

**SELECTED URDU POEMS OF
FAY SEEN EJAZ**



A FAIRY IN THE GOBLET

Translated by :

SAMIR MUKHERJEE

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*[Nothing has happened to you
Your strength has not ebbed away
Come on, get up, dust your hands
You have fallen quite by chance]*

These lines had a tremendous impact on me as if they were directly addressed to me. This coincidence was hair-raisingly uncanny. Was it God's will that on the day of my fall this Urdu poet Ejaz should come to my rescue as a consoler? Well, Ejaz means miracle.

Since then I find myself involved in translating some of his poems.....

Lastly, I express my gratitude to Mr. Gulzar who has gone through my translation and appreciated my effort.

Samir Mukerjee

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The Ludo



Me and my verses
Are crying out
Obstinately since long
Both turn from side to side in uneasiness.
Umpteen. times we've tossed and turned
During the disorderly sleep.
We're divided in hundred squares
The snake swallows us
The ladder takes us to the top.

Thus emerges the dawn!

A button



*The impact was unusual
When the button of my cuff fell off, untraceable
This led to a flood of memories.
A thread of light flashed through my mind
like a taut string of a musical instrument.
You applied so many stitches
to bind my heart in your own special way.
The thread passed through your pink lips;
how swiftly your teeth severed that.
Melodies poured out of your wide open eyes.*

*There is no one to put lips on the flute the way you did.
Who else can sew on a button like you?
There is only a breath-like needle
that mends my wounds now.*

Verse, a lump of ice



*Don't offer me your silken palm.
A passion may ignite my lips
Slowly creeping into my breath
it might descend on your rose-petalled palm.
My sight may get lost in the lines of your hand.*

*When a sailor discovers
a milky white, grey, violet or pink island
that suddenly appears on the palm of a sea
he feels proud
and an impressive song emerges from him.*

*Who knows what will happen
if my intense desire
lifts the dust of haze
enabling me to kiss that island.*

*You may pull your hand away from mine anytime
in your own unique style
Darling ! I'll be merely left with silken knots in my hand.
Verse is like a lump of ice
that can burn the toughest of palms.*

Smile of a corpse

No questions stir my mind
A strange burden weighs on my eyes
Whether its you or just the moon in the sky.
I don't have the power to grope in the dark
I wonder why my feet are struck to the pavement.
Let me hear from you, where you got lost.
An idea of a wandering life
is frozen on my lips
as if its the frigid smile of a corpse.

Pickpocket and the moon



*Inside the shrunken curve
of the soft sky
On the shoulder of a velvet cloud
Carelessness makes the purse of the night
open out a little.
A shining halo becomes visible
A pickpocket's hand stretches as far as the halo:
the moon resembles a yellow coin ★
Evading human eyes
he grabs it tightly in his fist.
It could be a rare treasure for a pauper.
A sleepless dweller from a habitat sunk in sleep
will be only too happy
if he is able to get the moon.*

★ The poet has termed the coin as *Ath'anni*, pre-metric half a rupee. S.M.



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Acquaintance



*The sharp and pointed claws
pitched into the body of the wind
are of the very same sun
which has been proud of its companion, the wind.
God alone knows what's happening
I'm on the point of breathing my last
while the world all around me,
the one created by God,
which I know so well
remains utterly dumb.*

A scene



*The clouds amass on the horizon ——
Between the dark clouds
a white stork startles me by its fleeting glimpse
and then its lost forever.
Its the way you
entered my dark life
only to disappear
without any warning.*

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Loadshedding



*For the last few weeks
Lights go off in my city at night
I burn a candle then
To read and write during the night
I've never seen a moth coming in and dancing
Till the candle begins to fade.
I think at that moment
How wax can change its shape
It melts with the flame and congeals by air.
Its really such a small thing
but I could not understand it earlier.
When the city never had loadshedding
Why would the camphor burn in the graveyard of my nights
How could I create a verse like this?*

Heartless

*(After the big earthquake
in Latur, Maharashtra in 1993)*



*One day I received a call
from a daily newspaper.
The editor spoke thus:
"What has happened to you,
Why has your heart turned into stone?
There has been a severe earthquake
You haven't written anything about it!
Don't you wish to write on it?"*

This was my reply to him:

"Sir, I haven't really written anything!

