (if not a holy musical trinity) probably heard or imagined to hear, the voices of their own beloveds (each of course, hearing the voice...
of his friend from the same tune, although it would be pretty much of a monotone anyway). They might have heard the voices of their friends for the first time from their magical home-made device. So, the three of them would then take it up to the hills above their village which were then much greener and cooler and not as arid and hot as they appear today. There they would sit under the cool shade of some green tree and go on tirelessly strumming at their "Rabab" to their heart's content. Only hunger would dampen their enthusiasm and hamper their enjoyment and make them run home like a pack of hungry wolves in search of food. Shakespeare has compared music to food, but then only a food for love, which doesn't at the same time fill the groaning stomach as with bread and butter.

For Hamza, at least, this was but the beginning of a life-long association with Rabab and music. Indeed it would be very strange if he were not a Rababi (adjective from the instrument) or a musician; for then he could have easily become a magician or a soothsayer but not a poet at all; because poetry itself is but music in words. Music and poetry are the essence of each other; and since he was a born poet, he was at the same time a born musician too or vice versa. However, he soon picked up a real Rabab (Ah! nothing like it! It was throbbing with something more than the crude noises of mundane life!). There was always one hanging from a peg in his Hujra (the Pathan common house), which his elder brother, Bawar Khan, used to play regularly and indeed most of his other family members would occasionally "warm their
fingers with it"(17). But then the case of Bawar Khan was a different story. He had acquired quite a name by achieving considerable fame in playing Rabab. In fact he had become a proverbial model and the envy of the entire Shinwari tribe as the Adam Khan of the valley. And perhaps the Rabab itself was his beloved Durkho.(18)

But when Hamza also took up the plectrum, the Rabab, as it were, went on playing of its own sweet accord; and he was rightly adjudged as second only to his legendary brother, Bawar Khan, for his inborn felicity in music. And from then on he always kept a Rabab, regularly available at hand, playing it in most of his spare time of which he was never in short supply. The Rabab used to be his constant companion even in his occasional journeys. With Rabab he also developed a deep interest in classical music and a knack for the various Ragas (musical notations). He would call his insatiable thirst for the modern Indian music as opium addiction.

In this connection Hamza relates an interesting incident. In 1924 he was a clerk in the Political Department posted in the immigration office at Torkham (on the Pak-Afghan border). Then there was only one small piquet with a shade of rough thatch in front of it. One day he was sitting in the shade, putting the Rabab across his knees to tune it. In the meantime a famous singer from Afghanistan, the late Qasim Ali Shah, brought his passport for endorsement. He was probably on his way to Bombay for some recording purposes. He was also accompanied by an
eight-years-old son and another equally famous Rababi, Qurban Ali. Hamza had heard his name but had not seen him before. It was noontide and Hamza was as usual fiddling with his Rabab and he tuned it in the Sarang Raga and when the Rabab was finally tuned and he slid his finger over the quivering strings, the Rabab resounded with the notes of a violin. Moved by this Qurban Ali said: /Rem/ "bd' 'yn my swzd, bzn" /Rom/, "Ba Khuda ein misozad, bizan." (by God, it has put me on fire, go on playing). And when Hamza started playing the Rabab, Qurban Ali said again: /Rem/
"bd' 'yn dst b'wr x'n 'st" /Rom/, "Ba Khuda ein daste Bawar Khan ast." (by God it is the hand "style" of Bawar Khan). At this Hamza told him that Bawar Khan was his elder brother.

A yet still more interesting episode runs like this:

In 1948 he had accompanied a delegation of Pakistani writers to Kabul, for a seminar on Pashto script(20). During their stay there they were taken to the Kabul radio one day for a Mushairah (poetry recitation). In the radio station Hamza went to the music studio where Ostad Ghulam Hussain Peetai (flat nose) was playing a violin. After receiving Hamza warmly particularly after he had introduced himself as the brother of Malik Bawar Khan, the Ostad asked him for the tune of his choice to be played on the violin for him. Hamza requested for the typical composition from the Afridi area of Tirah called /Rash/ tyr'w w'lh P'xny /Rom/, "Tirawala tzakhni". When the music started flowing Hamza felt that the Ostad couldn't quite play it with all its subtle variations. At this he asked for a Rabab to play it himself and
when he started playing the same composition, the perceptive Ostad couldn't contain his tears. At the end he embraced Hamza in spontaneous appreciation and thankfulness for successfully bringing out all the winding variations in that complicated composition. He admitted that although himself an Afridi from Tirah, he had simply forgotten the ageless tune.

Hamza says that there was a group of musicians from Tirah, along with their dancing boys (called Lakhtai in Pashto), who were living in a Balakhana (the upper portion of a house) in the Dabgari street(21). They would sometimes play that composition with absolute perfection. But at the same time they didn’t want other musicians to learn it. So they would not play it so often. Unfortunately that vibrant composition seems to have faded from the common memory. The Afridi musicians have instead now taken to a similar but a more popular composition from Logar in Afghanistan. The muscular music from Logar seems to have taken Peshawar by storm. The Logar music culture had penetrated into the Frontier much before the Saur revolution in Afghanistan.

**FAILING IN 5TH CLASS BUT PASSING ALI THE SAME**

Hamza had taken Arabic in the higher classes which were taught by Maulana Abdur Rahim, who was too kind to punish the tender youth. He would dismiss them with the only apparently harsh word, "worthless," which was the highest rebuke that he ever gave for any offence. The principal, Mr Watkins, was also replaced by another Englishman, Mr Howard. (Hamza could also forge his signa
ture with the same unsuspecting felicity!). Later on he was replaced by Shah Alam Khan, who was the duplicate of Maulana Abdur Rahim, both being extremely decent and kind men. On retirement, later on Shah Alam Khan was appointed the provincial director of education and, later still, the vice-president, Abasin Arts Council, Peshawar. He died in 1965.

Hamza relates how he failed in mathematics in the annual, promotion examination and was graciously pulled up by Shah Alam Khan. He used to nearly top all the other subjects, particularly Urdu, English and Drawing, but all the same maths was his Achilles heel, although he used to take tuition in it from master Faqir Mohammad. But the result was that he always failed in maths. When the result was declared and he was not promoted, he simply ran home with the intention of calling it a day, for he was never keenly interested in this excruciating business of school education anyway. This was but thrust upon him by his family, not a thing of his own sweet choice or even his liking. The sooner he wriggled out of it the better. This would only end his life-long tale of miseries and self-mortification.

When Shah Alam Khan came to know of it he recalled Hamza’s papers for rechecking and, if possible, revision. Looking at his overall result it was seen that he had topped Urdu and Drawing and stood but second in English; and maths he was failing by a narrow margin. Shah Alam Khan, therefore, decided to promote him. So, once again he was called back from his lair in the hills (incidentally, one of the meanings of the word Hamza is lion or
tiger) to rejoin the school in the next higher class. This restored some of his shattered confidence but the demoralising dent of it could never be fully mended.

**IMPULSIVE IN A CASE OF KEEPING A REVOLVER**

In the case of not only keeping but almost using a revolver against a fellow student, he and his roommate were saved by the ever-benign master, Syed Qamar Ali Shah from definite rustication. The story runs like this: Malik Gul Ahmad Khan and his nephew Malik Syed Ahmad Khan, were Hamza's roommates in the hostel. Because of a family feud back at home, Malik Gul Ahmad Khan always used to keep a small revolver in his pocket. One day a student, Shah Nawaz Khan, quarrelled over something with Hamza Shinwari and took out his flick-knife to intimidate him. Seeing this, his roommate, Gul Ahmad Khan, quickly took out his ubiquitous revolver and, giving it to Hamza, asked him to "shoot the brat". Seeing a real revolver in the hands of an already excited adversary Shah Nawaz Khan fled for his life. And then he went straight to the police station at Burj Harri Singh, to report the matter.

When Syed Qamar Ali Shah came to know of the incident, he came straight to the boys' room. He asked them to give the weapon in question to him. Leaving aside the intention of using or misusing it, the very possession of it by the school boys was an offence for which they would be rusticated. So, Gul Ahmad Khan surrendered the revolver to the master Sahib. In the evening,
accompanied by the same master Sahib, the police inspector from the Burj Harri Sing, flanked by a couple of havildars, came to their room. On investigation, the inspector was shown the pockets of Malik Gul Ahmad Khan to be too small to hold such a deadly weapon as a revolver. Perhaps all this was arranged by the kind master to conveniently cover up the incident and the police was convinced. The case was filed and the boys let off.

THE CONVERSION OF A CHRISTIAN SWEEPER TO ISLAM

A sweeper called Nawab came to dust the hostel rooms every evening. He was a little older than Hamza but whether out of pity or some other human consideration he took to him kindly. He would shake hands with him, make him sit with him on his bed and offer him eatables. Sometimes he would even give him some money. Hamza was too young and ignorant then to realise the religious ramifications of meeting a Christian sweeper like that. However, he was not too young and insensible to feel the human compulsion for just such a relation with Nawab, sweeper or no sweeper. The sweeper was also visibly impressed by this unconventional behaviour of Hamza towards him. Then one day Nawab told him of what he would have been thinking of all the time, "Look yar, if any part of a Muslim's dress touches us, it is cut off and yet you even make me sit on your bed". Hamza told him quickly, "Choro yar, we both are human beings. Why should I cut off my dress or burn my bed simply because you have touched them". The next day Nawab came and confided to Hamza that he wanted to become a Muslim, and
the following day being Friday, he would put on new clothes and come to the Masjid (mosque). He only requested Hamza not to tell of it to anyone beforehand, so that it was a complete surprise for everyone. So, the next day, when the mosque was full of people for the Friday prayers, Nawab came a little before the "Sunnat" (23), wearing a brand new suit for this supreme event in his otherwise anonymous life. He went straight to the Maulavi Sahib to say the Kalima in front of him. The Maulvi Sahib solemnised the conversion and gave Nawab a Muslim name—Abdullah. Immediately after the prayers, the young, enthusiastic students carried Nawab (now Abdullah) on their shoulders, in a jubilant procession, round the entire campus.

Hamza says that on the very next Friday night Abdullah passed away. When they got up next morning, before the bell for the tea had gone, the bells were tolling for him. What a dramatic death! His funeral rites were performed by the Muslims in the best Islamic traditions. Indeed people had also come for his funeral from all the contiguous villages of Tehkal, Palosi and Sufaid Deri etc. /Arabic/ "ll'ha w 'n 'lyh r'j'wn /Rom/ "Inna lillahi wa inna ilehe rajo'ib" (Verily, we belong to Allah and to Him we return).

THE THEATRE AND ITS IMPACT ON HIS SUBSEQUENT LIFE

It was during the summer vacations that one day Hamza came from his villages to Peshawar. His father used to live in a rented Balakhana in the Dabgari Street, Peshawar city. That night
his elder brother, Balkhi Khan, took him to the theatre. The theatre was established in a Sarai, outside Bajawri Gate. Inside the Sarai, an impressive stage was built while at the gate of it was stationed a company of musicians, playing incessant, alluring music, to attract the spectators. That night the Harding Theatrical Company was presenting a play by Agha Hashar Kashmiri called Yahudi Ki Beti (the daughter of a Jew). This was Hamza's first experience of the theatre and its glittering and jingling, make-believe, magic world. He says that that very first play in his life, as it were, churned his plastic mind and affected him so deeply and so thoroughly that from then on he made it a mission of his life: never to miss the theatre again. Films had not come then but sometimes silent pictures of the First World War were shown on crude screens. However the silent moves could be no substitute for the glaring and blaring world of the theatre. Only the later "Talkies" can be said to have not only dented but effectively edged aside the gripping theatre.

Hamza used to absent himself from school for days on end to go to the theatre for almost every play. He was so much infected by this insidious (or was it invidious!) virus that he had even crammed up most of the dialogues of those pristine plays. Even today, after a period of more than half a century and with his rapidly growing senility, he still remembers most of those otherwise meaningless and out-of-context dialogues and the actors who spoke them and their manner of speaking. And with this he was taken to acting, seeing himself in the cast of now a clown
and now a hero (for they are separated by a very thin margin, if at all). This juvenile interest in the theatre and the world of films (from silent to the talkies; and colour had yet to be added to that black and white but all the same colourful world), and from acting to the writing of dialogues and songs and the writing of full-fledged plays, ultimately granted him the unique distinction of being the father of the first ever Pashto film called "Laila Majnoon".

The glittering din of the theatre was dampered by the large scale invasion of the silent pictures, with their own peculiar appeal. Indeed it was the indestructible acting and the irresistible humour of Charlie Chaplin that had put something more than mere echoes of life into those silent movies. And then one day Hamza saw the incredible first talkie (sound picture), called "Shirin Farhad", with such a disarming effect on his impressionable mind that he seemed to have disdainfully declared in the words of Shakespeare in Antony and Cleopatra: "Let Rome in the Tiber melt, here is my space". He was on the verge of saying farewell to school and on the threshold of the wide, wide world with thrilling adventures, challenging uncertainties and memorable exploits. There was the promise of self-fulfillment and the tantalising realisation of all his suppressed desires. He seemed to have already cast the die or consulted the oracle of his soul. It would not be necessary to open the ageless book of Rehman Baba for an omen for that too would surely point the same way. His fate seemed to have been finally decided and the inclinations
were all clear that the fateful Rubican ought to be crossed. There was but one step between freedom and slavery; between light and darkness; between a mortifying drudgery and an infinite variety.

**FAREWELL TO SCHOOL**

And from now onwards we leave his school behind and follow an unbounded Hamza, more or less like the unbounded Prometheus of Shelley, in his tortuous practical life—a life full of ups and downs, pleasures and worries, wavering and tenacity: but underneath all these and many more cross-currents, a strong, un-flinching sense of a mission; a desire to achieve the unattainable in the realm of art, literature and Sufism, to be ranked among the immortals.

Hamza was a student in the high section at school, in the 9th class, when he finally folded his career and called it a day. (25). By now he was a grown up, young man, no more afraid of his father or elder brothers. They could squeeze him no more into the excruciating school under the inhuman philosophy of overbearing force. The heavens, he believed, would not fall if he stopped going to school. When he let the cat out of the bag his father was almost indifferent while his elder brother did give some useless thrashing. With this he was abandoned to his fate.

His yawning youth was evolving into a restless adolescence and his inborn artistic compulsions were creating stormy ripples into the deep ocean of his otherwise drab life on the surface. A fragrant flowering spring was breaking somewhere in
the remote, inaccessible recesses of his drowsy consciousness and he was deeply intoxicated with the lure and promise of a free and full life, without let or hindrance. In this life he would see himself as a hero—yes, a film hero, holding destiny in his own hands, with contemptuous smile on his diabolical face. His sensibilities were almost unhinged by the rude shock of the romantic reverberations of the call of his revolting senses. He was itching for clearing all the man-made hurdles with a giant leap. And leaving him in this mid-air leap, we should come to him later; for the present we should celebrate with him his marriage as well as employment. First then his marriage.

**HIS FIRST MARRIAGE**

Young marriages are an age-old practice in the tribal world. They are necessitated by the practical need for more male children (although female children are buried alive as was done by the ancient Arab tribes). and, therefore, sanctioned by custom and the ancient tribal code of life. Hamza was also married comparatively young. After leaving school and loafing around, his parents naturally thought of marrying him as soon as, or sooner than possible. His marriage was arranged (tribal marri-ages are strictly arranged by the parents) with a girl from among his own relatives. For Hamza the memorable aspect of this marri-age was the participation of two Saadat or Syeds in it—Noor Ali Shah and Syed Abdus Sattar Shah. The former was the Murshid (spiritual guide) of his elder brother while the latter was to be
his own Shaikh (spiritual guide). His Nikah (marriage contract) was solemnised by Syed Noor Ali Shah.

Hamza had met Syed Abdus Sattar Shah before and was simply fascinated by his magnetic personality. When a couple of years ago, Sattar Shah had come to their village, Hamza had had creeping sensations. At night he was attacked by a pervading numbness of death. He came out to the Hujra and told Sattar Shah that he was dying. Sattar Shah smiled and said to him: /Ara/ mwtw qbl 'n mwtw /Rom/ “muto qbla anna muto” (die before death) and then blew some charm on a glass of water and gave it to him to drink. It was only then that he could forget about death and sleep a little.

His brother, Bawar Khan, was spiritually attached to Syed Sattar Shah whom the whole family lovingly called Bacha Jan. Bawar Khan also used to play Rabab in front of him, for Sattar Shah loved music, particularly the spiritual music called Sama'. He used to hold regular sessions of it at his residence in Dabgari street, Peshawar. He adhered to the Chishti Nizami school of Sufism and was, therefore, fond of Sama'. Even during the school days, whenever Hamza would go to the city, he would invariably call on Sattar Shah.

Their very first meeting was like this: when Hamza was in the 4th class at school, and was hardly sixteen years old, he went to the Peshawar city one day. He met his elder brother, Balkhi Khan there. Together they were walking in the Dabgari street when his elder brother pointed out to him an elderly but
highly respectable-looking man from a distance, asking him to show courtesy to that man as he was the venerable Bacha Jan. When they reached there and greeted him, the man called Hamza by name. Hamza was highly impressed by the fascinating personality of Syed Abdu Sattar Shah; so much so that tears gushed up from his eyes. He felt that his soul had known this man long before birth and this meeting was but a reunion after a long time. He sat quietly to one side but he felt that his soul was talking to the soul of this living saint all the time; and his tears were but tears of joy because he was meeting his beloved friend after a long separation.

One night, as usual, Sattar Shah had held a Qawali Mehfil (music session) in his Balakhana. He was also "Mir-e-Mehfil" (chief of the function). Bawar Khan was playing his Rabab in consort with the rest of the musical instruments. Hamza had joined the function as a silent spectator or better still, as a rapt listener. After sometime, when the rich music percolated in his parched soul, he was swarmed by a host of sensations too ethereal for words. Hamza attributed these sensations of ecstasy to the attention of his spiritual leader towards him. /b'ch j'n ky twjh k' ky' rZ krixn. dl c'ht' th' kh whyn sjde myn shr j'wn. (What to say of the power of concentration of my Shaikh. I felt like prostrating there and then).
SERVICE IN THE POLITICAL DEPARTMENT

The then assistant political agent, Khyber, was a friend of his elder brother, Bawar Khan, and on his recommendation Hamza was appointed a clerk in the Political Department. For some time he was given proper training at the Landikotal camp and was then appointed as passport officer at Torkham, on the Pak-Afghan border. But Hamza did not like that job. On the one hand he developed differences with the then political Tehsildar, Sardar Abbas Ali Khan, who was his immediate boss and on the other, he was disheartened by the expiry of his first issue, a baby boy who died at birth. He soon resigned from service and started assisting his father in the Railway contracts. (26).

Work on the Khyber Railway had already begun. All the Malik's were given various contracts as a political bribe by the British Raj. Hamza's father was given the contract of digging tunnel No. 3, between Landikotal and Landikhana. A large body of labour used to work on it. Since most of the labour force had come from even as far away places as Kashmir, they were staying in tents at the site and usually gambling away their hard-earned money in their spare time. Hamza, along with two other Munshis (accountants) looked after the accounts and other necessary arrangements of the work.

It was at this time that he took to another kind of gambling. In keeping with the saying that "an empty mind is the devil's workshop", he took to the hobby of keeping quails (27).
He took keen interest in the quail rings and enjoyed their brief but intense fighting. He prudently avoided the not infrequent fighting between the quail owners, who would take it upon themselves if their quails refused to fight or if one quail hit the other below the belt. Hamza would throw all the scruples to the four winds and would straight away steal a quail if he took fancy to one with which the owner would not part at any price. Once he had brought such a stolen quail to the ring, of course under sufficient camouflage. When it was made to fight another quail, it simply ran away. At this somebody among the crowd shouted: "a stolen quail can not fight". Although the man did not really know for sure that it was in fact stolen, it was but a way of jeering at a running quail, called "Bagele". All the same Hamza had burning sensations in his temples and felt like fighting with the man for the unintentional but painfully true remarks.

Hamza seemed to have inherited this sport from his elder brother who would give him the defeated quails. He would take great pains to retrain them in order to rehabilitate them and make them ring-worthy once again. He relates that one such small quail was given to him by his brother. As usual he trained it. The best training for a quail is to keep him hungry and sleepless as only then it fights like Changez Khan. When after a week or so he brought it to the ring where he fought like a tiger among sheep and routed a quail that was the top of the town and whose owner would not part with it even in return for the cities of Bokhara and Samarqand. But the poor quail of Hamza was also
"sieved" in the fray. It was impossible to stitch all his gaping wounds. It died the same evening.

Like the great Khushal Khan who has written so much on many birds (he has devoted a whole volume to "Baz", Hawk or falcon), Hamza has also written a great deal on various aspects of quails. It is usually the humorous aspect of the quail ring that has appealed to him most. An outsider might frown at this petty sport but people in Peshawar have relished it for centuries. In the city of Peshawar even a street has been named after this small but great bird. If poets like Khushal Khan and Hamza had ever become kings or even the modern day ministers they would have raised statues for their fancy birds, larger than the Statue of Liberty in New York.

A CURT REPLY TO A REBEL IMPOSTER

In 1928 Ghazi Amanullah Khan was routed by a universal revolt in Afghanistan (28). The revolt ultimately threw up a water-carrier-tuned-Dakoo (dacoit) Habibullah Khan, commonly called Bachcha Saqi, as its leader and successor. The revolt was said to have been mainly cooked and stirred up by the then British ambassador to Kabul, Mr Humphrey, and his more-loyal-than-the-king assistant, Shaikh Mahboob Ali. The whole affair culminated in the fall of Kabul to Habibullah as Amanullah Khan opted for a life of self-exile in Italy. Incidentally Zahir Shah, the ex-monarch of Afghanistan also lives a life of exile in Italy!). In the heat of the revolutionary hotch potch,
the Shinwari tribe in the East had stormed and looted Jalalabad, the capital city of the Ningarhar province, and perhaps none was spared whether Hindu, Muslim, Sikh or Christian. The family of Hamza, however, had sympathies with the deposed monarch and never took part in the rebellion.

In those days (or upto those days, as mechanised transport was soon introduced to replace the age-old, clumsy caravans), trade between Kabul and Peshawar was carried on with pack animals. A number of enterprising tribesmen were then, as now, involved in that profitable trade. One day a Shinwari trader brought a letter from Bacha Saqa to Khalil Khan who gave it to Hamza to read and then to reply. The letter was naturally in Persian as Bacha Saqa himself was a Persian-speaking Tajik from the North. It read like this: "I am the same Habibullah who used to supply water to your contract at Dargai. Now, by the grace of Allah (or was it a joke!). I have become the king of Kabul. You should, therefore, come as soon as possible, so that you may be appointed a general in my army and given a vast Jagir (grant of land)". Hamza replied to the letter in some such words: "You are sure to be soon defeated by Sardar Mohammad Nadir Khan. He has already moved against you with the active support of the tribes. You can not face him with your handful of bandits. You should worry about your own safety first. It would be much better if, along with your brother, Hamidullah, you came back to Landikotal. Here we will arrange new water carrying skins for you and put both you and your brother on the water supply to one of our
contracts".

A poet from Peshawar, Badshah Gul Niazi (29), was in Kabul at that time. He used to write verses both in Pashto and Persian. Taking him for a British agent, he was arrested by the police one day and was taken to Bacha Saqa. There he told the Amir (or did he actually call himself a king?) that he was in fact not an agent but a Niazi Pathan and a poet, and that when he heard of the success of the new and worthy Amir, instead of the old, heretic despot, he was so beside himself with joy that he wrote a Qasida (panegyric) in his praise. The Amir asked him to recite it then. He was highly flattered to hear his own praise in verse, and hand- somely rewarded the good poet. Later on Niazi said that he had actually written that panegyric for King Amanullah Khan and had simply substituted his name for Habibullah. It would be easy even if the two names did not rhyme together.

SERVICE IN THE N.W. RAILWAYS

The late Arbab Zakarya Khan was an officer in the railways and a friend of Bawar Khan. Through him Hamza was employed in the North-Western Railways (30). He passed the tests for both the ticket-collector and the guard and was appointed as a T.T. One day he was reprimanded for not checking the beggars and paupers and the teeming poor public at large, for the ticket. They were simply allowed to travel at the Sarkar's (govt's) expense. A few days later he was charge-sheeted for showing unexpectedly less income, as compared to the other T.T.s; and with this he was
also transferred to Kohat. At this he returned all the railways property in his possession and simply resigned. He says that he has never regretted that decision; neither has this stint left any impression on his mind. The fact was that the head T.T. (whose Hindu name is also given) was demanding liquor and other illegal gratifications which Hamza could never bring himself to supply.

THE BOMBAY MISADVENTURE

His brother Bawar Khan had rented a house in Peshawar and Hamza used to live there. There he had a couple of neighbours, Zakarya Khan and his brother, who had made friendship with him. All of them happened to have a craze for acting, and together they used to practice it, in front of a life-size mirror, for hours on end. This little dedicated company was also joined by a yet more dedicated relative of Hamza Shinwari called Mir Alam Khan, nick-named Jack. Even then Hamza acted as their Ostad and they obediently learnt from him the highly stylised art of acting. Ultimately it was decided between him and Mir Alam Khan, to try their luck at Bombay—then as even now a sort of subcontinental Hollywood (31). And so one fine morning (or perhaps it was really evening as the train called the Khyber Mail left in the afternoon), they set out on a long journey of great expectations. There in Bombay they put up with an Afridi transporter, Ahmad Gul, whom they ran into by chance and hadn’t met him before. It was only their typical tribal dress which introduced them to each other and he would never allow them to live anywhere else
as long as they were in Bombay. They were to stay in his rented Balakhan and eat his salt too. They were to be charged for neither lodging nor food. Such was the unbounded force of Afridi hospitality.

And then they started knocking at the doors of various film studios in vain. Even just contacting the film tycoons was an uphill task. Nobody condescended to meet them and their letters of enquiries were never answered. Even if they did succeed in finally meeting some director or producer, they would invariably get the frustrating but familiar reply: "sorry no vacancy". However, the misadventure of Bombay proved a blessing in disguise and turned out to provide another dimension to the receptive sensibilities of wavering Hamza, which were to become a dominant trait of his subsequent life. It was the awakening (or reawakening) of spiritualism in him, firmly putting him on the highway to sufism.

A TOUR OF THE HOLY SHRINES OF INDIA

When his elder brother came to know that Hamza had slipped off to Bombay, in search for a place on the deceptive silver screen, he went there to bring him back, in the hope of putting him back on his old railway track i.e. inducing him to join the service again, which he had left so unceremoniously. Hamza and his friend, however, had to accompany the elder brother, however half-heartedly and unwillingly back from Bombay. According to the elder brother's programme they reached Ajmer Sharif(32).
By chance, the same day Basant (the spring festival) was being celebrated. They went to the Chilla Mubarak (the place of forty days of fasting and devotion) in the hills, along with a Qawal party. Fresh flowers were picked up on the way to make bouquets for the Shrine of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz. All the time the Qawals went on and on. This had a moving, almost ecstatic effect on Hamza and he was weeping most of the time, his heart rejoicing over the strange sensations of pleasure. His inner spirit was reeling with the abstracted dance of the Dervish. He felt as if the whole universe was but in a deep, swaying trance and he was one with it. This was the first direct interaction with deep spiritualism leaving him ever after prone to its incessant beckoning.

Two days later they reached New Delhi. At Chandni Chowk Hamza read in a paper that Khwaja Hassan Nizami had been fired at. The date was first February 1928(33). The Khawaja himself had a narrow escape while his father-in-law had been killed in that attack. Then they went to offer Fatiha (prayer) at the shrine of Khwaja Qutbuddin and Hazrat Amir Khusro. On the way back they also offered Fatiha at the shrine of Mahboobe-i-Illahi, Khwaja Nazimuddin Aulia. Hamza himself claims that it was during this journey of devotion that his hidden spiritual forces were suddenly released and a candle was lighted in the temple of his heart which has been flickering ever since. With this his consecrated heart was turned away from all temporal and carnal preoccupations. He was only left with a hazy feeling of love for something
which he had yet to discover. And the rest of his life has been but a voyage of discovery on perilous, stormy seas.

A LOVE STORY

While employed in the railway, Hamza had fallen in love with a girl from among his own relatives. Encountering not only great difficulties but also serious dangers, he had struggled hard to win her hand. At last, luck favoured him and he succeeded in getting married to her in September 1928. She lived up to 1942 and then died issueless. Her death left an indelible mark on the mind of Hamza. He relates the story of her death in vivid details (34). In 1942 she was attacked by some fatal disease and was taken over by her husband as far away as Ajmer Sharif for treatment by the most reputed Hakims there, but all in vain. During her last days she was living at her father’s house. On the day of her death Hamza was called. She told him that she was about to die and wanted to say something to him. When he protested that she couldn’t die yet, she stressed that she was sure to die as she had dreamt about it the previous night.

In the dream she was lying on the sick bed, in the courtyard of her house, when she saw two women appear in the sky and they alighted on the roof of the room. One of the women was a Bibi (a lady) and the other a servant. The servant asked the Bibi to pray for the health of that poor ailing woman, as she was but a good woman. The Bibi replied that she would rather pray for her faith, as she was bound to die one day or another, even if she re-
covered from the present disease. Then both of them raised their hands in supplication and then flew away in thin air. She then shouted at the servant to enquire about who the Bibi was and was told that she was "the woman of the paradise, Fatimatu Zahra". Hamza was highly impressed by this prophetic dream but then he knew that since she could read religious books, she would know at least about the pious household of the prophet (P.B.U.H.) and be emotionally and spiritually attached to it.

Then she told Hamza that he should not stay a bachelor after her death; that he should marry again when she was dead for forty days. She prayed to Allah Almighty to give him a still more beautiful and dutiful wife. Then she asked for his forgiveness for having given his clothes and even money to the poor and the needy without his permission as she took it for granted.

Forgiving her everything and with tears in his eyes, Hamza came out to the Hujra and decided to leave for Peshawar as he couldn't stand her death which he could smell in the very air around her. He was on his way to the Landikotal Sarai from where he was to board a bus for Peshawar when her brother called him from behind to tell him that she had again called him. When he went back, she told him, "you are probably going to Peshawar to avoid seeing my death. I would request you to stay. Go and sit in the Hujra and face it like a man". At this he came out to sit in the Hujra and in about half an hour she breathed her last and was gone for ever, leaving a permanent void in his heart.

Hamza says that he was simply stunned by her
death. At the time he didn't have any particular feelings except a yawning emptiness. It was later when he came to live in Peshawar that the floodgates of grief were flung open and the deluge of her untimely death unleashed. When the grief would grow too strong to bear, he would set out on a miles-long walk in the wilderness of his despair. It was during this time, under the burden of a grinding grief that he has done his best poetry—the poetry which has brought him the deserved titles of "the Shahinshah of Ghazal" or "Baba-i-Ghazal" or "the leader of Ghazal writers". These glowing tributes were ungrudgingly paid by all the leading Pashto writers of the time, from the lower as well as the upper Pakhtoonkhwa, though they were first bestowed upon him by Samander Khan Samander Badrashvi (1801-1990), himself a reputed and venerable elder poet of colossal stature. Perhaps these lines of Shelley will bring out more forcefully the import of his poetry of that time. Shelley has said: "our sweetest songs are those, that tell of the saddest thoughts". About Hamza the poet, we should yet wait for a while; we have yet to gauge his passion for movies, their crudeness and silence notwithstanding.

AN ACTOR AT LAST BUT IN A SILENT MOVIE

After some time Hamza read in a paper that the Punjab Film Company at Lahore was making a film, with Hurri Ram Sethi as the Managing Director (35). It was just a news item and not a tender notice but Hamza was sure to clinch a contract with the company by simply offering the lowest bidding for his high
standard acting. He broke the good news to his old friend, Mir Alam Khan, and together they went to Lahore to try their luck. On meeting him the director told them that he was making a silent movie called "The Falcon". A place had already been rented at Rawalpindi for shooting purposes and work had almost already started on the film. The director agreed on taking the pair of falcons from the hills on the cast of his ambitious movie. They were asked to join the other stars (or falcons) at Rawalpindi; who would be going through the rigours of rehearsals there, of course enlivened by plenty of fun between the lines, as it were.

A handsome man, Sultan was chosen to play the hero while a retired serviceman called Mitha was to play the role of the villain. The heroine was to be a bonny Anglo-Indian girl actually called Bonny (or was it bony?). It would be Hamza’s aesthetic sense and not his rather poor knowledge of English to decide between the two adjectival possibilities of her name. Who said what was there in a name? Even one alphabetic letter can stand between beauty and ugliness!

Hamza was to be the side villain for which he also had to renounce shaving and grow a grisly beard. (perhaps artificial, synthetic beards had not been invented then). There among the cast was a funny little man called Sajjad Hussain. He was hardly three feet tall, with thin, brittle legs and large, fearful eyes. They all stayed together in Pindi, playing cards most of the time while some of them, in the best tradition of the film makers, went on smoking Hashish and drinking wine now and then.
One day Sajjad Hussain wished to go to the red light area or the Beauty Bazar, as known locally, since he had been away from his home and wife (imagine Sajjad having a six-and-a-half-foot tall, i.e. towering wife at home!) for such a long time. Wrapping him up in a blanket Hamza and Mir Alam took him to the place and talked to a prostitute about "a friend of theirs" for her favours. When she had a look at their friend after the blanket was unwrapped, from him, she screamed with horror at his dwarfed manliness or a caricatural sub-humanity. Her unexpected scream brought an army of curious on-lookers. One or two among the busy body even had ready-made and fully-loaded cameras to take Sajjad's pictures for a souvenir or may be to present it to their wives as birthday present. And the ubiquitous police was not far behind to try and put them behind bars for making a scene in the place. Sensing imminent danger, they ran away for safety.

The shooting of the film was started somewhere near the salt quarries at Kewra. A caravan was to be attacked by dacoits, among whom Hamza was but number two. The caravan was stormed in a narrow gorge. The rifles clattered to declare the calamity and this was followed by hand to hand fighting. The ruthless Mir-i-Karwan (leader of the caravan) Mir Alam Khan, shot the Dakoo Hamza, with the barrel of his gun right on his chest. The fire and smoke of the gunpowder burnt and wounded him. Fortunately it had no bullet to blow his heart out. To cut a long story short, the film was completed and they came back to Peshawar only to hear that Malik Bazmir Khan, the father of Hamza Shinwari, had
passed away (34). It was in 1930.

POETRY AND KINDRED LITERARY ACTIVITIES

(His fame resounded there
When I visited Peshawar
I was looking for Hamza
In desolate graveyards) (Hamza)

On 25th March 1940 a Mushaira was held at the shrine of the ageless Pashto Sufi poet Abdur Rehman Baba. The line of verse setting the metre in which the poems were to be written (called /Rit/ /Rh /Rom/ (Tarash) was taken from another great poet, Kazim Khan Shaida. It was:/Pash/ sy'h m'r ph n?r nh r' Jy m"X' m de
/Rom/ (the dark snake is difficult to see in the dusk). Hamza was then counted among the elder poets, and would sit in their ranks. We quote here but two couplets from the Ghazal which he recited in the said Mushaira:

(The rival has invited me again.
It may be a new type of revenge.
Your dark eyes are bent on my heart.
The Moors are again poised for
The storming of the Ka’ba. (Hamza)

And with these lines he was given a rousing ovation by every one including all the great elder poets. On one of the greatest of the elder poets, Samandar Khan Samandar, it had an ecstatic effect, and
rising with spontaneous, electrified acclamation, he called Hamza "the king of Ghazal" and repeatedly praised his genius.

Samandar Khan Samandar has been recognised as one of the greatest of the modern Pashto Nazam (lyric) writers. He was particularly brought to glory by a poem called: /Pash/ drwnd pXtwn ym (I am the worthy Pakhtoon). In this poem he has ingeniously captured the rhythm of the drumbeat of the traditional tribal dance called /Pash/ tnr /Rom/ (Attanrh). The words are extolling the Pathan valour, generosity and sense of honour etc. The mere reading of it aloud brings out the dance rhythm and one simply feels like swaying to the ancient racial or tribal pride of the Pakhtoons. This poem sounds more than a meaningless magic incantation. It appeals to the ear as well as to the intellect at the same time. This also illustrates the fact that poetry is a meaningful magic.

Even in this Nazam genre Samandar Khan Samandar has honestly conceded the supreme skill of Hamza. Once Hamza read a Nazam on the tragedy of Karbala and when he reached a particular line, Samandar Khan Samandar was beside himself with appreciation. The line in question was this:

/Pash/ mn mn SLH SLH &G d s qdm qdm &G d Hq w hw w hw w hw ch xy dm

(Peace, peace, truce, truce;
Says the horse on every step.
Her puffs and pants are
Hoo and hoo and hoo and hoo;
The very name of God). (Hamza)

This is a sensuous picture of the horse of Imam Hussain, with the very sound of its thudding hoofs, yet exuding
peace at every breath and every step. It only brings out in sharper contrast the irony of the tragedy of Karbala. On the one hand is the offer of peace by Imam Hussain as personified by the very steps and breathing of his horse while, on the other hand, the forces of death and destruction are bent upon playing the gory drama. The onomatopoeic effect enhances the overall appeal of the poem bringing out not only the scene more clearly to mind but also intensifies its moral ramifications.

To begin with Hamza had been drawn to writing poetry right from his school days. It came to him "as naturally as leaves to a tree" or feathers to a bird. It was all in his blood, if it did not shower upon him like the ultraviolet rays from above. In fact he believed, in the beginning, that anyone could write poetry if one could just write, as if it was but an extension of the mechanical ability of writing. However he began writing in Urdu, like every other educated or just literate Pathan; for poor Pashto would be far bellow their exalted learning. It would indeed be very strange if anybody seriously wrote in Pashto. That would be more than a mere waste of time.

Every now and then Hamza would come up with a Ghazal in Urdu and show it to Maulana Abdul Qadir for correction (37). Fortunately some of these Urdu Ghazals have been preserved. Here I will quote some four couplets from one such Ghazal:

\[\text{Urdu}\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{tyr} & 'y@nh bntj' rh' hwn \\
\text{myn} & 'pne 'p se ghbr' rh' hwn \\
\text{mHbt ne ky' sr bh z'nw} \\
\text{wgrnh myn flk pym' rh' hwn} \\
\text{Hw'd# ky ts@ sl myn 'tr kr} \\
\text{xdw 'pne s'mne 't' rh' hwn}
\end{align*}
\]
And he continued writing both poetry and prose in Urdu until 1933 when, one day he was asked by his Shaikh, Syed Abdus Sattar Shah to switch over to Pashto. His Murshid rightly sensed that however hard the young, energetic Hamza might try, he could not create a place for himself in Urdu literature and his genius would be simply wasted in this endeavour. Hamza was not really pleased with this piece of advice but then an order was an order and from that day he started writing in Pashto and in Pahsto alone. In the beginning his Shaikh also corrected his Pashto poems till his poetry was polished enough and needed no more corrections.

At about the same time, Syed Sattar Shah held a meeting of the local Pashto poets and writers at his residence and established a Pashto literary society called Bazm-i-Adab. Syed Rahat Zakheli was chosen as its president. Hamza Shinwari and Badshah Gul Niazi were chosen as its vice president and general secretary respectively. This was perhaps the first ever Pashto literary society of its kind in the entire Frontier province. This society held its first non-political Mushairas at the shrine of Rehman Baba. Beside this other Mushairas were also held all over the contiguous villages, attracting a large number
of younger poets and a still larger number of enthusiastic spectators. And Sattar Shah constantly extended his benign patronage, assisting the fledgling society even financially. At the retirement of Mr Zakheli after some time, Hamza Shinwari was entrusted with the presidency. Hamza also encouraged a number of young poets from the Khyber to join the society and their contribution was soon appreciated by all (38). Indeed some of them imitated Hamza so closely and so thoroughly that some of them could only be put next to him. They had been inspired by him so deeply that consciously or unconsciously they had adopted not only his style but also his diction and imagery which was but a certificate to success. In this way they too elicited spontaneous applause.

Hamza was also the first major poet to have consciously created and carefully sustained a pervading literary consciousness throughout the Khyber. He raised a fresh crop of young, talented poets, prose writers and dramatists who were soon to yield a rich literary harvest. Among them we may mention Akram Farooq Shinwari, Lalzada Nazir Shinwari, Murad Ali Shinwari, Khatir Afridi, Syed Ahmad Jan Khyber Afridi, Zeenat Shah Afridi and so on. These and many more poets of the younger generation of poets have now established themselves among the masters of the contemporary Pashto literature. Most of them have now published their collections of poetry or prose essays and their songs are a perennial source of joy from the radio or television or from the ever-popular local musicians. Together they are now referred to as the
school of Khyber or the school of Hamza, after the guru himself.

Hamza Shinwari also introduced, for the first time, the modern concept of Mushaira in the Khyber (39). He held regular annual Mushairas at his own village or at the villages of his friends and followers. Apart from these annual Mushairas, others were also held from time to time and from place to place to celebrate the death anniversaries of prominent people. And these Mushairas turned out to be a source of great attraction not only for the poets themselves but also for the public at large, and people would come from far and wide to attend them. To make the Mushaira more attractive, it was divided into two sessions. The first session would be devoted to serious poetry while the second session would be meant for extempore, humorous poetry for which a line of particular metre (called Tarah) would be set at the outset of the first session and all the poets would quickly scribble a poem to be recited in the second session. Even that frivolous side of those good old Mushairas has lingered on in living memory.

Apart from poetry Hamza Shinwari would also hold regular Qawali sessions at his village for which he would invite noted Qawal parties from Peshawar. Later on these Qawalis used to be sung by the now famous composer of Pashto music, Rafiq Shinwari. These Qawali sessions would also attract poets as well as the general public. But at the same time it earned the wrath of the local Pirs, the Shilman Mulla Sahib and Sahibzada Mohammad Ibrahim Sahib, with whom Hamza and his family had a near bloody
clash. For a long time an intense controversy raged between the two families over not only Qawali but a number of religious issues, which would be discussed later on (40).

There were poets in the Khyber and Mushairas were also held before the advent of Hamza; but then it was an entirely different story; for most of those anonymous poets were professional singers for which they were more hated than loved. It was Ghani Khan, a robust poet and great lover of music, who said, "The Pathans love music but hate the musician." Even now, the fast fading old people of the dying generation refer to the musicians as poets. And then also professional music was monopolised by the Hindu section of the then mixed society. The Muslim's hatred for the Hindu way of life also found its reflection in their hatred for music although the revival of modern Indian music, particularly the twentieth century hybrid film music was greatly contributed to by the Muslims.

However, a poet was called Akhund and a Mushaira was more of a Munazira (a debate or declamation contest) than what we now understand by the concept. Then a poet from a tribe would challenge a rival poet from another tribe. The time and the place would be fixed and the intervening time would be utilised by both the tribes for a possible large scale war. On the day of the Mushaira, both the poets would come to the place, like the petty Greek kings, or the legendary Persian heroes---Sohrab and Rustam, at the head of a large tribal Lashkar (horde). The "army" from both the sides would be led by drum-beaters and trumpet-blowers.
On facing each other, one of the poets would come out with an extempore line of verse which the other would have to complete at once. The waiting tribesmen would growl, jeer or laugh to punctuate the events. This battle of wits would continue till one of them would lay down arms. In the ensuing confusion the tribesmen would start jeering, cursing, clawing and kicking each other. Most often the Mushairas would end up in a fiasco. Back in the villages the people would ask as to who won and who lost. They wouldn't perceive that in such Mushairas the main casualty was to be what else but poor poetry itself. It would put to shame even martial poetry. No sensible person would ever "sing of men and the arms", not even Ovid if he found himself among such unruly tribes, so openly abusing the refined art of poetry.

The poetry of Hamza had achieved considerable fame by 1938 and he was constantly asked by the radio and private singers for more and more of his poems to be sung. He also clinched a contract with a gramophone company (whether it was His Master's Voice or not he did not care), for the recording of his skits or short plays and poems (41). The company would be recording them on plastic discs (called records), which had created quite a craze at the time (more or less like the present craze for the v.c.r.). These plays and poems were recorded by two singers from Mardan, Sabrun Nisa and Mehrun Nisa. They were accompanied by Dilbar Raj, Sabz Ali, Gulzaman Bulbul, Ghulam Hussain and Maruf Khan from Peshawar. After doing some recording at Peshawar cantt., they were then taken to Delhi for further recording for some
time. Unfortunately no record of those recording is available, unless someone searched some Indian archives for them.

In those days Hamza had rented a room at Sultan Sarai in the Dabgari street but lived mainly in the drawing room of his friend, Gulzaman Bulbul, where all the other poets and writers would meet regularly. The place being visited by so many poets so often, somebody had written with a piece of chalk on the door of the drawing room: /Rosh/ d $'r'nw mdrsh (school for poets) (42). Hamza used to be very weak all the time but all the same joined the poets in their almost regular, daily meetings and participated in their deliberations. That little drawing room was more than a school. It could only be compared to the academy of Plato. It was imparting informal training to equally great thinkers and writers although Plato himself would banish them all from his Republic.

One night Ostad Ahmad Jan from Omara had stayed in the drawing room with Hamza for the night. In the dead of the night he got up and started rattling the doors of Bulbul's house asking for a pen. Like the great Coleridge before him perhaps he had just had dreamt of a Charbatia which he could not keep pending till morning lest he should forget all about it by that time. His rattling even brought the policeman on duty to the place ready to avert a burglary.

Next day there was a radio Mushaira and the line to set the metre was: /Rosh/ grzm grzm ch xw$byh bwst'n kwm de . (I am wandering in search of a fragrant garden). All the poets had
written on it and before going to the station they sat in a tea shop and started reciting their poems to each other. Ahmad Jan Ostad used to put a rather heavy dose of Naswar in his mouth which used to trickle down onto his beard also. When he started the poem with the set line, with his mouth full of the stinking Naswar, Khanmir Hilali said extempore: /Paak/ st' d xe nh Dk d &lw Dyr'n kwm de. (where is the more filthy place than your mouth). Ostad Ahmad Jan would like to kill him there and then for this impertinence but then he was restrained by the others and a battle of poets was averted.

Hamza was also regularly invited to the occasional Mushairas held by the All India Radio at Delhi. Its Pahsto branch was run by Maulana Abdul Qadir, Abdul Karim Mazloom and Iftikhar Hussain who were transferred there from the Peshawar branch of the All India Radio. Once he went there on such an invitation. From the railway station at Delhi he went straight to the radio station, in the same crumpled and uncouth dress, with the dust of the journey still thick on his face. At the station he gave his name to the peon of Iftikhar Hussain. When the peon went in he told Iftikhar Hussain that a man from the time of Baba Adam, called Hamza Shinwari had come to see him. At this Iftikhar laughed heartily and told his peon that whether this man belonged to the time of Baba Adam or not he certainly was the Baba Adam of Pashto poetry.

In 1950, another Pashto literary society was founded under the name of Olasi Adabi Jarga (national literary council).
Hamza also merged his own literary circle in it and became its first president. The moving spirit behind this literary movement was Sanobar Hussain Kakaji who was also its president for a short while. The meetings of this Jarga used to be held at the Balakhana of Dost Mohammad Khan Kamal, who was its general secretary. Some sessions of it used to be entirely devoted to criticism or practical criticism, as there was then no critical literature in Pashto. A poet would submit his poem for criticism for thorough evaluation by all the rest of the great poets and writers. Sometimes Hamza himself would present a deliberately ambiguous poem (44). Most often it would mislead the audience and most of them would come out with even appreciating noises. The he would reveal his deliberate ambiguities step by step to convince the audience of his own flaws and pitfalls, and leave them gaping with wonder but learning all the same how to evaluate a poem.

Later on politics crept into this Council, for it could not pretend to be deaf and dumb towards the raging Pakhtoonistan movement, which was dubbed as a secessionist stunt supported by traitors. The movements of the Council and its members were closely monitored by the C.I.O. staff. Hamza says that after the usual meeting of the Council would be over, the specter of a C.I.O. inspector would follow him like a shadow and would leave him only at his door step. Of course he would thank the poor man and would offer him a cup of tea for guarding him all the way against possible evil spirits. In the beginning such a man used to be eavesdropping outside their place of meeting. Then Hamza
suggested that in all fairness he should be brought in so that he then reported what he actually heard and not what he fondly imagined. His friends at last agreed to his suggestion and the man was invited to the council of the cream of Pakhtoon intelligentsia. (45).

Whenever in Peshawar, and he was pretty often very much there, he used to regularly attend the meetings of an Urdu Literary Circle at Peshawar run mainly by Zia Jaffery and Abdul Wadood Qamar, and a number of younger poets like Raza Hamdani, Farigh Bokhari, Ahmad Faraz and Mohsin Ehsan. Some of these Urdu poets also took to translating Pashto works into Urdu. To this list must be added Khatir Ghaznavi who rendered some Pashto romances into Urdu and published them under the title Sarhad Ke Ruman (the Frontier Romances). In the beginning they all scrambled around Zia Jaffery, but affected (or better still, afflicted) by the Indian progressive literature, they all gave up his, (according to them), retrogressive company and each tried to find his own mooring in the quicksand of the fast changing fashions of Urdu literature.

His collection of up-to-date poems was published in 1953 under the title Ghazawone (Yawning), although he had already published a small volume of religious verses called Da ZRh Awaz (Voice of the heart). The later volume brought him widespread acclaim and universal fame and put him straightaway on the pedestal among the immortal masters of not only Pashto literature but literature as such. It more than confirmed his undisputed
leadership of the present generation of Pashto poets, both old and young. Leaving his poetry here for the time being, we should now turn to his mysticism, as most of his best poetry itself would point that way. As pointed out by some of his critics, "most of his poetry is but an essence of mysticism".

**INITIATION IN MYSTICISM**

(They make the firmament in one stride, I have seen the speed of the Dervishes. (Rehman Baba).

In connection with mysticism Hamza writes in his autobiography, "I stepped into this Hairatabad (wonderland) in 1930. I was not consciously inclined towards it before. It would be more true to say that I have not come here of my own accord but have been simply brought by some unseen force". But on entering these enticing portals, he then lived there for good, with all his body and soul and unruffled by the winds of change and the ups and downs of life around him; and equally unaffected by the push and pull of his own human nature. He lives the serene life of a hermit in the monastery of his own pure (rather purified) soul. By now he has carved out a niche for himself in the awesome temple of sufism. He is venerated more as a Murshid now than as one of the greatest of Pashto poets. Perhaps the credit of it all goes to his farsighted Shaikh to drag him to the path of Salook (the mystic way) in the very formative years of his
young and restless life which was but poised for a leap in the void, unmindful of hell or heaven. We can not but appreciate his practical wisdom in first advising Hamza, much against his own wish, to take to Pashto literature instead of Urdu and then formally initiating him in the mysteries of Sufism to add yet another dimension to his vastly promising life and thoughts.

After the death of his father in 1930, Hamza took formal /Ara/ by 't /Rom/ "Be'at" (allegiance) at the hands of Syed Abdus Sattar Shah in the Chishtia, Nizamia school of Sufism. To keep him firmly away from the carnal lures of this world his Murshid "put fear in his mind". /Urdu/ phle myre $yx ne mjhe xwf ky twjh frm'y /Rom/, "Pehle mere Shaikh ne muje khof ki tawajo farmaya": (first my mentor concentrated on me with spiritual fear). All this time he used to feel physically sick with the fear of death and utter annihilation. At first he took the sickness for some physical disease and used to take medicines for it but his Murshid would insist that it was not a disease and, therefore, no medicines were really necessary. But his crippling death-phobia lingered on, leaving him weaker and weaker. With the weakness he was also visited by hypersensitivity and hallucinations. He was seriously irritated by a louder noise or a larger gathering or a quarrel or cruelty committed by others in front of him. The mere mention of death almost killed him. An imaginary bleak future would horrify his already haggard mind. He would hear imaginary voices and would follow them to the hills. And then he started having fits of
unconsciousness. He was up to ears in /Ara/ m’lywlyh /Rom/, “Malikholia” (melancholia), if that is a disease, as some of his friends would insist this was exactly what he was suffering from, of course facilitated by bad stomach and constipation. He consulted two or three doctors about it but in vain. When his Shaikh came to know about his anxiety he told him, “Look here, old man, these doctors would be long dead when you would still be alive and well. Then you will not be a young Hamza as you are but a Hamza Baba—yes, people would invariably call you a Baba. The doctors and their medicines are really of no use to you. I wouldn’t touch them” (48). Since then all his wildest predictions about Hamza have proved true to the letter.

In those days, since he was too weak to be loafing around, he used to sit with his Shaikh for most of the time, in the porch of the Sultan Sarai, where he usually sat and took tea. He would also be reciting his fresh verses in front of his Shaikh who happened to have a good ear not only for music but also for good poetry. He would quietly drink it, as it were, along with his fond cup of tea.

When his fear lingered on and his weakness was at the lowest ebb, he requested his Murshid one day to do something to rid him of that accursed phobia. At this his Shaikh suggested that he should meet a hermit, living in a small graveyard in the present Shoba Bazar, near the bridge by the Peshawar prison. When Hamza went there the hermit was sitting on a rough wooden dais, surrounded by a couple of disciples, scratching the earth absent-
mindedly with a sickle. The hermit hailed Hamza by name, although he was meeting him for the first time, and they were not known to each other before. Then he asked Hamza to fill up the Chillam (the Pathan hubble bubble pipe). The Chillam was filled with a mixture of tobacco and the local brown sugar crushed together into small cakes called GuRakoo. Putting a large burning coal on the top he presented it to the hermit to smoke. After smoking the Chillam and without being told by Hamza of the purpose of his visit, the hermit told him that being a young Pathan he should not be afraid of death. He was not going to die yet; he should not worry at all; he was to live up to ninety years(49). After that Hamza used to go to him now and then and his phobia gradually receded. He also adopted the hermit’s habit of scratching the earth with any sharp object then in his hand. The hermit’s shadow was imperceptibly prevailing over him.

Then one day, when he went there, he saw that the helpless hermit had fallen off his dais and was lying on the ground in a pitiable plight. As soon as he saw Hamza he shouted at him, “Look Hamza, what has your Murshid done?” But Hamza was too confused to comprehend anything. Putting the hermit back on his seat on the dais, Hamza went to meet his Shaikh at Sultan Sarai. There, as usual, he was sitting in the porch of the main gate, with a teapot on a small table in front of him; but in an unusually ruffled and cross mood. Then he told Hamza that from that day he had cut off his association with that hermit. “I don’t want you to stay naked and filthy like that for the rest of
your life. I had sent you to him for treatment and not for adopting his miserable life in a graveyard." To this Hamza had no words but an oblique affirmative nod; and from that day he stopped visiting the hermit. He was made to understand that enough was enough.

In 1931 he again went to Ajmer Sharif for the Urs (birth anniversary celebrations) of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz, in the company of his Murshid, Bacha Jan, who had already rented a house in Inderkot Street for their stay at Ajmer Sharif for the entire duration of the Urs. His Murshid was also in charge of raising the Nishan (the holy standard) on 25 Jamadussani (50), on the high gate (or arch) of the holy shrine. Initially it used to be a sober rite but later on it gathered greater significance and was celebrated with greater fanfare of fireworks and music and dancing and a general jubilation. At the end of the Urs Bacha Jan left for Badin (51), in connection with some private business while Hamza stayed back with a Pirbhai (brother-in-faith) called Hazar Gul, nicknamed Kohat Badshah, and a forty-years-old ascetic woman whom they called Mai Jallandari (52). She used to be visiting Bacha Jan while at Ajmer Sharif and when he left she stayed with Hamza and his companion. She was endowed with a strange power. She would pluck a leaf from a tree and wrap it up in a paper and give it to somebody for shopping in the bazar. There the leaf would have turned into a one rupee note and there was no doubt about it. However, all this while Hamza was extremely miserable and depressed by the frequent
fits that he used to have. He was fed up with such a morbid life and had wanted all the time to die and die there to be buried in the graveyard for the poor (53).

On self-analysis, sometimes, he would feel that as soon as the clouds of this deep dread were cleared even for a little while his base nature would revolt and he would be enslaved by the baneful demands of his senses. So, on the one hand, this intense and paralyzing fear and the consequent weakness protected him from his own human weaknesses, and on the other it stirred up the hidden, artistic and spiritual potentialities in him. Hamza attributes the sharpening of his creative faculties to this blessing in disguise. There was boundless life in his piecemeal dying. There was a silver lining to that dark cloud of despair.

At times he would love death and feel that the fear of death was but due to the multiplicity of our desires. If one could discard desires, one could not be afraid of death any more. After a swooning fit he would have a strange spell of Allah all about him. The entire universe would be reduced to the one point of Allahoo and his whole being would be submerged in that one point, giving a feeling of inexplicable beatitude. It was under this spell that he started having the feeling that "he was present in everything and all things were present in him". He could not comprehend or explain this wonderful phenomenon then but had a clear and unmistakable inkling of it all right. Later on he found its satisfying explanation in Shaikh Akbar Muhyuddin Ibnul Arabi (54), who called this phenomenon: /Ara/ '1kl fy '1kl
/Rom/, Alkullo Filkulle (everything in all things). Eversince, Hamza has remained so obsessed with this flash of intuition that later on he wrote a whole book on it called Wajud Wa Shubud, 1967, (the essence and the manifest)(54). In Persian it is referred to as: /Ara/ hmh 'wst, hmh 'z 'wst /Rom/, Hama 00st, Hama az 00st (it is all one Being or it is all from one Being). The following couplet will illustrate the point:

/Per/ m$kl Hk'yte 'st kh hr zrh 'yn 'wst 'm' nh my tw'n kh '$'rh bh 'w knm

(It is a complex situation, every particle is just Him, Yet one can not point at Him.

In this connection it would not be out of place to mention his dream of Ibnul Arabi(55). It was at Ajmer sharif that he had had the dream of a tall, handsome man wearing a black Jubbah (cloak), offering Fatheha at the Shrine. Sensing a hallow about him Hamza requested the man to pray for him too. At this the man took out a thick volume from under his armpit and gave it to him. When he looked at the book it was Fatuhat-i-Makiya (the conquests of Makka). Hamza then asked him if he was Ibnul Arabi and he nodded. "But you didn't pray for me", Hamza reminded him at which the sage replied, "I have given you the book and that is my prayer; isn't that enough?" And with this he was awakened. When the dream was related to the Shaikh he took it for a good omen and was pleased and said, "The exalted Shaikh is our Murshid and you should be thankful for his valuable gift. Whenever you write in future keep the Shaikh in your
mind”. And Hamza says that while writing Wajud we Shuhud he constantly kept the Shaikh in his mind and the book is wholly inspired by him.

Hamza explains the state of being present in all things and everything present in him in this way: All souls have been created with all the attributes of God but with only one of them dominant in each. That one dominant attribute conditions its dominant traits; but at the same time the host of other, conflicting attributes, act at it as its detractors, so that the basic attribute is nearly lost sight of and the anchorless soul drifts about on the uncharted high seas of life. Only a Pir-i-kamîl (accomplished spiritual guide) can see the dominant attribute of a Salîk (disciple) and can properly train him into the achievement of communion with it and that is the pinnacle of the spiritual attainment; and a sure knowledge of God. /Ara/ mn `rfh nfshh, fqd `rfh rbhh /Rom/ "Man Arafa nafsahu faqad `arafa rabbahu" (he who had the knowledge of self had the knowledge of God). But we can really have no knowledge of God because if we can then he is proved limited. What we can have is a knowledge of the dominant attribute of God in us. So, the knowledge of God is but the knowledge of ourselves. And that is what Hamza calls the /Ara/ `sm `?m v' `sm rb /Rom/ Ism-i-Azam or ısm-i-Rabb (the exalted attribute of God in man).

Hamza says that since all people share all the attributes of God, they are all in each at the same time; but the intellectual realisation of this condition requires rigorous
spiritual struggle and the attainment of a certain stage. Only then one feels to be reflected in everything and everything reflected in one. In this way one becomes a living part of the living universe around him.

Hamza used to be very weak during his stay at Ajmer Sharif; too weak to have swooning fits. Sometimes, when his trouble would become unbearable and he would be in a state of fit, he would see that a luminous body would detach itself from him which would resemble him in every detail, except that it would be translucent and almost transparent. He would conclude that it was his soul which had but said farewell to his sagging body. But then he would feel that he was alive all the same. Then the love of God would engulf him and he would enjoy being in that blissful state; so much so that he would wish the fit to linger on.

At Ajmer Sharif, though all the time miserably weak and prone to the occasional fits, Hamza had had a fine time all the same. There were fairs to go to, sights to see and spiritual rites to attend. Basking on this sunny spiritual beach, he avoided even the mere thought of going back home. Back home a rumour had somehow spread that Hamza had died at Ajmer Sharif and his family had been mourning his sad, untimely death and people were praying for his departed soul. Then one night he dreamt that his wife was clutching the railings of the Shrine and begging the saint in tears to send her husband home. Even this pathetic plight of his wife in the dream did not make him change his mind. Next day he
had a fit and fell unconscious and, while his friends were worrying about him, he had had a vision. There was a holy man telling him that it was the order of the saint that he should go home. Hamza asked him, "But who are you, sir?". He replied that he was Farid. At this Hamza caught hold of his legs and begged him to let him die there to be buried in the graveyard for the poor. He didn't want to go home. At this the holy man smiled and told him, "No son, you are not going to die yet. Go home. You will be O.K. when you reach Delhi". With this he regained consciousness with a broad smile on his parched lips. His friends were surprised at his smile if not at his coming back into senses as they might already have put him for a corpse.

The same night, in the company of Kohat Badshah and Mai Jallandari, he set out for Delhi. In Delhi they went to offer Fatiha at the shrines of Khwaja Qutbuddin and Khwaja Nizamuddin. Then they went to the house of a friend of Kohat Badshah. There, after tea, Hamza dozed for a while when, again, he saw the same vision that he had seen at Ajmer Sharif; with the same Khwaja Farid, in the same dress as before, this time with a glass of milk in his hand and asking him to drink it. He took the glass and drank it to the dregs and with it his eyes opened. He told his friends about the vision. They were naturally happy to hear it. Mai Jallandari interpreted the milk as knowledge and Kohat Badshah would give him a straight certificate of no less than ninety years of life. And then in Delhi, he went through a strange spiritual transformation and reawakening. We should put it in his
own Urdu words: /Ara/ k$ f ky kyfyt ty, 'sr' r ky 'md ' md ty, 'wr nh j'ne ky'ky't'. /Rom/ (a heavenly inspiration was on me, the secrets were being but gradually revealed and a lot many other things along with it)(56). On reaching Peshawar, he did not go to Landikotal as it was winter when he would prefer to stay in Peshawar. He was too weak to stand the chilling cold of the hills. So, he sent for his wife and stayed at Peshawar.

IN THE MIDST OF HINDU-MUSLIM RIOTS AT LAHORE

According to Hamza, 1935 was a revolutionary year in his life. The flood of fear had subsided and its place was taken by distractions, agitations, wavering, listslessness, doubts and suspicions. He used to wander about aimlessly in the most deserted and God-forsaken places like shrines, graveyards, moors and marshes. Yet he was neither a saint nor an insane person; it was only a passing state of mental derangement or a severe attack of his old "Melancholia". But to divert his attention he suddenly decided to go to Lahore in search of some film company, for only working in a film could provide him with the best escape from the back-breaking burden of life.(57). And getting hold of his best companion, the Rabab, he boarded a creaking train to Lahore. On reaching Lahore he stayed in a small, wayside hotel, run by a hefty man appropriately called Pahlavan (the wrestler). Putting his companion of the solitude in the small shake up that was given to him for a room, he went out in search of the old Punjab Film Company. On reaching its office
he was warmly welcomed by his old friend, Hurri Ram Sethi. But
the company was in ruins. It was almost bankrupt and a case was
also pending against it in the courts of law. which was
however, later on, decided in its favour. There were no prospects
of its filming activities in sight.

For some days and nights, Hamza had a round of the
villages and hamlets around the city of Lahore, in the company of
a local acquaintance. They would wander about in the deep rural
areas by the day and would stay for the nights in the mosques, to
be the guests of God. However, the Imams would provide them with
sufficient raiment, for the time being, to keep their bodies and
souls together. Passing quite a few days and nights in this
manner and seeing farmers behind pairs of strong bullocks with
the ubiquitous Hukka (Punjabi hubble bubble pipe) in one hand and
the plough in the other; or the village artisans busy in their
daily chores or the village maidens at the well, reminding him of
thousand and one romances, he returned home to his hotel at
Lahore. The Pahlavan was happy not to have missed his client.

Next day he was sitting on a chair outside his
hotel when he saw a Faqir (mendicant) busy in collecting straws
from here and there and piling them up by his chair. Then he took
out matches and, looking at Hamza, asked him, "Shall I put it on
fire?" Hamza replied that he might as well; and when the pile was
shown the torch, it burnt with a high flame followed by horribly
suffocating smoke. This angered the Pahlavan and he asked the crank
to run away for he (the crank) had made a mess in the place.
After about half an hour army trucks and tanks were rumbling from the railway station side towards the city. At this time, the Pakhtun squinted his eyes and cocked his ears and proclaimed in the words of Hamlet that "something was rotten in the state of Denmark." Soon a couple of customers came to the hotel to say that a Hindu-Muslim riot had taken place in the city. Partly excited by the unexpected event and partly to satisfy his fatal curiosity, Hamza went out towards the city to see what he could contribute to the ugly incident. Since he was a perfect stranger to the maze of the city streets, he went at random, only following the direction of his nose, through street after street. After some time he entered Gowalmandi, not knowing that it was a predominantly Hindu locality. On looking around he saw that on all sides he was surrounded by Hindu youths, armed with knives and sticks. A Muslim milk shopkeeper called out at him in a low voice from behind the shutters of his shop, "Khan Saab bhag jawo" (run away Khan Sahib). But where to run he thought, even if he chose to run away, as earnestly advised by a brother in faith. He now felt the shivers of fear running up and down his spine although he was a man of strong nerves. Then he started reciting Sura Muzzammil (a chapter from the Holy Book), and kept going at the normal pace, trying to control signs of fear in his gait or on his face. The Hindus went on staring at him like a pack of hungry wolves, only kept back by some invisible power from attacking him and tearing him to pieces. They would also elbow each other, but he was not
attacked throughout his magic walk right through the riot-torn street. At the end of the street he was stopped by the British soldiers, asking him stiffly, "stop, who are you?" Hamza luckily had by him the Landikotal camp pass bearing his photo and address. In broken but all the same good enough English he told the soldiers that he was a traveller in the city and a stranger to the streets. He was let off. Outside the street, the road was littered with stones and bones, bricks and broken sticks. When he reached the hotel and related his exploits to the Pahlavan, he told him with a glint in his eyes, "Khan Saab you should thank your stars for coming back in one piece".

THE SPASM OF ATHEISM

In the same year, 1935, when he came back to Peshawar from Lahore, he had a fit of atheism (58). But since his belief in the Supreme Spirit of the universe was too strong to be easily shaken, he could consciously control his heretic tendencies. And then for the last five years he was actively involved in mysticism and had had some of the attending emblematical experiences, he could not easily succumb to this extreme step of the negation of the Almighty Allah. Yet the book of a new and hither-to-unheard-of philosophy was gradually opening before him. May be it was the door of his own inner self now forcefully opening itself; the assertion of all his suppressed desires creating impediments in the way of his faith. However, this quaint philosophy was based on reason and an attempt at the
intellectual perception of the metaphysical realities. Out of this confusion emerged a state of mind that could not be easily convinced by irrational, blind belief. A purely rational and dialectical approach to the basis of religion and divinity landed him in the realm of the negation of God. And then "my own devil was not less logical", he would hit upon such disarming arguments and examples that even the most learned and devoted adversary would be put on the defensive, if not actually got off guard.

He would put his thoughts in some such words: "If God is All-knowing, as He is, He would also have the knowledge of His own limitations. If so, then God would be proved to be limited. On the other hand, if He Himself doesn't have this knowledge then His knowledge is proved limited and defective". And yet another similar simple and lucid example bewilders one. It goes like this: "Either God can or cannot create say a stone big enough for Himself to shake or lift. If He can the, He will not remain All-powerful; if he can not, His power of creation is curbed. There could have been no end to such heretical thoughts and logical somersaults constantly at war with his faith for a period of some five years.

Yet deep down in his sub-conscious he believed in what some sage has said about God much earlier that "Even if there were no God it would still be necessary for man to create (i.e. find out) one."(58). This is the conclusion after the consi...
been created by man, rather than man by God. It is actually the substitution of words, of discovery for creation that seem to have caused all the confusion in this proposition. God Himself claims that He is a hidden treasure; it is up to man to discover Him. And that is what man is up to, to discover God for himself. And the later part of the proposition that man has been created by God, raises the question as to how then did he come into being. His simple mortality divests him of all his divine pretensions. The vacuum created by the absence of God cannot be filled by any philosophy or system and mankind will be groping in the dark, lost on an insignificant planet in an indifferent universe. Hamza would feel the push of the Moving Spirit behind the universe but then he would make sure that it was not an illusion.

Hamza did not hide or suppress his atheistic thinking; he would rather share them with his friends and associates. He only wanted to be convinced of the fallacy of his thoughts or would try to convince others that his thoughts were, after all, not at all that irrational and bigoted. He even talked of it to his Shaikh, whose disposition was positively clouded but expressed no unusual anger or even asked him to stop it. May be this too was a stage on the highway to Sufism. Only if he continued on the tortuous, uphill path, these thoughts too would be left far behind after sometime.

This turn of mind forced him to turn to the study of philosophy. Starting with Plato’s Republic, Hamza read books of diverse philosophers, both ancient and modern, and
Western; philosophers of all hues and descriptions and all shades of beliefs and metaphysical systems. This study straightened the contours of his own philosophy and gave him a self-confidence and an authoritative air in expressing himself.

His atheism would subside in the month of Muharram, may be due to his intense attachment to Ali (cousin of the Prophet and the fourth Caliph) in particular and the entire family of the prophet in general. Then he would attend the mourning sessions in the company of his Shaikh. He would also write a poem or two on the tragedy of Karbala and present it to his Shaikh. Tears would start welling up in his eyes with the mere mention of the name of Ali; and the accounts of the tragedy of Karbala, in the mourning sessions, would mortify him(60).

The spectre of atheism stayed with him for a number of years, raising its ugly head now and then with a vengeance, despite his constantly and consciously keeping it "under the thumb". It was only wiped out by his meeting Khwaja Hassan Nizami at Delhi in 1941. He had, as usual, gone to Ajmer Sherif. He was accompanied by a friend called Ghulam Sarwar. One day, after giving the shrine a wash he dozed there while his friend was sitting beside him. He was half asleep and in that state he heard someone shouting /urdal/ dhl clw /Rom/, "Delhi challo" (go to Delhi). When he opened his eyes, his friend asked him if he had heard that voice. Hamza told his friend that he thought he had heard it in a dream but how he could hear it while he was awake. His friend told him, "the voice passed
from my side to you and that is how I heard it". And so, to Delhi they went the same day. In Delhi his friend suggested that they should call on Hassan Nizami, a reputed Sufi of the time. When they met him he shook hands with Hamza with unusual warmth and told him that "your soil has been thoroughly ploughed but no seed has been sown yet". "Aap ke kethi men hal to buhut chala he laikin dana nahin dala giya he". With this Hamza felt the complete erasure of atheism from his mind and heart(61). Hamza was also asked by Khwaja Sahib to take formal allegiance at his hand. When Hamza told him that he had already had a Murchid, the Khwaja told him that it didn't matter and the allegiance was then taken. Before taking leave of the Khwaja he was also given a manuscript of some spiritual exercises with written permission.

Analysing what the Khwaja had told him Hamza had come to the conclusion that the Khwaja Sahib had then given him an "I'm nh twjh, scholarly Tawajo" (attention or concentration), and he was intellectually convinced of the fallacy of atheism; while, on the other hand, his own Shaikh, though spiritually very strong and highly accomplished, was not a scholar of corresponding eminence to have also guided him intellectually or sown the seed of rational truth in his mind, as was pointed out by Khwaja Hassan Nizami at the very first sight.
FROM ACTING IN PLAYS TO A PLAYWRIGHT

In 1935 the All India Radio had opened a branch at Peshawar. This was the first radio station in the North-west India, the entire territories of the present state of Pakistan. Mr Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak was its office-incharge. Abdul Karim Mazloom of Tangi was taken as its announcer, who was also joined by Daud Shah Barq later on. The first Pashto play that was broadcast from the station was Da Wino Jam (the bloody cup), under the name of Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak. Hamza was also on the cast and was given the role of the sessions judge. During the rehearsal of the play, one day, Hamza was standing with Mazloom when they saw Aslam Khattak at a distance, with the script of the play in his hand. At this Mazloom blurted out a memorable, extemporaneous couplet:

\[\text{d' ch st' ph l's kXo Xk'ry d' Jm' d wynw j'm de}\]
\[\text{(The tumbler in your hand is full of my blood). (62)}\]

"Is it really?" asked Hamza in surprise. "Yes indeed, I had written the play but then Khattak Sahib insisted that it should go on the air under his name, because I could write other plays while he could not," Mazloom said in a wounded tone. And Hamza believed that the play in question was written in Yousafzai diction; it did not reflect the Khattak dialect at all.

After acting in the radio plays for some time, Hamza himself started writing plays for the radio. Zamindar (the farmer) was his first play to be broadcast. Since then he has written a number of plays and features for the radio which were
regularly put on the air and some of them turned out to be hot hits and soon parts of their dialogues became the talk of the town and acquired proverbial currency. Among these were his plays ZhrandagaRhe (the miller), Da Damano Khar (city of the professional singers), Maimuna, Spinsare Peghla (the spinster), Fateh Khan Rabia, Khushal Khan Khattak, Ahmad Shah Abdali, Dva Bakhilan (two misers), Muqabila (competition), Khan Bahadur Sahib, Matali Shair (poet with proverbs), Khaisto and Khule Bala (beautiful spectre) (63).

Da Damano Khar (city of professional singers) was also recorded by a gramophone company at Delhi while ZhrandagaRhe was later on included in the F.A. Pashto course which is still on it. Another equally famous play of Hamza was Guman Da Eman Zyan De (doubt undermines faith). It was an expletive that was put in the mouth of a village rustic with stunning effects. The phrase is still on the lips of the older people. This play, along with ZhrandagaRhe and Da Damano Khar, was the most popular and was repeatedly broadcast from Peshawar.

The radiowallas would give him a topic to write a half-an-hour play on it. Sometimes he would be deliberately given difficult topics just to tease him or to test his literary mettle, and he never failed them. He would just sit down and start writing the play, without any preplanning or even rough drafting. He would finish writing the play in just that one sitting of perhaps half an hour and then submit it in original (64). He himself didn't keep any record of his plays, perhaps thinking that they
were not worthy of a proper record, and that is why most of them are lost today. Or perhaps he hoped that the radio would be keeping a record of them, as it ought to have been. But then the radio would not be bound and when the station was being shifted to its permanent premises, most of the record, including the original scripts of the plays of Hamza and, may be, many more others like him, were simply burnt. However, some scripts were salvaged, from that all-devouring fire by Khatir Ghaznawi, who then also translated ZhrandagaRhe (the miller) in Urdu, under the title Panchaki (the mill), which was also broadcast(65).

Hamza claims that he has written hundreds of plays and feature—in fact as many as around two hundred altogether, for the radio as well as for various journals and newspapers.(66). Now only a dozen or so of them have been preserved and they too on encrusted, withering moth-devoured paper. Had he taken a little more care, as he used to do with his poetry, most, if not all of them, could easily have been preserved and then they could have been published in a book form, enriching the drama-starved Pashto literature and at the same time, enabling the readers of Hamza to see from a closer angle the mechanics of his mind as applied to the art of drama.(67).

AN ATTEMPT AT LITERARY JOURNALISM

It was in 1937 that, in collaboration with Abdul Karim Mazloom, Hamza Shinwari ventured into the uncertain world of Pashto literary journalism, hoping to provide light to the imagi-
nary readers of Pashto who were, as they nearly still are, groping in the dark. Together, they issued a monthly journal in Pashto called RanRha (the light). However, the journal did not appear to have a smooth sailing due mainly to widespread illiteracy and a corresponding apathy for Pashto language and literature. Those limited so called educated would take to reading either Urdu or then English, even with their mother tongue being Pashto. There was a small, indeed a very tiny coterie of writers and readers who really cared for Pashto and its writers and readers; but then they were not even, as they say in Pashto, "equal to the salt in bread". However, the issue had to be discontinued (the light had to be taken back as it was not needed among blinds), after three or four issues. Another reason for its discontinuation was financial difficulties which were compounded by the lack of readership and the discouragingly low sale of the paper. Whatever the standard of a paper, nobody was prepared to pay for Pashto. (69).

The history of Pashto journalism doesn't really go back into the hoary past. It was only in the twenties that, like the shooting stars, a handful of bold journals appeared on the otherwise dark horizon of Pashto, only to disappear as soon, leaving not a spark behind. Among them only three are worth-mentioning: AFGHAN, taken out from Mardan by Mian Azad Gul Kakakhel and SARHAD, taken out from Peshawar by Allah Bakhsh Yousafi and PAKHTOON, taken out by the Khudai Khidmatgar Movement of the late Abdul Ghaffar Khan, from Uthmanzai, Charsadda. During the Second World War (1939-1945), two journals, NAN PAROON (today"
and yesterday), and ZHWAND (life) were issued from Delhi, under the editorship of Maulana Abdul Qadir, Barrister Nasrullah Khan and Abdur Rauf Swati. Since then the worth-mentioning journals from Peshawar were: KHPALWAK (self-determination) by Abdullah Jan Maghmoon, LEEKWAL (writers) by Abdur Rehman Shabab, NANGYALE (the valiant) by Ashraf Durrani, LAAR (the way) by Qalanda Momand and REHBAR (guide) by M. Mehdi Shah. Among them should also be included QAND (sugar), a very ambitious monthly taken out by Qamar Rahi from the Premier Sugar Mills, Mardan. (70)

Along with these some official magazines were also taken out from Peshawar, Quetta and Karachi, but they would project political propaganda instead of literature.

Apart from journals, most of the Urdu newspapers would also publish a page or two in Pashto. Even the first English daily, THE KHYBER MAIL, which was started from Peshawar in 1943 (closed down in 1989), had a regular Pashto edition, looked after, single-handedly by Rahat Zakheli. Similarly Hamza was editing the Pashto section of the Urdu daily: Bang-i-Haram(71). The paper was owned by Master Khan Gul, an M.N.A. from Sarhad. Hamza says that by the fifties there was a marked readership for Pashto and a seed-bed of young generation was fast germinating to take to Pashto language and literature in right earnest.

For the Pashto section of Bang-i-Haram Hamza tried to maintain a lively interest among the readers by introducing controversial subjects. Sometimes he would publish a controver-
sial essay of his own and then invite discussion on it. It was one such critical essay, with political overtones that proved his undoing. He served on the paper for more than a year and had no regrets about leaving it at the end.

**FATHER OF THE FIRST EVER PASHTO FILM**

At the end of 1941 the late Rafique Ghaznavi invited Hamza Shinwari to Bombay to make the first ever Pashto film, "Laila Majnoon". (72). He went there along with the then famous musician from Peshawar, Abdul Karim Andaleeb. Hamza was commissioned to write the dialogues and songs of the proposed film (73). He would also assist Andaleeb in composing suitable music for his songs. He stayed there for about two months to complete the film. On completion, the film was released from Bombay in all the Pashto-speaking areas and was well received everywhere. It was also run at both Peshawar and Quetta for months on end, and its songs turned out sensational hits: so much so that they were soon picked up by the local people and the professional musicians to be sung in Hujras. Even women would sing them on happy occasions. Hamza still remembers some of those songs. One song was like this:

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Pakistan's own film industry was established after partition. With the success of some of the Urdu films, some producers turned to the regional languages and cultures for the raw material of their film making. In this way more and more people could be attracted to the local cinema. With the success of the Pujabi films some producers were tempted to turn to making Pashto films. During the seventies Hamza wrote the script, dialogues and songs etc for two Pashto films: Paighla (the virgin) and Allaqa Gher (the tribal area). Both the films were highly successful.

Hamza relates that while in Bombay in connection with the shooting of Laila Majnoon, Rafique Ghaznavi used to instigate the two actresses, Sitara and Habib Jan to tease and seduce him (Hamza). He would be invited to drink and dance parties but he would neither drink nor dance although he would partake of the eatables. He would also firmly discourage their seductive passes till he was abandoned for a hopeless bore. Rafique Ghaznavi was an atheist of sorts. He told Hamza one day, "if I could ever bring myself to a faith in religion, I would at once take allegiance at your hand and be your disciple for the rest of my life." Hamza believes that it was mainly due to his allegiance and his Shaikh back at Peshawar that he had been stopped from eroticism or obscenity of any kind. Had he not been firm in his faith he might easily have fallen in the trap, even mightier saints have found it difficult to dance on such a tight rope! It requires unshakable conviction.
Once Hamza had gone with his Shaikh to Jamrud, on the invitation of some disciple there. While the meal was yet to be served, the Shaikh took Hamza to the shrine of Wali Baba (a local saint). After offering Fatiha at the shrine they came out and sat on a stone near the Khyber highway. His Shaikh then told him that he had heard of Hamza’s interest in Alchemy. Hamza only lowered his head in meek confession. Then his Shaikh said, “You only run after other people, without asking me. I happen to know three reliable recipes, one of which was given by a Bokhari along with some protective Taweez (talisman), with the only condition that the talisman was not to be used against a Mussalman (Muslim). Hamza told his Shaikh that he had come to him with the hope of establishing a more intimate attachment with God through him. But if that was impossible then he might as well be given a prescription for attachment to gold. This highly improbable reply from a young disciple visibly shook the Shaikh and after some deep thoughts he said, “indeed nobody has replied me in this manner before, and I promise you that if I am ever blessed by God Almighty I will intercede for you”. And then the Shaikh went on, all the same, telling him about the secrets of alchemy; saying that it was a mysterious art and that only good luck and no amount of struggle could bring this knowledge. He then related in detail how by sheer chance he himself had come upon the recipes that he knew. One was given by a Faqir (mendicant) who came to him suddenly one day only to tell him
that he wanted to give him a recipe for gold for whose acquisition he had squandered a fortune and despite which he still lived a pauper. "It is all due to the writing of the moving finger, you know", the mendicant had philosophised. After getting the recipe from the Faqir, he tried it one day and it worked hundred per cent. (??).

Yet for a Muslim this practice is nothing less than Shirk (belief in plurality of God or Polytheism). Many a Shaikh has given a stern warning against it, on the basis of its fake ness. It is nothing but a golden fraud. The gold obtained in this manner revert back to the original matter in about eighty years' time. And then, even in the beginning, it is not as good as the gold obtained from the natural ores.

As put by my friend Murad Ali, it takes millions of years under billions of tons of pressure for metals to turn to gold or silver. How can you turn a metal into gold or silver by simply burning one or two cow-dung cakes under it? Yet there are people who maintain, in their apparently perfect senses, that they can do the impossible!

Hamza claims that once he tried a recipe and succeeded in making a little gold. It was taken to the Sarafa Bazar (the goldsmiths' street in the city). There it was tested on the touchstone and with acids to be found hundred percent pure; so much so that the goldsmith only jeered at him when he claimed that he had made it himself, through black magic, as the people generally understand it. But then he could not always succeed in
quite the same way in repeating the experiment. And then he says he gave it up. Even today he remembers a number of recipes and would bet on their soundness (or potency); but then it would not be all that easy to obtain all the ingredients in their specified condition or in their pure form in this age of universal adulteration.

Hamza believes that alchemy belongs to the domain of the knowledge of the secrets; it involves something more than a mere collection of some ingredients and subjecting them to a certain process. Indeed in most of the recipes some incantation is also an important part of the process. But the success of an experiment once in a blue moon doesn't really land you on the treasure island, for when you repeat it, you are again left high on the dry rock. That is perhaps why it is always referred to as an art and never a science. The making of gold from all manner of base metals is a mysterious art. In some recipes even metals are not necessarily used; you can even turn turnips and cabbages into genuine gold provided you go the right way about it. But then many sensible people have lost their way in this jungle of golden uncertainty.

But if gold is impossible why not try silver. "Hamza says that once, trying a particular recipe, he had succeeded turning mercury into silver. The recipe was pointed out to him by Syed Ghaus Gilani. He thought that it was easier to make silver as compared to gold. Perhaps that is why silver is cheaper."
The glint of gold brought him across all sorts of mysterious people. Some could make it as easily as naming it while others had fumbled for it in the dark all their lives. During this process he also learnt how to make "Kushta" or tonic, which is the essence of certain metals or medicinal herbs. It is a timeless, mysterious system of pharmaceutical science (or art) partly in vogue even today; but the growing popularity of modern scientific medicines is fast replacing it.

One day when they were wondering how to turn a certain metal into a Kushta, a friend of his related that when he went home one day he saw that his young son was putting a Paisa (penny) on a steel plate and burning heavy fire under it. He might already have burnt a Mond (60 k.g.) of pine wood. When he asked him as to what was he upto, his son replied that he was only trying to turn the Paisa into Kushta, as he had heard it to be highly potent. (78).

FEELING THE TREMOURS OF A RAGING FREEDOM MOVEMENT

In connection with the freedom movement, when momentous changes were taking place all around, Hamza honestly confesses that politics, or at least practical politics, was not his vocation; his genius was but inclined otherwise. Yet as a sentient poet, gifted with the wisdom of the sages, and constantly prodded by a conscience and a clear sense of a mission in life, he could not stay aloof and entirely unaffected by the kaleidoscopic shifting of the sands, all over the vast and vibrant Indian
subcontinent, seriously affecting the destiny of a large mass of humanity.

How is it possible that our city may be on fire,
And we should live in supreme unconcern.

The British Empire was in shambles and was all but shattered by the Second World War (1939–1945), and its tottering Indian Raj was crumbling under an unprecedented freedom movement. Powerful political parties were in the field to mobilise popular public opinion against the mighty British monolith. The two equally effective political parties, The Indian Congress and The Muslim League, were there in the field and firmly entrenched, long before Hamza was born. India had given birth to great leaders, with some of them appearing larger-than-life-size. Their personal charisma and a firm faith in a mission that was bound to succeed, had raised them to the level of legendary heroes in their very life time. The Hindus and the Muslims, the two preponderant religious communities, inhabiting India together for about a millennium, had finally parted ways over the concept of a Two-nation Theory. For the Muslims of India it turned out to be a two-pronged struggle, wrenching freedom from not only the ruthless British but also from the wily Brahman.

In this part of India, Badshah Khan or Bacha Khan (Abdul Ghaffar Khan (1890–1988), was busy in bringing the Pakhtoons onto a common platform and then mobilising them for the tantalising
freedom, under his Red-Shirt Movement, also called Khudai Khidmatgar Tahreek (movement for service in the name of God). In the beginning, this movement was confused with the Khilafat Tahreek (movement for the spiritual leadership) of the Ali brothers, and a large number of its active workers had migrated to Afghanistan in the 1920s. Later on it emerged as a freedom movement, operating inside the Frontier province, with its stronghold in Uthmanzai, Charsadda.

Hamza remembers the regrettable incident of the 1930 Qissa Khawani firing, when the British army had callously opened fire on an unarmed and peaceful procession passing through that bazar of Peshawar, killing a number of innocent civilians (79). He remembers to be at Peshawar on that fateful day and a chill enveloped the city with the news of the tragedy. He still remembers that at that time his brother, Balkhi Khan, had two trucks and both of them were at Peshawar and his brother was busy in their repair. He was then a young man of twenty three.

The British treated the Red-Shirts rather harshly. But the more they were tortured the more resilient they proved and the government failed to subdue them. They were stuffed into prisons in thousands and were punished in different cruel ways. Yet they were tough and tenacious enough to withstand all the rough and ruthless treatment at the hands of the apparently civilised masters. But their hour of trial did not end with the folding of the British Raj in India, under the unfolding flags of the independent states of India and Pakistan. The then Pakistani
successors to the corridors of power meted out even worse treatment to them. They were rebels before independence but were branded traitors after it. The 1948 firing incident at BabRa testified to that policy (80).

To begin with Bacha Khan had three options: either to merge in the Congress and lose his own peculiar identity or to stay independent and brave the British reprisals or join hands with the congress and have a buffer against his clash with the British. He chose the last course and as a result of the elections in 1942, a Red-Shirt and Congress coalition government was established in the Frontier, under his elder brother, Dr Khan Sahib (Abdul Qadir Khan) (1942-1947) (81).

In that government Qazi Ataullah Jan was given the education portfolio. He was a noted historian himself, having written and published a history of the Pathans. The Qazi Sahib had wanted to adopt Pashto as the medium of instruction up to at least the eighth standard. For this purpose he had asked Syed Rasool Rasa, then a B.A./B.T. second master to write or compile the necessary text books. When the books were ready, the language question was raised in the provincial assembly. The motion was opposed by a Hindu commerce minister, Mehar Chand Khanna; and due to the Congress preponderance in the house, it could not get through despite the fact that the chief minister, Dr Khan Sahib, himself was interested in it. (82).

Hamza says that he never met Bacha Khan before 1966, yet he endorses most of his policies and actions and calls him a
true, unrelenting Pathan nationalist: a hero in his own ungrudging right. However, it will be up to history to settle the question of his controversial role. But at the same time Hamza denounced his Hindu mania to the extent of worshipping in the Hindu temples. This also made some of his otherwise faithful followers turn against him in aversion, leaving him prone to a more venomous British propaganda against him. In the same way, the Baloch nationalists like Abdus Samad Khan Achakzai and Mohammad Ayub Khan Achakzai used to ridicule those who would worship. Along with a number of other cherished traditions, a Pathan can all but tolerate an attack on his faith or forgive irreligious practices in others. Even Machiavelli, the writer of The Prince would not advise against it.

Obsessed with the idea of Pakhtoon unity, although Kabul radio was yet to start propagating Pakhtoonistan, Hamza had started anticipating the movement which was to gather momentum during the fifties and the sixties only to be side-tracked by a socialist revolution in Afghanistan in 1979. He was also joined in these thoughts by Saminjan Khan, the then education minister in the Muslim League government in 1944. Being constantly encouraged by the worthy minister, Hamza wrote a novel called Nawe Chape (new waves) in 1957, around the theme of the Pakhtoon unification under a central authority. (84). Only then they could establish their true identity and hope for any future. The novel was published in 1954. Later on it was found by the Ayub regime (1958-1969) to be too replete with the
germs of the then raging Pakhtoonistan movement and was banned in the sixties. This novel along with some nationalistic songs and poems, had added Hamza to that peculiar species of Pakhtoon politicians who preferred to be writing rational books, rather than instigating rebel mobs with fiery speeches or leading long processions for the expression of their political cult.

Hamza says that despite his pronounced apathy to politics, his Shaikh had directed him to join the Muslim League and so he became a member of the party, feeling all the time that his perennial sickness and swooning weakness would only be a liability rather than an asset to the great League, which demanded vigour and untiring effort from its members whether old or young. After some time, for the League was not going to excuse him so easily, he was made the president of the Dabgari ward with Mohammad Ashraf Khan as his vice-president while Fida Mohammad Khan was the city president. Then he was further directed by his Shaikh to work with Ameenul Hasanat, the reverend Pir of Manki Sharif, with whom he attended numerous Jalsas (political meetings). During this time he also wrote a long poem of three hundred lines called Bedari (awakening), in which he had particularly addressed Maulana Abul Kalam Azad and Allama Mashriqi. At that time he also worked for Muslim League at Landikotal. He would regularly deliver his political sermons at the Sarai mosque which was a suitable place for addressing the tribesmen. He also arranged regular Jalsas there from time to time.
The Qaid-i-Azam also paid a visit to Landikotal. He was warmly (rather noisily) received there, for the unruly tribesmen went on firing volley of gun shots in the air: a traditional tribal way of celebrating any happy occasion (87). He was also presented with the traditional, sacrificial sheep, which symbolise their sense of sacrifice. One insensitive young man was walking on the left of the Qaid-i-Azam with a loaded pistol in his right hand and occasionally firing it barely six inches away from the ears of the Qaid. The frail but stern leader showed no reaction, as if he heard the dim echoes of the shots from across the Durand Line, some six miles away.

The interim prime minister, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru also paid a visit to the Khyber Agency in 1947. Hearing about his proposed visit, Hamza had gone to the then political agent, (P.A.) Khyber, Major (Rtd.) Sahibzada Khurshid, to ask him to ask Nehru not to visit the Agency (88). The P.A. was nonplussed and asked why he shouldn't pay the visit. Hamza told him that he was bound to face trouble if he came. The Sahibzada then said that he was coming as a guest, to appeal to Hamza's sense of hospitality. Hamza replied that as a guest he was welcome but never as prime minister of India. Then the Sahibzada tried to brush him aside with the weight of his office saying that he would see to it if any one could harm his worthy guest. Hamza hurriedly arranged a Jalsa of the Pir of Manki Sharif at Landikotal, mainly to arrange a "reception" for the proposed visit of the honourable guest. The people were already opposed to Nehru's philosophy of Akhand
Bharat (united India), they only had to add fire to the fuel and the mischief seemed to be already afoot.

Since the date and the time of this much-awaited visit was judiciously kept secret, his coming there was only noticed when he was whisked up to Torkham, in a motorcade of the political department. Hamza was at the Landikotal Sarai at the time, sick and weak as usual. When he was told of it he quickly asked for a drum beater and a green flag to assemble the people. The road was strewn with stones and bones and, on the way back, the haughty convoy was stopped and stoned by angry tribesmen. The accompanying militia and the levy fired in the air to scare and disperse the rabble mob. The P.A., with the proverbially long moustaches, was firing a pistol from his seat in the car, and Dr Khan Sahib, the then chief minister, was blanketting the chief guest from the flying missiles of rough stones and dry bones. One or two persons were also hit by bullets and wounded in the random shootout. The convoy extricated itself with great difficulty to proceed to the safety of the Landikotal camp. Before this the grand guest had been given a similar “reception” at Malakand also. Hamza has also written a poem on this historic occasion under the title: Nehru Pa Khyber Keh (Nehru in the Khyber), giving a vivid, graphic description of the event.

Then, on the eve of the partition, Lord Mountbatten also paid a visit to the Khyber to tell the people that the partition was inevitable as it had been agreed upon and that the demand for Pakistan was acceded to and the tribesmen were asked
to opt either for India or Pakistan.

A Malik, Abdul Latif Khan Afridi, replied that they had decided to stay in Pakistan under the same good old treaties that they had had with British India(90).

And then the moment of truth dawned on the morning of 14th August 1947 when the green and white flag, with a crescent and a star, was unfurled, to replace the Union Jack, by the ebullient political agent, Sahibzada Mohammad Kurshid, in a jubilant Jarga of the tribal elders. Hamza was called upon to recite a poem to consecrate the occasion. He had already written one in anticipation. For his Shaikh, who also happened to be at Landikotal at the time, it was but a fulfillment of a dream(91).

**AS A DELEGATE TO KABUL**

In August 1948 the Pashto Academy, Kabul, invited a number of Pakistani Pashto scholars and poets to participate in their Jash-i-Istiqlal (annual independence day celebrations), and also to discuss the contours of a proposed Pashto script. The invitation was extended to Maulana Abdul Qadir, Dr Syed Anwarul Haq, Hakim Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq, Nawaz Khattak, Syed Rasool Rasa, Maulana Mohammad Khanmir Hilali, Malik Saida Khan Shinwari and Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari.(92). The delegation left for Kabul from the Afghan building in the Qissa Khawani bazar, in the regular Afghan mail-carrying bus called /Ara/ pusht /Rom/, Posta (Persianised post). At Dakka, some 20 km from the frontier, they were welcomed by the officer-in-charge called Sarhaddar who
entertained them to tea. At Jalalabad, some 60km from the Durand line, they were even more warmly received and taken to a local hotel for a sumptuous meal. In the evening they reached Sarubi, some 80 km, where they were put up at a hotel for the night. Next morning they resumed their bumping and jolting journey to Kabul, over a terribly high terrain called Lataband. And the road was but the very caravan route intact in every detail. Centuries of caravan traffic had widened it enough to hold a rickety bus, giving it terrible jumps and jolts as it crawled forward. It seemed that the barren hills of rounded rock were but a sea-bed of some ancient ocean, spreading as far as imagination could see. At Bagrami, some 10 km short of Kabul, a number of Afghan poets and scholars had come to welcome the honorable delegation. They included Qayamuddin Khadim, Sadiqullah Rishtin, Mohammad Arsalan Salimi, Abdur Rauf Benawa and others. (94).

