

MAMOON AYEMAN'S LABYRINTH OF SELF: BOOK 'SAFAR'

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Abstract

Mamoon Ayemin has been living in Europe and America for the past sixty years. Sixty years of age is a long time. Despite spending so long in Europe, his love for Urdu language and literature was still there in his heart. During this period, he wrote 30 books of poetry and prose in Urdu. When an individual moves to another country as a young man, memories of his past haunt him. Nostalgia often finds its way to the heart of that person. Sometimes this emotion is so deep and intense that it is impossible to get rid of it for a lifetime. These emotions are expressed through language. Language itself is also a part of this nostalgia. The streets, neighborhood, events, relationships, customs, literature and literary characters of his native country keep waking up in his subconscious. This is a person who came to America in search of a way to earn his living, to try his luck for employment, who then worked for the promotion of Urdu language in America. Such examples of love for one's motherland and one's language are rare.

Keywords: Mamoon Ayemin, Safar

INTRODUCTION

In the busy life of America's corporate society, man longs for his identity, emotionally and psychologically a man feels incomplete due to his identity and deprived of satisfaction and comfort, so a kind of conflict with life to please himself becomes necessary for this competition and to prove one's virtues, a person does a hundred kinds of efforts regarding the establishment of this identity. It becomes necessary to achieve an ideal position in the affairs of life and in the world. In a distant country, in a strange place, it is certainly more difficult to find one's own place in the larger circle of life and to determine one's dominion, but it is the human who fights with the difficulties and hardships of life, and continues to move forward by determining its goals. Establishing one's identity in this competition and the competition itself

becomes a matter of existential satisfaction and fulfillment for the individual. This competition and rivalry has been present in Mamun Ayman's personality on many levels. 'Others are hell', this is an age old saying that goes along. Man tries to get out of this hell, the truth of existence motivates him and he tries to touch the heights where this flame cannot reach. Sometimes it also happens that man is in a state of helplessness and weakness. It seems that the anguish of this hell feels like dew, but to get out of this hell and live among others, one needs great courage to fulfill one's self and depend on oneself.

Mamun Ayemin used to be the citizen of a country that was a colony in the past. Now he is living in a country that is developed and was a colonizer in the past. What goes through the heart of a poet in this post-colonial age, a

reflection of it can be seen in Ayman's Rubaiyat. To understand:

"One can detect in Gayatri Spivak's use of 'subaltern', the echo of a term Marx recovered from history for his own purposes - 'proletarian'. Conversely, there are those who see in post colonialism not the return of the repressed, but the return of the same in the guise of the other. The language of race, class and nation is commuted into a universal crisis of 'identity' that makes these vexed 3 Postcolonial Criticism issues more palatable within the academy. Thus, from this perspective, postcolonialism would not be a radicalization of postmodernism or Marxism, but a domestication of anti-colonialism and anti-racism."⁽¹⁾

Mamun Ayman has also touched these heights and covered such an extent that the dew settled in his courtyard. What did this person do during these past years? From the age of six, he saw stories of sorrow in the eyes of his mother and father, that they had seen and suffered the punishment of migration, from the age of five and six from Allahabad to Delhi, from Delhi to Lahore, from Lahore to Bahawalpur, then London, then New York. These journeys from childhood to young adulthood may not have planted acacias in the courtyard of his subconscious and self, but he did not give up. For his education, for the social status, for the intellectual and intellectual position, many people only think and if they get such a position, they do not get tired of boasting around, but even after getting all the positions he showed such humbleness and such modesty that was nowhere to be seen. Such can come only from a person who became gold under the burden of life.

Carl Gustav Jung has given great importance to the role of the archetypes in the domain of life and development of attitudes. They act like a flickering light in the collective unconscious of the individual and the human society. This consciousness depends on the social situation and norms as illustrated:

"An archetypal symbology may be constructed, then, based on the parallels which exist between the cycles of human life and those of the natural world, and the patterns which these parallels have caused to appear in myth, ritual, dream, and poetry. "In the solar cycle of the day," says Frye, "the seasonal cycles of the year, and the organic cycle of human life, there is a single pattern of significance out of which myth constructs a central narrative around a figure who is partly the sun, partly vegetative fertility and partly a god or archetypal human being"⁽²⁾

In the corporate society of Europe and America, a breathing individual can take any new direction of life and he could make pride and boasting about his confidence and authority a part of this new life, but Mamun adopted art; In art poetry, and quatrain. Rabai said that following Mir, he has established his identity in Europe and America in terms of this genre, so it is as if he has declared the intellectual superiority of the East and acknowledged the superiority and sophistication of Urdu. What he rightly says about himself:

"I have experimented with almost every genre of speech, apart from "mersiyah" and "masnavi". Most of my books in this genre are, by their very nature, the first in the history of Urdu literature.