*Many earthquakes have erupted
within myself ———*

Who knows about them?

Countless tremors leave me shattered almost daily

You never bothered about these sorrows of mine

Yet I'm alive within the framework of my bones."

Tandoor murder case



(A beautiful woman Nina was murdered in Hotel Ashok Yatri Niwas, Delhi. The killer dismembered her body and hid the pieces in the chimney and disappeared. Political people were involved in the murder, it is said.)

*No camera is ever fitted
in the eye of an accident.
Fit a camera in the eye of an accident.
Who ever may be the killer
his image must be captured in that.
A camera in the eye of an accident
is now a necessity.*

I'm reading your lips



*I read your lips
A book, half opened and a rose
kept on my chest
I can't say whether I am asleep or awake
I just read your lips.*

A story takes shape in each crease of your lips
as if a line of verse
is imprinted below the arch
Tell me, who has written these
naughty stories and poems.
Was it me?
This newfound silence of your lips
is merciless.
It's too difficult for me to understand.
The writing that appears on your lips
is certainly not mine.
The message that my lips had written
was honest and subtle.
I had imparted my tone to your lips
but today I find a different text written
every word of which appears strange
and grey.
Now the boat of my heart may be afloat
only if a smile
shaped like a bow
stretches across your lips.

*Allow me to discover a new tale
salvaged from the old ones.
Let's start on a voyage again :
let my thirst help the sail to billow.
The sea is calling you.
I'll collect any and every word
which falls from your lips.
I wish to travel with your lips
I only await a signal from your lips
That's why I go on reading your lips.*

The last love



*The crimson of the twilight haunts the background.
The border of the impending dusk is light green
The dying sun sets the river on fire
That's when I recognized your face.*

*The moment I recognized you
I longed to touch you.
Fragrance, colour, light and darkness
I've seen them all at the crossroads.*

*You're a wonderful embodiment of magic
I look for you all around
At one moment you appear, the next moment you're gone
You seem to lose your edges.*

*Hiding behind the trees
Why do you incite me to approach you ?
Pouring sweetness into my ears
Why do you let your anklets sing ?*

*This thin veil of yours
This imprint of deeply felt dreams
As if mist ascends from a cascading waterfall
From the depth of mountain gorge.*

*You're my doe-eyed love
Why do you succumb to fear ?
You always flee when I approach you
Why have such flights become your habit ?*

*I shall not fly away after gorging myself on nectar
I'm not a greedy bee entranced by beauty
I'm not what you thought I was
I assure you I'm nowhere like it.*

*The anticipation of our tryst
produces an intoxication of joy
I wish to rouse your passions
Let me then hold your hand.*

*Love is best defined
as a meeting of two innocent hearts
I would like to drink your tears, my dear
You're at liberty to play with my joy.*

*Your game of hide and seek
Calling me to you and then vanishing
Is it that your love and happiness
are the advance and retreat of agony and tragedy ?*



The Translator

Samir Mukerjee (b.10.1.1931), great grandson of Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee, who established the Martin Burn group of companies. Educated at St.Xaviers' School and St.Xaviers' College, Calcutta from where he graduated with Honours in Economics. Joined Trinity College, Cambridge, England in 1951 to read Economics. Returned to India in 1955 and worked in Martin Burn Ltd. till 1986.

He contracted polio in 1959 and remained in bed for a year. Married Anita Roy in 1968. Wrote for the *FRONTIER* as a drama critic. Translated Bengali Poems of Sukanto Bhattacharya into English for Pritish Nandy's *DIALOGUE INDIA*. Bengali Poems published in "*Sahityachinta*" which was edited by Kiran Shankar Sen Gupta. Wrote a series of articles for "Interface" of *Amrita Bazar Patrika* and reminiscences for *The Telegraph's* "*Metro*". Had a passion for Urdu since the year 1947 and picked up conversational Urdu from friends including Fay Seen Ejaz.

