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### AN ANALYTICAL STUDY OF ANWAR SAJJAD'S NOVEL "KHUSHION KA BAGH"

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**Nisar Ali, Dr. Sadaf Fatima, Dr. Muhammad Said Ali, Dr. Ijaz Ahmad Jan, Aziz ur Rahman, Seema Gul, Marina Yousaf, Muhammad Umar, Syed Azwar Abbas, Dr. Muhammad Sohail. An Analytical Study Of Anwar Sajjad's novel "Khushion Ka Bagh"-- Journal Of Archaeology Of Egypt/Egyptology 20(2), 2179-2184. ISSN 1567-214x**

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## ABSTRACT

Anwar Sajjad has derived the content of the novel "Khushion ka Bagh" from his own life and a period of political upheaval in Pakistan. This history provides a backdrop to this novel. But this novel is also an expression of universal truths which are disappearing from the society. And the whole society is on the verge of a deep chaos. Anwar Sajjad is a medical doctor by profession, so he presents the facts of the ground realities with full enthusiasm. He is also a painter and TV artist. His influence is seen everywhere in his novel.

## INTRODUCTION

In the 1980s, the country's main novelists first hit the market, including Intizar Hussain's "BASTI", Abdullah Hussain's "BAAG", Jameela Hashmi's "CHEHRA BA CHEHRA ROO BA ROO", and Bano Qudsiya's "RAAJA GIDH" by booksellers placed in prominent places. The critics announced the prizes after seeing the mood of the writers inside and outside the guild. They even kicked the grave of "Hatim Tai" by paying a huge amount of two and a half thousand for an important novel like "BASTI", in 1982-84. He published this kick through the newspaper. In this drumbeat of 80s, no one even thought that in the midst of deliberate neglect, disrespect and unknowing disbelief, things become blurred, not erased, not making them aware of the trickery of the seasons, the brutal but honest moment of history or time gives eternity. The kings, queens and ministers of the world of abstraction, symbols and metaphors are seen to be permanent everywhere, but how many have presented such an inimitable example of abstract, symbolic and metaphorical writing that the meaning, All depth are concentrated in one point. The point is that the writer is a Pakistani.

## LITERATURE REVIEW

I have read countless articles with my eyes, ears and heart in the form of declarations of claims of Pakistan, But I have never descended so deep as to enter the cave of the human body into the fiery fluid dripping from right, left and above, which clings to the senses. They can never be cleaned easily, this was my condition reading "Khushion ka Bagh". It is not an ordinary piece of writing. In it the wisdom of sages, the philosophy of philosophers, the agonizing thump of stone carvings, the movement of a painter's brush, the touch of mud from old papers, such smells and holy scriptures, such metaphors sometimes make Anwar Sajjad like the Buddhist era. Whose body is covered with a garment, feet are standing and in the hand is a pothi giving apishak.

"Khushion ka Bagh" remained in the bookshelves for a long time because of its attractive title. Finally, I took it off the shelf and held it in my hand. The metaphor of a bird wearing a crown on its head and a heavy chain on its feet under the golden flowers, leaves and branches on the tourist ground reminded me of the story in which two close executioners put their hands on the false stones. He had convinced not only the king but also Umra and Warzara. The cloth they are making for the king's dress is visible only to the wise. Therefore, despite the fact that the clothes were not visible, no one including the king, wisely declared repentance. And when the naked king passed through the markets in the form of a procession, a little child stood up. "Hey, King is naked" is like saying, "Hey, there is a crown on the head, but there are

chains on the feet." There will be many dimensions in this one gesture, but I will feel as if someone has re-enacted before me the longest and tiring journey from the birth of Hawwa (A.S). I don't usually raise such questions. May be I'm not right. I don't want to fall into the confusion of authority and compulsion. I'm not a painter, but painting lives in the secret recesses of my mind like a microphone videocassette. For me, a "BOSH" painting becomes a world of life. That's why when I read Anwar Sajjad's sentence in the beginning of the "Khushion ka Bagh", "What does Bush mean to me?" "So I said "Bush is Anwar Sajjad of 1981-1982 era". Bush's fourteenth and fifteenth century AD is Anwar Sajjad's fourteenth, fifteenth Hijri. It is not impossible to have the same people in this similarity of centuries. Listen to the description given to us by Anwar Sajjad:

"زمینی خوشیوں کا باغ تین حصوں (پینل) پر مشکل ہے، پہلے پینل میں حوا کی تخلیق کا منظر پیش کیا گیا ہے۔ چٹانوں اور نباتات کی اشکال مصوری کی انتہا ہیں، دوسرا پینل خوشیوں کا باغ ہے۔ یہ جانور وں اور نوجوان برہنا مردوں عورتوں سے اٹا پڑا ہے تیسرا پینل موسیقی کا جہنم ہے۔ اس پینل میں دوشکلیں پہلی نظر ہی میں اپنی طرف متوجہ کر لیتی ہیں۔ (1)

Anwar Sajjad has raised two questions after describing the details of Bosch's petting. What does Bosch mean to me? I have already answered the above right or wrong. The second question is what the relationship of my novel with musical hell is. I will give it in simple words. But Anwar Sajjad gives the answer himself.

تیسرا پینل (موسیقی کا جہنم) واقعاتی لحاظ سے ناول کے سیاق و سباق میں کسی طرح جذب ہوا ہے؟ اس کی استعاراتی سطح کیا بنتی ہے؟ وسیع استعاراتی تناظر میں یہ استعارہ کتنی وسعت اختیار کر چکا ہے؟ نادل کے "میں" کی معروضی صورت حال بعض حالتوں میں داخلی صورت حال کو بھی کہ جس سے "میں" شعوری، غیر شعوری طور دامن بچانے کی کوشش کرتا ہے، پیٹنگ کے حوالے سے کتنی کامیابی یا ناکامی سے نبھایا گیا ہے۔ پھر روایت، زبان، اسلوب، اور ابلاغ کے مسائل اور ایسے ہی بے شمار مسائل صاحبان علم و ادب، فہم و ادراک کے ذہن میں خلجان پیدا کر سکتے ہیں۔ جو کڑی تنقیدی نگاہ کے شہر کے بل پر رکھ اور محاکمے کے حقدار سمجھے جاتے ہیں۔ (2)

Now, before I discuss the metaphorical context of petting the author's explanation and the appropriate panel for Anwar Sajjad's novel, it would be better to refer to the last part, i.e, of being outside the knowledge and understanding of these masters. Let me admit that for whom the author mentioned the right of critical seat. I have read it as a mere reader and the nature of my comments is nothing more than to congratulate the author for his efforts. According to Anwar Sajjad, this world has its own geography. It has its own history. Therefore, Western experts are unable to explain the explanation of this head. They can also be seen as couples dancing around Yoongi on a round board placed on a knife that stands on his head. But they deliberately ignore the head and face. This face is the third world. The skin of this face is scraped off and tied to a golden pillar. He was said to be one whose genius of strength and hands had built for them a boat so large on the shore that they would all board and go to the island where their great bright destiny would be carved from their bodies and carved into a pillar of gold. It has been tied together. The beginning of the novel is from this heroism. We do not argue that in the context of the history and geography of Pakistan and the third

world , there was really such a person who would have pulled our bright destiny from the golden pillar. We are interested in imagining the truth of these situations, conditions, feelings, which the author's pen has written with great passion. This is the reason why the writer was not interested in the fruits of expiation. He found the upside-down monster, the third-world woman swallowing a naked woman, a familiar metaphor. That is why his novel became closer to the hell of music. A parrot's beak is a painful condition that does not scratch the skin. Makes it unusable by cutting it. According to the author, the person who saved him from this torture did not know that he could also be a victim of a conspiracy. Currency notes change the direction of the hands. And those who bring back the skin of destiny show the courage by lowering the boat half in the water. Every moment in the punishment meted out to him, the whole thread of this novel goes on. Dancing around Yoongi in front of the novelist is a creature standing on a circular throne on the tip of a sharp knife. He looks at it from different angles and leaves it to the imagination. The freestyle of must imagination does not assume any order. But the order is established by itself. In this, the objective form of the novelist often takes an internal form. Sometimes he wears the skin of fate in it. He is an accountant. He has a wife. There are children. There are parents. All are satisfied, happy But in the next moment he finds himself among the countless people who, with the help of the imprisoned person, have prepared a boat on the shore of the beach and landed it halfway on the belly of the sea. The captive probably did not notice that the mast-sails had taken the form of a great cross. Or he already knows the relationship between mast and sail. That is why he smiles noting that he thinks the existence of such a slab is inevitable in such a journey.