Next day, on the day of celebrations, they were taken to the vast Royal Park for the impressive march past. There they were made to sit in a pavilion, in the enclosure for the dignitaries and royal guests. While in the tent, a conscientious police man in a smart uniform turned up and grabbed Hamza by the arm to push him out of the tent as it was meant for the royal guests and not the rough tribesmen. Fortunately Arsalan Salimy was at hand to save Hamza from being rudely kicked out from his tent for his typical tribal dress. Then came King Zahir Shah, flanked by his cabinet, for the salute, and the march past rattled for more than three hours. (95).
Then they were extended numerous invitations by people as well as government organisations and departments. In between they were also holding meetings for the discussion on the Pashto script. The point was to devise an agreed script for the language, although a fairly agreed script was in vogue for the last thousand years, which was devised by an Afghan from Ghazni round about the time of the great Mahmood. But in the course of the shifting sands of the fleeting centuries, inescapable contradictions had cropped up about it among the numerous tribes speaking different dialects of the same language. Then there was the question of the Pashto typewriter for which uniform universal symbols were needed. A German company had offered a large scale production of it(98).

In Pashto there are two main, recognised dialects, the Qandahari (or the so-called soft) dialect and the Yousafzai (the hard one) dialect. They almost permanently differ in the pronunciation of certain sounds: for example the word /Pash/ Xh /Rom/ KHA (good) is pronounce SHA in Qandahari. The same phenomenon occurs in the very name of the language. It is Pakhto for the Yousafzai while Pashto for the Qandahari; or the very people who speak it; they are both Pakhtoon and Pashtoon. In this way a very large number of words differ in the above phoneme between the two dialects. It was decided that for all such phonetic variations only common symbols should be devised, so that they were written with but one symbol while pronounced differently, according to the dialect. So, for this variant phoneme a common symbol /Pash/ X /Rom/
KHEEN was chosen to be pronounced also as SHEEN; so that both variations of Pakhto or Pashto or for that matter Pakhtoon or Pashtoon were written in the same way:

/Ara/pXyw  w  pXtwn/Rom/

The following phonemes were pointed out and corresponding symbols devised for them:

- /Ge/ to represent the sounds /Rom/ G (Ge), to represent the sounds /Rom/ G (Ge), to represent the sounds
- /G/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ and /Arw/ g /Eng/ and /Arw/ g /Eng/ as the words.
- /ew/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ ear
- /Gyr/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ beard
- /wGd/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ long
- /C/ to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Tae), to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Tae), to represent the sounds
- /s/ to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Tae), to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Tae), to represent the sounds
- /x/C/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ sell, expenditure
- /Cxt/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ owner
- /kmCy/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ locks
- /J/ (zeem), to represent the sounds /Rom/ (zeem), to represent the sounds /Rom/ (zeem), to represent the sounds
- /z/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ and /j/ /Eng/ as in word
- /Jm/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ ours
- /rnJ/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ disease
- /rJm/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ coming
- /N/ to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Noorh) to represent the sounds /Rom/ (Noorh) to represent the sounds
- /R/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ and /Arw/ /Eng/ as in words
- /kwNR/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ deaf
- /rNR/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ light
- /gNR/ to represent the sounds /Eng/ many

In this way they were able to rearrange Pashto alphabet with the addition of the necessary symbols to make it more realistic and scientific so that it became more representative and was easily moulded into the typewriter's keys; so that this ubiquitous modern toy was also provided to the hitherto highly backward people to be playing with while working in their offices. And from there it would be picked up by the printing press and Pashto would be suddenly brought at par with the highly
developed modern languages of the world. The days of the hand-
written manuscripts would be dumped in the dustbin of history.
Pashto was visualised to be poised for the computer age; it only
needed a few changes here and there:

Then one day they were invited to a formal dinner by
the then Prime Minister, Ghazi Shah Mahmood Khan, in Chehel
Satoon (the palace of the forty columns), an ambitious but unfor-
tunately unfinished palace of Ghazi Amanullah Khan, some 5 km west
of the Kabul city. In that dinner Hamza also met Pitras Bokhari,
the famous broadcaster and humorous Urdu prose writer.

Hamza was highly impressed by the biblical simplicity
of the Kabul administration; where one could meet any minister by
just walking into his unassuming office, no matter who one was.
Even the prime minister was more easily accessible than a
Thahsildar over here. The king used to be his own driver in the
dusty streets of Kabul, as if he were a common citizen, without the
police sirens wailing in front and behind him. Many a time he was
simply stopped by a traffic cop to give way to a lumbering truck
or even a pack animal. He was never seen jumping the traffic
lights when they were installed in the city during the fifties
nor was it done by any member of the royal family or any high up
in the Afghanistan of those days.

At that time there were fifty thousand students in
Afghanistan in free schools and colleges. Not only was boarding
and lodging free, students were also given free uniform, complete
from shoes to caps, along with monthly pocket and travelling
allowances. Free meals were provided in offices with no discrimination between the officers and their subordinates, for they would eat the same Brinj (rice) on the same table or better still on the same common ground. The delegation was also taken round the schools and colleges and they were impressed by the standard of education there(100).

Next day, they were taken on a picnic to the famous resort called Paghman. It is a beautiful park in the foothills of Koh-i-Daman, some 20 km north of Kabul. This park was mainly conceived and developed by king Amanullah Khan. He had even built a cinema hall there which was later pulled down by the rebels. And now not far from the pathetic site of the ruined cinema house, they were revelling with the typical Pathan traditional dance called /Pashto/ 'tN/Rom/ (AthanR). The hosts were more adept at the gyration while the guests were only full of admiration for their dexterity at this ancient but living tribal art(101).

Then again they were invited by the premier, Shah Mahmood Khan, this time in the famous Rose Garden /Pashto/ glb'&/Rom/(Gulbagh). The dinner was arranged on a large table. To begin with a large number of guests and high ups surrounded the table like honey bees around their comb, so that Hamza was completely left out. Then Sardar Shah Wali Khan, the conqueror of Kabul, came to him to ask him in soft idiomatic Pashto, /Pashto/ bfrnyd /Rom/, "please go ahead". Hamza told him that the way the table was all but blocked. How could he go ahead? At this Sardar smiled and created room for him at the table(102).
They were also taken to the Pashto academy where they were shown the cover for a grave assembled from rare marble tiles (lapis lazuli), prepared for the grave of Khushal Khan Khattak, with a number of his verses along with a pen and a sword inscribed on it. (Khushal Khan is commonly known for having a pen in one hand and a sword in the other[103]. A similar marble slab was later on sent by Kabul for the grave of the ageless Sufi poet, Abdur Rehman Baba. But the Kabul administration extended more patronage to Khushal Khan Khattak than to Rehman Baba, because of his revolutionary movement of Pakhtoon nationalism, giving it both thought and substance by not only writing about it in both prose and poetry but also fighting for it like a fearless soldier that surprisingly he was.

In this connection Hamza remembers his two meetings with Sardar Mohammad Daud Khan, an ex-prime minister and president of Afghanistan (1953-1963 and then 1973-1979). For the first time Hamza met him in 1957 when he was the prime minister. Then the Sardar Sahib was obsessed with the idea of Pakhtoonistan. He had said then that he never intended to annex the Frontier province under the garb of this concept. His only aim was to safeguard the culture of the lower Pakhtoonkhwa, under a dispensation of their own. If it was not done, Pakhtoon nationalism and culture would simply be eclipsed and disappear in about sixty years’ time. Next time he met him in 1966, when the Sardar had resigned from the prime ministership. At that time he requested Hamza for the recitation
of some verses. Hamza then recited two poems to him. Then again he talked of Pakhtoonistan and vowed that if at all he came into power, he would see to it that this concept was materialised, or dressed as he would put it. He had also severely criticised the monarchy and his dear brother-in-law, king Zahir Shah. It was the institution more than the personalities to blame. Perhaps it had always been his burning desire to topple the king and grab power as he ultimately did in 1976, when he called himself the president of democratic Afghanistan. But his dream of Pakhtoonistan remained unfulfilled.

Hamza had also written a travelogue of this tour in verse entitled: Da Kabul Safarnama (the Kabul travelogue). It was a long poem of some 900 verses. A copy of it was also printed by Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq but then the C.I.D. people insisted on deleting a substantial portion of it to which neither the printer nor the writer agreed. Between them they had only killed a living poem. Then it was also serialised by the fortnightly Rehbar Mardan. After the publication of some eight installments that paper too stopped publishing it. Later on Hamza lost a part of the manuscript and at present even the remaining portion seems to have been misplaced, if not already eaten up by the ever-hungry book-worms, which are known to relish manuscripts.

SIFTING JUNGLES FOR MYSTERIOUS PLANTS AND HERBS

Hamza also happened to have equal passion for
plants, roots and herbs, with medicinal, alchemic and magic properties. Since a comparatively young age he was strongly attracted to the apothecarian art of herbal and mineral medicines and had amassed through the ages quite a store of effective recipes for sundry ailments. In fact he used to have not only poets and writers and musicians among his friends and acquaintances, but also Hakims, Sinyasis and spiritual agents. His was but a mysterious coterie of apparent cranks who delved deep into the secrets of physics as well as metaphysics, if there is really any difference between the two. This quest for rare herbs took him, from time to time, to the most inaccessible jungles in the glacial mountains of Hazara district as well as to the misty valley of Tirah, beyond the Khyber Pass. He braved the hazards of hiking in the hills for miles on end, putting up with the often-suspicious local people for shelter and food. But then he was a young man and this gratified his sense of adventure at the same time. (107).

His Shaikh belonged to Agrawar in the Hazara district and Hamza would some times pay a visit to the shrine of the Dada Pir (the spiritual grand father) there. Once he went there in search of a plant locally called /Ram/ "khR /Rom/. AKKHAR. He was also accompanied by a devotee of Hazrat Data Ganj Bakhsh, called Allah Bakhsh and a contractor from Lahore called Aleemuddin. The latter was convinced that the juice (milk) of the plant could convert copper into Kushta. There they stayed with the Sajjada Nashin (successor to the spiritual seat), Syed
Waqif Shah. Next day they were taken to a grove of the said plants by a son of the Syed. Hamza had a hunch that even the shadow, if not the imperceptible smell, of the plant could cause itching and swelling of the skin and so he himself stayed away while his eager friends went under a tree for "milking" it; smelling no side effects of their apparently harmless preoccupation and, therefore giving no thought to any kind of allergy. The juice being collected in sufficient quantity, they started back to start the experiment there and then.

On their way back they saw a plant called /Pash/ swzumnke /Rom/, Swazawunke in Pashto. This plant creates severe pricking or burning sensations on the skin when touched; in fact as severe as the stinging of scorpion that is why Hamza has translated it in Urdu as a scorpion plant. Hamza asked Allah Bakhsh if he knew the plant. He replied that he did. The he told him that he knew a Junter Mantar (a charm) which had the power to render the plant harmless, or take the sting away from it, as they say. The charm was demonstrated to him by Abdur Rauf Benawa, a Pashto poet, when they were at Paghman in Kabul. The charm was simply this that if you told the plant in plain Pashto that you were the pricking plant and the plant was you and then touched it; it would feel softer than a rose bud. Benawa had actually done it without being pricked or burnt by the otherwise tender, pretty plant. At this Allah Bakhsh said that he would try the charm; and after saying it in Punjabi he grabbed the
plant, only to start jumping and hissing with a burning pain. Laughing, Hamza said that since the charm was in Pashto it ought not to have been translated. Then he suggested that perhaps the pain could be cured by rubbing it with any plant growing in the vicinity; for every poison has its antidote in its very environment.

Back home he and Allah Bakhsh went out on a stroll leaving Aleemuddin and Abdul Hakim Shah to carry out the much-awaited experiment of turning plain copper into a magic medicine. When they came back from the walk they saw that the faces of their companions had swollen so badly that they could not help laughing at them. The funny thing was that they themselves were quite unaware of this process of transformation; or, may be they were too absorbed in their great experiment to notice any trifling facial distortion or physical discomfort. Their very hearts were simply saved from similar enlargement by the simple failure of the experiment. A mirror had to be brought out to show them the reality of the unreality of their funny faces. And then the still funnier aspect of it all was that the obstinate copper had simply refused to present the appetising Kushta on a silver platter. No amount of the magic "milk" would melt it into any thing but the same old, mulish lead or copper.

Once in 1955 Hamza went to the Cheel mountains in the Hazara district, in the company of Hafiz Abdul Aziz, Haji Abdul Latif, Hakim Omar Khitab and a retired serviceman, Ajar Khan, in
search of rare herbs. There on the top of the mountain and in the rolling, green meadows, they searched out and collected a large number of herbs and roots. Hamza saw there for the first time the rare wild aniseed (Ajwain), which is smoked in a pipe for tuberculosis. Omar Khitab was searching for a herb called (Siya Harvi) which is used for turning metals and even diamonds into a powerful elixir. The plant has a radish-like root and the tradition has it that a deadly snake lies under it and attacks the person who digs it up. Even the snake is said to be of both medical and magical values. The plant is, therefore, very carefully extracted, with always an eye on the mythological snake too. They also saw white sunflowers there which are also used in lead-Kushta. Similarly a plant called (BhangRa Siyah) used as anti-dandruff and for turning grey hair back into black and restoring youthful strength, was also obtained from there. They were also looking for a herb called (Siraj al Qatrab) with properties of phosphorous and radium so that it shined at night. It is also used in lead-Kushta. But it could not be located.

At places the acrid smell of the vegetation would make them feel dizzy and they would be dragging their feet as if walking in marshes or wandering in a dreamland. In the forests of Tirah (to which we also turn with Hamza), they carry onion to ward off such effects of what might be called "jungle sickness".

During the journey they had to stay for nights in the mosques of the hamlets that they would come by towards the
evening: or they would occupy any stone-thatch abandoned by the pastoral nomads but not yet by their hungry and savage fleas who would be found sometimes in the shape of a hideous ball, bigger than a hockey ball, which would dissolve into a thousand fleas by a mere touch. They would burn grass on the entire floor to scare away the fleas. In one place they were shown a certain plant by a local Kohistani (hillsman but not a savage) which kept the fleas away for quite a few days. Hamza and his friends tried the plant and found it extremely effective against the scourge of the fleas. If nature gives birth to fleas it also grows anti-fleas plants in abundance. Man has only to look around and discover the antidote of any poison, in his very surrounding.

A LONG DRAWN RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY

While Hamza was yet a young school boy his family was drawn into a long drawn religious controversy with the local Pir, which ultimately isolated and ostracised it. His family was mainly uneducated and could not hold its own against the mighty onslaughts of the learned and equally powerful Mullahs (priests or clergy) and Pirs. It was left mainly to Hamza to carry on the religious controversy with all his knowledge and art of reason and dialecticism. For this he had not only to sift the entire history of Islam, Islamic beliefs and practices but also various philosophies and philosophical systems. He tried to introduce a rational approach into this controversy of prejudice and hatred. He could not be easily convinced of the charges of Shirk and
what not against his family as superficially declared in haste by a handful of Mullahs (108).

His family was drawn into this controversy because of the two Syeds, already mentioned—Syed Noor Ali Shah and Syed Abdus Sattar Shah. To begin with, Syed Abdus Sattar Shah started holding Mehfil-i-Sama' (sessions of religious music) as soon as he emerged in Peshawar as a new Pir. In the beginning it was a modest affair held in a small shop in the Dabgari street, with not more than ten or fifteen audience. When the number of devotees swelled, a new and more spacious venue had to be found. For this Bawar Khan offered his own Balakhana, near Sultan Sarai, in the same Dabgari street. And then the Qawal Mehfilis were also held in their village at Landikotal, which proved to be their undoing.

With his increasing influence in the city, Abdus Sattar Shah incurred the opposition of the traditional Mullah element. The charges that were levelled against were: holding Qawali Mehfilis and cursing Mu'avia and Yazid, the two Umayyad caliphs of Islam. To mobilise most of the local Mullahs against him, the city Mullahs went to the Qazi Sahib of Karwi, to convince him of the urgency of issuing a Fatwa (decreed) against Sattar Shah. The Qazi Sahib however, did not oblige the delegation with the much wanted Fatwa against a Syed and the stratagem fizzled out. But then also the British law, prevalent in Peshawar, would make it almost impossible for the Mullahs to move against their foe in any way, as no court was bound to authenticate their raw decrees. And with this the venue was shifted to the tribal areas where the
British laws were not applicable. Indeed there was no law there except the law of the jungle. The matter was shifted from Peshawar to Landikotal.

At Landikotal at that time there were two powerful Pirs, the Shilman Mullah Sahib and Sahibzada Mohammad Ibrahim Sahib, commonly referred to as Kakaji. These two Pirs were normally against each other but, surprisingly, they would unite against a common adversary or against any external threat to their hold on the tribes around Landikotal and beyond. The tribes held them in the highest esteem and were devoted to them to the point of near worship. Both belonged to the same chain of Tariqat (school of religious thought). The Shilman Mullah was the vice-regent of Abdul Wahab Sahib of Manki Sharif while Kakaji was the vice-regent of Mohammad Ibrahim of Adda in eastern Afghanistan.

As already instigated by the Mullahs from Peshawar, both the local Pirs were deadly against the family of Hamza. In the beginning the Pirs tried to make the otherwise respectable family renounce "the heretic beliefs and practices". When their pressure was resisted they organised a full-fledged tribal Lashkar (horde) to attack their village and burn their house as a traditional punishment for their regression (109). However, Hamza’s family resisted the Lashkar and defended their village with all their might. If the attack had actually taken place they would have spared no Mullah as they were well prepared. But then the actual attack was averted through the mediation of the local elders. It was only relaunched in the form of
issuance of a cruel decree:

"Malik Bazmir Khan and his progeny are hereby declared heretics. Any marriage contract with the family is unlawful. Nobody should lead the funeral prayers of any member of the family. Anybody who deals with the family in any way would also be declared a heretic". (110)

In the meantime the venerable Mullah Sahib of Chaknawar in Afghanistan, came to their Hijra one day with a sizable following, to see for himself how far they had strayed from the true path, as he had been informed by Kakaji of their heretical tendencies. When he was told that they were but following two authentic Sayeds, the scions of the exalted family of the prophet, he forgave them. (111).

A few days later they caught hold of a Mullah from Afghanistan and put him in a wooden block (Kunda) to punish him for the venomous propaganda that he had been spreading against the family. More than any other person and for no apparent reason, this Mullah had taken it upon himself to defame the family all over Afghanistan as a house of heretics. When Bawar Khan was told one day that the said Mullah was at Landikotal, he sent his men to bring him as a prisoner. He had a mind to apply to him: ("the fifth school of Islamic jurisprudence") i.e. brute force. However the Mullah soon relented and was released (112).

When the Shilman Mullah Sahib passed away Hamza went to his house to offer Fatiha. Later he met his son and
successor, Haji Gul Sahib. Even there a heated discussion took place between the two antagonists so much so that the Mullah Sahib nearly slapped Hamza on his face. However, the row was somehow averted and later on the Sahib seemed to have reconciled himself to the creed of Hamza Shinwari and the old feud gradually turned into a mutual accommodation. Hamza says that from then on he has always been on friendly terms with Haji Gul Sahib and the latter showed equal regard for him (113).

Most of the prose writings of Hamza are devoted to a rational discussion of this confused controversy. He has successfully refuted both the charges of holding Qawwali sessions and mudslinging on Yazid and his father Mu'awiya. As far as Qawwali is concerned, it is neither explicitly forbidden by either the Quran or the Hadith, the two main sources of Islamic laws nor, for that matter, allowed. All the four schools of Islamic jurisprudence interpret it in as many different ways. In such a situation nobody can be blamed for holding any of these views about it. Someone has beautifully settled the dispute by saying that: "بِمِلَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّلَةٍ هُوَ عَلَى هُنَاكَ "it is unlawful for the unlawfully born but lawful for the one born lawfully (114).

Cursing Yazid and his father takes us back to the pre-Islamic animosity between the two tribes of Banu Abbas and Banu Ummaya and its recurrence throughout the history of Islam. Even Ali and Mu'awiya themselves used to abuse each other. So, if the descendants of Ali or his followers send similar curses on
him and his son now, they cannot be branded sacrilegious and recommended for crucification. Naturally after the tragedy of Karbala no descendent of Ali can reconcile himself with the descendent of Mu'awiya.
THE END OF AN ERA

Both 1953 and 1954 were eventful years in the life of Hamza Shinwari. His first collection of major verses was published in 1953 under the title *Ghazawoong* (yawning) (115). This was a great achievement for an otherwise famous poet from the hills. He was already known to all the Pashto poets and writers but this book put a seal of authentication on his greatness (116). This book had a phenomenal success and put him on par with the greatest writers of Pashto literature. Through this book alone he was considered a bridge between the medieval and the modern poets and writers; and he was looked upon as not only a poet but an institution, a frame and the reference at the same time. Through this book his poetry had a very wide currency and it inspired a mushroom of young poets to imitate him as a model. He was invariably referred to as the Ostad, the reverential epithet for a teacher. This book was included in the M.A. Pashto course during the sixties and is still a part of the syllabus (117).

In November the same year, 1953, his only surviving elder brother, Malik Bawar Khan passed away (118). This was a greater shock to Hamza than the death of his father or those of the other elder brothers. Bawar Khan had been like a shield to the family and had so far relieved Hamza of the cares and worries of a large family in a tribal context. He was to inherit all these now on the death of his brother. He would be burdened with
an unbearable sense of responsibility on account of his family and clan affairs. However, he also had a younger brother, Mohammad Umar Khan Seemab(118) to shoulder most of the filial responsibilities. But, all the same, with the death of his elder brother Hamza had to leave behind a happy, carefree youth and grow into a strong man of affairs. And this was soon followed by another lightening stroke when his beloved Murshid also passed away.

In July 1954 his Murshid, Syed Abdus Sattar Shah, lovingly called Bacha Jan by the entire family, suddenly passed away at Peshawar. (120). It was summer. Hamza was, as usual, at Landikotal. On hearing this sad news he was simply stunned. But then he had to pull himself up and go to Peshawar to participate in the funeral rites and pay his eternal Shaikh the last homage with utter devotion. He came to the Sarai and boarded a bus to Peshawar. When he reached the Balakhana (or Astana Sharif) as he reverentially calls the residence of his Shaikh in the Dabgari Street, a large crowd of people had already gathered there. He went straight upstairs to see the coffin. His shaikh was lying as if sound asleep, without any agonising trace of death on his serene face.

Downstairs, people were coming in troves or pouring in from all around and were jamming the streets. Shops were closed and traffic suspended. Most of the people were weeping along with his bereaved disciples. A loud lamentation of women could be heard from the roof tops and curtained balconies. Even those who were against him in life had turned up at his death.
with remorseful tears in their eyes. But Hamza felt as if all his emotions were but suspended; he only had a fidgety feeling of numbness and wonder; he neither cried nor even wept.

The funeral procession was taken outside the Dargaari gate, and prayers were held in a ground there, which were led by Sved Amir Shah. Since he had not left any wish or will about his place of burial, he was buried in the common graveyard at Peshawar. (121).

A few days later Rafiq Shinwari (the present music director of Pashto films), (122), related to Hamza the story of the Shaikh's death. He said that the Shaikh was ill for a few days but then he would not care. In doctors he had no faith, but would sometimes ask a Hakim for some tonic. This time the son of Hakim Abdullah was called and as usual the Shaikh had asked him for the tonic. But he was not feeling really well. He was all over shivering with fever when he got up for his Isha prayers (the last prayers for the day, before the midnight). Somebody suggested to him to pray while sitting but he refused and offered the entire prayers in standing. Then he lay down on bed and covered himself with a sheet and asked Rafiq and Dilawar Khan to play some music as usual. After two or three songs, while his face was still covered with the sheet, he asked the gathering to go to sleep. One by one all went downstairs till only. Rafiq and Dada Zarin were left. After a while they suspected that his condition might have worsened as he had not stirred since the people had left and when they removed the sheet from his face he had expired.
Then Zarin Dada wore his waistcoat about which the Shaikh used to say that whatever he had possessed was there in that coat. Zarin Dada had naturally hoped for succession to the spiritual seat of the Murshid but was tenaciously opposed by Hamza, since he himself might have harboured the same irresistible wish. The Shaikh himself had passed away without naming any successor, giving rise to a rivalry between Zarin Dada and Hamza Shinwari, his two closest and equally trustworthy disciples. However, in a meeting of some forty or fifty disciples, it was agreed that one of his relatives and a Syed should succeed the Shaikh. So, Syed Waqif Shah, a nephew of the departed Shaikh was declared the Sajjada Nashin and all prayed for his success and elevation of rank. (123).

Syed Sattar Shah was born at Mirano Killi in Agrawar, in the Hazzara district in 1878. (124). His father was Syed Burhan Shah. When five years old, he was admitted to a mosque school, where he was taught the Quran, the Hadith and Islamic jurisprudence, along with conventional Persian literature. He went to Hindustan when eight years old, partly to try his luck there and partly to avoid hostile relatives back at home. There he worked hard for some time as an ordinary labourer for 10 Annas a day (125). Later on he became a contractor, doing business all over India, making sufficient money to lead a respectable life.

To mysticism he was drawn from the very beginning; it was in his blood, as they say. Even during the days of his hard manual labour, he would carry on mystic exercise at night. Then
he took allegiance in the Naqashbandia School of Mysticism at the hands of Syed Abdul Ghafoor Shah (127). On the death of his Murshid, Sattar Shah went over to Afghanistan, to take allegiance this time in the Wadiria School, at the hands of Syed Hassan Naqeeb of Charbagh. Later on he also took allegiance at the hands of Shaikh Sain Mohammad Azim of Kashmir (128). Then he also went through the forty days of fasting and supplication (Chilla) in the hills of Margalla and then Kashmir (129). He was also granted Vice-regency in all the schools of Sufism by Sufi Syed Ahmad in Kashmir. On the death of Sain Mohammad Azim he was in Bombay and his Amanat (trust) was delivered to him there with the order to go to Peshawar (130).

From the beginning he was attached more to Peshawar than to any other city in India and since then he stayed there till his death and was buried in Peshawar. When he came from Bombay to Peshawar, he first lived with a cobbler called Sultan. Then he shifted to the place of Zarin Afridi in the Dabgari Street. Gradually people started coming to him to take allegiance at his hands; and soon he had a fairly large following.

He was also strongly drawn to music and poetry. After the evening meal and Isha prayers he would listen to Rabab, usually played by Bawar Khan. Later on it used to be played by Hamza Shinwari himself. The Shaikh had also had a custom to hold Khatm-i-Quran (reciting the entire Holy Book) in memory or for the benefit of the soul of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz of Ajmer Sharif. The Khatam would then be followed by a Qawali Mehfil. It used to
be a modest affair at the beginning but gradually it gathered momentum with a large turn out. After the death of his Shaikh this tradition was sustained by Hamza. He holds it on the 27th of Ramazanul Mubarak at his house in the Assia Gate to which people come from as far away as Landikotal and Darra Adam Khel.

Sattar Shah lived a simple and unassuming life. He was against the patched frock and a matching patched cap and a string of beads and all the external paraphernalia of Sufism. He would even go to the cinema and the female singers. Throughout his stay in Peshawar he lived in a rented place and had no house of his own. (131).

A WARM REUNION

In August 1957 Hamza suddenly decided to go to Kabul for a change and see the famous Jash-i-Istiqlal there once again. He was going there as an individual tribesman, without a passport. The passport had been unilaterally waved off by the Afghan Gov’t. for the entire tribal population of the Frontier, during the fifties. (132). The tribesmen consequently straddled the elusive frontier as it existed but on paper only. For them at least the international border had been reduced to a domestic affair. During the British time, the people on this side of the Durand line used to be contemptuously called the /Pam/ or br/'nyh, /Rom/ Sage Bartania (the British dogs), in Afghanistan. After partition, the force of ethnic, cultural and linguistic affinities made them change their mind about the “lower Pakhtoonkhwa” and the border became virtually redundant. (133).
But for eminent people like Hamza Shinwari, despite their tribal bonafides, it was not entirely without adverse effects on their career back at home; for then the Pakhtoonistan movement had been smoldering and a vicious war of attrition was raging all around for quite some time. Hamza was therefore sure that his activities and movements in Kabul would be monitored closely by the ubiquitous, undercover, C.I.D. agents, because all Pashto poets, writers and even journalists were suspected of sedition if not openly branded as traitors. (134). This onslaught against the Pakhtoons was extended even to their heritage and poets like Khushal Khan of even more than three hundred years ago were censured for their vocal Pakhtoon nationalism. Since Khushal Khan had crystallised into a symbolic hero of the Pakhtoons, he was patronised by the Kabul administration. To counter this over-blown patronage, Rehman Baba, a harmless hermit of a poet, was officially extolled here in the Frontier. Instead of an asset this ill-fated movement only proved a liability for the growth and development of Pashto language and literature in Pakistan. Pashto journals and books were discouraged under one pretext or another, all the prominent poets and writers were debarred from the radio and official patronage and some were even put behind the bars for their extreme views.

But Hamza was too aloof from the active politics of the day to be easily given a bad name and killed. Yet he was a Pakhtoon not only by the accident of his birth but also by the mould of temperament: and an intellectual par excellence and
a vehement supporter of the cause of at least Pashto language and literature. But then Pashto language and literature had their roots deep down in Pashto culture and civilisation which were but the pillars of the Pakhtoonistan movement. Whether one of the moving spirits behind this movement or not, he could not stay altogether unaffected by its appeal or resist showing his sincere sympathies for this apparently unifying movement of the Pakhtoons (135).

However, he went to Torkham, with a small suitcase in hand, and from there boarded a truck driven by one of his relatives, Murid Khan. On reaching Jalalabad it was very hot and he decided to stay there for the night with Mirajan Sial Kooda Khel. Soon the writers and poets of Jalalabad descended on the house of Mirajan to avail themselves of the company of Hamza Shinwari and to be refreshed with his fresh verses. Zarghun Shah Shinwari, nicknamed Mama (uncle) was also present and offered the services of forty thousand Shinwari families, if he ever made up his mind to use them in the sacred cause of their emancipation. Hamza only thanked him for this sincere but brave gesture, hoping that matters might never come to such a pass (136).

From Saroby (some 60 km from Kabul) he rang up Kabul about his coming. When his truck reached Booth Khak (literally the statue clay and some 15 km short of Kabul) he was received by Mohammad Gulab Ningarharsi, the director of Tribal Affairs, and was picked up in a staff car from there. In Kabul he was put up at the prestigious Kabul hotel on state expenses (137).
Hamza had an incredibly large number of friends and admirers at Kabul. He was acknowledged the unrivalled Ustad (master) of modern Pashto poetry, not only here in the Sarhad but also across the Durand line, all over Afghanistan, and his name and fame were quite a household word among all the enlightened, educated circles there. He was respected there more than any other poet of their own. In fact he was looked upon as the representative poet of the entire Pakhtoonkhwa. He was not only popular among the literary circles but also among the upper official echelons. But then most of the poets and writers themselves were respectable officers in various government departments. After Sardar Shahwali Khan, Sardar Mohammad Daud Khan was the second Afghan prime minister who knew Hamza by name and would invariably invite him to a dinner whenever he happened to be in Kabul. (138).

The celebrations went on for ten swaying days. He used to be always invited to tea parties and dinners by his admirers as well as high officials. Then he would be repeatedly requested to recite his fresh poetry. For his published collections were only too well known. After his recitation they would then discuss current affairs or some philosophical riddle or would only play with light witticism. (139).

In Afghanistan the timeless female veil was recently but partially lifted under the unethical philosophy of female emancipation; or was it but nothing more than a naked aping of the recent Turkish revolution in which every tradition was
wrapped up in veil and was thrown down the drain. The affair was still passing through a controversial stage in Afghanistan although big brother Turkov had successfully brushed aside every vestige of opposition to it. Unlike the streets of Ankara and Istambol, where the veil was but a thing of the past, a symbol of medieval ignorance, the streets of Kabul saw an even number of veiled and unveiled ladies, roaming about in the parks and shopping in the dusty (or windy as Homer would see Iroy) Bazaars. This movement, which was one of the causes of the downfall of Ghazi Amanullah Khan, was vehemently supported by the younger and more enlightened (or illusioned) generation, who insisted on seeing rustic Afghanistan through the impeccable spectacles of Europe, perhaps supplied gratis by Turkov.

In this connection Syed Shamsuddin Majrooh once observed in a dinner at Bash-i-Babar that women were more beautiful than men. Contradicting this observation Hamza argued that if we look at nature, we find that it is usually the male of the species, in both animals and birds, that is stronger, more vibrant and more handsome. As an example he quoted the cock, the peacock, the parrot, the bull, the ram etc. (and he must have included his old friend, the quail, in this roll call for honour). He concluded that man was more accomplished and therefore more attractive to woman than woman to man. (140).

Next day he had a meeting with Sardar Mohammad Daud Khan, the then prime minister of Afghanistan. It has already been briefly discussed. Hamza relates a similar meeting with Daud
Khan in 1958 when, besides others. Maulana Abdul Qadir was also present. The Sardar Sahib had then made an emotional speech in the local Persian called Darri which was translated in Pashto by Shamsuddin Majrooh. At the end Maulana Abdul Qadir stood up for a reciprocal speech and like the mighty Sardar before him he also started in the language of Gulistan and Bostan. At this the Sardar Sahib snapped in a sharp tone: Pashto mroh th xw p'rsy mh w'yh /Rom/, "Marda ta kho parsi ma waya". (you please don't speak Persian), at which there was a spontaneous laughter and the accomplished Maulana switched over to pure Pashto, softer than silk and more fluent than the great Abasin in the spring floods. For Daud Khan and his colleagues it was obviously a joy to hear Pashto in Afghanistan.

On his way back Hamza stayed in Jalalabad and requested the governor, Mohammad Farroq Jan, to allow him to visit the Shinwari territories. His request was granted. He was also provided with a staff jeep for the journey. He was first taken to the Kaga headquarters, which lies in the Khugyani territories that borders Parachinar in the N.W.F.P. On coming back to Jalalabad the governor invited him to a dinner which was followed by the evergreen Afghan music(142). Next day, accompanied by a Shinwari Malik, Malik Narai, he was taken to the Shinwari area of Deh Sarak. After a stay of two days, there they were then taken to another place called Kahi. Here Hamza was warmly received by his own kinsmen from the Ashraf Khel clan. They stayed for three days under profuse hospitality from his lost cousins.(143)
The ancestors of Hamza had migrated to Landikotal from somewhere here, only three generations ago, for some unknown reasons. There they had leased their lands to a farmer who used to duly send the seasonal produce of wheat, barley, maize and rice to Landikotal. The farmer was succeeded by his son, who too regularly sent the produce. But then he was succeeded by a /Past/ nmk hr'm /Rom/ "Namak Haram" (faithless) son who started growing "Koknar" (poppy) on the land and stopped sending the share of his feudal lords. In the course of time he mortgaged the lands and himself migrated to the Khugyani territory. Since then Hamza and his family have been in the dark about their ancestral lands at Deh Sarak, Kahi and Paikha. In this tour he also tried to trace his lost lands but in vain(144). He was also thinking of bringing it to the notice of the governor but on the way back he was in a hurry and left the matter for another, more opportune occasion.

From Kahi they were taken to Paikha and from there they went to the Kohistan (the hilly area). On the way Hamza met an exuberant, young kinsman and asked him about his ancestral lands. /Past/ hâh xw mwng xRle Ch ch hZme kRe hm dy .... "oh! we have digested them long ago", his kinsman replied with a laughing wink. On the way to the very mountains of Tirah they passed through a number of hamlets called Bandas (temporary abodes built by pastoral nomads for seasonal stay). For a night they stayed at a Banda belonging to the escort, Malik Narai. The next day they reached the last Banda called Da Syedano Banda (hamlet of the Syeds) which is situated on the boundary of the Shinwari and the
Afridi territories of Tirah. The whole area is under thick forestation and on a very high elevation. Here Hamza was told about a locally growing wild turnip which is used in mercury-Kushta. But it could not be easily obtained then. There was also a sweet-scented plant called Kharawale, the leaves and twigs of which are woven into garlands to be sold in far away cities. Another place at a little distance called Yagga Dand (the bear pond) was full of strange, unearthly smells all around. Here was a sensuous, dreamy atmosphere, a combination of enchanting sights and sweet smells and the songs of birds. The romantic poet in Hamza Shinwari was gratified for quite a while. Collecting some rare herbs there, they retracted their steps back to Jalalabad. From there he was taken in the same staff jeep to the Afghan Torkham from where he simply walked home in Pakistan. (145).

Back home the atmosphere was thick with his imminent apprehension. He was also reminded of the threatening warnings of the Pakistan’s ambassador to Kabul, Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak (146). Hamza had defended his speeches and activities in Afghanistan in the presence of the ambassador but all the same he could have amassed enough bad reports against him to be easily sent to the gallows. But, somehow, nothing happened and nobody stopped him from his daily promenades to the Sarai. After a few days he was told by the then political agent that there had actually been a top level meeting about his arrest between the C.I.D. and the political department. The proposal was dropped on the ground that in that way an ordinary poet would have been
turned into an extraordinary hero and in this way the noisy Kabul radio would have been provided with yet another catching propaganda item. Hamza thanked the P.A. for not tuning him into a popular hero, it was enough for him to be an anonymous poet. (147).

**REPRESENTING N.W.F.P. IN THE ALL PAKISTAN WRITERS’ CONVENTION AT KARACHI**

In 1958, mainly through the efforts of Qudratullah Shihab and Jamiludin Aali, a writers’ convention was held at Karachi, then the capital of Pakistan. Prominent writers and poets were invited from all the regions and language groups of the country. The Pashto-speaking region was represented by Walandar Momand and Hamza Shinwari. There at Karachi they were put up at Taj Hotel. (148). The convention had a number of meetings. One meeting was presided over by the Baba-i-Urdu, the late Maulvi Abdul Haq. The meeting was taking place in the afternoon and in his presidential address the Maulvi had forcefully demanded to “throw away English from Pakistan before the sunset”. (149).

One meeting was also presided by the then Chief Martial Law Administrator (C.M.L.A.) and later the president of Pakistan, the late Field Marshal Mohammad Ayub Khan. He had naturally stressed on the growth of constructive literature, reflecting the ethos of Pakistan. He shared with the writers and poets a vision of the renaissance that he had wanted to trigger off. While introducing the C.M.L.A. Qudratullah Shihab had said that despite the martial law regime in the country, no curbs on the freedom of expression would be imposed; it was also endorsed by
the Chief Guest in his presidential address at the end. (150).

At the end of that convention the Pakistan Writers' Guild was founded as a representative body of the writers and poets of the country; to provide them with a common forum for the projection of their thoughts and aspirations as well as the protection of their rights and privileges; and to voice their grievances and problems through the Guild. The Guild also instituted cash prizes for works of outstanding quality to provide an incentive to and a sense of competition among the poets and writers of the country.

Once the writers from the then East Pakistan gave a dinner in honour of all the delegates to the convention. Hamza went there along with Hafeez Jalandari. On the way Hafeez Sahib said to Hamza jokingly, "Khan Sahib, you Pathans have done no good by converting our ancestors to Islam". Hamza replied in the same vein by saying, "the same was done to the God-forsaken Pathans by the zealous Arabs. It was only under a heedless revenge motive that the Pathans later went on rampage in converting others". (151).

The Bengali dinner was preceded by a Mushaira. Hamza was also naturally asked to recite his poetry. Fortunately Khatir Ghaznavi was at hand to translate it in Urdu, as Hamza would recite in Pashto. When he recited a couplet which was translated as: "what has happened to your Pakhtoon eyes that appear so terrified today?", there was spontaneous ovation particularly from the Bengali poets. When it was the turn of
Hafeez Sahib, he started reciting in his typical singsong manner called Farranum. Nobody paid any heed to either the music of his voice or the magic of his verses. In utter exasperation he shouted in plain prose, "keep silent, please." At this Ahmad Faraz from the audience shouted back at him, "Better you keep silent if they do not". (152).

During this stay Hamza also met Josh Maleehabadi. Josh was a virtual Pathan tribesman minus the Pashto language and the crested turban. He claimed that his ancestors belonged to the Malikhel sub clan of the Afridi Adamkhol tribe. His grand father was called Sarbiland Khan and with it he recited an extempore couplet in Urdu:

/Path" b hhy jb SbH kw xybt se hw' 'ty he dl 'b' ke dhRkne ky Sd' 'ty he (Jw$)E

(Even now when the wind comes from the Khyber It brings the sound of the heart beat of my grandpa).

Then he asked Hamza if there were also poets in Pashto. Hamza replied, "Yes, of course there are and one is sitting right in front of you". At this he simply asked for some recitation at which Hamza translated a Rubai (quartet) of his in Urdu. Here we will give the Rubai in translation:

The more one is rich the more is he wretched
He might be contented on the surface
But disturbed deep down.
Look at the spring flower in the morning dew,
It is weeping behind a broad smile. (Hamza) (154).

In that convention Hamza also mentioned Pakhtoon nationalism in his speech and had liberally quoted Khushal Khan in his support. All the poets in general and the Bengali bothers
in particular appreciated the following lines from Khushal Khan.

(I am beyond sixty years old
Yet no Uzbek can compete with me in horsemanship;
I have girded my loins for the honour of Pakhtoons,
I am the chivalrous Khushal Khan Khattak of the time). (Khushal).

Or these memorable lines:

(A hero has only two alternatives:
He either bites the dust or carries the trophy).

(Khushal).

From then on Hamza used to regularly attend the Guild meetings at Karachi. In one meeting he tabled a resolution for making Pashto the medium of instruction at schools in the Frontier. (155). This was opposed by a majority of the Punjabi writers. Even Jamiluddin Aali was not pleased with it, although he was a Muhajir and not a Punjabi. He tried to convince Hamza that in a recent educational conference Maulana Abdul Qadir had declared that there was no justification or use for Pashto. Hamza replied that the learned Maulana might have said that under some official pressure as he was but a government servant. Aali asked curtly, "Doesn't the Maulana represent the Pathans?". Hamza replied that he in fact didn't: neither had anybody given him this right of representation. "Then how can you represent them? Have you, in fact, been given this right?" Aali quipped. At this Hamza replied that the question whether the Pathans were represented by the Maulana or him could only be verified through a referendum: yet, if he was not representing the Pathans or the Pashto-language, why was he invited to the Guild; what other justification could be found for this invitation. The Maulana or some other all-knowing civil servant could easily have been
invited instead. (157).

At this the charismatic poet from Bengal, Jaseemuddin, got up to speak in favour of the resolution. This was followed by Munir Chaudri and the rest of the vibrant Bengali brothers. They contended that it was highly unnatural, and the height of injustice to a people whose children are forced to be educated in an alien tongue, right from the nursery (158). It is not only responsible for a host of psychological complexes among the tender children but ultimately amounts to a wholesale genocide. This linguistic imperialism is nothing but progressive colonialism. The Bengalis themselves had sacrificed their blood, to get the Bangla language recognised as the medium of instruction in the eastern wing. Similarly, the Sindhis soon followed suit and struggled for their linguistic rights and got their tongue recognised as a provincial medium of instruction. The other delegates also supported Hamza and the resolution was adopted under a majority vote. But it is entirely a different matter that it was not implemented. (159).

Then the local branch of the Pakistan Writers' Guild was also opened at Peshawar with Mohammad Yousaf Orakzai as its first secretary. Later on Hamza resigned from the Guild in protest over the question of regional representation. However, the Guild, had in the meantime, given him a prize of Rs 1000/- (one thousand rupees) on his book Zhwand (life) and had also published his other book of verses: Yoon (excelsior). (160).

FROM KARACHI TO PESHAWAR IN A SPECIAL TRAIN
In 1960 the then president of Pakistan, Field Martial M.Yahmmad Ayub Khan, had arranged a grand, unprecedented tour of mass contact, in a special train from Karachi to Peshawar. He was accompanied by not only some of his ministers and other top ranking officials but also representative poets and writers from all the five corners of the then Pakistan. From Sarhad Hamza Shinwari had been chosen for the membership of this august delegation on the rails. For this purpose he was invited by the Pakistan Writers' Guild to Karachi and was told there of his prestigious assignment. And so one fine morning, the presidential train rolled from the Karachi railway station on a more than a thousand miles long odyssey of good will and fraternity. (161).

The train would grind to a halt from place to place to huge, awaiting crowds where the president would briefly address the people and listen to their queries and grievances, answer their multifarious questions and even solve some of their problems on the spot. At one place a simpleton complained that his name was entered in the female electoral rolls. Smiling the president replied that women were but the virtual rulers of the country and he should be happy to have been included in their list, even though by mistake. (162). The men were only mulling the loads while the hand that rocked the cradle ruled the country. At another place somebody asked the president as to why Shariat was not imposed in the country, as Pakistan was created but in the name of Islam, under the universal slogan: /nام/پًکسٽنٽک'م/لبکیُل’یٽ‘یلیح /Rom/, "Pakistan ka
matlab kia la ilaha illallah". (The object of Pakistan was to glorify God alone). Waving his hand the president thundered at the impertinent man, "sit down idiot, you still cling to those worn-out concepts of fourteen hundred years ago, right on the periphery of this nuclear age". (163). Hamza says that he was shocked by hearing from the horse’s mouth the official attitude towards Islam, in this largest Muslim country in the world. He used to feel the pricks of conscience for a long time for not having asked the president there and then to correct his Qibla. But then neither he nor any body else among the audience had the courage to contradict the president although there were people with long beards and from all appearances looked staunch Muslims. Hamza was thinking that these were the words of the same president who would devotedly start every regular monthly address to the nation from the radio with the sacred Kalima. Was this Kalima also not the symbol of Islam. There was the rub. On the one hand, the official, cosmetic lip-service to Islam, while on other this sacrilegious attitude from the dizzying top. And then he went on ruminating, how such a man, who openly opposed his creed, could claim at the same time to be a Pathan, for Pathans were either confirmed Muslims or then not Pathans either. He concluded that by switching over to the Hindko language the president had also forfeited his claim to Pathanhood. (164).

One evening, all the poets and writers in the entourage were invited to a dinner by the president. They were all taken to the dining car where the host was already present
for their reception. When Hamza was introduced to the president, he greeted him in Pashto and asked him about the condition of Landikotal, as he knew the place and the people well, for he had lived there for sometime as a major in 1946. When they were seated Hamza was asked to sit down with the president. After sitting there the first question that he asked the president was what he was going to do for the tribals? The president replied that a commission had already been instituted for that purpose and its recommendations would be expeditiously implemented. Then Hamza asked if any tribesman had also been included in that commission? The president replied that tribal or no tribal, all the members of the learned commission were well-versed in the tribal affairs. Hamza did not quite agree to this and observed that all the ex-political agents and commissioners had only compounded the tribal problems in the past; how could they preside over their solution now.(165).

The second point that he discussed with the president was the question of Pashto as medium of instruction at schools. For this also a commission had already been set up and the matter was "sub-judice", the president replied. Still, if the commission failed to recommend Pashto as medium of instruction, the president asked Hamza to see him about it then; so that some other way could be found.(166).

Then the president asked Hamza about the mental condition of Malik Murad Khan Shinwari, who was put in the mental hospital by the political agent, Khyber, due to some personal
differences. Hamza had been thinking of bringing it to the notice of the president before he himself asked about it. Although the family of Hamza had a smoldering vendetta with the family of Malik Murad Khan Shinwari, in which even some men had been killed from both sides, yet Hamza felt honour bound to get his old enemy released from that inglorious asylum. He clarified the background of the ugly incident to the president which was noted down in the diary for necessary action at the end of the journey. (187).

And then Hamza got up to sit with Manzoor Qadir, the then foreign minister of Pakistan. The foreign minister wanted to discuss with him the Family Planning, which the government had been seriously thinking to impose rigorously to arrest the population explosion, which was proving not only an unnecessary drain on national resources but also the main hindrance in the way of economic development. Hamza opposed this planning on the basis of being not only un-Islamic but also against nature. This would entail restrictions on marriages and divorce which were against the teachings of Islam. Abortions would ultimately be encouraged and properly legalised which were but cold-blooded murders. The pills and other contraceptives were not entirely free of adverse side-effects. Anyhow, it was against nature as well as human nature to arrest the process of regeneration. (168). That is why it was branded /Ara/ bndy /Rom/, Shaitani Mansuba Bandi (satanic planning) instead of /Ara/ x'nd'ny bndy /Rom/, Khandani Mansuba Bandi
Hamza quoted the case of China with more than a billion population and still progressing by leaps and bounds. He also pointed out the case of some small European states which suffered from under population and gave rebates and other incentives in the shape of special allowances for the birth of more babies. It only proved that population was a relative phenomenon and there could be no saturation point for it. He believed that there was ample scope for economic development; it only required proper planning (not necessarily family planning), and sincere approach by the powers that be. We had not even taken the first step to what they call in economics "the optimum return".

Before boarding the Pak-Special train in the entourage of President Mohammad Ayub Khan, Hamza had also met at Karachi the then strongman of Sindh, General Mohammad Azam Khan. Later on he was transferred to Bengal (the then East Pakistan) to play a legendary role there by working with a missionary zeal and fascinating the ever-suspicious and volatile Bengali brothers with sheer personal charisma. (169).

General Azam and his younger brother, Mukarram Khan, were his fellow students back at the Collegiate school. Since the general had had a black mark on his forehead, he was branded as a "Pandatji", by his classmates. The general was highly pleased to see old Hamza after such a long time. In their informal, friendly "Gupshup" (gossip) over a cup of tea, the general talked about nationalism as such and simply observed "we are all
Mussalman". At this Hamza only pointed out that still the guard at his door and the peon who brought the tea were only Pakhtoons while he could easily procure good, non-Pakhtoon Mussalmans for all those jobs from among the simple Sidhis around him. And then Hamza had requested the general to do something for his neighbour, Malik Murad Khan Shinwari, to get him out of the imposed bedlam. The general had assured him of his full cooperation. (170)

Once while at Karachi in connection with a Guild meeting, Hamza had gone to see Rais Amrohvi. This was neither his first nor his last meeting with Rais Sahib. He (Rais) was pleased that Hamza had come at a time when he was invited to tea by the singer Nazir Jan, as she had returned from performing Hajj Sharif. He also asked Hamza to accompany him. Since Josh Maleehababdi was there, they decided that they should go to him first and then go together to the tea. Josh Sahib received them warmly and then told Hamza, "I love to see you". He replied that the same were his feelings too. Hamza used to respect Josh not only as a great poet but also as an elder tribesman that he genetically was. Then he also presented him with his fresh book in Urdu "Insan Aur Zindagi" (Man and Life). In the meantime Prof. Shaukat Sabazwari also came. Hamza had met him before and now claimed that Shaukat Sahib belonged to his very own Shinwari tribe. Everybody, including Shaukat Sahib himself, was baffled by this rather rash revelation on the part of a sane person that they had so far taken Hamza for. Then Hamza explained that "sabz" is a Persian word for the green colour which becomes "sheen" in
Pashto: and the suffix "wari" being common. Subzwari is but the Persianised form of Shinwari. They all had a good laugh at this ingenious explanation. (171).

Then together they went to the house of Nazir Jan who received them very courteously and made them sit in a well-furnished drawing room. To begin with Josh asked the considerate hostess that while she was leaving on the pilgrimage he had requested her to pray there for his death. He wondered if she had done so. She replied that God would not answer such prayers in which there was no harmony between the heart and the tongue. Perhaps the following couplet would illustrate her point:

(No prayer is answered of desertion in love
No prayer is answered without corresponding wish)

Then Josh asked Hamza for reciting some poetry. He was particularly taken in by the Shinwari's Pakhtoon imagery which sounded shockingly novel and yet strongly appealing to the senses. And the gapes between the cups and the lips were filled with hot and sweet and fluid poetry. (172).

The chilly winds of Pakhtoonistan continued blowing with usual ferocity throughout the length and breadth of the Ayub Khan regime. Although he had also paid a visit to Kabul, in this very connection, and the strongman of Iran, King Raza Shah Pahlavi, who was an equally close friend of both King Zahir Shah and President Ayub, was also said to have earnestly mediated in the matter, the storm did not subside, and along with uprooting many large trees, it simply blew away two otherwise innocent books
by Hamza Shinwari. They were Nawe Chape (New Waves) and Nawe Pakhtoon (New or Modern Pakhtoon).

The first was a novel which he had written in 1944 and published in 1957, and the other a diary of his visit to Afghanistan which he had written in 1957 and published in the same year. The novel revolved around the theme of Pakhtoon unity. Hamza had pointed out the various ways in which the Machiavellian British had successfully tried to divide the warlike Pakhtoons and subdue them piece-meal and then rule them rough-shod. If the Pakhtoons of today were to regain their lost glory they had to rediscover their true axis. He had also used the word Pakhtoonistan but only in the sense of a substitute name for the N.W.F.P. as the latter was but a cluster of meaningless abbreviations, or even the word Sarhad or Frontier suddenly stood meaningless on partition because all the provinces of Pakistan overnight became equally frontier provinces; but then they already had their ethnic or linguistic nomenclatures while only the Frontier stayed a frontier. This is a classical denial of calling a spade a spade.

However, the book was included in the Pashto Honours course and later on prescribed in the M.A. Pashto syllabus of the University of Peshawar, for quite some time when suddenly it was found out to be at cross purposes with official theology and not only deleted from the course but was outright banned. Later on the Jamiat�Coalition Government in N.W.F.P. in 1973 restored the book without expunging a word from it.

In the other book, Nawe Pakhtoon, Hamza had
faithfully recorded his observations of Afghanistan, after he had gone there in 1957 on a purely private visit. He had neither idolised nor ridiculed anybody or any social or political creed or systems of the two antagonistic neighbours. He had simply written what he had seen there and could not help praising their good points. There was no propaganda element in the book at all. Yet it was found obnoxious by the Ayub regime and was banned for no apparent reason whatsoever.

Hamza remembers that in those good old days he was once called by Mohammad Jan Khan, the then political agent, Khyber, to explain why he had praised the Afghan way of life in a gathering at Peshawar. Hamza replied that he was asked for and he had described only what he had seen there. The political agent told him that the official circles were offended by this and he should, in future, refrain from such heedless stories. A taboo was a taboo and a sensible man like Hamza should not be confused about the official philosophy. Feeling the sting in his tone and the venom in his words, Hamza replied that Afghanistan was but a stone's throw from his village in Landikotal and if he could not be tolerated here, he would simply hop over the fence and be more at home there. Visualising the consequences of such an extreme step by a poet of the stature of Hamza Shinwari, the wary P.A. suddenly toned down and told him quickly that he didn't mean to carry matters that far; he would only request him to be a bit more prudent in future. (I?4).

With this, he put across a tantalising proposal by
asking Hamza to join their propaganda bandwagon against Afghanistan for which he could be adequately rewarded. Hamza replied that the government had already had a vast paraphernalia and quite a few departments were already engaged in that unholy war. His jumping in the fray would really make no difference. He refused to join the crusade, reward or no reward, because, he felt, he would only be propagating against himself and his tribe, if not against his conscience and his art. He could not afford to vulgarise either.

Then he told the astute P.A. that Afghanistan was but a second home to the tribes of Landikotal and he could not axe at their roots there. And then where would he stand if the day after tomorrow the two belligerent neighbours suddenly saw reason and relented and then resolved their differences and became inseparable brothers in faith and humanity if not in language and culture. Could he then hide behind his stigma and convince the world, with the soot of it all still thick on his unwashable face, that what he had been saying all along was not really meant and it was but a big gamble to make a quick buck to be ranked among the greedy rich. He did not believe in such silly jokes. For him propaganda was a serious business: but then he was not a born businessman. (175).

OFFICIAL ATTITUDE TO
KHUSHAL KHAN KHATTAK AND REHMAN BABA

When the Pak-special train was nearing Attock, Hamza was hotly debating nationalism with his fellow delegates
and when it reached Akora Khattak, the birth place of Khushal Khan, he got up, turned towards the south and raised his hands for Fatiha. His friends might have taken it for a sudden spiritual stroke and asked him in surprise as to what he was doing. He replied that three miles from there, in the lap of the hills, lay buried the great Khushal Khan Khattak, and he was only praying for the peace of his restless soul. (176). He could see wrinkles forming on the foreheads of some of his friends. Still Hamza elaborated that the great Khan Kaka had willed in life that he should be buried where--to use his own words--"The dust of the hoofs of the Moghul cavalry might not light upon his grave," and that they should carefully conceal his last resting place, lest the Moghuls might seek it out and insult the ashes of him, at whose name, whilst in life, they quailed; and by whose sword, and that of his clansmen, their best troops had been scattered like chaff before the sail. Iqbal has put this wish in these words:

\[\text{\textit{\textit{Iqbal}}}\]

\[\text{R' kr nh l'ye jh'n b'd kwh m\&l Sh sw'rwkny grd smnd ('q\&l').}

The Allama was also deeply impressed by this Mard-i-Kohistani (the hillsman), and his symbol of Shaheen, if not the very concept of ego, seem to have been influenced by if not actually borrowed from Khushal Khan Khattak.

In this connection Hamza remembers that they had arranged the first Mushairaha at the tomb of Khushal Khan Khattak in 1939. Then again in 1955, when the marble slab that was sent by Afghanistan for the grave of Khan Kaka, was being fixed there a Mushairaha was also arranged for the occasion. It was also
attended by Khan Abdul Wavvum Khan, the then chief minister N.W.F.P., Mian Jaffar Shah, the then education minister and a fairly large number of government officials. Another Mushaira was probably held there in 1976 to which Hamza could not go due to indisposition. Since then no Mushaira could be held there. However, president Ziaul Haq had paid a visit there in 1980 in which he had also announced the establishment of a Khushal Research Cell, which was widely appreciated.

The reason for this official apathy for this incomparable warrior-poet lies in the fact that even now, as during the Moghul period, Khushal Khan could be a rallying force for the bellicose Pathan tribes. The then Pathan hero is still a symbol of Pakhtoon nationalism. "In fact the great Khan had given the concept of nationalism to the Pakhtoon tribes at a time when even Europe had not stumbled upon it". (179). He can, therefore, rightly be called the father of the modern concept of nationalism. He is at the same time the frame and the reference of the Pathan reawakening. He was a revolutionary and led the life of a rebel but was only disarmed at the end by the obscurantism and opportunism of the Pathan tribes. We can sum up his heroic struggle in these words: he fought a losing battle bravely and fought at many fronts at the same time, with the unshakable conviction, not to be defeated. That is why he is considered the first and the last leader of Pakhtoon nationalism.

But then Khushal Khan was not only a warrior, with a drawn sword (they will call it naked in Pashto) in his mighty
hands, fighting now against the Moghul Empire in India and now against his own petty tribes in the hills, or even against his own family; he was at the same time a prolific writer of both prose and poetry. He is said to have written more than a hundred books most of which are not available now but still enough have survived to testify to his genius. His poetry alone would rank him among the greatest Pashto poets. Indeed he is considered by a common consent, as the national poet of the Pathans.(180). His poetry has continued to have peculiar appeal and many a young writer, including Hamza Shinwari himself, has been influenced by his sincerity, frankness, vigour and exuberance. His zest for life brings him to the brink of obscenity which he skillfully wraps up in a subtle strain of humour. The eternal flow of his verse brings to mind the gushing Abasin. His style is unique while his language can only be compared to that of Rehman Baba.

On the contrary, Rehman Baba has continually been receiving a sort of official patronage here. His Urs is celebrated with great pomp and show every year. Even the official organisations like the Abasin Arts Council are in the forefront in arranging Mushairas at his shrine with great fanfare and they expend a considerable amount of fund on it. There is, of course, nothing regrettable about it. Rehman Baba, too, deserves even more recognition for his immortal verses; but then all this point to a calculated one-sidedness; all this simply because he is a harmless Sufi poet.(181).
Unlike Khushal Khan Khattak, Rehman Baba led the life of a recluse. Although near contemporaries, very little is known about the life of Rehman Baba as compared to that of Khushal Khan Khattak. He was intoxicated with divine love and was strongly drawn to asceticism. His poetry itself is full of silent resignation to the unassailable forces of fate. Rehman Baba is lost on the shores of mysticism, unaware of the throbbing world around him. To him life is, in the words of Shakespeare, "A tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing", and this world is, to borrow an image from Omar Khayyam, Only a caravan Sarai, where we rest for a while on our long journey to eternity. For him the graveyard is more alive than the city; adversity more richly rewarding than prosperity and death itself more alluring than life. There is a deep pathos and pessimism in his poetry. He lies buried in the vast graveyard of Hazar Khawani in the east of Peshawar city.

ON THE WAY TO HIJAZ

\[\text{\textcolor{red}{Ramdh}}\]
Hmzh sfr kh d Hj'z wy nw hm
Jh d pxxtwn d q'flw srh Jm (Hmzh).

(Even on my way to Hijaz, Hamza,
I am going with the Pakhtoon caravans). (Hamza)

These prophetic verses were written way back during the fifties whose import became apparent only in 1969 when Hamza actually undertook the holy pilgrimage exactly with a Pakhtoon caravan. The only difference was that it was a mechanised caravan of buses instead of a traditional caravan of clumsy
camels, accompanied by whole tribes of men, women, children and even dogs, cats and pet birds. This caravan of half a dozen buses (although some among them would look more clumsy than even the camels) were to carry the tribal Pathans, on both sides of the Durand line. This pilgrimage by road was not introduced for the first time that year, it was in vogue in Afghanistan for quite some time, providing an ever-growing number of tribal pilgrims an opportunity to undertake the holy journey in as free a way as they cherished their very way of life. If it was arduous at the same time, it did not matter, they were used to far more hardships in life.

Due to his very deep spiritual attachment to the holy prophet (P.B.U.H.) and his grand family, Hamza had a long-cherished desire of performing the holy pilgrimage. But then it required considerable financial expenditure and he could not afford it or as put it by a Pashto proverb: "his own empty hand was his enemy". Hajj is one of the five pillars of Islam but it is obligatory only on the rich; those who can not afford are exempted. But then, despite poverty, almost every good Muslim has at least an urge to pay a visit to the house of God.

It was in 1967, when Hamza was exactly sixty years old, when he felt that he could just afford performing Hajj Sharif, although even then he was not rich enough to be obliged by the religious law to undertake the pilgrimage. However, the opportunity was there and it was a chance of his life time which he did not want to miss.
In 1967 he submitted the necessary forms for the voyage to Hajj from Karachi and himself went there to be present at the draw. (183). He was deeply shocked when his name did not appear in the lots. He felt that God had not invited him to His house because he was too sinful to deserve the honour. And when the ship of the lucky Hujaaj was leaving the harbour, Hamza heard its hooting and was looking at it from a sand dune on the beach with tears in his eyes. When the ship had sailed away and disappeared from the sight, he sat on the soft sand and wrote first a hymn and then a Naat. Both these poems are now counted among his best poetry. We shall quote here only three couplets from the Naat which he wrote while sitting there on the sand in utter dejection:

(My yearning for your shrine will stay for all my life. And then I will fall in love with this yearning. These tears in your memory may not fall on earth; May the sky of my life be illuminated by these stars. Time will become mute if you will remember me once; And then it will forget the reckoning of my life.)

(Hamza 184)

However, he tried his luck again next year and again he missed the draw. (185). For the third time he sent his papers to the Afghan Ministry for the Tribal affairs to be included among the tribal caravan being sent every year. (186). Even there the draw system was in vogue, but this time his name was
the first to be drawn.

The caravan consisted of a number of buses, duly authorised by the Afghan government to carry the tribal pilgrims to Saudi Arabia and back. They were all issued Afghan passports and necessary visas of the countries that they had to pass through on their way to Arabia, were obtained for them. As they were going by road, they had to pass through Iran, Iraq, Kuwait and then on to Saudi Arabia.

It was the month of January when it was very cold and slushy in Kabul due to heavy snowfall and incessant rains. They started their Odyssey with formal prayers and the recitation of a poem by Hamza, which too was but a versified prayer or supplication. An emotionally charged send-off was given to them by a large number of relatives and well-wishers. Hamza was going in a bus with mostly Shinwari and Afridi tribesmen of Landikotal. (187). There were twenty nine passengers, two drivers and one conductor in the bus. The bus belonged to an Afghan transporter. All the buses however, did not go together, tail to tail, like the camels in a caravan, because they would cause congestion in places due to which they would find it difficult to find accommodation in hotels and Sarais on the way. And it was too cold to stay in the bus. They had to look for shelter to stay and rest at night. For cooking purposes they had their own arrangements of stoves and pans and pots and would obtain enough provisions from place to place.

It was only in Saudi Arabia that the weather was
moderate, where one could spread ones bedding on the soft sand and sleep like a baby. But throughout the journey, from Kabul to Baghdad, in most places they had to pass through freezing cold which could only be avoided by putting up in warm, rather well-heated hotels on the way. In Iran they faced the worst snowfall of the year and nearly got stuck up in the tracks blocked by avalanches and furious snow-storms in one or two places. Had it not been for the sturdy bulldozers the roads could not have been easily cleared (excavated would be the best expression). But they bravely trudged on, over plains and hills, through forests and marshes, on a thick sheet of snow and in the occasional flash of the wonderfully bright but equally cold sun. And then most of the roads were but the same caravan tracks, hardly altered since time immemorial. They were neither paved nor even levelled for hundreds of miles. In places they had to apply the proverb: where there is a will there is a way. It was the sheer force of will power that urged them on.

One advantage of the journey by road, or should we call it the compensation of nature, was that they also had an opportunity to go to the tombs or shrines of some of the greatest heroes of Islam. From Kabul they went to Ghazni where they visited the tomb of the great Mahmood. From there they went to Qandahar where they visited the resting abodes of Ahmad Shah Abdali and Mir Wais Khan. Then they went to Herat where the famous Persian poet Jami is buried.

...Then they crossed into Iran where the first major
city on their route was Mashad, where they went to the shrine of Imam Raza. At Nishapur they were reminded of old Khayyam and his immortal Rubayyats. From there they went to Tehran, bedecked with buntings and banners of the much-trumpeted White Revolution (or a white elephant as it turned out) of the strongman of the East, Arya Mehar King Raza Shah Pehlavi. They even saw his larger-than-life-size statues in prominent squares, the ideological incarnation of the white revolution.

Hamza was shocked by the ridiculously artificial modernisation of the urban Iran, the rural areas and the older, but fast vanishing generations, were comparatively tolerable. To the deluded Iranians these rustic Pathans would appear the most curious creatures of the earth. Their very beards were laughed at if not their rickety Afghan buses. Perhaps that is why God sent them Imam Khumenei to drag them to the right path and get them acquainted with long beards and the majestic flowing robes of the East, their true heritage, and to re-dress, as it were, their women from head to toes, as ordained by Islam.

Wherever they stayed, groups of young men and jeering Iranian youth encircled them, as if they were on public display, of course, through the courtesy of their great king, like circus or zoo animals, with no shred of civilisation about them. Most often the tribesmen would chase them away with show of fists or even curses and abuses in Persian, of which a dialect called Darri they would speak back in Kabul. (189) As a supreme example of their cheap modernisation, Hamza says that at one place he
saw /lami/Tut written in a place which on enquiry turned out to be nothing but the ubiquitous "toilet". It was a happy Persianisation of Anglo-Saxon.

And then they crossed into Iraq. The Iraqis were not as ill-mannered as their Iranian neighbours. However, they too had got rid of the beard which is considered to be but a symbol of Islam over here; and the virus of modernisation seemed to have been eating fast into their vitals. In Baghdad, the city of Alif Laila (the thousand and one nights) they visited the shrine of Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani, Imam Ghazali and Imam Abu Hanifa. At Kazmino they went to the shrine of Imam Musa Kazim. From there they took the highway to Basra, the birth place of Imam Basri, and then down to Kuwait. They didn't stay long in Kuwait and soon crossed into Saudi Arabia.(191).

It was at the border between Kuwait and Saudi Arabia that all the buses of their caravan met again. Here they were also joined by similar caravans from Turkey, Iran and Iraq; and the very smell of the universal brotherhood of Islam was in the air: where most of them spoke different languages and sported different cultures but would pray together after one Imam whether he was a Turk, or an Arab, a Persian or Pakhtoon.(192).

Going through Riadh and Taif they reached Makka Mu'azima and went straight to the Holy House of God which had attracted and encouraged them all the way. After performing the rites of the Hajj at Makka they went over to Madina Munawra or the city of the prophet. During their stay at Madina they also
visited the venues of the early battles of Islam i.e. Badar and Uhad. And then, after staying for some days at Madina, they took the same old, weary way back home. (193)

Hamza has written a book of more than five hundred pages (568 pages to be exact) called *Da Hijaz Pa Lur* (on the way to Hijaz) as a detailed, vivid account of this journey of faith. The above account is not even a briefest sketch of the book.

**A PAGE FROM HIS DIARY**

This is an account of a long journey, partly by train and partly by road, from Peshawar to Karachi to Quetta and back to Peshawar; meeting and staying with a large number of friends, poets or no poets. The journey was necessitated by the repeated invitations of Kanwar Mohammad Azam Ali Khan and Rais Amrohvi at Karachi (194). The hazards and fatigue of the long and tedious journey were only relieved by staying from place to place with ever-caring, devoted friends, who considered it an honour to play host to Hamza, even though he would call on them unexpectedly. And on this journey of reunion he was accompanied by the most devoted friend of all, Mian Abdur Rehman Kakakhel, Lugai. Together, they made it a memorable journey (195).

To begin with, on 04 October 1976, they boarded Taizro (the fast going train) from Peshawar Cantonment (196). It turned out to be the slowest train in the world. This hare by name was but a tortoise on the track. It took three hours to cover only twenty six miles between Peshawar and Nowshera. And then the train terminated at Multan from where they had to catch
another train for Sadiq Abad from there to go to a village called Mohammad Abad to stay with Anis Shah Jillani for a day or two. (197).

On 05th October the crawling train somehow reached Multan, and they took a sigh of relief. Then they boarded another train for Sadiq Abad. But this train simply refused to move and they waited for more than an hour in vain. Leaving his turban and his chaddar (sheet) on the seat Hamza got down to get some cigarettes at the station. When he returned, the train had simply left, along with his friend. He felt as if the empty platform was mocking at him. The funny thing was that he had heard no whistle or the grinding start of the train. It was like missing a train in a dream. Since it was not a dream and he had missed not only a train but also a faithful friend with it, he went to the station master and requested him to ring up the next station to tell his friend to come back to Multan. (198).

Back in the rushing train his (bereaved) friend went on in search for the missing Hamza with a sinking heart. He sifted the train, as they would say in Pashto, from head to tail with no trace of the old man. When he was not found on the train his friend naturally concluded that he was simply crushed by it.

What a colossal tragedy! and what was he to tell his family. They would surely suspect him of criminal negligence if not cold-blooded murder. Much before reaching the next station he was mentally crushed by the weight of the tragedy of the accidental death of Hamza Shinwari while travelling with him in that ill-
fated train. He even wrote something about this on a piece of paper. He would have written a poem on the tragedy if poetry had not abandoned him in his supreme hour of grief. (199).

From the Multan railway station Hamza went to the office of the daily Imroz to meet Syed Sultan Ahmad, hoping that if his friend came back and didn't see him at the station, he too would come to the office of Imroz as Hamza had mentioned Sultan Ahmad to him. Sultan Ahmad was happy to see Hamza and took him to his house and arranged for his stay. In the mean time Lugal (literally smoke) also came and almost cried with pleasure on seeing his great friend in flesh and blood and not his ghost.

Next morning they went round the shrines of Rukne Alam, Bahauddin and Shams Tabrezi. Then they went to a hermit, Sain Mohammad Ali. Afterwards they were taken round the city in a car for a joy ride. Next morning they boarded the train to Sadiq Abad. (200).

From Multan they had sent a telegram to Anis Shah at Sadiq Abad about their arrival. On reaching there they didn't find him at the station and his village, Mohammad Abad, was some twelve miles from there, so they had to stay for the night at a hotel. Next morning they reached Mohammad Abad partly by a bus and partly by a Tonga. They had ever-taken their telegram and for Anis Shah it was a surprise. Still he received them with open arms. After staying there for three days with him, they took the train to Karachi. (201). A young woman also climbed the same compartment and sat unabashed in front of them. She was wearing an open-breasted, sleeve-less shirt and a scarf on her shoulders.
On seeing her feminine charms displayed right on the seat in front of them, the poet in Lugai could not contain this extempore verse in Pashto:

(0 bareheaded, unabashed virgin
Is your modesty these nude arms and breasts?)

(Lugai)

They had also overtaken their telegram from Sadiq Abad to Karachi as they didn’t find Tahir Asar and Badshah Khan Afridi at the station as expected. Then they rang them up from a shop which soon brought them to the station. First they were taken to a hotel for lunch and then to the house of Badshah Khan Afridi in Gulshane Iqbal, where they were given a separate place for their stay (203).

Next day, they called on Rais Amrohvi who then also took them to his younger brother, Mohammad Taqi, who is a famous philosopher, having also translated Karl Max’s Das Capital.

He gave Hamza his recent book entitled History and The Universe.

Rais Sahib also invited them to lunch for the next day. While they were sitting with Rais Sahib a relative of his requested Hamza to go to the Zananhkana (inside the house) with him. Hamza looked askance at Rais Sahib who said approvingly, "Yes, by all means, go in please". Then he thought that since Rais Sahib’s daughters did not observe Purdah (the veil) in front of him, they might have wanted to see him. But on going inside he was surrounded by an army of women, every one asking for a Javeez (a charm). Rais Sahib had told them that a Pathan Pir from Landikotal, who
happened to be his guest at the time, would give them still more powerful charms for their various troubles. And now there was no going back on it and he had to soothe every woman by writing a charm for her. (104).

After two or three days Tahir Asar and Badshah Khan Afridi arranged an Urdu-Pashto Mushaira at the house of Saba Akbarabadi. They had arranged the traditional dinner of Sheikh Tikka (grilled roast) for all the participants. Hamza was requested to preside over the function; and the stage secretaryship was performed by Raghib Muradabadi. The Pashto poets included Salim Raz, Mumtaz, Tahir Asar, Badshah Khan and many more. At the end Hamza recited first his old Urdu verses and then a Pashto Ghazal. The Mushaira turned out to be a great success. Then Tahir Asar took them round Karachi in his car for sight-seeing. They were also taken to the shrine of Syed Abdullah Shah Bokhari for Fatiha. And then they took the Bolan Express to Quetta. (105).

They had started from Karachi in the evening and reached Quetta next morning. There too they arrived before their telegram could reach Quetta. When they didn’t find him at the station they went to the Pashto Academy in Quetta to meet Sultan Mohammad Sabir, editor monthly Haiwad. There they met Sabir and Abul Fateh. Their stay was arranged in the Pashto Academy. Next morning they went to the Quetta radio station to meet Mahboob Ali Khan who belonged to Peshawar and had deep attachment to Hamza Shinwari. Since Hamza was in Quetta by chance, it was decided that he should record one or two programmes for the radio. The
most interesting recording was a discussion on his book *Insan Aw Khudai* (Man and God). However, a discussion on the poets of the Frontier was also recorded along with an interview from Abdur Rehman Lugai. The book Man and God is a correspondence on deep religious and metaphysical topics between Hamza Shinwari and Jaffar Achakzai. It has been jointly published by Jaffar and Hamza. Achakzai is an atheist of sorts while Hamza is a confirmed Muslim and a probationary Sufi.

After the recording Hamza complained to Achakzai of intellectual dishonesty on his part by writing in the preface to the book that at the end Hamza had admitted defeat and laid down arms against nihilism. As a rule the preface writer should not be a party to the dispute: it ought to have been left to the more intelligent public to decide. But then how can one expect moral scruples from an atheist. At this, they again drifted into the same old controversy when Achakzai said that God had dissolved Himself into man and if there was any god at all it was none other than man. Hamza replied that even this was a proof of the existence of God whether dissolved in man or any other mean thing or not.

In his autobiography Hamza has aptly compared Achakzai to that funny legend of a character called Maulana Pakistani (his real name, even if he happened to have one, was known to none, as it wouldn't matter anyway). His ancestors had migrated from Peshawar some two or three generations back, to settle somewhere in India. On partition they migrated back to
Peshawar. Maulana Pakistani was also a poetaster or a versifier clown. He would never miss any Mushaira, whether Urdu, Pashto, Hindko, Chitrali or Saraiki, invited or not invited. He would make it sure to be asked to recite his "great" but topsy turvy verses. At his recitation people would literally burst in laughter and cheers which the born blockhead would seriously take for genuine ovation and salute again and again in the best tradition of the Indian mannerism to salute again and again and yet again in victorious acknowledgement of his "heavenly inspired" verses, which would be thoroughly enjoyed by the audience so much so that some would throw their caps in the air in wild ecstasy and he would redouble the acknowledgement by bending down so low that his head would nearly touch the ground.

Next day, the director of Information, Younas Sethi, also met them at the Pashto Academy and they discussed with him the question of the government advertisements to the papers. That evening they were invited by Farooq Ismail Zai to a dinner. Next evening Dr Abdul Malik Kansi took them in his car to the shrine of Mahboob Ghazi and later to a monastery of the Walandiria sect. Afterwards he took them to his house for dinner to which other people were also invited. After the dinner they were requested to recite their poetry. Mian Abdur Rehman Luqai Kakakhel, as indicated by the fourth appellate of his name, is also a Pashto poet. Perhaps that is why he has been so closely attached to Hamza. (109).

After two days Jaffar Achakzai also invited them
to dinner. Abdur Rehman suggested that they should not accept his invitation as he was an atheist and the partaking of his food would be Haram (unlawful). Hamza tried to convince his friend that there was nothing of the sort and they should accept his invitation even if he were a worse heretic. Mian Sahib suggested that they should only partake there of the vegetable and drink only plain water after it and avoid any meat or chicken because it would not be slaughtered in the proper way with Takbir (the invoking of the name of God on slaughtering anything). A friend of Hamza clarified that the family of Achakzai strongly adhered to Islam and their chicken and animals were slaughtered by the Imam of the mosque (210).

On 5th November they left Quetta for Dera Ghazi Khan in a passenger train. At the station they were seen off by Sabir, Aziz, Mohaab Ali Khan and Abdul Khaliq Tarin. The train was going to Dera Ghazi Khan via Kashmor and so there was no overcrowding in it and they had a peaceful night in the rattling train. They reached Dera Ghazi Khan next morning and from there took a bus to Multan to stay with Sultan Mohammad once again. Next morning they set out for Dera Ismail Khan by bus (211).

There in Dera Ismail Khan they stayed with a famous poet Abdul Majid Nazik and next day caught a G.T.S. bus for Bannu. On reaching Bannu they met Mohammad Sarfaraz Khan Okab, Ghulam Sarwar, Tahir Kalachvi, Asad Ali Qureshi and Gul Asrar. They stayed for a night with Tahir Kalachvi and set out for Peshawar next morning (212).
TO QADIR NAGAR IN A LITTER

In 1977 Hamza developed urine trouble. He had a kidney stone. The stone had slipped to the gall bladder and the doctors advised surgical operation which he tried to avoid as far as he could: trying all sorts of medicines in the meantime. In May 1977 he decided to spend the summer with Ubaidullah Durrani Sahib at Qadir Nagar, Swat. Qadir Nagar is an inaccessible hamlet in the valley of Swat, some twelve miles from Pir Baba, in Buner. It has been mainly developed by Durrani Sahib. Since Durrani Sahib is also a homeopathic doctor, Hamza thought that he might as well turn to him for his kidney ailment.

He was taken there up to Pir Baba by a relative in his car. Since there is no proper road from Pir Baba to Qadir Nagar, and Hamza was too ill and weak to walk, Durrani Sahib had sent a litter with two men to take him there. On the way he would repeatedly need to urinate and the litter would be put on the ground for him to come down and ease himself. The litter-carriers wondered whether the man they were carrying understood Pashto, the language they were speaking. Obviously these people were used to be taking such invalid guests of Durrani Sahib. But then they all would be Urdu speaking. Despite his turban and typical Pathan dress Hamza was also mistaken for a non-Pathan. Or maybe these people had thought that a Pathan would never easily allow himself to be carried in a litter, ill or not ill. On reaching Qadar Nagar Durrani Sahib embraced him and made him sit on a soft bed and then started massaging his limbs. At this Hamza
protested. To him it was against the dignity of his friend. But for his perceptive friend it was the greatest bless. (14).

Hamza was introduced to Durrani Sahib in a Mehfil-i-Sam' at the house of Zia Jaffery, way back in the fifties. And since then they have been friends. Durrani Sahib is the disciple of Baba Qadir (the place Qadir Nagar is named after him). He was the vice-regent of Baba Tajuddin. Durrani Sahib has ample mystic powers. He has converted atheists into believers with his power of concentration or attention. (15). He was formerly principal Engineering college, University of Peshawar, from where he retired. He is a homeopathic doctor and gives free medicines to people, rich or poor. A large number of people come to him every day for the gratis medicines for all sorts of ailments. He has also written a great deal on mysticism. His mission in life now as ever, has been to serve the suffering humanity. Such people are very rare. They are born but once in a century. (16).

Once Hamza had asked Durrani Sahib about the circumstances of his first meeting with Baba Qadir. The sage had clarified that after matriculation from Madras his father had wanted to send him to Aligarh. While going to Aligarh he was asked to go via Nagpur and pay courtesy to Baba Tajuddin there. But then he was badly in love with a girl and had been so absent-minded... preoccupied with his own unhappy love affair that he had completely forgotten all about Baba Tajuddin. Then one day his elder brother took him there by force and put him at the feet of the saint. The benign saint patted him on the back and with it
the girl of his love seemed to be standing right in front of him with all her alluring appeals. From there he ran after her spectre in jungles, in deserts, in groves and graves. Perhaps he was stark mad. For two years he wandered about in utter madness. However, his father had appointed someone to look after him during all that time. After two years his father brought him back to the Baba requesting him to be kind to the boy. The Baba then said, "Right, now wrap him up in a blanket", and with this one sentence his world was suddenly transformed. His passion and the fit of madness suddenly disappeared. (217).

Then he was sent to Aligarh to continue his education. On completing his education he was appointed a lecturer there. Then he was attacked by a disease of the spinal cord for which his entire shank had to be put in plaster. He also developed symptoms of tuberculosis. Then one day his elder brother took him on a stretcher to the Mehfel-i-Sama' at Baba Tajuddin. When, after the Qawali, the Baba had a look at him he decided to treat him himself. So, he was kept at the Khankah (monastery). In about a month time he completely recovered. (218)

Then he did engineering from England and on return the Vice-chancellor, Dr Raziuddin Siddiqui, took him as principal, Engineering College, Peshawar. (119). He retired from there in the seventies. After retirement he went to settle at Qadar Nagar. There he has constructed wonderful modern buildings. He has also cut out and levelled most of the road from Pir Baba to Qadir Nagar. Being a far-flung and inaccessible place, there is
no electricity there. Durrani Sahib has been using as many as three generators. There is also a workshop there. The big hall has been tastefully decorated with pictures of various saints on all the walls. There is ample accommodation for guests with all the modern amenities of life.

Hamza stayed there for nearly two months. All this while Durrani Sahib not only treated him with medicines but also gave him spiritual concentration and attention. There was visible improvement in his condition. Then he had to leave for Peshawar where he was to arrange for the Fatiha of Hazrat Ali on 27th Ramadhan (20).

AN INVITATION FROM MUHADDIS HAZARVI

Hamza had sent a copy of his book *Wajud wa Shuhud* (the essence and the manifest) to the venerable Syed Mohammad Shah Hazarvi which he greatly appreciated. When Hamza came back from Qadir Nagar in Sept. 1977 he received a young student-disciple, Mohammad Murid from the Muhaddis Sahib (an authority on or a teacher of the Hadith or traditions of the holy prophet), inviting Hamza to the Urs on Friday on 23rd Sept., at Havelian in Hazara district. But he had already promised Tahir Bokhari of Lahore, Sawabi to go for offering Fatiha on the same day, at his father's Chehlam (forty days after death). He asked the messenger from Havelian to come on the following day, Sunday, and he would go with him (21).

On Friday early in the morning he went to Lahore in a special Suzuki pick-up. He was warmly received by the
Bokhari brothers. Syed Mirbad Shah Bokhari, the eldest brother is a lawyer and a supporter of Jamate Islami. His views sometimes clash with those of Hamza. Mohammad Saeed teaches Islamiyat at Islamabad. Bin Yamin is a contractor while the youngest brother Tahir Bokhari is in the record office, Peshawar (222). He is also interested in philosophy and mysticism. Their father, the late Syed Mohammad Shah Bokhari was a great scholar. He has also written footnotes on Shaikh Akbar Mohayuddin Ibnul Arabi’s books Fasoosul Hikma and Fatwahat Makkia (223).

Hamza reached Landikotal back in the evening and went to Peshawar next morning and soon the messenger from Havelian arrived for taking him there. They took a train in the afternoon and reached there in the evening. The Muhaddis Sahib had recently undergone an operation on the head but was still sitting in the mosque and received Hamza warmly. For the rest, after Isha prayers and some conversation he was taken to a special room adjacent to the mosque. Next morning he was shown an elaborate library near the mosque. It was said to have contained six thousand books. Afterwards Hamza went to the Havelian bazar to meet a friend but could not find him and came back.

That evening he discussed with the learned Muhaddis the so-called claim of the Ghaus-i-Azam Shaikh Abdul Qadir Jilani Ḵalq his foot was on the necks of all the saints (i.e. all the saints were his subordinates). Hamza had also discussed it in the book which he had sent the Muhaddis. In his book he says that this claim was probably made by some Majzoob
(absorbed or abstracted), probably with the same name. It is quoted by Shahabuddin Suhrawardy in his book [Awariful Ma’arif] that there is a Majzoob in Baghdad called Abdul Wadir who claims to have his foot on the necks of all the saints. He also claims that he saddled his horse one day and challenged all the saints to a duel but none accepted the challenge. But then only a crazy person can say such rash things and they are forgivable. But what is unforgivable is ascribing such nonsense to the Ghaus-i-Pak. A Majzoob can even call himself God but not so a Wali (saint) in his proper senses, and particularly when he has more strict regard for religious laws than any other person. Such a rash claim would be highly insulting for not only all the saints but also all the prophets for they too are but saints. (224).

Hamza had said that it was all due to the over-enthusiasm of the ignorant disciples of the Shaikh that they had attributed every nonsense to his great name. There is also a panegyric attributed to the exalted Shaikh called the Ghausia-Qasida which claim even divinity for him. The Ghaus-i-Azam could not even imagine such things, least of all saying them with pride. There is also this consensus about the traditions of the prophet that any Hadith that is not based on reason may not be accepted. Then how can such irrational claims of the Shaikh be accepted blindly.

Next morning Hamza took his leave and was given a prayer mat along with a vial of scent from Madina. (225).
In 1978 Hamza Shinwari was awarded the pride of performance in Pashto literature, on the eve of the independence day. It is the highest civil award in Pakistan and an adequate recognition of the services or works of any distinguished civilian in any field of life. The coveted award goes only to those whose contributions to the society are not only far-reaching but bound to endure.

To receive the award on 23rd March 1978 he reached Islamabad a day earlier and stayed there with his nephew Engineer Azmat Umar. Next day an officer came to take him to the presidency for the investiture. The presidency was throbbing with all sorts of distinguished people. The famous singer, Lqbal Bano was there; there was also the legendary violinist from the frontier, Munir Sarhadi. Hamza was also greeted by Khan Abdul Wali Khan. A number of other people were also introduced to him there. But Hamza was suffering from kidney pain and had urine trouble. He did not appear to have enjoyed the great occasion as much as he would have looked forward to.

Before the president had come, a number of ministers and other dignitaries came to Hamza Shinwari to greet him and praise his T.V. speech on "Islam as a natural religion", which he had delivered a day or two ago. The first to greet him was Ali Ahmad Talpur, the then defence minister. He hadn't met him before but that T.V. introduction had proved more than enough, and he warmly praised his speech. Then came Ghulam Ishaq Khan, the then finance minister to greet Hamza Shinwari.
and congratulated him more on his TV speech than on the
coveted presidential award. (229).

After the investiture which was performed by the
then president, General Ziaul Haq, they were invited by the
Academy of Letters, Islamabad. There an elderly man with a
beaming smile greeted Hamza warmly and introduced himself as
Dr Baloch. He also told him at the outset: /Mrdw/ 'pky tqrIr bht
psnd 'y@ /Rom/ "Aap ki tqrIr bhut pasand Ayi" (I liked your
speech immensely). Hamza replied, "Just now two worthy ministers
and dignitaries also praised my speech. I am really flattered by
your commendation as I hear it from a scholar. (229).

Then Hamza was invited by a literary society in
Islamabad called Pakhtoon Wrwrali (Pakhtoon Brotherhood). Syed
Mohammad Saeed was its president. (230). This society held
literary functions from time to time. This time it had decided to
celebrate the anniversaries of both Rehman Baba and Khushal Khan
Khattak. The presence of Hamza Shinwari in Islamabad proved to
be a blessing and inspiration for the members of the Pakhtoon
Brotherhood. They were able to celebrate both the anniversaries
with a little more enthusiasm and cheerfulness. Hamza duly
attended both the functions, despite the distracting kidney pain,
and inspired the younger generation of poets and lovers of
literature, with memorable verses. One of his poems for the
occasion was based on the principles of science and that was
appreciated more than the others. (231)

While in Islamabad he also called on Josh Maleeh
abadi once again (he had met him twice before, in Karachi). This time Josh Sahib related the story of a mystic school teacher. He said that while they were at Hyderabad Deccan, the Nizam of Hyderabad had held a Qawwali to which, along with Maulana Maududi and a primary school teacher, he had also gone. According to the Chishtiya tradition, the recitation of the Holy Quran was in progress before the Qawwali, while the Nizam was talking to his prime minister Kishen Parshad. The said teacher said in a loud voice, “Your honour, the Quran is being recited”. Nobody is supposed to talk while the Holy Book is recited. But still the teacher’s remarks were taken for an affront and the bodyguards of the Nizam came into motion to catch hold of the teacher. But they were quickly motioned away by the Nizam. After a while the Nizam again slipped into loud conversation. At this the teacher came to him and patted him on the shoulder and told him once again, “Your highness, you are being disrespectful to the Holy Book”. Again the bodyguards came forward to grab the teacher for this impertinence, but the Nizam stopped them and also stopped talking.

Next morning Josh went to the room where the said teacher lived, wondering what might have become of the poor teacher for “taking liberties with the Nizam”, the night before. When he reached there the teacher was sitting on a prayer mat, busy with his long string of rosary. He had hardly sat when Kishan Parshad also came there to bring an apology from the Nizam for his impertinent behaviour during the recitation of the Holy Book. And with this he offered the master Sahib a sum of five
thousand rupees from the Nizam. But the poor teacher did not accept the money saying that his pay was quite enough for his limited needs; and what was he to do with that fortune of extra money. The poor starving people in the street were more deserving than him.

Then he told Josh that he would come in his dream for three consecutive nights and tell him about three things. Josh said that it did happen so. When he went to him on the fourth day the teacher asked him whether it wasn’t true that he had come in his dream as he had said. At this Josh only nodded. Then the master sahib said, “Now act upon what I have been telling you”. As Josh was more or less an atheist in those days the teacher predicted that he would revert to faith in later years. Then the teacher also told Josh “I will inform you when I am about to die”. Josh said that after some time, when he was in Delhi, he received a letter from the master Sahib asking him to come as he was going to die. When Josh went back to Hyderabad and reached the master’s room he was sitting on a charpoy, in almost normal physical condition. Josh only took the letter for a practical joke. But the master insisted that he was really going to die and died the same evening.(293).

Next day Dr Abdullah Sadaq took Hanza to Kahuta to show him parts of the much-trumpeted but still secret Pakistan Atomic Programme there, and to introduce him to some of the great scientists of the country. There he was shown strange, almost magic machines. He was shown a machine called computer and a thousand...
time enlargement of an atom on another machine. Then he was taken to a compact hall and requested to repeat his T.V. speech on Islam being a natural religion. The speech was followed by question answers. He had said in the speech that at the time of the birth of our prophet nature itself had come of age and that is why God had sent the last prophet with a perfect religion to last for all time to come. Somebody had asked him, if nature could come of age, it could also grow old to die a natural death. Hamza replied that nature did not die. Nature was found in the same condition in all beings, according to their capacity and capability. The nature was found in the form of cells in lifeless matter, vegetation in botany, consciousness in zoology and intellect in human beings. A girl got up and insisted on the equality of or equal opportunities for women. Hamza had maintained that woman was born weak and she was neither supposed nor could be, nor even could hope to be, the equal of man. The girl said that it was this male chauvinism which had enslaved woman through the ages. Hamza replied that chauvinism or no chauvinism and putting aside all philosophies, if woman had been the equal of man in the beginning then how could she have been subjected to the degradation or slavery in the course of time. Why on the other hand didn’t she enslave man in the eternal tussle for domination between the sexes. It only proves her inferiority and it is only her inherent weakness to blame. In fact she should be grateful to man for having idolised her at the same time. (234).
HOSPITALISATION FOR KIDNEY STONE

Hamza says in his autobiography that he had a bad stomach since his childhood and was a chronic patient of constipation most of the time. He overlooked it during his young, energetic life but it started giving him trouble later on. Then he turned to Durrani Sahib for treatment and on his advice took care along with his medicines for six months. Then he thought it might be some form of piles. He had felt it right from the thirties that he was suffering from piles. He felt blood coming with his bowls but his stomach worked normally and he had good appetite. But with continuous bleeding he would start feeling weaker. It was during the years 1956-57 that he had gone to Paimal Sharif along with Hafiz Abdul Aziz and Omar Khitab. Then he used to bleed twice a day with the stools. The then Sajjada Nashin, the late Murid Alam gave him some medicine with which the bleeding gradually stopped completely. But with this he started having abnormal flatulence and was back to constipation and bad stomach. Even his hearing was slightly affected which was to grow with time. (235).

Then of late he developed kidney pain for which the medicine of Durrani Sahib did not prove very effective. although he had claimed: /Avda/hm'rv dw' kbhv n'k'm nhyn hwyh he /Rom/. "Hamari dawa kabi nakam nahin hoi he". (our medicine has never failed) (135). He then went to Dr Farooq Shah who, after examining his x-rays, advised him hospitalisation. Hamza ignored his good advice and turned once again to Durrani Sahib who told
him that since the stone had slipped from the kidney to the gall bladder, the medicine had not been effective. Then he went to consult Dr. Bokhari who was said to have a hydrolysis machine and might be able to extract the stone without the painful operation. Dr. Bokhari told him that since the stone was in the gall bladder and not in the kidney it could not be treated with hydrolysis. He also advised him hospitalisation. But Hamza was allergic to the very mention of hospital or operation and tried to avoid it as much as he could. He requested for a little postponement. Then he turned to a quack in Darra Adam Khel (this Afridi area is famous for fake products) who gave him some medicine in the form of liquid and advised him to drink a cupful every day. Then another quack from Tangi inCharsadda gave him some powder for the stone. In the mean time his trouble went on increasing. He grew too weak to walk and started running temperature too.

Then his son, Murad Ali, took him to Dr. Mukarram Khan. The doctor not only advised hospitalisation but also put him in his car and dumped him in a ward of the Lady Reading Hospital. This was July 1979. His urine was instantly drained through a tube and with it the swelling of his gall bladder also subsided but not the pus and the pain. The same night he was shifted from the general ward to a private room. Eight days later a room fell vacant in the Bolton Block and he was shifted there. But on shifting to the luxury of the posh block he started worrying about the charges of the private room. However, he was made to understand that since his son, Murad Ali, was an employee of the
Pakistan Broadcasting Corporation, his family was entitled to free medical treatment and the entire expenses of his treatment would be borne by the corporation. Then he was given a cheque for five thousand rupees by the Academy of Letters, Islamabad, on behalf of the president of Pakistan. Another cheque for five thousand rupees was sent by the Governor NWFP. Similarly the political agent, Khyber, also sent him a cheque for the same amount. Other organisations and some friends also helped him with cash. (236).

As soon as he was admitted to the hospital, a large number of friends, relatives and well-wishers flocked at his room. Among them Raj Wali Shah Khattak and Yar Mohammad Maghmoon were almost permanent visitors. With them also used to come a large number of students, particularly from Edwardes College, Peshawar. They would bring bouquets of fresh flowers, almost every morning, with an attached label with this prayer in verse written on it:

/Pash/  "d pXtw d b'& m'y'r'rh xd'v8 d rw& kh :
(May God recover you, O, the gardener of Pashto)

Some eight students also donated blood in anticipation of his operation and promised to donate more blood if needed. He appreciated these brave gestures of appreciation and sacrifice from the young Pakhtoon blood. After all, in his hour of need, he was not really disappointed by his people.