The desire to be seen alone in the same fair. I have created a completely new linguistic path for myself in this genre as well as in Rabaiat. These are freed from additive compound, *murakab e atfi* (مرکبِ عطفی) *juzvi qavafi*, *taqabal e radeefain* جزوی قوافی. This path is, of course, completely new in the history of Urdu literature.

Some critics may claim that this is self-praise as this is a new path. I like his claim of this. After spending all his life in the crowd, this person who always faced the risks of life should make such a claim about himself. This is the truth of Mamun Ayman. He has a boundless belief in the authenticity of his own self and his art. The source of this belief in himself and its expression is the nineteen books of his Rabi'at. If you don't accept your own truths then how are others supposed to accept anyone in this corporate society?

It is important in its place that Mamoon Sahib has spent a life time in Europe and America. This person living in New York could not separate the smell of the soil of Allahabad, Delhi and Lahore from his breath. This nostalgia is another name of his life. His personality is divided into two parts. Living in the midst of American society, teaching English to English speakers, keeping a critical eye on the latest trends in English language and literature, this is a layer of his life. There is a corner----and to be captivated by the love of Urdu, to settle the colors of poetry in the mind, to give a new life to the challenging genre of poetry all this is the work of a person who inside lives two lives.

Finally, the proof of all the above claims and all the things are these few quatrains, which I am just writing without

any doubt, you should feel their relevance and their beauty yourself:

سانچہ یہ نیا لے آ	بن گاہے دبانہ ، گہے ساحل بن جا
جذبہ یہ نیا لے آ	دنیا کا نہیں اپنا مقابل بن جا
منزل جو کمانی ہے	آسانی کی خاطر ، کوئی مشکل بن جا
رستہ یہ نیا لے آ	دل دے کے کسی غیر کو ، بے دل بن جا
خوابوں کا فسانہ ہے	پایابی سے امواج کا خاکہ بُنیے
اشکوں کا ترانہ ہے	بت جھڑ میں کسی بھول کا نوحہ سُنیے
ممکن ہے بھرے جھولی	مقدور ہو ، تو ریزے وفا کے جُنیے
اک پھیلا خزانہ ہے	دُھننا ہے اگر ستر ، تو خودی پر دُھنیے
بستی اسے سُن لے گی	تقدیر میں ، کچھ شور شرابا کر لے
صد خواب ہی بُن لے گی	خود سے کوئی تدبیر کا سودا کر لے
اس کام سے قسمت خود	پردیس میں بھی دیس کا چرچا کر لے
ستر ، وقت سے دھن لے گی	اُلٹا ہے اگر رستہ ، تو سیدھا کر لے
اے کاش یہ ایسا ہو	گزرے ہوئے لمحوں کا سماں ہو کوئی
جاہا جسے ، ویسا ہو	یوں حال میں ، ماضی کا نشان ہو کوئی
کوشش یہ کبھی کر لیں	دل چسپ ، زبان ساز ، بیان ہو کوئی
پائیں اُسے ، جیسا ہو	پیری میں ، ارادہ بھی جواں ہو کوئی

This quartet collection called "Journey" knocks on the heart and mind of the reader, and opens new doors of thought and understanding. It is necessary to examine this journey of "Safar" from three, four aspects.

1. In the history of Urdu language and literature, there are only collections of single verses (four stanzas, three rhymes). Mamun Ayman has shown a new way to the past era, the way of the present era. They have changed the masculine form to the non-masculine form (four stanzas, four rhymes). This collection is a collection of Non-Khasi Rubaiyat. Therefore, it is necessary to admit that Mamun Ayman, the reciter of Ghair al-Khasi Ruba'i, is the creator of three

collections. Indeed, he is not the creator of this body, but he is certainly the first poet of Ghair al-Khasi Rubai'at in Ruba'i. This single honor will remember him in history with this name. Inshallah.

2. Mamoon Ayman spent his childhood in Gawal Mandi, Lahore. Just think: Where is the Punjabi language, where is the teaching of English language and literature in New York City, and where are the new linguistic and thematic experiences in Urdu, the most difficult genre, Rabai. This credit goes to the writer.
3. Mamun Ayman is a picky person. His mood is evident in every stanza, smooth pace, lively, flowing. This mood, with this emphasis, is not seen in any other quartet's style not in the past, nor in the present.
4. The English-speaking country, America, makes us believe that every immigrant who comes here holds the foot of the English language, that bread and livelihood make him a prisoner of the chain of language. Mamoon Ayman is also an immigrant. He has spent three-quarters of his life in America. Like other immigrants, he is also a curious immigrant. He presented 33 books to Urdu language and literature. Indeed, in terms of number, nature, and quality, he is the first poet of Pakistani origin. This honor has a global status. Congratulations Mamun sahib.

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