Anwar Sajjad is so confident about the power of this imprisoned man that his defeat and intent steal the lamp of his vision and then everything he does becomes a new world, a complete sensual image goes there is no order or history in their parts littered on the ground. Each piece becomes its own history and order. The first piece is the story of a prisoner who is arrested for being an accomplice of a boat builder. Prisoners are trained in the prison to lead a righteous and noble life, they say if you become noble and righteous, you will become rich, success and happiness will kiss your feet, this sermon does not affect the prisoner, he says you know that it does not, , that's why you people took other paths, you who are in jail do not understand the ways that those who send you to jail take, these outsiders never come to jail themselves. Law protects him who owns the world.

Why did Anwar Sajjad resort to metaphor for expression? I think the main reason for this is that in our literature, especially in fiction, there is no such critic who opens his chest and allows to look at literature from a literary point of view. Knowing his testimony to be credible, the writer should be freed from the fear of bleeding. What is around us, if the eye of the writer cries tears of blood, why should he be sentenced to be stitched and blinded? There is justice. It seems like a sob wandering in the corridors of solitary confinement, which breaks the illusion of the majestic dominance of the prisoner. See under lines..

"دور دراز کی خوشیاں مجھے میری موجودہ ادیت کا احساس دلاتی ہیں۔"

تو اس سراب سے رشتہ توڑ لو، تم کہتی ہو کہ  
یہ سراب نہیں، تم ہر شے سے کٹ گئے ہو۔ اس لئے اجنبی  
میری اجنبیت میرا عذاب ہے  
اس لئے کہ تم نے شمولیت سے انکار کر دیا ہے" (3)

It is the same joining that is made by joining the pairs while dancing around the pongi on the round board placed on the end of the knife, but the idea of the monster with the upside down doll does not allow him to join, hence the second scattered part . It's up to you how ambiguous the symbolism is.

"شہر سپاٹ ہے بے روح بے رنگ، اپنے بطن میں حرامیوں کو لئے پیٹ کے بل خود کو گھسیٹتا ہے۔ اس میں یہ خواہش مرگئی ہے کہ اپنے پیروں پر کھڑا ہو کر اپنی دودھاری پیچ سے آسمان کو چیرخ بے گھر کی پشتیں ڈوبتے دن کی لپٹوں سے خوف زدہ ہیں۔ ان کی بنیادوں میں رینگتی تاریکیاں، جھوٹے حوصلوں کی رمق اور یہ شہر رینگتا ہے۔ ہر روز اپنی دہلیزوں کو چاٹتا خود کو گھسیٹتا ہے شاندار مکانوں کے اندر اکھڑے پلستروں والی غلام گردشیں میں کھڑکیوں اور دروازوں پر بے حیا پر دے سڑکوں پر ٹوٹے جوتوں ، ننگے پیروں سے چپک جانے والا کو تار، گھٹیا نفرتیں، گھٹیا محبتیں ، گھٹیا شہر ہیں جو گلیوں کے گڑھوں، نامیوں گھوروں میں گندھ جاتی ہیں، جہاں کوڑے کرکٹ گندگی کے تلچھٹ کے ساتھ ایک چہرہ بھی گٹر میں پھسل جاتا ہے" (4)

The punishment of this one face slipping into the gutter does not allow its objective appearance to remain. He disappears while being with his wife.

"میں خوش ہوں لیکن میری نظریں بار بار دریا کے کنارے کی طرف اُٹھ جاتی ہیں۔ میں بار بار انہیں وہاں سے چھڑا کر اپنی بیوی کے چہرے پر لاتا ہوں اور پیارے سے بھر لیتا ہوں۔ وہ مجھے سے بار بار پوچھتی ہے۔ میری طبیعت تو ٹھک ہے۔ میں اسے بار بار بتاتا ہوں کہ بالکل ٹھیک ہے۔ جانے میری بیوی کو یقین کیوں نہیں آتا۔ وہ تنگ آکر پوچھتی ہے۔ میں کنارے پر بار بار کیسے دیکھتا ہوں۔ میں اسے بتاتا ہوں کہ میں کنارے پر ہی رہ گیا ہوں"  
کنارے پر رہنے کی وجہ وہ خود ہی بتا دیتا ہے۔  
"میں کسی احساس جرم میں مبتلا ہو کیا؟ تشکر ، خوشی سے بوجھل دل ڈوبنے کیوں لگتا ہے۔" (5)