Other regular visitors included Syed Tahir Bokhari, Dad Mohammad Dilsoz, Malik Abdur Rehman and his sons, Mosood, Javed and Iftikhar. Mian Abdur Rehman Lughai had flown from Karachi to be present with him in the hospital. Arbab Khan
Shinwari would bring a jugful of milk every morning. Besides, a large number of friends and relatives from Landikotal would call on him every day. (237).

Among the nurses who attended him during his illness, he took special fancy to one called Farida. He was impressed by her extra-care and decent manners. Since she was tanned and on the fleshy side, he would call her with a highly romantic name of /Ara/ twrh bxmlh /Rom/, "Tora Bakhmala" (velvety dark). He also wrote a poem on her under the title of the above fanciful name. The poem has now been published in the monthly Pakhto, the journal of the Pashto Academy in its issue of Hamza Number, May-June 1982. Then he took her for a daughter. This was a pleasant surprise for not only Dr. Mukarram Khan but the entire hospital staff. One can not resist quoting a part of the poem here: (238)

/{Pashtu}/

nrs'ne kh wy stwry dh spwGmyd twrh bxmlh
  c'ndy kh wy d' nwre 'Sryy t' twrh bxmlh
k'fwr ph yw s' s' t kxe d nwr d zRh tyre $y
kwm dh ch $y ph srtsw kxe msKy t' twrh bxmlh
thfh dh ch xd'v ye wrkRh lyOy ryOng hspt'l th
pykr dh d xdm t'w s'dgy t' twrh bxmlh
Hmzh zm' xdm e d xpl pl'r ph $'nt kry
   tl tl d wy xw$'l ih s'w 'wnydy t' twrh bxmlh. (Hmzh)

(If the other nurses are stars she is the moon.
If the others are silver she is a bar of gold.
She removes the darkness from the patient's heart.
With the smiling glint in her cheerful eyes.
God has gifted her to the Lady Reading Hospital.
She is the very incarnation of simplicity and service;
She has served Hamza like her very own dear father.
May she therefore live long and be always happy).
(Hamza) (140)

After about twelve days in the hospital his son,

Murad Ali, told him one day, "You are going to be operated upon
tomorrow. We didn't tell you before because you would have worried all this while”. Hamza was not happy with this delayed information either. If he had been told earlier he would have mentally adjusted himself for that. However, there was no running away from it now, although the spectre of death danced before his very eyes by just the mention of the operation. In the evening he was made to sign the permission form and he felt as if he were signing the decree of his own death. He was also asked to stop eating and drinking right from the evening. This also signified the termination of /Rum/ 'b w d'nh /Rom/. "Aab Wu DAAna" (water and bread). Next morning it was Tuesday and he was put on the wheel stretcher to be taken to the operation theatre (O.T.), and all those assembled in his room at the time raised their hands in earnest supplication for the success of his operation. He himself quietly prayed that the operation might not take place at all. When he was taken to the O.T. and the anaesthetist came to him Hamza told him that he could not stand anaesthesia and requested that he be given but local anaesthesia. After his check up the anaesthetist went up to the doctor and took him aside and said something to him. At this the doctor came to tell him that his operation could not take place that day and he was brought back to his room. He says that he was as happy at the postponement (which in fact w. a cancellation) as if he was born again after death. 

After about a month he was told that he could not be operated upon as he was too weak to be anaesthetised. The
doctor had also rejected the idea of local anaesthesia for psychological reasons. By now he was well enough and free to go home, and he went to Landikotal along with the urine tube which had solved part of the problem but the cause of the problem was still there in the gall bladder. (240).

After a few days a young friend, Mosood Ahmad, brought him a paper cutting which claimed that surgeon Ali Bakhash Jatoi of Rajputana Hospital, Hyderabad, could extract the kidney stone with hydrolysis technique and without any operation. Hamza decided to go there. He informed Tahir Asar at Karachi and also wrote to Abdur Rehman Lugai about his visit to Hyderabad. He went there in September, 1980, and was received at the station by a friend of Tahir Asar, Mirza Aurangzeb and Abdur Rehman Lugai. For the night he was put up at a hotel and was taken to the clinic of Jatoi next morning. Dr Jatoi advised him to take admission to the Rajputana Hospital for proper treatment.

On hearing of his admission to a hospital in Hyderabad, some Shinwari transporters also came to him and helped him a lot. His friends Tahir Asar and Badshah Khan Afridi also came from Karachi in the meantime and helped him rehabilitate in his hospitalisation.

For nineteen days he was given daily drips and injections. Then one night he dreamt that he had recovered and was taking leave of Dr Jatoi and that he was affectionately putting his hand on the heads of his two kids, Alamzehb and Jehanzeb. He felt that there was also a third kid at their back wh
also claimed to be the son of Jatoi but his father had separated him along with his mother. Hamza felt in the dream that the other kid also had spiritual powers. He was highly surprised when Hamza related the dream to surgeon Jatoi and he confessed that he had an elder son called Aurangzub whose mother he had divorced.

In the mean time, the stone was removed through hydrolysis and in about fifteen days he was well enough to be discharged from the hospital.

Then Fahir Asar and Badshah Khan Afridi took him to Karachi. They also arranged a Mushaira, under his president ship, at the house of Jamil Muradabadi to which Dr Ali Bakhsh Jatoi and his wife were also invited. At the end Hamza recited his Urdu as well as Pashto poetry. (143).

A FEW FAITHFUL FRIENDS

At the end of his autobiography Hamza has listed a few people as his friends, with a short note on each. It is considered necessary to mention them here in the same order but with a still shorter note.

AKRAM KHAN FAROOQ:— Mohammad Akram Khan Farooq belongs to a famous Shinwari family of Mullayan. It was during (Farooq) the forties when he started a shop at Landikotal that Hamza saw in him poetic potentialities and their acquaintance gave way to a more intimate relation of Ostad-Shagird (teacher and taught), which also grew into a life-long friendship. Farooq used to write not only poetry but also drama. But then, as pointed out by Khushal Khan Khattak, poets are always poor. He gave up
writing and took to the transport business, like all the other Shinwaris and Afridis from the Khyber. Yet he was not fated to be rich and lived from hand to mouth despite his extensive business and vast experience in transport.

Despite his business preoccupations his literary inclinations have been asserting now and then and that is perhaps why he has been so strongly drawn to Hamza Shinwari. He has also written the preface to Hamza Shinwari’s first collection of verses called Ghazawpone (yawning). Even from that preface one can see his insight and depth of vision, and one regrets his decision of turning to business instead of writing poetry. Pashto language has undoubtedly been deprived of a good poet because of his full time engagements in business.

Now he has performed the Haji Sharif and grown a long, thick beard and looks like a typical Mullah which genetically he is. Yet he has an open mind and progressive thinking and has been least influenced by religious fanaticism as is the trait of the rest of his family.

According to the typical Pathan traditions Akram Farooq has been generous to the point of extravagance. Perhaps that is one of the reasons of his inability to accumulate wealth. Miserliness is not at all his grain. He has also been considerate towards Hamza, always giving him some gift, whether a pen, a pair of shoes, a turban or a new outfit.

At times he would claim that his knowledge was greater than that of Hamza but Hamza would never challenge him.
Instead he would justify it by saying, "Yes, you know all that I have taught you over and above all that you know on your own. It is no wonder then that you happen to be more learned than I am". Once in a T.V. interview he said about Hamza, "Hamza is otherwise a very good man but his one (tragic) flaw is that he is too trusting". (144)

TAHIR ASAR AFRIDI: Tahir Asar Afridi belongs to the Adam Khel Afridi tribe of Darra. He is a well-built, healthy and handsome young man. He has spent the better part of his life in Karachi in connection with transport business, like the rest of his cousins from the Khyber. Yet he is still a hundred percent Afridi and neither his typical Darrawal dialect nor his dress and manners have undergone any perceptible transformation.

Tahir Asar was the first, among his friends and acquaintances, to congratulate him when Hamza was given the Pride of Performance in 1978. Being a fairly educated man and having spent a long time in Karachi, Tahir Asar has picked up good, idiomatic Urdu. He writes in Urdu as well as Pashto. But in Pashto he is naturally more successful. He was also given a prize by the Writers’ Guild on his collection of short stories in Urdu called Deedan (seeing or meeting). He has also published a travelogue Sasar Pa Khair (bon voyage) in Pashto.

He has his own house at Karachi and whenever Hamza goes there he invariably drops a telegram in advance about his arrival and programme there. There in Karachi he always stays with him. On two occasions during Hamza’s stay at Karachi, Tahir
Asar arranged Urdu-Pashto Mushairas at his own expenses and on both occasions, in the best Afridi tradition of hospitality he slaughtered sheep for the dinner to the poets and the participants of the Mushairas. He is very sincere and considerate and never gives Hamza a chance to complain about or feel the need of anything. He even provides him with a new dress whenever Hamza visits Karachi. It is not because Hamza is always in need of one but because his host feels it an honour to provide him a new dress every time he visits his house.

When Hamza was hospitalised at Hyderabad for the kidney stone, even then Tahir Asar Afridi along with Badshah Khan looked after most of his needs. He was provided with all the requirements for cooking etc. And when he was discharged from the hospital, Tahir Asar sent him a wagon to take him to Karachi. A dinner was arranged in his honour. Then also a Mushaira was held, which was presided over by Hamza and to which his doctor, Surgeon Jatoi had also been invited along with his wife. After staying for nine days with Tahir Asar Afridi at Karachi Hamza decided to come back home. Then Tahir Asar reserved a first class compartment with only two seats for him and his companion, Tahir Bokhari. He was taken to the station in a car and the entire family of Tahir Asar had turned up at the station to see him off in the most affectionate manner.

Hamza is a very sensitive man, though apparently rough and simple. It is not always easy to please him. Those who succeed in really pleasing Hamza deserve all the praise for their
wisdom and tact. Tahir Asar seems to have these qualities in abundance. However, it must be an honour for him all the same to be included among the well-chosen friends of Hamza Shinwari. (245).

SYED ANIS SHAH JILANI:— Syed Anis Shah Jilani is a farmer by profession. He belongs to a small village (actually the village belongs to him) called Mohammad Abad in Sadiqabad Tehsil in Rahim Yar Khan district. Hamza met him first in 1959 at the house of Rais Amrohvi in Karachi. He is a handsome man of moderate stature, with conspicuous moustaches. At first sight Hamza felt as if he had met him before because his entire bearing was thoroughly familiar. At the same time he felt that he was but a Majzoob of sorts. From then on he would also address him as Majzoob even in his letters to him. Then in 1968 Hamza went to his village, Mohammad Abad while Rais Amrohvi was also there and stayed with him for a couple of days.

Syed Mubarak Shah, the father of Syed Anis Shah, was also a great scholar. Anis Shah has founded an academy in the name of Hairat Dehlvi and has evolved a library with four thousand books. He is also a born calligrapher and could make a fortune even in this art. He has a craze for rare books and manuscripts. The MS of Hamza Shinwari’s autobiography in Urdu also lies with him. He was loath to even lend it to this scribe while it would be indispensable for this piece of research. However, he was persuaded by the Baba himself and I am grateful that he finally agreed to send it to me for a photocopy.

Under the influence of Niaz Fatehpuri, Anis Shah
Jilani has also become a sort of atheist. He has written a biography of Niaz Sahib in which he has written in one place that once after dinner, Niaz Sahib was licking his fingers so carefully and so thoroughly that he also felt like offering all his five fingers to be licked, after he had finished with his own.

One day Hamza was at home in Peshawar when a boy brought a chit from a "Majzoob" who wanted to see him. This chit didn't at all bring Anis Shah to mind but all the same he asked the boy to bring him in at once. When the Majzoob did come in he did not resemble Anis Shah even remotely. But then from the recesses of his memory Hamza reconstructed the image of Anis Shah and then they fell to embrace each other. Then he was taken to Landi Kotal and Torkham. On the way back Hamza took him to his village for the lunch and offered him grilled mutton, prepared in the typical tribal fashion (it is actually the same old carnivorous way when man and beast hunted each other and ate up the raw flesh. Later on man discovered fire and roasted his Shikar with a pinch of salt).

Once when Hamza was with Anis Shah, a certain Mir Sahib came to them. When Hamza was introduced to him, he abruptly asked, "Where is that Ghaffar Khan?" Hamza understood his intentions and replied that he was at Kabul. What was he doing at Kabul, asked Mir Sahib. Hamza replied that that too was his own country. At this the Mir Sahib came to the point and said, "He is a traitor". Hamza was beside himself with anger and replied in the words of Allama Iqbal:
So, the Mirs and not Pathans have been traitors as history is witness to it. At this Anis Shah took the Mir Sahib aside and told him something at which he came back in a repentant mood and apologised to Hamza. (146)

RAIS AMROHVI:— His name is Syed Mohammad Mehdi and Rais is his noms de plume. He belongs to the famous intellectual, literary and religious family of the Sadat (plural of Syed) of Amroha. He migrated to Pakistan along with his brothers, Syed Mohammad Taqi and John Elia, on partition. Hamza did not know him when one day he received his book Alif along with an autograph photo. From just looking at the photo he had had a feeling of closeness and even acquaintance with this practical stranger from Karachi. However they were fated for a life-long friendship. Hamza says that, later on he saw many photos of Rais but he looked different in every photo. Perhaps he does not have one but many faces. In return for his Alif Hamza sent Rais a copy of his own book Insan Aur Zindagi (man and life), on which he also, in due course of time, published a review in the daily Jang, Karachi.

And then he met him in the sixties and has been meeting him without fail whenever he is at Karachi, and he is there pretty often. We have already mentioned many such meetings between the two.

According to Hamza the poetry of Rais is not the poetry of tumult and riot which is full of noise and fury but
subsides soon, like a river in occasional flood. His poetry is as smooth and as deep as the ocean; it is universal and everlasting. His younger brother, John Elia also writes poetry but in the modern tradition. Yet he has a style of his own.

Once Hamza had asked Rais about the strangeness of the name of Elia and had enquired whether it was his real name or an affectionate nick name. Rais told him that it was the name of the slave of Imam Hussain, who was a christian but very brave and faithful to his master. He too defied the enemies of his master and sacrificed his life.

Elia had also come to Landikotal one day to see Hamza. They did like each other.

Rais Amrohvi has also written a brief but scholarly essay on Hamza for the book Za Au Hamza (Hamza and I), compiled by Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai and published in 1979.

Hamza had translated his own Pashto book Laskhir-i-Kayenat (the conquest of the universe) into Urdu and had given it to Rais Amrohvi for writing a preface to it; but after many years the manuscript was not returned and neither did Hamza remind him. The book has been published in Pashto and is now running out in its second edition. Hamza would like its third edition to be launched.(147).

DR RAJ WALI SHAH KHALIQ AND

MIAN YAR MOHAMMAD MAGHMOOM;— Hamza has written on them a combined note as if he blurs the frontiers of their individual personalities and looks at them but as just one person. To
begin with, together they saw him one day at his home in Landikotal for the first time and together they meet him ever since. If by some wild chance one of the pair is missing while the other one calls on Hamza, it gives him more pain than pleasure. About them Hamza is reminded of the famous Persian adage: "Ara/ and hamjins b'khwtr b'z bh b'z /Rom/, "Kunad hamjins ba hamjins farwaz, kabutar ba kabutar, baz ba baz" (birds of the same flock fly together: a dove with a dove, a hawk with a hawk). He is again at a loss in which category to put them!

Both belong to Daag Ismail Khel, Nawshera Tehsil, Peshawar district. Both were in the same class in the same college; and both have done M.A. in Pashto. Only Raj Wali Shah secured the gold medal because both could not. At present Yar Mohammad Maghmoom is teaching Pashto at Edwards College while Raj Wali Shah is research officer at the Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar.

Once they took Hamza around the local shrines of their village. Together they went to Mast Baba and then to his son Aka Baba and then to his son Hazrat Shaikh Rahamkar Kaka Sahib.

Both are poets as well as prose writers and look at Hamza Shinwari as their guru. Raj Wali Shah has also got a Ph.D. degree from the University of Peshawar on his thesis in Pashto on the "Literary Movements in Pashto". Yar Mohammad Maghmoom has been producing, of late, a weekly T.V. programme in Pashto called Ansaze (reverberations). (148).
Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai Kakakhel: One day Hamza was sitting in the Hujra of his village when a guest came in and sat among them. They only greeted him and asked him about lunch which he said he had, but did not ask him who he was and what he had come for. He was sporting a formal beard with a broad forehead. He looked tired and worried. Tea was however offered to him.

As usual they were talking about something when the discussion drifted towards religion. Lalzada Nazir Shinwari, a nephew of Hamza and the teacher of the younger generation of poets, was discussing some point when the guest suddenly asked him in surprise and anger, "Whose creed or doctrine do you follow?". Nazir is broad-minded in religious matters and he replied that he was a Muslim and that was all. The guest asked him again, "don’t you follow Imam Abu Hanifa?". Nazir replied that he didn’t; and if the guest was following Imam Abu Hanifa then whom did the worthy Imam himself follow. At this the guest was beside himself with fury but controlled himself by invoking the mercy and forgiveness of God for such sacrilegious views.

This was Abdur Rehman. Lugai (literally smoke) is his pen name and he belongs to the respectable family of Shaikh Rahamkar Kaka Sahib and hence called Mian. He is also a Pashto poet and it was the irresistible poetry of Hamza which had attracted him to his Hujra. And then he told Hamza the purpose of his visit, after proper introduction. He became his life-long friend. Whenever away from each other, they exchange letters. Hamza has taken him on most of his journeys, as already mentioned. During
his hospitalisation in September, 1980, first at the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar and then at Rajputana Hospital, Hyderabad. Lugai had been looking after him from beginning to the very end. He alone was the incharge of all the expenditure which was even minded by some relatives of Hamza but the old man himself didn’t care.

It was also Abdur Rehman Lugai who conceived the idea of a book on Hamza with essays by all the contemporary writers whether in Urdu or Pashto. The name proposed for the book was Za Aw, Hamza (Hamza and I). This was in October 1977, to launch the idea and to raise the necessary finances. A Mushaira was held at the Hujra of (Fakhre Khyber) Ghazi Khan at Kajori plain in the Bara tehsil. A proper questionnaire was prepared which was sent to various poets and writers from all over Pakistan as well as Afghanistan. In response some thirty people sent their articles and at the same time applauded the idea. Among them those from Afghanistan who sent their articles are: Abdul Haye Habibi, Sadiquallah Rishtin, Qayamuddin Khadim, Mohammad Arsalan Salimi, J.M.Sial, Ghulam Nabi Chaknawar, Mohammad Akbar Motamid, Dost Shinwari, Abasin Sapi and also Ajmal Khattak (then a self-exile there). Articles were also contributed by Rais Amrohvi, Raza Hamdani, Farish Bokhari, Tahir Kalachvi, Abdur Rahim Majzoob, Dr Aminul Haq Amin, Professor Pareshan Khattak, Sultan Mohammad Sabir, Syed Tahir Bokhari and many more. The book was published in the same year.(149).

BADSHAH KHAN AFRI DI:—Like Iahir Asar Afridi.
Badshah Khan Afridi also belongs to the Adam Khel clan of the Afridi tribe from Darra. He is also a poet and has a good sense of humour. Hamza met him in 1967 when he had gone to Karachi in connection with Hajji Sharif, and was staying with his relatives at Kemari. A Mushaira was also arranged there in which Lugai also participated. Since Badshah Khan was "the pupil" of Mian Lugai he had also come to the Mushaira. Another Mushaira was held at the Government College, Karachi which was presided over by Major General (Rtd) Ghulam Jilani Khan. Badshah Khan had also come to that Mushaira along with his mentor, Lugai.

Badshah Khan and Tahir Asar took Hamza to Sher Shah colony where they were running a hotel. Hamza was invited to a dinner by Abdullah Kansi to which Mian Lugai, Badshah Khan and Tahir Asar were also invited. (150).

**KANWAR MOHAMMAD AZAM ALI KHAN KHUSHRAVI:** He is the scion of a respectable Rajput family. Before he knew him one day Hamza received a letter from him asking for his book *Insan Aur Zindagi*. Then it became apparent that he had a craze for pen-friendship. Hamza has since met him only twice: once at the house of Rais Amrohvi and then at the Mushaira which was held at Karachi, when he had been discharged from Rajputana hospital. When Hamza saw him first he was sporting a scant beard but when he met him the second time, a little before the Mushaira, he had grown the beard, which had also turned grey. He was also leading the prayer. Hamza could hardly recognise him then.

Hamza has written his autobiography on the repea-
ted requests and persuasions of Mr Khusravi for which we should all be grateful to him. Indirectly he has done a great service to Hamza in particular and the Pashto literature in general.

SYED TAHIR BOKHARI:- Syed Tahir Bokhari belongs to the village Lahore (also called Chota Lahore) in Sawabi Tehsil, Mardan district. He is extremely affable and gentle. He was librarian at the Record Office, Peshawar up to 1980. Now he is leading a retired life. He was a disciple of Syed Abdus Sattar Shah and obtained the daily mystic prayers and practices from Hamza himself. He has written a number of short stories in Pashto and an equal number of articles. Even now he writes speeches for the radio Pakistan, Peshawar. Throughout his illness during 1980, Tahir Bokhari had been with Hamza, taking extreme care of him. He has also translated Hamza’s book Tazkira-i-Sattaria (the memoirs of Sattar Shah) into Urdu. His Urdu is of a very high order.

On the twenty seventh of Ramadhan every year Hamza holds a Fatiha (offering and prayers) for Hazrat Ali in which the khatm-i-Chishtia (recitations from the chishtia order) are read by Syed Tahir Bokhari. At the end they hold a Mehfil-i-Sama (mystic music). Tahir Bokhari also contributes financially to the function.

MALIK ABDUR REHMAN MUNAND:- Malik Abdur Rehman belongs to village Landi Arbab in Peshawar Tehsil. He is superintendent at the Comptroller Office, Peshawar. He has been taking keen interest in mysticism. One day he met Syed Tahir Bokhari who
took him to Landikotal to meet Hamza. Since then he has been regularly calling on him. He used to seek guidance from Hamza thorough letters, asking him questions about the various aspects of mysticism which Hamza would duly reply. In this way he has gathered one hundred and one (101) letters of Hamza which he now intends to publish.

He has seven sons, three of whom, Masood Ahmad, Iftikhar Ali and Fayaz Ali are now doctors. Two others Liaqat Ali and Amjad Ali are studying in a college while Noor Rehman is in police and Javed is a practicing lawyer. All his sons are extremely courteous to Hamza Shinwari and invariably call on him now and then. Some of them have also taken allegiance at his hand.

**SYED JANAS:** Syed Janas is the scion of a famous Syed family of Utmanzai, Charsadda Tehsil. He is an officer in the comptroller office, Peshawar. He was introduced to Hamza by Malik Abdur Rehman. He was also a school fellow of Hamza Shinwari’s younger brother, Mohammad Omar Seemab and they were indirectly introduced to each other. He is extremely courteous, generous and fearless. He is an admirer of Syed Sattar Shah and comes to the Fatiha that Hamza holds for his Shaikh every year.

His younger brother Dr Aurangzeb Shah is chairman, English department, university of Peshawar while his son Zulfikar Hussain has also passed M.A. from Peshawar university.

**SULTAN MOHAMMAD SABIR:** A famous poet and journalist Sultan Mohammad Sabir hails from Quetta. He has been repeatedly elected to the secretaryship of the Pashto Academy, Quetta.
He is the owner and editor of the Pashto weekly, "HAIWAD". He also publishes another weekly, ITTIFAQ.

Hamza met Sabir in strange circumstances. Once Sabir saw an elderly but respectable and religious person in his dream and was so impressed by the personality that it stayed in his memory. Sabir had a friend in Quetta who was a disciple of Sattar Shah and when once that disciple was coming to Peshawar to meet his Murshid, Sabir also accompanied him. And when Sabir saw Abdus Sattar Shah in Peshawar, he met the same elderly man whom he had seen in his dream. And then he was introduced to Hamza who also took him to Landikotal. This was how they became friends.

Since then Hamza has been to Quetta many times, and whenever in Quetta he stays with Sabir. Through Sabir, Hamza has also been introduced to a large number of poets and writers from Quetta with most of whom he has been on friendly terms.

Sabir has not only served Pashto language and literature but has also rendered great service to the cause of Pashto journalism and Urdu literature in this part of Pakistan. He has also been broadcasting from the Quetta radio station to which Hamza is also invited from time to time.

Sabir is highly hospitable, affable and ingratiating. He is always surrounded by poets and writers, big and small. He is not highly educated, nor has he got any degree from anywhere but then he seems to be a degree holder from nature itself and can express himself with poise and ease on any literary and philosophical topic. Like all the great people
he is an entirely self-made man. (156).

ABDUS SADIQ KANSI SHAHEED: The late Abdus Sadiq belonged to Quetta. During one of his visits to Quetta Hamza had been staying with Sultan Mohammad Sabir when Sadiq also came there to meet him and soon got so frank with him as if they had been but friends for ages. Then he offered to Hamza to stay at his own residence at the Kansi House but he only thanked him as he was all the same very happy with his old friend, Sabir. Next day Hamza was invited to dinner at the Kansi House where the family of Abdus Sadiq received him as if he was but their distant relative. The Shinwari and Kansi tribes share the same pedigree and are but off-shoots of the same branch of the great tribal family tree.

Before jumping into politics Abdus Sadiq was in the police service. Then he joined the now defunct N.A.P. (National Away Party) of Khan Abdul Wali Khan. As a result of the 1970 elections the N.A.P. was asked to form government in N.W.F.P., under Mufti Mahmood. The then governor, Arbab Sikandar Khan Khalil was also an N.A.P. man. Then a convention was held by the N.A.P. at Shahi Bagh, Peshawar, to which Abdus Sadiq had also come. At the end of the convention Hamza took him to his house at Landikotal, where a large number of Shinwaris had come to meet him and impressed everybody with his sagacity and acumen. For most of the night he kept on talking with the people who had come to meet him and share his great fund of knowledge and political perceptions.
Hamza was stunned when he heard the news of Sadiq's death. Then he went to Quetta for the Fatiha and stayed there for a few days. (157)

AN INCARNATION OF SIMPLICITY AND STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS;

Professor Afzal Raza has written about Hamza Shinwari, "He is not only a great poet but a great man also and his greatness can be gauged from his down-to-the-earth humility." Substantiating his assertion he writes that, when a student he used to hear about Hamza Shinwari and read his poetry but had never seen him. One day he had gone in a college study tour to Lahore. There they went to the Shalimar Garden. While coming out of the Garden they saw a typical Pathan clerkman sitting on the ground. One of his friends asked Afzal Raza if he didn't see Hamza Shinwari. He was surprised to hear the name of Hamza without suspecting anybody around to be him. His friend told him that the man sitting on the ground was but the great Pashto poet himself. For Afzal Raza it was the most unlikely meeting with the greatest of Pashto poets and he was highly impressed by the great man's unassuming manners.

Again, when a college student, Afzal Raza had invited Hamza to a Mushairia without being sure that the great poet would in reality descent upon their small college. Although not feeling well he had come for the great surprise of the Mushairia managers. The Mushairia had actually started when he came and quietly sat in the very last row on a chair without a wrinkle on his smooth forehead for not having been asked right away to take
his due place. And when he recited his poem all the people were impressed by his humility along with such great, immortal poetry. Afzal Raza had invited him without being sure that he would actually come which he did. When he was offered travelling expenses at the end, to which the guest poets would be entitled, he refused to take anything saying that he attended such functions at his own expenses, simply to encourage the younger generation of poets; he could afford it.

Summing up his impressions of Hamza Shinwari, after an almost life-long association with him, although about forty years younger to him, Syed Ahmad Jan, Khyber Afridi writes. "When ever and wherever I go with Hamza Shinwari, I never feel as if I am accompanying an oldish, exalted poet but an elder colleague and a broad-minded writer. The Baba is a philosopher among philosophers, a poet among poets and a child among children. Among the educated he sounds more than educated while among the ignorant, rustic villagers he is but a common Shinwari tribesman, without a trace of poetry or philosophy in his general conversations. He talks to each according to his capacity, interest and understanding. He is the best judge of people and situations, a psychologist if not a psychiatrist. The Shias take him for a staunch supporter of their sect while he is a confirmed Sunni. Religious discussions is one of his favourite topics."

Hamza has been fond of playing chess. When making a precarious move, he sometimes purses his lips for a soft, indirect whistle as if telling the pawn the way he wants it to move.
He normally plays it with Lalzada Nazir Shinwari, Khyber Afridi and also his young nephew, Ali Omar (now a doctor). Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai had once asked him a question about the game of chess as to why did he like that particular game and whether it was not considered unlawful by the traditional Islamic scholars. Hamza had replied that there was difference of opinion among the scholars about it. Imam Shari didn't only justify it but also played it at the same time. So was the great spiritual personality from Delhi, Hazrat Khwaja Hassan Nizami, who also had a great expertise in this game. Then Hamza confessed that although he liked the game very much, he sometimes confused the myriad moves and was easily defeated by even a dunce. Perhaps it requires abnormal concentration which he can not always easily muster. Then he related the story of a chess game between Abdur Rahim Khane Khanan and Birbal on the condition that the defeated man would have to produce the sound of the cat (meeyanw). It so happened that the Khane Khanan was blocked at the end and Birbal insisted on his "pound of flesh". If the great Khan was not going to make a move then he should admit defeat. He must "drink the cup of poison", as they would say in Pashto. At this Khane Khanan suddenly got up and started going. The victorious Birbal asked him as to where was he going, leaving the game on the board as it was. The Khan only replied in Persian /Ara/ my 'ym /Rom/ "Mi Aa Yam" (I am coming). But then it was in the language of the cat itself. Then Hamza added that chess had been the game of the kings and that he had heard that instead of
pieces they used to use actual women to stand on the sixty-four black and white squares of the chess board.

Hamza lives according to a rough time table. He studies for five to six hours daily; takes his meals on time and in between sleeps for a while and then meets people for the exchange of ideas or informal conversation. While at Landikotal he invariably comes out to the Sarai every morning and stays there from nine to about twelve in the morning then he takes some vegetables and fruit and goes back home for the lunch. In the Sarai he usually sits in the so-called library and reads the newspaper of which he is not only a regular but also a voracious reader; it is almost an addiction with him. Some times he sits with one or two shopkeepers to whom he is attracted. While sitting there he usually reads his daily paper even if there is any "Gupshap" (gossip) around him.

Back in the village he usually sits in the Hujra if there is anyone gossiping with; and there is usually someone to sit with and talk to. He is also in the habit of long evening walks which he considers as not only good exercise but also good for his digestion. And when he goes somewhere on foot he goes usually fast, without looking this way or that, in fact so fast that even his young companions find it hard to keep pace with him.

He smokes just three cigarettes a day: one after breakfast, the other after lunch and the last one after dinner. For an unknown time and reason, his favourite brand is the Capstan in tens. He also uses Naswar; but in places where he doesn't deem
it proper he smokes a cigarette instead. He had taken cigarettes and snuff with him even on his journey to Hijaz Sharif. But he doesn’t seem to have ever been in the habit of smoking the ubiquitous Chillam. And Bhang. Hashish, wine or any other intoxication he simply abhors.

About food he is a little more particular and prefers better and pure food. He normally takes mutton instead of beef. Among the fruit he likes apple and citrus but avoids banana which, he feels, burdens his already inefficient stomach. He also relishes honey and almost always takes it in breakfast. For cooking oil he prefers animal fats to the vegetable Ghee.

He wears the simplest possible dress, in the typical tribal fashion, with shalwar-kameez, waistcoat, turban and the Chaddar (a length of cloth sheet), and Peshawari Chappals. He has never been seen in posh, gaudy and stylish dress even during his blooming youth (i.e. if there had ever been a spring in his life, although there is plenty of it in his works, particularly his poetry). If he is proud of Pashto language and literature; he is equally proud of its culture, manners and the dress that he has been proudly sporting about even in royal palaces and presidential houses. In fact he looks upon dress as the index of personality and that is why his very dress point to the Pakhtoon in him.

He has always kept himself aloof from the tribal feuds and petty rivalries, what is called in Pashto /Pasht/ pre-jambe /Rom/ "Parejambe".
The rifle, a symbol of the tribal freedom, and Hamza would be mutually exclusive, and nobody would have seen him sporting a fashionable but deadly pistol, with the usually glittering bandoleer across his chest. He simply abhors quarrels, fighting and even bickering. He has no enemy and has not even been envious of any body; and anger has never had the better of him. Unlike Khushal Khan he doesn't have a pen in one hand and a sword in the other (now replaced by Klashnikov or the A.K. 47 assault rifle) in the other. He seems to have dedicated both his hands but to the pen. At times his pen happens to be sharper than a sword.

Hamza himself gets up early in the morning and advises others also to adopt this habit. He is conscientiously punctual in all the five time prayers. Apart from this he regularly repeats the particular lengthy prayers of his mystic calling. He has read from some Maulvi some Suras (chapters) of the Holy Quran with meanings and has been extensively quoting from the Holy Book in his writings. He can read and understand Persian as well as Arabic and his Urdu is almost as good as Pashto itself. His study is extensive and his memory phenomenal and his power of reasoning is simply disarming. His prolific literary out put has turned him into an institution and his over all bearing has made him into a living legend.

Yet he has never cared for the trappings of outward success, or the perks of his exalted position, or even undue respect from others. Even the lack of due respect has not
most unpretentious of men. There is usually no artificiality or
craftiness about him. He is as clear as, to borrow one of his own
favourite images, the mirror. He is free from any trace of
selfishness, vanity, conceit, arrogance or pride. But in his art
he has always taken legitimate pride and has never pandered
it for worldly gain; although he has lived on the verge of poverty
and at times even below the subsistence level. Yet he has neither
begged nor borrowed nor allowed himself to be swayed by the irres-
istible attractions of the material world. He has always been
contented and in peace with himself and the world around him.

Great offices and powerful officers he has always
avoided and has never cultivated a friendship of any sort with
any man of temporal authority. Favours have been showered upon
him but without his asking for them, as others in his place would
have done, scheming and plotting and fighting for favours. This
impression we can gather from the list of his friends who are but
only poor poets and writers and otherwise anonymous men like him.
He would have made the best court poet if only he were born at
the time of the great Mahmood or the equally great Akbar. But
then judging from his mental and emotional set up, one wonders
whether he would have willingly taken all the trouble of being a
virtual prisoner in a glittering court, full of intellectual
talent, but marred by artificial mannerism. He only acts upon the
wisdom of a Pashto adage: \\
spread your feet according to the length of your sheet, without
cursing your feet or the sheet or its maker. There you confront
the inescapable fate which doesn't really admit of any human machinations.

Whoever has spoken of or written about Hamza has invariably called him a Dervish, a Faqir, a Malang, a Khaksar, a Majzoob, an Ostad, a Murshid, a Wali and with many more similar epithets. They all point to not only his apparent humility, affability and gentlemanliness but also his inborn urge for renunciation and resignation and living the life of a virtual recluse like Rehman Baba before him. Yet, surprisingly enough he claims to have been influenced more by Khushal Khan Khattak than Rehman Baba. He says that renunciation is not entirely against human nature. Although Islam has forbidden monasticism yet it has allowed a form of it in the form of Iltikaf (complete devotion for a few days during the month of Ramadhan) to satisfy the natural urges of man for seclusion and complete devotion. According to the sufi system there are three stages: the first is Jama' (absorption or union), when one is so lost in the world that God is lost sight of. The other is Manfi (separation or negation). It is the opposite of the first stage when one is so lost in the God that the world is lost sight of. These two stages are mutually exclusive. The third stage is called Jam'al Jama' (reabsorption or perfect union), when the worldly affairs do not lead to the loss of God and the memory of God does not erase the impressions of the temporal world. In the light of this mystic system we can put Hamza only in the third stage. And according to him that is the stage of Insaniyat (humanism)
which is above both the stages of Hewaniyat (animalism) and Malukiyat (angelicism).

CHAPTER ONE

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Locally the Landikotal Bazar is also referred to as the Sarai or PaRaw which refers to its being a caravan Sarai in the not very distant past.
2. This has been stated on the very first page of MERI ZINDAGI, MS, Landikotal, 1976. Henceforth it will be referred to as autobiography.
3. Ibid., P. 109
4. It was the same Sahibzada Abdul Wavvum Khan who later on founded the Islamia College and the Islamia Collegiate School, Peshawar in 1913.
5. These anecdotes are related in the first four pages of the autobiography.
6. Ibid., PP. 3-4
7. Ibid., P. 3
8. Ibid., P. 4
9. The language question has been one of the strongest passions with Hamza Shinwari. On a number of occasions and in various national forums he has raised the question of Pashto as a medium of instruction, at least at primary level.
10. A peak some 5 kms at the west of Landikotal, right on the Durand Line.
11. Charbaita is a popular form of folk poetry sung to music. It is a poem of units of four lines. Hence its name.
12. Birth day celebrations of the prophet (P.B.U.H.)
14. Ibid., P. 9
15. This has been confessed in black and white in his autobiography on pages 10 & 11.
16. All the trade and commerce was also monopolised by the Hindus. However, on Partition they migrated to India. Now there is no Hindu or Sikh at Landikotal. However, some of them
have chosen to stay back to this day at Lirah, the inaccessible Afridi valley, stretching from Landikotal in the north to Parachinar in the south.

17. This keeping a Rabab in the Hujra was by no means peculiar to the family of Hamza. Almost every family in the Khyber used to have one, hanging from a peg in the wall in the Hujra, to be played in the evening, along with a clay pitcher for a drum. This was the sole means of entertainment for the hilly-bound, hardy tribes. Rabab and Chillam were the two inseparably ubiquitous elements of every Hujra in the Khyber. Sadly both of them seem to be on the wane, the one being replaced by the electronic musical gadgets and the other by cheap cigarettes.

18. Adam Khan-Durkanai is an ageless Pashto romance in which Adam Khan fascinates Durkanai with the irresistible tune of his Rabab more than the attractions of his manliness.

19. Torkham is a checking point on the Pak-Afghan border or the last post on the Durand Line. Some 10 kms on the west of Landikotal.

20. This was an official delegation sent there by the government of Pakistan in 1948. The deliberations of this delegation along with its social activities, have been published in the book Adabi Jarga (literary council) by the Pakhto Tolana, Kabul, Afghanistan, in 1948, under the directorship of Abdur Rafat Benawa.

21. This Dabgari Street in Peshawar is, for some unknown reasons, mainly the home of singers. Even today, almost all the upper portions of houses called Balakhana are occupied by professional musicians.

22. Burj literally means a tower or fortress. This Burj Harari Singh was a Sikh outpost built at the edge of the tribal territory. Later on the Islamia College, Peshawar, the first premier institution in the Frontier, was also founded beside it. The British later on converted the imposing Burj into a police station.

23. The initial four Rakat (prayers), before the two Rakat obligatory Friday prayers, preceded by the prayer call and the sermon.

24. The priest who leads the prayers is also called Maulvi.

25. Hamza left school while reading in the 9th class without appearing in the matriculation examination which is held at the end of the 10th class.

26. The Khyber Railway Line was taken up in 1919 to quell the expected tribal opposition to it. The tribal chiefs or Maliks were given contracts on the construction work, since Hamza Shinwari’s father was also a Malik, he too was given contracts on the line.

27. Autobiography, op.cit., P.16

28. From page 21 to 25 of the Autobiography Hamza gives a brief account of this uprising, of course as they would appear to him. He also states the role of the tribes in it. His sympathies, like those of his Shaikh and the Shinwari tribe, were
with the monarch, Amanullah Khan. He describes the whole episode, from the fall of Amanullah Khan to the rise of Nadir Shah.

29. It was the same Badshah Gul Niazi who was the general secretary of the Bazm-i-Adab, founded in 1937, of which Hamza Shinwari was the president.

30. Before Partition, the railways in this part of India were called the North-Western Railways. On partition they became West Pakistan Railways but they have become Pakistan Railways since 1971. Autobiography, op.cit., P.16

31. This episode has been related in the Autobiography on page 17, in more or less similar manner.

32. This episode has also been related on page 17 of the Autobiography in fair detail.

33. Autobiography, op.cit., P.17

34. Ibid., P.19. He claims to have written his best poetry under the spell of this tragedy.

35. This episode has been described on page 20 of the Autobiography with fair detail.

36. Autobiography, op.cit., P.21

37. It was the same Maulana Abdul Wadid who became the founder Director of the Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar, in 1955. He and Hamza were both students at the Collegiate school. He was in 8th class while Hamza was in 5th.

38. All those poets are now called the poets of the older generation of the Khyber School of poetry. Some of them were Farooq Shinwari, Nazir Shinwari, Murad Shinwari, Khatir Afridi, Khyber Afridi, Qayyum Kausar and Ehsan Zahir etc.

39. Nothing like the modern Mushaira existed in the Khyber before. On the existing tradition of poetry contest or declamation see Hamza Shinwari’s essay in Zhawar Fikroona PP (135-144).


41. Unfortunately Hamza didn’t keep any copy or record of those discs or records which can now be said to be simply lost.

42. This apparently frivolous writing on the wall has always haunted me as a prophetic freak. Hamza did become a school of poetry. Autobiography, op.cit., P.57

43. Autobiography, op.cit., P.49

44. One such poem has been published in Sparlay Pa Ayina Ke, P.158

45. Autobiography, op.cit., P.139

46. Ibid, P.55

47. Ibid, P.28

48. Ibid, P.36

49. This episode has been describes with full detail in his Autobiography on pages (65-69).

50. It is the 7th of the Hijri (Islamic calendar) which is a lunar calendar.

51. Badin is a town in Sindh.
52. Jallandar is a town in East Punjab. She was reverentially called mother.
53. These events have been recorded in fond details in his Autobiography on pages (28-31).
54. This book is a critique of the letters of Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindhi (1564-1624)
55. Shaikh Akbar Mohiyuddin Ibn ul Arabi (1165-1240)
56. Autobiography, op. cit., P. 48
57. This episode has been described in detail in the Autobiography on pages (37-42).
58. Autobiography, op. cit., P. 47
59. This saying has been attributed to J.J. Rousseau (1712-1778).
60. Autobiography, op. cit.P. 48
61. Ibid, P. 91. Also see Asad Qureshi in Za Aw Hamza
63. This play is a Pashto translation of Agha Hashar Kashmiri’s stage play, Khooootamat Bala. With the exception of the Damano Khar, the rest of the plays mentioned here are present in the manuscript form.
64. Hamza has related it in an interview recorded on a cassette, Peshawar, 1987, with the present scribe.
65. Autobiography, op. cit., P. 48
66. In the introduction to Ghazawone, Akram Farooq has claimed that Hamza has written as many as four hundred plays and features for the radio. Hamza himself would modestly put the figure at "more than hundred”.
67. The exact number of his so far available plays is sixteen. We hope to get them published.
68. The late Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq, Za Aw Hamza, P. 31
69. Hamza was also asked about its failure and he gave the stated reasons. The interview has been recorded on a casette, Peshawar, 1987
70. This list has been taken from Pashto Adab: Ek Ta’aruf (an introduction to Pashto literature), Urdu, by Prof: Abdur Rauf Nawshervi. Popular Press, Peshawar, first edition, 1986, PP (250-256).
71. Tahir Kullachvi, Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 144. In 196 Hamza was editor, Pashto section of the daily Bang-i-Haram, Peshawar. This section was published under the name of Kachkol (the begging bowl).
73. Farigh Bokhari, Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., PP (121-172).
74. Jamrud is a town some 20 km short of the Khyber Pass, almost equidistant between Peshawar and Landikotal.
76. This alchemy is a mysterious art if not exactly a science. Hamza has been engaged in this art for a long time not really lured by the glitter of the artificial gold but just to
unravel the mysteries of nature. He claims to have partly succeeded in this effort.

77. Hamza relates that on the marriage of Rafiq Shinwari, Bacha Jan gave him some gold for making the bridal ornaments. On close examination it was suspected to have been prepared from some base metal. However, it was as good as gold and were turned into ornamental rings, bracelets and ear pendants.

78. Hamza was also interested in making or at least having knowledge of the mysterious stuff called Kushta (a potent tonic). Kushta literally means “killing” or converting metals into medicine.

79. Autobiography, op. cit., pp. 83-84. In this day the memorial of those martyrs stands in the middle of the Wissa Khawani street in Peshawar and many a political Jalsa (meeting) is held on the spot.

80. It was the chief-ministership of Khan Abdul Qayyum Khan which ordered the opening of fire at Babra, a small village in Charsadda Tehsil (now district), on a Red-Shirt Jalsa (meeting). Eversince, till his death in 1976 Qayyum Khan was not forgiven by the Red-Shirts.

81. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 84. This is Hamza Shinwari’s analysis.

82. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 84
83. Ibid., pp. 84-85
84. The novel was written in 1944, mainly on the suggestion of Saminjan Khan, the then education minister in the Frontier cabinet, to whom it has also been dedicated. It was however, published in 1955.

85. But after partition, like so many other nationalists, Hamza also became progressively disillusioned with the League. However, he seems to have been offended more by the League’s policies towards “Islamisation” in the country than any petty parochial considerations. He maintains in his autobiography, that the League’s leadership was not really sincere in turning Pakistan into a truly Islamic state as envisioned by the catching, pre-partition slogan: Pakistan ka mutlab kya: La Ilaha Illallah (the meaning of Pakistan is that there is no God but God).

86. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 109. This poem has been lost with two or three other long poems. Hamza has been repeatedly mentioning them. He still remembers some couplets from these poems.

87. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 109
88. Ibid., pp. 112-113. To this day Hamza fondly relates this episode with vivid details as he had played the central role in it.

89. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 110
90. It was the same Malik Abdul Latif Khan who became member of the first Legislative Assembly (M.L.A. of Pakistan).
91. Autobiography, op. cit., pp. 113-114
92. Ibid., pp. 118-123. This episode has been described in fair detail.
93. This route has now been abandoned in favour of another route called Naghloo or Mahi Par, which is less rocky and therefore less risky.

94. These are great names in their respective fields of Pashto literature. For a more detailed discussion of these people and many more, the reader is referred to Nawai Pakhtoon (modern Pathan, 1857) by Hamza Shinwari.

95. Autobiography, op. cit., PP 120-121

96. This typewriter has since been devised and now books are published in this type although it has not fully replaced the ancient system of hand-writing (Kitabat).

97. Part of this list is given on page 121 of the autobiography. I have completed the list from other sources. These are about all the letters that are used for the double phonemes.

98. Autobiography, op. cit., P.121

99. Ibid, PP 121-122

100. As far as education was concerned there was complete socialist system throughout Afghanistan. The founder of this system was Amir Habibullah Khan (1901-1919).

101. Autobiography, op. cit., P.122

102. Ibid, PP 122-123

103. Even in his imaginary portraits he is depicted with a pen in one hand and a sword in the other and with a helmet-like cap on his head.

104. Autobiography, op. cit. P.131

105. In fact he was no more than a toy in the hands of the socialist elements around him. When considered dangerous to their interests, he was swiftly overthrown in 1979.

106. I am told that a copy of it may be lying with the son of Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq. I am yet to find it. However, I have succeeded in finding the entire installments serialised in Weekly Rahbar, Mardan, in 1957.


108. Tazkira, op. cit., PP 234-235


110. Tazkira, op. cit., P.236

111. Autobiography, op. cit., PP 185-186

112. Ibid, P.96

113. In one of the interviews that I have recorded on the tape Hamza says that once when Haji Gul Sahib was in Karachi and failed to get a berth for Haji Sharif, he (Hamza) dreamt at Landikotal that some how he (Haji Gul Sahib) would get a seat. Hamza wrote to him a letter asking him to wait, he was bound to get a seat. And he did get it and thanked Hamza for the letter.

114. This saying is attributed to Ali Bin Uthman Al-Haiveri, commonly called Hazrat Datta Ganj Bakhsh of Lahore, and also the author of Kashful Mahjoob.

115. By now this book has run into eight editions which is perhaps a record for any Pashto book.
116. Before Ghazawgone he had published a slim volume of religious verses called Da ZRh Awaz (voice of the heart). However, it was Ghazawgone which firmly ranked him among the immortals.

117. It was Prof. Pareshan Khattak who started teaching it at post graduate level for the first time and he says that he was stretched by it to the point of breaking: Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 290

118. Autobiography, op. cit. P. 135

119. Mohammad Omar Seemab is still alive but has been suffering from paralysis and looks older and weaker than Hamza.

120. Autobiography, op. cit., P. 136. Also Tazkira op. cit., PP. 306-308

121. His tomb is in the graveyard just outside Dabgari Gate, visited by a large number of devotees. Like a typical Eastern Shrine, that it is, it also has its own army of Malangs, Hashish smokers and Qawali singers.

122. As a teenager youth Rafiq Shinwari was left by his mother with Bacha Jan. Apart from being a page of the Pir, Rafiq also learnt the singing of Sama’. Hence his attachment to and ultimate fame in music.

123. Tazkira, op. cit., PP. 548-551

124. Ibid. P. 11

125. Then there used to be sixteen Annas to a Rupee with four Paisa to an Anna. This system has now been done away with by the universal decimalisation. However, this idiom “sixteen annas” has survived in the language and we still say sixteen Annas for hundred percent.

126. Tazkira, op. cit., PP. 18-19

127. Ibid. P. 63

128. Ibid. PP. 152-158

129. Ibid. PP. 174-175

130. Ibid. PP. 178-179

131. All these aspects of his character have been taken from both the Tazkira and the Autobiography which can be found on scattered pages.

132. There was passport and visa system between Afghanistan and the British India. It was equally applicable to the tribes on either side of the Durand Line although easily flouted by them.

133. In the course of time the border was flung open for any tribesman who cared to cross it. The passport became a relic of the past.

134. This was an unfortunate corollary of the Pakhtooni movement which did more harm than good to the Pashto literature and the over-all development of the Frontier province. It did not even benefit the Pashto speaking Afghans across the Durand Line. I said Pashto speaking Afghans because the Afghans speak any language but Pashto.

135. His novel Nawe Chapa (new waves, 1955) was written mainly under the impression of Pakhtoonistan, even using the word which was a political taboo on this side of the Durand Line.
136. Autobiography, op. cit., PP. 164-165
137. Ibid. P. 165
138. Ibid. PP. 131, 161, 166
139. For this see his travelogue, Nawe Pakhtoon (modern Pathan, 1957). which is a pictorial, minute description of this tour.


141. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 131
142. Mr. Ghulam Farooq Jan, a cousin of the king, Zahir Shah, was the governor of Nangarhar province of which Jalalabad is the capital city. The account of this dinner, followed by Afghan music has been related on page 267 of Nawe Pakhtoon (modern Pathoon, 1957).

143. Nawe Pakhtoon, op. cit., PP 271-273
144. Ibid. PP 274-276
145. Ibid. PP 269-320
146. Autobiography, op. cit., p. 173
147. Ibid. P. 173
148. Ibid. P. 175
149. Ibid. P. 175
150. Ibid. P. 175
151. Ibid. P. 176
152. Ibid. P. 178
153. Ibid. P. 177
154. Ibid. P. 177
155. Ibid. P. 177
156. Ibid. P. 179
157. Ibid. P. 179
158. Ibid. P. 179
159. Ibid. P. 179
160. Ibid. P. 180
161. Ibid. P. 182
162. Ibid. P. 183
163. Ibid. P. 183
164. Ibid. P. 183
165. Ibid. P. 183
166. Ibid. P. 183-84
167. Ibid. P. 183
168. Ibid. P. 184
169. Ibid. P. 185
170. In fact he was disappointed by the attitude of the great general although he was offered tea and general civility. But the general would not go out of his way to oblige his old class fellow if not friend.

171. Autobiography, op. cit., P. 191
172. Ibid. P. 191
173. Ibid. P. 186. They were banned by the Ayub Khan Regime (1959-1969). The Ziaul Haq regime (1977-1988) let them restored. Both these books are now lost since out of print.

174. Autobiography, op. cit., PP. 200-201
175. On one of the tapes Hamza relates this incident
with pride for having resisted both pressure and pelf for keeping clear of the venomous propaganda against Afghanistan which he has always looked upon as but a second home.

177. Ibid, P. 178
178. However, official recognition was extended to Khushal Khan Khattak when President Ziaul Haq announced the establishment of a Khushal Research Cell in 1969, to be working under the supervision of the Pashto Academy, which has since done much useful work on the illustrious Khan.


180. Ibid, P.57
181. Autobiography, op.cit., PP. 186-87. Hamza would call it official policy to encourage Urdu, Hindko and Punjabi literature even in the Frontier, the predominantly Pashto speaking province of Pakistan. The local writers are somehow kept out of the Abasin Arts Council and the National Council. They are hardly paid their due subsidy. "Even singers are paid more than the poets".

182. The dates of birth and death of both Khushal Khan Khattak and Rehman Baba are given in chapter two.


184. Ibid, P. 21
185. Ibid, PP. 21-22
186. Ibid, P.24. But before this Hamza had also written a letter to president Ayub Khan, requesting him to give him special permission. Nothing had come out of that letter.

187. Ibid, PP. 46-50
188. Statues are strictly forbidden by Islam. Our pilgrims would find them very strange, if not an eye sore in an apparently Islamic country. But then Hamza could see little Islam in the Pehlavi Persia.

189. Da Hijaz Pa Lor, op. cit., PP. 109-111
190. Ibid, P. 161
191. Ibid, PP. 163-176
192. Ibid, PP.183-85 and 203. 207
193. This paragraph has been based on two full chapters of the book, Da Hijaz Pa Lor, entitled: Pa Makka Mu'azima Keh (in the grand Makka) and Pa Madina Munawwra Keh (in the illuminated Madina), PP. 258-476

195. Ibid, PP. 95-105
196. Actually this is the slowest train. The name might be only ironical, suggested by somebody with a great sense of practical joke.

197. This is the same Anis Shah Jilani with whom the original MS of the autobiography lies, of which I have been kindly allowed to make a photo-copy.
Autobiography, op. cit. PP. 94-95
208. Ibid, P. 95
209. Ibid, PP. 95-97
210. Ibid, PP. 96-97
211. Ibid, P. 97
212. Ibid, P. 98
213. Ibid, PP. 99-100
214. This book is correspondence between Hamza Shinwari and Jaffar Achakzai and has been published under the joint names. It has been fully discussed in chapter five.
215. Ibid, PP. 101-102
216. Ibid, P. 102
217. Ibid, PP. 101-102
219. Ibid, P. 102
218. Ibid, P. 103-104
219. Ibid, P. 104-105
220. Ibid, P. 213
221. Ibid, P. 213. It was evening when he reached there and Durrani Sahib had been waiting for him, having postponed the dinner till his arrival.
222. Ibid, PP. 162-64
223. Ibid, P. 164. Even now he distributes (or dispenses) free homeopathic medicines from the Peshawar University campus while he is there. After retirement he has been living mostly in Nadir Nagar, Pir Baba, Swat where people go to him for free medicines.
224. Ibid, P. 163
225. Ibid, P. 164
226. This was in 1954 when he was offered the principalship by Dr. Raziuddin Siddiqui, the then vice-chancellor. University of Peshawar. The engineering college has since become a full-fledged university of engineering and technology.
227. Ibid, P. 214
228. Ibid, PP. 202-203
229. Now he has retired. He has also translated Hamza Shinwari's Tazkia-i-Sattaria in Urdu, published in 1970. He is a proper spiritual disciple of Hamza Shinwari.
230. Ibid, P. 203
231. Ibid, PP. 203-4
232. Ibid, P. 208
233. Ibid, P. 208
234. Ibid, P. 208
235. Ibid, P. 208
236. Ibid, P. 208
237. Ibid, P. 208
238. Syed Mohammad Saeed is the elder brother of Syed Tahir Bokhari and teaches Islamiyat there.
239. This poem has not been published so far in any of his selections.
240. Ibid, P. 210
241. Ibid, PP. 210-211
242. Ibid, PP. 211-212
235. Ibid. P. 202
236. Ibid. P. 209
237. Ibid. P. 210
238. Ibid. PP. 218-19
239. Ibid. PP. 217-18
240. Ibid. Pp. 217-18
241. This poem has been published in the Monthly Pakhto, a Journal of the Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar. (Hamza Number), May-June, 1982, P. 170
243. Ibid. P. 221
244. Ibid. PP. 227-228
245. Ibid. PP. 224-225
246. Ibid. PP. 226-229
247. Ibid. PP. 230-232
248. Ibid. PP. 233-236
249. Ibid. PP. 238-240
250. Ibid. PP. 238-240
251. Ibid. P. 241
252. Ibid. P. 242
253. Ibid. P. 243
254. Ibid. P. 244
CHAPTER TWO

POETRY

LITERARY BACKGROUND

(The silence of the poet is full of storms.
Don't be misled by his playing with words.
(Hamza).

Pointing out the circumstances in which Hamza Shinwari started writing poetry, Lalzada Nazir Shinwari writes, "Hamza started writing poetry at a time when, not only in the present century, but also in the couple of the last centuries, there had been no poet with a flight of imagination, sublimity of thought, perfection of poetic art and a depth and breadth of knowledge. Rehman Baba was the only poet available in a book form and the books of the other great poets, which have subsequently appeared, were simply not available. Even the book of Khushal Khan Khattak was published much later. There were neither Pashto journals nor even Pashto sections in the available Urdu newspapers. Even the professional musicians were not in a position to sing anything worth while. What they had been singing were the time-worn, traditional forms like "Loba", (1) "Neemakai", (2) "Charbaita", (3) and "Tappa". (4). The reason was that the age of Khushal Kahn Khattak and Rehman Baba had been overtaken by a decadence and deterioration". (5).
Calling this period of inertia and degeneration a period of Popular Literature, Nawaz Tair elaborates, "A time came when particularly the Islamic world fell prey to decline and relapse and the European nations spread over the entire area from the shores of the Mediterranean to the archipelago of Indonesia in a savage bid of colonisation and exploitation. After Vasco de Gama anchored at Calicut there was a scramble for India in which the English ultimately succeeded to the Moghul throne. From the battle of Plasy in 1775 to the Second Afghan War in 1877-78 the British had subdued the entire northern India". (6)

At about the same time Russia too had begun to spell over her European boundaries to spread over Central Asia. To control and consolidate her activities in the region she had established an invincible military base at Orenburg in the Urals and had opened a series of persistent wars on the nomadic tribes of the Kazakh Steppes. The Russian advance in Central Asia was facilitated by the disintegration of the Timuride and Ottoman Empires towards her east. After the Orenburg Line was completed and joined by the Siberia Line, Russia subdued the Kirghiz tribes and then turned to the independent Khanets of Kokand, Kashghar, Yarkand and Khuttan; and then ultimately to Bokhara and Khiva, the last being considered "A stepping stone on the way to India". With the fall of Khiva (1873) Russia erected two forts on the River Oxus (Amu Darya), and after the annexation of the independent Khanets of Central Asia, she then turned to Turkistan (modern Turkmenia) and with the conquest of
Merva (1894) she came into direct contact with Iran in the south and Afghanistan in the east.\(^7\).

In this way all the great seats of learning and scholarship; all the great centres of Islamic culture whether in Bokhara, Samarkand, Tarmez or anywhere in Transoxania (Mawar-e-Nahar), or back in India, whether they were at Lahore, Deoband, Sirhind, Ajmer Sharif or Deccan, were all permanently sealed for the Pashto-speaking scholars and devotees of learning and knowledge.\(^8\).

The nineteenth century diverted the stream of Pashto poetry from the refined forms of Ghazal (ode) and Rubai (quartet) to the practical and popular form of Charbaita. The reason was that, for a brief interlude, before the British had formally annexed Delhi in 1857, in the wake of the great revolt called "Ghadder" the Sikhs from the Punjab had been eating up into the territories of the fast crumbling Afghan Empire in northern India. They had successfully over-ran the Punjab, Kashmir and Peshawar, unleashing a reign of sheer terror which was branded "Sikashahi"\(^9\), the Sikh (mis)rule; a phrase still echoed by the older generation, with idiomatic currency. The Pathans were awakened in a Jihad (holy war) against the Sikhs and next to sermons from the pulpit, the Charbaita from the musicians was the most effective tool in arousing the intransigent Pathans against the infidel Sikhs. The recurrent themes of the Charbaita were honour, unity, valour, sacrifice, brotherhood and a practical struggle for freedom.
Along with Charbaita, the other folk forms of Loba, Neemkai, Badala and Tappa, were also sung with music not only for popular entertainment but also for practical purposes of Jehad against the enemy. At the same time, this period also gave birth to the romantic stories in verse called "Masnavi". More than sixty books were written in this form alone. If charbaita could be considered as a handy propaganda tool, the Masnavi aimed at moral reformation and character building. Yet this entire period was but an anti-climax of a renaissance in Pashto literature, at the beginning of the seventeenth century to culminate with Ahmad Shah Abdali, towards the end of the eighteenth century.

In order to see this renaissance in its proper perspective we must turn to an earlier religious as well as political controversy called the Roshanite Movement. The founder of this movement was Bayazid Ansari (1535-1579), also called Pir Roshan (the enlightened Pir), but branded Pir Tariq (the dark Pir) by his vehement adversaries. According to Nawaz Tair, "The Roshanite Movement gave impetus to mystic poetry in Pashto on the one hand and an urge for freedom from the Moghuls on the other. The movement produced a number of creative works in both prose and poetry.(10).

Pir Roshan was basically a Sufi and his creed clashed with that of Akhun Darweza (circa 1570), a vice-regent of Hazrat Syed Ali Tarmezi, called Pir Baba. The former stressed the esoteric aspect of religion (or Tareekat), while the latter insisted on the exoteric aspect (or Shariyat). Although partly
political, this movement was given mainly a religious colour and the two equally powerful spiritual leaders carried on a war of wits, or better still a battle of books. The gauntlet was thrown down by Bayazid Ansari with his book Khairul Bayan (a useful account) which was promptly answered with Makhzan ul Islam (treasure of Islam) by Akhun Darweza.

Then this spiritual as well as intellectual feud was taken up by others, the disciples and family members of the two accomplished Pirs, even long after they were dead themselves. But the Roshanites seem to have provided a far superior array of poets and prose writers than their worthy adversaries. In this process Pashto literature was enriched beyond expectations. Hence they have left an everlasting imprint on the annals of Pashto literature.

Among this gallery of distinguished portraits we may mention Mirza Khan Ansari (died 1617). He was a grand son of Pir Roshan and the first poet to consciously sing of Sufism in Pashto poetry. It is from him that mysticism in Pashto poetry is actually traced. Among the rest may be listed Arzani (lived in the middle of the seventeenth century. He was a contemporary of Bayazid Ansari. A rare MS of his Dewan has been preserved by the library of the Pashto Academy. Qadar Dad (was a young man in the middle of the seventeenth century). Nukhli (birth and death untraceable), Mian Dad (lived towards the end of the seventeenth century) and Wazakzai (lived towards the end of the eighteenth century) and Karim Dad (who also lived towards the end of the
eighteenth century). They were all great poets in their own right and each has left a Dewan (a collection of verses). They all have written in the mystic tradition of their illustrious forebear, Pir Roshan. We must look upon them as the constellation of the luminous stars of the Roshanite School.

This school or movement was the climax of an historical evolution when the centuries old Oral and Folklore literature was suddenly supersedized by a written literature of a very high calibre. It was during this period that Pashto was heavily Persianised as well as Arabicised with wholesale borrowings from both these "classical" languages. This linguistic influx was not only confined to the items of vocabulary or the infusion of literary as well as religious terminologies, but it also included the large-scale borrowing of literary forms like Ghazal, Rubai, Masnavi etc., with all their traditional formalities. Not only was Sufism properly introduced in Pashto literature for the first time but at the same time, the most suitable form, Ghazal, was also greatly perfected. "The mixture of patriotism and sufism in Pashto literature, starting with the advent of Islam, first through the predecessors and then during the Roshanite period, gradually passed through the evolutionary stages and when it reached perfection, it gave birth to Khushal Khan on the one hand and Rehman Baba on the other". (11).

With Khushal Khan Khattak (1613-1689) we step into a renaissance in Pashto literature. In him we meet a poet, a writer, a thinker, a warrior, a leader and a practical man of
encyclopedic knowledge. In fact he is the beginning as well as
the end of Pashto literature; being a frame and a reference at
the same time. If Pathan society and Pashto language can be said
to have ever thrown up a genius, it is none other than the great
Khan. In fact this multidimensional giant is a whole period in
Pashto literature, with a typical style and a distinctive school
of thought. He stands at the critical cross-roads. From this
turning point Pashto literature has been given a new direction
and an entirely new outlook to be the guidance and inspiration of
the subsequent generations of Pashto poetry. With his poetic
effusions he gave life and vigour to an otherwise dormant and
dark age, notwithstanding the illumination of Pir Roshan and
his followers. The Pashto language had hardly been touched
before him, as he claims himself:

\[\text{Nobody lifted the veil from her face,}
\text{Poor Pashto is still a virgin. (Khushal).}\]

Unlike his predecessors, Khushal Khan chose Pashto
and Pashto alone for the transmission of his powerful thoughts in
both prose and poetry, although he was equally, if not more, at home
in Persian, in which he has also left some twenty five poems. But
he consciously turned to Pashto to give it a luster and splendour
to make it more than worth the attention of subsequent poets and
to help it hold its own against the onslaught of the all-perva-
ding Persian, with its mythical sweetness and literary prepon-
derance and the distinction of its being the language of eterni-
ttles, courts and diplomacy, not only throughout Central Asia but also in the Indian subcontinent.

when I [Khushal] started writing poetry in Pashto, Pashto poetry will start glittering henceforth.

(Khushal).

And with this new thoughts and new concepts were introduced into old Pashto literature and new traditions and new standards were established for the posterity. For all this the credit really goes to the great Khan in general and his illustrious family in particular. They are yet to be surpassed.

In the thousands of poems that Khushal Khan has left behind we come across all the traditional forms of Ghazal, Rubai, Qasida, Qita, Nazam, Tarkeeb Band, Farjee’ Bead, Mukhmas, Mussadas, Mu’ashar, Masnavi and so on (please see glossary of literary and social terms at the end for the definitions of all these). In fact he cannot be said to have overlooked any form then in vogue. A dynamic writer, he has also written on varied subjects such as national songs, Tassawuf, ethics, romanticism, even eroticism, hymns, Naats and so on. In short he was a prolific writer of not only poetry but also prose. He is said to have written more than a hundred books of which only about a dozen have come down to us.

Among the well known poets of the great Khattak family and others we can safely include Ashraf Khan Hijri (1631-1680), Abdul Qadir Khan (1850-?), Sikandar Khan (1855-?), Abdur Rehman Baba (1651-1710), Abdul Hamid Mashukhel (1667-1732), Misri
Khan GagyanRi (1662-1714), Maazullah Khan Momand (1672-1757), Ali Khan (1767-?), Kazim Khan Shaida (1722-1787), Najib Sarbandi (1737-1797), and Kamgar Khan (1667-1752).

Among them Abdur Rehman Baba and Abdul Hamid Happen to be of a far higher stature, indeed leaders of distinctive school of poetry, and it will not be out of place if we elaborate them a little right away.

Abdur Rehman Baba (1651-1710) was born in a village called Bahadur Killi, some five km from the city of Peshawar. He is the greatest Sufi poet in Pashto literature and his age also happens to be the greatest age from the point of view of scholarship and literary flowering and perfection. Rehman Baba seems to have picked up mystic poetry from where it was left by the Roshanites. "His poetry is a very great and valuable addition to the mystic poetry of the Roshanites. Without the exception of Khushal, Rehman as well as Hamid have been steps to the Roshanite literary services, struggles and creations. In their work they have only perfected the Roshanite thoughts and the technicalities and mechanics of their language and art."(12).

With Rehman Baba we arrive at the perfection of the Pashto Ghazal so much so that he is compared to the great Persian masters like Hafiz Shirazi and Saadi. He was a great scholar of Persian as well as Arabic languages. Kamil Sahib has compared a number of his verses to the great Persian poet, to find not only striking similarities of content but structure too.
It sounds as if in some places he has simply translated Persian verses into Pashto. But at the same time his versions are more lucid, simple, direct, memorable and, above all, indigenous. And these are the over-all characteristics of his immortal Ghazal. All his words, phrases, metaphors, similes and symbols are apparently common place and true to life. His diction is the purest possible Pashto with the majestic flow of the Abasin, and perhaps that is one of the reasons for the universal popularity of his ageless as well as matchless poetry. It equally appeals to both the scholar and the divine as well as the most uninitiated, illiterate, rustic villager. Perhaps that is why he has left the deepest imprint on not only the Pathan psyche but his entire social and spiritual life. His poems are continuously sung to music under a mistaken name of Rubai. Most of his verses have acquired a proverbial currency. And he is still by far the most popular and well-known of all the Pashto poets, living or dead. He is a living legend and there is a hallow of saintliness about this otherwise anonymous Pashto poet.

Rehman.

There is a universality about Rehman Baba and he consciously negates all genealogical, tribal and national or even racial connections and attachments. He sings of the entire human tribe when he sings of love.

(Being a lover, passion alone is my preoccupation,
I am neither Khalil nor Daudzai nor Momand. (Rehman).

"His effusions are of a religious or moral character, and chiefly on the subject of Divine love. But there is a fiery energy in his style, and a natural simplicity, which will be vainly sought for amongst the more flowery and bombastic poetry of the Persians. (13). In this sense he can be looked upon as an improvement on his Persian model: to simplify poetry and mysticism for the simple Pakhtoon to understand and appreciate.

Abdul Hamid (1667-1732) was born at Mashu Khel, a small village near the city of Peshawar, belonging to the Khuzdari clan of the Mohmand tribe. Hence Hamid like Rehman Baba was a Mohmand but of a different clan and also of different colours. One gathers from his poetry that, again like Rehman Baba, he was a highly learned man and a great scholar of both Persian and Arabic languages. "He is a cynical poet of the Afghans---the Shaikh Saadi of the Pashto language---and the beauty of his compositions is fully acknowledged, even among a nation so rich in poets as the Pathans, by whom he is styled: /Arabic/ mawṣul /Rom/ "[Hamid the hair splitter]". His poetry though generally of a moral tendency, and breathing contempt of the world and its vanities, is still tinged with Sufi doctrines. He was the author of three works---a poem entitled "Nairang-i-ishaq" (love fascination), "Shah Gada" (the king and the beggar) and a collection of odes entitled Durra-e-Maran (pearls and corals). (14).

Again, like Rehman Baba, his dominant themes are Divine love, ethics and mysticism: but at the same time he has a
subtle romantic strain which at times we can only come across in Khushal Khan Khattak. Unlike Rehman Baba, he is at times strongly drawn to the corporal love which at times borders on eroticism. However, it is the flight of his imagination, the delicacy of his art, along with the natural flow of his diction that give him a unique place among the masters of Pashto literature. Like Khushal Khan and Rehman before him, Hamid too is considered the leader of a distinctive school of Pashto poetry.

Most of Abdul Hamid’s poetic paraphernalia like metaphors and similes seem to have been borrowed from Persian and Arabic but at the same time affixing to it his own peculiar seal of Pashto usage and Pakhtoon culture. It would not be out of place here to quote Hamza Shinwari on Pashto Ghazal. He maintains, “Perhaps our poets did not merely imitate Persian Ghazal but they moulded it into Pashto spirit. Because Persian Ghazal is just poetic effusion, there is no glint of a local colour in it. If Persian Ghazal is translated in another language then no reader could easily guess the language in which it was written. On the contrary, although Pashto poets have been inspired by the Persian, they have added the Pakhtoon spirit to it. Now if Pashto Ghazal is translated in another language, any reader can easily feel it to be the work of some Pashto poet.” (15).

Let’s look at the following couplet from the point of view of the above assertion:

\[ \text{I will not bear the Moghul attitude of the rival,}\]
\[\text{If I am truly brought forth by a Pakhtoon mother.}\]
From a deeper study of his poetry, one feels that Abdul Hamid has depicted the Pathan surrounding more vividly and more convincingly. His Dewan Durr-o-Marijan is a highly praiseworthy book. He can be said to be a true quintessence of both Rehman Baba and Khushal Khan Khattak.

Commenting on this period, in which all the great Pashto poets were born and brought up, Nawaz Tair writes, “It was a period of the decline and degeneration of the Moghul Empire in India. The signs of this decomposition had appeared right from the time of Aurangzeb Alamgir (1658-1707) while Khushal Khan Khattak was at the height of his poetic compositions. He had sensed this decay when he wrote:

/MESSAGE/
m&l wth ch gwr'mh 'ws h&h m&l nh de
ture w'rt ye tyr de 'ws ye p'te yw qlm de. (xw'S'l).

(When I look at the Moghul,
His swordsmanship has gone;
What is left of him now,
Is only penmanship. (Khushal)

Peshawar was also an important centre of the moghul province of which Kabul used to be the capital. All the good and bad effects of the Moghul policies were soon felt around Peshawar. We find the reverberations of these feelings in all the great poets from Khushal Khan down to Rehman Baba, Abdul Hamid, Misri Khan, Muazullah Khan, Ali Khan and Najib.

Another aspect of that period was the Feudal System which was superimposed upon the essentially democratic spirit of the Pakhtoon tribes by the Imperialist Moghuls. This system was effectively introduced among the tribes of the plains,
together with the pragmatic policy of Divide and Rule. The hillsmen were, however, peripheral to this unnatural stratification of highly individualistic and egalitarian spirit of the Pakhtoon. For the orderly and peaceful management of the Pathan areas, the Moghuls had created Khans, Nawabs, Arbabs and feudal lords of various hues and descriptions. This class was made the interme
diary between the peasants on the lower rung of the ladder on the one hand and the ruling overlords on the other. This arrangement
gave rise to an incessant class struggle, the echoes of which can be heard in all the poets of this period. The half-religious
Roshanite movement was the first to raise its voice against the injustices of this degrading, exploitative system.

In this dark period of turmoil and confusion it was natural for the sentient Pashto poets to turn to renunc-
iation, resignation, pessimism, escapism and fatalism. This stream is common, without exception, to all the poets of the period, including Khushal Khan Khattak, notwithstanding his forceful, revolutionary disposition. Rehman Baba sums it up more poignantly when he says:

"(Due to the oppressive officials The home, the tomb and Peshawar are all equal ). (Rehman)."

Yet this period of wild commotion and confused patterns has given to Pashto literature not only a revival of a hazy heritage but also a fully blossoming renaissance which is yet to be equalled.
Looking at the poetry of Hamza Shinwari against this rather extensive and pervading background, one feels that on the one hand he is thoroughly steeped in this preponderant "classical" tradition while on the other hand, he has introduced new concepts even in the traditional Ghazal form. Like with all those of his worthy predecessors Ghazal is his favourite form but then unlike all of them he has also done part of his best poetry in Nazam, which seems to be a product of the twentieth century, undreamt of by the medieval poets whether Pashto or Persian. However, keeping aside the Nazam for a later deliberation, here we will concentrate on his Ghazal.

According to Abdur Rahim Majzoob, "It would be an injustice with the poetry of Hamza if he were compared with any other Pashto poet than Khushal Khan, Rehman Baba and Ali Khan". (17). Farigh Bokhari maintains that, "It would not be an exag- geration to say that, after Khushal Khan, Hamza Shinwari is the greatest creative writer". (18). And Raza Hamdani has compared two of his couplets with two similar couplets of Ali Khan:

/Path/ d kwDe hwT bh d pre nh Gdmh rqyb th, 'pryde $w$mh m&l th xybr nysm. ('ly x'n)

(I will not abandon the street corner to the rival' Like an Afridi I picket the Khyber against the Moghul). (Ali Khan).

/Path/ d tndy gnje d m&l xw nh ym ch kwy nn d t're xbre. (Hamza)

(The wrinkles of your brow! I am not a Moghul Why should they speak the language of Tatar). (19) (Hamza).

/Path/ st' lh zlfw $wnDe zy'te dy xwmxw're
1h hndky nh ?lm zy’t kRy Qzlb’S. (’ly x’n).

(Your lips are more deadly than your tresses;
The Qazalbash are more callous than the Hindu).

[Ali Khan].

/\Rash/ Jyr d ym zlfw th d mx ph /m/.
zh d hndw’nw nh k$mmyr &w’Rm

(Wanting to see your face under the locks’
I demand Kashmir from the Hindus. (Hamza).

The complete prosodic Ghazal was introduced into Pashto by Mirza Khan Ansari but Khushal Khan Khattak polished it up and presented it as a viable form, fit to carry any thought content, from patriotism to mysticism, from satire to even stark eroticism of the potent emotions of the great Khan. What a typical depiction of Pathan mentality when he boasts:

/\Rash/ zh xx$'l kmzwre nh ym ch bh D’r kRm,
xw ph j’rr n’re whm ch x1h ye r’kRn. (xx$’l).

(I {Khushal} am not so weak to be afraid,
I shout openly that a kiss was but given).

(Khushal).

But when Hamza picked up the Ghazal from where it was left by Khushal Khan and the poets after him, he gave it new angles, new directions, and new subjects. He infused new blood into the old veins of Pashto Ghazal with striking similes and metaphors, sounds and symbols, giving it an unmistakable touch of Pakhtoon ethos. As he has said it himself about Pashto Ghazal, if his poetry is translated in another language it will be seen to have been written by a Pashto poet. According to Raza Hamdani, “Apart from local colour, the Ghazal of Hamza Shinwari introduces the reader to new thoughts. He is at the same time Saadi, Hafiz, Khushal, Rehman, Firdausi and Bedil. Taking their style and diction
for a standard he offers his great thoughts in Ghazal" (20). And Syed Tahir Bokhari maintains, "Apart from technical values, the Ghazal of Hamza is also a leader in intellectual maturity and the incidents and experiences of cognition.(21) We will wind up this discussion with Noor Mohammad Zigar Afridi who claimed, "In the evolutionary development of literature the poetry of Hamza Baba is such a milestone from which we can determine the direction of not only the past and the distant past but also the future and the distant future. Whenever the traveller is in any danger of losing the way, as in the dark night, one determines the direction from the pole star; in the same way the poetry and personality of the Baba is like the bright and beckoning pole star.(22). Hamza has also been compared to the lighthouse, guiding weary travellers to the shores of Pashto Poetry. However, more of this will follow in a later chapter, on his legacy. For the present we should see him in the light of another assertion of Noor Mohammad Zigar Afridi who has compared him to a border line (not a Durand Line) between the medieval and the modern poets. By this borderline he probably means a bridge to connect the two distant periods of Pashto poetry. He is a meeting point or a confluence of two mighty streams of Pashto literature.

A BRIDGE BETWEEN MEDIEVAL AND MODERN POETRY

(Sb' bh purth kRy prdh lh mxh, d nn ph strgw d prwn 'wgwrh. (Hmzh)

(Tomorrow will lift the veil and be revealed
See your yesterdays with the eyes of today.
(Hamza).

We saw that the renaissance in Pashto literature
which had started with Khushal Khan Khattak (1613-1689), ended with Ahmad Shah Abdali (1712-1773). In his book Da Pakhto Ghazel professor Afzal Raza has listed one hundred and forty one, major and minor poets, after Ahamd Shah Abdali, right up to the end of the nineteenth Century. But all this point to the fact that the later poets have not been able to maintain the florescence and freshness, the speed and tempo, the simplicity and directness, the originality and richness, the vigour and flow of their worthy predecessors. There is a gradual and progressive decline in which the poetic sublimity is imperceptibly replaced by a peculiar mediocrity. The Ghazal form, which had shouldered the best poetry of the renaissance period, although somehow kept alive, was effectively edged aside by the popular musical forms like Charbaita, Neemakai and Badala, which have already been mentioned.

The evolution of Pashto poetry with genuine inspiration, seems to have stopped at Rehman Baba, even earlier than Ahmad Shah Abdali. The subsequent period, right up to the beginning of the twentieth century, can only be looked upon as a yawning gap, or even empty space full of hazy, drifting stars. The sun seemed to have set on the high mountains of a great age and the dawn of another, an equally great age, was nowhere in sight. It was yet to arise to reveal the tattered poverty of Pashto letters.

It was Hamza Shinwari who started Pashto Ghazal from where it was left by Khushal Khan Khattak and Rehman Baba, thus striding this sinister chasm with a single stroke of his
miraculously powerful pen. It seems as if he was born for this fiat of bridging centuries of Pashto literature to provide it with not only continuity but a vibrant future. Noor Mohammad Zigar Afridi has maintained. "When Hamza Baba initiated (or enunciated) the Pashto Ghazal, the entire society was blindly imitating the West. Western thoughts had swamped the subcontinent and were ringing around in the local literary circles. Even when a chance Ghazal would pop up in a literary gathering, it would bring along in its skirting a host of artificial, alien Western thoughts. It would only prove a blot on the fair face of Eastern poetry. Hamza Baba felt all this and, with great intelligence and artistic competence, he saved his Ghazal from the artificial, frivolous Western thoughts and influences. Hamza Baba started the Ghazal from where it was left by Rehman Baba and brought it up to the present stage of its development." (23).

Hamza has successfully captured the sparkling originality, the unbounded exuberance and the unyielding vigour of Khushal Khan Khattak; the ease and flow, directness and lucidity, the moral order and Divine love of Rehman Baba; the delicacy and hair-splitting ingenuity of Abdul Hamid; the deep parochial verve of Ali Khan and the phenomenal patriotism of Ahmad Shah Abdali. He alone has encompassed the entire panorama and pageant of the past Pashto literature and has captured and depicted the Zeitgeist i.e. the spirit of that classical age which badly needed a revival and a poet like Hamza to give it a hope and a future. It would not be out of place here to compare
his verses with each one of the great masters to establish the
similarity not only to their substance but also to their style.
In him, it will be seen, we hear once again the reverberations of
that renaissance in Pashto literature which has yet to lose its
splendour.

(I girded my loins for the honour of the Afghan,
I am the chivalrous Khushal Khan of the time).

(I lowered my eyes,
But my head refuse to bow down:
Perhaps even in love
I was going to stay an Afghan).

(The hands of intellect can not reach the sky
It is passion that steps over the firmament).

(I have reached such a station
That is beyond the comprehension of passion).

(Although it considers itself superior to animals
Yet in matters of love intellect is but confounded).

(I can't comprehend the black and white of love,
Intelect, when I go with your days and nights).

(d Hb'b &wnd m Dk ph 'h srd kRh
Cwk Jm' ph gwr bh bl Crng cr' & kh. ($yd' )
(Filled up with a cold sigh like a bubble
Who could light a candle on my grave!!!).

(Kazim Khan Shaida).

(A bubble, like an eye in your search,
I am drifting in the sea of your love).

(Hamza).

(I forget the throne of Delhi
When I remember the high peaks of Pakhtoonkhwa).

(Ahmad Shah Abdali).

(I feel the taste of Pakhtoonkhwa in India
Whenever I come across an Afghan there).

(Hamza).

The dawn of the twentieth century saw this part of
the world in the grip of a number of social, political, religious
and literary movements, which were to leave a lasting imprint
on the contemporary poets and writers. Raza Hamdani maintains
that, "The Khilafat Movement, the consequent universal Hijrat
(migration), The Khudai Khidmatgar Movement, The Congress, The
Muslim League, The Ahrar Agitation, The Green Shirt Movement had
all made the Frontier province famous from the Khyber to the Ras
Kumari. Along with these social, political and religious movements
the Frontier was also awakening to a number of literary and semi-
literary movements". (24). And Wayamuddin Khadim would extend the
scope of these myriad movements world-wide when he said that he
had been now and then, hotly debating with Hamza Shinwari the
situation in and around Asia. The exploits and achievements
of Gorky in the Communist Russia, the Congress and Gandhi in India, Hitler in Germany and Mussolini in Italy, Abdul Wahab Najdi in Arabia and Raza Shah Pehlavi in Persia. Similarly there were similar social, political and religious movements in Egypt, Syria and the rest of the Middle East Asia. To this list must also be added Mustafa Kamal of Turkey and Tagor and Iqbal from the subcontinent". (25). However, Qavamuddin has not mentioned the rise and fall of Amanullah Khan of Afghanistan who had become a hero of the Indian intelligentsia having firm admirers even among people like Allama Iqbal. It was perhaps for this reason that he became a victim of the British secret service and, to add insult to injuries, was replaced by a bandit.

Back in the subcontinent the British influence was promoting Western culture through the medium of the English language. The old traditional Madrassas were being gradually replaced by the modern day school and college education. Not only Arabic, the language of liturgy and Persian, the then lingua franca, all the local languages were eclipsed by the all pervading powerful English language. All this had a far reaching impact on the over-all Pashto culture. "As a result of these momentous changes, the Pashto language underwent a process of diversification and innovation. On the one hand it gave birth to such great scholars and writers of romances and short stories as Shamsul Ulema Mir Ahmad Shah Razwani, Mullah Naimatullah and Rahat Zakheli, while on the other hand it also put forth such metaphysical and philosophical poets as Samandar Khan Samandar and Amir..."
Hamza Khan Shinwari; such upholder of universal literature as Syed Rasool Raza and Fazle Haq Shaida; such romantic poets as Maftoon and Yunas Khalil; such poets and writers of national reawakening as Abdul Akbar Khan Akbar and Gul Bad Shah Ulfat". (26). To this list must be added Ghani Khan, Hamesh Khalil, Ajmal Khattak, Qalandar Momand, Wali Mohammad Tufan, Saifur Rehman Salim, Rehmat Shah Sail and so on.

In the preface to Hamza Shinwari's Ghazawoone, Qalandar Momand maintains, "The poetry of Hamza Shinwari is not confined to him alone; it is the poetry of all the contemporary Ghazal writers...........their expression, construction, style, imagery, even their diction, have all been influenced by the Ghazal of Hamza. So if the poetry of Hamza is to be discussed it will necessitate the discussion of the contemporary poets, which will indeed require a very detailed discussion." (27).

Noor Mohammad Sameem writes about Hamza Shinwari, "The poetry of Hamza and particularly Ghazal, has opened a new chapter and has heralded a new age in the history of Pashto literature. From technical and poetic point of view he has shattered the magic of tradition. Instead of just thoughts of the beloved he has also turned to the problems of the world. In his poetry we can see a moving reflection of life and it is this characteristic that has made him the representative poet of the age". (28).

Comparing Hamza to a lighthouse for the coming generations, Noor Mohammad Zigar has maintained, "It is a law of
nature that every age is provided with such personalities who can
determine the standard and keep the wheel of evolution turning in
every human society. Whenever a society reaches a stage of evolution when the standards determined by the previous age do no longer help in the onward march, then attention is turned to the present personalities. Only the one with the enlightened mind, high thoughts, strong morals and good manners is selected from among the entire society. Such a person is usually a symbol of unity and universality; and his influence usually crosses the regional or national frontiers and acquires an international stature and fame. His art and thoughts can benefit the entire human society. Apart from his own time, such a person can be like a lighthouse, for the coming ages". (29). and according to him Hamza Shinwari is bound to be such a luminous source of guidance to the coming generations of Pashto poets.

In connection with his mystic stature, Syed Tahir Bokhari has compared Hamza to a huge tree. I think we can borrow that evergreen metaphor of a tree to explain the standing of Hamza between the medieval and modern poets and writers. Like that of a huge tree his roots are deep down in the rich tradition of the medieval literature. He does get his nourishment and strength from there. The main body and trunk of the tree would represent the modern age, providing it not only shade and shelter but also the fruit growing on it. However, its high branches can be said to hold something for the coming generations too. Like a full grown tree, Hamza has scattered countless seeds which have
but sprouted in the shape of a new seedling. Any one of these tender plants can take his place. We will see his influence on the younger generation of poets in a later chapter.

Hamza Shinwari is credited with striking innovations within the parameters of the tradition. If he has not added any new dimension to the stream of traditional Pashto poetry, he has certainly given it a depth and a conscious sense of direction. It is the stamp of his typical individuality along with the apparent perfection of his art that have given him this unique distinction of being a bridge between the medieval and modern poetry. He has introduced new feelings and new emotions through a new symbolic framework. For this he has consciously evolved a subtle symbolic system based purely on Pakhtoon culture and Pashto usage. The repeated ingenious use of this symbolism take him far higher than a mere pride in the Pathan way of life or Pakhtoon chauvinism. It saves him from stooping down to the role of a mere propagandist even for the idea of Pakhtoon unification, which he has been preaching all along, in both prose and poetry. This symbolic treatment of Pakhtoonwali (the Pathan way of life or social code) is considered his greatest achievement; a distinguishing trait of his art and hence an irresistible aspect of his imitation by the modern, particularly the younger generation of poets. Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak has observed in this connection: "Hamza Shinwari is the greatest mystic, gnostic and a symbolist poet of the Pashto language of the twentieth century. He himself is the founder of a philosophy of symbolism. His
perfection lies in this: that on the one hand he has been using the traditional signs of mysticism while, on the other hand, he has evolved many symbols from Pakhtoon culture". (30). The following couplets will perhaps illustrate what he means:

"$gh th xwdbyn ye zh pXten ymh,
m' nh ch xwde gd' strgw th. (Hmzh).

(0 love! you are self-centred
While I am a Pakhtoon
I have never taught
Begging to my eyes). (Hamza)

mh cyRrh tr'R'khn ch zm' ph pXtwn zRrh dh,
hse nh ch wr'nh d lyly' Xkle kyqdyé $y.
(Hmzh).

(Don't touch the blister on my Majnoon heart
Lest the beautiful tent of Laila is broken). (Hamza).

nmr d d spyn mx Jm' ph strgw tyre jwRe kRe,
zife r'xwre kRrh ch m r'$y n?r strgw th. (Hmzh).

(the sun of your face has blinded me.
Spread your dark tresses so that
Light comes again to my eyes). (Hamza).

We will wind it up with this quotation from Abul Haye Habibi, as quoted by Mohammad Naseem: "The soul of Hamza contains the tradition of the past which he takes to the younger generations of the future." (31)

xd'yh zy't kRe yw ph lsh d pXtw d lyly' Hsn,
by' Jm' mynh hm zy'th yw ph lsh d mjwn kRe.
(Hmzh).

(0 God increase ten times
The beauty of the Laila of Pashto;
And then also increase my love
Ten times more than Majnoon's). (Hamza).

Hamza is considered more of a classic than a mere modern poet of Pashto. Farigh Bokhari has pointed out this envious fact in an article on him, saying, "Hamza is one of the
greatest Pashto poets whose poetry has become classic in his very life-time. We do not find such an example in the entire Pashto literature”. (32). And Abdur Rahim Majzoob would include him in the category of Khushal, Rehman and Ali Khan. "Among the Pashto poets no one alone can be considered a classic. Even the above three masters together can not complete the Pashto classic as long as we also do not include Hamza among them. Although he is a twentieth century poet yet we will be looking upon him as a poet of their age." (33).

**BABA-E-GHAZAL**

/flush/ st' ph 'ngqw kXe d Hmzh d wynw sry nh, th $we d pxtw &zlh Jw'n zh d b'b' kRM. (Hmzh).

(Your cheeks are flushed
With the blood of Hamza;
You came of age, Pashto Ghazal,
But I became an old Baba. (Hamza).

Hamza Shinwari is invariably called "The father of Pashto Ghazal". In this all his critics are unanimous. It is not because he is the exponent of the Ghazal form in Pashto literature. The Ghazal is as old, in fact older than Pashto literature itself. It is because he has given it new dimensions and a new sense of perfection; which was somehow lacking in the entire Pashto Ghazal before him. As it might have been pointed out before, the Ghazal form as such came to Pashto via Persian. It was originally an Arabic literary form which was borrowed by Persian. It quickly superceded a number of indigenous literary forms, as it proved to be more suitable for the poetry of not only
love and beauty but also ethics and metaphysics. It was found out to be more suitable for the expressions of the innermost feelings and esoteric experiences. It was ideal for expressing abstractions or apparent contradictions and paradoxes of the mystic or metaphysical poets; because of its inexhaustible paraphernalia of ingenious metaphors, similes, hints and allusions, signs and innuendo, imagery and symbolism. It can aptly convey any shade of finer feeling or delicacy of thought or any intricacy of expression.

Originally the word Ghazal meant talking to women and, lexically it also had an element of the soft, glossy beauty of the deer or more particularly its large, dreamy but alert eyes. But the later day poets broadened its scope, each successive age making its own demands on it. They introduced not only highly complex metaphysical concepts through it, it was also requisitioned (if I might use this expression) for the expression of the day to day experiences of natural sorrow, love or pain. Some Pashto poets, from Khushal Khan onward, also made it a vehicle for the expression of their feelings of patriotism or even their undisguised urge for freedom from the existing oppressive polity.

Pointing out the antiquity and classical nature of the Ghazal form, Professor Afzal Raza has pointed out: "No change has taken place in the technical aspect of Ghazal; but it has assumed new colours on various stages from the point of view of subject matter and thought content. It might be said that Ghazal has now extended its bosom for not only the expressions of the
woes of love but also the cares of the world. In this way it has adapted its delicate nature with the demands of the time. We can find out this difference by comparing old and modern Ghazal". (34).

Ghazal was also adapted to Pashto music as it had already been adapted to Persian and Urdu music. It started competing with the traditional musical forms. They could not exclude each other as each form turned out to be more suitable for a particular occasion or mood. But Ghazal did make serious inroads in the traditional musical forms. Today it carries a stamp of taste and culture while some of the other forms are looked upon as absurd if not outright vulgar. The masses may be swayed by this or that of the other forms but the cultivated listeners prefer only Ghazal for only Ghazal can fathom the depths of their sub-conscious. The Ghazal has woven a web of sophistication around itself. It is not only the charm of the accompanying music but the classical annotations, cast in appropriate Ragas, that in themselves have a cathartic effect, never to be sensed in the noisy din of the traditional forms. It was just to say that because of its typical musical potential the Ghazal has strongly appealed to the aesthetic sense of the Pathans; so much so that the bulk of their very best poetry has been devoted to this form. In fact it would not be wrong to assert that this form alone carries almost all their best poetry now-a-days.

Murad Ali Shinwari, Hamza Shinwari's only son and
a poet and writer in his own right, writes about Hamza Shinwari. "The poetic intuition of Hamza Shinwari and his inborn inclination towards Ghazal, could not tolerate that the scope of Ghazal should be so constricted that it could not express his national or patriotic feelings through it. Like a sincere Pathan poet he considered it his literary duty to raise such a pure edifice of Ghazal, on the foundation of Khushal Khan and Ali Khan, of which every brick would be made from the indigenous soil and sand of Pakhtoonkhwa. His first attempt was to accommodate Pakhtoon psychology in the essence of his Ghazal in such a sweet way that would deeply appeal to every Pathan reader. (35).

For a brief outline of the Pashto Ghazal and the place of Hamza Shinwari in it we should turn to Professor Yar Mohammad Maghamoom. He not only teaches Pashto literature but is also an admirer (if not a student as well as a disciple) of Hamza Shinwari. He, however, explains, "The Roshanite Movement (of Bayazid Ansari) gave birth to a poet like Mirza Khan Ansari, who adopted Ghazal for his poetic effusions; and when this unbroken chain reached Kazim Khan Shaida, the Ghazal had somewhat come of age. Shaida undertook new experiments in Ghazal which became the basis of its maturity. But with the Ghazal of Hamza Shinwari this maturity attains perfection. There have been many poets between Mirza Khan Ansari and Kazim Khan Shaida but the former for the first time propagated a branch of mysticism (Wahdatul Wajud) in Pashto literature as the moving philosophy behind the Roshanite movement, while the later attained the acme of delicacy of
thought and intricacy of expression through singular similes, rare metaphors and indigenous rhyming schemes etc. If the characteristics of both the above poets could be combined in the Ghazal of one poet then it is Hamza and Hamza alone. It can not duly define the Ghazal of Hamza if I call it Pakhtoon Ghazal because even the mysticism of our poet is Pakhtoon."

Pointing out the distinguishing characteristics of the Ghazal of Hamza, Noor Mohammad Zigar points out, "Hamza Baba has given to Ghazal new words and terms (and he has listed a number of them which we might as well overlook). Apart from this he has given beautiful rhymes, moving rhythms and striking refrains (Radeef). These can be a source of inspiration for the other poets. The greatest impact that Hamza has on Pashto Ghazal is this: that he has given it high thoughts and typical Pakhtoon characteristics because of which it is at once recognised as Pakhtoon Ghazal, if we look at it against the Ghazals of the world".  