*These last rays of the sun
transform you into a flame
which illuminates your face
and deepens my melancholy.*

*You're an uniquely beautiful dream
If only you had come clothed in reality
You have been an absolute fantasy
I wish you had met me as a living desire.*

*You're afraid of my coming close to you
Now look that the sun is setting
For tomorrow your lover writes this on a tree
And then departs :*

*"The circulation of blood may be poor
yet the heart is youthful
Ah! this, my last love
is one whole, rich story."*

The search



*If they ever find me
Their souls will cry out in jubilation.
Years, months, weeks and days search for me
As if I am a lost island.*

Sometimes, perhaps



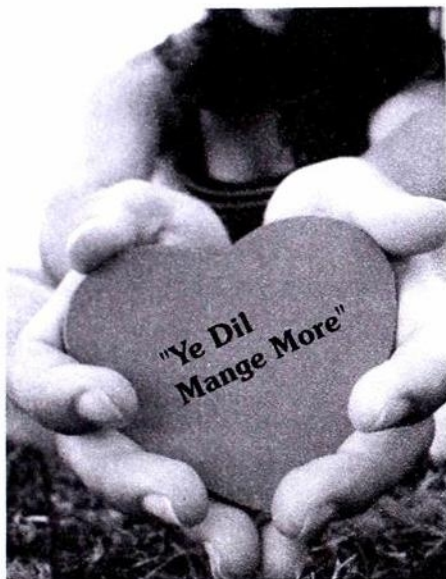
*Your performance is worthy of admiration
Everyone feels happy and satisfied
with the smile that hovers o'er your lips
But I'm well aware
that there is dampness and moisture
underneath the foundation of your home*

*And the chests of your walls are burning
The eyes' ventilators are open
dimmed with smoke.
I offer a handkerchief to you
dipped in fragrant memories of yesteryears.
Put it in your purse
because unexpectedly
a bleak and melancholic evening
may remove you
from an assembly pulsing with mischievous laughter
to a grim and silent corner where you shed tears.
If someone looks at you then
surely you'll like to keep the kohl in your eyes intact
while you wipe your wet eyelashes.*

Sometimes tears come within the range of laughters.

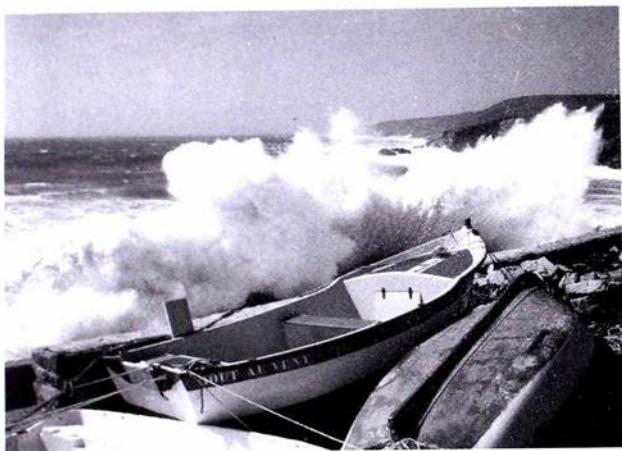
The heart desire more

"Ye Dil Mange More"



*Very often, since the last two or three years
I watch an advertisement sitting in my home
where it is written, "Life means more."
I could not understand till this day
These three English words.
Are they meant for God or me ?*

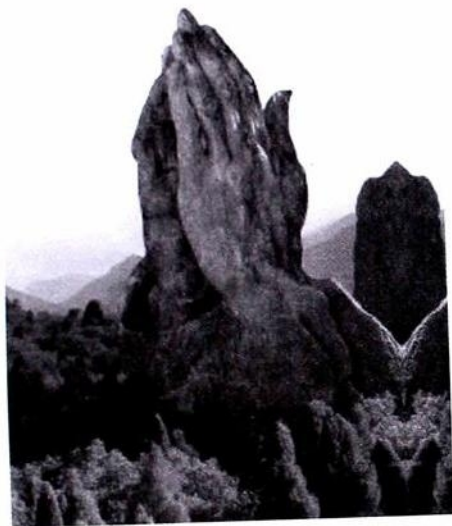
*Does God watch Zee TV ?
I fail to understand the meaning of these words.
Every night I reach home
and rummage my empty pockets
then my wife asks
"Has life provided you with very little even today?
Take your sleeping pill from me now
Write a brand new verse and just go to sleep!"*



*"No, I don't love you anymore"
Don't trust me when I say this.
The sea may recede from its normal level
It may be deprived of its waves
Such a thing is only ephemeral*