Next he gives the deadline:

سب سے تباہ کن جنگ وہ ہے جو انسان اپنے اندر لڑتا ہے اور ہارتا ہے نہ جیتتا ہے" (6)

Within the novelist, Technique is present on every page of this novel with the metaphorical beauty of language and style. But these metaphors or symbols seem to be the music of hell, in which couples are deafened while dancing around Yoongi. From the clutches of the trembling legs and clasping arms of these couples, this voice is heard:

"اپنی تاریخ دوسروں کو سبق سکھانے کے لیے ہوتی ہے۔ آج ہم گھوم گھام کر پھر اسی جگہ نہیں آگئے جہاں ایک بار پہلے ہی ہم نے اپنے ایمان ، اپنے عقیدوں ، اپنے تشخص ، اپنے وجود کے ٹکڑے کر دیئے تھے۔ اب پھر ہم اپنے ہاتھوں سے اپنے بچے کھچے درٹے کا شیرزادہ ، بکھیر دیں گے اور الزام دشمنوں کو دیں گے۔ یہ سب انہی کی سازش تھی۔ مضبوط سے مضبوط درخت کا تنا کھو کھلا ہو جائے تو کند سے کند کلہاڑی کا دار نہیں سہہ سکتا۔ کیا واقعی پتہ نہیں کہ ہم طرح طرح کی شارک مچھلیوں کے گھیرے میں پھر آگئے ہیں۔ جو ہمیں اپنے کسی بھی من پسند وقت میں غذابنا لیں گی۔ کیا ہمیں سمندر کی سطح پر ان کے پر نظر نہیں آتے" (7)

I think that Anwar Sajjad has entered the spirit of Pakistani literature in this piece. I have never seen such a beautiful literary expression of love for

Pakistan. I have never heard the novelist speaking in such a metaphorical context with such depth and in such a magical tone in any novel.

I have not read any writing of Anwar Sajjad except "Khushion ka Bagh", but it is a strange situation that now there is no motivation to read any other writing. In this novel, Anwar Sajjad has completed his introduction to the extent that there is no room for more.

"میں سیاسی جانور نہیں ہوں۔ مجھے سیاست سے کوئی دلچسپی نہیں۔ میں سکون چاہتا ہوں۔ امن و امان سے زندگی بسر کرنا چاہتا ہوں۔ مجھے زندگی سے پیار ہے۔ میں زندہ رہنا چاہتا ہوں۔ مجھے اپنی بیوی سے چھوٹی چھوٹی بچیوں سے، ماں باپ سے، دوستوں، رشتہ داروں پھولوں درختوں، بجلی، بارش، طوفان، شبنم، سمندروں آسمان، ستاروں، چاند، سورج سے شدید محبت ہے۔ یہ سب مجھ میں دھڑکتے ہیں۔ اسے پہلنا پہولتا دیکھنا چاہتا ہوں۔ بس اتنی سی خواہش ہے۔ میری، سکون ہو، امن و امان ہو، کیامیری اس چھوٹی سی خواہش میں بھی تو کوئی سیاسی جر ثومہ نہیں چھپا ہوا"۔ (8)

After this sworn statement, would there be any justification left for Anwar Sajjad to accuse him of desecrating his land? Is it haram to think about scratching the skin of fate tied to the golden pillar? Shouldn't a bosh be allowed to pet a naked woman with a parrot's beak sitting upside down on a three-legged chair?

Whatever the answer is. It cannot be denied that the author has transferred the metaphor of the journey of caste to the external situation with a very nimble hand and a new skill and thus, after the abstraction, symbolism and futility in the technique of modern novel writing, he is a writer. It has also removed the charge of being cut off from society. Rather, the reality is that this novel will be placed in the class of a classic based on the metaphorical beauty of its style and expression more than its content. It is necessary that this novel reaches the hands of literary critics and they give it a distinguished certificate.

## REFERENCES

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