As far as his Ghazal is concerned, Hamza has been compared to the greatest Urdu and Persian poets and it has been established that by all reckoning he is their equal. In this connection Tahir Kulachvi writes about Hamza Shinwari, "It will not be out of place (here) if I call Hamza the Ghalib or Khwaja Hafiz of Pashto literature. He expresses even love and passion in artfully philosophical way. Perhaps that is the reason that his poetry is somehow above the common run; only the cultivated (or the initiated) can appreciate it fully. It would be more proper
to call him the poet of a particular taste" (38). In the same vein Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak maintains, "The art of Hamza is his poetry and particularly Ghazal in poetry. How far he has succeeded in the art of Ghazal can be judged from the fact that he is called the father of Ghazal. As the father of Ghazal he has taken Ghazal to perfection. As in Persia the extent to which Hafiz Shirazi took the Ghazal, nobody could better it afterwards. Similarly nobody could write like Ghalib after him.

The credit of the perfection of the Pashto Ghazal goes to Hamza. So, Hamza is the perfect artist of Ghazal. His Ghazal carries all the requirements of Pashto Ghazal; rather he can be said to have created "The Pashto Ghazal" in Pashto." (39).

This doesn't at all mean that Hamza has been influenced by either Urdu or Persian or both and that he has consciously or unconsciously tried to imitate their great poets to achieve a similar greatness for himself in Pashto. On the contrary he has been influenced by none. He has but limited study of both Urdu and Persian, although he has written books in Urdu and has also done extensive Urdu-Pashto translations. Only among the Pashto poets he has been inspired to a certain degree by Khushal Khan Khattak and Kazim Khan Shaida which he himself admits. Yet even their influence on him is minimal, indeed invisible. He might, in the same way, have read all the great Urdu poets but has never been visibly influenced by any Urdu or Persian poet. Farigh Bokhari has pointed out this fact, "A glaring characteristic of Hamza Shinwari is that he has been
least influenced by Urdu or Persian poetry because of his very limited study thereof. "(40). It may well be an inborn greatness, attained by the compulsions of his own elemental genius, unadulterated by the undercurrents or crosscurrents of alien poetry or poetic traditions. It would not be out of place here to discuss the controversial issue of "art for art's sake" and "art for life", in the context of Hamza Shinwari's poetry. By coming across some of his poems, some of his critics have mistakenly concluded that Hamza has also fallen a prey to the lure of art for art's sake. He is, therefore, branded as an idealist, a utopian or at best an escapist. I think it is a very wrong and self-deluding assumption. It is at best a cruel irony because of all the Pashto poets Hamza is the least escapist; indeed if he abhors anything it is the inherent absurdity in the theory of art for art's sake. Once I turned his attention to this question and in his usual curt manner he replied indignantly, "If art is for art's sake then where does man come in?" and I thought he more than clarified what he meant. And then the subject was changed to some less artistic matter.

After reading his entire body of poetry (well I might say almost even if I must have read all of it), I was more than convinced that he had a definite message to project and most of his poetry pointed that way. In this connection we might point out that if he has at all been influenced by any Urdu poet, it is Allama Iqbal, the poet with an unmistakable message. Hamza has translated two of Iqbal's works in Pashto verse. He acknowledges
the depths of Iqbal's thoughts and the urgency of his message and has addressed a number of poems to him, as he has devoted an equal number of poems to Khushal Khan Khattak.

Two dominant passions seem to be the mission of his life: Tassawuf and Pakhtoonwali. On the one hand like Rehman Baba or Allama Iqbal, he preaches divine love and moral reformation while on the other hand, like Khushal Khan Khattak and Ali Khan, to some extent he projects the theme of Pakhtoon unity. And we come across both these recurrent themes in his poem after poem. Unlike Khushal Khan he has never grown restless and pessimistic. His message is always a message of hope. The meters of his poems may vary, their rhythm may now be swift now sluggish, their wording may be different; different metaphors and similes might have been employed; but the unmistakable themes remain the same; the purpose and the passion behind it stay the same. We might again quote Farooq Shinwari in our support. "There was no purpose or object in Ghazal before Hamza; whether it was Persian Ghazal or Urdu Ghazal, its axis was beauty and its untiring praise from various angles. Hamza did not adopt a contrary course from the mainstream Ghazal and its inherent spirit but he did insert Pakhtoon elements into it". (41).

This point of view has also been corroborated by Zarin Anzor when he says, "Pashto Ghazal had degenerated after Khushal Khan, Rehman, Hamid and Ali Khan. Hamza felt that as long as it was not given a direction or a transfusion of an aim or object there could be no question of a healthy literature in
Pashto. When he looked at Ghazal with the eye of an artist, he soon came to know that as long as the spirit of Pakhoon was not infused with its spirit, it could not be called a Pashto Ghazal, as the Ghazal of Hamza has come to be called". (42).

It is interesting to see how Abdur Rahim Majzoob has compared Hamza Shinwari with Khushal Khan, Rehman Baba and Ali Khan and has pointed out their certain shortcomings which he claims to have been rectified by Hamza. He writes, "In the Ghazal of Khushal Khan there is amorous pleasure, cheerfulness and romance; but his Ghazal sounds incomplete, imperfect and artificial. The love that Khushal has depicted belongs to the lower, carnal attractions. His beauty is nude although his Ghazal is well polished. He is the founder of rhymes and rhythms, yet his Ghazal is incomplete from the point of view of subject matter. On the contrary, the love and beauty that have been extolled in the Ghazal of Hamza Shinwari are pure and divine. His Ghazal is in reality Ghazal; it is complete and well rounded from the point of view of structure as well as subject matter". (43). Similarly he writes about Ali Khan, "The Ghazals of Ali Khan are full of love and beauty and poetic effusions. The thing that is missing from Khushal but is there in Rehman and the art that is lacking in both Khushal and Rehman can be found in Ali Khan. His Ghazal is perfect. But Ali Khan is lacking mysticism because life itself did not provide a chance to the inner beauty in his heart to have fully germinated, to have made it a part of his Ghazal. But this lack of mysticism on the part of Ali Khan was more than made
Similarly in a letter to Hamza Shinwari, Sultan Mohammad Sabir has written to him, "In fact your poetry consists of the spirit, colour and tendencies of both Khushal Khan and Rehman Baba; rather your poetry can be said to have been born from their mixture. Still as compared to Rehman Baba, the colour of Khushal Khan is more dominant in your poetry."(45).

It was Ghazal which bestowed upon Hamza this coveted title of Baba-e-Ghazal but only because it was Hamza who established Ghazal in Pashto literature so firmly that it sounds no more alien, a borrowed entity, encumbered with artificial conventions. It now more than seems a part and parcel of Pathan psyche, reflecting his own surroundings and his own inner urges in a forthright, faithful manner. He gave it such a perfect finish and such a glittering gloss that it can be said to have become the envy of both Urdu and Persian Ghazal. In this process he also happened to erase a recurrent inferiority complex from the mind of subsequent Pathan poets. Professor Pareshan Khattak says more or less the same thing when he declares in his typical debonair fashion, "Whatever Hamza has done for Pashto Ghazal from technical point of view can not be denied by even a confirmed Hamza denier. He has more than proved that Pashto has vaster ground for Ghazal than those languages which alone have been boasting about good Ghazal so far."(46).

At the end we will quote this highly amusing criticism of Hamza and the Ghazal form by Abdur Rahim Majzoob. He
writes, "It was perhaps Hamza who stretched his old muscles in the beginning of the twentieth century. He dressed the bride of his Ghazal in new metres and made new ornaments for her with new similes and metaphors. When the connoisseur of art lifted her cashmere Shawl, it turned out to be the same widow who had buried many husbands in the moldering graveyard of Persian literature. It had now come over (or having been brought over) to Pakhtoon-khwa. At every step the coquette in her would look at herself in a mirror and would renew her waning make-up every now and then. It was not Hamza alone who shed his respectable Pathan tears for her and sent the Jargas of his morbid sighs for her enticing hand. Even the Shinwari youth rabbled about her, burnt themselves like the wild rush (Spelane) and jingled the chains of self-imposed madness. Hamza is old; he is not to blame. But it doesn’t become the raw Shinwari youth with their young, energetic spirits and their strong nerves to be swayed, as they are, by this ill-fated, alien widow."

NON-GHAZAL POETRY

I wonder at your simplicity dear,
My poetry is but considered a puzzle.

In this section we propose to discuss Hamza Shinwari's Masnavi (epic), Zhwand Aw. Yoon (the cycle of life); his Nazams (lyrics), his Rubaiyat (quatrain), and Ulat (quatet). There has been almost no critical literature on any
one of these as if this has been but a byproduct of his potent genius. Almost all Hamza Shinwari’s critics have concentrated on his Ghazal and Ghazal alone, although his non-Ghazal poetry is of an equally high order. Once I had met Qalandar Momand in connection with this research and he had assured me that Hamza Shinwari’s best poetry was to be found in his Nazam, more than his much-vaunted Ghazal. After reading most of his poetry very carefully I came to nearly the same conclusion myself. It seems that he had started with writing Ghazal. Then he also turned towards Nazam for sometime. But towards the later part of his life he gave up Nazam altogether in favour of Ghazal. Not that he came across any difficulty in Nazam or could not express himself so well in it or considered it but an insignificant appendage of his literary endeaveour. The reason probably was that he had established himself in Ghazal right from the beginning and, to keep his reputation in it, he had to concentrate more on Ghazal. It might also be said that he was mentally or emotionally more inclined towards Ghazal or that Ghazal could afford him a better media as compared to the other literary forms. However, we should turn first to his Masnavi (the epic).

This Masnavi, Zhwand Am Yoon, has also been subtitled as “The various aspects of human life”. It was published in 1977. The entire book (or story) has been written in rhyming couplets with nineteen syllables to each line. Throughout the book there is no variation in the syllable count but the rhyming scheme is varied from place to place, when sometimes more than
two couplets are made to rhyme together.

It is an interesting coincidence that Hamza Shinwari has pointed out seven aspects of human life. This has prompted Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak, in his preface to the book, to compare Hamza to Shakespeare, in the light of the later's song in *AS YOU LIKE IT*, in which he too has divided human life into seven ages. The preface writer has pointed out Shakespeare's frivolous superficiality against Hamza Shinwar's cosmic design. I beg to differ with the learned Dr Khattak and point out that Shakespeare has only written that song in a highly humorous and ironic mood depending on the context of the play in which it appears. In fact Shakespeare has the guts to laugh at the thing called life and strip it of all philosophical and metaphysical preponderance. On the other hand, Hamza Shinwari has tried to enunciate his metaphysical philosophy in this little but great Masnavi. If left to themselves I am sure Shakespeare and Hamza would still find a common note between them and appreciate each other's purpose and approach. Both of course say the same thing but with a different degree of seriousness and emphasis. It only proves that one can look at life from more than one angle.

Dr Raj Wali Shah explains in the preface to the book, "The materialistic philosophers presuppose a hypothetical nothingness to be the beginning and end of life. But life is not material. There is an element in the human body which is immaterial, indestructible, and life in the universe depends on this element. Hamza has pointed out this inannihilatable element. This
he considers to be Human Ego. The beginning and end of life is this life itself. Life is relational (relative) to the Supreme Ego around which the entire universe revolves. This Supreme Ego is the real centre of the universe." (48). Coming down to human life Dr Khattak explains that actually only the Supreme Ego exists in the universe; the rest of life that is manifest is only His attributes. There is only one being and nothing else that actually exists. This is what they call in Sufism the philosophy of Wahdatul Wajud (the unity of essence).

Hamza Shinwari opens the story (or saga) of life with the following couplet:

\[ \text{Early, Jyr Sh wth "wnd ph `btd, kXe yw ng/h wh,} \\
\text{Xkth pwrth w'RKh k'yn't ye yw d'yrh wh. (Hamza).} \]

(Watch carefully, life was a point in the beginning up and down, the entire universe was its circle.)

(Hamza).

It was this point which was the elements or parts of all the principles or the whole. When it came into action it made a circle; in itself neither growing bigger nor smaller. So life in the universe is the externalisation or emanation of the Supreme Spirit.

Then our poet turns to the evolution of life and the various stages that human life has passed through and its ultimate evolutionary perfection when man would finally meet his ideal Being that has never been born but exists in the mind of God. This evolutionary process has been subdivided in seven ages, with the typical characteristics of each. They are 1) The baby 2) Early childhood 3) Adolescence 4) Adulthood 5) Old age 6) Death.
7) Barzakh or Demarcation: Thus life or its evolution does not end at death. Death is only the transfer or transformation of human spirit or soul to another mould or body. Even that cast or shell is shed on its way to its ideal body. From here the soul travels to the intellectual world and the state or station of AHAD where all the souls reach their divine attributes. From there the souls go to meet their abstract reality. And at this stage the feeling of the soul is expressed in the following couplet:

\[\text{\textlangle Dash\rangle} \text{ nh lh xplh j'nh ym bhr crth wtle,} \\
\text{nh xw crth tle ym 'w nh crth r'\&le. (Hamza).} \]

(\text{Neither have I wandered outside myself.} \\
\text{Nor have I gone anywhere, nor come back).} \\
\text{(Hamza).}

Or compare this couplet of Iqbal:

\[\text{\textlangle Dash\rangle} \text{ mwtt kw smjhhe hyn \& fl \'xtt'm zndgy,} \\
\text{yh he \$'m zndgy SbH dw'm zndgy. ('qbl)} \]

(\text{The ignorant consider death the end of life.} \\
\text{This evening is the eternal morning of life).} \\
\text{(Iqbal).}

\begin{center}
\text{\textit{THE NAZAM:-}}\end{center}

Like the Ghazal Nazam is also not an indigenous Pashto literary form. But it has something in common with one or two indigenous literary forms like Charbaits and Neemakai. It usually has one line or a couplet for refrain followed by three or four rhyming lines. Some Nazams are in just rhyming couplets. But unlike Ghazal, which is a fragmented expression of as many experiences as the number of couplets in the poem, the Nazam stands for the unity of expression. It has a clear cut subject matter and develops it with logical steps. It
is like a concise essay in verse on a given topic. It brings to mind Alexander Pope's AN ESSAY ON MAN. Pashto literature, particularly modern Pashto literature also abounds in memorable Nazams although this form has not been as popular as the Ghazal. If Hamza Shinwari is the father of Pashto Ghazal, Samandar Khan Samandar is called the father of Pashto Nazam.

Hamza Shinwari's first collection of poetry called Ghazawone contains some 65 Nazams apart from 185 Ghazals, 88 Rubaiyats and 55 Qitats. The book on the whole proved the most successful collection after those of Khushal Khan Khatk and Rehman Baba. This popularity did not entirely depend on the memorable Ghazals in it. The Nazam section also turned out to be equally if not more attractive. In fact among these sixty-five odd Nazams we come across some masterpieces of Hamza Shinwari which have been as much the pride of Pashto literature as his immortal Ghazals. Here we will list some of his best Nazams (as they appear to me of course) and then proceed on a little detailed discussion of a couple of them.

I think we can divide Hamza Shinwari's Nazams into two categories: those which sing of the sorrow or pleasure of life or the experiences of love and beauty, and those Nazams that project a message. Among the former category we might include 1) Da Shair Da Zhhrh Awaz (the voice of the poet's heart), 2) Intizar (wait), 3) Umeed (hope), 4) Dard (pain), 5) Da Sparli Yawa Shpa (a spring night), 6) Sandraiz Suchle (the singing spring), 7) JungaRha (the hut), 8) Preshan Khvaloona (scattered thoughts).
9) Pukhtana Faqira (the Pathan beggar woman). In the latter category we might include these poems: 1) Khwast (request), 2) Da Zalmi Afghan Sandara (song of the young Afghan), 3) Pakhto Ta (to Pashto) 4) Sofi Ta (to the Sufi), 5) Khushal Baba da Khpale Zhabe Pa Haqqa (Khushal on his own language), 6) Yawa ZanRe (a crane) 7) Da Jamrod Pa Dasht Keh (in the Jamrod desert), 8) Graduate Aw Advocat Ta (to the graduate and the advocate), 9) Nangyalai Khushal Khattak (the valiant Khushal Khattak), 10) Abr Aw Mazdoor (the cloud and the worker), 11) Da Azadai Jazba (the urge for freedom) and so on.

The former category of poems are highly romantic. There we see the poet taking keen, sensual pleasure in the nature around him. His own aesthetic sense is gratified by sweet songs and smells and sights. Even the painful experiences of separation and wait are somehow sweetened. The poet normally uses the conventional symbols of Gul-o-Bulbul (the flower and the nightingale), Sharab-o-Saqi (wine and the cup bearer), Shama-o-Pathana (the candle and the moth), Gulooma-o-Azghi (flowers and the thorns), Zulfe-o-Anangi (the tresses and the cheeks) and so on. Here we will take up one poem from each category for particular discussion. In this category I would like to take up the evergreen poem JungaRha (the hut).

This poem has one line of refrain which is followed by three rhyming lines with the forth line again rhyming with the refrain. The whole poem has nine units of the three rhyming lines and as many couplets in combination with the refrain. The
refrain sets the mood of the entire poem. It runs:

\[
\text{r'Jh ch ywh jwRh kRw jwngRh ph JnGl kXe.}
\]

(lets make a hut in the forest).

The subsequent units reveal, one by one, what the poet envisions. The poet wants his beloved to live with him in a hut in a jungle, where they will be playing and laughing and swaying in the moonlight and forever looking at each other. He imagines the flowering spring and his smiling beloved with the make up of the night stars in her hair. He would like to forget about time and live in blissful eternity, in a new world where even the feel of this imperfect world will not exist, where he and his beloved would be fused into one Hamza, forgetting about the beginning or the end.

Now this is an extremely delicate and brittle poem. It is not just the thought content that is so bewitching but also the accompanying language: the idiom, the metre, the rhythm, the images and symbols, all taken together lend this poem a fairy tale atmosphere. It is more than a mortal man might imagine. The whole poem is one gushing moment of ecstasy, without a thought of hell or heaven. The poet borrows the most beautiful images from nature like the silence of flowers, the songs of birds, the envy of the stars, the game of hide and seek in the blinking of eyes, the virgin sun rays, the morning breeze, the swing of the moonlight, the silky smile, putting stars in the hair for decoration and so on. However, far from analysing it off hand it takes much longer to scratch even the surface of this deep, ethereal poem.

It was mainly this poem which made his critics
unwittingly brand Hamza as not only an idealist but also an escapist, as another Omar Khayyam, intoxicated on the plain water from the Bara River. But looking at the rest of his poetry, one would not agree with them. The comparison between Omar Khayyam and Hamza Shinwari is as far-fetched as the actual distance between Nishapur and Peshawar. One can not agree with this line of criticism. This was perhaps just a well-captured, passing mood. We can never put it as a representative poem of his entire art.

This poem has also been beautifully sung by Rafiq Shinwari and Khyal Mohammad from Peshawar and the legendary Qamar Gul from Radio Kabul. It is available on cassettes. One hears it repeatedly in almost every serious musical concert. And it is always a pleasure to hear it.

From the other category we will take the poem Da Jamrod Pa Dasht Keh (in the Jamrod desert). The poem has one line of refrain followed by units of six rhyming lines each. There are nine units in all, with each unit followed by that solitary line of refrain. The refrain runs:

\[\begin{align*}
&\text{Pashto:} \quad \text{d jmwrwd ph d$t kxe n' st ym d xybr dre th gwrm.} \\
&Sitting in the desert of Jamrod, \\
&I am looking at the Khyber Pass. \\
&(Hamza).
\end{align*}\]

In the first two units the poet tries to create the atmospherics. It is a hazy afternoon with a pin-drop silence. The springing grass is sticking off the sandy earth like sharp arrows. The dunes and defiles around suggest a vast prehistoric
graveyard. The occasional gusts of wind are compared to the storming attack of some mighty conqueror. The poet is sitting in the vast, empty plain looking at the mysterious silhouette of the mighty Khyber hills on the north-west. He gradually warms up to the entire history of the pass. Interestingly, Hamza says that Alexander the Great avoided it, while it was a common belief that he did storm India via the historic Khyber pass. This theory was recently refuted in favour of Malakand, another equally historic pass. Then the conquerors of India from Mahmood Ghaznavi down to Ahmad Shah Abdali are mentioned one by one in their proper turn.

In the last two stanzas Hamza stresses the strategic importance of the Khyber Pass. He says:

\(\text{(Hamza)}\.

\(\text{(If the throat of India,}
\text{It is the guiding rope of the Afghan camel}
\text{This (pass) is the jugular vein}
\text{In the neck of Hindustan). (Hamza).}\)

\(\text{(When the English conquered it}
\text{The entire Afghanistan is intimidated}
\text{With the fortification of the Khyber}
\text{The Afghan was imprisoned in his own house). (Hamza).}\)

\(\text{RUBAIYAT AND QITAT: Hamza Shinwari has also written literally more than a thousand Rubaiyat and Qitat. Apart from their number published in Ghazawoon}^{1}\text{ (which has already been mentioned), one exclusive volume for just these two forms called}
\text{Da Khyber Waqme (the Khyber breezes) has been published from}
\text{Kabul, Afghanistan in 1968. This slim volume of 178 pages inclu}\)
des an even number of about a thousand Rubaiyat and Qitat. Recen-
tly another collection of Rubaiyat and Qitat was compiled and
published under the title Salgai (sobs), published in 1989. This
volume too contains more than a thousand Rubaiyat and Qitat. Some
of his Rubaiyat are as famous as his Ghazals and Nazams.

Again, both Ruba'i and Qita have sneaked into
Pashto literature via Persian. While talking of Rubai one is
invariably reminded of the eternal Omar Khayyam and his equally
accomplished English translator, Scott Fitzgerald. Together they
have immortalised this otherwise unassuming and almost anonymous
form. However, most Pashto poets have also attempted Rubai even if
as a by product of their poetic talent, dedicated mainly to the
embellishment of the universal form—Ghazal. Hamza Shinwari says
that he did not write Rubai from the beginning. He was somehow
not inclined that way at all. But, as it were, Rubai was not to
be so easily and carelessly ignored and so it descended upon him
in the dream, when his consciousness was suspended lest it might
have been resisted if not violently revolted against. In this way
he composed his first Rubai in dream. It was back in 1937, when he
was having a picnic with some friends in one of the Peshawar
gardens when the first Rubai, as it were, descended upon him. Apart
from a line or two he doesn’t remember the full Rubai or we would
have given it here. Instead we will give another one:

\[\text{Ara/} \text{ ch d $pe qI'rh Swmh, ty'rh $y}
\text{ ph d wxst jm' ph zRh. kxe $wpyd' $y}
\text{ ch rnr' lh dny'. l'Rh $y rxSt $y}
\text{ d $'r d zRh dny' th rnr' r'$y. (Hmzh)}\]
(In the dead of night, when deep silence reigns,
A loud noise rises up in my heart;
When light departs from the world and darkness falls,
Light comes to the inner world of the poet). (Hamza).

It is perhaps needless to point out that a Rubai has aaba rhyming scheme. According to Hamza Shinwari Rubai in Persian is written in as many as twenty one different metres. He himself has written Rubaiyat in two metres while those of Khushal Khan Khattak are in just one metre. Hamza also gave me the metrical formula for the more common Rubai; but it was in such unearthly Arabic that it proved to be beyond my comprehension leaving aside its translating it into English.

Unlike Rubai a Qita is in alternate rhyming scheme and can be of two, four or even up to eight lines provided it gives just one idea like that of the Rubai; but then Rubai is always of just four lines. Here we will also quote a Qita:

/\Rapo
pXtwnh mslm'nh d ywrp ph rng kXe rmg'ns,
thXyb d m'rby $w Xhny$t d bdl nh $w,
k'r'h ch 'xtv'r d zrke tih kRl xpl ye hyr $w,
t'b $w e d m'rbd wle &rbd d bdl nh $w. (Hmzh).

(O Europeanised Muslim Pathan
Even Western civilisation
Did not alter your mentality
The crow forgot his own gait
While imitating the partridge
Your subservience to the West
Did not mitigate your poverty). (Hamza)

There is also a poem of two lines called Fard (individual). About a hundred of these "mini-poems" are given at the end of the book Da Khyber Wagme. They are only in metrical language sans any rhyme. Obviously each expresses just one fraction of an idea, like a flash of lightening.
METAPHYSICAL POETRY

Mysticism (49) and poetry have always been hand in glove; both are highly subjective experiences depending on intuition or direct cognition. In fact it was poetry which added colour and attraction to the expression of mysticism but mysticism in turn gave poetry depth and divinity. According to Professor Safi Hyder "Every Sufi is attracted to poetry while naturally every poet is attracted to Sufism. Because of their common intuition there is a basic relationship between poetry and mysticism which can never be severed". (50). That is perhaps the reason that all great mystics through the ages have either been poets themselves or lovers of poetry while all great poets have similarly been attracted to the expression of mystic practices and experiences, or at least a definite mystic strain can be
pointed out in every great poet from the East. In his preface to the book *Selections From Pashto Poetry*, Major Raverty also holds the same view when he says, "Great numbers of people, eminent for their learning, genius and piety, have adopted the Sufi doctrines. Amongst the most distinguished of these are the poets; for the very essence of Sufism is poetry" (51).

Tassawuf or Mysticism came to Pashto literature via Persian in the eighth century Hijri. It was not the Ghazal genre alone that was made the vehicle of mystic effusions but it affected (if not to say contaminated) almost all indigenous literary forms so much so that even the typical Pashto Tappa also sang of mystical experiences:

\[
\text{\textit{\textbf{\textit{The sun rose up to the sky when I wished to weigh your beauty with the sun.}}}}
\]

Mysticism was consciously introduced in Pashto Ghazal by Mirza Khan Ansari for the first time. Then it was picked up by Khushal Khan and Rehman Baba and almost all the poets after them in greater or lesser degrees. It may not be without considerable interest to point out here that on the explanation of just one mystic couplet of Khushal Khan Khattak, Hamza Shinwari has written a whole book called *Yaw shi’r* (one couplet). The couplet in question is:

\[
\text{\textit{\textbf{\textit{I see the same face in everything That disappeared in His own over creation.}}}}
\]

(Khushal).
In Rehman Baba we perhaps reach the point of saturation or perfection of mysticism in Pashto Ghazal. He is being looked upon as a framework and a reference for all subsequent mystic poetry in Pashto literature.

Apart from Mirza Khan Ansar and Rehman Baba who started and ended with mysticism all the other Pashto poets have come to mysticism late in their careers and that too for brief interludes or, in most cases, with just passing allusions to mystical experiences. Unlike all the previous poets Hamza started with mysticism with a devotional gusto but later on also turned to other subjects, even if he had to turn back to his original passion. His early poetry is pure mysticism; in perfect reminiscence of Rehman. His entire first book of verses called Da Zhhrh Awaz (voice of the heart) consists only of mystic poetry. It was in his middle life that, along with mysticism he also turned to patriotism and the writing of nationalistic poetry. In his later life he also mixed up mysticism with philosophy and that is perhaps why he has grown more and more obscure and difficult to follow and understand. Yar Mohammad Maghmoon has justified it in these words, "Philosophy and Sufism are flowers of the same branch. Sufism is the product of philosophical mind and philosophy is the result of mystical thoughts". (52). This line of thinking is also corroborated by Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak who considers Hamza but a student of the philosophy of mysticism. He writes, "Sufism is in itself a philosophy, regarding life and universe, which has been put forward by both Muslims and non-
Muslims from time to time. Hamza is a Wajudi Sufi but he is not a philosopher with regard to Sufism but a student of the philosophy of Sufism because, so far, he has not put forward any notion or blazed any new trail in Sufism. He is just the student of the school of Ibnul Arabi and the same was the creed of his Murshid". (53).

However, Farigh Bokhari has objected to the incongruity of the meeting of these two opposites in Hamza. To him Philosophy and Sufism are poles apart, and they cannot be made to converge on any point. He naturally wonders, "As far as I have studied Hamza, It has always struck me as very strange as to how does he manage the contradictory and mutually exclusive strains like philosophy and Sufism at the same time--except that we might call it a characteristic of his absolutely conciliatory nature. One can understand the relation or the lack of it in philosophy and literature and poetry and mysticism and literature and poetry. But Sufism and philosophy contradict each other because, if philosophy is based on reason, mysticism demands blind faith". (54).

It was Raza Hamdani who said that Hamza came to religion via atheism while others turn atheists only after sifting the sands of religion. In the same way, others turn to mysticism after sifting the sands of temporal experiences in vain but, here also, the case of Hamza has just been the opposite. Since we mentioned his atheism, it is interesting to note that this tendency has not at all been reflected in his poetry. An
atheist also perforce grows skeptic and doubts the very basis of religion or spiritualism; but the spiritual compulsions of Hamza Shinwari were not easily subdued by his atheistic propensities. It might rather only have corrected his mystic vision and saved him from the possible attending extremism and all the intractable negative consequences of Sufism. As he has been explaining it himself, it was but a rational aberration without any appreciable appeal to his deeper emotional attachment to or fundamental belief in God. Maybe his Murshid might also have saved him (or shored him up) from being totally swept away by the remorseless atheistic crosscurrents, let loose by his own intellectual devil.

Discussing the need and reasons for Hamza Shinwari's turning to mysticism in poetry, Qalandar Momand points out. "The best explanation of mysticism in poetry is that psychological pressure which forces the poet to turn to allusion and symbolism, in place of clear cut assertions. The entire character of Ghazal is made up of this psychological compulsion. Its entire poetry is symbolic poetry in which, instead of clear cut, open expression the poet conceals his feelings in a system of symbols. This symbolism is the essence of Ghazal. Maybe, it might even have been evolved from this symbolism". (55).

Elaborating Hamza Shinwari's symbolism, Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak writes, "Every word of the Ghazal of Hamza Shinwari seems to be a symbol; such a symbol which can also have an attachment with this temporal world but its real purpose is always that illusive destination to which the mystic path leads". (56). This
points to the fact that almost all great Eastern poetry can be explained on more than one level. For the worldly-minded it may sound ordinary love poetry but for a confirmed Sufi it conveys an entirely different phenomenon. Even the ordinary childish parables of birds and animals can be employed to convey deeper mystic experiences which can only be appreciated that way by the devotees of mysticism. And all this has been made possible by the use of a subtle system of symbolism.

Looking at the poetry of Hamza in the light of the above assertion, Qalandar Momand explains its historical background. He says that Hamza was born at a time (as indeed all the great mystic poets of the East seem to have been) sailing against similar strong currents) when the British held sway in this part of the world and (due to abject slavery) it was impossible to say what one felt like saying. Whether Hamza was conscious of this fact or not he really had no alternative but to turn to mysticism. By saying this Qalandar Momand doesn't at all suggest idealism or escapism on the part of Hamza. On the contrary, it was but a clever and a stealthy way of expression, without the fear of being caught in the act. For all those who have eyes to see or ears to hear the massage would be loud and clear, yet camouflaged under layers of apparently innocent symbols. And this kind of poetry demands greater skill than ordinary versification even if the later would appeal to larger number of people for its superficial attractions.

But according to Farigh Bokhari the school of
mysticism that Hamza follows is nothing more than opium addiction. He maintains, "Hamza Khan belongs to that coterie of Sufis who adhere to the creed of HAMA UST (ALL is HIM) or WAHDATUL WAJUD (the Kantian unification of existence). Even in this he belongs to the Chishti Order of Sufism whose adherents swing or dance to the Qawali and are proud of shrine or grave worship and consider it a means of Divine Cognition to be steeped for ages in the shell of their own humble beings. It is the kind of Sufism that Allama Iqbal has called religious opium". (57).

After seeing their mystic practices and spiritual antics, as it would but appear to him, of Zia Jaffery and Hamza Shinwari, Farigh Bokhari would secretly doubt the intellectual integrity and emotional honesty of these otherwise great and sane thinkers and writers. However, Yar Mohammad Maghmoon maintains that, "Hamza is not a recluse; he doesn’t like to be cloistered for Sufism; rather he is a common man with common people but with particular people he becomes particular". (58). This is evident from his dress, speech as well as general manners. He neither looks nor sounds a Sufi in everyday life. He is but just an elder, respectable Shinwari tribesman. The mystics, however, see deeper and perceive the essential Sufi in him with all the veils of his tribal Pakhtoon mannerism.

In a letter to Ayub Sabir, Hamza Shinwari once wrote, "I am surprised when a Pakhtoon opposes religion but then I start wondering if his blood is pure". (59). Similarly Gulab Sher Sabir has quoted Hamza as saying that the name Pakhtoon
represents courage, bravery, swordsman ship, manliness, hospitality, self-respect and respect for others and so on. Now these are all the divine attributes and hence it will not be in vain if God were also called a Pakhtoon. (60). It was this aspect of Hamza Shinwari which convinced Qalandar Momand to admit that, "The mysticism of Hamza is a Pakhtoon mysticism. Pakhtoon is by nature opposed to all rituals and creeds which stop him from action or struggle and take him to renunciation and monasticism. As Hamza is a Sufi with humanistic feelings and a Pakhtoon because of his practical struggle in life, these two apparently contradictory elements have contributed a lot to his poetry. That is why the presence of Sufism in the works of Hamza is not a drag on the mind or a strain on the sensibility, rather it is an added source of attraction." (61).

This line of reasoning is also corroborated by Yar Mohammad Maghmoon in his preface to Hamza Shinwar's Baheer (the stream). He writes, "Giving Pakhtoon touch to both Ghazal and mysticism is the characteristic of Hamza Shinwar's poetry. If this Pakhtoon Sufism is removed from his poetry his Ghazal would perhaps no longer retain the same sweetness. With this all the charm will disappear from his poetry. His Sufism is a continuous and incomparable Jihad (holy war), in the garb of Ghazal for the benefit or betterment of Pakhtoon nation and Pashto language and literature. It is because his Ghazal is representative of his mystic creed, WAHDATUL WAJUD." (62). He, however, concludes that Pakhtoon colour is so dominant on the mystic symbolism of Hamza
that, as far as his Ghazal is concerned, nobody can claim with certainty whether his poetry is subservient to mysticism alone or is but a dynamic force of a national literary movement.

Mohammad Akbar Kargar has pointed out a striking similarity between Hamza Shinwar's mystic creed and his political urge by saying, "The way he is in love with WAHDATUL WAJUD he similarly loves uniting the fragmented Pakhtoon for survival and onward march to glory. He can also identify himself with unity and solidarity of his Pakhtoon nation in the context of his tribal ideal". (63). Maintaining that religion does not negate nationalism (as it is called yet another idol by certain misguided divines), Akram Farooq Shinwari points out about Hamza Shinwari, "Hamza is a Sufi and even in Sufism he has a distinctive destination and peculiar thoughts. He is as adamant a Pakhtoon as he is a Muslim Sufi. He believes that nations or nationalities are but individualities. No individual allows himself to be annihilated. Even religion comes for the training and reformation for the necessary self-preservation and self-perpetuation of these individualities. Hamza has adopted a middle course between religion and nationalism and has, therefore, saved himself from unnecessary extremism". (64).

/\ /\\ 1 ph 'fq d pXtwnxw' hm Jlydle nh ym. zh h&h nmr ym d 'f'q ch r'xtle nh ym. (Hmzh).
\ / \   (I have not yet shown on the horizon of Pakhtoonkhwa I am that universal sun which has not yet arisen). (Hamza).

In his book on Rehman Baba, in the chapter on Tassawuf, Dost Mohammad Khan Kamil Momand says that on first
sight it seems as if Tassawuf and religion are but one and the same: "the two flowers of the same branch" of Yar Mohammad Maghmoon. But in its evolutionary course Tassawuf assumed the form of a permanent metaphysical philosophy. In its developmental stages Tassawuf gave birth to certain doctrines about God, the universe and man and their mutual relationship which ultimately led to a cleavage between these complex doctrines and the simple and practical teachings of Islam. Although the history of Islamic Mysticism shows that the mystics too have turned to the Holy Quran and the traditions of the Holy Prophet for guidance and inspiration (as they too are the only source of the divines and the jurists), yet the divines and the jurists have not always accepted their interpretations. Hence there have always been differences between the two groups which sometimes even led to persecutions, as the famous case of Mansoor Al Hallaj testifies to the fact: who was put on the pole in 622 H., for his famous claim of ANNA AL HAQQ (I am the truth).

Among the great and distinguished Sufis we might include Fariduddin Attar (died 620 H.), Shaikh Akbar Mohauuddin Abn ul Arabi (died 638 H.) and Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi (died 637 H.). Similarly, in the other group we might include Ibne Iaimia Hirani (died 728 H.), Hafiz Ibne Hajar Asqalani (died 825 H.) and Ibrahim Al Baqi (died 858 H.). (65). These people are chosen only because they represent the peaks of their respective discip lines and because they are the only worth-mentioning personalities in Islamic Tassawuf and the traditional Islamic laws.
According to the Islamic doctrine of Tauheed (unity or oneness of God), over and above and beyond the universe, everything that is in it or is felt about it, there is one transcendental being, who is one and without a pair in His essence and attributes. He is the first and the last and everlasting. He is the creator and the sustainer of all creations. According to this doctrine the only real presence is that of God along with His attributes, who has always been and will always be. All the rest is relational, imperfect and perishable. But in this doctrine there is no clear cut denial of the presence of other than God (although nothing except God exists on its own right). Against this, Tassawuf has but split up this simple doctrine into two distinct schools of metaphysical thought—WAHDATUL WAJUD and WAHDATUL SHUHUD.

The adherents of WAHDATUL WAJUD maintain that there is only one existence which is the DHAT, and limitations are like billows and bubbles on the surface of water which are not realities. This is the belief of the WAJUDIYYAHIS as led by Ibn ul Arabi, and the ASH'ARIS (Asharites) led by Abul Hassan Ash'ari. The SHUHUDIYAHIS led by Shaikh Ataud Daula Samani and Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi believe in two existences (viz. of God and A'yan) and one DHAT, and the MUTAKALLIMIN believe in two existences and two DHATS (of God and Creation). Without going into the merits and demerits of these doctrines and the nature of their clash with Islami beliefs and practices, we should briefly study the belief of Hamza Shinwari against this
rather complicated background.

As it might have already been mentioned in passing, Hamza adheres to the doctrine of WAHDATUL WAJUD as did his Shaikh, Abdus Sattar Shah (may God be pleased with him). Although he has been criticising Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi for his propagation of Wahdatul Shuhud, yet at times he believes that there is no fundamental difference between these two approaches. They are, to borrow again the appropriate metaphor from Professor Maghmoon, "Flowers of the same branch"; as indeed Professor Safi Hyder has maintained that Shariyat and Kariyat are not two different approaches but are the two sides of the same teachings; that they don't contradict but supplement each other. In the preface to Tahir Kulachvi's Da Meene Gheg (the love bosom), Hamza Shinwari has pointed out, "There are two mystic schools, Wahdatul Wajud and Wahdatul Shuhud. The differences that have appeared in them due to long controversial debates are only the result of a verbal warfare. In fact there is no fundamental difference between the two". (67). We will wind up this rather winding discussion with one or two straight couplets which may perhaps prove more revealing than what we have been talking about so far:

/\Ra\sh

th kt'b ye d hstv8' w zh d mtn.
d' $y'Q dy h'sy h dde kt'b. (Hmzh)
(You are the book of existence,
I am its text;
All these other things are
But the margin of this book). (Hamza).

/\Ra\sh

jwR d wjwd ph Hqyqt nh ye pwyQ,
ph k'yn't kXe ch xl'. Hwe. (Hmzh).
(You have not understood the truth of Wajud,
When still searching for space in the universe).
A MIRROR OF PAKHTOON ETHOS

w'y@ `&y' rz d dwzx `bh dh
Jh bh jnt tyh d pXtw srh Jm. (Hmzh)

(The adversary call it a language of hell,
But to heaven I shall go with Pashto). (Hamza).

Hamza Shinwari has two conspicuous characteristics: Tassawuf and Pakhtoonwali. Most of his works whether poetry, prose or drama revolve around this dual axis; and he has successfully synthesised these apparently incongruous emotions. If either of these strains is taken out of his works, the other alone perhaps could not maintain his pre-eminence that he has been able to achieve with the most fervent and sincere projection of both at the same time. Indeed he has infused the two so tightly and harmoniously together that their separation is hardly imaginable or desirable in his case. They only complement each other's intensity and depth, veracity and variety, meaning and message. Both are made to reconfirm the universality of each other. On the one hand his crude tribalism and illusive nationalism have been toned down by his rigorous mystic discipline, leaving him without a trace of narrow-minded parochial prejudice and political or social chauvinism, striding all the man-made barriers of caste, colour or creed. On the other hand his mysticism has been freed from the shackles of a host of artificial mystic conventions of dress, manners, rites and rituals, by his accompanying sense of Pakhtoonwali. If his mystic sense did not allow him to stoop to
the demands of his tribal or parochial copulsions, his Pakhtoon culture could not succumb either to the mystic demands of renunciation and monasticism. He has but successfully struck a happy middle path between these two apparent extremes of conduct and belief. In his ordinary life he is but another Shinwari tribesman readily defined by his dress, speech and general manners. He himself can be taken for an unmistakable specimen of his prevailing Pakhtoon culture. Yet he is a Sufi, steeped in the theory as well as practice of a complex inner discipline of mysticism. That is why he is invariably called "a Pakhtoon Sufi".

The above line of reasoning is also corroborated by Akram Farooq Shinwari. He maintains, "Although the reflection of Tassawuf is dominant in the colourful and philosophic poetry of Hamza Shinwari, still he is not without deeper characteristics of a selfless and unprejudiced nationalism. With a very delicate expression he has drawn the psychological outlines of the national ego, freedom and fidelity. He has never been intimidated by a tribal or national inferiority complex. On the contrary he has never despaired from the national fervour, spirit and courage". (68). Similarly, Zarin Anzor has summed up a lengthy discussion of Hamza Shinwari's "Pakhtoon Tassawuf" in the following words: "A new graft of mysticism and Pakhtoonwali has differentiated Hamza Shinwar's poetry from the rest" (69). And according to Farooq Shinwari only that literature is retained by common or popular memory which reflects its own surroundings. He has tried to prove it by giving examples from Pashto literature.
Including the works of Hamza Shinwar. Since his Sufism has already been covered, we will devote this section to his Pakhtoonwali.

Pakhtoonwali is a timeless tribal code of conduct, perhaps in vogue since the Aryan times of more than three thousand years ago, and when these Pakhtoon tribes were converted to Islam in the second century Hijri, not even the surface of this code was scratched. The reason for this unusual phenomenon was that this code was found to be in perfect conformity with the progressive teachings of Islam, although for the sake of argument the same code was held to be Neem Kufar (half paganism) in the light of Islamic laws. However, by the simple fact of the easy conversion of the entire Pakhtoon tribes to Islam there must have been comparatively less friction in their time honored code of life and the revealed wisdom of Islam. That is why our intellectuals like Hamza would insist that Pakhtoonwali is but the essence of Islam. Hence a Pakhtoon must at the same time be a good God fearing Muslim or a non-Muslim can not claim Pakhtoon-hood.

This code has certain well-defined terms which carry social, moral and legal values. These terms have been bestowed upon symbolic significance by some of our greatest poets and writers. A few of these universal terms must be mentioned here. They are: 1) Jarga 2) Lokhai 3) Meern 4) Nanawate 5) Swara 6) Teega 7) Tarboor 8) for 9) Walja 10) Badal etc. (70). With these must also be mentioned some typical Pakhtoon superstitions and religious rites which too have been symbolised by our
poets. Hamza Shinwari has liberally drawn on them. They are: 1) Bala, Shishaka and Dab 2) Da Kho Zere 3) Da Marho Akhtar 4) Da Peryano Totke 5) Da Sapare Myasht 6) Nazar Lagedal 7) Nazar Manal 8) Nazar Mate 9) Qalang Warkawal 10) Shabe-e-Barat. (71). There are also some social terms which too have been frequently and symbolically used. They are: 1) Azizwali, Larboorwali 2) Choogha 3) Hujra 4) Lakhkar 5) MalataKh 6) Melmastia 7) Pa Kamzori Wadredal 8) Panah Warkawal 9) Peghore 10) PasRhi Ya Shamla. (72). These are but a part of the conceptual delimitation of Pakhtoonwali. However, the above list is by no means exhaustive. A full list may well be beside the pale of this thesis. It may just be enough to give a rough idea of Pakhtoonwali.

The very words Pashto or Pakhto and Pashtoon or Pakhtoon have various, far-reaching connotations; although on the denotational plane they simply refer to the people (a certain race of people) and their language, so they have also been used extensively in the symbolical context. These two words or terms alone are more potent than all the rest of the symbolical terminology in Pashto literature. This also shows how self-conscious the Pakhtoon is about his racial identity and cultural traits. According to Dr. Raj Wali Shah Khattak, "Pashto is not just a language, it is a code, a culture and a civilisation. The Pakhtoon is a backward nation. For him the most important thing is a strong and stable culture without which he can not keep his peculiar identity. When Hamza serves Pashto and that too in a Pakhtoon manner, he serves Pakhtoon culture at the same
time. It is towards the love of this culture that Hamza induces the Pakhtoon. He serves the Pashto language as well as the Pakhtoon nation both practically as well as through literature. He himself is a specimen or a model of the Pakhtoon culture and along with this, his poetry (as well as prose and drama and whatever he has written) is a priceless treasure". (73) On the contrary Qayamuddin Khadim has pointed out the negative consequences of apathy and negligence towards the native language. To him this is the main cause of national decline and disintegration.

Mohammad Parvesh Shahin has quoted Hamza himself on the connotational semantics of the word or term Pakhto. He writes, "I can not say whether any other language will hold the same position among the languages of the world as that held by Pashto. Pashto is not a language alone, it is a culture and civilisation. Pashto is valour, self-respect, fidelity and sincerity. Pashto is helping the oppressed and the down-trodden, it is giving asylum to the destitute and helpless; it is a stick of the aged and a respect of the elderly; it is hospitality and a shelter for the anonymous traveller; it is nourishing gratitude but also dwelling on enmity or unkindness. Pashto is swordsmanship, chivalry and manliness. Pashto is reconciliation and peace. In short Pashto is the quintessence of Islam by virtue of their common moral values." (74).

Looking at the poetry of Hamza in the light of the above assertion, Mohammad Parvesh Shahin claims, "Amir Hamza has
used in a novel way the Pakhtoon values of Islam, nationalism, the urge for freedom, respect for the freedom of others; valour, manliness, hospitality, asylum, revenge, promise, Jarga and the confession of a mistake. For this reason I consider him a representative poet or the interpreter of the Pakhtoon ethos". (75). Hamza writes in no ambiguous terms when he declares the Pakhtoon nation as his Utopia, when he writes in his book Taskhir-i-Kavenat (conquest of the universe). "And for that we chose Pakistan and particularly the Pakhtoon majority areas, provided an Islamic system is established there." (76). We will again quote Mohammad Parvosh Shahin who has claimed, "The writings of Hamza are the very picture of Pashto and Pakhtoon because he has projected the grandeur of the Pakhtoon through his history, culture, his sense of love and beauty and his common problems of every day life." (77).

The most astonishing aspect of Hamza Shinwari's poetry (as indeed that of his prose too) is an extensive use of typical Pashto words, phrases, idioms, proverbs and other allusions and references. It is perhaps for the first time that we come across such pure and pristine Pashto in poetry; mostly free from the quaint Arabicisation and Persianisation of our over-learned antiquity. It is used with such stunning effect that, as it with magic, it literally jolts the imagination in the process of a pure pleasure and creates what Aristotle has called "The cathartic effect". One is indeed simply happy to read Pashto literature in Pashto or, to put it metaphorically, walk in the garden of Pashto
poetry without the centuries-old Arabic and Persian crutches. Before Hamza, Pashto poetry was encumbered by Persian and Arabic vocabulary to such an extent that even the basic Pashto structure and syntax were mutilated and disfigured. It might have added a scholarly dimension of sorts to our literature but it certainly was all against our social and psychological mores, ideals and even identity. It was at best a scholarly philistinism. One could hardly identify oneself with such a thoroughly and unashamedly Arabicised and Persianised poor Pashto; for it did stay poor despite the liberal import of Persian-Arabic riches and wealth of grand but gaudy literature and literary conventions. It might have some appeal to a limited coterie of so-called savants but the general, rustic, usually illiterate and down-to-the-earth ignorant public was just out of it. In most cases it sounded as if Pashto literature was but a crude translation or a clumsy imitation of both Persian and Arabic at the same time. The only casualty in this heedless process was the poor Pashto language itself and happily not its literature because it had none of its own to lose. At best that literature had a choking and repellent effect. The sort of Pashto that passed for literature was in fact any language but Pashto.

Against this Hamza turned to the purest possible Pashto, at the same time steeped in and proud of an unadulterated Pakhtoon culture. He has used hundreds of words which are typical Pashto words. At times he has even coined new words to replace the current Persian words and phrases. To give just one example,
this phrase Khana Badosh (the gipsy) is fairly current in Pashto but it is Persian. It perhaps did not appeal to the fertile mind of Hamza and he coined a new and pure Pashto phrase for it. He has instead used the phrase Kor Pasari. Literally, Khana Badosh means in Persian "house on shoulders" whereas Kor Pasari means in Pashto "house on head". Similarly, he has made extensive use of Pashto proverbs. For example there is this Pashto proverb Rozi Pa Hawa (ones food in the air), meaning a hard up condition. Hamza has used this proverb in a poem referring to his income from the radio; thereby conveying his feelings in both literal and metaphorical senses with the help of this proverb.

In an essay on the linguistic elegance of Hamza Shinwari, Professor Dr Zyar has listed hundreds of typical Pashto words, phrases, idioms and proverbs that Hamza has liberally used in his poetry, perhaps for the first time with such electrifying effect. It is also his artistic metaphorical use of this indigenous Pashto vocabulary that instantly captivates the reader and adds him to the fans of this even otherwise difficult poet. In this way he has created a living fad for the reflection of Pakhtoon ethos in Pashto poetry. These words and phrases also serve as images and symbols for depicting the true Pakhtoon surroundings and aspirations. It would not be worth while to list even some of them here for they are bound to lose all their charm in translation while some of them would be simply untranslatable at least for my inadequate felicity in English.

At the same time, however, he has been using,
wherever appropriate, the conventional poetic symbols which are mainly Persian, though equally current in Pashto also. His poetry is also replete with traditional metaphors of Gul aw Bulbul (flower and nightingale), Saqi aw Maikhahan (the tavern and the cupbearer), Sharab Aw Paimana (the wine and the cup). Ishq aw Yarana (love and friendship), Shama-Pawana (the candle and the moth), Zulfe-Anangi (the tresses and the cheeks), Laila-Majnoon, Lewane-Zanjeer (madness and the chain). Bash-o-Bahar (garden and the spring) and so on and so forth.

On the intellectual and practical level however, Hamza has avoided the radical and left doctrines. He is not a revolutionary like some of his contemporaries. It would be more apt to say that, like a mirror, he only reflects Pakhtoon ethos and does not interpret it. He is proud of his cultural identity and we find the reflection of this legitimate pride in his poetry, as also in his prose. He is not a practical politician or propagandist, exploiting the popular sentiments of the unsophisticated Pakhtoons. He doesn't practice any mass psychology of rabble raising and creating a personality cult around himself. He doesn't at all see himself in the role of a hero holding the destiny of a people in his hands. He is content with the widespread popularity of his poetry all over the Pakhtoonkhwa.

However, there is one recurrent theme in the works of Hamza viz the unification of the Pakhtoons. Under their cruel policy of Divide and Rule, the British had all divided the Pakhtoons through a thousand-miles-long boundary wall called the
Durand Line, creating a buffer Afghanistan between the British India and the Czarist Russia. In this way two birds were killed with one stone. On the one hand the Russian advance on India was effectively stopped at Oxus while, on the other hand, the Afghan unity, which could still have been a permanent source of trouble if not really a serious threat to the British India, was effectively broken. This artificial and brutish bifurcation had been agitating the Pakhtoon intelligentsia for a long time. This feeling has not subsided even now. Hamza has also picked up the line but in a more artistic and subtle manner.

/Path/ Cw ch r&wud ph yw mrkz ye nj kKw, hre tpe th d jirw srh Ju. (Hamzah).
(To bring them to one centre. I go with Jargas to every tribe). (Hamza).

But he has also come across disappointments in this mission. His Jargas have not been honoured. He has not been able to shake up this insensible nation. In his utter despair he almost gives up the urge of arousing these sleepy people:

/Path/ m' we ch d' 'wud qum bh Ju' ph cy&w wyx $y, m'lwmm $wh m' 86 kKw xwbdw 6th ph xwbd kKu, (Hamzah).
(I thought this sleeping nation Would wake up with my calls. It seems I have been calling A sleepy people in dream). (Hamza).

/Path/ yw frd lkh d c'Gky nh pr lwmd nh pr xKwbh, srsbzh $y ch jll while zmkh b'r'nv $y. (Hamzah).
(An individual like a drop Can neither wet nor irrigate. Only with plentiful rain Does the parched earth vegetate).

/Path/ mlt $w h&h ks ch J'n yw wr x Kro p2 mlt kxE yw synd $y smnr ph smnr ch $y wrG.) (Hanga)
(Absorbed in a nation
An individual becomes a nation
A river becomes ocean
When it empties into a sea). (Hamza).

Pointing out the historical background of Pashto culture Dr. Raj Wali Shah Khattak has claimed, "The assault of foreign cultures became so acute during the twentieth century that the very edifice of the Pakhtoon culture stood the danger of complete collapse. In this edifice the Pashto language played the pivotal role. The Ghazal of Hamza is one of the reasons of the continuity of Pashto language which can turn the flood of change to a safe side and save the village of culture from devastations. Every art that attains perfection becomes a boulder in front of the flood of change and it is safe from corrosion and mechanical or chemical wear and tear.". (78).

Let us wind it up with Ajmal Khattak who has claimed with the full conviction of an equally great poet. In fact we can never be sufficiently proud of the Ghazal of Hamza because it is sweet and easy to understand due to the use of simple Pakhtoon terms. And this is such a difficult task that at present only Ustad Hamza has the power to accomplish it". (79).

**VERSE_TRANSLATIONS**

Hamza Shinwari has also done both Pashto-Urdu and Persian-Pashto verse translations. This too is an important aspect of his distinguished literary career. He has translated 203 Ghazals of Rehman Baba, our greatest mystic poet, into Urdu verse and Allama Iqbal's *Armaghan-i-Hijaz* and *Javednama*, both in
Pashto verse. These translations were ambitious projects sponsored by the Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar.

The idea behind these translations was national integration through cultural, literary and linguistic interaction among the various regions and provinces of the nascent Pakistan. After Pakistan came into being the need for a national language was felt not only to replace the exiting English language, which was not only alien but also a dual symbol of snobbery and slavish mentality. Although English was, as it still is, the language of modern science and technology; and it had been an official language in India for more than a century, yet it had no roots in the masses. After the British left, English stayed as the official language. It was not only taught at schools but was also the medium of instruction, but with a progressive decline in its standard. Now it has to seriously compete with more aggressive national and regional languages.

Pakistan consisted, as most other countries of the world, of a diversity of racial, ethnic and linguistic groups, the only binding force among them being religion or Islamic ideology which had brought the Muslims of the subcontinent together to demand a separate homeland. Till 1971 Pakistan consisted of two wings separated by a thousand miles of Indian territories. The then East Pakistan (the East Bengal which has since become Bangla Desh) was a comparatively homogeneous entity. Only one language, Bengali, was spoken there. The western wing, however, consisted of four main ethnic and linguistic groups, correspon-
dingly divided into four provinces. Here Urdu proved to be the pervading language, mutually understandable among all the provin-
ces throughout West Pakistan. As a consequence both Bangla and Urdu were declared as national languages of Pakistan in their respective zones.

A great deal of linguistic and cultural confusion arose at the time of independence, necessitating conscious steps, at governmental level for mutual integration and cohesion. It was best done by introducing local cultures and literatures to each other. Along with declaring Urdu as national language, at least in West Pakistan, the local languages and cultures were also given due importance and attention. Provincial academies were established for the development and dissemination of local languages and their literatures. In this connection a Pashto Academy was created at Peshawar in 1955 which turned not only to the preser-
vation and publication of rare and valuable manuscripts but it also, at the same time, encouraged the living writers and contemporary literature. It started work on an ambitious Pashto dictionary, took out a quarterly Pashto Journal and soon started post graduate classes in Pashto. Besides all these it also took up Pashto-Urdu translations to introduce Pashto literature to the Urdu speaking group. Thanks to the widespread dissemination of Urdu through the print and electronic media as well as school curricula, it is now widely understood all over Pakistan, even by the non-Urdu speaking population of the country.

The present Urdu translation of Rehman Baba by
Hamza Shinwari is a link in the same chain. It was commissioned, supervised and published by the Pashto Academy, Peshawar. It was taken up in 1958, after Khushal Khan had been translated in Urdu by Syed Anwarul Haq and published in 1957. The then director, Maulana Abdul Qadir, writes in the preface to the book that a committee was formed for deciding two questions in this regard: whether it should be verse or prose translation and who to entrust this ambitious project with. The committee decided that it should be in verse and not prose in view of the poet's mysticism which could not have been effectively conveyed in plain prose. For the selection of the translator they invited trial translations of two poems of Nehman Baba. Out of a number of entries, Hamza Shinwari's was found the best and he was unanimously selected for the job.

According to the learned Maulana, Hamza was also selected because he was not only a famous Pashto poet and writer but was considered the greatest name in Pashto ghazal. He too was mystic-minded and due to a spiritual affiliation with Nehman Baba, he was better qualified to accomplish this arduous task. The Maulana also writes, "Hamza also writes poetry in Urdu. He has deep attachment to both Urdu and Persian. Over the Urdu language he has enormous command. Although I have never heard any Persian from his mouth, yet he claims to have written a few poems in Persian as well" (80). Hamza is still however alive to confirm whether he has written any poetry in Persian too as claimed by the Maulana!?
Hamza himself has written nothing to say what difficulties if any he had to encounter while translating Rehman Baba in Urdu. He has perhaps left it to the learned Maulana to say a great deal about the difficulty of translating poetry from one language to another. This difficulty is further compounded when it has to be verse translation, bounded by the narrower conventions of metre, rhyme and rhythm. And when the poetry that is being translated is also mainly mystic poetry, subject to an intricate system of local symbolism and replete with layers and shades of hidden meanings, one can very well appreciate the limitations of the translator. But gifted with multiple talents, Hamza seems to have done the job well, without a groan or a grumble, without, as he himself would have said, a wrinkle on his forehead. His Urdu is nearly as fluent and idiomatic as the Pashto of Rehman Baba; and the muse in him seems to have solved all the technical problems of versification. His rhymes are never unnatural, his metre irregular or his rhythm broken or missing. He has followed Rehman Baba as closely as possible not only in his thought content but also in style or the rhyming scheme and refrains. This work may, therefore, be looked upon as a valuable contribution to the otherwise rich Urdu literature. We will quote here two or three random couplets from the book:

\[
\text{drwy$ ky d$ se jw mlty he sl/nt,}
\text{rHm$'n myn 'slye$ hwn $hn$'$h kh $d'$ hwn. (Hmzh).}
\]

(A kingdom can be had with the prayer of a Dervish.)

\[
\text{drwn$ mnH$'}\text{r dwlt ph hwn rHm$'n kywn,}
\text{bt 'gr swne k' bn j'e$ nh 'ns$'n hwa'. (Hmzh)}
\]
(Humanity is not dependent on wealth, Rehman
A statue carved in gold doesn’t become human). (Hamza).

(Gambling fates on the day of destiny,
Some have won Rehman and some have lost). (Hamza).

Similarly Hamza Shinwari was entrusted with the
translation of Armaghan-i-Hijaz (the gift of the Hijaz) and
Javednama (to Javed), the two prestigious works of Allama Iqbal
in Persian. It was a joint venture of the Pashto Academy,
Peshawar and the Iqbal Academy, Karachi. As the works were to be
translated in Pashto, the main responsibility of supervising it
came on the Pashto Academy. The first to be translated was the
Armaghan. The book consists of some 550 Rubaiyat or quatrains.
Its Pashto verse translation by Hamza Shinwari was published in
1964 with an introduction by Maulana Abdul Qadir, the then
director Pashto Academy. He writes in the introduction, "Presenting
the Armaghan in Pashto to the readers is our fourth attempt
of the chain of translations of Iqbal’s works. It has been translated by Hamza Shinwari and revised by Mian Taqweemul Haq. Both
the gentlemen are great scholars and I am sure that readers will
find the taste of the original in this translation. It is not for me to say that this translation is so near the original that it
doesn’t seem (or sound) to be a translation at all." (81).

The Javednama is a spiritual epic, more or less on
the pattern of Dante’s Divine Comedy. According to Maulana Abdul
Qadir, "Javednama has a unique style among all the works of
Allama Iqbal. It, therefore, has certain demands on the reader. *Javednama* is addressed to one who has an awareness of religious and philosophical problems and would like to understand them from Islamic point of view. (82). Then the learned Maulana has compared *Javednama* to Dante’s *Divine Comedy* and Ibn ul Arabi’s *Fatuhat-i-Makiyva*, comparing them in turn to the Ascension of the Holy Prophet. At the conclusion of a long discussion he says, “The need of this discussion arose because certain people consider the Prophet’s Ascension, *Fatuhat-i-Makiyva* and the Divine Comedy as having the same inspiration. But this is not correct. If we look at the traditions of the Prophet’s Ascension, the *Fatuhat-i-Makiyva*, the *Divine Comedy* and the *Javednama* a little more carefully we will see that they have the same difference as apparent in a prophet, a saint, a poet, a philosopher and a philosophical poet. I think this can convey what I mean.” (83).

To my mind Hamza Shinwari’s Pashto translations of both The *Armaghan* and *Javednama* are, somehow, better than his Urdu translation of Rehman Baba. Perhaps here he finds himself in more familiar surroundings. They have a definite stamp of Hamza Shinwar’s own genius, over and above that of Allama Iqbal. If only one did not know before hand that they were but translations, one would call it his best poetry. One cannot but appreciate the apparent ease with which Hamza has translated these difficult books of Persian poetry into Pashto verse. In their own right these translations can be looked upon as a valuable contribution to Pashto poetry. If Hamza had written nothing else, these two
books alone would rank him among the greatest Pashto poets. It is an irony that these translations are looked upon as but a by product of his poetic genius. Here we will give just a couple of quotations from each book.

(Give excitement to the world from me; Paint anew this world and the sky; Create another Adam from my clay; Kill this slave of profit and loss). (Hamza). (From Armaghan).

(Learn the secrets of devotion from Rumi, The austerity that is the envy of prosperity, And avoid the vocation of begging, That forces you on bowing down). (Hamza). (From the Armaghan).

(What I say is the story of another world, This book has descended from another sky). (Hamza: From the Javednama).

(Physical dance is but raising the dust, Spiritual dance shakes in fact the skies). (Hamza: From Javednama).

ALL HIS PUBLISHED AND UNPUBLISHED POETRY

In this section I have tried to properly catalogue
all the published as well as unpublished poetic works of Hamza Shinwari. This has been done for two reasons: 1) So far there has been no such complete catalogue of all his works and 2) not many people know off hand, about all his even published works, for they are so many and so diverse. All the same this will also provide, at a glance, the range and extend of his literary pre-occupation and output. Along with his published works I have tried to also catalogue his unpublished works of which some are only considered but lost at present. But who knows they might still surface one day. This writing will then bear witness to their being written by Hamza Shinwari, apart from any internal evidence of diction, style or contemporary references. Although his published works have also been catalogued for the primary sources of the bibliography, yet here we will give them in a little more detail which would not be possible in the skeletal form of the bibliography.

His published works include nine volumes of poetry; three volumes of Pashto-Urdu and Persian-Pashto translations and the Russian translations of some of his own poems. We will take them up one by one in alphabetical order.

1) *Rahber Bhr/ *Rahber Bhr (the stream). Published in 1983, a second edition was taken out in 1984. Printed at Jadoon Press, Peshawar. It has been published by the poet himself. This volume consists of 222 Ghazals in all. All the Ghazals have been written from 1960 to 1965. Most of them are properly dated. The book carries an introduction by Yar Mohammad Masroor under

2) /Pashto/ d xybr wâme /Rom/ DA KHYBER WAGME (the Khyber breezes). Published by the Pashto Academy, Kabul, in 1968, the book contains 203 Rubaiyat (quatrain) an equal number of Witat (quartets) and 108 Fards (couplets). There is a short preface to the book by Rishtin, the then director Pashto Academy, Kabul. At the end there is a brief introduction to the writer. It has 178 pages. It was published in 1968.

3) /Pashto/ d zRh `w`z /Rom/ DA ZRHA AWAZ (voice of the heart). This book contains some NAAT (panegyrics on the prophet(P.B.U.H.) and some elegies on the tragedy of Karbala along with some poems on some saints and Muslim Sufis. The book has been published by the Sarhad Electric Press, Peshawar having no publisher and no date. Some of the poems are dated from which the probable date of the book can be guessed. (even Hamza himself doesn’t remember the year in which it was in fact published. He only remembers that it was his first book). It has 102 pages. It has been dedicated to the poets Murshid Syed Abdus Sattar Shah. Approximate date of publication can be 1953.

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5) /Pesh/ prywwane /Rom/ PREWOONE (the pleiades). Printed at Jadoon Press, Peshawar, it was first published by the poet himself in 1985; followed by a second edition in 1986. Dedicated to Lt. Gen. (Rtd.) Fazle Haq, the then governor N.W.F.P., the book contains Ghazals written between 1965 to 1970. It includes 203 Ghazals most of which are dated. The book has 262 pages.

6) /Pesh/ sfr n'mh /Rom/ SAFARNAMA (traveologue). Written in 1949, this was a long descriptive poem of some nine hundred couplets. Parts of it was serialised in Weekly Rahbar, Mardan. Some nine installments of it were published up to June 1957, when its publication was stopped. It was also being published by Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq when its publication was stopped for political reasons. Since then Hamza has lost the original manuscript. However, the installments published in the Rahbar are extant.

7) /Pesh/ slgy@ /Rom/ SALGAI (sobs). It is the latest publication of Hamza Shinwari. The book contains more than a thousand Rubaiyat and Qutat. It was published by the University Book Agency, Peshawar in 1989.

8) /Pesh/ sprle ph 'y@nh kxe /Rom/ SPARLAY_PA AYENA KEH (spring in the mirror). Printed at Jadoon Press, Peshawar, it was published by the poet himself. The book carries an introduction by Dr. Raj Wali Shah Khattak. It includes 215 Ghazals almost all of them dated and written from 1971 to 1978. Instead of pagination the Ghazals are numbered.
9) /Pesh/  wnd w ywn /Rom/ ZHWAND AW YOON (life and evolution). Also subtitled "Various aspects of life". It has been published by the writer himself. Printed at Manzoor-i-Aam Press, Peshawar. Dedicated to Wazi Shaheed, it has been introduced by Dr. Raj Wali Shah Khattak. The book is a Masnavi (epic) on human life, dividing it into seven stages. It has 117 pages.

10) /Pesh/ ywn /Rom/ YOON (excelsior). The book was published by the Pakistan writer's Guild in 1963. Its second edition was taken out in 1988 with the assistance of Secretary Information Department, N.W.F.P. Introduced by Dost Mohammad Kamil, the book contains 363 Ghazals written between 1933 and 1940. The second edition has 424 pages.

11) /Pesh/ jng bh Cwk glv /Rom/ JANG BA SUK GAIL (who will win the war?). It was a long poem written during the forties on the question as to who was going to win the second world war, that was raging then. Hamza says that a Majzoob from Landikotal, Qasid Baba, had predicted that the war was to be won by the Allies and Germany will be badly defeated. In the light of this prophesy he wrote a long poem of some nine hundred couplets looking at the great war from various angles and predicting the doom of Germany, although he had no sympathies with the Allies either. The poem could not be published then and has since been misplaced. The poem had two parts with part one running into 900 couplets and part two in some 400 couplets. Hamza still remembers some parts of the poem. I have copied down the following lines from him:
Hitler blazed fire in the comity of nations. History repeats but the same old stories. What has already been said is only retold. (Hamza).

12) bin byd'ry /Rom/ BEDARI (awakening). This again was a long poem of some three hundred (300) couplets which Hamza had written in support of the Pakistan Movement and the partition of India. He believed that the freedom of India was inevitable and the British could not crush the freedom movement. However, the poem was not published and has since been lost.

TRANSLATIONS

Here must also be catalogued his Pashto-Urdu and Persian-Pashto verse translations and the Russian translations of some of his own poems.

1) bin dyw'n - bd'lrHam'n /Rom/ DEWANE ABDUR
REHMAN BABA (in Urdu). The book was printed at the Peshawar University Press and published by the Pashto Academy, Peshawar in 1963. The book has double introductions both by Maulana Abdul Qadir, the then director, Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar: one on the translator and the translation and the other on Rehman Baba and the present Dewan. In all 203 Ghazals of Rehman Baba have been translated into Urdu verse, spread over 285 pages.

2) bin 'rm&'n Hj'z /Rom/ ARMAGHAN-L-HIJAZ (the gift of Hijaz) by Allama Iqbal, translated from Persian into Pashto verse by Hamza Shinwari. The book was a joint
venture of the Pashto Academy, Peshawar and Iqbal Academy, Karachi.
It was printed at Shaheen Printing Press, Peshawar in 1964 and
published the same year. The volume carries an introduction by
Maulana Abdul Qadir. The entire book contains some 550 Rubaiyats,
spread over 280 pages.

3) *Pasha* j'wyd n'mh /Rom/ JAVEDNAMA (to Javed).
By Allama Iqbal translated from the Persian original into Pashto
verse by Hamza Shinwari. Like that of the Armaghan, the translation
of the Javednama in Pashto verse too was a joint venture of the
Pashto Academy, Peshawar and the Iqbal Academy, Karachi. The book
was printed at the Public Art Press, Peshawar and published in
the same year. The book is accompanied by an exhaustive introduc-
tion, again, by Maulana Abdul Qadir. It has 246 pages.

4) *Pasha* hm'Sr p'kst'ny $' ry /Rom/ RUSSIAN
TRANSLATIONS. A Russian book entitled CONTEMPORARY PAKISTANI
POETRY by L. Vasilev, A. Girasimov and N. Glibov giving Russian
translations of Josh Maleehababdi, Amir Hamza Shinwari and Ahmad
Nadim Wasimi. The book has been published by the Progress Press,
Moscow in 1973. From page 133 to page 192 it gives the transla-
tions of Hamza Shinwari's poetry. In all, 42 Rubaiyat and 29
Nazams have been translated. Among the Nazams are:

1. To the poet. (sh' r th).
2. To the Pakhtoon (Pakhtoon la). (pXlw th)
3. The Pashto Language (Pakhto Zhaba). (pXlw 'th)
4. The Shepherd (shpoonkai). ($pwnke)
5. What is your art (Fan de sa de). (hnr d Ch de)
6. In the Jamrod desert (Da Jamrod pa dasht keh). (d,nmwd ph d$t kXe)
7. The sun and the particle (nym aw zrh).
8. The singing spring (sndry[z sprle).
9. Humanity (ns'nyt). And so on and so forth.
According to Hamza Shinwari he has still left with him some two hundred (200) Ghazals and some fifty (50) Nazams. They are yet to be published.

CHAPTER TWO

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Loba is a Pashto literary form. It has been explained in the glossary.
2. Charbaita is also a literary form, explained in the glossary.
3. Neemakai too is a literary form, explained in the glossary.
4. Tappa is the evergreen Pashto literary form. It is explained in the glossary.
9. Sikashahi means the rule of the Sikhs. It refers to not only a reign of terror but also an inborn lack of propriety in the sikh grain.
18. Ibid, P. 121.
19. Tatara is a peak in the Khyber on the north of the Pass, where the Moghul armies led by Governor Amin Khan, was crushed by the Afridi tribe led by Aimal Khan and Darya Khan even Khushal Khan was also said to have taken part in that battle.
22. Ibid, P. 279.
23. Ibid, P. 269
24. Ibid, P. 99
25. Ibid, P. 43
29. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., PP. 277-8
30. PAKHTO, a journal of the Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar, (Hamza Number, May-June, 1982), PP. 62-63
31. Da Hamza Yad, op. cit., P. 214
32. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 119
33. Ibid, P. 168
34. Da Pakhto Ghazal by Professor Afzal Raza, Pashto Academy, Peshawar, first edition, 1978, PP. 17-18
37. PAKHTO (Fan aw Fankar Number), op. cit., August-Sept. 1979, PP. 18-19
38. Da Hamza Yad, op. cit., PP. 218-19
39. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., PP. 30-31
40. Da Khyber Adab, op. cit., P. 79
41. Ibid, PP. 98-99
42. Da Hamza Yad, op. cit., P. 32
43. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 166
44. Ibid, PP. 167-8
45. Ibid, P. 303-4
46. Ibid, P. 291
49. Metaphysics, mysticism and spiritualism have all been used in synonymous senses.
50. Iassawuf Aur Urdu Sha'ir by Professor Syed Safi Hyder, Istiqjat Press, Lahore, first edition, 1966, PP. 20-21
51. Pashto poetry, op. cit., P. XIV
52. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 257
53. Ibid, P. 293
54. Ibid, P. 123
56. Pakhto Journal (Hamza number), op. cit., P. 63
57. Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., P. 123
58. Ibid, P. 256
59. Ibid, P. 211
60. Ibid, P. 416
63. Da_Hamza_Yad, op. cit., PP. 99-100
64. Da_Khyber_Abāb, op. cit., PP. 98-99
65. Rehman_Bābā, op. cit., PP. 99-102
67. Da_Meene_Gheg, op. cit., PP. 26-27
68. Preface to Ghazawone, op. cit., P. 10
69. Da_Hamza_Yad, op. cit., P. 39
70. Please turn to the glossary at the end.
71. Please turn to the glossary at the end.
72. Please turn to the glossary at the end.
73. Za_Aw_Hamza, op. cit., PP. 236-7
74. Pakhto Journal (Hamza Number), op. cit., P. 46
75. Ibid., P. 43
76. Za_Aw_Hamza, op. cit., P. 370
77. Pakhto Journal (Hamza Number), op. cit., P. 39
79. Za_Aw_Hamza, op. cit., PP. 87-88
83. Ibid., P. 53
CHAPTER THREE

P.R.O.S.E

EVOLUTION OF PASHTO PROSE

Perhaps in every literature of the world poetry is older than prose. Poetry is a dynamic experience, if not a divine revelation, as held by certain poets and critics themselves. It has a deeper emotional appeal and lingers on longer in memory. Also because of its tailor-made, measured nature, it can be more easily memorised. It is also akin to music, if not actually music in words, and man has been able to sing it with or without musical instruments, to express his eternal joys and sorrows. When language was but an abstract system of sounds and signs, when it was not yet reduced to alphabetic, a concrete system of symbols or letters, to record it for future reference and distant communication; man depended on his resourceful memory, employing all those devices and tricks which would augment it. Poetry is simply more memorable than plain prose because of its metre, rhyme and rhythm and a host of other conventions. It is true that literary prose also has, or must have, a peculiar rhythm and certain charm about it, but all the same it has not been able to precede poetry. It was in poetry that the earliest man sang of joys and
sorrows of love, of wars and battles, of stories and history.

When prose came at last into literature, as it was bound to come sooner or later, it came with a vengeance. It captured most poetic domains so much so that it easily conquered poetry itself; for some modern poetic forms are nothing but prose at its best, a sort of heightened and rhythmic prose which is readily mistaken for poetry. However, when we turn to Pashto prose we find it centuries behind Pashto poetry, and in the same measure incomparable to the preponderant Pashto literary tradition, notwithstanding its universality and the finesse which it has had in the modern times. It has also crept into a poetic genre called Nazam. Because it is sometimes written in a prose of sorts, it is called Azad Nazam (free verse, if not the Shakespearean blank verse). Surprisingly, it passes for poetry!

We can trace Pashto prose to more than a thousand years. In her historical and critical review of Pashto prose Maryam Bibi writes about the first period, which ranges from 223-930 H./850-1550 A.D., "We are not certain about the lives, or even works of the writers of this period. They have been introduced by a book called Pata Khazana (hidden treasure) by Mohammad Hotak (1). This period includes Mohammad Hasham Sarwani, Salman Maku, Mohammad Bin Ali Albasti, Mohammad Bin Saeed Loghi. Shaikh Katta Mathezai, Shikh Milli and Khan Kaju. Most of these writers belong to Afghanistan and their style is similar. (2).

Writing about the characteristics of this period Professor Abdur Rauf Nawshervi writes in his treatise on the
evolution of Pashto prose. "Historically this was a period of memoirs writing. that is why most of these writers have written memoirs of poets and saints. These were all religious writers and were deeply influenced by both Persian as well as Arabic. Pashto borrowed extensively from both these languages during this period. This was the time when Arabic knowledge and scholarship had spread throughout Central Asia. The commentaries of the Holy Quran, the traditions of the Holy Prophet, Islamic jurisprudence, philosophy, Sufism and literature, all found currency and widespread dissemination. Most of the books were in Arabic which had evolved a highly sophisticated and developed prose. Under this Arabic influence, Persian also evolved a technical prose. Pashto prose in turn was affected first by the Persian experience and later by the direct impact of Arabic. for most Pashto writers were Persian as well as Arabic scholars at the same time. It must be remembered that both Islam and the Persian language were introduced to the Indian subcontinent through the Pashto speaking people.(3).

Elaborating on the style of this period Maryam Bibi writes, "The style of this period is mainly preaching and sermonising, that is why its language is rhythmic and measured." Another characteristic of this period is the constant use of some typical Pashto words and phrases which had apparently stood the onslaught of the over-whelming process of Persianisation and Arabisation of this age. Some of those words and phrases are now only archaic but still used by some writers for special effect.
Some like Sulaiman Maku, have used short, simple and self-contained sentences in typical Pashto idiom. In some we also come across literary references and allusions to older poets who have not been preserved by time. There is an elemental, fluent simplicity in the prose of this period. At times it sounds as direct as poetry, having the same disarming effect. As some of their own names would indicate, the names of their books are also typical Pashto names, not at all affected by Persian and Arabic high-sounding (yet hollow-sounding) nomenclatures. Along with mainly religious and metaphysical writings we also come across a number of historical treatises written during this period. But, as pointed out by Professor Nawsheravi, the present prose stock of the period is too limited to satisfy the modern reader. It lacks not only variety and depth but also any vision of a viable literary experience. This was perhaps by no means all that was written during this period. It needs further research. Still more of their prose can be rediscovered from various sources. Only then we will be in a better position to capture the true spirit of that age.

With this much about that hazy dawn of Pashto prose we should turn to the second period with its known writers and their equally known books. Here we find ourselves on a more sound footing; with the more sharply defined merits and demerits of that prosaic period of our early prose. This period ranges roughly from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. Baburid Ansari (b. 1553), also called Pir Roshan (the enlightened Pir) is
the leader of this period. Some of the other writers of this
period are Akhun Darweza, Malamast Zamand, Shaikh Bostan, Shaikh Qasim, Babu Jan and Karim Dad.

Bayazid Ansari was the first to take the lead with the writing of Khairel Bayan. This is about the first available Pashto prose work, without any dispute about its authorship or contents. Bayazid was a keen intellectual, a great savant and a multilingual scholar. Besides writing in Pashto, he has also written books in Persian, Arabic and even in Hindi. He is said to have even improved if not actually improvised the Pashto alphabet by devising more than ten symbols and letters for those Pashto phonemes which could not be written with the adopted Arabic alphabet. (5). Parts of Khairel Bayan itself has been written in Persian, Arabic as well as Hindi although it is mainly in Pashto. However, its Pashto is direct, simple and pure. As a doctrinal book on Tassawuf, it was soon challenged by another, an equally serious and scholarly book called Makhzanul Islam (the treasure of Islam), on traditional Islamic beliefs and practices written by Akhun Darweza, a disciple of Syed Ali Jarmezi commonly known as Pir Baba. This clash of creeds successfully smashed a centuries-old inertia in Pashto prose. Blazing a new trail by releasing a powerful energy, it also paved the way for a number of other promising prose writers. This deliberate writing was also conscious departure from the then official language that was Persian and the still more powerful language of scholarship and divinity that was Arabic. Although Persian and Arabic words and
terms were still being freely borrowed and bandied about, yet Pashto stubbornly kept its identity and individuality during this period.

Writing about the characteristics of this period professor Afzal Raza maintains in his book *History of Pashto Prose*, "The prose of this second period is called 'technical or artistic prose' because this kind of prose was transferred from Persian and Arabic during this period. It was called technical because it was more akin to poetry than the simple everyday language. Simple and easy prose, akin to the day to day use of the language, was replaced by a technical prose with rhyme and rhythm. These writers also preferred the developed form of prose in view of the seriousness of their religious, metaphysical and moral writings as well as writings about significant historical events. This period also did some Pashto translations from both Persian as well as Arabic, borrowing in the process a great deal of technical terminology from these comparatively more developed languages. Although in a sense, it adversely affected the spirit of Pashto, yet in this way a treasure of Pashto prose was created which proved a blessing in disguise. (6).

The third period of Pashto prose is called the Khattak Period, because of Khushal Khan Khattak, his sons and grandsons, who all wrote Pashto prose with a difference. With it Pashto prose enters its "Golden Age", promising stable foundations to the edifice of the modern Pashto prose. Khushal Khan himself rightly claims his contribution not only to poetry but
also Pashto prose:

kh d n?m kh d n#r kh d x/ de
ph pXtw "bh m Hq de be Hs' bh
nh pxw' pkXe kt' b ww nh e x/ ww
d' dy m' pkXe tSnyf kRh Gw kt' bh. (xw$' l)

(Pashto is highly indebted to me,
Whether its poetry, prose or script,
Having no script, there was no book in it,
Therefore, in it I wrote some books). (Khushal).

This period roughly ranges from the seventeenth to
the eighteenth centuries. Maryam Bibi however, calls this period
"The Twilight of Pashto Prose", reserving the golden age for the
next period which borders on modern prose. Khushal Khan Khattak
is the leader of this period or school, as our historians prefer
to call it. The other worthy followers of this school are Abdul
Qadir Khan Khattak, Saddar Khan Khattak, Gohar Khan Khattak, Afzal
Khan Khattak and Kazim Khan Shaida.

Writing about the characteristics of the prose of
the distinguished Khattak family, Maryam Bibi maintains, "Their
prose has fluency, continuity and grace. It is free from crudeness
or cumbersomeness. It is wholesome and flawless. Before then
Pashto prose was confined to religious problems but they extended
its radius and wrote about all aspects of life. There is a
curious taste in their prose. Another characteristic of their
prose is the dialogue or conversational style, something akin to
what is called the "Dramatic Monologue". Giving Pashto prose the
touch of common everyday life is the greatest contribution of the
Khattak family".(?)

During the same period there was another group of
writers, mainly from Afghanistan, which Professor Afzal Raza has called the Hotak and Sadozai Period. It starts with the same Hotak who is said to have written the controversial Pata Khazana. Other writers of this period were Pir Mohammad Kakar, Masood, Noor Mohammad, Younas Muzaffar, Yar Mohammad, Haji Ibrahim, Amir Mohammad, Nawab Mohabat Khan, Allah Yar Khan, Nawab Mustajab Khan, Qasim and Shamsuddin etc. They also have their share in the dissemination of Pashto prose.

Professor Abdur Rauf Nawshervi has termed the forth period of Pashto prose as the English Period because by this time this area (Paktoonkhwa) had firmly come under the sway of the British Indian Raj. He has mentioned two important historical events which have left deep scars on the Pathan psyche to be reflected in the literature of the time. The first was the 1830-31 war of Balakot between the Sikhs and the Afghans in which the latter were routed and their leader Syed Ahamd Shaheed, along with a number of his devoted companions, was martyred. The second was the misfire or failure of the 1857 Ghaddar (Mutiny), which was in fact an outright war of independence. Thus the proud Pathan suddenly became an abject slave in his own house. By crushing the Afghan stronghold north of the Indus, the Sikhs had only unwittingly paved the way for the British Forward Policy, under which even Kabul, the last Afghan foothold was trampled twice, resulting in the redrawing of the subcontinental political map, without the least regard for religious, racial, ethnic or linguistic affinities. The resulting state of widespread anarchy gradually
subsided into a deep inertia and a sense of universal apathy to the very forces of life itself. We have already discussed this transitional period in our previous chapter. From here onward we come across a discontinuity in our literature giving birth to a yawning gape, a sucking vacuum which was but only recently begun to be filled.

An important product of this period was the famous Rouhilla Sardar, Hafiz Rehmat Khan and his family members and companions who, along with poetry, were also interested in history, grammar and lexicon. Hafiz Rehmat Khan had also fought on Ahmad Shah Abdali’s side, with a sizable force of his own in the battle of Panipat (1767).

The fourth period of Pashto prose ranges from the nineteenth to the twentieth century. This period also offers a number of prose writers. They are Maulavi Ahmad, Gul Ahmad Khalil, Murad Ali, Ainullah, Dost Mohammad Khattak, Farahi, Maulvi Syed Ahmad, Qazi Abdul Qadir, Amir Ali Khan, Mian Haseeb Gul Kakakhel, Syed Mohammad, Omar, Saifullah Khattak, Rizwanullah, Mohammad Ali Gharib, Ghulam Mohammad Popalzai, Mir Ahmad Shah Rizwani, Shaikh Abdul Wahab, Mian Mohammad Ahmad, Mian Mohammad Yousaf Kakakhel, Mian Onawanuddin Kakakhel, Qazi Khairullah, Maulvi Abdur Rahim Khalil and Munshi Ahmad Jan.

The postulates of the fourth period were more or less the same as those of the third period. The writers of this period were also preoccupied with commentaries, the traditions and the jurisprudence. Religion stayed as the mainstay of their
literary preoccupations. They also wrote stories as well as grammar and lexicon. Translations also played an attractive part in their scheme of priorities. Although novel was in its nascent stages yet some Urdu novels were translated in Pashto to pave the way for the indigenous novel that was but around the corner.

Books were even translated from English. Similarly historical writings were also given due attention along with the histories of Pashto literature itself. A glaring characteristic of this age is the writings of parables and humorous stories for general entertainment, in the true tradition of Qissa Khwani (the Street of Story Tellers). This was perhaps done for the first time on a conscious level. This period can rightly be looked upon as the harbinger of the modern age. It has laid firm foundations for the modern, twentieth century prose, by anticipating not only its substance but also style. And modern Pashto prose has, therefore, not completely superceded or even seriously eclipsed, so far, its peculiar flavour and irresistible charm. This prose is on the whole simple, straightforward, idiomatic and realistic; it is interspersed with proverbs and syllogisms, having also a strong ingredient of humour, irony and satire. It is completely free from artificiality, clumsiness or undue verbosity. It is at best colloquial and commonplace.

Writing about the imperceptible transition of this period into the modern age, Maryam Bibi maintains, "The sort of prose that was started by Munshi Ahmad Jan and Maulvi Ahmad could perhaps be easily initiated or carried forward by the
coming generation. I think that Master Abdul Karim has captured the spirit of Ahmad Jan in his book Jalai Guloona (plentiful of flowers). When Pashto prose stepped into the twentieth century some of its delineations also underwent a basic change. The old story became the modern short story, the novel raised its own head and drama created its own fad. They are all however, the modern off-shoots of the same basic genre—the story. This was how under the ever-asserting English influence our prose was diversified from the formal point of view.” (8).

During this period a number of Christian missionaries and dedicated "Orientalists" also took keen and active interest in Pashto poetry, prose, folklore, philology and translations. In all these fields in their various ways, they have contributed a great deal to Pashto literature. By translating extensively from its poetry and prose in a number of modern European languages, they have introduced Pashto not only abroad but also to some of its own "WONGS" (the westernised oriental gentlemen). We have already referred to Allama Iqbal’s discovery of Khushal Khan Khattak through the services of these "Orientalists". Some of these sages were Major Raverty, Professor Dorn, Walter Bellow, Dartmouth, Father Hughes, Roos Keppel, Morgenstern, Goldschmidt, Gieger, Beddulf, Stedtke, Kammes. Sir Olaf Carse and James Spain. To this august list must also be added the modern day orientalists like Dr Wilma Heston and Jean Enevoldsen.

Besides these, a large number of these orientalists have also written their memoirs or accounts of their expeditions.
from Bombay to Bokhara, reflecting not only Pashto literature but Pathan life also. Apart from these free-lancers there are a number of serious historians of Afghanistan and the apparent and clandes
tine "travellers" in the country; the agents of all hues and colours, operating in this part of the world, under various labels and through a tight network of espionage from Jumna to the Oxus and beyond. They have later on written about their exploits portraying the culture or cultures of the nations of their assignments. The list may run well beyond hundred if we try to mention all of them. These orientalists also proved helpful in taking out old, rare Pashto manuscripts from European libraries which were otherwise but lost for Pashto literature.


This prose crusade was also carried forward by
the Pashto Academy, Peshawar, giving birth to Maulana Adul Qadir, Syed Rasool Rasa, Pareshan Khattak, Mohammad Nawaz Tair, Khyal Bokhari, Murad Shinwari, Maulvi Mohammad Ishaq, Mushtaq Ahmmad Mushtaq, Abdur Rehman Shabab, Saifur Rehman Syed, Jehanzeb Niaz, Mir Sharaf Khan Wazir, Qazi Hidayatullah.

The twentieth century also heralded Pashto journalism. It has already been discussed with some detail in chapter one. Here we will give only those which have not been included in the above list. They are: Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Fazle Haq Shaida, Mir Mehdi Shah, Ajmal Khattak, Sultan Mohammad Sabir, Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak, Ghani Khan, Mohammad Ayaz Daudzai, Qazi Saeed Mohammad, Ihsanullah Khan Dhanish, Naz Javed, Shaukatullah Akbar, Syeda Qanta Begum and a number of others. (9).

Apart from journalism the radio and later the television also introduced a number of Pashto writers and dramatists. We need not give another roster of names to prove our contention. Besides, most of the above names will also appear in the roll call for radio and television beside a few others who will find their mention in their due places. Instead we should turn to the three new prose genres that came to Pashto literature during the twentieth century. These new genres were the essay, the short story and the novel along, of course, with drama which will be discussed later on in a separate chapter. Essays and short stories have been written by a large number of prose writers. However, among the novels we may mention Paighda (the virgin) by Sahibzada Idrees, Naye Chape (new waves) by Hamza
Shinwari, *Da Srq. Iaweez* (the golden talisman) by Rashid Ali Dehkan, *Zarke Starg* (the partridge eyes) by Ashraf Durrani, a number of novels by Syed Rasool Rasa, M. Ibrahim Khan, Shabnam, Saghir Afridi, Ghamjan and Matu Khan etc.

The writers of this period have also not ignored serious and scholarly subjects like religion, history, philosophy and folklore. A number of books have been brought forth in each of the above subjects by great scholars in their respective fields. The lighter side of prose viz. humour, irony and satire has not been ignored either. But the most important development during the twentieth century was the publication of text books in Pashto up to Higher Secondary level. These books have been edited by the Pashto Academy in close collaboration with the N.W.F.P. Text Book Board. The team for this purpose, working under Maulana Abdul Qadir included Dr Anwarul Haq, Syed Azim Shah Khvaj Bakhari, Nawaz Tair and others. The post graduate classes in Pashto have already been mentioned. At present students are also working for M.Phil and Doctorate degrees in Pashto. The Pashto Department has already produced four doctors in Pashto literature with four times as many M.Phils.

**Metaphysical Prose of Hamza Shinwari**

Like that of his poetry, most of the prose works of Hamza Shinwari are also deeply characterised by an unmistakable mystical strain. He started as a confirmed Sufi and the main thrust of his writings, whether prose or poetry, has been mainly directed towards sufism. Although, later in life, he also devol...
oped clear, non-mystic passions to give depth and diversity to his
genius. But mysticism stayed as his distinguishing characteristic
throughout his literary life and most of his works revolve around
this enticing discipline. Whatever transformations might have
taken place in his later writings, his first publications of both
prose and poetry were but pure mysticism. His first collection of
poetry called \textit{Da_ZhRh_Awaz} (voice of the heart) was published in
1943 (the date is not definite). All the poems in this slim collec-
tion are hymns, Naats and Manqabat along with some elegies on the
tragedy of Karbala and the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain.
There isn’t a single non-mystic poem in the whole volume.
Similarly his first prose work, \textit{Tajjalvat-i-Mohammadia} (the
refulgence of Mohammad), published in 1939 (again, the date is not
definite), is a treatise on Islamic Sufism. It deals with almost
all the important aspects of mysticism and tries to clarify
certain ambiguities and discuss in detail certain controversial
points. It can be looked upon as the first text book in Pashto on
Islamic mysticism, written from the point of view of the unin-
tiated novice.

Later, in 1959, he wrote another treatise on
mysticism called \textit{Yaw.Sh'ir} (a couplet). This treatise was written
by way of the explanation of a couplet of Khushal Khan. Since it
was mystical couplet, Hamza Shinwari turned to the mystical doct-
trines to explain the couplet in question. In this rather elaborate
explanation, the entire mystical literature is sifted through and
all the esoteric creeds are brought under discussion. Nothing is
left to guess work or unexplained.

Still later, in 1974, he wrote another book, this time in Urdu called Wajud Wo Shuhud (the essence and the presence), to discuss Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi's doctrine of Shuhud as enunciated in his letters. This book is mainly devoted to the refutation of the learned Shaikh's creeds of not only Shuhud but also the interpretations of a host of mystic terminologies. In this book Hamza has pointed out a host of contradictions on the part of Shaikh Ahmad which would be difficult to reconcile with even the Shaikh's own avowed beliefs.

Mysticism is a fascinating esoteric discipline which can be traced to all the religions or religious systems of the world. In the introduction to his book on Sufism A.J. Arberry maintains, "It is generally agreed that no religious movement can come into being or develop without having contact with other established faiths or denominations which are bound to leave their impress upon the new creation of thought and emotion. For while mysticism is undoubtedly a universal constant, its variations can be observed very clearly and characteristically shaped by the several religious systems upon which they are based. In this varied company, Sufism, which is the name given to the mysticism of Islam, may be defined as the mystical movement of an uncompromising Monotheism." (10). He further summarises the Sufi doctrine in the following words, "The central core of Islamic teaching is the doctrine that God is one; that he has no partners or equals to share or contest His Omnipotence;
that He admits the rights of none to vary His decrees or intercede with His judgments. Islam recognises no incarnate God, nor Saviour; the matter lies between Allah, the one Lord (rabb) and every man. His creature and servant ('abd). A few men have been called to be God’s prophets, whose duty, from Adam to Mohammad, was simply to call mankind to Him. The prophet is certainly not to be worshipped for this would be polytheism (shirk) and infidelity (kufr) though he is obviously to be revered and imitated, since he has been spoken to by God and chosen by God to be His messenger."(11)

The edifice of Islamic sufism stands on four pillars and the Sufis draw their inspiration and guidance mainly from these sources. They are: 1) the Holy Quran 2) the traditions of the Holy Prophet 3) the companions of the Holy Prophet 4) and personal mystic experiences or graces (kiramat).

Against this background we will discuss Hamza Shiwari’s mystical prose writings and see his deep commitments to this absorbing discipline. Among others, as we have noted at the beginning of this section, three of his books namely Lajjalya i-Mohammadia, Yaw Shi’r and Wajud Wa Shuhud are devoted entirely to the discussion and elucidation of Sufism. Together, these books provide an insight into the range and extent of Hamza Shinwari’s own knowledge of mysticism and we feel that he is as steeped in this discipline as in the tradition of Pashto literature itself. It is a passion with him second or secondary to no other passion of his active literary life. This abundant knowledge of mysticism
alone would rank him among the greatest modern mystics, whether living or dead. It is entirely another thing that he also happens to be an equally great poet and most of the people prefer to adore him more for his memorable poetry. His contribution to mystic literature is no less endurable. He at the same time have filled a vacuum in this branch of Pashto literature for which he will always be held in the highest esteem. Now lets take up his books one by one and see this modern day mystic at work.

The Naqshbandi-Mohammedia, also sub-titled (on the elucidation of Sufi doctrines) is a treatise on Sufism, as such in ten chapters. Chapter one deals with the Essence of God and chapter two with the theory of Emanation and the creation of man. It begins with the anthropomorphism of Mohammad (al-haqiqat al-Mohammedia) and then discusses the clear peregrinations of his prophethood in various sacred books including the Hindu Vedas. Chapter three describes the family of the prophet, a description of his companions and the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Hussain at Karbala. Chapter four concentrates on the mystics and saints of Islam and the difficulties of Sharia (the sacred law). It also defines and discusses mysticism as a branch of knowledge. Chapter five describes in detail the mystic conventions of allegiance at the hands of a Murshid, the various rituals and ceremonies of Salook (the mystic path) to be compulsorily observed. Chapter six discusses Ilme Ladduni (the intuitive cognition), the Divine Symbiosis of prophets and saints; the genealogy of Chishtia, Nizamia, Niazia order, the pedigree of the Imamia Wadiria order;
the kinds of Dervish; the path of Blame (malamatia); the miracles of the prophets and the marvels of the saints; the manifestation of the supernatural powers in man; and the indiscreet utterances of some of the saints (ta’alli). The entire chapter seven is devoted to Sama’ (the religious or spiritual music or audition). Chapter eight discusses human soul and human intellect. Chapter nine refutes what is commonly attributed to sufism: the cult of Murshid worship and grave worship. Yet this cult is justified to a certain extent. Chapter ten, the last chapter, discusses in detail the basic mystic doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud (the essence of God).

This book being his first attempt at sufism, which is a formidable subject even for an adept scholar. Hamza is apologetic for his apparent lack of proper background in traditional Islamic education. He admits to be neither a Mullah (priest) nor an Islamic scholar (‘Alim)., yet his confidence is not shaken by this apparent handicap. It may also be a blessing in disguise for him that he is not too steeped in the traditional Islamic theology to lose sight of mysticism altogether for the two seldom go hand in glove together. If he were a trained theologian it is doubtful if he could still have retained the same uncompromising passion for sufism that he has. Still the radius of his traditional theological scholarship is vast enough and deep enough to encompass the entire parameter of sufism. He quotes profusely from both the Quran and the Ahadith, not to speak of equally extensive quotations from Arabic, Persian as well as Pashto
poetry. All the same he seems to be armed with exhaustive knowledge of Islamic history, having gathered it from many sources, not necessarily the traditional ones. He also quotes from this vast storehouse of history in support of his arguments. He is not only acquainted with but has the first hand knowledge of most of the celebrated mystics of Islam and quotes them freely and authoritatively. In fact he is never short of appropriate quotations, whether from Arabic, Persian, Urdu or Pashto sources, for the proof or refutation of any point. His approach is logical, his style constant and his disposition utterly confident. He is never carried away by false sentimentality or lame emotionalism. He doesn’t condemn or uphold anything without sufficient proof. He never leaves anything to the hazards of what is commonly called “the blind faith”. His faith must be guided by the bright day light of reason and truth or it must be discarded to its groping blindness. Here he treats Sufism as a branch of knowledge with its own terminology and a history as old as the spirit of man himself.

In the introduction Hamza gives two main reasons for the writing of this book. a) the traditional Islamic scholars’ and the priests’ traditional but unreasonable opposition to sufism and b) the growth and prosperity of materialists and heretics or atheists whom he also calls (the naturalists). As far as the clerical opposition to Sufism is concerned, Hamza tries to show that it is entirely unfounded and based on a profound misunderstanding as there is actually no cleavage or clash at all
between the traditional, external religion and Tassawuf which is but the internal aspect of the same religion. He maintains that Islam was revealed to the Prophet Mohammad in two forms: the exoteric religion or the Shari'at (the sacred law) and the esoteric religion or Tariqat (the mystic way). Sufism is, therefore, un conceivable without strict adherence to Shari'at while Shari'at in turn, is augmented by the mystical experience which is but the purest possible religious experience. The two are not watertight, mutually exclusive compartments but are overlapping and complementary to each other and a perfect Muslim must be steeped in both at the same time. While Shari'at was made obligatory for every one to follow, without exception, Tariqat, on the other hand, was confined to a select coterie of adherents for it was above and beyond the comprehension and practice of the common man. It required an uncommon, deeper religious training, with unwavering conviction and an inborn urge for the attainment of graces and the proximity of God. Its path was strewn with renunciation, resignation and self-mortification and a thousand other difficulties to be encountered in that mysterious path. Naturally everybody could not be expected to be trained as a Sufi while it was easy enough for every body to abide by the Shari'at and be a good Muslim and expect to be blessed by God all the same. Hence there could be no justification in any opposition to Sufism, as it was not a man-made system, opposed to the basic teachings of religion but was a part and parcel of the same religion revealed by God to His last Prophet.
The materialists, on the other hand, were opposed to the spiritual aspect of religion and could not accept anything that was apparently against empiricism. Their uncouth logic landed them not only in the negation of human soul and a supernatural world around us but also the very existence of God altogether, since none of these could be subjected to empirical proof. Hamza shows the fallacy of pure materialism by pointing out the limitations of our sense perception. If man must depend on his five known senses alone then indeed he will be living in a very narrow, constricted world. His position can be no better than the proverbial toad in the well. But man was not made to be a slave of his senses; he was created to be the master of the entire universe, a Khalifa (viceregent) of God on the earth. If on one hand he has been created from the dust or the mean, common matter, on the other hand, God has created him in his own image. He is as much spiritual as material. It is indeed tragic that man should waste his unbounded spiritual potentialities by simply refusing to recognise and realise them. This amounts to a virtual war against those very forces which can save him from his material degradation.

Here we will briefly discuss the chapter on Sama' (audition) because, being a controversial subject, Hamza has tried his best to prove it not only lawful but also highly beneficial for spiritual attainment. The trouble is that audition is neither explicitly forbidden nor enjoined by the Holy Quran and the traditions of the Holy Prophet. All kinds of music was generally
avoided in the pristine days of Islam because music then, as indeed sometimes even now, was associated with cheap, vulgar practices and was mainly heard along with wine and women for sensual gratification. But later on it was felt that music also had profound spiritual impact provided it was purged of all the vulgarities and was heard in the purified form along with certain rigid, mystic conventions. In this way audition gradually crept into certain Sufi orders and became almost an article of their creed. This practice was however, vehemently opposed by the traditional elements and a controversy was given birth, with both sides bombarding each other with arguments and counter-arguments. Of all the Sufi orders the Chishtia order, to which Hamza also adheres, has made it an almost permanent feature of its rituals and that is why he is so passionately upholding it. He gives examples from the life of the Holy Prophet and his companions who, though not indulging in it themselves, never opposed or stopped it. He quotes a number of traditions in the support of his thesis. Then he looks at all the four schools of Islamic jurisprudence and proves that their Imams (leaders) also heard audition. In this connection he mentions Imam Abu Hanita, Imam Abu Yousaf, Imam Daud Tai, Imam Malik, Imam Shafi, Imam Ahmad Bin Hambal etc. Another aspect of the debate is whether audition is allowed with or without instruments. Hamza believes that it is allowed with all sorts of instruments. If the ancients were using their crude instruments we might as well be using our ultra-modern, electronic instruments. How can there be music without
proper instruments, is indeed hard to visualise. He concludes the debate by saying that it is lawful for the lawfully born and unlawful for those born unlawfully. It is the intention and the circumstances for holding the music and not the music as such that makes it either lawful or unlawful.

Hamza Shinwari has also written an entire book of some two hundred pages (183 pages to be exact) on the elucidation of just one couplet of Khushal Khan Khattak. The couplet is:

\[\text{I see the same face in everything that is but lost in His over creation} \] (Khushal).

The couplet is the very essence of the Sufi doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud (the unity of essence). Hamza takes this opportunity to once again explain the same doctrine. He splits up the couplet in seven parts 1) the thing 2) the spectacle 3) fixed entities (i.e. entities having fixedness in the knowledge of God). 4) the dreams 5) the face 6) show or display or spectacle 7) unseen. By explaining “the thing” Hamza defines existence and maintains that all creations exist in or because of God. It is the attributes of God that come across each other to have self-consciousness and the sense of externality and in this way God manifests Himself. This is the reality of the unreality that we call creation. Whether we call it the shadow or reality or its mirror it is really saying the same thing. God was a hidden treasure and He wanted to manifest Himself. He created this entire universe in this way. Now looking at His creation is actually looking at God, not from the point of view of the
universe being the wonderful handicraft of a master artisan but also because it is still Him or inside Him. We cannot imagine a separate God against a separate universe for that will limit His Omnipresence, and may also bestow eternity on the universe. There can not be two co-eternal, co-existing at the same time. If God is Omnipotent and Omnipresent then what is the potentiality or even the reality of the universe and where does it exist? We are forced to conclude that it is entirely dependent upon God and can exist only in Him. And that is the doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud. It is in this light that Hamza looks at the above couplet. For wherever you turn your face you see but the face of God. It is another thing that it is too manifest to be seen. It is like losing the jungle from the trees or losing the sensation of water in the ocean. However, we don’t have unlimited space to go into all the details that Hamza has used in the explanation of this couplet. A Persian sage has said:

\begin{verbatim}
\text{
\text{'w dr dl mn 'st w dl mn bh dst 'w, cwn 'y\text{\oe}nh bh dst mn w mn dr 'y\text{\oe}nh
}

He is in my heart and my heart in His hand
As the mirror in my hand and me in the mirror.
\end{verbatim}

The book at the same time provides an insight into Hamza Shinwari’s deep and diverse knowledge of Sufism and his command of self-expression regarding this highly abstract field of enquiry. It is because he himself is clear about what he says that there is no ambiguity or contradiction in his writing. He uses the same characteristic logical approach towards the elucidation of highly complex, metaphysical points. His language is also
reasonably simple and straightforward. He consciously avoids the pitfalls of confusion and mystification. As a poet, writer and thinker he considers it his duty to express rather than suppress his thoughts, not caring whether they will be received favourably or not. He considers it a sin to suppress thoughts which are revealed to his sentient mind from time to time. This will be against the natural process of evolution and human progress. He is conscious of a number of people opposing what he has written, but he doesn’t mind. Time itself will judge whether his writings have been durable or mere trash. On his own part he has tried his best.

The other book, Wajud Wa Shuhud, was written in 1965 but published in 1974. It was written in Urdu for two reasons a) to reach a wider reading public through Urdu because Pashto readership is woefully limited and b) because it discusses just the letters of Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi, popularly called Mujadid Alfe Sani (died 1007 H./1629 A.D.) which are in Persian. Hamza has also preferred discussing them in Urdu. It is in these letters that the Mujadid (the reviver) has propagated the doctrine of Wahdatul Shuhud against the doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud as expounded by Shaikh Akbar, Mohayuddin Ibn ul-Arabi, and since then upheld by a large number of Sufis including Hamza himself. It is to the defence of the Wajudia doctrine of Shaikh Akbar against the Shuhudia doctrine of Shaikh Ahmad that the entire book has been devoted.

Hamza begins the book with these words, “Wajud and
Shuhud have been a controversial matter among the Sufis, particularly when Mujadid Alfe Sani Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi expounded the doctrine of Shuhud in his letters, in opposition to Shaikh Akbar’s doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud. The doctrine of Wajud was current among the medieval Sufis but Shaikh Akbar presented it as a separate branch of knowledge. Even European thinkers like Hegel and Spinoza etc were also influenced by this theory.(12). Shaikh Akbar was also vehemently opposed to Ibne Taimia and Hamza feels that the reason for this opposition was the Sufis’ spiritual attachment to Hazrat Ali, as the majority of them stand attached to him even today. This was unbearable for the Umayyids, particularly Amir Ma’avia and his son Yazid. They involved (of course by heavily bribing them) the traditional Mullah element in the political tug of war, who opposed the Sufis tooth and nail, often for the sake of opposition. Turning even into persecution from time to time, this opposition has lingered on even onto the present time. Sufis and saints are often declared heretics and their practices proclaimed un-Islamic by the self-proclaimed custodians of traditional Islam. However, we are not going to discuss this opposition in detail. It was just to point it out that, for one reason or another, the orthodoxy has always been opposed to Sufism.

Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi had swerved from the allegiance to his Shaikh Khwaja Baqibillah and had abandoned the path of even his own father, Shaikh Abdul Wahid. Both his Murshid and his father adhered to the doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud. even
Shaikh Ahmad himself was a staunch supporter of this doctrine which he later discarded in favour of his own doctrine of Shuhud mainly because of his opposition to both his father and his Shaikh. Hamza says about this U turn of Shaikh Ahmad: "even a slight dissent against the Shaikh results in the discontinuation of munificence on the part of the disciple". (13). Perhaps that was the reason that Shaikh Ahmad had fallen a prey to a host of contradictions in his vain attempt to discredit the creed of his ancestors and hazard a half-digested doctrine of his own in the hope of superseding the greatest theorist of Sufism like Shaikh Akbar. There are not only clear loopholes in his doctrine but it has also coloured his mind and distorted his vision about almost all the beliefs, conventions and terminologies of Sufism. Hamza has effectively proved him to be constantly contradicting himself. He concludes about the learned Shaikh, "Those thinkers who could not succeed in deducting the form or body or essence from Reality, they stressed the external form. When the thinkers of this mentality came to Tassawuf their minds could only reach the formal aspect of Reality". (14). Hamza quotes Maulana Ashraf Ali Thanvi who has said, "If in the observation of Reality one were also to observe at the same time the other-than-reality, this would not be true Wahdatul Shuhud".

An interesting chapter of this book is the discussion of Wajud from material point of view. In this chapter Hamza discusses the point of view of various philosophers, Muslim as well as non-Muslim, ancient as well as modern. Among the Greek
philosophers he quotes Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. From Europe and America he quotes Spinoza, Hegel, Emerson and William James. Among the Muslim philosophers he takes up Bu Ali Sina or Aveccenna and Ibne Rushd. He also quotes Allama Iqbal and Karl Marx. He also considers a number of scientific discoveries and inventions which positively prove the existence of God. He also discusses the Vedic view of Divinity which consider all three viz matter, the spirit and God as co-eternal with God being the dominant force among the trinity. He also refutes the doctrine of transmigration of souls. According to Hamza there can be four progressive stages for the cognition of God: atheism, transmigration, Wahdatul Shuhud and Wahdtul Wajud. The doctrine of transmigration had also been widespread in medieval India. It had among its adherents Krishna, Ram Chander, Gothma Bhudda and Pythagoras. Even Nitsche had a similar belief when he wanted to see the perfection of man into a superman.

Hamza has also hotly contested Shaikh Ahamad's replacement of "the idea of Mohammad" by "the idea of Ibrahim". Shaikh Ahamd has maintained that since Mohammad was instructed to follow the Shari'at of Ibrahim, the latter must be taken as the first creation. But so far it was a settled question with the mystics that Mohammad was the first to be created. There are a number of traditions in the support of this claim. Mohammad was a prophet when even Adam was in the clay mould. Shaikh Ahmad has, therefore, successfully and deliberately tried to give birth to yet another controversy. But Hamza has pointed out a number of
contradictions in his (the shaikh's) this claim. To give one example, he writes, "The prophethood of Khalil (Ibrahim) in spite of being the first born, has not been an obstruction between God and the prophethood of Mohammad". (16). Hamza has been simply incensed by this apparent contradiction. If in fact Ibrahim is the first born then how could he be an obstruction between God and another of His prophet who is not yet born? This is how Shaikh Ahmad goes on contradicting himself to prove the superiority of Hazrat Ibrahim over Hazrat Mohammad. But he is highly unconvincing all along.

Another important chapter in this book is on the Sufi Orders. Hamza traces their origin from the time of the Caliphates and the traditional enmity between the Umayyids and the Banu Abbas tribes. He quotes Allama Iqbal on the fact that the new converted Muslims did not have proper gestation period to understand and assimilate the true spirit of Islam. The result was that when Islam spread out in the wake of widespread conquests and a vast Islamic Empire came into being, the half-baked Muslims were blinded by the glitter of gold and material success and they easily slipped back into the same old non-Islamic beliefs and practices. At such a time it was necessary to keep alive the true spirit of Islam. Hence the formation of Sufi orders for the preservation and propagation of the pristine Islam. Hamza lists fourteen such orders, all of them tracing their origin to Hazrat Ali. The more well known among them are Naqashbandia, Chishtia, Wadiria and Sohrawardia. Their basic teachings and prac
tices are the same.

This book provides a very deep insight into the abstruse problems of Sufism. The writer himself has gone through the excruciating practices of this exacting discipline and is steeped in its inner knowledge. He has the discerning eyes to separate the grain from the chaff. He can sift the gold from the sand of this desolate desert. We feel that he has done ample justice to the unbiased but still scathing criticism of Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi whom he still holds in the highest esteem.

**STORIES AND ESSAYS.**

From time to time Hamza Shinwari has also written a number of stories as well as short stories and essays to be published in various Pashto journals. Later on his son, Murad Ali Shinwari, collected some of those stories and essays to publish them in a volume entitled, Zavar Fikroona (deep thoughts). The book itself doesn't carry any date of publication but some of the essays in the book have been dated. They range from 1944 to 1953. The book itself must have been published in the early sixties. It contains some seventeen essays, four stories and one story in dialogue form, having the semblance, if not the actual, germs of a one act drama. Apart from these we have also culled some fourteen other essays from various Pashto journals. These are by no means all his stories and essays. He must still have some more of them yet to be unearthed from the debris of the vanishing record of Pashto journals. However, we will confine our discussion to these
known stories, essays and articles and they are numerous and varied enough to merit a full discussion.

For this discussion we will have to concentrate more on the essays and articles as the stories' side is rather poor. There are only four or five stories of very crude, puerile and elementary nature. Three of the stories can be called a trilogy for they revolve around one central character, Shatool Kaka, and a rustic, fossilised village life, in the typical Pathan surroundings. Like all the blockhead villagers Shatool Kaka is steeped in ignorance and vulgar habits. His uncouth mannerism is nauseating even for an unsophisticated villager. According to E. M. Forster's categorisation, Shatool Kaka is a flat, cardboard character, at best but a vulgar poster on a crumbling village wall, a moving mockery of culture and civilisation. He is shallow, rigid, greedy and stupid to the point of insanity. He characterises the village background where the people are not only simple but simply sub-human.

There are three different stories under the name of Shatool Kaka. The first story revolves around his revolting manners of urinating in the public, even in the middle of the path. He is being constantly reprimanded and teased by the village folk for this vulgar habit which he always justifies by saying: /Rahy ph $r` kXe d Ch $rm/ /Rom/ "Pa Shara' Keh Sa Sharam De (what is the shame in what is allowed by the Shari'at).

The other story is about Shatool Kaka's Eid sacrifice which he wanted to skip under the pretext of poverty but was forced by
his domineering wife to buy a sheep by pointing out the money he had hoarded in a pot. Under the brazen wrath of his wife he ultimately bought a small, weak and very young ram whose very credentials for sacrifice were doubtful. He also played a crude trick on his wife by fixing an artificial beard to the chin of the ram to make it appear respectably oldish. But the trick was exploded on the day of sacrifice when the ram was slaughtered and his artificial beard came off in the hands of Shatool Kaka's wife and he had to bear the brunt and humiliation of her anger and the ensuing pandemonium, which brought nearly the whole village to their house. The third story is about Shatool Kaka's going to the Jando Mela (the fair of the flags). (17). His younger son was surreptitiously taken to the fair by a friend of his and he had to go after him to bring him back. All these are light, humorous stories depicting typical village life, even if with an unkindly liberal dose of irony and satire.

His essays and articles can also be divided into two categories: light and serious. Among his light essays we may include SARITOB (manliness), BAW (the bogy), DAROUGH DE KHOAI LARI (may falsehood flourish), DA PAKHTO PUKHWAANAI MUSHAIRE (the old Pashto Mushairas), DA BARAZO AKARA (the Barazai (quail) ring), DA MACH Khabare (the reply of the fly) and so on. He has also written a beautiful allegory on Pashto literature called DA PAKHTO ADAB. In this allegory the poet, wrapped up in his traditional blanket and still shivering in winter cold, comes across a dry Mulberry tree, standing all alone in a wide moor. As he
stands near the tree a crow flies from it and a dry twig falls to
the ground. Then there is a conversation between the tree and the
poet. The land around is arid but there is profuse undergrowth
all around the tree. There is a well-maintained garden at a
distance towards the east, perhaps kept by some prince, full of
prosperous trees and smiling flowers. But this lone Mulberry tree
and its undergrowth fend for themselves, without being looked
after by any prince or his army of gardeners. As a result they
grow stubborn and are not easily eliminated by the vagaries of
weather or the onslaught of pests and insects. The poet talks to
the tree for some time and they conclude that when the spring
will come, which is but around the corner, the lone tree will be
surrounded by countless young, blossoming trees and nature
herself will look after them. It will not be long before the
trees bear fruit. This will be the garden (or jungle) of self-
grown Pashto literature. We might as well take the lone, dry tree
for Hamza himself and the undergrowth for his legacy.

The light essays are witty and humorous and the
writer himself, like that of his readers, simply drifts with the
tide of fun. He neither proves nor disproves anything; he is only
interested in the immediate humorous situation and his power of
creating a mole hill out of nothing; or taking out live pigeons
from his juggler’s hat and enjoying the show as much himself as
his unsuspecting, raped, readers. Perhaps the writer himself is
as much entertained by the writing of these essays as his readers
are by their reading. For example in the essay Baw the writer
sets out by mock-defining the imaginary, fearful entity by maintaining, in the true philosophical tradition that, everything that has a name must also have some form, shape or presence. He talks of all the supernatural beings who do have some shape or can assume a human or animal shape at will and are fearful by dint of their simply being supernatural. But this common Bogey is more of a fanciful than a supernatural being; a creation of the human mind and sustained by a host of superstitions. It attacks and terrifies mostly the children and the chicken-hearted villagers because of their ignorance and credulence.

In another, similarly light essay, DA BARAZO AKARA, Hamza describes a typical village quail ring. Quail keeping and its fighting is a traditional Pathan sport. There are regular quail rings in which people bet more heavily than the Europeans actually bet on the famous Derby Horses. But unlike the civilised Derby Races, these rings often turn into battlefields in which the quailers (if we must use this adjective!) not only clash but actually fight out the battles of their little birds. In these human rings then the quails themselves become silent but all the same happy spectators while the would be spectators fight like senseless dogs. With the dawn of democracy, quail keeping also became every citizen’s hobby but in the age of aristocracy, quail keeping was the exclusive privilege of the feudal lords. Along with his retinue of servants for his horses, hounds and hawks, he would also have an army of servants for his quails. They would not only be the most polished flatterers but also equally adept
at the science (or is it an art?) of quail keeping—from catching or hatching to the ultimate, immaculate training for the ring. Hamza himself mentions more than a dozen kinds of quails and their hereditary characteristics. However, he is neither bitter nor even satirical against this cruel and bloody sport. He simply enjoys writing about it (for he himself had had this hobby once upon a time). He tries to be as realistic as possible, leaving it for us to draw conclusions for ourselves if we wish so.

However, he cannot resist taking recourse to a biting satire in his essay Da Mach Khabare (the reply of the fly). In this essay he compares and contrasts man and fly, or looking at human life and thoughts from the point of view of a fly. The writer puts his own thoughts in the mouth of a fly and passes judgement on human vanity, greed and cruelty. The fly says to the man, "we never fight over our food and eatables. We have no greed to hoard anything. We don't make houses, simply because we don't have to hoard things. There is no dearth in our food stock because we don't stock any food. If you were also not greedy and prone to hoarding, you could also have plentiful of food. You claim that God is provider but practically deny it. Still you call yourself the best of the creatures. You should be ashamed of yourself". The fly continues further telling the wonderstruck man in the same satirical vein. "Sitting on the horse of evolution you have reached humanity in the environment of the entire creation. You have brought with yourself the truth of all things because you were to be the manager of the universe. You have all
the prerequisites of being able to conquer the universe". (18)

Similarly he describes in a humorous vein the macabre convention called Da Pakhto Pukhwana Mushaire (the old Pashto Mushairas). We have already discussed them in the previous chapter. Here we will be repeating ourselves if we discuss them again. We will, however, repeat the now apparently meaningless relic of those good old days when even now an old man may ask at the end of a Mushaira, "Who won and who lost?" And it would be difficult to make him understand that Mushaira is not a game of cricket to be won or lost on the pitch. Even a cricket match sometimes ends in a draw; and the modern day Mushairas are no more than a match of wits. The old man's question may sound silly to us but then modern Mushaira may sound equally silly to him as it would be devoid of so much suspense and fun.

Among the serious essays we might include IRTIQA AW ZIHNIYAT (evolution and mentality), TAMADUN AW INSANIYAT (civics and humanity), DA KAMTARAI IHSAS (the inferiority complex), QAUMIYAT AW ISLAM (nationalism and Islam), TANWEED (criticism), ANA AW ZAMAN (ego and time), INSANIYAT AW AMN (humanity and peace), KHUSHAL KHAN AW DA HAGHA SHA'IRY (Khushal Khan and his poetry), DA PAKHTO GHAZAL (Pashto Ghazal), DA REHMAN BABA KAMILA 'AQEEDA (the unfaltering faith of Rehman Baba), DA JI-H MALEEHABADI GHAZAL (the Ghazal of Josh Maleehabadi), PAKHTO BA SANGA TARQUI KAWI (How will Pashto develop?), ZAMA DA ZIHNI IRTIQA MANZAL (the destination of my mental evolution). Here we will discuss but only some of them for the discussion of all will
require much more space than we can hope to provide.

In the first essay Hamza discusses nationalism and the mentality working behind it. According to him all nations of the world are individualities, having distinctive characteristics which are nourished as well as defended by a certain mentality. A man has individual as well as collective responsibilities. He must be trained on both these levels. "With this a national mentality will evolve which, along with its own individuality, will have such a relationship with international law or inter-human values not to admit of any clash with external affairs or civic events". He further says, "No individual or a nation of the world can lead an exclusive or secluded life. They must have interactions with other individuals or nations and this relation must be based upon certain values. Force or the rule of "might is right" or "the law of the jungle" cannot be of any durable use. Individuals and nations must have respect for and a human interest in other individuals and nations; or mankind will be forced to be fighting against itself which will amount to the eroding of the very basis of humanity". (19).

Similarly in the essay on Islam and Nationalism Hamza refutes the theory of separating the state from the church or politics from religion. Although he doesn't quote it there is a famous couplet of Allama Iqbal on the subject:

\[\text{ lh} l\text{ b'd$'hy hw kh jmhwy bm$'h hw jd' hw dyn sy'st se tw rh j'ty he ongyzy. }\]

(Whether it is Royal glory
Or the pageant of Democracy
Only Changeziyat is left when
Religion is separated from politics). (Iqbal).

Here, too, Hamza argues that nationalities are individualities which Islam has tried to uphold instead of negating them. When we say that Islam is a universal religion not admitting of caste, colour or creed, we do not mean that it also negates local cultures and nationalities. The anti-nationalists quote a verse from the Quran in their support which says, "Ye all human beings have been created from one man and one woman. Then God divided you in different tribes and clans for (the purposes of) recognition (identification). The best amongst you is the one who is the most pious". Making the same verse the basis of his refutation of the anti-nationalists' conviction Hamza argues that it is the will of God that mankind must be divided into tribes and nationalities and every individual must adhere to and uphold his native tribe and its distinctive culture and that is what is meant by piety in the above verse. This is but also the law of nature and going against this law is actually opposing God's commandments. Hamza maintains that it is necessary for the overall progress of the world that man must be divided into tribes and nations, competing against each other for necessary development. Whether nationalistic or religious, a flat cosmopolitanism is neither imaginable nor even desirable.

At the end, we will take up his essay on Tanqeed (criticism). There is hardly any critical literature in Pashto or any literature on criticism itself. Tanqeed is often confused with Tanqees (condemnation). This is because Pashto writers are
subjective and biased; for them criticism also involves a host of social values or paraliterary considerations. They must either condemn a work, whether good or bad, or praise it without reservation. In defining criticism Hamza starts with nature herself which is the greatest critic. This continuous change in nature is but a progressive criticism on life. "With the torch of mind and thought and action in hand or foot, life searches hidden treasures in the universe. For its perfection it carries on destruction on the one hand and construction on the other. Criticism is a sign of life and a step towards progress. But if it takes a wrong step, it can push life into the pit of destruction". (21).

It was in 1950 that the Ulasi Adabi Jarga was formed under the leadership of Hamza Shinwari. It was in the regular meetings of this Jarga that criticism or practical criticism was practically introduced for the first time in our literature. Thus Pashto literature was made aware of the inevitability of unbiased, objective and constructive criticism. It was in the light of those critical sessions of the Jarga that this essay has been written to provide a sort of philosophical basis for the critical faculties of the learned members. Perhaps it was also read in one of those meetings for the enlightenment of its unaware if not uncritical members. This essay provides canons of criticism or "touchstones" for practical criticism.

Hamza is highly opposed to criticism for the sake of criticism. That will be against all the human values of honesty, fairness and justice, defeating its own purpose.
THE NOVEL

In this section we will discuss Hamza Shinwari's only novel *Nawe Chase* (New Waves). This novel revolves around the most point of Pakhtoon unity, a slogan about which there is no difference of opinion and all the characters of the novel consider as an article of faith. After the concept is evolved and discussed at length, all the characters are ultimately converted to the creed and towards the end of the novel, when assembled for a dinner in the house of Yousaf Khan, they all shout with one voice, "Long live the Pakhtoon unity" and "Long live the Afghan Millat". (PP 401-2). The novel picks up the idea of the Pakhtoon unity at the time of the raging freedom movement and the mushrooming of political parties of various hues and denominations, all over the Indian subcontinent. The main political parties at the time were the Indian National, the Muslim League, the Khaksars, the Afrars and the Khudai Khidmatgars; all directed mainly towards the Indian freedom movement. Like all the other non-Anti Indians, the Pathans of the north-west also identified themselves with one political party or another in their joint struggle for the freedom of India. However, as the dawn of freedom was becoming more and more visible, it was gradually becoming more clear that all the political ties were, at the same time, working for particular, local and parochial interests, although the larger context of the freedom of the subcontinent remained constant.

In the midst of this political hotch-potch Abdul
Ghaffar Khan founded a political party at Uthmanzai, Charsadda, under the name of Khudai Khidmatgar (service in the name of God) in 1929. This was the only political party with which the Pathans could identify themselves and which could project their aspirations and safeguard their legitimate interests in the fluid political atmosphere of the then Indian subcontinent. But soon this political party incurred the wrath of the British Raj and a reign of terror was unleashed against it. To save his skin from further persecution, Abdul Ghaffar Khan was forced to join the Indian Congress. Although protected to some extent by the Congress umbrella, this dashed all the hopes of the Pakhtoons for freedom, even after the British had left. Hamza points to this fact in the novel when he says, "The Pakhtoon nation has no political party of its own. There was the Khudai Khidmatgars which joined the Congress. Even if India gets freedom from the British it will be replaced by the Hindu rule and the Pakhtoon nation will be swamped by the sea of the Hindu majority. The Pakhtoons can not hope to have their own independent political entity."

In this political rigmarole Hamza could really see no future for the Pakhtoon nation. The existing political parties could not be expected to solve the peculiar problems of the Pakhtoons. The only logical course would be the initiation of a freedom movement by the Pakhtoons that would reflect their own true aspirations. This movement was conceived to, first of all, bring all the medley of Pakhtoon tribes on a common, central platform, as they were too fragmented to be reckoned as a potential force.
They were to renounce their mutual hostilities and unite under the banner of "Pakhtoon Brotherhood". The seeds of discord were purposely sown among them to weaken their resistance to the blind forces of "divide and rule". Now, once again, they had to be made conscious of their common heritage and their glorious past in order to make them visualise their true future. Now their aim was not only to win freedom for India from the British Raj but also to attain their own free state called Pakhtoonistan, "which would span over the territories from Ghital to Baluchistan" north-south and east-west from the Indus to the Oxus. These were still Pakhtoon majority areas only artificially divided by a Durand Line, to the drawing of which no Pakhtoon, not even Amir Abdur Rehman Khan, the then ruler of Kabul, was a party.

Hamza also refutes the religious opposition to nationalism. Not only was nationalism dubbed as an idol (or another idol in this age of rampant idolatry), but Pashto language itself was declared as the language of Hell. We have already quoted the couplet of stunning rebuttal to this by Hamza. To counter this misleading, venomous propaganda in the garb of religion, Hamza declared that, "Love with one’s own soil is part of nature and a sign of true faith. There is no opposition to it in Shari’at. Since this opposition is unnatural, it is unIslamic". (P.305). As we have already seen in the previous section, Hamza believes that nations are individualities and it is God’s design that the world should be divided among different tribes and nations, all with peculiar characteristics, so that they compete
with each other for the progress and evolution of mankind. The best among the mankind are only those who adhere more scrupulously to their tribal or national identity and safeguard it, even with blood if necessary, against aggression or onslaught by alien ideologies and characteristics. He also believes that the Pakhtoons have spread Islam over most of Asia. "When the Arab zest for Islam declined, its standard was raised from Pakhtoon khwa and Islam in the Indian subcontinent was spread by the Pakhtoons:" (P.333). As compared to all the other nations of the world, the Pakhtoons are nearest to the Arabs in all respects and next to the Arabs the Pakhtoons can be true guardians of Islam. Their free nationalism can be an effective bulwark to Islam against the creeping alien creeds. How can they protect Islam if they can not protect their very identity and freedom first. If they can not stay free it is not likely that they will stay staunch Muslims or the promoters of Islam.

It is interesting that the only Pashto newspaper in the novel is called Nawe Pakhtoon (modern Pathan). This is also the title of Hamza Shinwari's own (future) book which is an account of his tour to Afghanistan that he had undertaken in 1957. The novel was written before that fateful tour. The germs of the Pakhtoon unification were already there in his mind. The tour only vindicated his stand point when he was so deeply impressed by the management of the then Afghan government. From then on, perhaps also spurred by the vehement Afghan propaganda for Pakhtoonistan, his poetry as indeed his all other writings can
be seen to have undergone an organic change from Sufism to Pakhtoon nationalism. The name of this newspaper and the title of his later travelogue suggest how deeply Hamza was committed to his political creed for such a long time: from 1967 when the novel was written to 1958 when the travelogue was written.

An anonymous poetess with the nom de plumes of Wafa (fidelity), also contributes poetry to this new paper. Her poems are Hamza Shinwari's own (now) published poems. In the beginning she sends only romantic poems to the paper but later on, as the ubiquitous views of nationalism catches up, Wafa too is affected by this virus and then she also writes poems on themes of national unification. Her poems are highly appreciated by all but the fact of her being a woman and writing poetry for the newspapers is still resented by some, the more orthodox, characters in the novel. However, the more enlightened characters do not object to her publication of poems, woman or no woman. In fact the first thing to be looked for in the newspaper is her fresh poem which is sure not to disappoint her fans. Some of the characters are sort of addicted to her poetry. Being basically a poet himself, perhaps Hamza can not resist an overdose of poetry. Poetry pervades the novel throughout as some of the other characters are also poets while most of them are lovers of poetry.

**THE PLOT:** The novel has two plots: a main plot as well as a sub-plot. At the end both converge into a happy ending. The main plot relates the story of Salim and his sister Gul Rukh, children of a well off fruit merchant of Peshawar.
belonging to the Ghilzai tribe, having been abducted to Tirah for ransom by an old Kukikhel servant, Azim Khan. Salim has a friend and class fellow, Akbar Khan Kukikhel from Tirah who happens to be at his village at the time. He succeeds in releasing Salim and his sister from their ignominious captivity. On coming back to Peshawar, the two families develop intimate relationship. Akbar Khan also happens to have property in Peshawar and his family would shuttle between Peshawar and Tirah like the seasonal migratory birds. Akbar Khan has a sister called Sofia who is also educated and enamoured of Western ways of life. Salim and Akbar Khan have a number of friends. Among them Khan Bahadur Yousaf Khan is an elderly, respectable man. Salim is a poet and, though younger, a more respectable character. In fact we can take him for the central character of the novel and a mouthpiece of the feelings of the writer himself. At the beginning, all the characters have their various political affiliations but gradually Salim makes them conscious of working for the idea of Pakhtoon unification. The novel ends with the agreement of all the characters to adopt the above idea as a political proposition and start preaching it as a proper political creed.

The sub-plot revolves around a maid-servant of Salim called Mahbooba. She is a poor girl but at the same time highly cultured and sensible. This fact makes Salim and his sister suspicious of her true identity. Then one day it is revealed that she is the daughter of Khan Bahadur Yousaf Khan, having run away from home to avoid a forced marriage. When Yousaf Khan comes to
the house of Salim to take her with him, she has run away from there. Again she surfaces as a teacher under the name of Zarina and serves at the private school of Rafiq for four years. When her identity is disclosed this time, her father forgives her and allows her to marry Rafiq, a man of her own choice. It is then found out that she was in fact the same Wafa who used to send her poetry to the newspaper. All this while she had been taking correction from Salim through correspondence. Even for Salim and his sister it was a pleasant surprise that Wafa was but their servant Mahbooba and they were not mistaken in sensing her deep inner culture and profound sensibility, partly due to her brought up in the house of a Khan Bahadur. Her poetry has already endeared her to everybody and, when the cat is finally out of the bag, she is received with open arms.

CHARACTERISATION: The novel has some nine male and some five female major characters. Among the male characters Salim, Akbar Khan and Khan Bahadur Youssuf Khan are fully developed, mature and flesh-and-blood characters. According to the categorisation of E.M. Forster, they can be called round characters while the others are just flat characters for filling the blanks. Older characters like Akbar Khan's father and mother have been constantly used for effective humorous purposes. They are a humorous anti-thesis of the younger generation of characters which are serious, subtle and witty. They are full of vision, ideas and vision while the older characters are sedate, simple and insensitive to the forces of change that is taking place.
around them. Among the rest Salim and Akbar Khan are more assertive and prominent. They are like the pulsating veins of the novel if the rest can be compared to its flesh and blood while the older characters as its dull bones. Salim is a sentient thinker while Akbar Khan is an impulsive actor. Salim provides the philosophical background to the plot that is actually enacted by Akbar Khan. Together they have succeeded in creating a euphoria for a utopian state.

Yet they are plain Pathans subject to all their human shortcomings. They live as ordinary human beings and never indulge in over reaching their limitations. They are not only class fellows and friends but there is a sort of spiritual affinity or attachment between the two. Soon after the abduction episode of Jirah the two families mix up so tightly together that even the traditional Pakhtoon veil is lifted for each other. Their sisters also come to not only love each other but also each other’s brothers. The stage is set for the merger or even fusion of the two families into one when Salim and Akbar Khan ultimately marry each others sisters.

In fact Salim and his sister, Bilk Rukh are the brain behind the novel. They are equally sensitive, sensible and sympathetic. They may not have set the events in motion but they certainly provide them a direct and a purpose. Together they have been weaving the moral and philosophical threads from which the entire matrix of the novel is made. The edifice of the novel is raised on the ideological foundations that they have so
cleverly laid. The other characters also contribute their own share in raising the super-structure. Salim is a poet and his sister abound in common sense and the understanding of day to day life and its underlying currents and cross currents whether social, moral or even political. She is as sensible, if not more, as her accomplished brother. Together they present an ideal pair of the human specie.

We come across the more interesting characterisation of Hamza Shinwari among his female characters. Some of them have some marked characteristics which render them more memorable than even most of the male characters. We cannot but marvel at the writer's grasp of female psychology. His female characters are not passive ducks; nor even shy, docile and dumb animals or sub-humans as women are commonly supposed to be in this part of the world. Sometimes his female characters are more forthright, active and even assertive than even most of the male characters. Along with abundant feminine charm, they are mentally as alert and witty, if not more, as their male counterparts. Like the characters in some of the great comedies of Shakespeare, we feel that some of these female characters may be but young naughty boys in female costume, with indeed very thin, transparent make-up. These young winches are as witty as comedians, as talkative as monkeys and as well-informed about the day to day political events as cabinet ministers. Perhaps sometimes the writer over-feeds them when they rise up to the discussion of even Sufism and some deep philosophical questions, as if they
were young female saints if not the angels from above. However, they are bestowed upon with "infinite varieties", to borrow a phrase from none other than Shakespeare who perhaps could see in them his own genius. Their company is always exciting not because they are charming ladies (which alone would be more than enough for any mortal man and that too from this part of the world) but also because they are full of life, a life that is full of fun, wit and humour.

An interesting aspect of the female characterisation is the eternal question of Pardah (the female veil) and even the outright adoption of the Western dress with all its paraphernalia of make up and even the purse (no matter whatever may be in there) hanging from the shoulder. Two of the ladies i.e. Safia and her school teacher, Madame Latifa, have completely discarded traditional Pathan dress in favour of the Indian Sari with the naked back and bare head and arms and high heel shoes and the accompanying snobbery. From Pathan point of view this dress is as undesirable, if not more, as the European skirt with bare legs and all the accompanying nudity. Naturally the orthodox, rigid ladies of the novel are not only opposed to but strongly resent the brazen nakedness of the otherwise respectable, young Pathan ladies, coming from traditional families as they do. Actually their heads were turned by the modern school education which would put more stress on outward, artificial mannerisms than the expansion of the mental and intellectual horizon of the young pupils. Gul Rukh, with a moderate and mainly traditional education
opposes this dress and the mentality going with it. She calls it not only a silly aping of the western unbashfulness but the sign of an outright inferiority complex on the part of the Eastern races. She maintains that woman is born weak (nobody can convince Hamza that woman can be the equal of man). She is born for bearing children and maintaining home, she must observe Purdah. Madam Latifa can not agree to this bla bla bla. To her these are the centuries-old arguments of male chauvinism, and an unnatural negation of the rights of woman. Exploiting her supposed weakness man has confined woman either as a decoration piece or performing menial jobs at home. All her legitimate rights have been taken away in lieu of economic support. She believes that the West has finally emancipated the woman from millennia-old bondage and degradation. However, towards the end of the novel both the sensible ladies are convinced of the impropriety of the Western dress and manners and the fallacy of their thinking based upon such insecure foundations. They revert to the traditional Pathan dress without regret.

In the introduction to Bibi Nogra, Syed Iaqweemul Haq Kakakhel maintains about this novel of Hamza Shinwari, "Some times the dialogues become so lengthy that they destroy the very charm of the novel. The novel of Hamza Shinwari is a successful novel but a slight carelessness has spoiled it. This small defect has concealed many of his otherwise good qualities". (22). Now this assertion is partly true about our novel. It has not throu- ghout the novel that Hamza has kept to lengthy dialogues as if
they were an article of faith with him. From the beginning the novel has very short, dramatic dialogues which give the novel a dynamic movement. It is towards the later half, when the writer tries to convey his political philosophy that the dialogues drag on. At this point the dialogues sound to be long essays if not boring sermons or passionate U.N.O. speeches, only now and then punctuated by short pithy remarks or just an expression of appreciation by one or another character. It reminds the telling of a story in a play. As the story but destroys the spirit of the play these essay-type, extended dialogues not only arrest the tempo of the novel but make the entire exercise artificial and inconvin- cing. It only assumes a propagandist tinge.

Another bewildering aspect of the novel is what we might call synchronisation. The novel uses the word Pakhtoonistan and tries to expound its philosophy. But the Pakhtoonistan movement had started much after partition when Pakistan had come into being. It was Afghanistan which opposed the U.N. membership of Pakistan that she had territorial claims to the areas comprising Pakistan. Then she came out with the Pakhtoonistan stunt and launched aggressive propaganda in its support. Instead of picking up the movement from where it actually started, our writer goes back into the pre-partition India and preaches the idea of the Pakhtoon unification. There were also local, regional and ethnic interests colouring the over-all Indian political scene. If the question of Pakhtoon unity had been raised while India was yet to be divided, it would be a legitimate aspiration. But in the mean
time, when his characters were still hatching the idea of Pakhtoon unification, the subcontinent was divided between the Muslims and the Hindus. This partition i.e. 1947 is a stumbling block in the novel. The partition and its traumatic repercussions are just glossed over. It is only referred to in a summary dialogue between two characters. It is long after Pakistan had come into being that all the characters of the novel (and they all happened to be very close friends) came together to formally vow to work for the central idea of the story. To my mind the novel is not at all clear about where to have started from and where to have naturally ended. I think all the prepartition portion of the novel (which covers two-third of it) is simply irrelevant. I don’t know at all how to account for this glaring anomaly.

Another highly improbable if not outright improper scene in the novel is, what can only be called, “mass marriages” at the end when all the men and all the women are married in but one night. This brings to mind a prehistoric custom, still prevalent in some ancient tribes, when all the due marriages of the year used to be solemnised at one time. While it may be looked upon as a happy coincidence and at the same time a politically desirable nonsense, it also reflects on the inability of the writer to arrange separate marriages for most if not all the couples in his story. I think these otherwise legitimate marriages have only been turned into a farce. Or may I say, I have been told by Mohammad Azam Azam such mass marriages was one of the
dramatic conventions of the time, and our writer, being a dramatist at the same time, could not resist this dramatic effect even if devoid of the possibility of "the willing suspension of disbelief".

TRAVELOGUES

Hamza Shinwari has also published two accounts of his journeys: Nawa Pakhtoon (modern Pathan) and Da Hijaz Pa Lor (on the way to Hijaz). The former is an account of his tour to Afghanistan, which he had undertaken in August 1957 while the later is a description of his pilgrimage to the holy Makka which he had undertaken by road from Kabul via Iran, Iraq and Kuwait. It was in 1967. We have already written about much of the substance of both these travelogues in the first chapter. Here we will confine ourselves to their style and literary merit; as their great literary merit cannot be disputed as both are at the same time finest specimen of Hamza Shinwari's descriptive prose. Together they also put Hamza in the category of those few Pashto writers, whether modern or even ancient, who have left travelogues of enduring interest.

Travelogues can also be looked upon as an effective literary genre. They have immense literary as well as historical value. Like those of diaries and other diverse sources travelogues also throw light on obscure literary and social events and personalities. Apart from their immediate literary value travelogues can also be valuable historical records. We need not drag in
Huen Tsang, Fa Hian, Marco Polo and Ibne Batuta to hammer our point home. Every moment of the ticking time adds to their value as an authentic future reference on the events of the fleeting past. A good writer is at the same time conscious of the demands of history on him. He is writing as much for the posterity as for the contemporary readership. He is perforce honest, truthful, unbiased and realistic in the description of events, places and personalities. Although the stamp of his own personality is fairly visible on the entire account, as it is inevitable, yet like the dramatist himself, he is only in the background, never directly interfering with the performance of his actors or the flow of events. He would be insulting the intelligence of his readers if he tried to do so.

He neither distorts facts to fit into his preconceived frame of references nor unnecessarily idolises individuals to project them beyond proper proportions, nor see in places what is not there to be seen. He is neither a propagandist nor a preacher having his own axe to grind for one purpose or another. He is at best a passive observer of what happens around him and how and why it happens. He is, to borrow one of Hamza shinwari’s own favourite metaphors, a mirror in which his surroundings is only clearly reflected. Like an impartial judge he constantly weighs the pros and cons of what he observes and how he himself reacts to the situation. If he has one eye on the positive side of his experiences, the other eye is almost always concentrated on the negative aspects. It is true that he invariably identifies
himself with the general background, and also himself flows (or drifts would be better) in the currents of the same events. But at the same time he is also conscious of his role as an observer (and not an agent or a catalyst) and tries to keep himself aloof from the cross-currents of events for impartial if not strictly impersonal observations. In this way we may look upon a writer of travels as a social historian observing and recording the contemporary history. By its very nature of social contact and personal touch this history is multi-dimensional and far superior to the traditional historian’s accounts of kings and queens and war and peace. The later kind of history has no more relevance than pure fiction with all its factual facade.

Both the travelogues of Hamza Shinwari can be looked upon in the light of the preceding remarks. They are not only personal narratives of a wandering scribe but a true picture of a social set caught in a passing moment of history. Farooq Shinwari writes in the introduction to the Nawe Pakhtoon. "Many people have been going to or coming from Kabul. Some go there in connection with business, coming back with profit or loss; others are busy in transport and keep the wheels of trade turning (or rolling) under all kinds of vehicles. The dust that is gathered on their hands and feet and faces during their long journey to and fro, is easily washed with a little soap and water at the end of it all. But the case of a writer is always different. The dust of the journey also leaves a deeper impression on his sensitive mind, which cannot be washed away with just soap and water. He
must analyse it in the light of his own personality and then give it a shape and a purpose. As a result, a travelogue is created which is more enduring than the day to day business or even the very social fabric that is embodied in it." (23).

The *Nawe Pakhtoon* depicts the now almost vanishing literary and intellectual atmosphere at Kabul. While reading this absorbing account we are constantly reminded of the adage "fact is stranger than fiction". While all the time conscious of its being a true, pictorial account of events and personalities, bounded by a particular time and space, pulsating against a peculiar back-ground we easily slip into the irresistible novelty of the description and the strangeness of its truth. We feel as if we read but an absorbing novel, full of action and ideas, teeming with characters as true to life as life itself can be true; only written in first person to be more credible, catching and absorbing. But after all it is not a novel neither are the characters or events the mere creation of our writer's imagination. It is not even a story or history either. It is an account of real people and real places passing through real events of daily life. It is the story of a living country, a culture on the march, an ancient civilisation caught in a moment of modern history; a people conscious of their mission in life and aspiring for a social utopia based on freedom and universal brotherhood.

In this moving account Hamza comes across a whole Kabul tribe of poets, writers, thinkers, artists, musicians, journalists, broadcasters, educationists, businessmen, politicians and
high ranking government officers. He also rubs shoulders with fierce tribesmen and rustic villagers in the dusty streets of old Kabul. He sees Afghanistan as it were, from both the ends, from top as well as the bottom. With him we meet the cream of Afghanistan, the brain behind the social flux, the inner coterie that silently guides the destiny of a noisy but peaceful nation. They are all great people in their own right; each a personality, a personification of one virtue or another or a host of them at the same time. Being themselves highly cultured and civilised they also hold Hamza in the highest possible esteem for his immortal services to the cause of Pashto language and literature. In fact he is never a stranger among them, being fully attuned to their mental and spiritual frequencies. He shares their perception and they value his literary and intellectual distinctions. Having gone there on a purely private visit, he is throughout kept as a special guest. Among the army of intellectual elites of the city if not the entire nation (for at that time most people had converged on Kabul in view of the Jashan), there would be some who would not subscribe to the social and metaphysical philosophy of Hamza Shinwari, yet they regarded him as the most respectable Pakhtoon among them. His room in the prestigious Kabul hotel was turned into a living shrine being visited day and night by people of all denominations. An interesting aspect of the story is the profusion of dinners, lunches and tea invitations extended to Hamza Shinwari throughout his stay at Kabul, whether by private individuals, as a mark of friendship or by public organisation:
acknowledging his pre-eminence. It is very rare that he dines or even breakfasts at his hotel. This indicated the profound regard that almost all the Kabul elites had had for him. Those dinners used to be very largely attended, with the presence of almost all the elites at all the dinners, whether private or public. And each dinner used to be punctuated by a lively discussion of some social, political or philosophical problem. One could hear diverse views on any topic or topics that were under discussion. At times, to break the monotony of drawing room or dining room dinners, Hamza would be taken out for picnics to the famous resorts in and around Kabul like Paghman, Baghe Babar, Aztalif and Gul Bahar, the latter two some thirty miles on the north of Kabul. The evergreen Afghan music and that too by the legendary Malang Jan, would go well with those lively picnics. And with music being there dancing would be irresistible. All the elites, irrespective of rank or age, would perform the merry gyrations. The others would participate by standing in a circle around the dancing ring, clapping their hands with rhythm of the drum. The whole atmosphere would be pervaded by a gulla of goodwill.

While one reads it now Nawe Pakhtoon is a pathetic commentary on the present plight of Afghanistan. She now stands as only the ruins of that lofty idealism of the bygone days. Then the backward but peaceful country was ruled by a benign, medieval monarchy, having its tentacles deep down into the masses or you could call it a grassroots monarchy. It had a stable and progressive economy—guaranteed by necessary political and economic
stability. Peace, progress and prosperity went hand in hand. The country was slowly but surely recovering from the stupor of a civil war which was still fresh in living memory. The shambles of the senseless civil war were being reconstructed diligently into a modern, viable state. Trade and industry were gradually picking up. Transport was being modernised and roads and bridges were being renovated. Agriculture, the backbone of the country, was being paid more attention. Trade was diversified so much that Afghanistan was made into a sort of free market of the world. The punch of poverty was being mitigated by a number of social welfare schemes. Education at all levels was provided free by the state. A feudal and mainly tribal society was being gradually transformed into a modern, viable state.

But then she was run over by a bloody revolution. In the wake of this fateful revolution she was invaded by the Red Army in 1979. As a corollary of this naked aggression and outright invasion more than half of her population migrated to the neighbouring Muslim countries of Iran and Pakistan to stay there in tentage refugee camps and villages in sub-human condition. At the same time the Afghans also started a ruthless guerilla warfare against the monolithic Russian war machine. After about ten years of senseless fighting, at countless human and material losses, Russia was forced to sign an accord at Geneva in 1988 to withdraw all her forces from Afghanistan, leaving the country in the hands of P.D.P.A. In the meantime the Mujahideen established an Interim Government in exile (at Islamabad) and intensified
their war against the P.D.P.A. regime of Dr Najeebullah, because it is considered nothing more than a Russian puppet. The tussle still goes on and no one can really predict "on which side the camel is going to lie".

All this was only recounted to recapture the brazen irony that one must face while reading the Nave Pakhtoon. All those old values of religion and nationalism, of personal honour and national integrity, of Pashto language and its literature; that a whole nation was engaged in upholding and nourishing, were simply shattered by the revolution with one stroke. The traditional Afghan society was subjugated to an over-dose of Communism. All moral values were trampled under the feet of material necessities. The ancient Afghan culture was replaced by a faithless (or faceless) communist creed with its symbols of Vodka and Klashnikov. All the established institutions were either destroyed or converted into vehicles of socialist propagation. All the traditional philosophies, no more tenable under a new regime, were thrown to the four winds. All the intellectuals were either eliminated or allowed to flee the country and languish in exile. The country that we see in Nave Pakhtoon and the people that we meet therein have been effectively busted. Another country with the semblance of that population is yet to emerge from its ruins. And nobody can image the shape of things to come.

The other book, Da Hijaz Pa Lor (on the way to Hijaz) is also a vivid and detailed description of Hamza Shinwari's journey by bus, for performing the holy pilgrimage at
Makka Mukkarama. The journey actually starts from his house at Landikotal when he takes leave and the prayer of forgiveness of his relatives and friends after the other necessary preparations for the long, arduous and hazardous journey. Then he leaves for Kabul by car. There a number of buses have been booked for the journey by the tribesmen. The government issues them necessary documents. One fine morning they set out on this long, tedious journey of devotion among the prayers and blessings of relatives and friends. In Hamza Shinwari's bus there are twenty nine passengers in all including the two drivers and a conductor. They are all Shinwari and Afridi tribesmen from the Khyber and all of them are not only familiar but frank and friendly towards each other. There is seldom any bitterness or bickering among them. Nature has also provided them with one or two jokers if not outright clowns to be entertaining them most of the time with their verbal and even physical humour. Hamza properly introduces all his bus-mates, pointing out their distinguishing characteristics both physical as well as mental so that we instantly recognise him whenever any one is mentioned during the course of the long discourse. Like the living people that they are they have also been brought to life by the narrative.

Their aim is to reach their destination as soon as possible, so they trudge on most of the time. They only stay for the unavoidable night rest at a suitable roadside hotel, no matter whatever its standard. Early the next morning they lay up their weary way again so that they are on the move before even
the day has actually started. They don't have much time for sight seeing or similar diversions, but they do manage to take out some time for going to the famous shrines of saints along their way. They also have their own cooking arrangement for food and tea but they usually prefer anything worthwhile at any roadside hotel. This saves them time and the trouble of going through the drudgery of cooking and washing and all that. Their own arrangement can be handy for a rainy day.

Although their bus is not exactly new, their journey is smooth and uneventful except for the hazards of snow in parts of Iran. The roads too are reasonably good all the way. They don't have any major breakdown although they do replace spare parts from time to time and place to place. These replacements are done in such places where they are not put to unnecessary inconvenience. Although they never go from tail to tail as camels in a caravan, their journey is in fact a caravan of buses. But unlike the camels these buses prefer to follow their own independent programmes. As we have mentioned most of these details in our previous chapter, here we may just be repeating ourselves. It is better left at that.

Both these books are extremely well planned and very carefully written. It is evident that Hamza has been taking proper notes of the events and discussions with a view to be ultimately using them for the writing of these books. Perhaps on both occasions he was conscious of having to write a book at the end. All the day to day events and all the people that he has
عمر حسین

رسی میں سے بہت پہلی باری کے پہلے روز 18 فروری 2006ء کو مندرجہ ذیل میں موجود ہو کر، ان کے ساتھ معین کرنا ضروری ہے کہ نہیں اپنے وقت میں ہو۔ 

کچھ روز بعد، شیواں چنگے کے ساتھ جمع کرنا ضروری ہے کہ نہیں اپنے وقت میں ہو۔ 

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1928 کے لئے ہزاروں بروڑ یورپی بحیثیت میں تخلیق ہوئے، جنہوں نے یورپی کالونیوں کی زیادت کی۔ بجائے آسٹریا، وینا، ونیس، اور سینسی، کیلا ہے جہاں پر یورپی بحیثیت میں تخلیق ہوئی۔

چونکہ شہری مشاہدہ ہے، پہلی تیاری سے اسی کی نقل کیا گیا تھا کہ یہ کلاں دیگر بحیثیت میں تخلیق ہوئی۔

یہ کہا جاتا ہے کہ یہ کلاں تیاری کی ہے جس کے درمیان بحیثیت میں تخلیق ہوئی۔

اس کے لئے تیاری تھی کہ یورپی بحیثیت میں تخلیق ہوئی۔
در به روزرسانی‌های سال ۱۳۹۴، کتاب و دربار مشترک در این مقاله مطرح کرده‌اند. در به روزرسانی‌های سال ۱۳۹۴، کتاب و دربار مشترک در این مقاله مطرح کرده‌اند. در به روزرسانی‌های سال ۱۳۹۴، کتاب و دربار مشترک در این مقاله مطرح کرده‌اند. در به روزرسانی‌های سال ۱۳۹۴، کتاب و دربار مشترک در این مقاله مطرح کرده‌اند. در به روزرسانی‌های سال ۱۳۹۴، کتاب و دربار مشترک در این مقاله مطرح کرده‌اند.
پاکستان کے بنیادی حکومتی سطح کے نئے متاثرین اساسی طور سے پیدا ہوئے ہیں۔ اس کا انعقاد خطاب ہے کہ پاکستان کی حکمرانی میں جنگ و جنگ کا نئی انسانیت کا شکار ہو گیا ہے۔

کشمیر بحران کے تحت پاکستان کی حکمرانی کو جنگ کے ویژن کے تحت پہلی مرحلہ میں بھیجنا چاہئے۔ پاکستان کی حکمرانی کے زیر اہتمام کشمیر کے بحران کا حل ہے کہ اس کو پاکستان کی حکمرانی کے ساتھ معاہدہ کیا جائے۔

پاکستان کی حکمرانی کو یہ خیال ہے کہ کشمیر کا بحران اب دیکھی جنگ کا نئی انسانیت پر اضافہ ہو گیا ہے۔ پاکستان کی حکمرانی کو یہیں ایک حل شامل ہے کہ اس کو پاکستان کی حکمرانی کے ساتھ معاہدہ کیا جائے۔

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عشرہ نامی

درپہلی روز، ایک مریض ہے جو افسوس کا نام ہے۔ یہ بھی کہ درپہلی روز کی بھی کچھ کامیابی نہ ہوا۔ مزید کھیم کھیم کی سرخیوں میں تم میں سے پہلے بنتی ہے۔

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been meeting and almost all that is said or done is taken careful note of and then finally entered in the book in the same sequence. It is true that his memory might have played a considerable part in this scheme. But then memory usually mixes things up after some time. The narrative in both these books is so well arranged that one never comes across even the slightest discrepancy. This note taking or what he calls the diary is positively mentioned in both the books which we could also have smelt even if it was not mentioned in the text itself. Hamza is careful not to ignore any person who might have any connection with the portion that he writes. Like that of a good dramatist (as he happens to be one) his dramatis personae is absolutely flawless. Every character is done more than full justice to. Each character is given a role and no character is ignored. Even inconspicuous persons and unnecessary ideas are necessarily mentioned. He also doesn't distort people's ideas even when they are contrary to his own. However, one feels that he often goes into unnecessary details in his anxiousness to be true to the letter; leaving but little for the imagination of his reader. He must mention things or events which can easily be taken for granted.

A BIOGRAPHY AND AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Hamza Shinwari has also written a biography and an autobiography which we propose to discuss in this section. *Tazkirai Sattaria* (the memoirs of Sattar) is a biography of his Murshid, Syed Abdus Sattar Shah, Ghishti, Nizami, Nuazi. The book was originally written in Pashto but in view of the large number
of Urdu speaking disciples of the Murshid, it was decided that the book was better published in Urdu so that it could at the same time reach a larger readership as Pashto readership is comparatively limited. So, the Pashto MS was translated in Urdu by a disciple of Hamza Shinwari, Syed Tahir Bokhari. It was then published in 1970, with a brief introduction by the writer himself. Later on, on the repeated requests of a friend from Karachi, Kanwar Mohammad Azam Ali Khan, Hamza also wrote his autobiography in Urdu, in 1976. The autobiography is so far in manuscript form, yet to be published, as it is sure to be published sooner or later. The original MS lies with Syed Anis Shah Jilani in Sadiqabad, Punjab. Through the courtesy of Hamza Shiwari himself, I was kindly allowed to make a photocopy of it in 1987 to use it for this research. I have indeed made extensive use of it particularly in the first chapter. In this section we will discuss the relative literary merit of these books.

A well written biography can also be a legitimate piece of literature. We have numerous examples of great biographies in all literatures of the world. Without them those literatures would be as much poorer. When the writer of a biography is at the same time a poet, playwright, novelist and a prose writer of mysticism and philosophy, we can also expect to visualise his artistic talent at work in his biography. The writer himself is impelled by an inner urge, the same urge which usually puts him on the path to great poetry or prose, to take up the biography as he would undertake any other literary venture. The
biography also has the added advantage of being about a real or even living person in a real dynamic context. This reassuring sense of reality takes it far above the fictitious and suspicious level and we are forced to read it with far more attention as compared to reading a piece of fiction even when it happens to have the highest literary merit. In fact, great biographies directly inspire us to mould our own otherwise worthless lives according to the teachings or ideals of the great persons or personalities who have been able to achieve immortality and are being loved and even worshipped by their fellow human beings. A good biographer successfully brings out all those great, imperishable qualities in the person or persons about whom he writes and also provides us with a window in the making of a great personality which can be as much a source of guidance and inspiration for us as for the writer himself. Biography writing employs the same tools and the same techniques that are used in the making of any other piece of literature. Therefore, a good biography too is a good literary piece. Like "a thing of beauty it is a joy for ever: its loveliness increases and it never passes into nothingness".

It was in 1930 that Hamza took formal allegiance at the hand of Syed Sattar Shah, whom he also lovingly called Bacha Jan, to be initiated in the cult of mysticism. For twenty-three years, when his Murshid passed away at Peshawar in 1953, Hamza used to be constantly with him whenever in Peshawar, where he usually lived. He would also accompany his Murshid on
their occasional journeys to India and Kashmir. The Pir-Murshid relationship is at the same time a relationship of deep love and devotion. The disciple considers his mentor as not only the most perfect human being but also the sole cause of his spiritual advancement. Even when they are separated perforce it is imperative for the disciple to be constantly imagining his Murshid so much so that he gets absolutely absorbed in him. This spiritual state is called Fana Fi Shaikh (absorption in the Shaikh). Without successfully accomplishing this first state of absorption in his Shaikh the disciple can not hope to attain the next higher state of Fana Fi Rasool (absorption in the prophet) and finally Fana Fillah (absorption in God). After this the shaikh becomes a Barzakh (a media, literally a curtain or demarcation) for his disciple. Any spiritual revelations are only received through the agency of the Shaikh until the disciple himself attains perfection as a Shaikhdom and is granted leave to be practising on his own and to be similarly training the uninitiated disciples now in his own right. From this we can imagine Hamza Shinwari's attitude to his dynamic Shaikh.

The book has been divided into eight chapters and then every chapter has been subdivided into countless subtitles to record as many anecdotes or episodes about the life and teachings of his Shaikh as possible. His Shaikh was born at Mirano Killi, Agrawar, Hazara, in 1878. He passed his youth in the village and also received his basic education there. Then partly to avoid the aggressive intentions of his cousins and
partly to try his luck, like all the other aspiring young men of
the time, he went to Hindustan (India). There, to begin with he
worked as unskilled labourer but, by dint of his hard work and
perceptive brain, he soon went into the contract business and
earned enough money to be leading a respectable life. At the same
time he pursued his passion for Tassawuf, going after renowned
Murshids as far as Kabul, Quetta and Kashmir. Later on he also
devoted his life to spiritualism and settled in Peshawar. It was
at Peshawar that the elder brothers of Hamza met him and took him
for a Murshid. Hamza then was a sixth class student at the
Collegiate School. He would invariably meet Bacha Jan, to whom
he was attracted right from childhood, whenever he would go to
Peshawar to meet his elder brothers. In the mean time Bacha Jan
had become a family friend and when Hamza gave up school and had
come of age (when he was twenty three years old) he was initia-
ted in Sufism.

In fact the book is not as much on the bare skeletal life of Bacha Jan as on his creed. It is a compendium of
Sufism. Along with the story of the life of Bacha Jan we are
exposed to a hundred aspects of Sufism as seen and understood by
our perceptive writer. In between he also discusses his spiritual
states and experiences. For example for a long time he had been
suffering from intense, paralyzing fear which he believed was due
to his Shaikh’s spiritual attention or concentration. He says
that a Murshid’s first attention is that of love in order to
attract the unwary disciple to spiritual path. Then this atten
tion is gradually turned into fear so that the disciple's base nature is controlled, purged and purified. So our writer went on suffering from a state of perpetual fear for quite a long time. A time came when even his Murshid was worried about his condition. We have already described how he was referred to a Majzoob to cure him of that mortal fear. Then he had a fit of atheism for about four or five years. This was spiritually removed by Khwaja Hassan Nizami. The writer also fondly recounts his own tours to Ajmer Sharif in the company of Bacha Jan and his other brothers in faith. Hamza also discusses, as is his wont, his favourite, Sufi doctrine, Wahdatul Wajud. This was the creed of his Murshid too.

An interesting aspect of the story is when Bacha Jan came to settle in Peshawar and gradually people started trickling to come to him for taking allegiance at his hand. Bacha Jan was a highly unorthodox and unassuming spiritual leader right from the beginning and stayed so throughout his life. He would stay now with a tobacconist and now a Chappal maker in the Dabgari Street. His disciples were all poor shopkeepers or working class people. After some time he gathered quite a tribe of disciples. A controversial aspect of the teachings of Bacha Jan was the Sama'. This put the fanatic fundamentalists against him. We have already described it in the previous chapter. However, the Sama' was never stopped with all the pressure against him. He didn't care.

Bacha Jan led a very simple, ordinary life. He
never assumed the artificial pomp and show of a successful spiritual leader, intimidating the ignorant people with false sophistry. He was downright honest to himself and to his spiritual calling. The temptations of spiritual powers, as indeed the allurements of temporal powers, require Herculean power to suppress. Bacha Jan had simply annihilated all desires and tantalisations. He was a true Sufi.

The autobiography has been divided into nine chapters. Chapter one describes his early life and the fond memories of his elder brothers. In chapter two he goes into his adolescence and the miserable school life. Chapter three covers his initiation into mysticism and the resultant difficulties of Salook. Chapter four is devoted to his literary activities, surprisingly starting with acting in the radio plays and then writing plays for the radio. Chapter five discusses the freedom movement and his own role in it. In chapter six he again talks back on his literary activities, talking of the literary circles that sprang up in Peshawar during the thirties and his own participation in them. In this chapter he also talks a great deal about his mystic activities. Perhaps literature and mysticism are fused too tightly for him to be really separable. Chapter seven is called the Revolution which refers to the 1958 Martial Law of Ayub Khan, its background and effects on subsequent Pakistani politics. Chapter eight describes in detail his reception of the presidential award of the Pride of Performance. And finally in chapter nine he lists some thirteen people as his friends, with a
short note on each. We have also taken them up in the same order in our first chapter.

In a brief foreword to the MS Hamza claims that he has actually written a number of autobiographical sketches from time to time, on the requests of various friends like the present autobiography. He believes that one of his autobiographical sketches is lying with Khatir Ghaznavi, which was in the shape of detailed answers to an elaborate questionnaire, running into quite a 'sizable volume and which Mr Ghaznavi had wanted to serialise in his monthly journal IHSAS. Mr Ghaznavi had also shown his intention to publish it in a book form. But then it was neither serialised nor published nor returned to Hamza. He still hopes that it will surface one day. May be Khatir Ghaznavi will publish it as he had promised. Unfortunately Mr Ghaznavi is outside the country and it is not easy to contact him to find out the whereabouts of that autobiography. On pages of 108 and 109 of the present autobiography Hamza mentions an earlier autobiography which covered his life up to 1948. That autobiography had been actually started from before his birth, when he was yet in the spiritual state. We have taken that description in our chapter one on his biographical sketch. The PTV (Peshawar) has also made a one and a half hour mainly biographical film of H. A. Shinwari called The Portrait. It was done by Farmanullah Jan in 1987. However, the present autobiography covers more than his life and thoughts and hardly leaves anything more to be desired.
This autobiography is as much about the evolution of Hamza Shinwari’s thoughts as the march of his life. At every stage of his life he reflects also his thoughts of the time. It is not a mere mechanical recounting of the day to day events of his life; he also makes it far more dynamic and penetrating with his forceful evolving thoughts. In the first two chapters he fondly but faithfully recounts his early life, telling long, interesting stories about all his elder brothers. He recreates a happy family only made somewhat sour for him by the untimely death of his mother. In the second chapter he describes his rather dull adolescence and a miserable life at school. From his drab early life one doesn’t see the future promise that life actually held for the then unhappy Hamza. It is from the third chapter onwards that he is a young man of twenty three. He is no more bound by the demoralising school life for he has finally said farewell to school from 9th class onwards. He is a young independent man with damn-the-devil attitude towards the cares and worries of life. He tries in vain to put up with government service. He is also married but far from being tamed by the marriage. But he soon loses his vibrant independence and his wild adolescence to the excruciating practices of Sufism. At the same time his muse is also stirring inside him and his literary genius is gradually surely awakening and he is being recognised as a poet in his own right. For a while he is attracted to the glittering world of the theatre and the spell of the stage forces him for acting. But he is saved from the dark world of the silent
movies by the calling of his soul and the lure of a comparatively brighter spiritual world. He describes in fairly great details his tours to Ajmer Sharif in the benign company of his Murshid, for the Urs of Khwaja Gharib Nawaz and the subsequent rounds of the holy shrines at Ajmer Sharif and Delhi. The spiritual attractions of these shrines leave a great impact on his plastic mind. Here he speaks throughout in the jargon of Sufism with the command of a master. One observes an interesting account of a Sufi in the making.

There are also lengthy discussions. Throughout the autobiography, with other Sufis, traditional scholars, Ahmadis, Qadyanis, and even Christians and Hamza is never at a loss for the discussion of any religious or metaphysical point. On pages 43 and 44 there is an interesting trio of an Ahmadi, a Christian priest and Hamza himself hotly debating their respective religions. It was at Lahore that the three came together in a Mission library and carried on their discussion for full two days. There are also elaborate discussions on the question of Imamat (leadership) in Islam between Hamza and the traditional Islamic scholars. He frequently quotes from the Quran, the Hadith and Islamic history. His knowledge of religion, one feels, is second to none.

This autobiography is an invaluable genuine source on the life and thoughts of Hamza Shinwari. It is fortunate that he has written it himself so that his later biographers are saved from patchwork gleaning from his other works which would not necessarily be as authentic and as satisfying as this autobi-
graphy really is. It is a pity that this autobiography, the rarest document of Hamza Shinwari, has not been published so far.

PHILOSOPHICAL PROSE

The major portion of Hamza Shinwari's prose consists of what might be categorised only as philosophical prose. He has a highly analytical mind and his approach to the problems of life is basically rational although his life is pervaded by a strong faith in the unseen powers. He believes that what is commonly called blind faith leads really nowhere (or erewhon, if that is not somewhere). He has to convince himself of the basis of his belief. If Sufism is his creed, philosophy is his credentials towards the solution of the mysteries of life and death. As an active participant in the activities of literary circle in Peshawar called Dairae Adab, Raza Hamdani writes about Hamza, "He was considered the most vocal member of the group, talking and debating intriguingly. He was more interested in philosophy and whoever would try to argue with him would be invariably caught in philosophical labyrinth. Whatever the topic of discussion the trend would be generally philosophical. Apparently he is a deeply religious man and every discussion with him necessarily revolves around religion. But since he has a philosophical mind, pure reasoning is the main source of his arguments. Although he is a traditional Sufi, having faith in Pantheism, yet he will drag in philosophy and logic in the support of his argument in the discussion. Sometimes, despite having a metaphysical bent of mind himself, he will disarm his
opponent with strong arguments from science". (25).

Among Hamza Shinwari's many prose works we can set aside at least three as pure philosophical discussions on various problems of life. They are Insan Awr Zindagi (man and life), in Urdu, Isakhir Da Kayenat (the conquest of the universe), in Pashto, and Ana Awr Ilm (ego and knowledge), in Urdu. The first and the last are published in both Pashto and Urdu, while the other one is only in Pashto. We will confine our discussion to just these three books, indeed to only some aspects of these books as all that has been discussed therein can simply not be discussed or even mentioned in the available space.

Insan Awr Zindagi has been divided into seven chapters. Chapter one deals with the definition of life and humanity while chapter two discusses the universe and chapter three inquires into the beginning of human life. Chapter four discusses human education and training and the psychological problems involved in the process while chapter five goes into social life, defining civics and discussing religion, nationalism and language in this context. The entire chapter six has been devoted to the place of woman in society. Chapter seven hazards a theory of state.

Similarly, Isakhir Da Kayenat is a philosophical justificat for man's conquest of the universe. The book has been divided into six chapters. Chapter one and two define the universe and try to establish its real centre or axis. Chapter three discusses gravity from material point of view while chapter
four introduces man as the apex or the axis of the universe. The last two chapters, chapter five and six discuss man in his social context and the suitability of a social environment.

The other book, Ana Awr 'Ilm looks at human ego from various angles. The book has been divided into eight chapters. Chapter one discusses ego and the instruments of knowledge while chapter two is on the remembrance and the power, function and nature of memory. Chapter three discusses the theory of transmigration of souls while chapter four has been devoted to the study of aesthetics. Chapter five discusses time and space while chapter six and seven together determine the purpose or object of life in the universe. the last chapter, chapter eight discusses the nature and role of religion.

Commenting on Hamza Shinwari's definition and discussion of life Raza Hamdani writes, 'Writing down the story of life Hamza Shinwari has not used a coloured brush but with the pen of a philosopher and the use of simple, everyday colours he has painted a picture which may not be interesting for a romantic reader, for the angle from which our writer has seen life is not romantic but philosophical. What is life? The writer has defined it in these words:

"Life is such a whole which has knowledge, thought, determination and power, all for its parts. Metaphorically we might call it an attribute but in fact this life has the sense of the reality. The reality is known by the attributes some of which are mentioned above. Life is a unity which
doesn't admit of multiplication or division. It is not only that life is reflected in every particle of the universe but every particle of the universe is the manifestation of life. Life is a reality and the universe is its manifestation". (26).

For those who look at life from a romantic angle such an interpretation of it may only sound a chapter from a book of philosophy, but for Hamza life itself is a book which can be read by only those who have patience and a passionate power of discernment. To quote Raza Hamdani again, "Hamza has seen life from very close quarters. This book is his own story from childhood to adolescence to the prime of youth and then the inevitable old age. The moments of his own past life have forced these thoughts on him". (27).

Hamza also quotes Shaikh Akbar Mohiyuddin on life who has maintained, "This life is called formation in fossils and minerals; growth in vegetable domain, consciousness in animals and intellect in man". (28). He then goes on to look at life from scientific point of view and declares, "If, according to the scientists, we analyse an atom it is finally converted into energy. But it is a fact that energy too is no more than a part of the whole that we call life and every ray of the sun of life has a distinctive individuality. It is life that undergoes the process of permutation, yet no particle of it loses its peculiar identity or individuality, but develops according to the trends of its own attributes". (29).

Looking at the universe Hamza maintains, "If we
look carefully at the external universe we are confronted with opposites, which try to chase each other and play an important role in the manifestation of life. The entire edifice of the universe is based upon these opposite forces of negativity and positivity. The most developed form in the universe is the presence of man who too is but a bundle of opposites. But the opposites have been mixed up in such a proportion by the Omnipotent, Perfect Being that instead of suffering from a mutual clash they have been a source of unity and a constructive force. If the universe loses the arrangement of the opposites then, as a result, only energy will be left; and with this even the scientists agree. This fact has been constantly upheld by the religious divines which used to be opposed by the materialists. The religious belief was this: that the universe is nothing more than the accumulation of attributes. It has no permanent shape or form of its own. But no attribute can stay without an essence. Therefore, all the attributes depend upon the one essence whom we call Allah or God". (30).

Then we observe a constant change in the universe. We feel that energy has step by step assumed the form of density with which this universe around us has come into being. Now it seems that a reverse process is in progress. The constant change in the universe shows that matter is busy in getting out of the present state of density. This change in itself proves that the universe has no shape or form of its own; it has been brought into being by the will of an Omnipotent power. The balance and
moderation that appear in this constant flux in the universe proves that, there is some object or purpose behind its creation. Here Hamza quotes Allama Iqbal in his support who also holds similar views about the object of creation. He also quotes other philosophers, both Eastern as well as Western, either in his support or to refute them for their contrary views. He concludes with man as the apex of the universe.

"So the universe is a detailed epitome of the fact or truth of man which has found its incarnation in the present human shape. As we have already given the example of a seed, this universe starts from a point which is called evolution by the materialists. Then also the universe was contained in that one point and here also the entire universe is present in a small grain (the human body) in an abstract form. In this connection two aspects of man are worth thinking about. One aspect is the descent of man which is also called evolution by the materialists and which has given shape and substance to the universe; while the other is his ascent in which he tries to conquer the universe around him and that is his real object in life". (31)

Writing about Hamza Shinwari's ideas about time and space, Yar Mohammad Maghmoom Khattak maintains, "In relation with the concept of time Hamza seems to be in full agreement with the tradition of the prophet in which it has been said don't abuse time for time is God". So, if time is God then God is also time. Since Hamza believes in one essence (Wahdatul Wajud) this tradition also equally applies to all the creations and more so
to man for he is the viceregent of God on the earth. He has quoted Hamza himself on this who believes, "Because of his ignorance man has been overawed by time and space and the preponderance of the material presence. If man should understand himself and discover the knowledge, the knower and the known he will necessarily come to the conclusion that time and space and cause and effect are but tools of human cognition. Time and space as well as cause and effect have no external existence. Whatever the nature of reality be, all that is present and all the events that we observe are but different aspects of human perception. The centre of the universe is neither the earth nor the sky but man himself". (32)

Hamza believes that since man is a creature and his ego is present in the universe, he has the perception or cognition of the continuous change therein and that is what he calls time. If for a while we leave back the minor ego of man and have a look at the supreme ego we will come to know that time will have ceased there, because it is not possible for the supreme ego to undergo any similar change which creates time for the minor ego in the context of the universe. There we will come across the universal or eternal feeling of "I am". And that transcendental "I am" necessarily negates the concept of time. But a constant reflection of the supreme ego also falls on the minor ego (the poor man) also giving it the same feeling of "I am". This feeling is a product of human mind because without mind there would be no feeling or the concept of time. So, time is the
result of the reflection of the self-presence of the Supreme Ego. Hence time is God or God time.

While time can be looked upon as a basic concept, space is but a relative appendage of it. If time is of the essence then space is the result of the collective manifestations of the attributes. The presence of the attributes is necessary with the Absolute Reality because if the Reality can feel its own presence, it can also feel the presence of its own creative attributes. When creative attributes are possible with the Reality then space is a must for their collective presence. Here Hamza gives the example of water which is but relative as its’ real constituents are hydrogen and oxygen gases. Similarly without time space could not exist. In this connection Hamza also denies ‘dm (nothingness or void) which is sometimes believed to be the source of life and all creation. He believes that human mind can not conceive of a yawning void or nothingness. Anything that has a name must also have some shape or form. So, this ‘dm must be some space in the knowledge of God.

Discussing beauty in relation to human ego Hamza maintains that, "Absolute life is Absolute Beauty and this is called Absolute Ego. This ego has been continuously manifesting its creative potentialities. Every part of this whole has an individuality of its own. The mystics call this fixed entities i.e. entities having fixedness in the knowledge of God. Then every entity is related to a particular attribute of God, carrying a manifestation of that attribute. In other words, every single
entity bears the beauty of its creative attribute. Therefore, we can not have any objective standard of beauty for Absolute Beauty is beyond limitations or categorisations. Beauty can therefore, have only a subjective standard if it must have any standard at all. Only man is the most beautiful manifestation of the Absolute Beauty in the entire universe". (33). The Holy Quran also testifies to this most beautiful shape in which man has been created. It is called: /Ara/ 'Hsn tawym Hamza also argues that since human body contains all the elements and minerals that we come across in nature, man is an epitome of the universe and bears all the beauty alone that is dispersed in the entire universe. This fact is also corroborated by the modern scientific discoveries about the nature of man.

After discussing various theories of aesthetics Hamza comes to the conclusion that man is not only the centre of beauty he is also the creator of it. When he reaches the height of his glory and beauty he becomes perfect. He quotes Allama Iqbal on this fact who has said, "The art of an artist is more beautiful than the art in nature". Nature only provides the raw material to this art while the artist creates beauty out of it. This shows that human ego is dominant as compared to nature although, in the beginning it is affected by nature. We will wind up this discussion with the following couplet of Hamza Shinwari himself.

/Reedy Hsn xw hnm vb ch ldy ph b' b' ch mynymb  
d' d xpl wjwd xw'rhm 'iz' r'folywm. (Hamz).  
Beauty is but one  
With repeatedly falling in love
I only recollect
The scattered parts of my body. (Hamza).

PROSE STYLE

While reading the diverse prose works of Hamza Shinwari, as indeed his peculiar poetry, one is at once confronted with a distinct, unmistakable stamp of his personality, to be tempted to enquire into and write about his idiosyncracy i.e. his inimitable style. But the concept "style" proves to be a great stumbling block. The proper procedure would be to define style and then proceed to examine the works of our writer in the light of that definition. But style, like personality itself, is a fluid, uncertain, and ambiguous term. Indeed there can be nothing more intriguing or even misleading than simply saying that "style is the man". Indeed, "there is more to it than we can behold". We are forced to conclude with Middleton Murray, "a discussion of the word style, if it were pursued with only a fraction of the rigours of a scientific investigation would invariably cover the whole of literary aesthetics and the theory of criticism". (34). Yet every one of us has a clear inkling of it and recognise style as soon as it is seen not only in literature but also in practical life. It is as much apparent on the play field as in the speech or dress of a conscientious person. Without going deeper into its analysis or dissecting it like an organic substance (which it is certainly not) we roughly know or guess to know what is meant by style. Without trying to define it we might say that style is the inner vision of a writer.
that finds successful expression in his writings. Even what is really unsaid or implied is as much a part of style as what is actually said and the manner of saying it.

As we have described in this chapter so far, Hamza has written not one but many kinds of prose. He has written stories as well as essays, memoirs as well as an autobiography and metaphysical as well as philosophical prose. Now all these different kinds of prose require separate stylistic treatment. But the most common element in all his prose, whether descriptive or argumentative, is a striking simplicity. I almost wrote stark simplicity. Now this is all the more striking to think that, with all his command on language and the figures of speech, he could easily (if not really naturally) have taken resort to a highly embellished and strikingly florid style to be perhaps more attractive at some occasions and for certain people. But he seems to have consciously avoided any such pitfalls of undue use of metaphors and similes and all the poetic conventions in which he has never been surpassed in poetry. Indeed, in relation to his poetry he is called "the king of metaphors and similes" for their most ingenious use. Some of his metaphors are considered coined in the language which have also been picked up by the subsequent writers.

His prose, on the other hand, is discreetly free from unnecessary embellishments by any such devices. It may be that, unlike poetry, he considers prose as a practical vehicle for the transmission of his ideas, and he is more interested in
what he really says than in how he says it. This may have been a blessing in disguise. As a result there is a fluency in his prose which, one feels, would have been only seriously impeded by the undue use of poetic devices. Instead of reaching straightaway to his ideas we could only have been entangled in his stylistic labyrinth. At times his prose borders on everyday, colloquial language. Indeed here and there one comes across typical words from his native Shinwari dialect which have no currency in the literary Pashto that he has been otherwise writing. Such words, instead of knocking them out, are immediately provided, in bracket with words from standard Pashto. (35). At times his prose is so artless and so eloquent. Perhaps this artlessness adds to its functional suitability. The more we are unaware of his style the more we are attuned to his substance. It is said that a poet usually tries to conceal his meaning. But here we have a prose writer who perhaps tries to conceal his style so that his meaning is crystal clear. I think it is this elemental simplicity that gives his prose a peculiar elegance which we seldom come across in Pashto prose.

I think it will be needless to point out that the prose of Hamza Shinwari is highly idiomatic and one never feels him to be in want of a proper, indeed the most suitable word or phrase for any context. He is always conscious of the level that he is writing on and uses the requisite idiom. One feels that there is "Objective Correlative" in his prose. If he is writing on something simple his style also borders on the trivalous but
when he is writing on a serious topic he also keeps up a somber style. He is also fond of Pashto proverbs and makes elaborate use of them. But it doesn't mean that he uses proverbs simply for their proverbial wisdom or for filling the blanks in his mind. I may not be wrong if I assert that Hamza is never short of ideas. He has the most penetrating and fertile mind as far as ideas are concerned. But then he employs proverbs because, at certain occasions, they are more expressive and simply indispensable. A clear and apt use of a good proverb also shows the resourcefulness of a writer. Proverbs have a direct appeal as they are instantly understood. They have a universal familiarity and a reader can easily identify himself with them. Then they are also the epitome of the wisdom of the sages which no cultured person would like to dispense with. Hamza has been, therefore, using proverbs whenever necessary.

A common objection against Hamza Shinwari is with regard to the difficulty of his language, which sometimes borders on ambiguity. This may to some extent be true of some of his poetry in which he grapples with abstract ideas or what is called mystical experiences. This objection equally applies to all the metaphysical poets due mainly to the nature of their poetry. This term "metaphysical" itself was the product of that difficulty which we are talking about. When the poetry of John Donne and his school was not easily understood, it was called metaphysical. It was in this way that the term found currency in English literature, without any sharp definition. The term itself conveys the
difficulty of the difficulty which it stands for.

However, mystical poetry in East grew out of a curious effort to convey mystical experiences in poetry. But at the same time it was considered necessary to conceal more and reveal less of those mysteries. Perhaps there were social as well as religious reasons for this deliberate attitude. As a result the poets were forced to take recourse to paradoxes and parables which was not easy for the uninitiated to understand. Mysticism was also enshrined in an elaborate system of terminologies so that it became inexplicable and deliberately ambiguous for the common man. This charge of difficulty is, therefore, not applicable to Hamza alone. It is in the nature of his poetry.

If there is little justification in the charge of difficulty in the poetry of Hamza Shinwari, there is still less in his prose. Unlike some of his poetry all his prose is always clear and readily understandable. If there is any difficulty in some of his prose it is mainly because of the nature of the subject and not his own innate difficulty. As we have already mentioned, he has written a great deal on both mysticism and philosophy. They seem to be his favourite subjects to which more than half of his entire writing has been devoted. Now these are admittedly difficult subjects. Both involve elaborate respective terminologies which must be used whether difficult or not. Even when they are explained at the outset, as some writers sometimes graciously do, these terminologies still tend to be confusing which in turn blur the reader’s vision. So, the difficulty remains
to be put up with. And for all this we can not blame the writer alone.

Hamza Shinwari's metaphysical or philosophical writing is evidently not intended for the layman. They have been done with a particular readership in mind. That readership is mystics and the philosophers who alone would be in a position to understand and appreciate his point of view. In these fields he has his own ideas to project in opposition to some well-established ideas by eminent mystics and philosophers. In this process he quotes other philosophers and mystics and even drag in science and religion. He only tries to find convincing arguments in support of his ideas. He is interested in pleading his case in the best jargon of philosophy and mysticism. When necessary he also gives examples, but the discussion, on the whole remains, in the realm of abstract concepts. If somebody fails to perceive such abstractions it is not necessary to blame the writer for it. If one must understand and appreciate the philosophical and mystical writings of Hamza Shinwari, one must have a fair knowledge of both these disciplines. It is not enough to call him difficult and leave him at that. This confession of difficulty reflects more on the reader than on the writer. It only shows his utter lack of background in these basic, but difficult, branches of knowledge.

An interesting aspect of Hamza Shinwari's prose is his economy of words and phrases. He will never concede even the fraction of a word by way of any further explanation or clari-
ification. This economy is more visible in his more serious works for in his less serious writings he also throws this economy to the winds. Sometimes this economy stretches the language too far. The result is a general difficulty in coping with the highly concentrated language. One feels as if his language must be bursting at the seams. At times his language assumes mathematical or scientific precision which may be alright for an adept reader but for an unwary and less fortunate reader it soon develops into a strain. And in his metaphysical and philosophical writings he seldom provides any relief. He goads the reader as hard, if not really harder, as he would have worked himself. One feels that there is no alternative but to take him at his own terms, as if he were saying, "Well, take it or leave it". It is said of him that he really writes at his own level, as if he were writing for another Hamza, with the vast knowledge of metaphysics and philosophy always at his finger tips; who doesn’t really need any tips or clues or explanations or examples. The mere mention of an abstract term, like showing the red rag to the bull, is enough to charge his mind with muscular ideas or even shades of ideas, if the term is slightly twisted. He himself may have this potency or even magic power of conjuring a thousand ideas with the harmless incantation of a magic term, but I think his readers are justified in finding him difficult to some extent.

I think the most striking aspect of Hamza Shinwari’s writings is his profound critical faculty. This is the most developed side of his personality and art. He is a very keen
observer of people and events and an equally keen reader of books and authors. His study may not be extensive but whatever he has studied he has more than digested it. His study is always very intensive. His power of argumentation is simply disarming. Whether quoting from books or simply falling on his own observations and experiences, which he more often does, there can be no end to his arguments and highly convincing and logical arguments at that. Perhaps he makes a conscious use of logic in his arguments so that his opponent or reader is easily convinced. But unlike the classical orator, he is not interested in arguments for the sake of arguments although Raza Hamdani would have us believe that he would even indulge in that intellectual luxury. At least in his works one never has a glance of this luxury although he might have indulged in it in personal discussions. But I feel that first he must be honestly convinced of what he defends or refutes to be true and not against his own belief or conviction. Then the arguments, as it were, come to him of their own. I think it is the startling critical faculty that distinguishes him from all the other Pashto writers. It is an uncommon phenomenon in Pashto literature and Hamza has been uncommonly gifted with this faculty.
CHAPTER THREE

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. *Pata Khazana* is a highly controversial book, written by Mohammad Hotak in 1142 H./1734 A.D. It introduces some fifty poets and prose writers, some of them not known before. The book was introduced by Abdul Haye Habibi in the middle of the twentieth century.


4. Pakhto Nasar Jaiza, op. cit., p 73

5. This point is disputed. It is also maintained that these symbols were actually devised in the court of Mahmood Ghaznavi.


8. Ibid, p 325

9. All these names have been taken from Prof. Nawsher vi's book, *Da Pakhto Nasar Irtiga*, op. cit., pp 233-45

10. *Sufism* by A.J. Arberry, pp 11-12
11. Ibid, pp 11-12
12. Wajud Wa Shuhud by Hamza Shinwari, p 4
13. Ibid, p 20
14. Ibid, p 100
15. Introduction to Wajud Wa Shuhud, op. cit., p (J).
16. Wajud Wa Shuhud, op. cit., p 160

17. *Literally it means the Fair of the Flags, having its origin in some pagan ritual connected with the change in season.*

18. *Zhawar Eikrrega* by Hamza Shinwari, pp 157-268
19. Ibid, pp 15-21
20. Ibid, pp 100-112
21. Ibid, pp 113-4
22. Introduction to Bibi Noorga by Syed Takreemul Haq (Rogh Lewane), pp 35-36
23. Introduction to Nawai Pakhtoon by Hamza Shinwari.

P (B).

24. *Endymion* by John Keats
25. *Introduction to Insan Aur Zindagi* by Hamza...
CHAPTER FOUR

D_R_A_M_A

THE STORY OF PASHTO DRAMA

"... The play is the thing wherein
I'll catch the conscience of the king". (Hamlet).

It had to be called the story and not the history of Pashto drama because while as a story it might make some sense, the history of Pashto drama is simply bewildering; it is either too recent or too ancient with both the extremes extremely dangerous from a purely historical point of view. To establish the prestigious antiquity of Pashto drama let us turn to the claim of Zaitoon Bano who has written, "The Pakhtoon nation has many potentialities. This land has given birth to Panini (1) who has written the oldest (extant) grammar of Sanskrit along with the first book on drama in that language called Natia Shaster (the principles of drama)(2). This was much before Aristotle wrote the great Poetics (3). Stumbling at the concrete historical evidence of Pashto drama, after separating a great deal of chaff from the grain, Professor Afzal Raza writes, "The first (ever) Pashto drama was staged by students at Uthmanzai High School in Charasada. This was written by Abdul Akbar Khan Akbar. It seems that Pashto drama was written a little earlier than 1928 because the morality plays of those writers that were being staged at the
annual days of schools are considered milestones in the evolution of Pashto drama". (4). But the intervening period (of roughly two and a half millennia) has been left open for hearsay and an hair-splitting exercise to find the missing links in the chain of the Pashto drama. One has been ultimately trapped into the belief that Pashto drama is epitomised in the Pashto folklore.

To begin with, many, if not all the writers on Pashto drama have fallen back on their own living (although nostalgic) memories; they themselves having mid-wifed the somehow deformed baby of Pashto drama. Yet others would point at the popular Pashto romances or ultimately at the dramatic element in Pathan life itself. They would conclude (if one would accept it as any conclusion!) that "The field of Pashto drama is rich"; and then conveniently sleep over these God-given riches for the rest of their, drab, poor lives. It would not be saying anything significant on Pashto drama as such to say that the Pathan Hujra is like an elaborate stage where we see the drama of daily life being staged every day or every ticking moment of the twenty four hours. If you really entertain such bizarre theories then you think alike with Shakespeare who shouted, "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players", with the only difference that you may be dog serious while Shakespeare was simply laughing at the pathological simplicity of people like you.

Indeed the juxtaposition of Pathan history and geography make a splendid, open air stage, with exciting drama going on it right from the dawn of civilisation, even if we
exclude the mysteries of the cavemanship or the chilling suspense of the Big Game, when most often the poor hunter himself would be hunted and eaten raw by the comparatively more wild animals. Imagine our ancestors drowsily trudging behind strings of noisy caravans across the vast and empty Central Asian plains and plateaus; or furrowing the soft earth with wooden ploughshairs, wherever they settled for a longer while around their Yurts i.e. the round, sooty canvas tents; and then the intervening cycle of songs and dances and merry-making, as reaping and threshing and storing rituals that would be given birth by the very soil itself. Our ageless oral poetic tradition has already preserved a number of songs about the cultivation and reaping of the Soma Plant (5). If you are prepared to allow your imagination to confuse life and drama then the Pathan life itself surely provides as many dramatic doses as the life of any tribal (partly agrarian and partly nomadic) society. Imagine the exciting folk dances, the typical sensuous Pathan music and the elaborate ceremonies of birth, circumcision, marriage and death; the ruthless inter-tribal feuds usually terminating in complete genocide (called Mirata). If life is drama and drama life, then by the simple logic of common sense both stand to lose their respective identity and neither is the other.

This leaves us with the popular Pashto romances and some of the equally popular forms of Pashto poetry like the timeless Rappa and Badalia (the ballad). If not from life itself, then our resourceful writers on drama draw their inspiration from.
these doubtful sources. The one thing that they fail to understand is that drama is one thing and a plain story in prose or poetry is quite another. The story may happen to have some dramatic element; it may be full of action, suspense, tragedy or comedy; but we can not call it drama as such. Perhaps either they don’t understand the nature of drama as such, or then only refuse to call a spade a spade. If the history of Pashto drama leads nowhere then why must it necessarily lead into the sickly, supernatural world of romances. Is it because we unconsciously want to create a make-believe history for the Pashto drama simply because a history we must create for it even if by some sort of magic power, no matter if it melts in thin air with the crow of the first cock in the early dawn.

If romances or some of the other musical forms are one thing and drama another then lets not drag in the popular romances to glorify the unpopular drama. It must be admitted here that most of these so called Pashto romances are not Pashto at all. They are straight translations from Persian which in turn has been translated from Arabic. Romances like Youşaf-Zalikha, Shirin-Farhad, Bahram Shahzada and Laila-Majnoon, to name but a few and by no means the most romantic and for that matter the most popular ones, are now the common heritage of the whole of humanity. If we stumble at their Pashto translations during the 1930s (incidentally that is the time when Pashto drama is said to have been born) we should not conveniently catalogue them as “Short Pashto Verse Plays”. We can not even call them
as "short operas" because they are neither plays nor operas nor most of them even Pashto.

If we really turn to these romances as the basis of Pashto drama, as indeed we seem to have almost nowhere else to turn to, then we are sure to find it difficult to reconcile the fact with the fiction. It is true that these romances have a moving plots with living characters. They are packed with dialogue, action and suspense. They therefore, seem to have much of what you look for in drama. It is also true that they can easily be dramatised as Hamza Shinwari has done to Laila Majnoon and Maimoona. But all these facts put together do not make even one of them a play as such. They are plain stories, with or without music, having been told and retold by countless generations of people but there is no evidence of their having ever been also acted anywhere by any body, simply because they are not plays as such to be acted. It is on the technical side that they stand discredited.

This brings us to the living convention of dramatised music which has always been an almost regular feature of Pathan Hujras. It is a highly dramatic entertainment without a plot or even a story. There we have the Hujra for the stage, the musicians for the actors and the villagers for the spectators. To blend the ancient and the modern techniques in this stylised art of music and dancing, the spectators may also participate in the action body and soul. Indeed nobody can stop them from the sort of abstracted participation when once they are visibly excited
(and even one straight blast of the trumpet and a rhythmic beat of the drum can excite a whole village to frenzied dancing and vulgar cries). As in an open air theatre there is a large number of villagers sitting on Charpois or even on the bare earth in a circular form around a red-carpet island in the middle, the stage of the village bards. The unruly crowds on the literally pebbled shores blow up their Chillam in a typical holiday mood.

Suddenly the crescendo of music rises with the clouds of tobacco smoke and a dancing boy descends from, as it were, the smoke-music column itself. He is gorgeously dressed in a complete girl's outfit in the latest Pathan fashion. There is a strange, almost mystic blending of the opposite sexes in this dancing masterpiece. It is not all because of the make up or the make-believe, the poor thing has acted the other role so often and for such a long time that whether he likes it or not, or even as much as knows it or not, he seems to have undergone some genetic change. He can be a girl among boys and a boy among girls. He is an obscene mockery of the Pathan sex taboos. His appearance is always dramatic and his disappearance coincides with an anti-crescendo. His jingles spell-bind the simple spectators. The music moves them to ecstasy. The state of transport opens the traffic to suppressed vulgarity and the gregarious instinct of the now rifle-wielding Pathans shoot at the stars beyond the Shamyana. Among the showers of praises and Paise (pelf) the music suddenly stops. The dancing boy wraps himself up in his Cashmere Shawl, mock-weeping. One of the
spectators clears his throat (from the ashes of Naswar) and asks in a very masculine voice. "What is the matter with her?". Another from another charpoi replies. "Ah, perhaps she wants a husband." The one who stammers badly gets on to his feet and stammers his manliness to propose himself for "her hand". With all his feminine charms the dancing boy unraps his pale face and with a spontaneous Pashto couplet rejects him on account of his unfortunate stammering. A roar of laughter drowns the poor man’s stammering protestations and the accompanying peal of music dissolves everything but the dancing boy who merrily jingles around once again. Not only once but the whole farce is repeated many times over till it is time for the musicians to stop for a kick of the Hashish and also perhaps some Qahwa (the Chinese green tea).

With the Qahwa interval perhaps it is time for the Qahwa Khana (house of jokes) and one of the professional jesters (who is also a part and parcel of the musicians) doesn’t require a written application to get up and make a fool of himself or some village swain or relate some funny anecdotes to make the people roll in laughter. He is a family member of the universal jesters with a bag full of funny anecdotes insured for all seasons and all places. They are calculated to arouse instant laughter. He is either himself a butt of his jokes or a flesh-and-blood character in them. Some of his jokes may be plain cliches but now and then he might invent one at the spur of the moment, his job being made easy by the utter stupidity of some
villagers.

You can also see the exact replica of this rustic drama in the female quarter i.e. if you happen to be on this side of ten years old. Then you can see a woman dressed in her husband's outfit, complete with shoes, shalwar-kamiz, waste coat and the ubiquitous turban along with his fully loaded rifle on her feminine shoulder, dancing diabolically to the strong beat of the drum. The universal jester is not lacking in his female counterpart as there are always women pregnant with funny anecdotes to provide condiment to the music and dancing spree. Her well-rehearsed jokes are usually at the expense of her poor husband or some other village simpleton. As I have no intention of further mystifying my readers by confusing life and drama, let me come back to the subject as such and not the subject of the subject. (6).

Whatever the antiquity and authenticity of Sanskrit drama (no matter if some of our learned critics would call it Pashto drama!), it seems that drama has come to India in the wake of the British conquest of the subcontinent during the nineteenth century. In the beginning plays used to be staged in the army camps (to be reminding the soldiers of their essential humanism) which gradually trickled into the market places in the form of purely commercial theatrical companies. The companies either built permanent theatres in some big cities or adopted the migratory mode of staging plays from one place to another to place and time to time. Ultimately these theatrical companies
landed in the North West Frontier Province. Their medium was Urdu. Afzal Raza points out, "Urdu drama reached the Frontier from India. The Alphred Theatrical Company was the first to reach Peshawar in 1904. It staged plays of Agha Hashar Kashmiri which gained instant popularity and inspired Pashto writers (he ought to have put in actors as we have seen in case of Hamza). In 1906 Fazal Ali Shah opened a theatre in Peshawar with which other companies also descended upon the area which also included the famous company of Dhadha Bhoi Ioti". Together these companies created here such famous actors as Abdul Karim, Abdul Rehman, Prithvi Raj, Hayat Jan, Akbar Khan and Qamar Sarhadi. Among the famous writers of those Urdu plays can be included Qamar Sarhadi, Shatir Ghaznavi, Professor Musa Khan Kalim, Habib Orakzai, Syed Mazhar Gilani, Zia Jaffery, Azar Sarhadi, Mahmood Shaukat, Razia Sultana, Raza Hamdani, Shamm Bhirvi and Shafi Sabir, to name but a few.

The film (first the silent films and then the talkies) almost came simultaneously with those theatrical companies which arrested not only their growth but almost eclipsed them completely. Farigh Bokhari writes in an article on theatre in Peshawar, "The decadence of the stage was a great tragedy for its fans. After the initial shock, some thought of reviving this art form. As a result various dramatic societies came into being. The first such club that was established was Bhajjan Mandli. This was followed by the Afghan Dramatic Club and the Scouts' Club. However, the famous film-
world's heroines, Miss Kajjan and Mumtaz Shanti failed to establish a theatre at Peshawar". (8). This was the time when the Freedom Movement was also gaining momentum. This fluid situation provided a further blow to the already tottering theatre and the art of drama. These activities were effectively curtailed till after the partition. Even with the return of peace after the establishment of Pakistan, the theatre could not somehow revive in this part of the world. The film seemed to have held the stage for good.

However, soon after the partition a play called The Construction Of Pakistan was staged by Qamar Sarhadi in 1948. The cue was taken up by the Frontier Theatrical Company to stage a play on a similar theme. In 1950 Islamia College also staged a play of Qamar Sarhadi. The same Khyber Union Stage also saw many Shakespearean comedies staged by the young college students. Then one after another the following societies came into being: Hashar Art Society, Ittihad Dramatic Club, Shaheen Art Society, Mumtaz Art Society, Peshawar Art Society and so on. They staged various plays from time to time and place to place. Then the various schools and colleges also founded dramatic clubs to be staging plays for special occasions.

Like the novel and the short story, drama has also evolved in Pashto literature in the twentieth century. It was inspired by the Urdu drama which was brought to the Frontier by the various theatrical companies mentioned above. The father of Pashto drama was Abdul Akbar Khan Akbar who wrote plays like Dre
Yatiman (three orphans) and Jongarha (the hut). They were staged for the first time. This was followed by a play called Dard (pain) written by Amir Nawaz Khan Jalya in 1930 and staged in the same year by the workers of the Khudai Khidmatgar Movement. According to Raza Hamdani, "Dard was the first political play" (9). At about the same time Abdul Khaliq Khaleeq wrote Shahida Sakina (Sakina the martyr) which was also staged by the Khudai Khidmatgars. His next play was Khog Zhwand (sweet life) which was first serialised in the Pakhtoon Journal of Abdul Ghaftar Khan and then published in a book form. While Shahida Sakina points at the injustices of the Pathan inheritance laws, Khog Zhwand is a sort of utopia. In 1937 Qazi Rahimullah wrote and published his play Nawre Roshni (new light). Perhaps these earlier plays had set the stage for a truly perfect play by Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak called Da Wing Jam (the bloody cup). According to Mohammad Azam Azam, "At this evolutionary stage of Pashto drama Da Wing Jam of Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak is really a revolutionary step. This play is a turning point and a milestone in the history of Pashto drama". (10). This was the first play to be broadcast from the Peshawar radio station, in 1935. In the same year Abdullah Jan Aseer wrote Darse Ibrat (an admonition). With Neemgarha Khob (unfulfilled dream) by S.A. Rehman we arrive at the first romantic play evolving around the axis of love. It was written in 1939. This was followed by larboor (cousin), 1951, and Aw Uba (fire and water) also 1951. A collection of some six plays called Sehre (facies or profiles) published by Abdul Karim
Mazloom in 1945 also play a significant role in the evolution of Pashto drama. According to Mohammad Azam Azam, "After independence more attention has been given to the radio and later on television drama. Still, among those plays which have been published, the following are worth mentioning:

1. *Rangraang Gulpoona* (all sorts of flowers) and
2. *De Zhwand Dozakh* (the hell of life) by Syed Rasool Raza.
3. *Hyder* by Ashraf Maftoon
4. *Tura Che Teregi* (when the sword is sharpened) by Afzal Raza.
5. *Nawe Sahar* (new dawn) by Mubarak Sultana Shamim.
7. *Ashaq-i-Kahf* (people of the cave) by Dr Bakhtrawan.

This brings us to the radio drama to which Hamza Shinwari has contributed, literally, hundreds of plays. Akram Farooq Shinwari would put the number at four hundred, including features, musical stories and talks while Hamza himself would modestly make it "more than hundred". Unfortunately there has been no complete record of those plays available. However, about a dozen have been traced to their manuscript form, which are about enough to give an insight into the nature of Hamza Shinwari's drama. But first we must turn to the nature of the radio play as such, as it is entirely different from that of the stage play. Unlike the stage the radio has its own requirements and a writer is bound to keep them constantly in view. While a stage also depends upon visual effects like lighting and stage scenery and costume etc, the radio depends on only acoustic effects. It is the voice and the sound that must suggest all the invisible paraphernalia of the play. Like
the bare Elizabethan stage which forced the dramatist to recreate all the scenic effects in words, the radio dramatist is also forced to fall back upon the power and magic of his language. A radio play must be gripping right from the beginning and this interest should be sustained throughout or the whole show melts in thin air or converts into grating noises which may only prompt the listener to tune in to some other interesting programme instead.

A radio play must also be decent and without the slightest trace of immorality or vulgarity as it is heard at homes where nobody would tolerate any indecency. There should be no rashness, particularly in amorous, love scenes. No dialogue should hurt any sensible person’s feelings. Then also the success or failure of radio drama depends as much on the competence of the producer as the astuteness of the writer himself. It is the producer who chooses the actors and devises the sound effects like the background music and other necessary sounds. If he is imaginative and knows his part well and plays his role with utmost devotion, then he can add to the success of the play, otherwise even a good play can be killed in the execution. Radio plays have their own charm and people usually look forward to a play by a well-known writer or a famous producer. Even the television has not replaced good radio plays.

It was a good omen for Pashto literature when a branch of the All India Radio was also opened at Peshawar in 1935. Along with other usual items it also started broadcasting
Pashto drama. When the need for it was created the writers' attention was also drawn towards radio drama. According to Mohammad Azam Azam, "Luckily this period was also the prime of Pashto literature and Pashto writers paid attention to the art of drama and the public also took keen interest in it. No doubt the radio proved to be a bulwark to the dilapidated structure of Pashto drama. For thirty years, before the television was introduced, it was the radio which spread the consciousness of drama and the healthy tradition is still carried on effectively so that modern Pashto radio and television drama can be said to be second to none". (12).

Prominent writers among the earliest period of radio drama were Abdul Karim Mazloom, Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari, Daud Shah Barq and Samandar Khan Samandar. Due to their creative potentialities these people soon mastered the technical aspects of the radio drama. "Both Hamza Shinwari and Samandar Khan Samandar developed this drama both qualitatively and quantitatively; and both of them are considered masters of this genre to this day". (13).

Among the second generation of radio dramatists we may mention Syed Rasool Rasa, S.A.Rehman, Raza Mehandi, Khyal Bokhari, Ajmal Khattak, Rashid Ali Dehqan, Ashraf Maftoon, Abdullah Jan Maghoom, Shaukatullah Akbar, Begum E. Daud, Abdullah Jan Aseer, Ayaz Daudzai and Murad Shinwari. Here we will give some of the plays from some of these writers. They are included from an unpublished list prepared by Saifur Rehman Syed:
2. Guman Da Eman Zyan De (doubt undermines faith).
3. Da_Sro_Gota (golden ring).
4. Azmekht (trial).
2. Samandar Khan Samandar:
1. Yatin (the orphan).
2. Soor_Pezwan (golden nose ornament).
3. Loor_Khor (daughter sister).
4. Ujrahi (the mercenary).
3. Mian Syed Rasool Rasai:
1. Da_Sograt_Marg (death of Socrates).
2. Sawdai (the crank).
3. Peryan (the gins).
4. Tinhai (loneliness).
4. S.A. Rehman:
1. Neemgarhe Khob (unfulfilled dream).
2. Amali (addict).
5. Raza Mehmandi: 1. Meraj_Mor (step mother).
2. Aw_Gham_Goe_Sho (and the pain was gone).

This list is by no means complete. There are also many more writers of this period while the writers mentioned above have many more plays to their credit instead of just the ones mentioned.

This brings us to the third generation of writers among whom we may mention the following although the list would be twice as lengthy if we mentioned all. They are Walandar Momand, Saifur Rehman Syed, Tahir Bokhari, Omar Nasir, Mohammad Atzal Raza, Sadullah Jan Barq, Mohammad Azam Azam, Mohammad Humayun Huma, Mukhtar Ahmad Zahid, Sahir Afridi, Nissar Mohammad Khan, Nisar Mazlep, Wali Mohammad Khalil, Gul Atzal Khan, Younas Wyasi, Mohammad Nawaz Tair, Arbab Abdul Wadood, Mohibullah Shaoq.
Mubarak Sultana Shamim, Zahida Halim Qureshi, Syeda Naz Javed and Zakia Haleem. Due to scarcity of space we will not give even the representative plays of these writers. Suffice it to say that these, along with many more writers, have contributed to the radio Pashto drama. In this connection we also come across a great deal of Urdu and English translations along with original Pashto plays. Again, we should not go into the specific mention of these translations.

With this we will turn to the television drama for a brief survey. Television was introduced in this part of the world during the sixties and soon made its mark particularly on drama. T.V. drama has its own characteristics and makes its own demands on the writer. But its greatest advantage over the radio is its visual along with sound effects. It is a semblance of the stage itself while the radio drama must depend on the imagination of the listeners for the recreation of the stage. The T.V. here soon started regularly telecasting plays along with the other programmes. Gradually the T.V. plays became so popular that people would make it a point not to miss them. Usually longer plays were serialised on the T.V. and some series became so well known and attractive that people would even close business and stop work to watch them. This craze still goes on very strong and drama alone remains the most popular PTV programme. Although the place of honour is occupied by the Urdu plays, yet regional plays; Pashto, Sindhi, Balochi and Punjabi are also telecast regularly from the provincial centres.
The first Pashto play that was telecast in 1966 from the then Rawalpindi-Islamabad television centre (black and white) was Khpal Pradi (relatives and strangers) by Hidayatullah Khan. It was a translation of the Urdu play Kanch Ka Glass (the glass tumbler). Still the TV plays had to be shorter (almost one act plays) as their running duration was normally forty minutes. Even from the point of view of time duration the TV plays were a great improvement over the radio plays because the later used to be aired for just about fifteen minutes. Before the Peshawar branch of the PTV was opened at Peshawar (which was also fully coloured), the Rawalpindi-Islamabad station had presented a number of Pashto plays. With the commissioning of the Peshawar centre, Pashto plays were also serialised so that longer plays could be telecast in installments, ultimately giving an impression of a more perfect drama. Atizal Raza maintains about the serialisation of the Pashto plays, "The basic difference between common plays and serialised plays is extension of the story. The play of about half an hour reaches its climax and ends in the given time, but in a serialised play every episode has its own chain of events in the general context of the continuity of the play. In this way the spectators are forced to stand by for the next instalment". (14). The television attracted particularly the younger generation of writers. Muhammad Azam Azam also points out this fact when he says, "With the introduction of the television all our older and greater writers gave up writing and the stage was left open for a
comparatively younger generation of writers who carried out new experiments in this new kind of drama".(15).

For the serialised Pashto TV drama we will borrow Mohammad Azam Azm's list. It is like this:

1. **Afzal Raza**:
   1. **Naee Manzal** (new destination). 12 installments 1978
   2. **Ihsaa (feelings)** 13 -do- 1978
   4. **Maghal (the torch)** 13 -do- 1982

2. **Gul Afzal Khan**:
   1. **Lare Larawe (traveller)** 12 -do- 1978
   2. **Faqir Shahzada (beggar prince)** 09 -do- 1978
   3. **Gardab (whirlpool)** 13 -do- 1982

3. **Sadullah Jan Barg**:
   1. **Hagme (breezes)** 13 -do- 1977
   2. **Bawar (belief)** 13 -do- 1978

4. **Khalijdad Umed**:
   1. **Bandoona (hurdles)** 12 -do- 1984

5. **Nisar Mohammad Khan**:
   1. **Zool Aw Dewa (gust and lamp)** 13 -do- 1980

6. **Noorul Bashar Naveed**:
   1. **Brekhna (lightening)** 14 -do- 1980

7. **Mohammad Humayun Huma**:
   1. **Tanda (thirst)** 13 -do- 1980/81

8. **Mohammad Azam Azam**:
   1. **Wreke Lare (lost ways)** 10 -do- 1975
   2. **Rokhana Tyare (bright darkness)** 16 -do- 1977
   3. **Sori Aw Stori (shadows & stars)** 18 -do- 1979
   4. **Nangos (honour)** 20 -do- 1980
   5. **Zaulane (the chains)** 26 -do- 1982/83

Along with the stage, radio and TV drama we have also got to mention here a drama by Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari called Laila Majnoon, which he had written as a screen play. It was filmed in 1941 and shown all over the Frontier. However, we will talk a great deal about it later on.

We will conclude this brief introductory discussion with Professor Afzal Raza who maintains, "There are various
reasons for the scarcity of stage drama in Pakhtoonkhwa. It will not be gainsaying to claim that stage or even its very concept doesn’t exist here. What of small towns and villages, no theatre can be found even in big cities. Due to lack of proper stage the art of drama can not develop. Another reason is the changed condition. People now prefer film to drama because film is somehow more satisfying. Also the writers are attracted more to the radio and TV and stage drama has been almost completely forgotten about". (17).

HAMZA ON DRAMA

Here we will give a broad translation of an article on drama by Hamza Shinwari, published in the Pashto journal Qand (drama number), Mardan, 1960. Along with discussing the history as well as the art of drama in general and Pashto drama in particular, he also discusses his own preoccupations and close association with this nascent branch of Pashto literature. This article therefore, also bears testimony to his enormous contribution towards Pashto drama throughout the best part of his life. Since the article is too long to reproduce in its entirety here we will but give a synopsis of it, pruning away unnecessary digressions and explanations. Instead of doing a word by word translation we will but take the gist of the article and leave the rest for the Pashto readers. If it was too tempting we might as well add here and there a word, a phrase or even a sentence of our own, without of course harming the spirit of the
original articles or obstructing or diverting or even channe-
lising the stream of our writer's thoughts. He goes on:

"The story or the drama are mirrors in which a man can see himself and a reflection of his feelings, aspirations and ideals. From time immemorial man has been relating and hearing stories in order to forget about his cares, worries and troubles and the harsh realities of life on the whole. Stories have been a constant and a cheaper source of entertainment. The more natural the story with which one can easily identify oneself the sweeter and more satisfying it becomes. Another novel way of relating and hearing the same story is the complete dramatisation of the story; seeing it on an improvised stage through characters and their action. This makes the story more attractive and perhaps more intense and concentrated. Although the spectators know fully well that the whole show is but an elaborate exercise in the art of "make-believe" yet they persuade themselves for "a willing suspension of disbelief". Any flash of reality or realism in a character, dialogue, event or scene gives the spectators the same satisfaction that they would have drawn from actual a "real-life-situation". Man has done various experiments with the stage and the modern technological age has added further dimensions to it in the form of radio and IV as avenues, along with the traditional theatre, for the propagation and perpetua-
tion of the dramatic art".

"When man is saturated with the story as such and drags it on to the stage for a change; along with entertainment
he also wants to have a reflection in it of his enduring problems and the hard facts of life, although entertainment itself is a reflection of life too. The stage is converted into either a pulpit or a marketplace. The plays that are staged are either religious or morality, social or romantic, political or outright propaganda. This organised theatre, reflecting the various facets of life can only come into being when the uncertain tribal life has been effectively replaced by a permanent settled (or civic) life; when nomadism has been replaced by a more settled and stable civilisation. With the passage of time even bitter realities of life assume a sweet taste. Even tragedy provides a cathartic effect as rightly pointed out by Aristotle. Having escaped from life in his ancient stories man faces it once again on the stage of his own devising. Once again he is convinced that the bitterness of life only intensifies into sweetness “Our sweetest songs are those that tell of the saddest moments”. In this way we can guess the culture, civilisation and intellectual evolution of a nation from the study of its drama. I used the word drama because I am writing on it; otherwise we can also include all the other branches of literature and art.

“Pashto literature has the tradition of the story, although it still has its roots in the oral tradition, what is called the folklore, coming down to us from the ancient times when man had a limited but neat inventory of parables and stories. In the early period of culture and civilisation of every nation, the stage on the whole, plays a pivotal role. Reflecting the
spirit of the age, it has great attraction for its listeners or viewers. For example there used to be monarchies in old days (as if they are but a thing of the past!). The king used to be looked upon as some sort of a superhuman being (I deliberately omitted the spaces). All this was sanctioned by the "divine-right-theory" of kingship. Every story would therefore revolve around the character of a king or for that matter, a queen or a prince. Our stories of those good old days would start like this: "Once upon a time there was a king. The king is our lord (god)." Then this king would have five or seven sons if not more, with one of them a step brother to the others. This step brother would be normally the hero of our story. He would be venerated to the point of worship. This heroworship is the basic weakness of human nature. Then in order to test his mettle and also to provide the inescapable supernatural element to the story, (without which a story was somehow incomplete), he would fall in love with a fairy princess. Since the princess would at the same time be a beloved of a giant, there would follow an inevitable clash between the two. A magician would appear (as if by magic) to help the brave but fragile prince against the stupendous giant, who would at the same time be more cunning than the stupid one-eyed Cyclopes of Ulysses. The story would normally end with the defeat of the relentless giant at the hands of the resourceful prince, and we would be the happier for it.

"The perhaps this kind of story was too universal. It had to be adapted to the local conditions: the climatised you
know), to reflect not only the history and geography but also the peculiar social, moral and psychological mores of a tribe or a nation. In this way a pure local or national story was given birth. This story was also accompanied by local music and this holy marriage of story and music gave birth to a Dastan (a Romance). In Pashto we have Adam-Durkhane, Momin Khan-Shirine, Musa Khan-Gulmakai, Yousaf Khan-Sherbano and Sher Alam-Memona etc. These romances are full of dramatic elements like dynamic characters and plenty of dialogues. They are so near actual drama that when I saw the first stage play called Yahoodi Ki LaRhki (the daughter of a Jew) by Agha Hashar Kashmiri. I saw very little difference between those old romances and that modern play. Only the stage play turned out to be a little more effective, may be, because of the living, flesh-n-blood characters on the stage and their appropriate action, together with the over-all impact (or magic) of the stage. It was only the play of the visual perception which rendered the play more effective; otherwise the long run impression of the two, while I look back at it now, is just the same. Even the stage plays of those times had not done away with the dummy-kings (like the ubiquitous modern toy bears of children), the use of the supernatural elements and the magic. Religion and morality had the unshakable grip on that drama. They used to be sermons on the stage.

"With the passage of time new companies came with new experiments in the dramatic art and drama was forced to
undergo a change in view of the fast changing times (actually Hamza means fashions but he seems to be allergic to this word). The atmosphere was being pervaded by shrill political slogans. The freedom movement was fast gaining momentum. Drama was also made to reflect these social and political tendencies. The kings and supernatural elements were dislodged by the feudal land-lords and their tenants. Along with their hounds, horses and hawks, their quails (which could even browbeat the village cocks!) also invaded the stage. Another recurrent theme of the drama of those days was the projection of the slogan Hindo-Muslim Bhai Bhai (Hindu-Muslim Brotherhood), an unnatural unity necessitated by the vagaries of the freedom movement. The early Pashto plays were not as much political as on the social reformation. They concerned themselves with the rights of women and the lower social strata. Social evils like the un-Islamic nature of the laws of inheritance found their projection in the early Pashto drama. Since the British slavery was the greatest social evil soon our drama overstepped the political frontiers and was used as an effective propaganda tool”.

"In those days I was so overwhelmed by the stage drama that not only writing one or two trashes in Urdu, I was so much obsessed with acting that I didn’t care whether it was the Hura or the Mosque but I carried on my acting exercises. And when along with the theatre I also started going to the films, it put fire to the oil. All those films used to come from Europe and America. They were silent films as the talkies had not come yet.
When films were also started to be made in India, they started with very crude and primitive direction as well as acting. The same old kings, supernatural elements and magic were the starting point of those films; and then came the talkies with also on more developed and realistic themes. The first talky that I saw was Shirin-Farhad with Master Nisar and Miss Kajjan as its hero and heroin. Even this onslaught of the silver screen could not dim the glitter of the stage and theatre was still doing roaring business. A stage play would take at the most four hours which used to have three drop scenes. There also used to be chorus in those plays but I have seen no commentator or announcer in them. The actors would either introduce themselves as they would appear for the first time on the stage or they would be introduced through other characters. Most plays would be in verse. The stage play used to be in three acts with a number of scenes in each act. From time to time comedians would also be introduced for a necessary "comic relief". Sometimes the comedy would run alongside in the form of a sub-plot and the same set of characters would act in both the main tragic plot and the frivolous sub plot. In the stage drama an interval would occur at the end of the second act. The last act after interval, used to be short. In this act the story would reach the climax and the anti-climax would slide to the end.

"On both sides of the stage there used to be huge cardboard curtains behind which the prompters would feed the actors (of course not with candies but with their cues). Sometimes:
their indiscreet prompting would even be heard by the spectators who would only cheer up and clap their hands. The spectators would also sometimes provide prompting to the actors (there would be people like Hamza who would remember the entire play). There is a difference between stage acting and radio and film play. A stage actor must modulate his voice to be clearly heard by even the spectators sitting in the last row. He must also simulate his actions and movements and make much use of gestures and other para-linguistic devices. Even those simulations and gestures can throw a great deal of light on characterisation. They can at times be a substitute for lengthy dialogues. This part of the acting is also shared by the film with the stage. But then the film has the added advantage of out-door-shooting and presenting plenty of natural scenery, which the stage, by its very limitations, can not hope to provide. Some European and American films are so natural that one would readily mistake them for reality or nature herself would call them but a miracle.

"In 1930, I joined the Punjab Film Company which was making a silent film called The Falcon. I was leader of the decoits, sitting in ambush for a caravan, in a narrow gorge. Director Bose had told us how the caravan was to be attacked and defended. Everybody was provided with a gun and bulletless cartridges. The leader of the caravan was my friend, Mir Alam Khan. When the caravan appeared from a bend, I opened fire. The caravan, in the meantime, was at hand and Mir Alam Khan leapt at me and putting the barrel of his gun on my chest he fired. My
shirt caught fire with the burning gun powder and the cardboard pieces of the cartridge wounded my chest. The director shouted "cut" and was extremely pleased with the realism of the scene. Fortunately my wound was not too serious to hospitalise me. The director gave us a tea party for this successful scene. Now such scenes cannot be shown on the stage. You can not induce donkeys and camels to climb the stage and play their part. Such scenes are only described in words and the rest is left to the imagination of the spectators."

"The success of a play depends on three elements. They are: 1) the experience and competence of the director, 2) the ability of the writer and 3) the ability of the actors. (Here Hamza gives elaborate examples from the shooting of his first Pashto film, Laila Majnoon. Although interesting we should avoid them here due to lack of space).

"I wrote my first radio play in 1936. It was called Zamindar (farmer). In the same year the All India Radio had opened a branch in the Peshawar secretariat. Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak was its incharge officer. Abdul Karim Mazloom had put life in the Pashto programmes. Mazloom had also written the first radio play. Together with Daud Shah Barq, Mazloom was broadcasting a regular programme called Da Dostano Khabare Atare (friendly gossip), which was very popular."

"In radio drama, we can neither see the actors nor their acting. The scene is also only described in words or recreated by the help of artificial sounds. It is this lack of
visual sense that partly minimises the spontaneous impact of the radio play. In the radio drama all the elements are concentrated either in the human voice or the elemental sounds, the rest is left to the imagination of the listeners. This makes the briskness and brevity of the plot an unavoidable must. The plot should not be so involved or complicated as to require more characters. This only makes the continuity of the story difficult to keep in mind. The multiplicity of events and episodes which weave through the plot like links in a chain only compound the difficulty of the listener; so do unnecessarily more characters. Like a good, concise short story, a radio play must have the minimum possible characters in a neat linear plot.

"I must have written hundreds of plays and features for the radio. In the beginning I used to make mistakes which would reflect on the over-all effect of the play; but gaining more and more experience it was becoming easier to overcome my short-comings and eradicate my mistakes. It was not I alone to be suffering from this handicap, all the other writers were also prone to similar mistakes. One of our glaring drawback was the introduction of a story teller (commentator) in the play. But soon we learnt that the plot should unfold itself through dialogues or situations; that the characters should be naturally introduced and that all the characters should have clear cut identities and individualities. The time factor is also an important aspect of the radio play. The maximum possible time for a radio play is about one hour which may be reduced to half an
hour or even fifteen minutes depending on the nature of the programme. However, when the play Da Wino Jam (bloody cup) was put on the air, it had taken two and a half hours, for which special permission was obtained from the centre at Delhi."

"In the beginning it was difficult to synchronise the play i.e. to write the play inside the required time frame. Sometimes a fifteen minutes play would run into a more than one hour play while a half an hour play would end up in less than ten minutes. However, with the passage of time we learnt to keep track of the time. If the play was still a little too short or a little too long, it was left to the actors to stretch or contract it during the performance to account for the extra time. However, the time question became easy to resolve as we gradually learnt to put up with the exigencies of the radio."

"The caravan of evolution goes on. It never stops or rests. It is because human mind does not stick to one point. It tends to lose interest in anything that is once fully known to it. It is always in search of new experiences and explores new avenues of knowledge. Seeing a show or a spectacle and getting enjoyment and satisfaction from it only gratifies that eternal thirst for human evolution which yearns for knowledge and cognition. Man wants to see a new show in every blinking of his eyes and to explore new vena at every stride because he is never satisfied or satiated with acquisition of knowledge and art. All the experiments that man has so far done with drama have only whetted his thirst for perfection."
CONTRIBUTION TO PASHTO DRAMA

Writing about the dramatic works of Hamza shinwari, Professor Mohammad Azam Azam concludes in his Ph.D. thesis on "Characterisation in Pashto Literature", "In connection with radio drama, the greatest name after Abdul Karim Khan Mazloom is that of Hamza Shinwari. It will not be any exaggeration to say that in the entire history of Pashto drama the contribution of Hamza Shinwari is simply more than anybody else's, both qualitatively as well as quantitatively". (18) Hamza himself claims rather modestly, that "I might have written as many plays for the radio as would run into scores if not actually hundreds". (19). If he is pressed for giving roughly the exact number, which he has never been able to reckon, he would put it at two hundred. Of course this will also include the radio features and the dramatised musical stories. But Akram Khan Farooq Shinwari has doubled this figure and has claimed in the preface to Bhuyawong, "Among the non-radio plays only one, Laila Majnoon has been filmed and another two plays, Adam Khan-Durkhunai and (I forget the name of the other) have not yet been filmed. Nearly three or four hundred of his radio plays have already been broadcasted. But Hamza has not kept their record. Perhaps this record might have been kept by the Radiowallah's" (20). But this record was never kept by "the radio people" either with the result that (almost) all those plays have vanished into the thin air and
stand simply lost for the posterity for which the Pashto litera-
ture should be as much poorer. It can only be called the height 
of injustice and misfortune for the already unfortunate Pashto 
literature.

One would not doubt Akram Farooq's assertion of 
putting Hamza Shinwari's (radio) plays at "three or four hundred"
as he was not only Hamza Shinwari’s closest friend but also a 
well known poet and radio playwright himself. He would therefore 
have a fair idea of Hamza Shinwari’s radio plays, as indeed about 
all his other works, and most probably he has not exaggerated his 
claim, to simply put Hamza on a higher pedestal. I don't think it 
would be necessary at all. Even if he had not written a single 
play, his poetry and prose works would still put Hamza on the 
highest possible pedestal, and then this play writing was a sort 
of by product of his essentially poetic genius. He gave it the 
least attention. He himself says that he would write a play in 
ten to fifteen minutes, while sitting among his friends and 
talking about politics or poetry or even watching an "alchemical 
process", with the promise of gold at the end. He would never even 
bother about the plot or characters. An idea would strike his 
mind (or the radio people would bombard his mind with an idea and 
a demand for a play the next day) and he would conceive the whole 
play "in a flash", as it were, complete with plot, characters, 
dialogues and the scenes etc. He would write it as if he were 
simply copying it from some invisible manuscript. Then he would 
hand over the original manuscript to the Radiowallahs and they
would put it on the air in due course of time. He would receive Rs 10/- for the script. Since he used to be financially hard up in those days, this meagre money would provide some relief. So, unlike his poetry and prose, this radio drama was a sort of commercial activity for him which brought him instant hard cash. And he would happily wash his hands from it even long before he would have washed his hands of the ten rupees remuneration.

It is indeed very strange that Hamza has never kept a record of his plays as he is so very particular with regard to his poetry and prose. Almost all his poems have been recorded in large registers with most poems not only properly dated but also giving the place of their composition. Similarly he has scrupulously preserved most, if not all, his prose works, getting them published in due course of time. Even his stories and essays which he used to get published in various magazines, over a long period of time, were duly published in a volume by his son, Murad Ali Shinwari. But neither Murad Shinwari nor Hamza himself paid any heed to his radio plays. It never occurred to them that they could be collected and published in a volume so that their record was handed down to the posterity. Another surprising fact is that Murad Shinwari was himself an employee of the radio Pakistan, Peshawar for the last about twenty years. He had an easy access to the radio record. And it was during this time that something happened to that mysterious record. The venue of the radio was shifted twice and the old record was probably discarded, disposed off or simply destroyed, without caring for
its literary or historical value. Now only names of some of Hamza Shinwari's plays can be ascertained from the old broadcast schedule. The plays themselves or their manuscripts are nowhere to be traced.

However, some of his plays have survived all this criminal neglect. Not all have been lost for ever. We still have with us enough of his plays to give us a fair idea of his dramatic art. At present we have the manuscripts of the following plays. Since their dates of their writings and broadcast are unknown, except for one or two of them, which bear their dates of broadcast, we will give them below in alphabetical order:

1. Ahmad Shah Abdali.
4. Fateh Khan_Kabria.
5. Gumon Da Eman_Zyan De. (doubt undermines faith).
9. Matali Shair (poet with proverbs).
10. Maimoona.
12. Qurbani. (sacrifice).
13. Seinsure Peghla. (the spinster).
14. Zhrandage_Rbe. (the miller).

Besides these we also have the manuscript of Leila Majnoon, the script of the first ever Pashto film that was made in Bombay in 1941. Also fairly intact is the manuscript of Khukale Bala (beautiful specter) which is a translation of Agha Hashar Kashmiri's stage play in Urdu, Khoobsoorat_Bala. Now all these manuscripts are in fairly readable shape although badly degraded by rough and careless handling. Time has also told on the quality.
of the paper on which they have been written. In places the ink has also faded to make it difficult to decipher. One or two manuscripts have been written with pencil. In one or two manuscripts even a page or two are missing. In the worst possible shape is the manuscript of Laila Majnoon with pages missing from it from both ends and the paper itself steeped in oil or grease for no apparent reason except for some inadvertent accident. This has partly spread the ink to give a blurring impression. Yet whatever there is can be easily read and understood.

A few scripts have been saved from the perishing radio record, mainly through the good offices of Mr Khatir Ghaznavi. They have been written very neatly by some professional radio calligrapher, giving even the dates and the time of their broadcast. For example the play Khushal Khan Khattak was broadcast on 20-4-1943. Similarly Mainooona was broadcast on 4-12-1952 and Mugabile on 29-8-1953 and so on. Among these the last play ZbrandagaRhe (the miller) became so popular that it was not only repeatedly broadcast but was also translated into Urdu by Kahtir Ghaznavi under the title Panchakki (the mill) and was also broadcast. It was also included in the F.A. Pashto syllabus.

Apart from these present manuscripts we have a long list of his plays which we have culled from various sources. Apart from Hamza Shinwari's own references to some of these plays and a mention of some others by some other writers, a large number of them have been mentioned in an unpublished and undated list of stage, radio and TV Pashto plays by Mr Saifur Rahman Syed. It is
a fairly exhaustive list, running into fifty three pages, of all
the published as well as radio and TV plays. He intends to
publish it but has not succeeded so far. He was kind enough to
let me make a photo copy of it. That list gives some twenty odd
plays of Hamza which was about all that he could glean from the
elusive radio record. Here we will give them in alphabetic order.

1. Adam Khan-Durkhanai (21)
2. Azmekhat (trial).
3. Da Desang Khair (city of professional musicians)
4. Da Islam RanRha (the light of Islam)
5. Da Naranjo Bagh (the orange orchard)
6. Da Sre Gota (golden ring)
7. Da Swarlgama seggmai (the full moon)
8. Da Toot Waga (the mulberry tree)
9. Faqir Bacha (the mendicant)
10. Kala Dase hum Kegai (it sometimes happens so)
11. Khisto
12. Mahmood Gheznavi
13. Maimoona
14. Multan (22)
15. Nazma
16. Nanawate (asylum)
17. Naswari Khan (the Naswar addict Khan)
18. News Dunya (new world)
19. Pat (honour)
20. Prekikhe Gote (the cut fingers)
21. Professor
22. Sarkale (the head-shaving ceremony) (23)
23. Sang-e-Meel (the mile stone)
24. Sanha-E-Karbala (the Karbala tragedy)
25. Sharafat (civility)
26. Tordale-Shabi
27. Toofan (the storm)
28. Zamindar (the farmer)
29. Zarif Khan-Mabai

Now all these are radio plays with the exception
of the two plays which were really written for the silver screen.
The Urdu play by Agha Hashar Kashmiri which has been translated
by Hamza Shinwari, is a stage play. The radio plays are of course,
bounded by the limitations of the technique of radio drama.
Hamza is among the few pioneers of the radio drama. The radio was established when he was already at the height of his literary achievements. He acted in the first radio play *Da Wino Jam* (the bloody cup) by Mohammad Aslam Khan Khattak. At this he soon realised that his genius could be more than equal to the demands of the radio drama. With a few initial lapses here and there he soon mastered its technique. He wrote his first play *Zamindar* (the farmer) for the radio and this was followed by regular play contracts. Soon his was the greatest name in the world of the radio drama.

Besides radio, his plays were also demanded by some gramophone recording companies. We have already mentioned it, with some details in chapter one. These recordings were first done at Peshawar and then at New Delhi. Hamza himself still fondly recalls how his play *Da Damang Khan* (city of the professional musicians) was recorded; and how the professional singers protested against its name so that later on it was changed for *Da Charsiyan Badshah* (king of the Hashish smokers). He also vividly remembers not only the names but also typical characteristics of those singers and actors who used to be recording those plays on the rounded, plastic discs called records. These (magic) discs were catching faster than any fashion of the time and, unlike the radio on which you could hear a programme only once and even that by chance, you could repeatedly play those discs at home on your horned box-like device called *Raja* (gramophone). All the tea stalls in the Peshawar city used to have a set and well
off people also kept one at home. It was nothing less than a magic box, churning music and drama.

Hamza never wrote for the stage because the advent of the theatre in the Frontier coincided with the arrival of the films as well as the radio. The film proved more attractive than the theatre and the various theatrical companies that had swarmed the Frontier at the outset of the twentieth century were suddenly eclipsed by the rising sun of the silver screen. For a time they fought a losing battle against the onslaught of the film but ultimately withered away leaving the stage for the dynamics of the celluloid world and the resourceful movie camera. The theatre had an immense impact on the youthful, impressionable Hamza. If it had persisted he would surely have contributed to it a great deal. If Peshawar were the Elizabethan London Hamza could have been another Shakespeare. But by the time his genius was awakening the theatre was on the wane. That is why he turned to the film world—first to acting and then creating the first Pashto film.

We will conclude this discussion with Mohammad Azam Azam who writes. "Great Hamza has written various plays on various themes, reflecting the typical Pakhtoon surroundings. There is tragedy as well as comedy in his drama. He has written serious plays as well as humorous and frivolous ones. In this way he has drawn all sorts of characters from the romantic to the rustic and from the spiritual to the historical. His plays are not only full of life, they reflect life itself". (24).
CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS PLAYS

Although most of his plays have been simply lost, we still have about a dozen plays of Hamza Shinwari with us to be able to peep into his mind and judge his dramatic art, and to point out some of his peculiar qualities that we come across in almost all his plays. Perhaps in this way we might stumble on his essential genius. Here it must be mentioned at the outset, as we must have already mentioned it, that all these plays are but radio plays of short duration. They have already been broadcast and some of them broadcast repeatedly. They are therefore bound by the requirements of the radio drama, where the dramatist is forced to keep to the rigid limitations of time, the radio studios and the microphone etc. in view. The time for such plays is never more than half an hour. For such a constricted period of time the dramatist can only come up with an one act play, with a couple of scenes and the fewest possible characters. There could be hardly more than two major characters in such plays.

In order to attract the attention of the listeners at the outset, the play is usually started with something unusual. Hamza has also been making use of this trick of the initial unusualness in some of his plays. His play Spinsare Peghla (the spinster) starts with supernatural voices. There are two voices personifying happiness and wealth. They debate the point whether there can be happiness without property. It is argued that wealth can only engender evil and destruction; it has
nothing to do with happiness at all. Happiness has its own existence, independent from wealth, and governed by its own laws: it can be found even in adversity. At this the wealth goes to a village hoping that happiness would follow him but she prefers to stay in the graveyard instead of going to the village in the entourage of wealth. With the coming of the wealth the villagers become greedy and blood-thirsty. They kill each other for the possession of wealth. A young widow whose young, innocent husband has been killed for his lands, finds solace and a strange happiness in the graveyard. She gives all her husbands property to a charitable trust and instead builds a hut for herself near the grave of her husband.

In another play, Mugabila (competition), a pious man is reciting some prayers when the devil (Satan or Shaitan) appears with a bang (a blast of gun powder, as specified by the directions). This blast is kept throughout for the appearance of the devil. In this way the listeners are shaken (even physically shaken) by the happening of something unusual before the actual appearance of the poor devil. In this play we also hear supernatural voices which guide the human beings against the machinations of the devil. The two sinners standing on the board, with the hangman noose around their necks, can actually see the heavens and angels after they have repented and sincerely renounced (or denounced the devil) towards the end of the play.

Another method of opening a play is the use of a commentator (Rawi). This method has been used in Ahmad Shah
Abdali and Maimona. The commentator provides the background of the scene and then the play proceeds. For example, the commentator in Ahmad Shah Abdali gives a brief sketch of the historical events when Ahmad Shah was a soldier in Nadir Shah Afshar's armies fighting his wars in Transoxania and Turkistan. The play begins with Nadir Shah appointing Ahmad Shah as the governor of Kandahar, then the nucleus of Afghan resurgence. This plain commentary is repeated three or four times to cover the entire period of Ahmad Shah's reign of which, in between, we have dramatic scenes. In Maimona, the commentator laments, at the outset, her tragic death. This commentary is in verse. It is in the best tradition of the Greek chorus. We are prepared for a tragic scene to follow. But the following scene is that of music and merriment. The tragedy is afoot, without being readily anticipated, when one of the villagers goes to the house of Sher Alam (the husband of Maimona) in his absence, to ask Maimona for some tobacco, late in the night as it is. She gives him the required tobacco but next day Sher Alam had to kill her for meeting a village loon in the dead of night, no matter whatever the intention. He could not bear the taunting of the villagers. She had to be killed for this disgrace.

We come across yet another kind of noisy, dramatic opening in Fateh Khan-Rabia when Fateh Khan and Karamai (a prince and his lackey) shoot with arrows and break the pitchers of the village girls at a river ford. This beginning is full of the noise of the shooting arrows and breaking pitchers and angry, screaming
girls and the devilish shouts of the unscrupulous friends of Fateh Khan. The whole scene is a mingling of the diverse noises which is bound to attract the listener's attention. Prince or no prince, the act of Fateh Khan is not only unusual or unnatural but also highly objectionable and disgraceful and we are left guessing at what might be the consequences of it. However, it was Rabia, a girl among the rest, who not only chided but defied Fateh Khan and this was the beginning of a life-long love affair between the two.

All Hamza Shinwari's plays are in plain, everyday, common prose but from place to place he has also inserted poetry. These poems are usually given at the critical points. Again, like the Greek chorus, they are either a moral commentary on what has already taken place or a prophecy about what might be in store. In Spinsare, Peghla (the spinster) the two supernatural voices of happiness and wealth start speaking in prose but towards the end Happiness sums up the characteristics of wealth in a poem. It is a long poem of eleven couplets. Wealth replies to this in a poem of some six couplets. From time to time the characters also take resort to poetry. For example Salim sums up his love for Mehro in these words, perhaps sensing that his prose might not have conveyed the intensity of his emotions:

/\*\*
bl y'd bh st' d y'd d p'sh khh r' $y m'th,
  d yw 'ks d p'sh nh wy bl ph 'y'hnh kXe. (Hamza)
  (Except for that of yours
  How can another thought come to my mind
  There can be no reflection in a mirror
  Over the one that is there already). (Hamza).

Similarly when Mukhtar has decided to kill his uncle, Adam Khan,
to inherit his property; and after having killed for him three or four people, he gives vent to his resolve in a quatrain, and when Salim is being hanged for the alleged murder of a villager (he was of course innocent and falsely implicated in that case) he told his beloved, Mehro to get married after his death. To this she replies in heart-rending poetry saying that she would live the rest of her life for him.

We come across the most interesting intermingling of prose and poetry in Fateh Khan-Rabia and Khushal Khan Khattak. Fateh Khan Rabia is a popular Pashto romance or a love story in verse called Dastan. Even now-a-days such Dastans are being sung to music. Their poets are usually anonymous but their poetry is everlasting. Hamza has done great justice to the original poetry of Fateh Khan-Rabia. The story has been dramatised mainly in prose but from place to place we come across an apt patch-work of the original poetry. Its poetry also has a typical, unmistakable rhythm. It is mainly in couplets and they also bring to mind the Greek chorus, for they have more or less the same function. After Fateh Khan and his friends have broken the pitchers of the girls and they were chided and defied by Rabia (the daughter of a Vazir), Fateh Khan fell in love with her. When she was going back he called at her:

( O Pathan damsel
You took the heart of Fateh Khan
How could I rest
Till I have found you out ).

She replied back:

( I am a desert nightingale Fateh Khan

...
Let me tell you I am Rabia Gul Durrani.

Similarly, when Fateh Khan leaves for Hindustan he calls on Rabia and their dialogue takes place in verse. Rabia also decides to go with him to Hindustan even if that meant going to hell with him. When Fateh Khan is leaving, his mother is standing in one of the two gates of the house and cries, while Fateh Khan goes out through the other, to avoid confronting this pathetic scene:

( Kalabast has two gates
   Fateh Khan leaves through the one
   In the other his mother stands crying).

When they reach the plains of Hindustan and are attacked by homesickness Fateh Khan declares:

( My heart is full of pain,
   A strange wind blows,
   O God! what country this might be!)

His companion Purdil Khan cries:

( The fruit of Wandahar may be ripe these days,
   Tell our friends, air, that we live in a desert).

And the mischievous Karamai enjoins:

( Further down Hindustan is full of trees
   Friends, hold on fast to your swords ).

Similarly, the entire story is interwoven with poetry.

When Karamai instigates the local ruler, Shamsud Din and he moves mighty forces against them, Fateh Khan is angry at him and chides him in strong couplets of poetry. When the war finally starts and Fateh Khan’s friends fall one by one, Rabia comments on them in poetry. And when Fateh Khan himself jumps into the fray Rabia cries at his horse:

( O faithful steed of Fateh Khan
   Rabia may be your sacrifice
   If Fateh is brought back victorious).

In Khushal Khan Khattak, Hamza has been making liberal use of poetry so that the point is hammered home that, beside being a brave soldier, Khushal Khan was also a great poet.
Khushal Khan's own son, Behram had joined hands with the Moghul Emperor, Aurangzeb, against his very father. On the mention of his name Khushal Khan is filled with rage and regret. He can never be satisfied with uttering four or five sentences in plain prose by way of his condemnation. He sums it up in a quatrain. When the Moghul hordes reach Nowshera, Khushal Khan is informed that they are also accompanied by Ghoryakhel and Bangash tribes. Brandishing his sword Khushal Khan says, "It doesn't matter", and he gives vent to his thoughts in some five couplets, condemning both the Ghoryakhel and Bangash tribes for their treacherous support of the Moghuls. Still he doesn't consider them worth his valourous attention. When he is reminded that this time Aurangzeb really means business, Khushal Khan laughs and puts his thoughts in a three-couplet poem. When the war is about to commence, one of the elders, Akbar Khan, tries in vain to stop Khushal Khan from himself going to the battle field for two reasons: he is too old to fight really well and if he were killed in action, this would demoralise the tribes to the point of complete surrender to the Moghul forces. Khushal Khan replies, "Akram Khan, even when a lion grows old, his attack is still powerful". Then he recites his celebrated verses:

\[Rash\]

kh m ṛmr ph $m'rh tr $pytw tyr de,
xw ph k'r kxe d swrlylk h 'zbk ym.
d pXtn ph nng m wtrlh twrh,
nngy'l d zm'ne xw$'l xlk ym.(xos'1)

(Though above sixty years old
No Uzbek can beat me in horsemanship
I girded my loins in Pakhtoon honour
I am the valiant Khushal Khattak of the time.)

(Khushal).
Another characteristic of Hamza Shinwari's plays is not only precise prose, short, moving sentences but also a liberal use of idioms and proverbs. Not only are all his plays full of apt proverbs but one of his plays, Matai Shair (the poet with provers) has just been devoted to an ingenious play on proverbs. There is a proverb in almost every dialogue of the entire play. It is a light humorous comedy, interwoven with poetry and proverbs. Even the poetry and proverbs themselves have been employed for sustained comic effect. In the rest of his plays the proverbs provide an edge to the dialogues. They have an effect of ingenuity and finality.

The two dominant characteristics of Hamza Shinwar's plays are an unmistakable religious or mystic strain and a clear reflection of Pakhtoon culture. Two of his plays, Mugabila (competition) and Akhtar Mo Mubarak Sha (Eid greetings), reflect strong religious conviction. In Mugabila, man is pitted against the devil. For a while it seems that the devil has succeeded in taking his due when a religious-minded scholar has been mislead to seduce an unwary girl. Man has been made to commit sins against humanity but the devil is defeated at the end when the sinful man and woman turn to God for forgiveness. Similarly the Eid Greetings is nothing but a highly religious Eid Sermon.

On the reflection of his Pakhtoon culture we have his Ahmad Shah Abdali, Khughal Khan Khattak, M. Imama, Fateh Khan Rabia and so on. In all these plays we have a typical Pakhtoon
background peopled by typical Pakhtoons. They are conscious of their Pakhtoon customs and traditions. All the great characters of these plays are very conscious of their blue blood which is not to be sullied by faithlessness, cowardice, or meanness of any kind. Like those of the Greek plays, the tragedy of Maimonna is the ascendency of Pakhtoon traditions of strict male and female segregation. It is justified to kill even an otherwise chaste woman than to undermine an ageless tradition. However, in Khan Bahadur Sahib, Hamza shatters the ancient Pakhtoon tradition of arranged marriages, even engaging a boy and a girl in their infancy. The daughter of Khan Bahadur Sahib, Khurshid Jehan, successfully rebels against this rotten practice. Mohammad Amin Khan also goes back on his promise to give the hand of his daughter to his nephew as he, on growing up, turns up to be utterly unworthy of her hand. Yet even as Pakhtoons we can never disapprove of the decisions of these people to be totally against the spirit of Pakhtoonwali.

**CHARACTERISATION**

Among the plays of Hamza Shinwari that we have with us, Khushal Khan Khattak and Ahmad Shah Abdali are real historical personalities, while Fateh Khan Rabia and Maimonna are the timeless Pashto romances. The rest of the plays are the creation of his own imagination. Among them Khan Bahadur Sahib and ZhrandagaRhe (the miller) provide vivid characterisation. His
light comedies like *Dva Bakhlulan* (two misers), *Matauli Shair* (the poet with proverbs), and *Gumma Da Eman Zyan De* (doubt undermines faith) also provide at least one memorable character each. On the whole, we come across in his plays, a variety of characterisation drawn from history, literature as well as the fertile Pakhtoon background. His characters can be said to range from the sublime to the ridiculous, from kings, princes, Nawabs, scholars and poets to the village tramps and rustic idiots. In some of his plays we also come across extremely interesting female characters. Some of his female characters are more sensible, more active and more attractive than their male counterparts. They are, one feels, more than even men themselves.

We come across this sort of female characterisation in *Khan Bahadur Sahib*, in which Gul Rukh is more sentient and sensible than her celebrated poet-brother, Salim and where the domestic servant, Mahbooba, is a better poet than even her teacher, Salim. Mahbooba, with the pen name of Wafa, was actually the daughter of the Khan Bahadur Sahib with her original name being Khurshid Jahan. As a protest against the marriage of her father's choice, she had left her house to serve at the house of Salim and Gul Rukh, in the guise of Mahbooba. But she is an extremely polished and sensible woman, trying hard to conceal her educational and family background. An interesting thing about the play is that it was written and broadcast in 1945 and some ten years later, the same plot was used, with minor alterations, as a sub-plot in the novel, *Nawe Chape* (new waves). We have already discussed it in
Among his historical plays, we will first of all turn to Khushal Khan Khattak. In this rather short, one act play, Hamza has tried to recreate the legendary Khushal Khan Khattak as not only a warrior-poet but also as a tribal chief and a father. At the same time he is shown fighting against the Moghul hordes of Aurangzeb on the one hand and his own treacherous son, Behram, on the other. At the outset he corrects his son, Abid Khan, who blames Aurangzeb for savagery of plunder and looting in wars. Khushal Khan, concedes that none of the Moghul kings, including Aurangzeb, have ever been so mean and inhuman themselves. If their unscrupulous armies carry out some looting here and there, in the heat of the battle, the kings themselves may not be blamed for it. This, at once, established Khushal as an honest but fearless foe who would by no account indulge in false propaganda to malign even his deadly enemy. Instead he would face the enemy in open battle, even though on far unequal terms. As a brave Pathan he would test his mettle against his enemy, even though far advanced in age, fielding a medley of ill-equipped, untrained and indisciplined tribes against the well-maintained, Royal Moghul forces. His sense of duty, leadership and bravery is established when one of his colleagues, Zafar Khan, advises him not to participate in the war himself as he is too old to fight really well and then if he fell the tribesmen may be badly demoralised and easily defeated. Khushal Khan dismisses this sound suggestion off hand, with all the sense and practical wisdom in it, and he is the first to
jump into the fray. He is shown to be fighting like a wounded lion, without being at all intimidated by the Moghul superiority. From place to place his poetic effusions are also employed, at the same time, establish him as not only himself a great poet but also having taught poetry to the entire Khattak tribe:

\[Rashk\]

Kh Cw wrJe d xw$'$1 tr Cngn kyny
d' d &rh xTk bh w'Rh $'r'n kRm.(xw$'$1).

If they sit beside Khushal for a few days,
All the hilly Khattaks
Would be turned into poets.

In the play, Khushal Khan Khattak, there is also a sub-plot in which a poor village shepherd, Sharif Khan, leaving behind everything—his sheep and goats and home and wife, equips himself with the bow and arrows, dagger and sword, to fight on the side of Khushal Khan, against the invading Moghul armies. During the fighting he happens to be close to Khushal Khan himself and when a Moghul soldier tries to attack the great Khan from the rear, Sharif Khan kills him in an instant. When Khushal Khan realises that an unknown tribesman has actually saved his life, he is grateful to him. Towards the end of the battle Sharif Khan is killed by Behram Khan, Khushal Khan's own rebellious son. Prof. Mohammad Azam Azam is so carried away by the stark realism of this rustic character that he calls him the hero of the play. He maintains, "Although the character of Sharif Khan doesn't have any historical relevance, the creation of such a character for Khushal Khan's long-drawn struggle against the Moghuls, is a historic achievement in the history of our literature. Only the creative mind of Hamza could have brought it
about". (26).

In Ahmad Shah Abdali, Hamza Shinwari has tried to delineate the character of the first Afghan monarch, the founder (or father) of modern Afghanistan. He rose from the position of an anonymous soldier, in the armies of Nadir Shah Afshar, to be crowned as a king in his own right. At the outset he is shown to be proud of being a soldier and playing with life. He is also the most faithful soldier of Nadir Shah who rewards him for it by appointing him the governor of Kandahar. However, at the death of Nadir Shah Afshar, through the council of all the Afghan elders, he declares independence. He also annexes the treasury that was being taken from Hindustan to Iran on a number of pack animals. After stabilising his position at home, Ahmad Shah advances at Khurasan and easily conquers territories as far as Mashad. Then he thinks of trying his luck at Hindustan. But before marching on India, he calls on his Pir (spiritual guide). This gives us an insight into his spiritual side. He is a pious, kind and considerate person, never carried away by worldly pomp and show. He considers the kingship as a sacred trust from God and shares most of his kingly duties with the rest of his tribal elders, so that he is in no sense an absolute monarch, but only the senior among the elders, who, like the Roman Senators, ruled but collectively. His march on India was also partly necessitated by an urgent call from Shah Waliullah, a venerable Sufi of India at the time. It was to save the Indian Muslims from the Maratha onslaught and not the conquest of India as such that he had in mind.
On his way to India Ahmad Shah had to pass through the historic Khyber pass. The local Afridi tribe demanded a toll or subsidy as they had been taking it from the conquerors of India, from Alexander the Great down to Nadir Shah Afshar, before his armies could be allowed to proceed through the narrow, rugged and God-forsaken hills. Here we come across another memorable character in the person of Shah Beg, the Afridi tribal chief. Shah Beg is called by Ahmad Shah for negotiations for providing him a passage through the pass. Shah Beg is not only fearless but also a capable and crafty tribal chief. He brings round Ahmad Shah to pay the tribe a handsome toll in lieu of safe passage through the pass, although it would be difficult if not impossible, to stop his hordes from forcing their way through the ill-defended Afridi strongholds. However, like every other conqueror, Ahmad Shah preferred not to entangle with these guerilla tribes if they could be pacified with a bit of cash.

After crushing the Marattha might in the third battle of Panipat (1761), and leaving his governors in Sindh, Punjab and Kashmir, Ahmad Shah turned back to Afghanistan. While once again in the Afridi territories, one day one of his Hindu prisoners was missing from the camp. Ahmad Shah called Shah Beg to trace the missing Hindu officer in his area and hand him over to him. The Hindu had taken asylum with an Afridi called Karim Khan. Now this was against their tribal honour to hand over the fugitive to the Emperor. Shah Beg came along with some other elders to tell Ahmad Shah on his face that whatever the conse-
quences, they would not turn him over the Hindu fugitive in their protection. Being an Afghan himself Ahmad Shah fortunately understood the force of the timeless tradition and gave up asking for his prisoner, in this way saving unnecessary bloodshed, bitterness and humiliation.

Now all these characters that we have been discussing so far, have been cast in the most realistic mould. Hamza has not tried to idolise or idealise any of these great historical personalities. They have not been allowed to over-step their human limitations. They have not been stretched to larger than life-size proportions, or giving them supernatural endowments. They have been shown to be simple, straightforward human beings, subject to human emotions of love and hatred. Their main virtues are valour, steadfastness, straightforwardness, honesty and humility. In the hands of a lesser dramatist Ahmad Shah or Khushal Khan could have been more powerful than Samson and more pious than saints. It is the essential humanity of Hamza Shinwari himself not to stretch his characters to inhuman (including sub-human and super-human) proportions. Their whole charm lies in their down-to-the-earth humility.

Now from the historical plays we will slide over to Hamza Shinwari's romances. Like those of the historical plays, the romances also provide not only ready made plots complete with story and even poetry, but also characters. Hamza has not added anything to the status of these essentially human characters.
In Fateh Khan-Rabia, Fateh Khan is an unscrupulous prince, surrounded by forty companions; of course, they have nothing to do with the forty thieves of Ali Baba. Neither is Fateh Khan another Ali Baba nor his forty faithfults, thieves in any way. Anyway, they are thugs of sorts for continuously teasing the hapless village girls and mercilessly breaking their clay-pitchers with shooting arrows, all for sport or fun. His greatest weakness is his servant (or was he a slave!), Karamai, the soft-spoken sycophant, son-of-a-singer, with dark, impish demeanor. Instead of trying to restrain or reform his naughty servant, Fateh Khan passively allows himself to be led further astray, and dishonoured in the eyes of his father and the public at large, all by his evil machinations. Fed up with the all but harmful pranks of Karamai, Fateh Khan is finally asked by his father to either give up his servant or go away from the kingdom. In his juvenile foolishness, Fateh Khan opts for the second alternative and leaves for Hindustan in the company of his forty faithfults. Since Rabia, the daughter of a Vazir (minister) was already engaged to him, after they had fallen in the proverbial first-sight love, she too, decides to accompany her husband even to the hell.

Down in Hindustan their woes were compounded by the reckless exploits of Karamai. He attacked the fort of a local ruler Shamsuddin, much against the wishes of Fateh Khan himself and most of his other companions, who attacked them with a large army. In the unequal battle that followed, they were all
hacked to pieces one by one. At the end Rabia too was killed as she would not allow the soldiers to touch the dead body of Fateh Khan. Apparently one would say that Karamai was responsible for this unnecessary tragedy but I think we can hold Fateh Khan more responsible as he failed to handle the affairs himself. He simply played in the hands of an abject son-of-a-slave. This simply proves that he was utterly incapable if not totally impotent. I think his only virtue was his princeship and may be some good looks thrown in. Had he been a good leader he would have managed all the affairs himself instead of leaving everything to the son of a low-caste singer. Even Rabia proved to be a passive character, sitting happily beside Fateh Khan like a female bird sitting passively beside a male bird on some branch of a tree. If she had been a little more domineering wife she could easily have disarmed Fateh Khan to run the affairs of the brood herself. But like a hen she too proved to have no brain.

The other play, Maimoona is a tragedy of circumstances and the inexorable force of tradition. It is a dull play as far as characterisation is concerned. The only two characters, Maimoona and her husband, Sher Alam, are slavishly led into the tragic trap by the blind forces of chance and a colossal misunderstanding. It is a classical example of Pakhtoon inhumanity to allow the killing of a wife for giving some tobacco to a villager, late in the night as it was and without Sher Alam being at home. This story only highlights the impulsive nature of the Pakhtoons. Nothing can come in the way of honour. It is better to
kill your wife, rightly or wrongly, than to lose your honour.

H.U M.O.U.R

For about the last ten years Hamza has developed partial deafness and has grown hard of hearing, using the hearing aid at times, but normally doesn't even hear, as they say in Pashto, the booming thunder of a gun. In July, 1979 he was hospitalised for kidney stone and put in room No. 9 of the Bolton Block in the Lady Reading Hospital, Peshawar. A large number of relatives, friends and well-wishers used to call on him in the hospital every day. These people would sit in the outer room for sometime and talk. One day he called his friend Abdur Rehman Lugai, who used to almost regularly attend on him, and asked him harshly to ask the people in the outer room not to make noise. When Lugai told the people in the outer room about what the Baba had said, they simply laughed at him.

Again, Hamza had been so scared of the very idea of operation that had it not been due to the taunting of cowardice and all that, by relatives and friends, he says he would never have signed the operation permission form. "It was like signing your own death decree". He writes about it, "this Pakhtoonwali is a strange force. If this comes in between then even the most coward Pakhtoon can bravely face even death".

Hamza has a subtle sense of humour. Whether it is in poetry, prose or drama, we come across flashes of humour here and there, in all his works. It is like what they say in
Pashto, "the salt in bread". And one feels that he sometimes consciously provides liberal doses of this salt. At times one feels that not only salt but plenty of salad is also provided so that a simple dinner, as it were, is turned into a sumptuous feast. But I think he is more witty than humorous. If brevity is the soul of wit then we can call him the wittiest writer in Pashto, as he is always precise and ingenious. One feels as if he can see both the sides of the coin at the same time and can take out at will live pigeons from his juggler's empty hat. The Pashto language itself is like a chunk of molten wax in his hands which he can turn into any shape. And some of the shapes turn out to be necessarily funny. But at times he simply throws all seriousness to the four winds and falls out for right-out humour. Leaving behind all pretensions of seriousness and the fears of supernaturl powers, he simply forgets about everything on the sunny beach and basks in the warm sunshine of humour. By the contiguity of the ocean we are reminded that his humour is better compared to the sea itself instead of even the otherwise mighty Aabain.

However, to come out of this metaphorical reverie we are entertained with this kind of humour for the sake of humour in some of his stories, essays and plays. At the outset of such stories or plays, even from the very title of them, we have a ticklish inkling that we are in for a humorous picnic on that mysterious sunny beach with "the deep moaning around with many voices". In these stories and plays he has recreated a supposed world with foolish characters, caught in utterly incomprehensible
circumstances. As the Pashto proverb goes, if the world laughs at them, they laugh at the world. If they are quaint and crazy people, to them the rest of the people are only bloody bores. If we laugh at their frivolity they weep at our seriousness. If we find flaws in their character, they only mock at the imperfection of the world and the inhumanity of human civilisation. We have already discussed his humorous stories and essays, in this section we will turn to his humorous drama.

We have before us three of his not only just light comedies as they might be classified by some more scrupulous scholars of his drama, but outright humorous plays in which, as we just pointed out, we come across humour for the sake of humour. It is like the opium drug which you take against no disease but simply opium addiction. They are 1) Matali Shai'ir (the poet with proverbs), 2) Guman Da Eman Zyan De (doubt undermines faith) and 3) Dya Bakhilan (two misers). We will review them here in the same order for their humour content or humorous effect. However, even if their order is changed their humour is not affected at all because their inherent humour is above or beyond any worldly order. Still in order not to mix them up we have to have some order; and I concede that my order is not necessarily better than any other order that any one might possibly conceive of.

The first play, Matali Shai'ir, then, is the story of a poet, Sher Mast, who has a sort of inborn weakness for proverbs. His whole demeanour is so mechanical that we might call this trait actually in-built. To him no sentence is meaningful
unless supported by some proverb. The funny thing about him is that his proverbs are always sensible and to the point although, at times, he forgets his proverb when he is about to blurt it out, giving the impression of a false sneeze. He will normally say, "the proverb goes that............sorry it just slipped off my mind. Doesn't matter, here is another proverb which means almost exactly what I mean". And then he will come out with "this other proverb". It might be taken for a harmless trick but sometimes there actually is another proverb, which one might have actually anticipated, for the one that our poet uses.

Our poet is also a teacher having two equally "brilliant pupils". Ghulam Din and Bismillah Jan. And what he teaches them is nothing but proverbs. to this little dedicated group of scholars, proverbs are but the essence or quintessence of all knowledge and wisdom. They are the epitome of all philosophies and even metaphysics. They are living embodiments of the sages of all the ages. If you can not find God anywhere in the world, the proverbs may provide a definite clue. When the teacher starts the class with an apt proverb, right at the outset, his pupil, Bismillah is so impressed that he thinks the teacher to be more learned and even more clever than the legendary Shaikh Chilli himself. At this the teacher is so flattered that he says to his discerning pupil, of course in a proverb, /Rash/ d zrw qdr ph zgwr wy /Rom/ Da Zaro Qadar Pa Zargar Wi (only a goldsmith knows the value of gold). It sounds as if this little school is but a great academy of proverbs.
While this little but great class of proverbs goes on, in comes the village Mullah (clerk or priest), Abdul Haye. Abdul Haye is also a poet (a poetaster to be more exact) and his language is a mixture of Pashto-Urdu-Persian-Arabic. Even his abuse is /Ara/ j'hl mrkb /Rom/ "Jahili Murrakab" (compounded fool) in itself a composite phrase involving all the above languages. It is beyond our naughty pupil whom the priest is abusing with and he replies that if that is an abuse the priest himself may be it. At the beginning of almost every other dialogue the priest uses the verse from the Holy Book /Ara/ 1' Hwlh w l' qwth /Rom/ "La Hawla Wa La Quwata", (I have no power except with God). This verse is actually spoken against the attack of the devil. One of our brilliant pupils remind the priest that they are not the devils that he should repeatedly invoke the name of God against them. But the fact is that they are devilishly disrespectful to him and hence his involuntary use of the anti-devil verse for them.

Since they all happen to be poets, even our pupils of proverbs are poets of sorts or at least they know this much that rhyme and time rhyme together. They hold a Mushaira at the house of our proverbial poet. Our poet has a young daughter, Jamila, who too happens to be a poet. It is declared that she would marry the one who recites the best poem in the Mushaira. With this there is a tacit competition between the priest and Hamid, another handsome, young poet of the village. But there is already a tacit understanding between Jamila and Hamid and the
poor priest is fighting but a losing battle. The brilliant pupils are, however, out of the competition as they have yet to learn the A.B.C. of poetry from their great teacher. The poor priest is however, terribly hooted down, if not like Seneca, the poet in Julius Caesar, actually killed for his bad verses. The whole Mushaira is an extended farce. Even proverbs freely pass for poetry.

In Dva Bakhilan (two misers) we have a classical example of miserliness. This mean baseness of human nature has been raised to artistic level. The play is about a competition between two conscious misers and their comparative methods or tricks of trade, as it were. One of the wretches belong to a village and the other to a city. They don't directly know each other but only hear of each other as the great misers of the time. They are not only misers but also jealous in misery. Each loathes to be surpassed by the other. The growing fame of the city miser attracts the village wretch to pay him a visit to study his methods and benefit by his vast experience. He also decides to ask the hand of the city miser's daughter in marriage for his son. He is sure that the daughter of a great miser would only be a better miser. Even if his son digressed from the path of his father, his miser wife could easily bridle him.

The city miser is pleased to receive his village brother. They declare their assets to each other. The city miser has two lacs in cash while the village wretch has only accumulated some sixty thousand. He also readily agrees to give his
daughter to the son of the village miser. She would be in safe hands to be in the house of a celebrated miser. But to entertain the village miser to even a simple cup of tea in all this while would be against his creed. Even for the drinking of plain water the villager is sent to the nearby corporation tape. To see them in their proper perspective, we will take them one by one and see the humour behind their mania.

Sifat is a villager. He is a famous miser. Even his wife, Zinatai, has been his active (if not over active) partner in this difficult business of miserliness. It is she who actually goads him and reminds him at every step not to over-step his self-imposed miserliness. In this way she is also a little domineering. Although otherwise fairly rich people they lead a spartan life or, worse still, a life of squalor and misery. Not only luxuries and comforts are unthinkable in their unlucky home, even the necessities of daily life have been curtailed to almost zero. Their young son has been taken out of school to save his tuition fees. He is given just one pair of dress to be wearing for the whole year round as it is done by the parents themselves. They live, as it were, on war rations. Winter or summer, there is hardly any fire in their house. They are not at all affected by the electricity or gas load-shedding as they never use any power for fear of paying the bills. Their daily rations last for weeks. Guests they have none as everybody avoids them.

The city miser, on the other hand, is also a teacher with a couple of clever students. Like the Matai Shahir
he has also opened an academy in which he teaches nothing but the virtues of miserliness, "corrupting the Athenian youth" like Socrates before him. When he takes the village miser home, there he finds his young son having just spent a fortune of eight Annas (half a rupee) on Kabab (burgers). He at once swoons under the impact of this staggering shock. The doctor is called to treat him. When he come into senses, of course after an injection or two, and the doctor presents a ten rupees bill to foot, not only the city miser loses senses again but the village miser also faints. Seeing the uncouthness of his clients, the doctor takes his way or, as they say in Pashto, "takes out his feet", forgetting about his bill and all that. Only after hours of careful nursing by the devoted students and after having repeatedly drummed it into their ears that the doctor had actually gone without insisting on his bill, that the calamity-stricken misers slowly begin to regain consciousness. Then the village miser takes his leave, fully convinced of the superiority of his city friend.

The other play, Guman Da Eman Zyan De (doubt undermines faith) is the story of a village tramp. Under the false illusion of "Pidaram Sultan Bood" (my father was a king), Shah Mast does nothing but loaf around. He is not only illiterate but also an idiot. He uses the expletive Guman Da Eman Zyan De in almost every other sentence, so that it becomes his identification mark. But Hamza has been using it very cleverly throughout. It normally rhymes with the
preceding word or sentence, although our tramp has "no ear for poetry" himself. He is in fact the stupidest fool. However, the phrase itself has been repeated meaninglessly throughout. In no place has it got anything to do with doubt or faith, the two dominant words in it. It is just an idiosyncracy of our hero. This simpleton of an anti-hero has a domineering wife at home with a-hundred-metre-long tongue, continuously lashing it at his insensitivity. She has only been passively grumbling and complaining but all the time actively shouting abusively at his good-for-nothingness.

One day he sells all his wife's ornaments for Rs 10/- For five rupees he gets an amulet from the village Maulvi, for getting some service somewhere while loses the other five rupees in gambling. His wife is furious to come to know that her precious ornament has gone into heedless gambling and a useless amulet. But he, somehow, brings her temperature down by promising that next day he would try the amulet. Next day he goes to some office in the city and requests the officer there, of course after offering half a dozen fresh eggs as gratification, to employ him in his office. The officer is simply incensed at the obstinate stupidity of this village rustic and asks his peon to push him out of the office. The peon also beats him in the process. The amulet never came to his rescue.

Back in the village he is furious at the treacherous priest for the falseness of his amulet and demands his money back. A large number of villagers also gather at the
SARHAD PICTURES.
- MOTION PICTURE PRODUCERS
BOMBAY.

Dated, 18th November 1941,

Laila-Majnum.
First full length Picture.
in
"PUSHTO"
Screen play and
Direction.

RAFIQUE GHANZAVI
B.A.
Dialogues & Songs:
AMIR HAMZAKHAN

To,

MMIR HAMZA KHAN,
Bombay.

Dear Sir,

Re: The first picture of the above Company entitled "Laila -
Majnum ".

The Company having accepted the dialogues and song wordings
for the aforesaid picture and having paid you the full settlement thereof,
now have agreed to engage your services exclusively till the completion of the picture
which shall not be later than the 15th day of December 1941, on a fixed remuneration
of & 150/- (Rupees One hundred fifty only ).

If your services are required beyond the period stipulated in
para one hereof you shall be paid pro rata i.e. & 5/- (Rupees Five only ) for each
additional day you actually work for the Company.

You shall attend the "shooting work " of the Company for the
above picture punctually and help in modification, exchange or alteration of dialogues
as required from time to time.

The Drama, Song Wordings and Dialogues are the sole property
of the Company to be used in any manner the Company chooses and you shall have no
further claim whatsoever except what is agreed to in this letter.

Yours faithfully,

Rafique Ghaznavi
Proprietor.
(R. Ghaznavi)

II, Amir Hamzakan hereby agree and confirm the contents of this

Signed:

Witness:
altercation between the two. For his abusive disrespectfulness
the priest orders that his face may be blackened and with a
garland of bones around his neck, he should be given a ride over
the donkey throughout the village streets; which was promptly done
by the villagers. But a few days after this demoralising event he
took some hashish to sell in the city. There he was caught red-
handed, again mainly through his tragic foolishness, along with a
kilo of hashish and taken to the prison. For the rest of his
uneventful life he became, as they say in Pashto, a /Ara/ srk'ry
mhm'n /Rom/ "Sarkari Mehman" (a state guest) which is not a very
flattering or coveted honour.

**STORY OF THE FIRST EVER PASHTO FILM**

People believe that Pashto films were introduced
during the seventies when towards the end of the fifties, in order
to protect the local film industry, Indian films were banned in
Pakistan. Soon the local Urdu film industry branched off into the
provincial or regional languages and, for the first time films
were made in Punjabi, Sindhi and Pashto not to mention Bangla,
the lingua franca of the then East Pakistan. When Pashto films did
come they came with a bang. They had instant success with liberal
sex appeal and revolutionary Pashto music. There was also suffi-
cient local market for such spicy films. For the first time
perhaps the Pathan sex taboos were thrown to the four winds and
the timeless Pathan music was for the first time synthesised with
not only modern Indian music but also Western music with all its
orchestral paraphernalia. That had a refreshing effect on the stereo-typed Pashto music which was being so far produced with only the Rabab, Harmonium and tabla, with the occasional accompaniment of flute also. Among those pioneer films of the seventies there were two with screen play, dialogues and songs etc by Hamza Shinwari. They were Paighla (the virgin) and Allanqa Ghair (tribal territory). The music for these films was given by Rafiq Shinwari, who also became a legendary music composer for the Pashto films.

It was the same Rafiq who was brought by his mother, as a teenage youth, for the service of Bacha Jan, and stayed with him till the death of the pious man, playing Qawali to him every night. Hamza says that, after judging his knack for music from his Qawalis, he had told Rafiq one day that he was bound to become a music director one day. Rafiq had then asked as to what was a music director? Hamza had explained that one day he might be composing music for films and that is what is called music directorship. Whether Hamza had been thinking of locally made Pashto films or whether he had been thinking in the larger Indian context of Urdu film industry, this prophesy turned true and an otherwise anonymous Qawali singer from the Dabgari Street in Peshawar, Rafiq did become a music director with the advent of Pashto films. His music was so successful that he soon became the most sought after music director. His unmistakable music put soul in those already vibrant pioneer Pashto films. Like Hamza himself, Rafiq Shinwari is also immortalised by his inimitable music.

However, a Pashto film had been made some thirty
years before the Pashto films of the seventies had flooded the local market. It was in 1941 that the first ever "full length" Pashto film was made in Bombay, long before the partition. In those good old days it was indeed a novel idea to make a full-fledged Pashto film, irrespective of the considerations whether there actually existed a market for it or not, or as they in the film industry would put it in their own jargon: irrespective of the box-office compulsions. In those days, as the cinema itself was but a new discovery, and its tide had but just lapped the Indian shores, the Urdu film industry, the pioneer of Indian cinema, itself was in its nascent stages and the recent population explosion and the modern facility of an unlimited number of cinema houses, were yet to come to demand more and more of this cheap entertainment stuff. with the comparatively thinner sub-continental population, grinding under universal poverty and agitating against centuries-old slavery, even big cities in those days had hardly a cinema house. And then the cinema houses of those dark ages were no better than army barracks with rickety furniture and even charpois in them. Sometimes the city youth would be only too glad to watch the black and white magic with sitting on the concrete floor in the front rows, summer or winter. And those clattering projectors with frequent failures and cut offs, made it an exhausting experience, instead of a thrilling adventure, to be forced by some unknown urge to watch those clumsy, stylised pictures, for as long as two hours. The weather would also take its toll, whether summer or winter, in the shape
of shivering and sweat in those stuffy cinema houses, for the art
of heating and cooling had not been discovered by then. Even the
acoustics of those bare, concrete walls together with the quality
of those amplifiers, was more eerie than real. But then perhaps
it didn't matter as the pictures themselves were more about
supernatural elements than human beings. In those pictures you
could come across whole tribes of spirits and fairies, gns and
giants and serpents and dragons; of course speaking your very own
worldly language but with different, outlandish intonations,
disdaining all the grammatical rules in their lordly unearth-
liness. Yet people would give up every sensible occupation to go
to those movies. Such was their lure in those utterly unsophis-
ticated times.

It was in November 1941 that Rafique Ghaznavi
decided to make his first Pashto film, "Laila Majnoon", under the
Sarhad Pictures (the motion picture producers of Bombay). He
invited Hamza Shinwari for providing the dialogues and songs
while the screenplay was provided by Rafique Ghaznavi himself.
Since Rafique Ghaznavi was in no way related to Hamza Shinwari
and was not even his friend, and as he was only a commercial
film producer, this can only mean that Hamza Shinwari must then
have been about the best Pashto writer to be entrusted with the
dialogues and songs of the first Pashto film. Naturally every
producer is interested first of all in the success of his film.
He must, therefore, make a meticulous choice of all his artists
and writers. And Hamza was more than equal to this exacting job.
By a happy stroke of an unusually good luck we have before us the original manuscript of Laila Majnoon, although badly dog-eared and with a few pages missing from both ends, if it is not to mention that it has also been partly dipped in oil or grease for some mysterious reason. Yet it is in a fairly readable shape and makes extremely interesting reading. It also carries some over-writings here and there for scene or camera directions. And we also have before us the original letter of contract in absolutely A-one condition. Although a photo fascimile of the letter has already been given, yet I would like to quote it here too.

The letter is on a printed pad of Sarhad Pictures (the motion picture producers of Bombay), dated 18th November, 1941, from Rafique Ghaznavi, Proprietor Sarhad Pictures to Hamza Shinwari. It refers to the first picture of the said company entitled Laila Majnoon. It runs: "The company having accepted the dialogues and songs wordings for the aforesaid picture and having paid you the full settlement thereof now have agreed to engage your services exclusively till the completion of the picture which shall not be later than the 15th day of December, 1941, on a fixed remuneration of Rs 150/- (rupees one hundred and fifty only).

"If your services are required beyond the stipulated period in para one hereof you shall be paid pro rata i.e. Rs 5/- (rupees five, only) for each additional day you actually work for the company."
"You shall attend "the shooting work" of the company for the above picture punctually and help in modification, change or alteration of dialogues as required from time to time.

"The drama, song wording and dialogues are the sole property of the company to be used in any manner the company chooses and you shall have no further claim whatsoever except what is agreed to in this letter".

The letter has been signed by Rafique Ghaznavi, as the proprietor. Towards the left hand bottom it bears the agreement by Hamza Shinwari, under his signature. It also carries the sign of a witness which is not easily decipherable.

The cast of the film is not very large. The manuscript gives the following cast on the very first page. Characteristically, the cast has also been divided into male and female and has been given in the same order, the one above the other.

From this rigid compartmentalisation on the basis of sex Hamza seems to be carrying over this Pakhtoon Apartheid even to the otherwise loose Indian film world. However, the first page looks like this:

C A S T

M A L E

1. Qais (a baby and a young man)... son of Amir
2. Amir Ameri.................................Qais' father
3. Amir Sarwar.................................Laila’s father
4. Jaffar........................................Amir Sarwar’s Servant
5. Prince Bakht........son of king of Iraq (prince regent)
6. The king of Iraq...................father of prince Bakht
7. Asif Jah.....................a minister of Iraq
    (teacher of prince Bakht)
8. Tai......................A Najad school teacher
9. Munir.................................A servant of Amir Ameri
Ministers and lords in the court of Iraq.

**F E M A L E**

1. Laila ......................(as a child and young girl).
   Daughter of Amir Sarwar
2. Mother..........................Mother of Laila
3. Wawela..........................maid-servant of Laila
4. Safia..........................friend of Laila

As young children Qais and Laila go to the same school when they fall in love with each other. His love derangement turn Qais into a Majnoon. When this love affair transcends the school boundaries, Laila is stopped from going to the school and Qais takes the high way to the hellish desert in his extreme dejection. His utter madness turn him into a Majnoon, with nothing but the name of Laila on his lips. At this his father is convinced by his teacher that Amir Sarwar should be approached for the hand of Laila for Qais. There is an old enmity between the two families. Still the father of Qais goes to the father of Laila in the hope of convincing him for the match. But this proposal is declined due to the stark madness of Qais although Laila is equally in love with him and almost as much deranged and her father knows it.

In the mean time Prince Bakht also falls in love with Laila and when the king of Iraq asks her hand for his son her father readily agrees to this match. But Laila herself would have none but Majnoon for her husband. Seeing his hopeless intrusion between the affairs of the two true lovers prince Bakht abdicates his claim. But Laila and Majnoon are not fated to have even a single happy moment in their lives. Both are dogged by
intense madness. At the end, a storm takes the life of Laila and when Majnoon arrives at her grave, he also falls down and dies. A supernatural voice says:

/Even/ d' ntyjh dh d spyCle myny qys d lyly' ph qbr s'h wrkRh
(This was the result of true love Qais died on the grave of Laila).

Although the dialogues are mostly in plain prose Hamza also gives verses in between for special effects. The verses are in the form of rhyming couplets or full-fledged Ghazals when necessary. At the end of the first scene, which is the school scene when Qais and Laila study together and fall in that dismal love, there is an "announcement". This announcement is an eleven-couplet Ghazal giving the march of time and commenting on the inevitability of love between Laila and Majnoon. This seems to have exactly the same function as that of the Greek chorus.

Songs are also given in the manuscript, sung both by Laila as well as Majnoon. Indeed it would be a strange film if, despite its intense love story, there had been no song in it at the same time. Songs, along with sex and suspense, are also a part of the prescription of the subcontinental films. But since sex seems to be an almost senseless appendage, if not an outright sinful act, to Hamza, he himself has a human grave, if we don't consider it a weakness, for music and songs. That is why, over and above plenty of pure love poetry throughout the manuscript, he has also thrown in as many as five songs. All these songs turned out to be very successful. They used to be sung not only by local musicians, for a long time afterwards, but were also picked
up by the village women, who would sing them inside the female quarters, at the time of marriages and other feasts. Hamza says that even in Jamrod and Landikotal women would sing those songs. These songs were like this:

Laila. /Rekha/ st' &m Jm' ñwndwn dy@ 'e Jm' xw'r' rh mjñwnh. (My poor Majnoon Dejection in your memory Is my love).

Majnoon. /Rekha/ Jh ch d xplh J'nh wrk $wm hylh m n$th ch lyly' mwndle ymh (When lost to myself I am not sure to have been found by Laila).

Majnoon. /Rekha/ hw$ d r'nh ywRw ph 'l m kXe 'fs'nh d kRh yh tnrre lylx dyw'nh d kRh (Taking my senses, you defamed me O dark Laila, you deranged me).

Majnoon /Rekha/ k'sh m lyly' m'th kRh (My cup was broken by Laila).

A REVIEW OF ZHRANDAGARHEL (THE MILLER)

Among the multifarious plays of Hamza Shinwari, the ZhrandagarHel (the miller) has been commonly acclaimed as his best play....... a masterpiece in its own right. It is a radio play and according to Mohammad Azam Azam it has been broadcast "numerous times". With a couple of other celebrated Pashto Radio plays, it is still, as they would say in English, "the talk of the town". Even the otherwise illiterate villagers, having to do nothing with even Pashto literature, would fondly recall the memorable, dry of this immortal play and identify themselves with it as if it was but their own story. /Ard d 'dm qsh d hr sly qsh...
"Da Adam Qisa Da Har SaRı Qisa Da" (the story of Adam is everybody’s story). The miller in this play is a more familiar character than the actual miller in the village mill (10). I have already mentioned. (in fact mentioned repeatedly) that this play was also put on the intermediate Pashto syllabus. In this way it has become a stock-in-trade of at least every Intermediate Pashto student. It was also translated in Urdu by Khatir Ghaznavi under the name of Panchakki (the mill). Even this Urdu version of it was repeatedly broadcast. I think I should try to translate it in English after I am through with this project of the life and works of Hamza Shinwari.

The story of the play is the common love story with the rivalry between two unequals. A poor but honest farmer, Hakim Khan, has given his young daughter, Jamila, to his nephew, Niamat Khan. They are presently to be married. But the village Khan (landlord) Wasiim Khan is also infatuated with Jamila and has decided to marry her by all means although he is already married, and maybe a father of no less than a dozen children. Blinded by his power and pelf he wants Hakim Khan to break his daughter’s engagement with his nephew and instead give her hand to him. He would not only arrange for Niamat Khan’s marriage with some other village girl but also reward Hakim Khan handsomely in return for the marriage of his daughter. Being a man of an orthodox faith and proud of his Pakhtoon pedigree, despite his grinding poverty, Hakim Khan cannot go back on his words. He can not be blinded by the glitter of gold or intimidated by threats
or retribution. Whatever the consequences he can not break this match.

Hakim Khan is a tenant of Allah Dad Khan. On Qasim Khan’s instigation he is dispossessed by his landlord and asked to vacate his house. At this he is again approached by Qasim Khan with even better terms of tenancy if he changes his mind about his daughter. But rejecting this liberal offer once again, Hakim Khan decides to leave the village and try his luck somewhere else. “The world of the Lord is large enough for a poor farmer to find honourable employment. He calls his nephew, Niamat Khan and tells him of his plans of saying farewell to the village. He has in mind Jamal Khan, a kindly landlord from another village, to become his tenant. That is “as luck would have it”. There is no dearth of suitable employment for an honest man. And then their food has been guaranteed by the Lord.

So, early next morning they leave the village along with their meager belongings, for an unknown destination. But they have not gone very far away that they come across destiny when they are waylaid by some unknown assailants, hiding behind a cluster of bushes. They are attacked with automatic assault rifles. Both Hakim Khan and Niamat Khan are seriously wounded and Jamila is left to be crying over this evil turn of their misfortune. But in the mean time another party of wayfarers arrive at the scene. The party in ambush runs away from the place. The other party turns out to be that of Jamal Khan himself and his servants, all fully armed. The wounded men are
taken to his village by Jamal Khan. When the police, in the wake of the shoot out, also arrive at the scene and ask Hakim Khan to name his enemy in the F.I.R., he replies that he has no enemy and that they were attacked in the dark by some unknown assailants, perhaps through some mistake or misunderstanding. He has seen and suspects no one, when the police have gone after registering his statement, Niamat Khan tells his uncle that he should have named Qasim Khan as it was obviously none but him who had attacked them. And there was clearly no misunderstanding about it.

Hakim Khan explains that he did not do so for two reasons: a) they would only be entangled in a serious enmity with a powerful and reckless Khan and b) since he was given asylum by Jamal Khan, his benefactor too would be involved in this fiendish enmity for no fault of his own. But exactly this was what the more pragmatic Niamat Khan was thinking of. According to the proverb a diamond cuts diamond, Qasim Khan could only be cut to his size and brought to his senses by an equally powerful Khan like Jamal Khan, if they themselves could be no match to him as it is. But Hakim Khan rules out involving Jamal Khan in his affairs with Qasim Khan. He seems to resign the whole affair to fate and the invisible powers of justice and fair play.

With the passage of time both Hakim Khan and Niamat Khan recover from their wounds. Jamila is duly married to Niamat Khan. They are kept as tenants by Jamal Khan and live happily on his lands and in the house that he has provided them. But Qasim Khan, on the other hand, has still been nursing his old
wound of missing Jamila, as it were, by inches. If provident had not sent Jamal Khan and his armed party, out of the very blue itself, he could easily have abducted her at the end of that pre-planned shoot-out. "But the bird had still not flown away far from his long fingers". He could still reclaim her even if she were now married to her cousin and was under the protection of Jamal Khan himself. Jamal Khan would never clash with him over a couple of dispensable tenants. He could still have his way with Jamila and her stupid father and silly husband. And he could wait no longer.

One day when Jamila was just all alone and had filled her pitcher at the village stream and was about to return home, she was stopped by Qasim Khan who, like an evil spirit, suddenly materialised in front of her. From his very crackling command, "stop there silly wench", it was obvious that he meant business. A sharp dialogue ensued between the two. Unterrified and even unabashed, Jamila told him that now she was married and a married woman cannot be remarried to another man before she was divorced by her existing husband. Then she also told him how her father had avoided naming him in the police F.I.R. as his assailant. In that way even if he had flouted the legal system, he would surely have come in clash with Jamal Khan, who was more than a match to his haughty Khanship. These innocent entreaties of Jamila had a strange effect on Qasim Khan. They appealed straight to his conscience. He had a stroke of compunction. He realised with a shock the foolishness of his obsession for her. There and then he repented and apologised to her for his imprer-
tinence. He called her his sister and went back. Next day he called the Patwari (a land steward, a minor official of the revenue department) to his place and transferred hundred Jareeb (fifty acres) of his land to the name of Jamila.

The play has been divided into ten very brief scenes, it being a one act play. The opening scene of the play is the village mill with the noises of the usual customers and the grinding noise of the mill itself, going on with almost monotonous regularity, throughout almost all the scenes. The play begins in the form of a story told by the miller to one of his clients, whose grain could not be powdered till late in the evening and who was forced to stay for the night as a guest of the miller. The miller is a kindly, god-fearing, hospitable man. He offers his guest tea and supper and when the mill is stopped for the night he tells his guest a story. The story is told in response to the guest’s enquiring about the identity of the miller because, unlike a normal village miller, he is a very cultured person. He seems to have had good days and a great past. The miller moralizes to his guest that he loves his mill because it is in the actual service of the people and not in any material gain that he gets great satisfaction and happiness. As to who he was he would tell his guest a story, he himself being a character in that story, of course not for the guest to ask which. In the first scene we are introduced to the noisy world of the mill, the miller busy in his usual work; a few clients anxious for their grain to be ground in time so that they reach home before the
night fall; a bit more intimate conversation between the miller and one of his clients, Sher Gul, whose turn is last of all and suspects that he would have to stay for the night, for by the time his grain is ground it would be too late for him to go.

In the second scene the story teller or commentator and the grinding noise of the mill recede in the background and the drama takes over. It is Qasim Khan anxiously talking to a couple of relatives about his intention of marrying Jamila. He is told to his further consternation that her father Hakim still stubbornly refuses his Khanship’s proposal and insists on marrying her to his nephew. At this Munawar Khan, a relative of Qasim Khan, hits upon the plan to ask Khuda Dad Khan to dispossess Hakim Khan. In this way he could be brought to senses and easily won over by Qasim Khan. “Once his hands and feet have been cut.” In the third scene Hakim Khan tells Niamat Khan about the bitter fact of the dispossession. However, “if one door is closed on a beggar, hundreds may be open for him”. They would chase their food wherever fate has kept it for them. Qasim Khan’s offer of tenancy is vehemently refused. Early next morning they are to leave the village and trust their steps to fate itself.

In the third scene, this little party of refugees is attacked in the misty darkness of the early morning. Hakim and Niamat Khan are wounded. The assailants run away when Jamal Khan appears on the scene with a heavily armed party. The wounded are shifted to the village of Jamal Khan. In the F.I.R. no report (of a 307 ppc) has been registered with the police. The fourth scene
shifts back to the mill; and the miller and Sher Gul discuss the story. Similarly scenes alternate with the turn of the story, sometimes rebounding on the miller and his guest who carry on a sort of moral commentary on the play. In the last scene, scene ten, all are reconciled through the unusual compunction of Qasim Khan and his still more unusual generosity of giving Jamila a fortune of landed property. We are reminded of the title of one of Shakespeare's plays, All is Well that Ends Well. A potential tragedy is averted through the intervention of providence. The first coincidence comes about when the wounded Hakim Khan and Niamat Khan and the honour of Jamila herself are saved by Jamal Khan who can be said to have been sent by providence and at the end only providence puts compunction in the heart of Qasim Khan so that the entire character of the play is changed for the best.

The play has a limited number of characters. The only worthwhile characters are the miller, Qasim Khan, Hakim Khan, Jamila and Jamal Khan. The rest can be said to be only for filling the blanks. Even out of these, the miller, Hakim Khan and Qasim Khan are drawn with a little more detail. The best character is, however, the miller himself. According to Mohammad Azam Azam, "The miller is the narrator of the story as well as a character of the drama. But he has hidden his identity to the very last. Still one can judge from his conversation that he has renounced the world and its love affairs. He seems to be a hermit—a man who takes love in its widest (not wildest) and most progressive meanings". (27). So, the miller is a hermit and
the mill itself is his hermitage. On more than one occasion we feel as if a sufi is speaking through the mouth of the miller. Let's look at the following dialogue to have a taste of the sufism in our miller:

Miller. I used to think that the impossible could be done with wealth. But actually true lovers are impossible to separate; but the third person who comes in between only destroys himself. Look at this mill.

Sher Gul. I am looking at it but what do you mean?

Miller. I mean that these two parts of the mill can be looked upon as two lovers in a tight embrace. These grains that drop in one can be looked upon as the third person who would like to separate the two lovers, but they are only powdered in the process. (28).

The miller compares the two parts of the mill to the sky and the earth and the people to the grain. But some grain are by chance saved from being powdered. He would call them the people of God. According to Mohammad Azam Azam, "After listening to the conversation of the miller we are left in no doubt but that he is none other than Qasim Khan". (29)

The character of Qasim Khan has been balanced with the character of Jamal Khan. The one is reckless and fiery the other is kindly and reasonable. The one almost destroys a poor tenant the other sustains and rehabilitates him. Both are equally great and famous Khans. The one stands for the negative forces of feudal landlordism while the other represents its positive aspects.

All the characters are typical Pathan people from everyday life. They represent Pakhtoon beliefs, customs and traditions. Whether rich or poor they are guided by the centuries-old Pakhtoon lore of enmity, generosity, hospitality, charity and blind fatalism. As we saw in two places in the play, providence also plays a constructive part and saves the story from turning into an outright local tragedy.
CHAPTER FOUR

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Born in 5th or 6th century B.C. at Lahore or Hund in present Sawabi district, N.W.F.P.
2. Qand Publication (drama number), July, 1960, p 188
3. Aristotle was born in 384 B.C.
4. Drama (Tarikh_Tangid_Aw_Fan) by Prof. Afzal Raza, henceforth given as drama, p 47
5. This plant is locally called BaraRha. It was used in wine production. Now-a-days its ashes are used in Naswar.
6. Most of this account was based on my own article, under the same title, published in the Khyber Magazine, Islamia College, Peshawar, session, 1969-70
7. Drama, op. cit., pp 38-39
9. Ibid, p 27
11. Ibid, p 382-83
12. Ibid, p 384
13. Ibid, p 385
14. Drama, op. cit., p 163
15. Pakhto Adab Kirdarnigari, op. cit., p 391
16. This entire list has been copied from Mohammad Azam Azam's thesis, op. cit., pp 392-94
17. Drama, op. cit., pp 60-61
18. Pakhto Adab_Keh_Kirdarnigari, op. cit., p 433
19. Qand Publications, op. cit., p 222
20. Akram Farooq in preface to Ghaizawgone by Hamza Shinwari, p (LT)
21. This was not a radio play. It was written as a film script, as claimed by Akram Farooq Shinwari.
22. This was written in 1957 to be broadcast from radio Kabul, Afghanistan. Multan Afridi was a real but legendary dacoit who used to raid Peshawar city at the beginning of the twentieth century.
23. This is a Pathan custom meaning the initial head shave. It is celebrated with a feast.
24. Pakhto Adab_Keh_Kirdarnigari, op. cit., p 433
25. Ibid, p 434
26. Meri_Zindagi, Urdu, MS, 1976, henceforth referred to as autobiography, p 213
27. These village flour mills are usually small mills run by water channels. They grind the villagers' grain not for cash payment but in lieu of some portion of the corn called Mz or Mazd (wages).
28. Pakhto Adab_Keh_Kirdarnigari, op. cit., pp 440-41
29. Zhrandagarbe, as printed in Qand, op. cit., p 269
30. Pakhto Adab Keh Kirdarni, op. cit., p 441
کریم نظر لوکس

مژده برخی پیام 2

مرداد 1364 - 11

رستوران - 428/43
دکتر جوهر سالیانی

ائزوف 23

زود یاری پذیر

پیروزی نیم دوران

15 12 60
صمد شاہ میری گا

(زبان میں ترجمہ)

کورن کی پہلا دہشت یعنی رازی کر دی گئی ہے۔ اور یہاں سے زرین کا لطف نہ ہے۔ یہ اثر مل چکا ہے۔ فرزا قوہ کا ایک دارچین سے بس ہے جس نے اپنے ایک بچے کو پرستے کے ساتھ زرین پر رہا ہے۔ برستے ہوئے دو میں خوب پناہ ہے۔

(ترجمہ)

کورن کی پہلی دھڑک، یعنی رازی کر گई ہے۔ اور ایک جگہ زرین کی خوشی نہیں ہے۔ یہاں سے اثر مل چکا ہے۔ فرزا قوہ کا ایک دارچین سے بس ہے جس نے اپنے ایک بچے کو پرستے کے ساتھ زرین پر رہا ہے۔ برستے ہوئے دو میں خوب پناہ ہے۔
 lucrفيحة

لا يوجد نص يمكن قراءته بشكل طبيعي من الصورة المقدمة.
23 BHADRO
1367·BENG.
16 RABI I
1380 HIJRI
24 BHADON
2017 BIK.

فی نصب استاد کریم احمد قادری کویتی ہیں جو روز 23یوپی ایف کوئتی ہوں ہے اور روز 24بھی کوئتی ہوں ہے۔ وہ اس وقت کے مفتاری اور فلسفی نظریات کا خیال اور فلسفی تحقیق کے زمین میں محسوس ہوگئے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔

فی کے مختلف زمینوں میں وہ روز 27آگست کوئتی ہوئے ہے۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں۔ وہ کئی مہم آہنگ اور تحقیق کی تربیت کے زمین میں بہت سارے کام کیے ہیں।
در شاخص مردمی کشور، مورد درک‌گیری که انجام شده‌است، در کشور آمریکا و برخی از کشورهای سایر جهان مورد درک‌گیری نشده‌اند. در این خصوص، احترام به جمعیت‌های جهانی باید بررسی شود.

در سیرات، به جای تغییرات، باید توجه داشت که جامعه‌های مختلف به‌طوری‌که می‌دانیم، می‌تواند رویکردی به‌هشته باشد.

در این راستا، می‌توان به تعدادی از موضوعات اشاره کرد که در جامعه‌ای که جستجوی آزادی و جلوگیری از نابرابری می‌کنند، هدف‌ریزی شده‌اند.

بنابراین، در نهایت، باید به دقت بیشتری به این موضوع پرداخت و هرگونه تغییراتی را که در جامعه بیافتد، به‌صورت مناسب و به‌طور مناسب به‌دست آورد.

در این زمینه، نتایج مربوط به جستجو و جلوگیری از نابرابری از طریق عمران و اقتصاد و تغییرات در جامعه باید بررسی شود.
CHAPTER FIVE

LETTERS AND DIARIES

In September, 1976 a book in Pashto was published from Quetta, under the joint names of Hamza Shinwari and Jaffar Achakzai. The book was called Insan Aw Khudai (Man and God). It was a unique book in the sense that for the first time Pashto literature saw the publication of letters by two eminent writers on some very deep and enduring philosophical questions, or in the words of Zigar Afridi, "questions older than even the birth of Adam." The book was the result of a correspondence between the two writers over a period of time. It was decided at the outset that the correspondence should be ultimately published. It was also tried to serialise the correspondence in a Quetta fortnightly, Haiwad. But due to limited space in the paper, it could not materialise. The book contains some fifteen letters, seven by Jaffar Achakzai and eight by Hamza Shinwari. These letters are not ordinary letters, an exchange of pleasantries between two friends. They are so deeply philosophical that a seasoned writer like Sultan Mohammad Sabir has expressed his inability, in the introduction to the book, to write anything worthwhile about them. He quotes this Persian proverb: /Reb/ x'k r' cy n sbt bh 'lm p'k /Rom/ "KhaK Ra Chi Nisbat, ba Alami pak" (what comparison has the dust with the pure domain), to illustrate his incompetence to
fathom the depth of the spiritual and philosophical questions raised and discussed in these letters. Indeed he has also quoted Bu Ali Sina (Avecenna), Shaikh Saadi and Rehman Baba in his support, to say that for the sort of questions raised in the book, can not be easily answered. Yet between our two correspondents Jaffar Achakzai consciously and tenaciously raises the questions while Hamza has been patiently trying to answer them with the best of his knowledge and understanding.

The main question asked in the book is about the existence of God. Jaffar Achakzai is an atheist. He believes that man is God. He argues that, "If we were not there God would not be there". (1). He states in his first letter that he is a disbeliever in God. It is man who will ultimately comprehend and spread over the universe and evolve into God, the Muslims say that God has ninety nine attributes (names). If this is true then I consider his hundredth name to be man. This is but his real name, the others are mere adjectives or attributes." (2). Hamza being not only an orthodox Muslim but also a practising Sufi naturally doesn’t and can not agree to this kind of heresy. To him man is man and God is God and neither can ever become the other. At the outset he confesses that he himself has passed through this sticky stage as he too had been an atheist for about five years. This line of thinking he calls a mental contradiction. Hamza believes that Jaffar has only been affected (or infected) by the Nietschian concept of Superman which is nothing more than the same old Vedic belief
of Transmigration of souls according to which man is repeatedly reborn on the way to his salvation or perfection.

An important argument that Hamza gives here is from evolution, a concept which is discussed and bandied about throughout these letters. If we believe in evolution, as is evident from Jaffar's claim that man will "ultimately comprehend and spread over nature and evolve into a God", then man will be defective at every point of evolution and if evolution goes on to its ultimate end then not only man but animals would also have been pushed into Godhood by its inexorable thrust. If man is subject to evolution then he is still suffering from an inherent defect and we can not reconcile ourselves with a defective deity. whatever his future prospects of divinity, at present he is bereft of all divine pretensions. the question here is how did he come about in the first place? Here Hamza quotes Satre who has said that "man has been in the universe without having any creator". (3). Yet Satre believes that, "there is an element in man which is not a part of the material universe". (4). Hamza has pointed out similar contradictions in Jaffar's letters. The question of "how man was born?" was answered by Jaffar by asking a similar question as "How then was God born or come into being?" Jaffar also protests that he has neither been influenced by Neitsche nor Satre nor the rest of the materialist philosophers. He is neither influenced by Niaz Fatehpuri nor would he admit of dragging in religion for the sake of an argument. These are purely his own thoughts and if he is fully convinced of their
fallacy he would gladly give them up in return for an unshakable belief in God.

Before answering the question of the creation of God Hamza tells his friend that these heretic or secular tendencies have become a fashion these days. He maintains that, far from being so easily shaken away "religion is so pervading a force that even atheism assumes the shape of a religion". (5). An atheist only substitutes one God for another and one set of moral principles for another; and these substitutions are done with a deep religious conviction. Even those who deny God, indirectly confirm His presence, for you can not deny anything which is not there at all.

And this brings us to the question of Cause and Effect. Hamza maintains that very many great thinkers have come to the conclusion that the existence of God can neither be proved nor disproved. In the chain of cause and effect we can not take man as the Prime Cause because he himself has been caused to come into being; he is a creature and not a creator. We are forced to conclude that there is a Prime Cause who have caused all the universe, with himself without a similar cause. If we don't stop at the Prime Cause (or Prime Mover) and carry this chain even beyond infinity then we are bound to face the situation in which nothing is really possible. This universe could not have come into existence and there could be no life. If the universe is there and there is life in it, it is all because there is a creator behind it, behind whom it is not necessary that there
should be another creator and so on and so forth. We are forced to accept the Prime Mover or the First Cause for the universe. The question of how did God come into being is really irrelevant because it recycles the chain of cause and effect. We have to stop at God and stay there.

An interesting example that Hamza gives by way of disproving the divinity of man is the presence of the universe before the advent of man. He quotes Toynbee for Human life on this planet to have started from one million years. Before this time man (the God of Jaffar) did not exist while the universe along with the planet on which he was yet to be born, was very much there. Now the question is who created the universe? How is it that the universe was there before its lord, the God, was yet to be born on it. The simple inference from this argument is that if the universe has preceded man then man can not be the lord of the universe. His own existence will depend on the same power on which the universe also depends. Then Hamza maintains that there was life on the universe much before the advent of man. If evolution has been going on in the universe right from its creation, then the question arises why not another kind of life rather than man should evolve into the intellectual force to "comprehend it and spread on the universe?" Hamza believes that "I think no materialist could answer this question. Every answer will necessarily point to an All-knowing, Absolute Being". (6).

Jaffar Achakzai has written in one of his letters that everything is subject to evolution, mutation and change. An
idea or thought might be proved baseless and wrong tomorrow. "That is why", replies Hamza, "your present theory (that man is God), a product of the Dark Ages, has been rejected by the present intellectuals. They now maintain that nothing is present except a consciousness, ego, essence and knowledge. Those who maintained that matter was indestructible (that it could neither be created nor destroyed) were effectively refuted by the modern atomic theories which have only shattered the old material concepts. They have proved that matter has no existence. It is a solid form of energy. The energy also disappears when converted into matter. Now energy is an attribute (Sifat). It depends on a possessor (Dhat). And he concludes that when atheists came to know that their doctrine of matter was all but shattered, they turned to the intellect". (7).

Another paradox in the letters of Jaffar is the claim that "Religion is faith. I consider faith and knowledge two contradictory things". (8). To this Hamza replies that faith is based on knowledge. There can be no faith without knowledge. Explaining the literal or lexical meaning of Aqida (faith, literally a knot) he argues that a man has the knowledge of something when he is convinced of the truth or otherwise of it. He, as it were, knots up the conviction with him which becomes his faith. Far from contradicting it, knowledge only sustains faith. It may be that with further knowledge the previous knowledge may be proved deficient. The faith will then also have to be adjusted in the light of the new knowledge. But knowledge and faith can not
be separated from each other. To this Achakzai replied, "Atheism is also a religion with a clear difference....i.e. religion relies on faith while atheism relies on knowledge". (9).

In a letter Hamza asks the following questions:

1) Is there any purpose behind the universe?
2) If man is evolving into a God then why not take this very evolutionary power and not man for a God?
3) There is an old definition and a new definition of matter. Which do you consider more true?
4) The present knowledge, techniques and morals that man has achieved in his evolutionary process and which are acknowledged by all humanity—do you also acknowledge them or not?
5) Will you or will you not accept the present definition of God i.e. All-knowing, All-powerful etc?
6) Is consciousness a product of matter or matter a product of consciousness?
7) What is the standard of intellect?

Now these are all very pointed or potent questions and it would be interesting to turn to their answers by Jaffar to see how successfully he has evaded them or avoided the snare or whether he is ultimately netted like a helpless fish. We will take his answers one by one, in the same order as we have given the questions above.

1) Purpose is that basic point which has pinned down man to the unlimited chain of his evolution. This too is a creation or invention of the human mind and has no independent existence from man. Without man there is neither purpose nor even its imagination.
2) This evolutionary power is but an attribute of man himself.
3) Neither definition is perfect. A yet future definition may replace all the existing ones. No definition can, therefore, be definite.
4) I acknowledge all the present attainment of human knowledge, techniques and morals.
5) I would own that definition of God provided it was correct or true.
6) Consciousness is the product of matter.
7) I think intellect is perception or understanding, an intuition and a discrimination or discernment of wholes. (10)
It will be equally interesting to see what Hamza infers from these answers. According to him Achakzai has given a deliberately vague answer to the first question to get himself rid of the consequences. If this push or movement of which according to Achakzai the mover is man himself ("it being an attribute of man"), was there before man himself was born, then there must have been some purpose behind this movement or evolution as it precedes man. So, this purpose can not be of a "human invention or creation". The answer to the second question that evolutionary power is but an attribute of man is also inacceptable to Hamza on the ground that this evolutionary process actually precedes man in the universe. How can something be an attribute of man which precedes him in the chain of creation?

From Azhakzai's answer to the next question, Hamza understands that "man was not present at the original creation or organisation of the universe and yet he is said to have given it the present shape. While shaping the universe man would be an Omnipotent God. Then he would have dissolved himself in the matter and subjected himself to the vagaries and the rough and tumble of evolution on his way back to Godhood. The fact is that man has been created much after the creation of matter."

To Hamza there is a clear contradiction in the answers to question No.3 and question No.4. On the one hand Azhakzai refuses to accept any definition of matter as the last word and on the other hand he acknowledges all the present human knowledge, techniques and morals which are but based on the
present definition of matter. With the next answer also Hamza is not satisfied and finds contradictions in it. Achakzai at the same time attributes divinity to man and doubts its possibility. For the question whether consciousness is the product of matter or vice versa, Hamza insists that matter in fact has no consciousness; it is consciousness that has created matter. Matter is only a body for consciousness, it is not an attribute of it. Hamza agrees with the last answer concerning the definition of intellect or mind. In the next letter, however, Jaffar reaffirms some of his answers and refutes Hamza Shinwari's refutation of them.

Towards the end Jaffar realises that they had had enough of the discussion. Their stands are clear now. It also becomes clear that they can not convince each other any further. In fact they still stand where they stood at the outset, all this discussion and philosophical deliberations notwithstanding. So, he proposes to bring this apparently fruitless discussion to an end. In the last rather longish letter Hamza reiterates his position on almost all the points that had been raised during the discussion. He makes it clear that if he could not convince Achakzai he was not convinced by him either.

Since these letters, as visualised in the beginning, could not be serialised in the fortnightly HAIWAD of Sultan Mohammad Sabir (a common friend of the correspondents), it was decided to publish them as was agreed to at the beginning. So, Jaffar has them published in 1976 from Jaffar Publishing House, New Najmuddin Road, Quetta.
The book carries a preface by Jaffar Achakzai, an introduction by Sultan Mohammad Sabir and an Alif-Lam-Maem (whatever it may mean) by Yousaf Gul. In his preface to the book Jaffar Achakzai maintains that "I once again repeat my claim that in the later part of his life every Muslim scholar has been defeated by faith in the face of knowledge. In the present book, in view of all his knowledge, Hamza has also acknowledged the same God, from the point of view of essence, who is acknowledged on the basis of faith, by every common man and Musalman. Then he hides defeat or deficiency in such words...."I have established a relationship with God......my mind is clear of all contradictions", while anything that is once achieved loses its significance or magnificence. Indeed God is not so small a being to be so easily comprehended. As long as man has not known himself his every imagination of God would be flawed". (12)

Hamza has taken a strong exception to the above statement in an article published in the journal RANRHA (the light) published from Peshawar in 1976. He writes, "The readers ought to ask him whether he had not conceded defeat in front of myself and Sabir Sahib. If he denies it now it should be concluded that such are the moral scruples of atheists". (13). Hamza rightly claims that it was not for Jaffar to have himself unilaterally claimed victory in the controversy; this discussion ought to have been left to the readers to draw their own conclusions from the study of the letters. It sounds strange to Hamza to be defeated by a toddling Achakzai whose mouth still
reeks of the powdered milk from Europe (which he must have got gratis). Children are children after all, they ought to be forgiven". Hamza claims further in the article, "I had not yet started reading the book when I saw that the atheist scissors had also cut through the letters" That would obviously be for necessary trimming. He believes that atheists have no regard for human ethics. They are above (or below or beyond) the concept of reward and punishment. Hell and heaven may be meaning less or just metaphorical concepts, a strange creation of the human mind. To them in the words of Shakespeare "foul is fair and fair is foul". Hamza believes that Achakzai had pilfered the letters and arranged them or fixed them up in such a way that most of his weaknesses have been cleverly concealed. In this connection one entire letter was deleted from the final publication. At the end of the article Hamza claims that his friend would never have brought himself round to the publication of this correspondence had it not been for a large number of friends at Quetta who were in the knowledge of this correspondence and who also anticipated and wished its publication. If he had, at the end of it all, withheld the publication they would have been taunting him with defeat for all the rest of his life.

Commenting on the book in the same journal, Ranrha, Peshawar, 1976, Noor Mohammad Zigar has refuted some claims of Jaffar Achakzai in his preface, Sultan Mohammad Sabir in his introduction, and Younaf Gul in his Alif-Lam-Meem. He believes that Jaffar Achakzai should not have claimed in the preface that
"Hamza has been defeated in the discussion". He should have left it to the readers to arrive at their own conclusions. With that statement he has only insulted the intelligence of his readers in advance. Similarly, Sultan Mohammad Sabir has claimed that "Jaffar too believes in the God of the universe but he imagines it in the shape of man" (15). But Zigar maintains that "if Jaffar had not denied the creator of the universe and if he were not visualising man to be evolving into a God then all this discussion would be irrelevant or useless". (16). Neither would the letters have been exchanged nor would the book have come into being. Similarly, Yousaf Gul has come out with a strange equation or comparison between Jaffar and Hamza. He writes in the Alif-Lam-Meem (17) "Hamza has been born in a well off family. All his desires are fulfilled. He is bound to follow a blind faith more than any other person. On the other hand the younger brother of Jaffar has been lying in the hospital, struggling between life and death. He needs an operation but Jaffar can not afford five hundred rupees needed for the treatment. When an anonymous relative looks at the situation he engages his daughter to some one for five hundred rupees to put it silently in the hands of Jaffar. What is wrong in calling such a person God himself". (18)

To all this Zigar replies that it is very far from true that Hamza was born with a silver spoon in his mouth; neither he still lives in a paradise on Earth. In fact he is an ordinary, average man, struggling hard to make both ends meet. Hamza had had the positive taste of poverty and he still lives
right on the line of subsistence. And it is nothing short of a
miracle that he should live the sort of life that he lives; doing
nothing for livelihood except writing, in a society which doesn’t
buy books, whether people can afford them or not. On the other
hand, Yousaf Gul would have seen a more probable God in the surg
eon instead of the kindly, anonymous relative, who betrothed his
daughter for five hundred rupees in order to save a precious
human life. That surgeon would suggest a better god because he had
great healing powers by dint of his surgical knowledge. He also
had the sense that if he had done free operation then he was to
lose five hundred rupees. He also had this option (power) not to
be forced on free operation or treatment. Here Zigar quotes a
couplet from Fazle Haq Shaida:

\[ \text{Rashy wrkly x'd y'n loy@ sjde r'Jne &w'Nv} \]
\[ \text{Jm' ndyh t'6 d' Grant spyrh ve ($yd') } \]

(Smaller gods require greater prostrations,
May you be broken my ill-fated brow). (Shaida)(19).

Another important collection of Hamza Shinwari’s
letters is with Malik Abdur Rehman.(20) The Malik Sahib has got
with him Hamza Shinwari’s one hundred and one (101) letters, a
result of years of correspondence between the two. He has
properly edited them with a mind to getting them published at the
earliest opportunity. He has got an introduction written on them
by Syed Tahir Bokhari and even a brief forward by Hamza himself.
The manuscript is ready to be taken up for publication. It may,
therefore, not be long before these letters will find the light
of day like the very many other books of our writer.
All these letters are mostly on mysticism. A highly educated man, Malik Sahib was strongly drawn to the mystic path before he had come into contact with Hamza Shinwari. Before coming to Islamic Sufism, he had read deeply in Hindu and Buddhist mysticism. Then he discovered Hamza and took allegiance at his hands in Chishtia, Nizamia, Niazia order. Whenever away from each other the Pir and Murid (the teacher and the taught) kept regular correspondence. Malik Sahib would ask questions or seek guidance on some mystical problem in his letters and Hamza would duly answer the questions or provide the necessary guidance. In this way these letters are not only a compendium on mysticism as a science or a branch of learning, with all its obtuse vocabulary and intricate terminology, but also a practical spiritual discipline, with its own cult of incantations and the attendant difficulties. In these letters we see Hamza as not only a practising Sufi but a confirmed Murshid (spiritual guide) with unwavering self-confidence and an inexhaustible store of spiritual knowledge. As Tahir Bokhari has pointed out, "The most important aspect of these letters is human education or training. The Baba generally stresses proper training for human beings. He envisages a society in which not only men but animals would also be properly trained. This spiritual training is also a serious discipline and for men like Hamza Shinwari it is more important than any mundane education or training; for it doesn't only turn a raw man into a refined human being but also establishes his direct relationship with the Lord of the world". (21).
Writing about Hamza himself, with reference to these letters, Tahir Bokhari claims that, "The Baba is an Arif (a gnostic). After this whoever sees him in whatever colour, he is that too; I mean some consider him a poet, others a writer; some call him a philosopher while others consider him a Sufi. To some he appears a nationalist while others see him as an orthodox Muslim. Yet others consider him a thinker and a genius. A genius also has knowledge but then his knowledge is exoteric, compendious and synoptic. Against this the knowledge of an agnostic is elaborate, detailed and complete, based on IIm-i-Ludduni (the intuitive knowledge). He can perceive and comprehend the essence and reality of things. This is the stage of a perfect man". (22).

Next, Hamza is a teacher and a perfect benefactor. "He is very careful about his fledgling disciples. He has all the qualities of a great Guru, Ostad or teacher. Hamza is also a staunch Muslim but at the same time a typical Pakhtoon". (23). He is free from all traces of vanity, artificiality, deception or hypocrisy. Far from projecting or propagating himself, he doesn't even pretend to be an accomplished Murshid. It is difficult to bring him round to taking allegiance from some seeker of mysticism. He is like a mirror, to borrow one of his own favourite images, to appear to each according to his own perception and desires.

All the writings of Hamza Shinwari reflect his great and perfect personality and these letters are but their own example. Here we perceive glimpses of Gnostic knowledge, clear points of IIm-i-ladduni and unfailing methods of spiritual train
ing and the attainment of graces. It is strange that he always writes such letters extempore, as it were, without consulting any book or other references. Even his references are mostly provided by memory. At the same time he has due regard for language, style and other literary requirements. We seldom come across a crossed out word or phrase or even a single line cancelled out in the entire letter. His letters are as pleasing to the eye as they are agreeable to the mind. It seems as if he has conceived the entire letter in a flash and simply copies it while the light of the flash lingers on. I think he also transmits some of the glow of the flash to his readers as it illuminates many a dark corner in their consciousness. As far as those letters are concerned, they can be looked upon as a perfect spiritual guide in themselves.

The most important thing in the mystic order of Hamza Shinwari is Tassawar-i-Shaikh (the constant imagining of the spiritual guide). In this way the Barzakh (demarcation) is made for the disciple. He starts receiving graces or spiritual endowments through his Shaikh and is also saved by his Shaikh from any attack or affliction of evil misfortunes i.e. the negative reaction of spiritual exercises. Because since everything happens to the disciple through his Shaikh, the Shaikh can absorb the negative influences before they actually happen to the disciple. This constant imagining of the Shaikh paves the way to the similar constant imagining of the holy prophet which in turn facilitate the disciple in the similar imagining of God. This process involves the three-tier Fana (absorption or annihilation,
tion), i.e. Fana Fi-Shaikh, Fana Fil-Rasool and Fana Fillah. This constant imagining of the Shaikh is considered an important spiritual cord. Hamza has discussed it in length in letters Nos. 17, 18, 22, 26, 30 and 94. In letter No. 30 he quotes his own Murshid, Bacha Jan, on this, "His reverence, the pride of scholars and saints, has beautifully put it in saying that the Tassawar-i-Shaikh is like a strong fort which shields (the disciple) from every affliction". Although it is a delicate mystical point yet Hamza has expressed it in such a simple, comprehensive way that even a layman would easily understand and appreciate it.

The next important mystic term is Fana which has been partly misunderstood. Hamza defines this term in letter No. 61 as under:

"What is meant by Fana, annihilating the self? Does it mean annihilating the spiritual self or the angelic self? There is something clearly wrong in it. Annihilation doesn't mean that all human elements should be wiped out & annihilated. It is impossible so much so that even the animal elements in man can not be annihilated. There can be no question of annihilating the human spirit or soul. By annihilation is (then) meant obliterating the animal self because it is this animalism which has a claim on the ego (or soul). As long as it is not overcome, the angelic ego can not raise its voice. Only that element needs be annihilated which veils or separates the disciple from the Reality. And it is the animal element (or the base nature). Human and angelic elements can not or do not veil the disciple from the Reality. On the contrary the angelic element or nature helps human beings on their way to Reality".

Another set of mystic terminologies, explained in these letters is Haiwaniyat (animalism), Insaniyat (humanism)
and Malukiyat (anglicism). They are also called in mathematical terms of Nafi (subtraction or separation), Jama’ (addition or union), Jam’al Jama’ (double addition or perfect union). These terms have been already talked about before but it would not be out of place if we explained them here also. Haiwaniyat or Nafi is the state when one is cut off from God, like that of an animal, having no spiritual inclination at all. He lives, as it were, by bread and butter alone and is a law unto himself. For him this world is a vast circus and he is one of the animals to play his role and forget all about it. On the contrary Malukiyat or Jama’ is the state when one is too lost in God to be cut off from the world, for him the world is but an abstraction of Allahoo and he is a drop in the great ocean, having completely lost his own individual identity. These are two extremes of spiritualism or the mystic path. Insaniyat or Jama’al Jama’, on the other hand, is a state in which a Salik (disciple) is attached at the same time, to God as well as this world. His devotion to God does not force him to renounce the world while his worldly preoccupations do not make him oblivious of the Lord. This is a more perfect and higher state in Islamic Sufism. This is the state of being “a human being” as against angels and the other creatures of God whether lower or higher. It is this “Human being” who is the vice-regent of God on the earth, the mission that he was actually created for, and neither the angels nor any other creatures. Man is, therefore, “the Ashraful Makhloogat (The cream of God’s creation)”.
An interesting description of Fana (annihilation) is given in letter No. 10. It would be worthwhile to quote it here:

"Brother, the destination of Fana is such that first of all old ideas are taken away from the Salik. He is cleaned up like a mirror. Then Reality is written on the clean slate. In this journey the memory also departs. enmity, friendship and all other human relations are snapped. The idea of heaven or hell, the thoughts of Kashaf (illumination or revelation) and Kiramat (the graces) get lost. When all these things have gone then God comes to the heart. By coming I mean that He appears in the heart otherwise God is far ever present in the human breast."

Fana is also understood to mean wiping out human urges and desires. But here too Hamza has his own point of view. According to him, the edifice of human desires can not be demolished; it can only be brought under control. He writes in letter No. 87:

"Human desires never disappear. This supposition is wrong (that desires can disappear), they can only be controlled. The more the spirit (or soul) becomes dominant, the more material desires get subdued. The disciple also gains the power to control the outer or external, physical world. The philosophy behind the separation of the soul from the body is this: when the soul predominates, it separates as it were from the body; it becomes independent. In fact human ego is this very soul. When dominated by matter it is called Nafs-i-Amara (the animal soul). After a little awakening it is called Nas-i-Lawma (the conscience). After getting a degree higher it is called Nafs-i-Mulhima (inking) and after this it is called Nafse-i-Mutmaina (the peace or contentment). At this stage it is beyond any danger of going astray. Then it has further two titles—Raji’a or Razia (pleased with God) and Marjaa or Marzia (with God being pleased with him). In the last station the disciple is called Wabool (accepted) and becomes a Majzoob-i-Mehz (Absolute mendicant), or he is reverted to the world, then called Macwbool (a saint) and lives in the state of Jam’al Jama. Upto Nafs-i-Mutmaina (the contentment) many hurdles come in the way.
Materialism, in consort with the devil, try many devices to mislead the Salik."

Similarly Hamza elucidates the term Fana fillah (annihilation or absorption in God) in these words in letter No. 67. We might as well quote the relevant portion:

"We consider those Saliks (disciples) really absorbed in God who also feel themselves to be absorbed in God, but at the same time feel their own individual personalities. It is a serious mistake and a deception of Nafs (soul) and when in reality he becomes absorbed in Reality he feels that in fact "I am". There is only one ego or this "I am"; there is nothing else beside it. But when after reversion, he feels multiplicity, he understands this fact that everything has an ego or this "I am" and all these are but the various manifestations of the one ego or "I am".---the same ego is apparent in countless shapes.

For this reason the Sufis have suggested the station of Jamu’il Jam’a (double addition or union), that although the disciple may be witnessing the multiplicity of the creation yet he is not distracted from a constant or uninterrupted view of the Reality. In the same way his relation with the Reality does not detach him from the creatures or the world."

In these letters Hamza has repeatedly refuted the ideas and assertions of Shaikh Ahmad Sirhindi also called Mujaddid Alfe Sani. But most of this criticism has also been documented in his book Wajud Wa Shuhud (unity of being and the unity of witness). This book has already been discussed in fair detail in chapter three (the prose). For the sake of brevity we need not go into further discussion of the comparison of mystical ideas of Hamza Shinwari and Shaikh Ahmad. We have also discussed Hamza Shinwari’s mysticism in both chapter two and three, with also some introductory remarks in chapter one. These letters are but in the same strain and, I am afraid, we may simply be duplicating
or repeating what we might already have stated about his mysticism. With this we must turn to some of his other letters.

Hamza Shinwari is a meticulous writer of letters. He considers it a moral duty to answer each and every letter, and answer it as soon as possible. He has a large number of friends, admirers, students and disciples. All these people have been flooding him with letters, letters of all descriptions, and he has been scrupulously answering all these multiple letters with the same moral diligence. In this way he himself has accumulated thousands of letters and will have written in return an equal number of them. We have already given the names of some of those friends with whom he has been in almost constant correspondence. The browsing through and sifting of his letters will indeed require months if not years. Here we are not going to provide an exhaustive account of all his letters, it would simply be unfeasible if not impossible in a thesis of this magnitude. The purpose here is to give a rough idea of the diversity of his literary endeavours of which even these letters would be a more than sufficient proof. Of the very many people who have got letters of Hamza with them, some were kind enough to allow us making photo copies of them. Among them our sincere thanks are due to Malik Abdur Rehman, Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai Kakakhel, Mohammad Omar Seemab (Hamza Shinwari’s younger brother), Murad Ali (Hamza Shinwari’s son), Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak, who also gave me beside the collection of his own letters, those of an anonymous poetess whom Hamza Shinwari addresses as Barkhordara (a baby), Haji Maroof
Khan Mahir Shinwari and Mr Zahid (a grandson of Akram Farooq). A number of others have also provided his letters.

In some of Hamza Shinwari's letters we come across interesting biographical information. For example in one of the letters to Barkhordara (the anonymous Afridi poetess) Hamza writes that she would be surprised (if not actually shocked) if she came and saw his house. His home is so small that it can only be called a chicken coop. With this one is not only reminded of the tub in which the Greek philosopher, Diogenes lived but also all the great people leading the most austere and unassuming life. Such is the irony of fate! Similarly in a letter to Malik Sahib (letter No. 99) Hamza writes that he was also invited to the Afro-Asian Writers' Conference to be held in Moscow in 1973. Then he was suffering from flu and general debility and to decide the question of going or not he did Istikhara (consulting the providence for the guidance). The signs were that he should not go. Next day he wrote to Faiz Ahmad Faiz in Rawalpindi that as he was ill he could not attend the conference. Now this information surfaced by chance in that letter otherwise I never had a mention of it in any writing of him or about him.

In 1984 Mian Abdur Rehman Lugar Kakakhel was in Harripur jail. In a letter dated 11.4.1984 Hamza writes to him, "Mianji, presently I will send you two hundred rupees. If I were rich and God had not made me a miser of sorts, I would help you a lot. May God protect you (both from the evil spirits and the excesses of the jail staff) and grant you rectitude". Overcome by
this cash generosity of his friend, Hamza Shinwari, himself an equally poor man. Abdur Rehman Lugai has written this brief prayer, at the end of the same letter, "May the great Lord grant happiness to Hamza in both the worlds. He has more generosity in this old age than many much well off young people". (dated 12.4. 1984, Harripur jail). One wonders why didn’t Lugai compare his friend Hamza to the legendary Hatim Tai! In another letter dated 10.12.1982, while Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai was at Harripur, Hamza wrote to him in a light vein, "I received your letter and that of Bahar Ali together. Why not. You are just free to be doing nothing but writing letters. Perhaps God has chosen this prison for you to provide you a chance to write something worthwhile in this capacity. I hope you will write a lot, both poetry and prose. Or then write about your impressions of the jail, recording your psychological condition. At the same time devote yourself to prayers and supplication. You have now got, even if perforce, a Chilla Khana (a cloister for prayers) in the jail".

In another letter from Landikotal dated 27.6.1983 Hamza writes to Mian Abdur Rehman Lugai, "Mianji, life is full of pain and affliction. I have said somewhere:

/Rekhy/ ch ‘wnd gr’n de kh ‘s’n de xbr nh ym
xw tkl d ‘m’nyØ l’ m$kl k’ (Hamzh).
(Whether life is difficult or not
I don’t really know
It is only further compounded
By the urges of comforts). (Hamza)

So, life is made more difficult by the struggle of making it easy. That is why one has to put up with struggle and the resultant troubles. Only this is the way out. A couplet of Ghalib says
something like this: Asad, there is no cure for the worries of life except death; the candle burns anyway till the morning. Believe me my health has not yet fully recovered; even now I can not walk freely. But death comes at its own appointed time. Perhaps I am just keeping the time. For the last twenty years I have not had a healthy day, the Lord knows better what He does. Perhaps this may be good for me.

All this was to show that all Hamza Shinwari's letters are not just on Sufism or philosophy. In his letters we also come across his day to day life, his troubles and worries, his likes and dislikes, his occupations and preoccupations—all the problems of life that he shares with his friends, admirers, relatives, students and disciples. Even from his diverse letters one can reconstruct his physical as well as intellectual biography. One can also read in his letters a great deal about contemporary Pashto literature—the various trends and movements in it. One learns about his attitude to various Pashto poets and prose writers. Yet his letters are as simple and straightforward as he himself always appears to be. He neither plays up or exaggerates nor sentimentalises nor plays down or ridicule anything or any person or idea. He doesn’t seem to relish the unnecessary embellishment of his letters with poems or quotations. He doesn’t cumber them either with unnecessary philosophical concepts or riddles of mysticism simply to mystify his readers. In all his letters that I have come across, so far he is downright practical, concise and to the point. There isn’t a
single unnecessary word in any of his letter. He is not extravagant even in the most informal letters to his friends. Even his usual humour and witticism are missing from his letters. Perhaps he believes letters to be the most pragmatic way of communication.

We will round off this discussion with quotations from two more of his letters which will provide a glimpse of another aspect of his life, to see how he shares the burden of life with his friends.

In a letter to Raj Wali Shah Khattak dated Landikotal, 26.7.1982, Hamza has written, "Yesterday a letter came from the Academy of Letters, Pakistan in which it was written that by way of acknowledgement of my literary services they had decided to allow me an honorarium of Rs 700 (Rupees seven hundred) per month from this year. They have written that I will be soon sent the first instalment. Pay my regards to Iqar Sahib and also tell him about this as he had greatly assisted me in getting it.

We also have a great deal of his letters on contemporary literary problems or guiding fledgling writers and poets in their literary pursuits. In this connection an interesting collection of Hamza Shinwari's letters are with Nazir (this is a pen name) a budding Shinwari poet who doesn't even know the basic definitions of most of the Pashto literary forms like Ghazal, Rubai and Qita etc. In letter after letter Hamza is not only explaining the prevalent literary forms but also Pashto prose.
giving the pet Arabic formulae for the varied matres, also giving examples by way of illustrations from medieval as well as modern poetry. In a letter Nazir writes to Hamza as to how or why did he (Hamza) write the following couplet?

\[ /Rash/ \ ch \ dny' \ th 'bw \ jhl 'ns'n r'&e. \ 
mynh r'&lh, ftntn r'&lh, /wf'n r'&e. (Hmzh) \ 
\]

(When the ignorant man came to the world, Love came, evil came and came the storm). (Hamza).

In this couplet the bewildering metaphor is the Abu Jihal Insan (man the father of ignorance). Abu Jihal was the obstinate relative of the prophet who not only refused to embrace Islam but opposed it tooth and nail to the very last breath of his life. Indeed it would be a strange couplet, as it is, but Hamza replies that his friend might have misheard the couplet along with some recorded music. The couplet which is the opening of a Ghazal from Ghazawone is like this:

\[ /Rash/ \ ch \ dny' \ d 'b \ w gl \ th 'ns'n r'&e. \ 
mynh r'&lh, ftntn r'&lh, /wf'n r'&e. (Hmzh). \ 
\]

(When man came to the mud-clay mould. Love came, evil came and came the storm). (Haimza). He also quotes the last line of the same Ghazal:

\[ /Pash/ \ m' \ Hmzh \ ch \ d \ byltwn \ tyre 'Rle. \ 
lkh \ Sm' \ Jm' \ kwnt \ th \ xnd'n r'&e. (Hmzh) \ 
\]

(When Hamza was shedding the tears of separation Like a candle beloved came smiling to his house).

DIARIES:- Hamza Shinwari has been keeping regular and uninterrupted diaries since 1957. (24). To overlook his diaries would tantamount to shutting our eyes to an invaluable store-house of his day to day feelings, ideas and ideals. Even if he were not a great poet or Sufi that he is, these diaries alone would, if properly preserved, ensure him not only immortality but
an abiding place among the greatest men of Pashto letters. In
these diaries we also come across his vast intellectual sphere
providing more than occasional glimpses of genius. They epitomise,
in the most unassuming style and brevity, his day to day literary
and spiritual preoccupations and experiences, with all their
apparent casualness and the needless details or, at times too
concise even to give the necessary details or explanations. We
will, therefore, have a cursory glance through some of his
diaries and point out their peculiarities and characteristics and
quote some interesting or penetrating passes from them. We will
also mention, or properly catalogue here, all those diaries that
have come down to us. The rest of his diaries are yet to be
searched in the dusty junkyard (if we may use this rather
intimate expression) of an almost half a century old accumulated
heap of papers; or to retrieve them from some of his over-curious
friends or over-zealous devotees who might have taken them away
as benedictions or sacred relics of a living saint's. We only
hope that they have not been already dissolved in water, page
after page, to drink for some curious or trivial disease like
diarrhea or dehydration. We have determined to collect all his
diaries as we should try to gather all his letters, and keep them
in a safe place till they are published. Their publication will
be another landmark in Pashto literature by adding the missing
forth dimension to the holy trinity of poetry, prose and drama.

This will be about for the first time that we will
be writing about the diaries, as it was also about his letters,
of a major Pashto poet whether living or dead. At least in Pashto literature we don’t have so far any precedence of the kind. So, it is hoped, this writing will also establish a healthy precedence for the posterity by trying to cultivate an abounding interest in the letters and diaries of our great men of letters. Both letters and diaries may be of an immense literary value; most of the great, living literatures of the world may have made extensive use of them; but so far somehow, they have not fitted in our literary scheme; they have not so far appealed to the Pashto psyche. It may be that none of our great poets did ever keep a diary and wrote letters few and far between. We simply don’t have any letter (in print i.e. if we don’t consider some newspapers) of any of our great poets to be presented for a para-literary evidence or just to tickle our curiosity about some aspect of his life or art. This is not only very true of all our medieval poets but also very much true of our very modern poets and writers.

We are content with the poetry and conveniently forget about the poet himself, even if a bit more knowledge of the poet himself would considerably increase our appreciation of his otherwise universal poetry. Or does it reflect some deeper socio-psychological compulsion, as Ghani Khan has said somewhere in relation to music and the musician that “The Pathans love music but hate the musician”. Don’t we in the same vein, of course, unconsciously, love poetry and art but, impulsively, hate the poet and the artist—or the artisan. I think it is due to the
blurring of the boundary line between the musician, poet and the artist and the inglorious artisan that the Pathan instinctively down grade while at the same time utilising and appreciating his work. Perhaps, to begin with, the artisan was not a blue-blooded pathan in the Pathan scheme of class structure or stratification. He was a menial labourer in return for payment in kind (usually grain) from the seasonal produce. He did not possess any land of his own and even the house he lived in belonged to the village Khan. Like the Hindu Harrijan he was at the lowest rung of the social ladder if not an outright outcast. This ancient bias against the artisan has still lingered on, through even the cataclysmic teachings of Islam and the essentially egalitarian concept of the twentieth century democracy.

So, we are content with the Dewan (the book duly arranged in alphabetical order usually by the posterity, with plenty of omissions and commissions) of a poet and forget about the man or the brain behind the book. The result is that even the day to day life or even the basic facts of his birth and death are shrouded in mystery. An ordinary human history assumes mythical proportions. With the passage of time an ordinary human being is idolised into a superman. The very immortality of his poetry turn the poet into a saint with a complete hallow around his anonymous head. This is how we remember our poets of even not very long ago.

Most of our poets—I almost wrote all our poets whether great or not—have fallen prey to this pathetic neglect
on our part. We have their Dewans (or books) some of which are also used for omens like the oracles at Delphi, many thanks to the invention of printing or some public-spirited person or some public organisation, to provide us with their comparatively cheaper editions (I mean from the cost and not the substance point of view). The only partial exception to this devastating ravages of time and the almost criminal neglect of the Pathans (who pride themselves on loving poetry and music perhaps more than any other people of the world) is Khushal Khan Khattak. But then even about Khushal Khan, apart from the inner evidence of his own as well as his sons' and grandsons' poetry or prose, we don't really know as much as we ought. Miss Begum Khadija Ferozuddin writes in the introduction to her Ph.D. thesis on "The Life and Works of the Illustrious Khushal Khan, Chief of the Pathans", "An adventure indeed it was, for Khushal Khan whom I made the object of my research, was till then a mere name, unknown even in the land of his birth, except to some of his descendants and European authors like Plowden, Biddulph and Raverty. There was thus no material at hand with which I could build anything". (28). If this thick curtain of anonymity could fall on "this worthy son of the North West Frontier Province" whose own sons and grandsons were equally great poets and writers in their own right, one can very well image the fate of the rest of our poets.

Poets and artists are generally assumed to be living in a world of their own as if they have nothing to do with our world of the "mad rush" and cut-throat competition. Yet we
enjoy and value, in fact thrive on, their works. If this assumption was true then their works would be a useless relic of some other world, having no relevance or practical value for our workaday like. It would be like the song of a mad man which even another mad man would not really enjoy. But if their works comfort and console and move us, as they do; if we are rightly guided by their pointing finger; if we are aroused both physically as well as spiritually by their admonitions and exhortations; if their works directly appeal to our aesthetic as well as moral senses, then we should be convinced that they live as much, if not more, in our world as they might at the same time be living in a quaint, outlandish world of their own. We also feel that they see our world better than we see it for ourselves; they have a broader and a deeper vision there. They are more sensitive to the currents and the cross-currents or under-currents of social intercourse as well as the forces of nature. To them life is not as simple as most of us have happily concluded to be. They are more aware of the folly of rushing in "where angels fear to tread". They can see God "in the meanest flower that grows". They can see "a method in our madness": they visualise a purpose behind the grand universe; in short they hold up a mirror to man to see himself for himself; to be reminded of his past, present or future; to be reminded of his almost forgotten mission in life.

Here we will not go into the various theories of art and literature, whether they are a reflection of life or an interpretation of it; whether poetry is prophesy or just a
musical combination of words and no more; whether art is for its own sake or for the sake of life. Our purpose should be to establish the fact that poets and artists live very much in our own world. They get their inspirations from the same world. Like us they are human beings, with the same needs and the same urges. They are subject to all the laws of common life. They may have their own idiosyncrasies and their own fantasies but they are basically men like you and me, subject to hunger and thirst, pain and pleasure and a set of likes and dislikes and all the social and moral bonds that common life itself imposes on all of us. In this context it would be callous on our part to forget about the poet or artist as a man while basking on the sunny beach of his creation. It sounds almost like forgetting about the Lord of the universe in the unbounded pleasure of life itself.

To come back to our subject after this rather longish digression: we have been able to dig up some nineteen volumes of Hamza Shinwari's diaries with each volume standing for a year. We have before us his diaries for 1960, 1961, 1962, 1965, 1966, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1986, 1988 and 1989. A cursory glance through them shows that the entries in almost all his diaries, of course with a few exceptions here and there, are short, rather too short and pithy to leave much to be desired, recording the bare skeletal aspects of his daily preoccupations. There are mentions of people, places, events and even the weather (as he is susceptible to extreme weather) without undue or even due detail. He never goes into any
detail or gives his reaction to what has been taking place around or even to him. He neither dramatises nor overstates or exaggerate any thing; indeed his approach invariably borders on understatement so that we have to fill in a large number of gaps ourselves, from some extraneous sources, if we want to have the full import of what he has recorded for the day. For example he enters on Wednesday 7 June 1961 "Then I started reading my own novel Naye Chaye (the new waves) to find out why was it proscribed by the government. I read some two hundred pages of it. In the afternoon Murad also came and said that Ajmal Khattak and Qalandar Momand had been arrested. I was surprised at the craziness of the government which was arresting people without rhyme or reason and was fouling the atmosphere against itself". A few pages further on in the diary we read that "It had come in the newspapers today that Zahir Shah and Ayub Khan were going to meet each other. In the afternoon Murad also came and brought the issue of the Kohistan newspaper which had written against me."

(26)

An invariable rule with all his diaries is that he heads each entry with an aphorism, a brief, usually one line quotation in plain prose with seldom, if ever, any quotation from poetry whether his own or those of others. Most often these aphorisms have no direct bearing on the entry itself, if occasionally some of them by chance fall in the line, they seem to sound to be independent of the diary and are neither a moral commentary on the entry nor even a mere embellishment of it. In the return-
ding of these aphorisms he is as regular as in his daily prayers or the diary itself. They seem to have assumed for him the proportions of an article of faith. It would be interesting to properly classify and catalogue these very many aphorisms and then analyse them for their underlying thought and the reason for their choice or selection. In this way they are bound to throw some light on the mechanics of his mind. They might illuminate his intellectual cravings and creativity.

His aphorisms are neither quotations from famous writers nor even the tantalising Pashto proverbs although having great similarities to both. They are the quintessence of his own thoughts, feelings and experiences, of course created as it were at the spur of the moment. It would be worth while to give here at least one random aphorism from the diary for each year so that the reader also forms a fair idea of them.

"When beauty looks at itself in the mirror of its own imagination, it turns into love". Thursday, 28 June 1960.
"Laziness (unemployment) is the mother of diseases". Sunday, 19 November, 1961.
"That entertainment is useless which doesn't at the same time have some utility". Monday, 30 July, 1962.
"When you don't hear the voice of your conscience then leave the society and go to the jungle". Tuesday, 2 February, 1965.
"The conquest of nature is hidden in self control". Tuesday, 15 February, 1968.
"Live like a traveller in this world". Friday, 8 October, 1971.
"Wise is he who is unaware of his wisdom". Wednesday, 13 December, 1972.
"Life is a traveller in the desert of death". Monday, 7 January, 1974.
"Fear is the sign of progress". Tuesday, 25 February, 1975.
"Learn from every one but don't teach every one". Wednesday, 7 Jan., 1976.
"Even friends sometimes turn into enemies". Friday, 14 Jan.,
1977.
"If you cannot make friends don't create enemies either".
Friday, 12 May, 1978
"Hopes are pillars of the heart". Saturday, 6 Jan., 1979.
"Looking down upon the poor is an insult to the humanity".
Sunday, 22 March, 1981.
"Become light so that, unseen yourself, you can cause
everything to be seen". Sunday, 3 April, 1983
"Go on nourishing your knowledge and knowledge will nourish
you". Friday, 24 Jan., 1986.
"Man is as tough as he is soft". Thursday, first September,

The oldest among these diaries is the one for the
year 1960. This diary alone is in more detail as compared to
all the rest of the diaries. It is on a comparatively larger size
notebook and every page has been filled right down to the very
bottom line. Not a single page has been omitted, left unwritten
or crossed out. The aphorism for the Friday first January, under
of course the Kalima on the top, is "The beginning of every good
work with the name of God creates the consciousness of the
straight path". I think we should give here in their entirety
both the first and the last entries of the diary in question to
convey a fair idea of their nature and at the same time the style
of our writer which is fairly uniform throughout the diary. The
first entry then runs like this:

"It was late when I came to the Sarai (27) this morning. I
came late because Akram Farooq had been to Charsadda last night.
Then I went out to the Bazar (market place). I went to the office
of LAR (28). From there I came back to the Sarai. It was very
cold. I asked the Munshi (the clerk or assistant) to take the
Charpoi (bedstead) to the roof. He and the chawkidar (watchman)
took it up. Then I took up Zhwand (litter) (29). I sat in the sun
and started writing. In the meantime Akram Mashhood also came.
Today too he was on leave from school. I ordered Uahwa. A while
later Muzzafar Shah also came. He brought with him about 4 kg of
Ghee (animal fats). This was brought for me from his village
Biland Kot. Actually he had borrowed fifty rupees from me. When
we had gone there in May last year, he had told me in his village
Biland Kot that he would bring me some Ghee. I did not want to demand the money back from him any way because he is a nephew of my Murshid. But he is an honourable young man. When Syed Mahmood came for shopping, I also gave him the Ghee to take home and bring the pot back. Muzzafar Hussain Shah went to Kohat and when Syed Mahmood brought the pot I put it safely away in my room. At half past eleven I went home and had my lunch. After the lunch I came back to the Sarai. Then Akram Farooq had also come back from Charsadda and was sitting with Maulana Roshan. We ordered Wahwa. Then I wrote some two pages of Zhwand. In the forenoon today Zalmai, the brother of Ayaz also came. I had taken him home for lunch. My memory has weakened. I have completely forgotten what Zalmai had said. After Zalmai had gone a letter of Ayaz also came. He had written that in January he would be going to Quetta for a month. In the afternoon Latif also came for a while. Altaf (30) brought the dinner from home. Maulana Roshan brought intestine curry (larrre) from the Bazar. We all sat together for the dinner. Rustam also came. Gahwa was ordered after dinner. After dinner Mullah Jan, Nisar and Latif also came. We had good Gupshup (gossip). I wrote a brief review of the last year in the old diary and with this my diary steps into the new year.

With this we will turn to the last entry to round off his diary for the year 1960. So, this is the entry for Saturday, 31st December, 1960. Our eye is caught by the aphorism on the top which says, "The years pass but leave their effects (imprint) behind". Hence the diary:

"This morning I was feeling a little better. Last night I also had cough. the rain had stopped but it was very cold with a little occasional wind, because it had snowed on the surrounding hills. the atmosphere had become a frozen sigh. I didn't feel like going to the Sarai (31), but it was necessary in view of my long inactivity. I went to the Sarai with Mosam Khan. Though the wind was very cold, the air was less dry. When we reached the shop of Yarzada, Masqar Khan started the fire for us and we sat in front of it. Yarzada said that if the sky was clear next day, they would be holding a Khatmi-Quran (recitation of the entire Holy Book), to which we were invited and then we were also to stay in their village for the night. In the meantime Sardar Ali also came. I gave him the money for the meat to take home. At 10:30 we started going back to the village. Mosam Khan opened the room in the Hujra and we lighted the fire. A while later we had lunch together. It was also time for the prayers. After prayers we had Gahwa. In the meantime some boys came from the village of Murad Khan saying that he had wanted me to come. When the boys had gone back we also started going there and soon reached his village. They were sitting in a sunny corner (Petaue) of their
Hujra and had slaughtered a lamb. We were duly received. In the meantime Kachoni and Mullazi also brought out a lamb and slaughtered it. Then we went inside the room of the Hujra after sunset as it was getting chilly. The dinner was served a little before the evening. Then we performed the evening prayers. In the meantime Akram Farooq also came, accompanied by his son Abdur Rahim. They were also served with the roast mutton for the dinner. In the meantime Wazir and Seemab also came in Hamid Gul's car. When they had also had their dinner, Qahwa was served for all. When we were thinking of going back, after the Qahwa, Farooq said that next morning he was coming for the Fatiha (condolence) of Fazal Khan and would come to our village from there. Sitting in Hamid Gul's car we went back to our village. Back in the Hujra, Nazir had also come and whiled away his time with us up to half past nine.

The most interesting diary is the one for the year 1961---I mean from physical point of view or the manner with which it has been maintained. It has been written on a rather thickish note book. From right to left on almost half of the note book has been written the diary. The other half of the vacant note book has been started from left to right with poems on odd pages i.e. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and so on. On the even pages i.e. 2, 4, 6, 8 and so on has been written the manuscript (MS) of Taskhir Da Kayenat (conquest of the universe). The poems are in the same order (i.e. from 1933-1940 and 1940-1950) as they appear in the collection Yoon (excelsior), first published in 1963 and with a second edition in 1988. So, this is in fact the MS, in Hamza shinwar's own fair handwriting, selected by himself out of the body of his poetry, for the third volume of his selected poetry to be published. Before this his first volume of religious poetry Da_Zhrha_Awaz (voice of the heart) and his lyrical poetry Mazawoon (yawning) had already been published. While in the selections for the first book he might have been assisted by his
perceptive Murshid, Bacha Jan, who was a great patron of poetry and had himself put Hamza not only on the path to mysticism but also Pashto poetry; for the selection of the lyrical poems for the Ghazawoonee his friends Akram Farooq and Qalandar Momand were also partly responsible. They have also written an introduction and a preface to the book. So, for the third volume of his Ghazals Hamza seems to have made up his own selection, keeping their due chronological order in mind. Then he would have started writing them neatly down on the odd pages of this note-book-cum-diary, so that they didn’t mix up with either the diary or the other MS of a prose book.

Similarly on the even pages from the same side has been written the fair manuscript of the Taskhir (the conquest) from chapter one, Haqiqi Markaz (the real centre) to chapter six Kayenat (the universe), spreading over sixty five pages. Both the third volume of the poems and the Taskhir were later on published while the poetry volume has kept to the order of this MS. The chapters of Taskhir have been shuffled around. The last chapter of the MS Kayenat (the universe) has been brought forward to the first chapter in the book. Da Kayenat Haqiqi Markaz (real centre of the universe) has been put as chapter two and so on. From the dilapidated shape of the note book, with quite a chunk from the diary side missing, we can safely presume that the same MSS were used in the publication of both the YOUN and TASKHIR. However, these MSS are still hundred percent intact.

As far as the diary itself is concerned, the
initial portion, covering the period from January to June, has
been missing and we are left with the portion from Monday, 5 June,
1961 onward, with the particularly moth-eaten first entry. It would
be worth while to give here the very page although some words
have been clearly eaten away by the prodigal moths, leaving behind
little blank islands (or should we look upon them as magic case-
ments looking upon perilous, imaginary seas!). With the cluster
of little dotted holes here and there, the paper itself has been
given the semblance of a gauze curtain, hung above the magic
casements, softly fluttered by an imaginary breeze—-or should
we compare them to the constellation in the sky with numerous dus-
ty stars twinkling against a dull, grey curtain. Even the ink with
which the aphorism has been written on the left hand top, has
wandered to be invisible, so much so that an archeologist of the het-
roglyphic reputation must be commissioned to decipher it. However,
the rest of the entry is fairly legible. It runs like this:

"This morning after taking tea (32) I went to the Sarai
(33). I was sitting in the shop of Yarzada when the daily Anjam
came (34). I bought it unwillingly because Bang-i-Haram is also
available at Landikotal these days (35). Nazir has been propaga-
ting against it to be a communist paper although it is the paper
of a Pakhtoon, Master Khan Gul. Nazir is very much against this
paper with a Pashto section. God knows what has been mixed up in
his leaven or yeast (Khamir). Pure blood doesn't have this possibi-
licity of speaking against itself. Had Qahwa at Yarzada shop, then
bought some beef for Sardar Ali (to take home). Then I also went
to the village. At village I spent quite some time at writing
Zhwand (life) in Urdu (36). Then had a little siesta after lunch.
Came out to the Hujra after the midday prayers (called Zuhur in
Arabic and Maspakhin in Pashto). It was breezy today. The clouds
appear everyday but it doesn't rain. In the afternoon Mosam Khan
and I decided that next day we should go to the Fatihah (condo-
lence) of Fazlur Rehman's aunt and then go to the village of
Akram Khan Farooq from there because I have been badly missing
him. For the night Nazir also came and we had good Gupshup
(gossip)".
Though there are mostly one page entries in the rest of the diaries we have from place to place full page entries also. In the diary for this year also we should give here the last page or entry. The entry for Sunday, 31st December has been headed with the aphorism "Be worried not about death but life".

The rest of the diary runs as follows:

"This morning, after tea, Ajar Khan and I (it is I and Ajar Khan in Pashto) came to the Sarai with the intention of going to the city (Peshawar). From there we boarded a bus and reached Peshawar. There I sent him to our Dera (the dwelling place) in the city to arrange for our lunch and I went to the office of the Bang-i-Haram. Master Khan Gul was present himself. He greeted me and then asked me some questions (concerning the Pashto section of the paper). I told him that I must be given an assistant (37) because the work was more than I alone could cope with. Also I could not stay in the city for the paper work as my pay was not enough to meet my expenses. He told me to ask the circulation manager about it. Subject to the increase in the circulation I would be given an assistant. Then after a while he asked as to who would be my assistant and how much pay would he demand. I replied that it was upto him to decide about. In the meantime Yousaf also came. He had come for the blocks and the articles which were to be published in the coming issue. Yousaf told me that the work concerning the prize on my books had been done. Then Master Khan Gul said that we should turn the government's attention to the question of Pashto as the medium of instruction at schools, to which sanction had already been given upto the primary level, but the lower staff was unwilling to implement it. Another decision of the government was that Urdu books should be printed in the respective regions but still books for the entire West Pakistan were printed at Lahore. I collected my mail and started going with Yousaf. He then went on his way and I came to the Sarai. The lunch was ready. In the meantime Bacha from Dadabera also came along with a companion. We had our lunch together. Afterwards Mashhood and I went to the place of Yousaf for a meeting (Ijlas). (At the meeting) there were more C.I.D. people then the rest of our friends. It was obvious that Ashraf and Fana had minded the rude behaviour of Yousaf the day before and they had not come. We could only come back in the evening."

The entire diary for 1962 has also been written in the same note book in continuation of the 1961. As compared to the previous diary, the entries in this diary, on the whole, are sho
ter. With a few exceptions there are usually two entries on one page. The one glaring example is the entry for Friday, 5 March 1962. The aphorism on the top says, "The Eid of Swat is worth seeing". From this one gathers what Hamza might be up to. What follows is the journal of the three days of Eidul fitr in Swat. A number of the villagers had made this programme, much in advance, to go on a three day Eid tour of Swat. (38). They went there in a truck with all the necessary paraphernalia and rations for this extended picnic. They would be cooking their own food and making their own tea and staying for the night in any green patch of grass or grove of trees, of course under the sparkling blue sky of Swat. Like the universal gipsies they would be for ever on the move for yet another sight and Swat abounds in superb sights. The group consisted of people of all ages; there being quite a number of young, energetic but noisy men among them. Being treated differentially, Hamza was quite at home among them.

Their was not the only party. They came across similar parties of pleasure gipsies in an unending caravan of trucks and buses, waving huge flags and even playing loud, incessant music with the traditional drum and clarion. The entire Shinwari and Afridi tribes from the Khyber seemed to have converged on Swat, in their wild holiday mood. The road to Swat was astir with their vehicles of all descriptions. Although it would be spring in Peshawar, the biting winter would still linger on in the snowbound hilly Swat valley. But the energetic tribesmen would not be deterred by the icy climate of Swat from undergoing their
traditional Eid tour.

They had gone via Charsadda, Mardan, Rustam-Sudham, Ambella and reached Pir Baba (in Buner) (39) at 6:00 p.m. There was already an incredible rush at the shrine and more parties were pouring in with the passage of time. There was no question of their getting an accommodation, the crampedness and rusticity of the place notwithstanding. The limited hotel accommodation had already been flooded with tourists, with road sides littered with vehicles and with the people sitting in them to brave the icy winds. It was not difficult to stay in the open air for the night and people adjusted themselves with the noisy environment and found convenient makeshift places for themselves in the vast, dry river-bed by the shrine of Pir Baba. Hamza however, passed the night cramped in the front seat of the truck for he was not adventurous enough to stretch on the rounded pebbles of the dry river-bed for a whole stirring night, exposed to the nocturnal, creeping creatures. Even then he could hardly sleep due to the icy cold wind, let in freely by a gaping ventilator. Due to the huge rush and due simply to the eternal economic laws of supply and demand, the simple bread from the ubiquitous ovens simply vanished and could not be found except for three times of the original price. Against this shocking affair Hamza wrote a letter to the local Tehsildar (administrator) which somebody took to him. Very tired himself from the day-long administrative duty, the Tehsildar sent a couple of cops with the man to procure bread for the "starving" tourists, whom the state of SAD looked
upon as its honoured, even though paying guests. The oven operators were asked to give them the required amount of bread for the usual price.

Hamza also describes the grandeur of the shrine with the splendid adjacent mosque and the long queue of pitiable but aggressive beggars and lepers. Hamza says that he was reminded of the time when he used to be coming here every year along with his Murshid, the late Bacha Jan. His Murshid never dared approach the shrine mounted on horseback. He would always come to it humbly on foot, even bare footed. The same humility he would observe towards the shrine of Pira Abai, the mother of Pir Baba, some ten km towards the south. But times have changed since then.

Next day, on Saturday, 10 March, 1962, they started towards Swat proper. The road from Buner to Swat was flowing with a stream of vehicles of all descriptions and denominations. Naturally there were a number of mishaps and accidents on the treacherous, hilly terrain. Crossing the dangerous, craggy Karhakul, they reached Mingora (a major town of Swat) by 10:00 a.m. there they put up by the bank of the Swat River and started preparing their lunch for which they slaughtered a lamb and roasted it in almost no time and ate it up even faster. After lunch they went to the Mingora Eid fair (the main attraction of the tour). In the fair there were also parties of singers, with even dancing women with labels of fame attached to their very names. Hamza was sorry to hear that they were singing mostly Urdu film songs (of course with their peculiar accent) and were in this way prostituting the
traditional Pathan culture, even in a remote state like Swat, considered the heart of the Pathan motherland, and inhabited by the blue-blooded Yousafzai stock, to whom we have ascribed even our literary Pashto. However, it was not all that hopeless. The traditional Pathan music could also be occasionally heard, it was not completely superceded by the onslaught of the powerful and fashionable Urdu songs. People were also freely giving, literally showering money on the dancing women. This game of money giving was certainly intensified if not actually introduced here for the first time by the Afridi and Shinwari tribesmen who had swarmed Swat like the locust. Perhaps they also put some spirit in the otherwise rustic Mingora Eid fairs.

For the night they went to Marghazar, an enchanting valley on the south of Saidu Sharif, the capital of Swat.\(^\text{(40)}\). There in Marghazar is also the impressive, white-marble royal palace of the ex-Wali (ruler) of Swat.\(^\text{(41)}\). Staying for the night at Marghazar they took up the road back to Peshawar the next morning. Hamza has written this diary with fair detail. To avoid the unnecessary details I had to squeeze it in instead of transcribing the entire diary. As I have already said the rest of the entries, with occasional exception, are shorter. We will give here the last entry for 31st December, 1962. The unfailing aphorism on the top says, "don't do bad so that badness is not done to you". The entry runs like this:

"In the morning Farooq and I went to Peshawar, in the car of Mohammadin bai. It was good that he went to his own duty and I went to the Bano-i-Haram. Mustafa had come. Those two hundred rupees of the Katib (calligrapher) were to be given the day
after tomorrow. I came to the Sarai. At night Farooq and I slept on the ground while Ajar Khan and Aseer slept on the Charpois”.

The diary for the year 1965 is more sketchy than the diaries for the preceding two years. In fact most of the entries are less than half a page entries; the rest of the blank spaces have been used for taking notes of his studies or jotting down poetry “as it would descend upon him”. With 1965 we are reminded of the now legendary Indo-Pakistan war, which took place in September that year. We naturally turn to the entries of September to find out how did Hamza look at the war or how did the war appear to him? The first mention of this war appears in the entry for Saturday, 4 September, 1965. This bare two-line entry runs like this:

“Went out to the Sarai. On coming back to the village I started the translation of Wajud Wa Shuhud (42). The war between India and Pakistan has intensified”.

On the rest of the page are notes from Shah Waliullah’s Hujatul Balagha. The next entry is just one line entry on the war. “We went out to the Sarai. Today India bombarded various places”. Again, on the rest of the page is some medicinal recipe and the continuation of notes from Shah Waliullah. The entry for the fateful day of 6th September which we since celebrate as our Armed Forces Day, is again just three sentences.

“Today India attacked Lahore. The tribesmen have been aroused. They will soon jump in the fray. Did some translation.

The rest of the page, as usual continues with the notes. The entry for Tuesday, 7th September runs like this:
"Today was the marriage of Kashar Khan and Mashar Khan. I stayed in the village. In the afternoon went to their village. After dinner came back to the village. The war is raging. Pakistan has repulsed the Indian attack on Lahore."

The rest of the page, as usual, continues with the notes. However, the next entry, for Wednesday, 8th September, is a bit longer. It runs like this:

"This morning my younger brother Mohammad Omar Seemab went to the Kashmir Jihad (holy war). I also went to the Sarai. The Sarai was full of the Shinwaris who were going group after group to the Kashmir Jihad. At the time of departure they would fire volleys of gun shots in the air (as if to scare the evil spirits). Even in my blood the old Islamic and Pakhtoon spirit was excited. Seven trucks full of Shinwaris and three trucks full of Shilmanis left for the Jihad. I had myself shaved by the barber KarkanRho. After necessary shopping I went to the village. The Malitia Camp (at Landi-kotal) has been closed for civilian traffic. I took the detour route to the village. But this is a wrong step (this closing of the camp route for civilian traffic). When the Shinwaris so willingly go to the Kashmir Jihad, what is the danger to this camp from them? Afghanistan is not going to attack. If she did these very tribesmen would stall the attack and defend the frontier."

And the entry for Friday 9th September runs like this:

"This morning Q Thant (43) came to Karachi and then to Rawalpindi. India had carried on a serious attack on Lahore but it was repulsed. Today also many trucks full of Shinwari Mujahidin (volunteers) left for Kashmir. I went out to the Sarai. There I came to know that India had dropped some paratroopers near Warsak (44). The Khasadars (the local levies) were searching for them. I continued with my translation of Wajid Wa Shuhud."

In the entry for Saturday 11th September, 1965, Hamza writes that "Pakistan army has thrown out the Indians from the territories of Lahore and Basoor. Although Q Thant is
busy in mediation, the possibility of ceasefire is dim. It may be secret if any assistance is coming from Iran, Turkey, Indonesia or China.

In the entries for the next three or four days we will quote here only the relevant portion about the war, in succession, leaving out the irrelevant information in the rest of the diaries. In this way we will also avoid the botheration of mentioning the day and the date. Most of this, in fact much more can be gathered from the press of those days but in places we have personal experiences of our writer and things of this sort do not find their way to the press. They also provided local information and the tribesmen's attitude to the war which we could not expect to read in newspapers. However, the entries run like this:

"The war has intensified on the Sialkot sector but the Pakistani forces have repulsed the Indian advance. Last night after 10:00 a.m. the drone of aeroplanes could be heard even above the hills of Landikotal. Last night Peshawar and Kohat were bombarded in which some sixty people died. Many families migrated from Peshawar to Landikotal for security reasons. Roshan Khan came along with his family to put up with us. Peshawar was bombarded again last night in which some people were martyred in Nawi Kalli, but the air port was missed. The Khyber Rifles (45) also dug up trenches and installed anti-aircraft guns. Afghanistan has shown concern over yesterday's bombardment of Peshawar but there seems a capitulation about it. The tribesmen and all the Pathans are disappointed with Afghanistan. O Thant has advised both India and Pakistan to stop the war immediately. Yesterday, China has also warned India to remove her border posts within three days or face the consequences. Perhaps this Chinese threat may help the war to stop which may otherwise grow into a larger conflagration. The war with India goes on. There is no news about the Shinwaris who had gone to Kashmir. My brother, Mu-"
hammed Omar's letter came (18 September) which was written on 10 September. It seems there is strict censure. The war goes on. Pakistan air force (P.A.F.) has established a record of daring and courage and unexpected efficiency.

In the entry for Sunday, 19th September, 1965 we come across Hamza Shinwari's mystical prowess directed towards the India-Pakistan. If our soldiers were fighting on various sectors our Sufis were also at the same time fighting the same war on the spiritual plane. He writes, "Like the other Fuqara (mendicants) of Pakistan, I also concentrated on the war (Jang Ta Tawajjo Kaval). From the Hindus' side sometimes I am pressed so hard that I feel to be on the verge of bursting but, may the grave of Bacha Jan be illuminated, he has given me good training. I got beaten but never concede defeat". Perhaps this may sound strange if not outright uncouth, in this ultra modern nuclear age, to all those of us who can't bring ourselves to believe in such mysterious spiritual trash, but it is, nonetheless, true. One can cite many other examples from other people who had had a direct experience of such wonderful spiritual powers. In another place which we might already have recorded, Hamza has also described a similar spiritual experience. The city of Kabul was suffering from influenza epidemic when he went there in 1957. He says that he took upon himself the entire epidemic for two days he was almost rushed to death by the Flu, but when he recovered on the third day, the epidemic had also disappeared from the city. This is how natural calamities are controlled by spiritual methods which may sound highly unscientific because we have come
to believe only in pills and vaccination and a general sanitation. Spiritual treatment is also a fact whether one believes it or not.

Similarly Hamza continues with the day-to-day events of the war in his usual, concise manner, literally writing half a page for each entry and filling the rest of the vacant pages with notes or scribbling poems. On Thursday, 23rd September, he writes, “In the morning Mullah Roshan went back to Peshawar along with his household. I also went to Sarai and came back after necessary shopping and continued with the translation of Wajud Wa Shuhud. From 3:00 p.m. tonight cease fire was effected between India and Pakistan”. On the rest of the page are jotting of three Rubaiyats having been crossed out after writing. All the three Rubaiyats are against the Hindus, having been directly inspired by the war. They are a poetic expression of his essential chauvinism. I think we should quote here just one of them to see the train of his thoughts:

(Rash) ph zn'r bh d hyG. klh &l/ oh $m
  d' kh d'm wy d &fI d p'r h d'm d'h;
  st' d'wy' d 'hmnsh Ch plh nh dh
  pl ph ZRh kXe d xnjr ph xlh d r'm dWl. (Hmzrh).

(I will not be mislead by your sacred thread,
It may be a snare for an unwary fool
Your claim of non-violence is all too apparent
With the dagger in the hand and Roma on the mouth).

(H a m z a).

In a further entry Hamza again mentions a supernatural element about the war. It is not Hamza alone who has recorded this mysterious rumour, it had also found its way to the local news papers of the time, although some people would only
scoff at it; the consciousness of over-credulous people is still haunted by the intervention of spiritual agents in the essentially human affairs of death and destruction. In the entry for Monday, 4th October, he writes, "Shahzad Khan came and said that the intelligence Jamadar (ranker Officer) had said that a colonel had returned from the war zone who had said that when they were interrogating the Indian prisoners of war (P.O.Ws), the prisoners had told them that the Indians had been badly crushed by Sabaz Posh Spayan (the sepoys with the green uniform). They used to shoot at us while our bullets seemed to be clearly missing them. The colonel had said that on hearing about it for the first time he didn't quite credit it, but when the Indian sepoys confirmed it themselves, he wondered at this strange fact. And on Monday, 27 September he writes, "Today the tribal Mujahideen returned from Kashmir. Countless volleys of gun shots were fired in the air. My younger brother Mohammad Omar also came back. So many lambs were slaughtered that day that not a single lamb was available at Landikotal. We had to bring one from Peshawar."

Even in the coming entries he mentions the allegation of sporadic violations of the ceasefire by both the sides and the continuous bickering between the belligerent states of India and Pakistan. But I think we should fold it up and turn to his last diary i.e. the diary for the year 1988 as the diary for the year 1989 is still being regularly written.

By 1989 Hamza would be eighty one years old. This octogenarian life is a fairly advanced age in this part of the
world with about the lowest life expectancy. Then poets and thinkers and writers are usually very sensitive persons and Sufis are even more sensitive, living most of the time in a state of perpetual hypersensitivity. We have already described in chapter one in fair detail this aspect of Hamza Shinwar's even early life when he used to have not only fits but used to live in the perpetual shadow of death. He also went through a serious, extended illness in 1979. Going through an excruciating experience of hospitalisation and operation at that advanced age. It also took toll of his already delicate health. With this his hearing was also almost permanently impaired and since then he has to put up with a mute world. We have already quoted him saying that he has not been healthy and well for a single day for the last twenty years. Yet he not only pulls on but also tenaciously holds on to his life-long routine of study and writing and attending literary and even social functions.

In March 1989 Islamia college, Peshawar was celebrating its diamond Jubilee. Along with other functions a Pashto Mushairah was also arranged. Hamza was asked to be its chief guest. He was brought to the campus in the afternoon and stayed there until the function was over, late in the night as it was. Similarly in July 1989 the Abasin Arts council in Peshawar had arranged a programme of introducing two Urdu and two Pashto poets to the general public. One of the two Pashto poets was Hamza Shinwari, the other one being Mohammad Azam Azam. As Hamza shifts to Landikotal during the summer, he had to hire a taxi and come
down all the way, in the burning heat of the July afternoon, to attend the function. The function was held in the spacious and well-equipped Nishter Hall, Peshawar, which was fortunately fully air-conditioned. The programme started at 4:00 p.m. and went well beyond 7:00 p.m. Hamza stayed through the entire programme and went back all the way to Landikotal (46) in the same taxi at the end of it all.

All this shows that his literary potency has not been seriously impaired by his growing senility. He has still been studying for up to five hours a day. As he himself would say, it has become his addiction. He keeps his diary without fail. We have already compared it to his daily prayers. He still writes both prose and poetry. He may not be as prolific a writer as he used to be but he is yet far from having said "farewell to arms" as some people imagine him to. His latest prose work under active commission is Jabbar Aw Ikhtiar (Free will and predestination). He has written more than a hundred pages of the MS and it proceeds to its logical conclusion. And so is he regularly visited by his old muse. We can also see its ethereal foot-prints on the pages of his diaries.

When the Redshirt leader Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan died in January 1988 Hamza did not only go to his Fatiha (conduence) to Wali Bagh (Charsadda), (47), but also wrote a long elegy on the sad demise of this great Pakhtoon leader. We also see the jotting of this long poem on a number of pages of his diary for January and February, 1988. We will quote here these
couplets written on Thursday, 18 February, 1988:

*Not only throughout India and Pakistan
The sad news spread all over the world
What if this glorious sun went down!
It left behind many bright, twinkling stars
Hamza was thinking of the date when
A mysterious voice said
May God be pleased with him
A great Muslim has departed. (Hamza).

Similarly when in February, 1988, the Khyber Literary Council had arranged a Mushaira at Landikotal, at the village of the late Haji Nasrullah Khan, to celebrate the fortieth day of the death of Bacha Khan, Hamza was there all the way from Peshawar, in the biting winter cold, not to disappoint his friends and pupils. He also recited his elegy on the death of Ghaffar Khan in that Mushaira, and at the end of it, late in the night as it was, he had to rush back to the coziness of his home in Peshawar.

Coming back to our diary for 1988, after this rather lengthy digression, we find that like most of the rest of the previous diaries, this diary too has, on the whole, short, less than half a page entries. Here and there we also come across study notes, poems, and prescriptions to fill up the vacant pages. But in most of the diary the half vacant pages are left to be staring us in face as if with the eyes of a thousand and one possibilities. Throughout the diary we witness the deteriorating
health of our scribe. He is not only fond of morning and evening walks but considers them absolutely necessary for his sagging health. While in Peshawar he goes out to the nearby park and at Landikotal he exercises in the spacious courtyard of the Hujra. He is usually accompanied by somebody for he can no more trust himself to walk alone for any length of distance. However, once on the park, he prefers walking by himself. He has measured his walks into rounds and down to the number of steps in each round and even the number of steps between the park and his house. When he feels better he has more rounds, say up to fifteen and sixteen altogether, but at times he is content with even two or three of them when the forlorn one would appear to be the last straw on the camel’s back. Almost every entry starts with the sentence “In the morning I went out to the park accompanied by so and so” or “In the morning I had my rounds in the courtyard of the Hujra. If these rounds are unexpectedly longer then their number is also given. These walks are usually followed by newspaper reading and then the usual study or writing and then sitting with or talking to guests if any and it is seldom that he doesn’t have a friend or an acquaintance or a guest. A number of people call on him almost every day.

Another strain that we come across at the outset of this diary is the purchase of a new house. The old house in the Assia Gate was sold because his nephews had also had share in it. Hay a found another small, three-room house in the same locality and bought it for Rs 1,20,000 (one lac and twenty thousand
rupees). In many entries we come across the negotiation for this purchase and then the final deal. Hamza was also short of the necessary cash but somehow made up the payment. In the entries for Tuesday and Wednesday, 12 and 13 January, we read:

"I went out to the park in the morning. Pahlavan came at ten. Malang and I went to the bank in an auto-rickshaw. I took out one lac rupees. Murad also came. He took the money and gave it to the landlord. He was handed over the key of the house. The house was opened in the afternoon. God willing, tomorrow we will start cleaning it up."

And in the next diary i.e. Saturday 16 January, 1989 he writes:

"I went out to the park in the morning. Then read the newspaper on coming back. Today we shifted to the new house. It was very cold and we had a cold night in it. May be because it was lying vacant for such a long time that it has been so cold. Anyhow we came to a new world."
CHAPTER FIVE
NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Insan Aw Khudai by Hamza Shinwar and Jaffar Achakzai, p 20
2. Ibid, p 31
3. Ibid, p 38
4. Ibid, p 38
5. Ibid, p 77
6. Ibid, p 54
7. Ibid, p 6
8. Ibid, p 66
9. Ibid, p 110
10. Ibid, pp 87-88
11. Ibid, p 96
12. Ibid, p 3
15. Insan Aw Khudai, op. cit., pp 11-12
17. These in fact are abbreviations from the Holy Quran. Jaffar claims to be god and Yousaf Gul writes the language of God.
18. Insan Aw Khudai, op. cit., p 23
19. Monthly Ranrha Peshawar, op. cit. p 12
20. The same Malik mentioned in chapter one.
21. Taken from the preface to the letters by Fahir Bokhari, Ms, 1989, p 2
22. Ibid, p 2
23. Ibid, p 3
24. This is according to Hamza himself. However, we could not trace his diaries for the initial three years i.e. 1957, 1958 and 1959.
25. This thesis was read on the microfilm in the library, Pashto Academy, University of Peshawar. I don't think it has been published.
26. It was written about him that was a basic member of the Khudai Khidmatgar Thehrik which in fact he was not. He thought that Nasim Hijazi was only trying to smear his character by such unfounded, wild claims.
27. This means the Sultan Sarai in the Dabgari Street, where his friend Akram Farooq had rented a room and not the Landikotal Sarai.
29. A prose box, which has since been published. It has also been rendered into Urdu by Hamza himself, under the title, Insan Awr Zindagi, published in 1964.
31. This means the Landikotal Bazar.
32. Mind you, no breakfast. They only do with a cup of tea in the morning.
33. The Landikotal Bazar locally called Sarai.
34. Urdu daily published from Peshawar.
35. He was working at Bang-i-Haram as editor Pashto section.
36. This was already written in Pashto but also translated it himself in Urdu. Both the versions have since been published.
37. Hamza was editor Pashto section.
38. These Swat Eid Tours are still arranged by the tribesmen. It is almost a regular Eid feature particularly during the Eids that fall in summer.
39. The shrine of Syed Ali Termezi, a focus of pilgrimage for the local people.
40. Capital of Swat state.
41. The Swat state was merged in Pakistan in 1969. till then it was an independent state under Pakistan's suzerainty.
42. A prose book in Urdu published since then.
43. The then Secretary General U.N.O.
44. A hydroelectric dam site on the north-west of Peshawar.
45. The local Malitia stationed at Landikotal camp.
46. Landikotal is about 40 km from Peshawar.
47. The house of Abdul Wali Khan, elder son of the Khudai Khidmatgar leader, Bacha Khan.
CHAPTER SIX

L.E.G.A.C.Y

Hmzh sprly@ l' d xybr nh nh Jy
Dyre &wTy@ ph &wRydw Xk'ry. (Hmzh)
(The spring in Khyber yet lingers on, Hamza
Many a bud still seem to be flowering).

Hq bh 'd' nn d &zl nh kRy
pl ch hr Cwk zm', ph pl nh kRy. (Hmzh).
(Nobody can do any justice to Ghazal
Unless he follows my foot-prints).
(Hamza).

Hamza Shinwari is not just another Pashto poet, or
even a great poet for that matter; he is in fact a poet's poet,
if we may borrow this loaded expression from Pashto; he is a
school, a movement and an institution. If we glance over the
time just prior to his advent as a poet, as we have already
discussed it in chapter two with some detail, we find that Pashto
literature had been suffering from centuries-old, universal
decadence and inertia. At best it was the longest and the worst
transitional period which can rightly be called "the dark ages of
Pashto literature". There just wasn't a single poet or literary
luminary to provide a spark of hope in that suffocating darkness.
But as every night, howsoever long, has a dawn, this dark and
dusty curtain was lifted from the fair face of Pashto literature,
during the early part of the twentieth century, by a small but
dedicated coterie of poets and writers whom it would not be out
of place to call "the modern missionaries of Pashto literature".
The most active among these modern-day revivalists were, of course, Sanobar Hussain Kakaji, Hamza Shinwari, Samardar Khan Samandar and Dost Mohammad Khan Kamil. They had around them a roost of fledgling poets and prose writers from the younger generation who will be mentioned ahead. Writing about the rising of Hamza Shinwari to prominence, Murad Ali maintains, "During this decadent period, the blood of Khushal Khan, Rehman Baba, Hameed and Ali Khan, once again boiled up in the veins of Pashto literature. Our sickly literature had a healthy reawakening in its crippled or numbed body. In 1936 the young but vibrant poet, Hamza Shinwari gave up writing in Urdu in favour of Pashto. It soon became clear to the critics and Ostad's of the ups and downs of literature and art that soon a new star was on the rise on the grey horizon of Pashto literature, which would dispel the darkness from our surrounding and herald a bright new era". (1).

To Raj Wali Shah Khattak "The vision or dream that Khushal Khan Khattak had had three hundred years ago found fulfillment in the twentieth century in Hamza Shinwari. Only Hamza can be considered the rightful legatee of the great Khan and the renaissance that we trace from him." (2)

As he himself has visualised in one of his essays, Da Toot Wana (a mulberry tree), Hamza is not Da Poh Mah Toot (the winter mulberry tree), with sterile, dry branches. This huge, lone tree has scattered such abundant seeds that the whole area has cropped up with profuse young undergrowth. He stands as the proud gardener of the Pashto literature, with ever blossoming
flowers and countless fruitful trees. He alone is looked upon as the progenitor of a modern school of Pashto literature that has found universal recognition. It is against this cheerful background that we shall study our poet and point out his multiple legacies in the domain of Pashto literature. Only in this way we can do some justice to his phenomenal contribution to the otherwise modest Pashto literature. And to my mind his greatest contribution is the generation of a universal consciousness for Pashto language and its literature and the creation of a host of young, energetic writers to proudly carry the torch forward. He himself proudly proclaims:

\[
\text{[Pashto: } \text{W} \text{ps jwR } \text{wdh bxt d pXtw } \text{r}' \& \text{le de, d'. $wq ch ph zl\text{mw} k\text{Xe d pXtw } \text{r}' \& \text{le de. (Hmzh). (Perhaps the sleeping fate of Pashto has awakened As there is such a passion for it among the youth).}
\]

\[
\text{[Pashto: } \text{rng rng g\text{lwnh} r}' \& \text{lIl d pXtw } \text{'}\text{db ph cwI 'ws wxt 'ylh d strgw &Rydw } \text{r}' \& \text{le de. (Hmzh). (Colourful flowers have blossomed On the moor of Pashto literature It is time now to look around And enjoy the sight of colours and smells). (Hamza).}
\]

Hereunder we will give the multiple legacies of our writer under different heads and describe them one by one:

**LITERARY CIRCLES AND SOCIETIES:**

Today there are literally hundreds of literary societies in the Frontier alone not to include those in "the upper Pakhtoonkhwa" or Afghanistan and Quetta.(3). It would be interesting to trace out their genesis and look at the pioneering role of Hamza Shinwari in the formation and working of these circles or societies for, at least in Pashto literature, there simply did not exist any
such thing, or even the concept of it before we come across their formation by Hamza Shinwari and his friends. The prototype or precursor of the modern mushroom of modern Pashto literary societies was the Bazm-i-Adab which was established in Peshawar way back in 1937, through the active patronage of Syed Abdus Sattar Shah, the benign and enlightened Murshid of Hamza Shinwari.(4). The founding members of this society were Bacha Jam Khum, Rahat Zakheli, Hamza Shinwari and Bad Shah Gul Niazi. for a brief while it was presided over by Rahat Sahib but then was permanently entrusted to Hamza Shinwari who looked after its activities right upto 1950 when it was merged in a larger and more representative society called Olasi Adabi Jarga (national literary council), with Hamza Shinwari as its permanent president throughout, with Bad Shah Gul Niazi as its general secretary. The Bazm-i-Adab started, for the first time in the literary history of this area, regular annual Mushairas at the shrine of our sufi sage, Rehman Baba. Soon these lively Rehman Mushairas attracted a large number of budding poets and drew crowded spectators to acquire a festive atmosphere so that they were called Urs to give them a holy tinge. this annual Urs with the Mushaira as the main feature, is still regularly held with great pomp and show under the auspices of Rehman Adabi Tolana (the Rehman Literary Society). The following couplet is from one of the Ghazals that Hamza had recited in one of the earliest Rehman Mushairas:

/Pesh/ r"awnD bh wy Rhm'n th blbl'n d m"ny.
Hmzh d xpl &zl d ringnw srh r"Jh. (Hmzh).
(Poets will have gathered around Rehman
Go Hamza with all the colourfulness of your Ghazal).
With the widespread dissemination of literary consciousness and the growth of sufficient talent towards the middle of the twentieth century, a larger and more representative society was needed to accommodate people with diverse tastes and multiple shades of opinion. It was in 1950 that the epoch-making Olasi Adabi Jarga was established under the permanent presidency of Hamza Shinwari. Its founding father was Kakaji Sanobar Hussain while Dost Mohammad Khan Kamil was its general secretary. The rest of the membership consisted of Ajmal Khattak, Hussain Bakhsh Kausar Ghoryakheli, Mehdi Shah Mehdii, Wali Mohammad Toofan, Sahibzada Faizi, Saifur Rehman Salim, Qalandar Momand, Mohammad Afzal Khan Bangash, Mohammad Latif Wahmi, Ayub Sabir, Sami' Mazhari, Talib Tajik, Sardar Khan Fana, Qamar Rahi, Fazle Haq Shaida, Hussain Khan Soz, Farigh Bokhari, Raza Hamdani, Shaikh Mahmood, Pir Tilla Mohammad, Amir Bad Shah Bokhari and so on. (5). Most of these are now great names in Pashto literature—in poetry, prose and drama. Time has greatly added to their stature. Along with Hamza Shinwari some of them can be rightly called living legends. We will leave it to posterity to judge their relative merits and determine their place in the shifting context of our literature.

The Jarga or council used to hold regular literary sessions in the Bala Khana of Kamil Momand. (6). To arouse the critical faculty of the budding but all the same raw poets and prose writers, or to acclimatise them to the stingy conventions of criticism, the Jarga for the first time started holding regular
criticism sessions. Hamza Shinwari was the first to submit his Ghazal for scathing criticism, unruffled by the stinging darts or piercing arrows. For this presentation he had written a deliberately vague and meaningless Ghazal. A host of ambiguities were cleverly hidden in beautiful rhymes and rhythm. It was so beautifully written and with such sweet cadences that most members were simply deceived into actually appreciating it. The Ghazal was scanned and dissected threadbare. Even Hamza himself would help his colleagues in finding faults in the poem and knocking down his own ambiguities. Similarly criticism sessions were also held for essay and prose fiction. All this had a wholesome effect on the scrambling and uncertain Pashto poets and writers.

The present-day spat of Pashto literary circles or societies can be safely credited to the account of Hamza Shinwari or included in his legacies. It was mainly due to his sagacity and selfless dedication to the cause of Pashto literature that first the Bazm-i-Adab and then the Olasi Adabi Jarga were not only established but successfully run and maintained to pave the way for the literary revival behind which he was the moving spirit. Writing about the pivotal role of Hamza Shinwari in the Olasi Adabi Jarga, Ajmal Khattak maintains, "In this way Hamza had been presiding over the proceedings of the Jarga as well as training his colleagues and the younger poets. Therefore, if any writer of the history of Pashto literature starts writing about this movement or the tradition of criticism that was established and doesn't know about or shuts up his eyes to the services of Hamza
Shinwari, who has played the most benign role in this connection, he would not only be doing an injustice to Hamza Shinwari but also the said Jarga as well as the entire Pashto literature. (?).

Why complain against the shortsighted, The stars appear smaller from a distance. (Hamza).

Writing about the ideological composition of the Jarga, Ajmal Khattak further says, "Friends with three different ideologies would attend the Olasi Adabi Jarga, 1) The Nationalists 2) Religious minded and 3) Upholders of Eastern Values. Hamza is not only an orthodox divine but a confirmed Sufi and a gnostic. But with all this he would draw such a line of Pashto and Islam across his friends from all the three different schools of thought that, on the one hand he would discourage their separatist or divisive tendencies while on their other hand, he was practically proving that such ideological differences could not be a cause of hatred and dispersion among Pashto the Pakhtoons and Pashto literature. On the contrary he himself would present such thoughts and writings that all the three parties would wittingly assent to it."(8).

This Jarga was basically a literary movement accommodating poets and writers and thinkers with diverse political views and shades of opinion. They tolerated each others creed in the larger interest of the advancement of Pashto literature. In the final analysis it was highly beneficial as it gave Pashto literature a hitherto unheard of diversity, vitality and scope, coming out for the first time, from the centuries-old constrict-
ted shall, to assume an essentially modern and progressive outlook and attain a respectable stature in the process.

MUSHAIRAS:— The modern concept of Mushaira was perhaps borrowed from India, particularly Urdu literature. Nothing of the sort existed in the Pashto speaking areas before the advent of the twentieth century. As already mentioned, this part of the world had a poetic tradition of sorts in which poets from different tribes would challenge each other and the ensuing poetry contest or declamation, which of course had to be extempore, with no ban on vulgarity or even outright obscenity, would more often end up in an outright tribal war, with the poor poetry itself being the first casualty. (9). Obviously such a silly tradition was not bound to perpetuate itself; it had to give way to a more sensible and socially more acceptable convention, having a sobering and civilising effect on the un-polished participants instead of further inflaming their volatile emotions. The brain model was fortunately there to emulate and the kind of Mushairas soon became attractive and memorable social events. They drew large audiences and added not only to the stature but also the number of nebulous poets and more and more poets joined the fold and were encouraged to participate in those Mushairas with all their heart and soul.

This tradition of holding regular Pashto Mushairas dates back to 1937 when the anniversary of Rehman Baba used to be celebrated, under the auspices of the Razmi-Aala. The same courtesy was later on extended to Khushal Khan Khattak under the
Akhri Jarga: Both these Rahsan and Khushal annual Mushairas created a universal fad for literary activities and were fondly looked forward to by not only the poets themselves but also the discerning public at large. Then these Mushairas were not only held in Peshawar city, the schools and colleges around, they were also extended to the rural villages. It was not only the contiguous villages around Peshawar where these Mushairas were held from time to time but their scope was expanded to the extent that it covered the entire Frontier Province. And this gave birth to local literary circles. Hamza Shinwari can be said to have been the moving spirit behind this lively and still living tradition of Pashto Mushairas.

The credit of grafting this modern concept of Pashto Mushairas in the Khyber, however, goes entirely to Hamza Shinwari and without the slightest fear of contradiction we can credit to his legacy. Although poets of sorts, including such pioneers as Mirza Khan Ansari were there in the Khyber before the advent of Hamza Shinwari (10), the concept of modern Mushairas simply did not exist there. It was Hamza Shinwari who, for the first time, properly introduced Pashto Mushairas in the Khyber and held such a large number of them and with such a regular frequency and in so many diverse places that the entire tribal population can be said to have had an unforgettable taste of them. If previously people used to bring professional musicians, along with even dancing women and the effeminate young dancing boys called Lakhtai, on marriages and other happy occasions, now-
a-days they prefer holding a Mushaira instead, on social functions. If previously poetry was a purely private preoccupation, now-a-days it is a dynamic social phenomenon. Now-a-days poetry is as much heard from the poets themselves as it is read in books, the illiterate masses have also been provided with the first hand experience of the best of our poetry which would be otherwise denied to them by the holy relics of Dewans for their simple inability to open and read them for themselves. Hence these Mushairas aroused the latent muse in many an absolutely illiterate poet for whom the composition would be written down by some literate friend. One such great name was the now legendary, the late Khatir Afridi whom we will discuss ahead in a greater detail.

Writing about the introduction of these Mushairas in the Khyber, Murad Ali writes in his book Da Khyber Adab (literature of the Khyber), "During those days (round about 1937) he (Hamza) started holding Mushairas in the Khyber. In the beginning people took them for frivolous pleasantries but their literary effect gradually percolated and the people got used to them. Today, as a result, literature can be said to have made considerable strides in the Khyber and Landikotal". (11). Now-a-days Mushairas have become really great events and the news of their holding spreads like grassfire (if we must use a cliche) and people flock to the place well in time not to miss any part of the proceedings. With the passage of time Mushairas are held with greater frequency and with ever larger attendance. Although economically
it is becoming an increasing expensive (if not a prohibitive) affair these days, due to the Pathan tradition of liberal entertainment of all the guests whether poets or spectators. Yet people somehow manage to hold them from time to time whether sponsored by rich people or through the collection of donations. Hamza himself might have held scores of Mushairas at his own village and his own expenses, inviting poets from all over the Frontier. And his generosity and hospitality at those Mushairas had to be seen to be believed and appreciated. At the marriage of his grandson, Sajjad Ali, in March this year, a lively Mushaira was held in which apart from almost all the local poets, poets from Jamrod, Darra Adam Khel and Peshawar had also been invited and a large number of villagers had also flocked to the place, with some people having come from miles around.

Noor Mohammad Zigar writes about these Mushairas in the Khyber, "This area is also indebted to Hamza Shinwari for evolving a tradition of Pashto Mushairas there. These Mushairas are such that great and venerable poets from all over Pakhtoonkhwa happily participate in them". (12). In this way Hamza can be said to have also opened the historic Khyber Pass to the poets from the plains of Pakhtoonkhwa who might otherwise have no chance of going there at all, and be impressed by its historic loftiness.

Writing about the first ever Mushaira at Landi kotal, Haji Maroof Khan Shinwari writes, "In 1940, to commemorate the memory of Kok Khel Sabir, a Shagird (disciple) of Hamza, the
first ever Mushaira was held at the direction of Hamza Shinwari, in my village, Ash Khel, in which Sanobar Kakaji, Dost Mohammad Khan Kamil, Wali Mohammad Toofan and a large number of famous poets from Peshawar had participated. With this (pioneering) Mushaira started the sweet colourful programmes of Mushairas at Landikotal". (13). An average but now elderly poet from Landikotal, Mureed Mohammad Shinwari writes about his own impressions of one of those Mushairas saying, "I was drawn to poetry from the day when, for the first time, Hamza had arranged a Mushaira at landikotal. The given hemistich of the first line setting the metre was deliberately kept humorous so that people were attracted to it. The given line was:

\[ \text{(The black stone is just black stone)} \]

While the white stone is called a Flint).

The Mushaira was presided over by the late Taus Khan Shinwari. As a result of this Mushaira a large number of budding poets from Landikotal, the Khyber and Jamrod were drawn to writing poetry". (14). In fact the above line used to be quoted derisively about the utter lack of the poetic sense of the Shinwaris. In this connection Mohaqiq Momeni maintains, "The Shinwari is a comparatively smaller tribe among the Pakhtoon tribes. So far this tribe has not given birth to any famous man in connection with scholarship or literature. In old days the Shinwari poetry used to be like the above couplet for instance: (15). He elaborates that previously the Shinwaris were famous dacoits and known for internecine feuds. They loved good weapons.
and were proud of their physical prowess. Later on they took to trade, commerce and also (smuggling) and became rich people. with the birth of Hamza Shinwari and the galaxy of the promising poets around him, it can now be said that the Shinwaris have equal if not more contribution to Pashto literature.

In fact Hamza has become synonymous with or a symbol of Pashto Mushairas not only in the Khyber but all over the Pakhto speaking areas. Wherever he goes as a guest, and he has been travelling a lot, a Mushaira is arranged for him without fail. We have only to read his autobiography to appreciate the extent of the Mushairas that have been arranged for him or he has been invited to some prearranged programme. Even as far away as Karachi and Quetta, the local Pashto poets have had a Mushaira whenever he has happened to be there. Tahir Kulachvi writes from Bannu, "On his (Hamza’s) coming on 29-12-1972, I at once called a meeting of our society and arranged a huge Mushaira in his honour. We were greatly impressed by the standard of the Pashto Adabi Tolana, Bannu (the Bannu literary society) and said, "The literary standard of Bannu gave me a surprise. I didn’t otherwise have much expectations from it". (16).

A still more interesting and memorable aspect of those pristine Landikotal Mushairas of the forties and fifties used to be their humour content. As already pointed out the first Mushaira was held on a given humorous line not only to make it more attractive to the unsophisticated audience but also perhaps to set the tone for the subsequent Mushairas. The following
Mushairas used to be divided into two sessions with the second session devoted exclusively to an extempore recitation of humorous poetry for which the given line would be announced at the outset of the Mushaira. Most of the poets would attack each other by highlighting each other's idiosyncrasies and shortcomings. For example Khatir Afridi and Khyber Afridi would make it a point not to spare each other in their undeclared war of humour.

Once a Mushaira was held at Charbagh, a hilly resort some two miles on the north west of Landikotal. It was really a picnic-cum-Mushaira and a lamb had been slaughtered for the dinner. The enticing smell of the roast mutton also attracted a jackal to the spot. Like a good poet he had to be accommodated in the humorous session with the given line:

\[\text{JmwnG m$'re th nn gydR r'&le de. (A jackal has come to our Mushaira today).}\]

One poet had written:

\[\text{ch ph brh r'xtle kh ph zwR r'&le de. (Whether he has climbed the hill or descended from the top, A jackal has anyway come to Our Mushaira today). (Farooq).}\]

For another Mushaira the line given for the humorous session was:

\[\text{h'thy d m'$y ph wzm n'st wW (An elephant was sitting On the wings of the mosquito)}\]

A poet had written this couplet:

\[\text{m'$e by&m mh be xbr n'sI wW h'thy d m'$y ph wzm n'st wW. (The mosquito was blissfully unaware While an elephant had sat on his wings).}\]

Almost all the Khyber poets, down from Hamza Shinwari himself,
have a very polished sense of humour, and they never waste an opportunity in expressing it. With such liberal doses of humour, the modern Mushairas were greatly popularised among the general public. At the same time some of those eternal humorous Ghazals were picked up by Bagheram (17) (the local legendary musician) to sing from Hujra to Hujra with ever increasing demand for them.

For example this Ghazal:

(With one piece of it red,
The others white
And the rest grey.
Today there are heaps
Of such GoRh (18)
In the Sarai).

It used to be sung for years around, all over the Khyber and people were never fed up with its bald humour. Even two or three local shopkeepers were named in the Ghazal and were shown advertising their unflattering merchandise on the top of their voices, usually trying to underbid each other, but nobody objected to it, not even the shopkeepers themselves. On the contrary they would take it for a complement to be mentioned in poetry and sung about. Or was it a subtle propaganda gimmick, you wouldn’t know.

But this tradition of humour is sadly on the wane today. The modern-day Mushairas tend to ignore this lively though frivolous appendage. Perhaps this may be due to a permanent shift in taste. Mushairas are becoming a more and more serious affair. These days people go to Mushairas for good poetry. The lesser and shallower poets are quickly eliminated. Perhaps humour is consi-
ordered just a prop and no certificate to good poetry. But I will not agree to this line of thinking. Sometimes an apparently insignificant and seemingly frivolous line of verse turns out to be far better and more revealing than a whole didactic poem. I think humour ought to have its due place in our literature in general and in our poetry in particular to tone down its undue seriousness and strain. Too much seriousness, I think, only mars the essential conviviality and inherent charm of poetry and takes it away from actual down-to-the-earth life and the generally illiterate people for whom it is apparently meant. Above all it is humour that puts life in literature and in this way brings it closer to life and makes it a lively experience for all. The younger generation of poets should be made to realise not to ignore this lighter side of life which their worthy predecessors had so scrupulously nourished along with all their preponderant seriousness. However, let's hope for the best. It is gratifying that Mushairas are still held from time to time and place to place, whether with or without humour. The torch is burning and the tradition lives on, keeping Pashto literature not only alive but really well and under plenty of light.

Drama and Film: Although Pashto film can be said to be a sole legacy of Hamza Shinwari, drama as such must also be thrown in although he was not the first dramatist nor has he written any stage play. Yet his contribution to Pashto drama is so, tverse and so overwhelming that he alone can be said to have popularised this art form.(19). When the radio station
was established in Peshawar in 1935, along with Abdul Karim Mazloom and Samandar Khan Samandar. Hamza started as the pioneer actor in the radio drama which consequently drew him to the play writing. Even then he acted as an Ostad (instructor) to the raw amateur actors. He himself had a knack for the dialogue and an inborn urge and awareness for the art of acting. This urge had also found outlet by his acting in the silent movies and he had developed this art more than any contemporary artist. When he ultimately came to the radio he also brought with him a great deal of expertise in acting. And when he turned to the writing of radio drama, he found it the easiest thing. It came as naturally to him as leaves to a tree or as sleep to a baby. We have already discussed in more than one place his preoccupation with and his prolific output of Pashto drama. Here we may only be repeating ourselves if we continue with any further discussion of his drama. Similarly the first Pashto film, Laila Majnoon has also been discussed with fair detail, in the previous chapter.

The point to make here was only this: that Pashto drama as indeed the first Pashto film could be safely credited to the legacy of Hamza Shinwari. He can be said to have been a visionary and his genius has enriched Pashto literature with adding further dimensions to it. Indeed he can be said to have given an altogether new orientation to Pashto literature. Even in prose he is credited with heralding the truly modern age. Tahir Bokhari would also credit much. Pashto prose to the genius of Hamza Shinwari as by his time Pashto prose had only elevated to Munshi
Ahmad Jan’s Da Qissa Khawanai Gah (the Qissa Khawani Gossip) on the one hand and cumbersome and outlandish Persian and Arabic translations on the other. It had yet to evolve a style and a character of its own. Hamza wrote original books in Pashto prose on mysticism, philosophy, social and literary problems. He wrote essays, stories, memoirs, travelogues and also his own autobiography. We have already discussed these along with his prose style. With him we truly step into the modern Pashto prose.(20).

THE SCHOOL OF HAMZA SHINWARI

Almost all the modern Pashto writers and critics are unanimous in considering Hamza Shinwari as the leader of a literary school which some would name as THE SCHOOL OF KHYBER while others would call it the School of Hamza after him. Sanobar Hussain Kakaji has said about Hamza Shinwari that, "If previously the Khyber had military significance, from now onward it would be famous because of Hamza".(21). In a tour of the Khyber Pass Dr Aminul Haq could visualise torches from behind every boulder and rock, blazed by Hamza, to be spreading their light all over Pakhtoonkhwa. He could see a school of Pashto literature in the aura of Hamza Shinwari, of course not exactly as a local primary school, with a meagre class taken under the shade of a tree, by Master Hamza with a stiff cane in his had, just to keep the boys from mischief. Our visitor started musing (since he happened to be a muse!), "When God almighty wishes to preserve a nation or its language from the abyss of destruction, from time to time such people are born in that nation who uphold its culture and
civilisation such people in Pashto were Pir Roshan, Khushal Khan, Abdur Rehman, Abdul Hameed and Ali Khan. The same mission is now being fulfilled by Amir Hamza Khan Shinwari." (22). And according to Farigh Bokhari, "Now he (Hamza) has become such a centre or an axis of Pashto poetry and literature that the first name that strikes the mind, among the modern writers, in connection with that literature is that of Hamza and Hamza alone. (23). Abdul Haye Habibi, himself the greatest critic and literary historian from Afghanistan, has the highest regards for Hamza and says, "I have the highest regards for the pure and typical Pakhtoon alderman and poet as well as thinker. From the heart of Khyber, the historic pass, he forcefully transmits the voice of the heart of the Pakhtoons to others and paints a beautiful picture of Pakhtoonwali (the Pathan way of life)." (24).

The School of Hamza includes some very prestigious names in the annals of Pashto literature. This school is now almost half a century old and fully established. It has given birth to such outstanding poets and writers to be for ever the pride of Pashto literature. We will divide the adherents of this school into three categories: 1) the older generation, 2) the younger generation from the Khyber and 3) the poets and writers from outside the Khyber, whether in the upper Pakhtoonkhwa i.e. Afghanistan or the lower Pakhtoonkhwa i.e. the Frontier Province, who conform to this school. We will discuss their respective characteristics and achievements, although, full justice can be done to the entire literature that has been produced by this
school, in such a brief space. However, let's hope for the best.


The list of the younger generation of poets is equally impressive. b) the younger generation of poets include Engineer Shahzad Khan Afridi, Shafiq Shinwari, Manzoor Afridi, Niamatullah Aseer Shinwari, Mohammad Ayaz Shinwari, Hasham Khan Sadbar Shinwari, Ittihad Afridi, Hayat Mir Afridi, Feroz Autar Afridi, Yar Hussain Sail Afridi, Kalim Shinwari, Riaz Afridi, Jamal Khan Nasir Afridi, Niazuddin Niaz Afridi, Zaboors Shinwari, Nisar Ahmad Nisar Afridi, Qandahar Afridi, Kohat Khan Zakir Afridi, Mohammad Ayub Irshad Afridi, Banat Khan Faryad Afridi, Hazrat Islam Ghareeb Shinwari, Lal Mula Zakhmi Shinwari and so on and so forth. There is also an active group of poets and writers from Darra Adam Khel who also claim Hamza Shinwari for their guru. They include Iqbal Afridi, Aqil Khan Afridi, Sakhi Jan Afridi, Khushal Ihsas Afridi, Nazar Mohammad Nazar Afridi, Saud Figar Afridi and many others. Also a group of student poets from the University of Peshawar, wherever they might have come from, would like to claim Hamza for their model and inspiration. They are as
attached to him as the poets from the Khyber itself. They include Abasin Yousafzai (his real name is Muslim Shah), Irfanullah Khalil and Shams Bajarahvi.

Apart from these, a large number of people have been directly or indirectly influenced by Hamza Shinwari from all over the Frontier, Quetta and even Afghanistan. Some of these people are: Dr Aminul Haq from Mardan, Syed Fazle Maula from Malakand, Tahir Kulachvi from Bannu, Darwesh Durrani from Quetta, Farooq Ismailzai from Quetta, Dost Mohammad Khan Kamal Momand from Mardan, Mohammad Asif Samim, Arsalan Salimi, Abdul Haye Habibi from Kabul, Abdur Rahim Majzoob from Bannu, Mira Jan Sial Mohammad, Zarir Anzor from Kabul, Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak, Pashto Academy, Peshawar, Yar Mohammad Moghoom, Dak Ismail Khel, ZRh Swand Shinwari, Zahoor Shinwari, Nasrullah Hafiz from Kabul and so forth. Ajmal Khattak considers him the greatest living poet while Qalandar Momand calls him a genius. In a newspaper article on Hamza Shinwari, published in the Frontier Post, Peshawar on 24th November, 1989 he has said, "I am proud to be living in the age of Hamza". And Dr Mohammad Azim Azam calls him a king sans crown (Betaaj Badshah), ruling over Pashto literature for the last about fifty years or half a century.

Writing about this school of Hamza, Zarir Anzor maintains, "The imprint or impact of the Khyber Literary School is no more confined to geographical boundaries. It has been guiding the Ghazal writers from all over the lower and upper Pakhtoonkhwa. Much can be said on the characteristics of the
Ghazal of this school. But some of its typical beauties must be pointed out. In this school Ghazal has a new colour and new beauty. Its language is attractive and its descriptions artistic. It evolved new subjects and new themes and became attached to Pashto culture. Its thought content became elevated and attractive and new symbols and new themes and meanings were given attention. Music is the soul of this poetry. The credit of all this, of course, goes to Ostad Hamza Shinwari." (25). And Dost Shinwari says more or less the same thing when he maintains, "I believe that Hamza Shinwari is the founder of a new school in Pashto literature. This school has blazed a new trail by way of flow, simplicity and ingenuity in its poetry with new metaphors, similes and allusions. Not only is his great personality a great blessing for Pashto literature, he has also trained very many great and competent pupils in this school which we must call the Khyber School". (26). Jeem Meem (J. M.) Sial would also attribute the growth of literature in the Khyber to Hamza Shinwari. He claims, "Hamza has sown such thick seeds of Pashto literature in the Khyber that countless young plants have sprouted from it. Everyone among them conform to the overall atmosphere of the garden. Hamza created the younger generation of poets in the Khyber and gave them new vigour and new spirit". (27). In the same vein Abdur Rahim Majzoob has also pointed at the School of Hamza in these words, "In his poetic career Hamza has influenced a large number of poets. If the works of all these poets is collected it will add up into a separate group or "tribe" or
"sect". Hamza is a divine with a distinct course and a clear cut mystic order. He is the leader of a school in Pashto literature with a large following. As good people are proud of their Pir, in the same way this group is proud of Hamza. His imitation is considered an honour". (28). The following mystic verse by Farooq Shinwari explains the extent of this imitation:

\[\text{Pashto}\]

\[\text{xwd pxplh ye lb's d l#rt xwX kWx} \]
\[\text{gny c' ye d whdt gnDh 'rth. (f'rwq).} \]
\[\text{He Himself chose the garb of multiplicity, OR who would untie the knot of His unity?). (Farooq).} \]

Here we will have a closer look at some of the poets of this school and point out their indebtedness to Hamza in both their style as well as their substance.

MOHAMMAD AKRAM KHAN FAROOQ SHINWARI

\[\text{Pashto}\]

\[\text{1kh nrør de d 'sm'nh ph $' ry$ kWx} \]
\[\text{f'rwhq ch 'y'n de Ch by'n de. (f'rwhq)} \]
\[\text{(Like the sun he shines in the sky of poetry Why further describe Farooq when so evident). (Farooq).} \]

The greatest poet and the closest to Hamza Shinwari is Mohammad Akram Khan Farooq Shinwari. Our previous writing is full of references and allusions to him. He is considered an authority on Hamza because he himself is a poet and writer of equal standing. After receiving the traditional religious and Persianised education first from Wayamuddin Khadim in his village and then from some Qazi in a Thakhtbai village, he started writing poetry in 1935-36. He was one of the first Landikotal poets to be attracted to Hamza Shinwari, who was considered a poet of a far higher stature by that time. Their acquaintance turned into a life-long friendship. About his
relationship with Hamza he writes in his Bayaz (MS of collected works) "When I have opened my eyes in the world of literature and have come to know about the various formalities without which poetry can not hope to endure, I am convinced that it is all because of Ostad Hamza Shinwari. A glance at my earlier poetry will reveal what I mean. I needn't further extol him".

Apart from writing poetry Farooq also sued to writing plays for the radio. His play Afimi (the opium addict) became very popular. He was also an active member of the Bazm-i-Adab as well as the Ulasi Adabi Jarga and participated in all those Mushairas held at the shrines of Rehman Baba and Khushal Khan Khattak. Here we will quote just two or three couplets from his poetry:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Paash} & \\
& \text{d mwlq ph tf'wt mh Hyr'nyGh} \\
& \text{Ih ywe C'ngc pyd' glwnh x'r $y.(f'rwq).} \\
& \text{(Why wonder at the differences among people} \\
& \text{The same branch gives off} \\
& \text{Flowers as well as thorns). (Farooq).} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Paash} & \\
& \text{gwre y@ne th ch hm t'ch bh t' X'y@} \\
& \text{y'r xw yw sbb dy@ rsydl &rZ dy@ J'n th. (f'rwq).} \\
& \text{(The mirror would only show you to you} \\
& \text{The beloved is but a step on the way to yourself).} \\
& \text{(Farooq).} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Paash} & \\
& \text{'wrngzyb kh $'h ww $'hy ye Ch $wlh} \\
& \text{tre wrwstw p'te xz'nh nh $wlh} \\
& \text{d x'n d $'r xz'nh 'wgwrh} \\
& \text{ph nmr x'th 'w pry'w'th $wlh. (f'rwq).} \\
& \text{(Where now is the kingdom of Aurangzeb?} \\
& \text{Didn't he leave behind all his treasures} \\
& \text{But look at the poetic treasure of Khushal} \\
& \text{It has spread on the east and the west).} \text{ (Farooq).} \\
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Pash} & \\
\end{align*}
\]
Nazir Shinwari

The next worthy poet of this school is Lalzada Nazir Shinwari whom Murad Ali would call the Socrates of the Khyber. Hamza himself refers to him as "The teacher of the younger generation of poets" as it is mainly he who corrects their poetry and looks after the brood. He is Hamza Shinwari's nephew (sister's son), hence Hamza looks upon the disciples of Nazir as his (Hamza's) grandsons. Hamza believes that Nazir is the next greatest poet of the school. Although basically illiterate, Nazir has deeply read not only Pashto but also Urdu literature. In this sense he is a self-taught prodigy and a self-made poet, second only to his great uncle, Hamza Shinwari. We will quote here one or two of his verses:

Pashto

-ch mlgre d wnw dwn ye jh'lt wy hm d' xplh bdrgh wrlh x/rh $y. (n'?r).
(With ignorance for a companion This escort itself becomes a danger). (Nazir).

Pashto

by d zRw twrw lh jwR kRh ny'mwnh nwy zRw b'bwnw d t'ryx lh nw'nwnh nwy.(n'?r)
(Make new scabbards for your old swords Give new titles to the old chapters of your history). (Nazir).

Pashto

d spyrw strgw lwn bh d'rth p'm $y xd'y@ d p'rh ch ph l'rh x'ndh mh.(n'?r).
(Some evil eyesight may fall on you For God's sake don't laugh on the way). (Nazir).
Murad Ali Shinwari

(A mendicant used to live here.
You remember, Peshawar?) (Murad Ali).

Murad Ali is the most qualified, the most well-read and the most well-informed poet of this school. He has the most forceful and the most attractive personality and a typical life and literary style among all the older and even the younger generation of poets. He can be said to be a bridge between the now sharply-defined generation gap. He is the sole son of Hamza Shinwari and has been attracted to poetry and literature from a fairy young age. He can be said to have inherited poetry, if not some Jagir, from his great father, and it is very much there in his veins. He is a poet, prose writer, dramatist as well as critic. Unlike his legendary father, he is not a prolific writer, but whatever little he writes, he writes it with considerable ease, charm and authority. He is drawn to new experiments in Pashto literature. He is therefore in favour of translations as well as adopting the canons of the Progressive Writers from Urdu literature. Unlike his father there is no attraction in Sufism for him; he simply ridicules the mysterious art (or sciences) of alchemy and apothecarianism, and philosophical riddles have no appeal for him. He is a modern, practical man and has a pragmatic approach to literature. His poetry is partly nationalistic but mainly romantic. Unlike his father, who is called the father of Pashto Ghazal, Murad has been strongly drawn to Nazam. His eternal Nazams are
about the most valuable contribution to our literature. His Nazams
like YOON (excelsior), ADE PAKHTO (mother Pashto), TATARA (a peak
in the khyber), DAULAT KAKA, RAHMAN BABA, SHAHEED (the martyr) and
DA DOST MOHAMMAD KAMIL PA MRHENA (on the death of Dost Mohammad
Kamil) are considered a landmark in Pashto literature.

He has also translated some poems of Tennyson (it
is not surprising that of all the English poets Tennyson should
appeal to him most) and Shakespeare's MERCHANT OF VENICE in
Pashto. Lately he has been drawn to the radio, T.V. and the film
world. For a time he was a permanent employee of the radio as a
script writer. Simultaneously he wrote a large number of songs
for the T.V. and Pashto films. One feels that Murad Ali has not
fully exploited his unbounded genius. However, he is still as
active and as productive as ever. He is like a live, rumbling
volcano, erupting every now and then with a molten lava of prose
and poetry. Here we will give two or three examples from his
immortal works:

Pashto
/hr /
Kxtn w m w n y r * t kXe m w y @ d m & l w
xybr ch r' th nyse t' trh b' nd tyryGm.(mr'd).
(Being a Pakhtoon
Your love turned me into a Moghnul
When you ambush the Khyber
I pass through the Tatara). (Murad).

/hr /
hr sRe ye ph kwCw kXe d xpl swry nh yryh
pkXe &lh Owkdy'r'n dy Jh ph d'se kly Ch kRm.(mr'd)
(Where one is afraid of ones own shadow
What to do with such a village
Where thieves are sentinels). (Murad)

/hr /
' d `lm lywny@ d Wl ph qI'r kyn'sty@ nh $y
' bh by' cth , - sr wy d tHqyq ph Dgrswm
wrth C'rm d xlyw d mwmndw kge l're
ch k'ml bh by' r'stwn $y
ph gRdwnw bh xR sR wy
or hbr gry w'n $lydle
w ph l's kXe wsrh bh wrk dftr d $vx mly wy.(mr'd)
He is crazy after knowledge.
And can not rest in peace,
Once again he will have undertaken,
Some other piece of research.

I am watching the zigzag paths,
Of Khalil and Mohmand for him.
That Kamil will return,
With dust all over him,
With hair crusty and unkempt,
With his shirt wide open in front.

With the lost book of Shaikh Milli
In his eager grasp.(Murad).

KHYBER_AFRIDI

st' d mx kt'b th ch dgrwry pkXe wrk $y
$ynw'ry 'prydy 'w ml'gwry pkXe wrk $y.(xybr).
(They get lost in the book of your face,
The entire Shinwari, Afridi and Mullagori tribes).
(Khyber).

His real name is Syed Ahmad Jan with Khyber his
pen name and Afridi his tribe. He belongs to the Kukikhel clan of
the Afridi tribe. Along with Khatir Afridi he is the most popular
poet of this school. In the beginning he used to be more close to
the Guru or Baba i.e. Hamza Sahib, than any other poet, so much
so that this closeness used to be grudged by some of the other
poets, who would consider it a sheer monopoly, infringing on
their own rights on the great man. However, of late he seems to
have undergone some transformation, which has resulted in a
conspicuous distance between the Guru and the Shagird. Hamza
himself would now ascribe this long cleanness to a profound
misunderstanding on his part.
Khyber is equally impressed by Nazir Shinwari, the unfailing teacher or guide of the younger generation of poets. In medieval literature he has been impressed by Khushal Khan Khattak. Lalzada Nazir writes about him, "Khyber is the forth in my fold of disciples, the other three being Wayyum Kausar, Misri Khan Khatir and Ahmadzal Wasir. In the beginning he would send his poetry for correction by letters. Then we met. Then he became a teacher at Landikotal and we would often meet. I have trained many students both before and after Khyber but the milestones that Khyber has passed in his onward march of poetry are as yet beyond all the rest of my brood. It will not be an exaggeration if I claim that Khyber can now be counted among the greatest Ghazal writers in Pashto". (29). Here we will give two or three examples from his memorable poetry:

/Path/
 mHfl ph m' pwre dnnh xnd1
 m' ph mHfl pwre bhr 'wxnd1. (xybr).
(Inside they were laughing at me
I was laughing at them outside). (Khyber).

/Path/
 bs dwh ph dwh yw x'mw$y dh d gr grw &r de
d' pXtwnxw' dh Jh d'ryQm$ s'Rh m kygy. (xybr).
(Alone with you in this awesome forest
Of Gurgur grove
This is Pakhtoonkhwa
I shiver with fear). (Khyber).

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KHATIR_AFRIDI

/Path/
 x'trh y'r d ph xybr kXe 'wsy
 Twlh drh d spylnw Dkh $h. (x'/r).
(Khatir, your beloved lives in the Khyber
May the entire valley be over grown
with the Syrian rue). (Khatir).
Perhaps Khatir is the most well-known poet of this school as far as folk music is concerned; he alone is the most widely sung poet whether here in the Frontier or there in Afghanistan. May be his poetry is sheer music as music was his most favourite hobby along with poetry and gardening. He has said somewhere:

\[ \text{Jh ch txmxnh d gl' nw krm} \]
\[ d' m$wq d blbl' nw krm. (x'/r). \]
\[ \text{(By sowing seeds of flowers} \]
\[ \text{I am growing beloveds of the Bulbuls), (Khatir).} \]

Like Keats Khatir died young. He was hardly thirty years old when he died of consumption or T.B. Also like Keats he can be set against our Shakespeare i.e. Hamza Shinwari, not because of his actual output but because of his poetic promise and literary potential. Or may be in anticipation of early death he has simply blurted out all the best in him. His Dewan (collection of verses) has been posthumously published by the Tatara Pashto Adabi Jarga (Tatara Pashto literary circle), Khyber in 1987, compiled by Muqaddar Shah and Fazle Rabbi Wais. It has 114 Ghazals, 26 Nazams and a miscellany of other poetry. It was published in May, 1987 and must have sold like hot cakes for its second edition was brought out in the following month i.e. June 1987. I don't know of any other book having such a supersonic sale (if I may borrow this aviation metaphor). A Dewan of Khatir was also said to have earlier been published from Kabul. Hamza Shinwari writes about Khatir, "Poetry was in his blood but the guidance of Nazir kindled fire in it. I have also guided him
repeatedly. He would go to Mushairas with us. Khyber Afridi used to tease him. From appearance he did not look like a poet but when he would start reciting his Ghazal, the spectators would feel as if a colourful stream was flowing". (31)

Writing about the humour of Khatir, Khyber Afridi writes, "If Khatir had concentrated on humour his contribution to Pashto literature would have been still more healthy and full of vital tonics. Whatever the ceasefire that Nazir would so painstakingly effect among Murad, Qasir, Khyber and Khatir, it would be violated at the first opportunity". (32). This refers to their attacking each other with the sharp arrows of their humorous poetry, with the best tradition of the Roman gladiators, with their bleeding wounds thoroughly enjoyed by the cheerful spectators. Khyber has drawn a graphic picture of Khatir in the following way:

- **Height**: Hardly four feet.
- **Colour**: Dark, pale, grey.
- **Eyes**: Average (bordering on largeness).
- **Lips**: Thin, dry, parched.
- **Forehead**: 2 1/2" x 1 1/2"
- **Dress**: Shalwar Kamees, waste coat, turban Peshawari chappal (the turban and chappal would somehow add to his height).

Overall facial expression: The face of Khatir had been dried by the winds of time and his heart drained by the leakage of love. He defied change for ages. He was like a wooden statue. He didn't have much blood in him. At last, on 22 August 1970 his heart was broken by the world. Vomiting the palmful blood, he became cold and stiff in death. (33). Here we will give two or three examples from his most quotable poetry:

/Rekh/  t' bh ph ' yôn kh xe J'n lydle ph yw r'm g wy r'$h d x'/ r ph hr &zl kh xe cng'h Xk're. (x'/r).

(You will have seen yourself
In one colour in the mirror.
Come and see for yourself,
How you appear in every Ghazal of Khatir).
Sahir Afridi is also a well-sung poet of this school. His name is Zinat Shah and like Khyber Afridi, he belongs to Jamrod. They are also exact contemporaries and even class fellows. But unlike Khyber, who was a Shagird of Hamza, Sahir claims to have been self-taught in the art of poetry. His poetry is mainly romantic and he has also chosen Ghazal for the expression of his muse. Most of his poetry has been published in a book called PAZEG (the foot ornament). Although he claims to be having no teacher, to be doing poetry on his own; to be his own teacher, as it were, yet he seems to be visibly influenced by Hamza Shinwari. About Hamza he himself writes:
(After putting forehead on the door frame of Hamza
People came to know of the songs of Sahir). (Sahir).

He has started writing poetry since 1957 when he
was a budding young student at Jamrod high school. Since then he
has been regularly writing poetry. Like that of Khatir his poetry
is full of music and widely sung. His poetry has also found its
way to the radio and T.V. The local musicians also fondly sing
his songs. Kalim Shinwari writes about him, "Although Sahir has
not held the hand of any teacher (sought guidance from no one) in
the intricate paths of Ghazal, yet he has carved for himself a
distinctive place among the Ghazal writers from Jamrod. If condit-
ions were favourable for him he would contribute a great deal to
the Pashto literature". (34). His poetry is like this:

Pash

bh'r lh b'&h Jy 'w d prytw p'nRrw $wr de
s'Hrh Jh ch drwmw 'rm'nwmh 'wsyzw. (s'Hr).
(The spring departs from the garden
In the noise of falling leaves
Let's be going Sahir
After burning all desires). (Sahir).

Pash

t'th kh y'de dy s'Hrh m'th hm y'de dy
JmwnG d myne 'fs'ne Ch d'se lGe lGe.(s'Hr).
(If you remember, Sahir,
I remember them too.
There is just a faint memory
Of the stories of our love. (Sahir).

Pash

by' r'xwre xw d c' zlfe nh dy
'd' xw$bwyg ch ph f' kXe xk'ry. (s'Hr).
(Perhaps some one has
Again undone the tresses
When this fragrance
Seem to have spread around). (Sahir).
NOOR MOHAMMAD ZIGAR AFRIDI

Noor Mohammad Zigar Afridi was born in 1928 in Chak no. 7, Multan. He is the younger brother of Amir Mohammad Saghir Afridi. He was educated upto 8th class in government high school, Peshawar. His education was discontinued due to young marriage and his life was disjointed by the death of his young wife, who left for eternity after a mere two years of their married life. He was strongly drawn to poetry or poetry can be said to have been in his blood like the rest of all the Khyber poets. In 1946 he was recruited in the Khyber Rifles Militia where he came into contact with Mohammad Omar Seemab and Murad Shinwari. Through them he was introduced to Hamza Shinwari and his extended and enticing literary circle. Since he was a bird of the same feathers, soon he was sucked into the local literary mainstream. This left an indelible mark on his on his budding genius. Poetry provided him not only solace but an escape from the scars of an unfulfilled love but also a positive mission in life and a suitable media for the propagation of his message. If on the one hand there is deep pathos in his Ghazals, on the other hand his Nazams are full of vigour and reminiscent of the Pakhtoon glory. Like a true practical soldier, he is proud of his preponderant Pakhtoon heritage and takes Ahmad Shah Abdali for his hero. He translated the hereditary fighting instinct in his blood into martial poetry. Like Ovid he also sings "Of arms and the men".

Along with poetry Zigar later on also started
writing prose. He has written stories and a novel. He is the exact contemporary of Murad, Khatir and Khyber and has been able to attain the same stature. Hence some examples from his poetry:

(I would have put it on your door step
But this skull is full of Pashto, dear.) (Zigar).

(Why did you forget your iconoclastic habits,
Why rusted the Abdali sword in the scabbard)

(He wanted to somehow
Generate the world of your love
Otherwise, sweet God;
What is so sacred about the wheat?) (Zigar).

(When the nightingale saw dew on the flower.
The spring brought soft tears to his eyes)

QAYYUM KAUSAR AFRIDI

Qayyum Kausar Afridi was also a young poet of eminence and promise. He was the exact contemporary of Khyber, Khatir and Sahir. But for the last thirty years he has paid scant attention to poetry. Perhaps he also believes with Akram Farooq that "poetry and poverty go hand in hand", as if they are but brother and sister or just "one doesn't live by poetry alone". Khyber Afridi has described him in these words. "He is jolly,
cheerful, hardworking and sagacious—plays Sitar and Banjo; understands the ups and downs of music. He is an artist, painter and even a sculptor. He writes good Ghazal, Nazam and even prose. He is a born artist but economic considerations have dampened his immense enthusiasm. He has also studied for some time at Islamia College. He was also a disciple of Nazir Shinwari and a close friend of Khatir Afridi and Khyber Afridi and all the poets and writers of that now greying generation. His best Nazam is Da Tirah Da Lam Naqsha (the scene of the Tirah expedition). In this Nazam an Afridi tribesman girds his loins and picks up his sword to participate in the famous Tirah expedition of 1878. His little son doesn't understand his Papa's going like that. The poem is like an extended lecture, charged with emotions and brimming with honour and chivalry, about an honest father to an innocent son. The poem has a tragic ring for the father is sure not to come back alive from this bloody expedition. However, he can be succeeded by his son in carrying out this unequal and cruel war of national independence.

/Phrasal

th l' m'swn ye nn Jm' w' r de
xw y'd lrh ch Sb' st' w' r de
t'h bh &m d mlk 'w q'm p'te $v
mR Xh ye nw m d ch bd n'm p'te $v. (kw#r)
(As you are a baby, it is my turn,
But remember tomorrow will be your turn.
You will inherit the responsibility of the tribe,
You are better dead than disgraced.
Tell your mommy "I am going to papa."
My dear son, I am going to an exciting game). (Kausar).

/Phrasal

ch ph lwr m d glf'm wrJe ncy mh
d kw#r hr yw 'rm'n dr srh m l Krh' w#r).
(O morning breeze, when you blow
Towards my flowery beloved
Also take along every wish of Kausar).
IHSAN ZAHEER AFRIDI

Ihsan Zaheer Afridi is another poet from Jamrood and a contemporary of Kausar, Khyber and Khatir. He is famous for writing Nazams with a marked local touch. He has also published his Dewan under the title Lambe (flames). By now he is the highest qualified member of this school as he claims to have attained a doctorate degree from London where he stayed for some five years after graduating from the Punjab University. Like Qayyum Kausar, he was a prolific writer in the beginning but for some time now his output has slowed down if not dried up altogether. His poetry is like this:

(My heart becomes restless like mercury
When I remember the days of my youth.) (Zaheer).

JADRAI MUNTAZIR AFRIDI

Jadran Muntazir Afridi is also a well known poet of this school. He belongs to the Afridi territory of Tirah and has been educated upto the primary level. Born in 1938 he has been drawn to poetry from a very young age. Khyber Afridi writes about him, "He started writing poetry from 1955. He can write Nazam, Rubai, Charbaita and Qita etc, but like the rest of the Khyber poets he has paid more attention to Ghazal. He has
published a book of poems under the name *Da Tirah Wagme* (the Tirah breezes) in 1971. His second book containing some fifteen hundred (1500) poems, was ready for publication when it was gutted in a fire in the Bara Bazar, in 1980". (37).

In the introduction to the *Da Tirah Wagme* Hamza has written that, "This is the second edition of the collected poems of Muntazir. In these poems nearly every aspect of life has been touched upon. It is not because this collection contains beautiful Ghazals, it has also its share of moralism and precepts. The reverberations of Nationalism can also be heard throughout these poems. It is hoped that it will be given due consideration and the labours and art of Muntazir will be fully acknowledged". (38). Here we will give some examples from his poetry:

```
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{ hành} & \text{ kwI pt1wn e 'w} \text{ bd1h kR} \text{ jmwnGh} \text{ lm}\text{n} \\
\text{ d'se xw nh we pxw'nyG d pxtwnxw' lmne.} \text{(mnt?r)} \\
\text{ (Our Shalwar-Kameez has been replaced by a suit.} \\
\text{ The hems of Pakhtoonkhwa were never like this).} \\
\text{ (Muntazir).}
\end{align*}
\]
```

```
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{ hành} & \text{ t'l mHf1 Jm' 1h nwrr nh mnuwr we} \\
\text{ swzydle ph rrN' kXe Ikh} \text{ $m'.} \text{(mnt?r)} \\
\text{ (would that the entire gathering} \\
\text{ were illuminated by my refulgence} \\
\text{ if only like a candle} \\
\text{ I were burning with a bright light).} \\
\text{ (Muntazir).}
\end{align*}
\]
```

```
\[
\begin{align*}
\text{ hành} & \text{ db ph tSwf ph flsfh kXe} \\
\text{ 'lm'nw m'hr'nw stRy mh $e}. \text{(mnt?r)} \\
\text{ (Welcome scholars and experts} \\
\text{ in literature, mysticism and philosophy).} \\
\text{ (Muntazir).}
\end{align*}
\]
```

For the sake of brevity we will skip the rest of the older generation poets although they all had had their share in founding and sustaining the school of Hamza or the Khyber
denuded of trees; the soil eroded to make new plains for new cultures to grow on. The flora and fauna of a given area, over a given period of time, constantly shift and rotate. This is how nature perpetuates itself, all the time coming out with its infinite variety. But sometimes this change seems to have been arrested by some invisible force. The same order is meticulously perpetuated; the same atmosphere is made sure to prevail; the same flowers are grown the year round, the same smell accompanying them, with same profusion. They shoot up the same thorns to prick the same nightingales. In this way a semblance of endurance and eternity is created (or simulated would be a better word) even on the shifting sands of time, an illusion of permanence and indestructibility reflects in every grain of sand.

To come out of this ethereal reverie, the younger generation of poets have kept rather too closely to the beaten track to be easily distinguishable from their worthy predecessors, except by the accident of recent birth. Through them one comes across the same undisturbed continuity. It is like the same flow of the river Abasin which the Aryans might have come upon more than three thousand years ago and which we also see all the same today. It is true that we have now fettered it in one or two places, making little puddles of artificial lakes on its swift surface by making earth-filled or concrete dams in its dizzy path. But on the whole it has kept its majestic flow from the Himalayan peaks to the smooth expanse of the Indian ocean. Our younger poets have turned out to be similar slaves of a centuries
-old tradition (even the tradition of Hamza is more than half a century old). There is hardly any deviation from either the style or the substance of the older generation. Like the older generation, they too have been drawn to the Ghazal form, with here and there a Nazam or two thrown in, being on the same worn-out themes of patriotism or Pakhtoonwali. However, their poetry sometimes have all the qualities of a good, enduring poetry. If they conform closely to the school, they can at the same time be said to be in search of perfection and fulfillment. The school of Hamza or the Khyber school is the continuation and a combination of the same old seventeenth century schools of Bayazid Ansari and Khushal Khan Khattak. Yet Hamza not only revived the twin schools in one but also gave them a new vigour and a new direction. He gave both of them a future at the same time. Now the present generation of writers, who would be expected to look after the future of the school, only happen to be retrospective and tradition-bound. They are as much a part and parcel of the present of the school as all the writers of the older generation. May be then perhaps a school must consume many generations of writers before it undergoes even a little change. But if it did change then it would be a different school, with another nomenclature. The present school will have become a part of history.

Here we will take up some of the younger generation of poets one by one to see their individual worth as also to establish their worth and see them in the general context of our school. It would not be out of place if we were at the same time
comparing them to their worthy predecessors whose shadow may still be too thick on them to shake. Perhaps the growth of the younger generation might have been only stunted to some extent by the overbearing presence of the older generation which is still not only alive but also potent and productive. These big Banyan trees would make it impossible for any undergrowth to prosper and attain full maturity even as their birth right. Perhaps some of the younger generation of poets might be suffering the negative influences by the older generation. But since they are in the race they must be conscious of the law of "the survival of the fittest" and must be exerting themselves not to be overshadowed and turned into wild weeds. In some of them we come across ample poetic promise along with an urge for self assertion and a hazy or half-cooked idealism. Or may be another generation may be more favourably and more properly distant to perceive the difference, if it must have been taking place right under our nose, for some time one simply fails to see the jungle from the trees. Now let's turn to our young saplings one by one and look at their characteristics.

ENGINEER SHAHZAD KHAN

By a common consent, Engineer Shahzad Afridi is considered about the best poet among the wild growth of the younger generation of poets. Born in 1954 Shahzad has done mining engineering from Peshawar and works as an engineer by day. Nazir Shinwari writes about him, "He has deep study of Urdu and
"..." Languages. He looks at every aspect of life with a philosophical eye and comes out with his philosophical opinions. His study and interest revolve around books on philosophy and literature. His ideas are modern and progressive. He is a staid, sincere and ingratiating person. He is strongly drawn to humanism. He has been writing poetry since 1976. His early poetry is simple and sweet; but his later poetry has become more and more philosophical and therefore more difficult. In the beginning he used to write more poetry but of late his tempo has slowed down to more objective or purposive and creative poetry". (39).

According to Kalim Shinwari, "Mr Shahzad belongs to that coterie of the literary group who want to blaze a new trail in both Nazam and Ghazal. It is this pursuit that has created difficulty in his poetry. In fact the modern poet is faced with this difficulty at the conclusion (or perfection) of the classical Ghazal. One can rightly expect from a bright and progressive poet like Shahzad that if he kept it up he can create a new style in Ghazal". (40).

Here we will give some examples from his poetry.

\[
\text{mwnG ph Hqyat kXe Hqyat wqile nh $w}
\]
\[
\text{Jkh xw bh kySe ph wldt Dyre xbre. ($hz'd).}
\]
\[
\text{(In fact we can not describe Reality}
\]
\[
\text{There will be diverse discussion of Unity).}
\]
\[
\text{(Shahzad).
}\]

\[
\text{ch wqil nh $y h$h xbre}
\]
\[
\text{strgc ch w'y@ Cngh cp'y'y@. ($hz'd).}
\]
\[
\text{(All that unsaid with all the noise}
\]
\[
\text{How silently said by the eyes!). (Shahzad).}
\]

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KALIM_SHINWARI

The next important poet of the younger generation is Kalim Shinwari. He is the second son of Ostad Lalzada Nazir
Shinwari. Born in 1964 he has been educated up to 10th class and now serves as a teacher in some local school. He is a young energetic man with great promise. Poetry he seems to have inherited from his great predecessors; it is very much in his blood. He has started writing proper poetry since 1977. These days he is also the secretary of Da Khyber Adabi Jarga (the Khyber literary council). He has published an account of the Khyber poets Da Khyber Leekwal, under the auspices of the above Jarga, in 1988. Like all the rest of the writers of this school, he has also started with the traditional forms of Ghazal, Rubai and Qita. He has also written plenty of prose by way of introducing the Khyber writers. The promise is there, Kalim seems to be equally serious and one rightly feels about him that a great poet is in the making. Here we will give two or three examples from his poetry.

**Qalam**

th d `wnd ywh n&m'hm ye th ye `wnd ph k'yeh'ny kXe
by' d wle ph Sd' kXe e 'ns'nh x'mw$y dh? (klym).
(A song of life, you are life in universe
Why is this silence in your voice then?)(kalim).

**Qalam**

'r xwrh kh twrh $ph dh m'yws mh $h
hrh `wXkh m Dywh dh m'yws mh $h. (klym).
(Don't despair with the spreading darkness
My every tear is a bright burning lamp).(Kalim).

**Qalam**

d mrgy pwre Cwk Ch wkh klymh
xpl wxt kDe tRy ph `wnd'nh.(klym)
(What one does upto death is but
Preparation for the journey).(Kalim).

**Qalam**
h&h strge kh Cw nh Xk'ry klymh
dlth lnOh myx'nh dh m'yws mh $h.(klym).
(If you don't see those eyes any more
Don't despair; the tavern is at hand).(Kalim)
RIAZ_AFRIDI

Riaz Afridi is the next worthy poet of the school. Born in 1961 he has done B.A. and at present teaches at Landikotal high school. He also studies for M.A. in Pashto. He is widely read in Pashto literature and philosophy. In poetry, like all the rest of the brood, he is a student of Ostad Lalzada Nazir Shinwari who writes about him, "He has keen interest in Pashto literature, particularly poetry and still more particularly Ghazal. He is enlightened and progressive minded. He also reads philosophical works in Urdu. His poetry is also infected by the virus of Philosophy. He is a poet of great promise". (41). His poetry is like this:

\[
\text{nh $w$ bd1 d xw'rw'nw &ryb'nw nSyb hrCw dny' kh ph dwlt kXe &zwne wkRe. (ry'Z). (The lot of the poor and down-trodden did not change Although the world repeatedly rolled in wealth). (Riaz).}
\]

\[
\text{r'z d 'rtq' Ch wrm' lwm nh $w hse ywh xy'l kRe flsfe stRe. (ry'Z). (The secret of evolution was never found Philosophies have been chasing but a concept). (Riaz).}
\]

SHAFIQ_SHINWARI

Shafiq Shinwari is also the elder son of Ostad Lalzada Nazir Shinwari and elder brother of Kalim. Born in 1952 he started writing poetry from 1975. He was a poet with immense promise, in fact a guiding star for the younger generation of poets. But he was sucked in business with his muse ignored for a long time. Murad Shinwari writes about him, "It is regrettable
that there being no dearth of poets in the Khyber; as they say you can find one under every stone; the majority of them are illiterate. Even the few literate ones have no interest in general study. That is why the Khyber did not produce any worth while poet. In the beginning Shafiq did vibrant and vigorous poetry. If on the one hand there was colourfulness in his poetry, on the other hand his poetry had the perfection of both Nazir and Hamza. I had said somewhere about him that his poetry was older that him”. (42). His poetry is like this:

(Shafiq).

(Shafiq).

(Shafiq).

KOHAT KHAN ZAKIR AERIDI

Kohat Khan Zakir is also a promising poet of the younger generation. He made his debut as a poet of note with the publication of his collection under the title of Nawil Ekroona (new thoughts). Belonging to the famous Zakhakhel tribe he was born in a small village called Wali Khel, in 1949. Educated upto 8th class he started writing poetry from 1970. He too is a disci
ple of Ostad Lalzada Nazir Shinwari who writes about this poet with an individuality, "He writes poetry for some years now and comes to me for corrections. Although writing scant poetry yet he has all the qualities of a true poet. He neither follows the tradition nor depends upon the thoughts or style of others. He has his own individual style. Some of his Ghazals are so attractive that they appeal directly to the heart". (43). Here is a specimen of his poetry:

\[\text{With the dart of your dark eyes in my heart}\\\text{Even my days are nights what to say of dawn).}\]

\[\text{Not caring for worldly palaces}\\\text{An ascetic, I live in abstinence).}\]

\[\text{MANZOO\_AF RIDI}\]

Manzoor Afridi is also a serious poet of this school. Born in 1949, he has been educated up to matric. At present he is an operator in the telephone department. He is not only a born poet but also a born musician. To him, poetry is music and music poetry. He is also fond of singing and has a sweet voice. In fact, he is called Sehgal by the Khyber poets and musicians. Ostad Nazir writes about him, "He is attached to the Chishtia order in Sufism and deeply interested in any discussion of mysticism. He is almost in love with music. By nature he is kind hearted and humble. He writes occasionally but writes well. He writes lyrical poetry using sometimes nationalistic Pakhtoon sym\]
bolts. He is always after new thoughts and new concepts and ideas.

His Ghazal is nearly perfect and he can be counted among the best poets from Jamrod". (44). His poetry is like this:

\[ Xk'\, \text{mnz} \, d'\, dy\, \text{z}Rh \, wR\, \text{jh} \, pse \\
\text{kndh} \, \text{kh} \, \text{wyj} \, R\, \text{rh} \, \text{wh} \, \text{ch} \, \text{ch} \, \text{ky}Gy. \, (\text{mn}^2\text{wr}). \]
\[ \text{(There is the destination heart,}\] 
\[ \text{Lets be off to it straightaway}\] 
\[ \text{Not minding the rough ground}\] 
\[ \text{Gorge, ravine or gully). (Manzoo}). \]

\[ wnd \, d'\, z'\, dy\, \text{lr}m \, pX\, \text{twn} \, ymh \\
\text{trwrh} \, d'\, sY'\, lY\, \text{lr}m \, pX\, \text{twn} \, ymh. \, (\text{mn}^2\text{wr}). \]
\[ \text{(I am a Pakhtoon and live a free life}\] 
\[ \text{With the sword of equality in my hand). (Manzoo}). \]

\[ \text{ABDUL AZIM NAZAR SHINWARI} \]

Abdul Azim Nazar Shinwari is the scion of the most venerable religious family of the Khyber. Son of the spiritual divine Haji Gul Mubarak, Nazar was born in 1965. Having received intensive religious education, Nazar has been a teacher at present. He is also the chief organiser of Ahle Sunnat Wal Da'wat in the Khyber Agency, crusading against the tide of Wahabism. He is also strongly drawn to sufism and, like Hamza Shinwari, follows the doctrine of Wahdatul Wajud (the unity of essence). Hamza writes about him, "Mr Nazar is a distinctive poet of Ghazal. I have read most of his works and have reached the conclusion that he is not only already a worthy poet but can also contribute a great deal to Pashto literature. I say this because Nazar is not only a poet but also a scholar. In this way he can create a distinctive place in Pashto literature for himself". (45). Here we will quote two of his couplets:
Fazle Rabi Qais

Fazle Rabi Qais is another energetic poet of this school from Jamrod who, according to Kalim Shinwari, has devoted two-third of his precious life to the promotion of Pashto literature. There is hardly any literary gathering or Mushaira where Qais is not present not only physically but also spiritually. Born in 1960 he has been educated upto 10th class. Like most of the rest of the Khyber poets he can be said to have poetry in his blood. His poetry is mainly romantic and with a strong under-current of Pakhtoon ethos. Along with Muqaddar Shah Muqaddar, his greatest contribution to Pashto literature is the compilation and publication of the collected works of Khatir Afridi. But for their dedicated efforts and the benign patronage of Pir Yaqub Shah (the then P.A. Khyber), the sparkling exuberance of Khatir would still be shrouded in obscurity. His highly endearing works ought have been published earlier. However, it is still not too late. The Pashto speaking world owe it to the enterprise of this pair of young poets from the Khyber to revive the imperishable Khatir. Here we will give one or two examples from the poetry of Qais:
tyre ch r'y'd d qvSe $wle
r'&le tSwr th m m'Sr e $wle.(qys).
(When I was reminded of your old stories
Songs gushed out of my consciousness).(Qais).

Cw Cw w'r m &wrJwle 'e zRgyh l' ph xw' wW
" dyw'1 r' th lwRgyy Jkh fkr ym 'xste.(qys).
(How many times had I demolished it,
I wonder at the wall rising yet higher).(Qais).

QANDAHAR AFRIDI
Qandahar Afridi was born at Maidan in Tirah in
1957. He is also an enthusiastic follower of the Khyber school of
poetry. His Ghazal has a distinctive flavour and a stark
simplicity. We will give one or two examples from his poetry.

Jm' n?r hm Ch d st' 1h bnrW km xw nh dy0
b'ryk plw 1h d rxs'r 1h z&re mh jwRwh.(qndh'r).
(My sight is not less sharp than your eye lashes
Don't hide your face in the armour of the scarf).
(Qandahar).

Ikh ptng bh ye Jh wsysm d $q ph $m
xd'yh th m' th d &wr wze mh jwRwh.(qndh'r)
(Please God give no wings of pride
Even though the candle of love can burn them).
(Qandahar).

JAMAL KHAN NASIR
Jamal Khan Nasir is drawn more towards nationalistic poetry than the traditional romanticism in Pashto Ghazal.
He is a disciple of Ostad Nazir who writes about him. "Born in
1952 he has been educated up to 8th class. He has been writing
poetry for the last three or four years. In this short period he
has perfected his Ghazal to the extent of an experienced hand. He
writes mostly Ghazal. He has understood the nature of Ghazal so
well that he can be said to have acquired his own distinctive
style. His poetry is deep and meaningful". (46). His poetry is like this:

n'Srh 'wch nh dy dh n$h d by'lmy@
Jw'n'mw th ph 'l' tqdyrwnh bd1wm.(n'Sr)
(They are not asleep but
But intoxicated with ignorance
I want to change the destiny
Of youth with knowledge (Nasir).

be lh 's$q h'l'tr kwm yw m$q'm dy@
ch 'ns'n lh d rwX'nh "wnd py&m dy@.(n'Sr).
(What is more exalted than love
The harbinger of happy life in life). (Nasir).

xlq lgy'dy hrCh hrCh w'y@
ph x'mw$y@ kXe.Jh xy'l't llwm.(n'Sr)
(People chatter incessantly
I search for thoughts in silence). (Nasir)

Mohammad Asam Taseer Afridi is another young but comparatively more qualified poet of the Khyber school. Born in 1962 he has been educated upto M.A. He has been writing poetry for the last nine or ten years. He is keenly interested in literary activities and hardly misses any worth while function. His style and diction reflect the distinctive characteristics of the Khyber school. Hence a specimen of his poetry,

by' gwrrh s'mr'jw d pXtwm gryw'n nywle de
d' Cngh pXtw dh &yrtwnw kXe s'h nh r'Jy.(t'y)
(Once again the exploiting forces
Have caught Pakhtoon by the throat
What a sense of honour is this
When he is not moved by this shame). (Taseer).

Xk'ry cl jwngRh d 'lft m wr'nydwnke dh
by'd flk qhr tndrwnh &zwne kRy.(t'y)
(It seems that my hut of affection
Is being demolished again
Again the sky is thundering
With merciless fury). (Taseer).
ZAHoor SHINWARI

Zahoor Shinwari is also a post graduate student of this school. Born in 1963 he is now M.A. in Pashto. He writes poetry since 1979. He is also president of the Tahrir-i-Ittehad-i-Qabayil (movement for the tribal unity). Landikotal branch. In this way he is a political poet or a poet with politics for a hobby. Ostad Nazir writes about him, "He is extremely interested in poetry and is sensitive like the other poets. Towards the end of 1985 he made such strides in Ghazal that he more than made up his previous short comings. He also writes Nazam. He is also brimming, if not bristling with nationalistic feelings". (47). His poetry is like this:

\[\text{Pashto}\]

pxt’nh dy ph zhmtwnw rwqdy
swl ph jylnw n jyrynw rwgdy. (?hwr).
(Pathans are used to Hardships
Chains and prisons are their lot). (Zahoor).

\[\text{Pashto}\]

d’sè n’?m th Zrwrt d Ch de
ch nh ye qwm kRw ‘w nh J’n m/myOn. (?hwr).
'What is the need of such a system
Which neither satisfied the nation nor individual'.
(Zahoor).

NISAR AHMAD NISAR AFRIDI

Nisar Afridi must also be mentioned as a promising poet of this school. Born in 1962 he is educated upto 10th class. He is also a disciple of Ostad Nazir who writes about him, "He belongs to a respectable, learned family, with Habibullah Khan and Qayyum Afridi as his grandfathers. He must have inherited poetry from his illustrious forebears. He has crossed the initial stages
of learning the art of poetry and can now be said to have stood on his own feet. The delicacy of his thoughts sometimes result in ambiguity. But he is bound to return to simplicity and lucidity.

(48). His poetry:

Ch kfr w$w kh n|r m tr bwh w'xsth
wyRy' xw'gh ch ml'wygy Cwk ye xwry wle nh.(n#:r)
(What the hell is let loose
With a kiss of the eye sight
If sweets are available so freely
One might as well have them).(Nisar).

r' nzde $h stgrge xxe kRn Jm' ph dw'Rw stgrw
kh tpws m d j'n'n kRt ch j'n'n m 'wwyne.(n#:r)
(Come and see deep into my eyes
So that you see my beloved there).(Nisar).

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YAR_HUSSAIN_SAIL_AFRIDI

Yar Hussain Sail is already a poet of stature among the younger generation poets of this school. He was born in 1948 and has been writing poetry from an early age. He is keenly interested in literary activities and Mushairas. He seems to be deeply influenced by Khisro Afridi, the legendary folk poet from the Khyber. Two of his collections, Jazbe Aw_Walwale (gushes of passion) and Da_Sgar_Tiga (the tombstone), are ready for publication. They will be a valuable contribution to Pashto literature. Hamza Shinwari writes about him, "Sail is also among the younger generation of poets whose poetry I am going to briefly discuss. I will quote his following poems to show that he has done full justice to Ghazal. His Ghazal is not entirely objective, he also has a great deal of subjectivity.

Xkly ch xndi kwy X'yøsth X'yøsth
Ch d zRwnw wRl kwy X'yøsth X'yøsth.(s'yøl)
(When the beloveds’ laugh beautifully
They skillfully snatch the hearts). (Sail).

/Rash/ $y\text{ ph h\&h lwry d sply zyre}
kwm xw’ ch ktl kwy X’y\$sth X’y\$sth. (s’y\$\$
(Her look of love brings a smiling spring
By the mere turning of her beautiful eyes). (Sail).

/Rasht/ "xr bh blh $y Jm’ d ‘mydwnw Dvwh
ph ‘nt?’r kXe d tyrw Jne m wyrh nh $y. (s’y\$\$
(The lamp of my hopes will be lighted at last
I am not scared of waiting in the dark). (Sail).

Hamza himself is very much conscious of his
influence over the poets of the younger generation although his
authority was disputed by certain poets over a number of years.
He was called undemocratic and dictatorial if not an outright
praetorian. In a letter to Ayub Sabir he writes in this connec-
tion, "The grace and spruceness of my Ghazal is there in the
Ghazal of the younger generation of poets. If any one consciously
writes now with Pakhtoon symbolism, his Ghazal will inevitably
have the colour of my blood. Anyhow I can not say this about the
progressive writers. To see what I mean look at the following
couplet by Qalandar:

/Rash/ tr $wnDw ch r’rsy yw slgy@ $y ‘swyly
n’ trsh ‘rzwg’ ne dy Jm’ ch Jy r’Jy. (qlndr).
(By reaching the lips
My sighs become subs
My fearless desires
Come again and again). (Qalander).

I am not against progressive literature. I consider progressive
literature to be a name full of the secret or expediency of
socialist literature. I am neither against any person. The Olasi
Adabi Jarga was broken up by this unnecessary wrangling and
antagonism. sometimes I wonder that I must have some personality
when I am so much opposed". (49).

Looking at Hamza as not only the undisputed leader
of modern poetry but also as an institution for the training of
the younger generation of poet, and writers, not necessarily
confined to the Khyber, Aminul Haq writes about him, "Any elderly,
experienced person of the Pakhtoon nation is a Pakhtoon (literally, a university), imparting training to people. In this way the arid Pakhtoon desert is blossoming with flowers. At present Hamza and his school is busy in the beautification and decoration of Pashto language and literature. This is also a fact that modern Pashto Ghazal owes its existence to Hamza". (50). In perfect agreement with the above assertion and to acknowledge Hamza Shinwari’s infallible guidance and beneficial influence Ayub Sabir adds, "During those days (1950s) Hamza was a lighthouse when in the surrounding of Pashto literature there was nothing but darkness. I myself and a large number of my contemporaries have travelled in the light of that tower and have been able to reach the present stage". (51) Gulab Sher would attribute the present growth of Pashto Ghazal and particularly those of the Khyber poets to Hamza Shinwari. He maintains, "When Hamza lifted the veil from the face of Ghazal, other poets were also attracted to it. Therefore, it will not be out of place to call him the leader of modern poetry. At the same time all the poets from the Khyber write Ghazals. This is all the blessing of Hamza that fertilised the soil of the Khyber so much that young literary saplings could have a healthy growth in it". (52).

Here we will give a list of the characteristics of this school. These are in fact mostly the characteristics of Hamza Shinwari which his followers have consciously or unconsciously imitated. They are:

1) Ghazal
2) Pakhtoonwali
3) Tassawuf  
4) Pakhtoon Tassawuf  
5) Sublimity of thought  
6) New constructions and emotions  
7) Ingenious use of contrast and contrast  
8) Apt use of repetition  
9) Liberal use of paradoxes  
10) Simplicity, flow, freshness & sweetness  
11) Deep philosophical problems wrapped in apparent simplicity and straightforwardness.  
12) Dynamic and moving rhythms, rhythms and refrains  
13) Fewer but effective metres  
14) Temperate and mild in nature  
15) Affinity and concordance with music  
16) Use of comparatively purer Pashto  
17) Strictly tradition-bound  
18) Entirely uninfluenced by Urdu, Persian or Arabic.

According to Motamid Shinwari, "Hamza is a leader of a new school in Pashto literature. According to its adherents this school is based on simplicity, fluency and lyrical qualities along with subtle but sparkling metaphors, similes and symbolism. No dry philosophy is preached here neither, like those of other poets, the poets of this school flutter about in empty space presuming to be scaling the skies. Here literature has been brought down to the very earth. This world and the hereafter have been beautifully synthesised; nationalism and mysticism have been fused into each other. Here even the mundane and worldly love is mistaken for the real and the spiritual. This is the most musical school in Pashto literature. These are some of the characteristics of the school of Hamza". (53).

Writing about the imagery of Hamza Shinwari, Asif Bahand maintains, "All the images in the poetry of Hamza are usually, ·w. He seems to have borrowed very little from the old poets and their works". (54). This can be true of all the rest of
the Khyber poets. Their images are typically local and modern. It is these new experiments with Ghazal and falling back on their own personal experiences; employing all their power of imagination, observation and expression that distinguish these poets from their predecessors as well as their contemporaries elsewhere.

The dream that Khushal Khan Khattak had seen three hundred years ago found its fulfillment in Hamza Shinwari. But far from culmination, Hamza can be said to be a continuation of the movement that Khushal Khan had so zealously enunciated for the emancipation of the Pakhtoons from alien influences whether political, social, literary or cultural. Hamza can be said to be an important milestone on the road for the onward march of Pashto literature. As a leader of the caravan of Pashto literature he has attracted an impressive following, giving them a firm direction and the urge and courage to proceed, no matter whether valleys, hills or deserts on the way. The younger generation seem to have accepted the challenge to brave all the odds in the pursuits of their literary ideals. Changes may overtake the caravan on the way. There may be changes in its size, in its texture, in its speed and even in its noise; but the overall configuration of the caravan will stay the same. It may rest from place to place and from time to time but its journey will never terminate. It may be handed over to new guides and will attract yet newer followers but it will keep to its dusty path of perfection.
CHAPTER SIX

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Da Khyber Adab by Murad Ali Shinwari. pp. 11-12
2. "Hamza Shinwari: a brief biography" by Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak, The Frontier Post, Peshawar (Hamza Supplement), 24-10-1989
3. According to Mohammad Javed Khalil, who is doing M.Phil thesis on it, there are 115 such societies in the Frontier.
4. Da Ghaazel Pa Anango Keh by Zarin Ainzor, p. 5
5. Ibid., pp. 5-6
6. Kamal Mohmand was a practising lawyer and lived in a rented Balakhana in the Khyber Bazar, Peshawar.
7. Ajmal Khattak in Za Aw Hamza by Abdur Rehman Lugai Kakakhel, 1979, p. 87
8. Ibid., p. 86
9. Compare Hamza Shinwari’s Da Pakho Pakhwanai Mushaire in his book Zhawar Fikroona, nd., pp. 135-140
10. From time to time the Khyber has played ungrudging host to such literary giants as Bayazid Ansari and Khushal Khan Khattak.
11. Da Khyber Adab., op. cit., p. 95
12. Noor Mohammad Zigar in Za Aw Hamza., op. cit., p. 279
13. Haji Maroof Khan in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., pp. 192-3
14. Murid Khan Shinwari in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 132
15. Motamid Shinwari in Da Hamza Yad compiled by Abdul Wadood and published from Kabul in 1987, p. 137
16. Tahir Kubachi in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 312
17. Bagheram was (he is still alive) a professional singer and Rabab player from the Khyber. He was a villager and friend of Khatir Afridi. Together they would set Khatir’s poetry to Bagheram’s music. He created a craze for Khatir in particular and the Khyber poets in general.
18. The locally made course, brown sugar with chunks or pieces the size of a walnut
19. By this drama is meant radio drama and not stage drama at all as there is hardly any stage drama in Pashto.
20. Tahir Bokhiri in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., pp. 325-376
21. As quoted by Noor Mohammad Samim in Da Hamza Yad., op. cit., p. 214
22. Ameenul Haq in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 174
23. Farigh Bokhari in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 119
24. As quoted by Noor Mohammad Samim in Da Hamza Yad., op. cit., p. 214
25. Da Ghaazel Pa anango Keh, op. cit., pp. 27-8
26. As quoted by Noor Mohammad Samim in Da Hamza Yad.,
op. cit., pp. 216-17
27. J.M. Sial in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., pp. 58-9
28. Abdur Rahim Majzoob in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 69
29. Lalzada Nazir Shinwari in Da Khyber Leekwal by
Kalim Shinwari, 1989, p. 46
30. As quoted by Khyber Afridi in his book Da Khyber
32. Hamza Shinwari in his preface to the Dewan-i-
33. Khatir, compiled by Muqaddir Shah Muqaddir and Fazle Rabi Qais,
Peshawar, 1987, p. 11
34. Da Khyber Angaze, op. cit., p. 31
35. Da Khyber Leekwal, op. cit., p. 55
36. Wheat was the forbidden fruit that caused the fall
37. of Adam for his disobedience to partake of it.
38. Da Khyber Angaze, op. cit., p. 39
39. Da Khyber Leekwal, op. cit., pp. 73-74
41. 98-99
42. Ibid., p. 99
43. Ibid., pp. 137-8
44. Murad Ali in Da Khyber Leekwal, op. cit., pp. 93-4
45. Ibid., p. 53
46. Nazir Shinwari in the Khyber Leekwal, op. cit.
pp. 84-5
47. Ibid., pp. 108-9
48. Hamza Shinwari in Da Khyber Leekwal, op. cit., p. 221
49. Nazir Shinwari in Da Khyber Leekwal, op. cit., p. 182
50. Ibid., p. 156
51. Ibid., p. 149
52. Ayub Sabir in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., pp. 207-10
53. Aminul Haq Amin in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 175
54. Ayub Sabir in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 202
55. Gulab Sher in Za Aw Hamza, op. cit., p. 412
56. Motemind Shinwari in Da Hamza Yad, op. cit., p. 140
57. Asif Bahand in Da Hamza Yad, op. cit., pp. 193-4
CONCLUSION

/ñêt/ Ḥmzhd wxt nh mxkXe pyd' de.(tqwm).
(Hamza has been born before time). (Taqweemul Haq).

Yar Mohammad Maghmoom has taken the above quotation from Mian Taqweemul Haq Kakakhel to solve the dilemma of Hamza Shinwari. He adds that four hundred years before Hamza Shinwari, Pir Roshan could also be said to have been a victim of the unpropeciousness of time. Like all the really great people who were not understood properly, and never appreciated in their own time, Hamza has been made the butt of criticism on more than one account. Some find fault with his mysticism while others come across ambiguities in his poetry. Some impute to him the synthesis of mysticism and nationalism while others raise fingers against his lack of proper education i.e. holding a certificate or degree from some religious Madrassah. In this way all his vast store of self-amassed knowledge is straightaway questioned. Some would violently object to his holding Sama' (religious music) and his practices of what they call Pir-worship and Grave-worship while others would brand him as a Shia for his love of the prophet and his pious progeny. Perhaps it is in the very nature of greatness to be prone to the buffetings of lesser spirits with narrow, prejudiced minds. The very elements seem to be conspiring against such men, may be to test their mettle and let them prove their greatness by their actions and deeds. There apparently seem to be no ready made remedy for such unfounded antagonism except
proper perspective of time. Perhaps only time can settle the
dust on such intractable issues and resolve the problems. Perhaps
only history can decide such controversial questions and absolve
such people from the stings of unmerited criticism.

Dr Raj Wali Shah Khattak has quoted Maulana Abul
Kalam Azad in a similar context about Hamza Shinwari. The learned
Maulana maintains:

Such people must be kept above common
standard. They cannot be weighed with
the balance of thought and perception.
The common laws of literature and author
ship do not really apply to them).

Perhaps Pashto literature has yet to discover a
code of evaluation subtle and sensitive enough and at the same
time broad and dynamic enough to fully appreciate poets and
writers like Hamza Shinwari who are really born but once in a
century. This doesn’t at all imply that Pashto is still too crude
to appreciate the works of such people. The very fact of its
giving birth to such prodigies who have proudly made it the
vehicle of their thoughts and art must bestow a very great
prestige on the Pashto language and its literary tradition. Here
too we might really be handicapped by the time dimension i.e. the
lack of proper perspective. Again, one can expect such a thing from
only time, with its own inexorable process of selection and
rejection. In this sense only time is the best teacher, judge and
critic. As we happen not to be able to really see beyond our noses.
we have to refer the matter to the verdict of history.

By taking up a living poet (not metaphorically speaking) for a thesis one is only made painfully aware of the lack of proper perspective which only time can serve. It is like mapping a road for construction, bulldozing the terrain, levelling the ground, blasting away rocks and putting up bridges; while at the same time using the bumpy highway for practical transportation when the dust has hardly settled on the work. Whatever the caution or precaution one consciously takes, one is bound to be smeared all over with the dust and deafened by the grinding noise of the work, even if one luckily avoids falling into some deep ditch or coming across some unsavoury caution on the way pointing to some nasty diversion while the road ahead is blocked as usual for construction. It is only time, a sufficiently long time, that settles the dust, clears the view and provides a proper perspective, against which one can easily see one's destination. Similarly, a poet can only be seen in his proper proportions only when time has peeled him off the contemporary veneer or having cut him to his size to fit in his historical slot. Once having gone through the process of history, any poet can be easily understood and appreciated.

Perhaps this was not sufficiently realised by the time when I rather impulsively, under the illusion of over-enthusiasm, opted for Hamza Shinwari as my subject of enquiry. I instinctively knew that he had all the qualities of good subject for a great thesis. I was only happy that nobody had taken him up
before I had this honour, notwithstanding the spat of articles and critical literature on him and the books and journals devoted exclusively to his appreciation. In my unbounded enthusiasm, coupled with a blissful ignorance and spurred on by undue haste, I forgot that the very fact of his being still alive was bound to confound my difficulties and willy nilly involve me in a contemporary controversy of sorts from which it would be well nigh impossible to extricate myself or absolve my poet. At the same time I knew that it was not to be my mission "to justify the ways of my poet to the public at large". By the very nature of my work I had to be resolving certain festering controversies, no matter if I was creating others at the same time.

Controversies are an inherent part of art, literature and philosophical speculation. Every great writer gathers some controversy if not by actually what he believes and says then just what he doesn't believe and say. The rest of the fellow writers (I almost wrote mortals) big and small are then divided into well-defined, antagonistic camps, fully armed with bows and arrows or slings and stones, to defeat or defend him. The dust of this battle-field further compound the situation. In the resulting skirmishes, the first casualty is, of course, common sense and reason. The whole affair culminates into a sort of political wrangling which apparently may have nothing to do with literature. Some would cleverly call it literary politics which they would have us believe to be not only universally recognised discipline but an inherent part of literature itself. All the
great literatures of the world have bred and brought up bitter
controversies throughout the ages.

To some, however, a controversy may be a healthy
sign of life itself. Indeed it would be dead literature which
would have just no controversy about any of its movements or
writers. A controversy may further spur the creative potentiali-
ties of the respective writers and may cause the creation of yet
better and greater literature. It may be like the proverbial
opposing wind that flies the bird yet higher. All controversies
can, therefore, not be said to have necessarily negative effect
on literature. Like the salt in bread, some controversy is
actually necessary for any literary movement or writer, for an
ultimate wholesome effect.

However, as far as Hamza is concerned, of late there
has been hardly any controversy about him. In the words of Dr. Raj
Wali Shah Khattak, "he has been unanimously acknowledged as the
greatest poet of the present time". I don't think there is any
dispute or controversy about this claim. Even his "enemies" of
once upon a time would not dispute it. But I have already mentio-
ned two controversies about our poet. The first was a serious
religious controversy with the local divines or Pir's of Landikan
tal, way back in the thirties. That controversy has now been
resolved for the last fifty years. The other was over his role in
the Olasi Adabi Jarga. Even then he tried to avoid that unfortu-
nate controversy by simply resigning the, presidentship of that
august body that ultimately broke up in small, splinter groups.
This controversy too has been resolved for the last more than thirty years now. Since then as indeed all along he has devoted his entire creative energies to the altruistic service of Pashto literature. And he has successfully tried to keep clear of all the currents and cross-currents of both practical as well as literary politics.

Not being a poet myself nor even a regular student of Pashto literature as such, I have tried to evaluate Hamza on his face value, with due regards for his Pakhtoon elderliness and his present stature as the representative poet of the age. I have tried to judge him on what he has actually written and then to see whether there was sufficient justification or indeed uprightness in what others had said or written about him, whether by way of his praise or condemnation. Without preconceived prejudices of my own, I have impartially sifted not only through his own enormous body of work but also through the whole gamut of criticism available about him. Like most of his critics I have praised him wherever praise was due, if not as profusely as some people would lavish perhaps undue praise on him, almost in the nature of flattery. But, on the other hand, I have not hesitated to criticise him wherever I could see inconsistency or fault with him, of course with whatever perception I might have. Unlike some of his admirers I have not tried to stretch him to superhuman, mythical proportions. I have only selected and reiterated that criticism of him which appeared to me logical, reasonable, coherent and factual. And most of his critics, being great poets and writers themselves,
have been fairly exact in his evaluation, although some have fallen victims to hearsay and vagueness on the one hand and outright exaggeration and imaginary claims on the other. Throughout the thesis I have quoted a large number of people both in support of my assertions as well as in contrast to some theory or general belief about our writer.

Hamza is a difficult poet. Behind his unbounded exuberance and sparkling lyricism lie layers of difficulties with some of them running into nagging ambiguities if not startling nonsense. Perhaps it may be due to what Dr Johnson has said about the English metaphysical poets, "The juxtaposition of the incongruous". His supreme interest in mysticism and philosophy has also found its way into his poetry; in fact his early poetry was a pawn of mysticism while his later poetry was simply invaded by philosophy. The result is that his poetry, perforce, has acquired layers of meanings, with the apparent meaning sometimes appearing just meaningless. I don't claim to have understood all his poetry without difficulty. In fact at the outset I started taking notes of the ambiguous couplets in his poetry and by the time I was through it, this annotation had run into hundreds of couplets. In fact some of these ambiguous couplets are so intractable that Hamza himself can not make a head or tail of them now. However, the apparent mystification of most of his poetry may be due to the use of technical terminologies of both mysticism and philosophy.

Some of his critics would point to this parti-
him a bad name and kill him. An elderly, all-knowing, self-same authority on Pashto literature once remarked in an informal conversation about Hamza Shinwari that fifty percent of his poetry was already ambiguous while the rest of his fifty percent poetry would be unintelligible in fifty years and by that time Hamza would be a "dead poet". Similarly a so-called progressive politician once remarked to me that "Hamza has actually harmed Pashto literature", by repeating the same old cliches of sufism and all that. He has still been exactly three hundred years behind time. I don't think there can be any justification in such unkind, harsh, biased and negative approach to the poetry of Hamza Shinwari. If among his thousands of Ghazals we come across a couple of hundred apparently ambiguous couplets we should not throw him over board, lock, stock and barrel. I think for even less than a hundred selected Ghazals, like the ones Zarin Anzor has published under the title, Da Ghazal Pa Anango Keh (in the cheeks of Ghazal), he would still be considered the greatest modern Pashto poet.

Very few Pashto poets have given any attention to Pashto prose. The enormous prose works of Hamza Shinwari has been tackled in chapter three. He has written not only light essays and stories to begin with but also serious books on mysticism, philosophy and social problems. Even novel, travelogue, biography and autobiography have not been left unattempted. With him we also step into the modern age of Pashto prose. This is why some of his critics have also called him "the father of
modern Pashto prose". Even if he had done no poetry at all, his prose works alone could rank him among the greatest writers. Instead of "Baba-i-Ghazal" he would be only called "Baba-i-Nasar". His philosophical and mystic prose is a valuable, timely and enduring contribution to Pashto literature.

Being on a far higher level, his later prose is not at all meant for the lay man. He has, however, also written plenty of common prose for the interest of the common man. In fact even in his mystical and philosophical prose he has tried to be simple, direct and lucid, avoiding unnecessary embellishments, complications and mystifications. Although never short of examples he has perhaps consciously avoided the poetic gimmicks of metaphors, similes and allusions. To him, it appears, poetry and prose are two distinctly separate disciplines and he can never be blamed for having fallen prey to the temptation of their mixing up even inadvertently. While his poetry suggests a richness, profusion and subtlety of poetic paraphernalia, in his prose there is a strict economy of words, phrase, diction and structure. While in poetry he may be interested in manner, in prose he is interested in matter alone for which he reduces the language to the bare skeletal minimum, seldom using any word, phrase, sentence or structure for connotational or extra-contextual meaning, being satisfied with the prosaic, denotational meaning if it is just conveyed.

The third important aspect of Hamza Shinwari's artistic or literary life is radio drama and Pashto film. From
fairly early childhood he was strongly drawn to the plays (and they happened to be Urdu plays) being staged at Peshawar by the then famous theatrical companies. They aroused the latent actor in him. After giving up school without appearing in the matriculation examination, he wandered as far as Bombay in search for some role in a movie. Later on he succeeded in getting the role of a dacoit in a silent movie called the Falcon. This craze for films and acting found fulfillment in 1941 when he was called to Bombay by Rafique Ghaznavi to make the first Pashto film, Laila Majnoon. Later on he also wrote the scripts and songs etc for two more Pashto films, Peghla (the virgin) and Allqa Ghair (tribal territory), which were filmed at Lahore during the seventies.

Similarly when the radio station was established at Peshawar in 1935, along with Abdul Karim Mazloom and Samandar Khan Samandar, Hamza was the pioneer in its dramatics. Bringing with him maple expertise in the art of acting, he started with acting in the radio plays soon to find himself to be writing plays for the radio. Along with plays he also contributed regular features, commentaries, talks and poems etc. His plays for the radio ran into hundreds over a life-long association with the organisation. According to Ayub Sabir, had there been no Hamza, Samandar and Mazloom, the Peshawar radio would have flopped or at least could not have any Pashto play or feature. It were these very Pashto plays and features that were the basic cause of its immense popularity not only in the Frontier but also all over Afghanistan and Central Asia. On the other hand the radio also
provided Hamza with a universal introduction. If his multifarious books could not penetrate the wall of illiteracy and ignorance, the radio did. If he boosted the radio he was also given, in turn, the much needed boost.

Hamza turned to literature at a time when Pashto was not only synonymous with ignorance, backwardness and bad manners; it was actually branded as the language of hell or why should Hamza have defiantly defended it in this couplet:

\[\text{Pashto} \quad \text{w'ya} \text{'shyar ch d dwzx 'bh dh Jh bh jnt th d pxtw srh Jm. (Hmzh).} \]
\[\text{(The adversary call it the language of hell With Pashto I will go to heaven). (Hamza).}\]

The same regret was articulated by Khushal Khan Khattak, three hundred years ago when he had lamented:

\[\text{Pashto} \quad \text{c' ye plw lh mxh w'nh xstw pxtw l' hse bkrh prth dh. (xw$b'1).} \]
\[\text{(Nobody lifted the veil from her face Pashto has still remains a virgin). (Khushal).}\]

The local elites prided themselves on their expertise in English. Our writers rolled in the perks of Urdu or Persian. To read or write Pashto was considered but a sin. Even the spoken Pashto of the illiterate masses had been invaded and corrupted by these alien tongues to the extent that almost fifty per cent of its vocabulary had become un-Pashto if not actually anti-Pashto. Any literature worth name became impossible to flourish in such a stifling atmosphere. Most of our talent was diverted, and perhaps only wasted in the process, to the contribution to the other than their own mother tongue. Like the proverbial crow they forgot their own gait while at the same time...
failing to learn that of the nightingale. Or like the washerman’s
dog they could neither stay at home nor at the washing site.
Perhaps one of the causes of our pathetic backwardness today
is just this linguistic confusion which is still under a thick
fog of uncertainty.

The Pashto speaking world has always had one
linguistic imperialism or another, imposed upon it right from the
dawn of history. To begin with it was Persian which had pervaded
the entire Central Asia, irrespective of the racial or cultural
divide, as not only the court language, but a virtual lingua
franca, eclipsing the local Turkic and the rest of the Aryan
language groups. Pashto was no exception to this universal
Persianisation. Ironically the blue-blooded Afghan or Pathan
ruling families or dynasties, whether in Central Asia or the
Indian subcontinent, had also adopted Persian and not Pashto, as
their official language. The court patronage was extended only to
the scholars with Persian bonafides. Pashto was considered to be
only fit for the toiling masses inhabiting the far-flung, hilly,
inaccessible, rural areas, where the tentacles of government
hardly reached. As a result all the otherwise genuine Afghan
luminaries in Central Asia or even the Indian subcontinent have
adopted any language but Pashto. All their great scholarship
whether in physics, maths, geometry, algebra, alchemy, medicine,
astronomy, history, geography and even literature and the fine
arts, have come down to us not in Pashto (as it ought to have
been), the language of their racial identity, but in Persian.
an alien language of the distant masters. At its height, the Persian imperialism spread from the shores of the Caspian sea to that of the Indian ocean.

The spell of this universal Persian imperialism was somewhat broken by the Muslim conquests in Central Asia in the seventh century A.D. The Arabs not only introduced Islam but also the Arabic language. The result was that Arabic became the language of liturgy and religious scholarship, while Persian survived as the language of culture and literature with full official patronage. It continued to be the language of scholarship, also adapting itself to even Islamic religious scholarship.

Before the British had firmly spread their insidious tentacles all over the Indian subcontinent, during the 18th and the 19th centuries, the Persian-speaking Moghul Empire in India (which was in fact of Turkic origin) had effectively introduced Urdu, a hybrid of Persian, Turkish, Arabic and a multiplicity of the indigenous Indic languages, down to the sacred Sanskrit. Before English had been established as the official language, with all the concomitant snobbish overtones, Urdu had been fastly replacing Persian throughout the Indian subcontinent, as the semi-official language, with extensive scholarship and literature of its own. The already Persianised Pathans had been warming up to the new tune of Urdu when they were overtaken and swamped by the English deluge. They quickly exchanged their fez caps for the felt hats as a symbol of their sincere desire to switch over to the lingo of the new masters. For these elite
WONGS (westernised oriental gentlemen) Pashto must have been the Albatross around their necks.

The preceding paragraphs, it is hoped, will have made it somewhat clear, what treatment poor Pashto had had from its otherwise, wise proud and even powerful speakers. No wonder its literary and artistic growth was all but stunted. Except for poetry, and that too being in almost the same groove, the other vital branches of literature have hardly had an opportunity to blossom up. Instead Pashto literature remained highly retrospective, mulishly trudging under the burden of a timeless folklore. Even our ageless popular romances had not been properly verified and reduced to black and white (i.e. written) till the 19th and twentieth centuries. Even by the middle of the 19th century Pashto had hardly had a dictionary and a grammar. The Dewans of most of our great poets had not been published even by the twentieth century because on the one hand there had hardly been any market or demand for them while on the other hand it was difficult if not impossible to trace their manuscripts. Fortunately some of our most prestigious manuscripts were traced in the European libraries. In fact a group of dedicated "orientalists" (some military officers) had shown more interest in Pashto language and literature than even the most learned and cultured Pathans themselves. They rediscovered the almost forgotten heritage for the thick-skinned Pathan.

We have seen the advent of Hunza against this rather bleak background. He devoted his energies to the promotion
of Pashto literature at a time when Pashto, with all its antiquity and rich heritage, had come to be considered but a third-rate language even by the Pathans themselves. Its literature whether ancient or modern, was much beneath the educated class, having been brought up in the English medium with a smattering of Urdu, and at the same time much above or beyond the illiterate masses having really no use for anything that passed for serious literature. For them the sunny beach of folk literature was more than enough. They couldn’t afford the luxury of modern literature. What was the need for them, or indeed what means they had, for the undertaking of a perilous journey in the uncharted seas of literature in the literal sense.

There was no demand, no market and no encouragement for Pashto literature. As a result there was no publication, sale or popularisation of books, whatever their intrinsic worth, value or greatness. A Pashto writer could not even dream of living by his pen. Indeed the pen could not have bought him even the ink that it would be writing with. In this dismal world of apathy, ignorance, poverty, backwardness and a universal philistinism perhaps Hamza was the only Pashto writer who can be truly said to have entirely lived by the magic of his pen, although the genie would often fail to provide him with a square meal for days on end. But it made sure to sustain him all the same. No amount of deprivation, even the horrible shadows of abject poverty, could not ruffle his certain life style as he was also never swayed by the occasional pangs of dizzying success when not
only praise and recognition and honour but also coveted titles with considerable cash awards would be showered on him; when governors, prime ministers, presidents and even kings would grant him audience and pay him homage for his literary achievements.

A great Bengali poet, Jaseemudding, from the erstwhile East Pakistan, had once said of Hamza that he was actually the Aristotle of Pashto. It was rather a pity that he was born to Pashto which, far from recognising and rewarding a genius, actively conspires to quash him. Had Hamza been born in any of the developed nations of the world, perhaps he would have been considered the greatest writer and thinker of the century. By now his immortal works would have been translated in most of the modern languages of the world. Prestigious monuments would have been raised for him. He himself would be a multimillionaire to sponsor certain branches of literature, philosophy or mysticism. Perhaps specialised academies would have evolved around his thoughts and writings. He would have been given the Nobel prize for literature for some ten years now.

By having a much better accommodation and a more prompt and specialised health care, perhaps he would not be as old and frail and sickly as he is at 82. As a young man he had had not only a towering personality but also the best of health. He is, however, soon bent by literary sensitivity, mystical gnawing and an over all material deprivation, although he has never cared for material comforts. He seems to have trusted his life to fate with a firm belief in providence for the provision
of all his needs. However, it can not be said that he has been entirely ignored by the society around him. Perhaps no other living poet or writer has had so much honour with even monetary largess, bestowed upon him as on Hamza Shinwari alone. He alone is the most loved and most card for living Pashto poet and writer. It is all the more remarkable that he should receive this homage from the Pakhtoons.

By way of conclusion we may quote Farooq Shinwari on the immortality of Hamza Shinwari's works and their perennial relevance for the posterity. In the introduction to Ghazawoone (yawning), Farooq has declared, without apparent fear of contradiction, that Hamza is the greatest poet and sage of the century. After an exhaustive analysis of the art and thought of our poet, he has concluded, "Perhaps very soon (rather certainly) a time will come when the prolific works of Hamza Shinwari, whether poetry or prose, letters or drama (and Hamza was yet to keep a regular diary), will be diligently searched and researched by dedicated enthusiasts and scholars to weigh them in the balance of appreciation (or criticism if you please) to find out and point out their true worth or value and enrich the meagre stock of Pashto literature with them. Some hearts, wavering and restless with questions of philosophy and mysticism, might find in them the balancing bit (Persian) to satisfy and sooth their inquisitive natures. With his works the nation may turn its dark evening of despair with the bright morning of tomorrow, with all the young men and maidens clad in the bright red rags of
yesterday. The alchemist may find in them the recipe for some elixir to turn mercury into silver or lead into gold or turn both gold and silver into some rejuvenating tonic. The students of Saluk (the mystic path) may learn from them the lesson of submission, resignation and acquiescence. The materialist may find beatitude and grace by being convinced of the non-eternity of matter and acknowledging the precedence of the self-extant, while the atheist may find riddance and bliss with admonition and repugnance from heresy and polytheism (Shirk) and the prostitution of faith. With his prophetic works, the ill-fated may blind their eyes of the head while the fortunate may open the eyes of the heart. In short, people of every temperament, every resolve and every taste will find in him their due according to their needs, desires and aspirations:

(There is no need of talking further about it, What you say is already in my heart). (Farooq).
GLOSSARY

LITERARY AND SOCIAL TERMS

LITERARY TERMS

1. Bagala: It is a story in verse. It is akin to the English Ballad.
2. Charbaita: Charbaita is a folk song literally with a stanza of four lines preceded and followed by a one line refrain.
3. Dastan: Dastan is a story in verse. It is borrowed from Persian.
4. Fard: An unrhyming couplet, carrying one idea.
5. Ghazal: Originally an Arabic form. It has come to Pashto via Persian. It has a rhyming couplet followed by couplets of alternate rhymes. It normally has from five to thirteen couplets. Its rhyming scheme is aa, ba, ca, da and so on.
6. Leba: A song with one refrain followed by couplets written by a known poet.
8. Nazam: Nazam is modern form. The idea has been probably borrowed from English. It usually has one line or a rhyming couplet for refrain, followed by stanzas of up to four rhyming couplets with the fifth line again rhyming with the refrain. A kind of Nazam is called Azad Nazam which follows no rhyming scheme. It only depends on rhythmic, measured lines.
9. Nimakai: A folklore song with a one line refrain followed by Tappas.
10. Mukhammas: A stanza of five lines.
11. Mussaddas: A stanza of six lines.
14. Qasida: Panegyric
15. Qita: A Quartet
16. Rubai: a quatrain
17. Tappa: A folklore couplet with nine syllables in the first line and thirteen syllables in the second. It is a complete poem of two lines in twenty-two syllables.
18. Tarjee’ Band: A reflexive stanza. The rhythm is the same but the rhyming scheme varies. At the end of the stanza one of the lines of the stanza is repeated, to act as a refrain.
19. Tarkeeb Band: A chain-like stanza with the word of the preceding line.

SOCIAL TERMS

2. Bonga: Ransom
3. Jarga: Council of elders with judicial and some times also executive powers.
5. Meerata: Genocide.
6. Nanawate: Refuge, shelter or asylum
7. Pat: Honour.
8. Svara: A daughter or slave girl given as the price or murder or blood, or in exchange for a wife or girl eloped with or abducted.
10. تِئسا: Truce effected by the Jarga.
11. تَر: Calumny or slander.
12. وَلْ: Abduction for ransom.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

2. Shishka_and_Dew: A fearful female spirit and a demon or devil.
3. دا خُو‌_زر: To bring good news. It is usually said to a passing crow.
4. دا مَرْحُ_آخْت: Literally the Eid of the dead. Three days before the Eid they distribute charity in the name of the dead.
5. دا پِرْخْكن_تَط: Charms against the gins and evil spirits.
6. دا سَکَه_میاشت: A month of the Hijri calendar commonly believed to bringing all sorts of spirits with it. At the end of month people usually wash their houses to ward off the evil spirits of the month of Sapara.
7. نازر_لِجِد: To be stricken by evil sight.
8. نازر_مان: A vow of offering to some saint or God
9. Qالان_وَرک: A sort of spiritual tax given to some saint or Dervish.
10. شَبٍ_بارت_رو_پنزلاس: The fifteenth of Jamadussani of the Hijri calendar, celebrated with fireworks and charity. The custom might have its roots in pre-Islamic paganism.
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**D R A M A**

The drama of Hamza is radio drama. Of the hundreds of plays and features that he has written for the radio, over a period of some thirty years, only the following have come down to us. They are all in manuscript form, with some of them written
neatly on Sarkari (official) paper by the radio Khoshnavis (scribe), also bearing dates of their broadcast.

1. Ahmad Shah Abdali.
3. Dva Bakhilan (two misers).
5. Guman Da Eman Zyan De (doubt undermines faith).
9. Matali Shai’r (poet with proverbs).
10. Maimoona.
11. Muqabila (competition).
12. Qurbani (sacrifice).
15. ZhrandagaRhe (the miller).

FILM SCRIPTS

Hamza Shinwari has written scripts, songs and dialogues etc for three Pashto films, Laila Majnoon, Paighla (the virgin) and Alla Ghair (the tribal territory). Of these the script of Laila Majnoon which was made in Bombay in 1941 is extant although withered by time and apparent carelessness. It is in MS form.

LETTERS

Hamza Shinwari has written numerous letters to all sorts of people. We have been able to retrieve the following.

FROM HAMZA SHINWARI TO

1. Afridi, Miss Anonymous..................14
2. Kakakhel, Mian Abdul Rehman Lugai.34
3. Khattak, Dr Raj Wali Shah..................14
4. Mahir, Haji Maroof Khan....................01
5. Malik, Abdur Rehman......................101
6. Seemab, Mohammad Omar...................07
7. Shah, Iqbal.................................01
8. Shinwari, Farooq.........................03
9. Shinwari, Nazar............................08

TO HAMZA, SHINWARI FROM

1. Adeeb, Abdul Kafi.........................03
2. Afridi, Aqil Khan.........................02
DIARIES

Hamza has been keeping regular diary since 1957. Some of his earliest diaries seem to have been misplaced. However, we have his diaries for the following years:


INTERVIEWS

From time to time Hamza Shinwari's interviews were also recorded on tapes. The following cassettes were also made use of in this study:

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Through the courtesy of PTV (Peshawar), and the personal interest of Mr. Majeedullah Khalil, the following video cassettes were also made available for consultation in this study. The PTV (Peshawar) has recorded numerous programmes of Hamza Shinwari. We have selected only the following.

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