*What's so surprising?
Don't tides ever come in a sea?
The waves bow their heads now
but they'll soon be raising them
and'll again reach their normal height
in a fit of excitement.
The sand on the shore will be drenched in water
The hearts of mountains will start melting
The wind's movements will seem to falter
My lips will begin to quiver again
"No, I don't love you anymore"
Never trust my words if I repeat them again.
The element of surprise in love has only too short a tenure.*

Prayer and profession



*People only pray
to suit the needs of their profession
It makes no difference
whether one is a sepoy or a pickpocket,
a courtesan, healer or a preacher
God is merely obliged to create man
and show him the way to earn his livelihood.*

*Every morning they wash and bathe
and hoping for God's mercy
leave their homes
to earn their daily bread.
They wish to make their day useful
and reap good profits
While come back to homes
with pockets bulging with money
their eyes radiate happiness.
People only pray
to suit the needs of their profession.
If someone says this is not what he does
he is probably telling a lie.*

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The sherwani of General Pervez Musharraf

*(After the failure of Indo-Pak
Summit at Agra in July 2001)*

*This black Sherwani —— !
How much it suits you
Make it a veil
of diplomacy, people's love
and messenger of peace !*

*We pray
your heart be kindled
like a lampshade of love
through which
the expectations and aspirations
brighten up ——
darkness be removed;
the barbed wire fences
on our borders fell down.*

*If God gives us His favour
we'll like to put on your chest
near your heart
a fragrant and smiling flower
of our friendship
plucked from Kashmir.*

*We pray that you come very close to us
and allow us to be near you
We pray that the costume of peace
be tailored to be as fit and smart
as your Sherwani !*

*We pray that no stitch of amity
between the two countries should unravel
We pray that the period of hatred passes
and the age of sincerity and peace comes to us
We pray that you stay here
as our honoured guest.*

*We're a humble people
We pray these beautiful moments
turn into golden memories.
We hope you will come again to us;
one day we shall also visit you.*

*The months and years
that both of us have spent
in waiting and longing
should receive their full worth.*

*Take away our love when you return
We're mendicants
What else can we give you
We're supplicants
We'll always knock at the door of your heart
We're simply impressed by your sherwani
Whichever angle we may look at you from
you don't seem to be a military man.*

A Thumb sucking doll



*My daughter gets her mother's love
Father's affection
Kindness from brothers, sisters
Blessings from teachers
And friendship from classmates every day.*

*Her smile pleases all of us like the new moon.
She wins the hearts of people
With her lively chatter,
Spontaneous riddle, story or drama.
Only a few days have passed
When she blew out eight candles
Cut a cake and grabbed the gifts
It is only since then
That this doll has cast a spell of silence
On each need, each puzzle, each story
Emerging from my poor home.*

Excessive salt



1

*I tell you a story from my childhood
When father came home
mother laid the cloth for lunch
and served the poor meal
Something would upset him
He drank water and rose up suddenly.*

Mother would try to please him
but he shouted in anger.
My little sisters were struck dumb
Then mother lost control
and burst out at father
Saying "Sir, why do you shout so much?
Little birds are frightened with all that noise!"
Father then became silent
The quarrel over excess salt thus ended.

2

I tell you a story that happened last night
When I was seated at dinner
The squabble with wife broke out.
My blood pressure was high
And her pressure was even higher
Both had wrong estimates about the salt
What she considered less was too strong for me.

There is a regular quarrel over salt content
And the children only look on.

Garbage vat



*Remove the cover of the litter bin !
I have to dump the decencies
of the city, wrapped in a white shroud
in the same vat
kept in the same vicious place
before the next morning.*

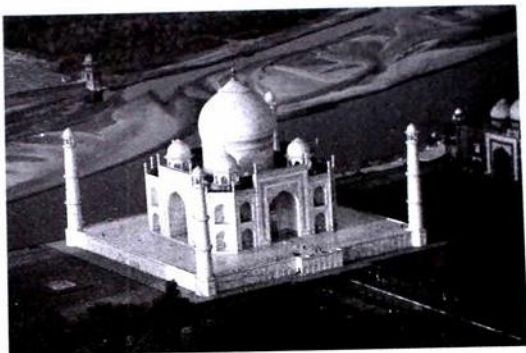
*No dog should dare to bark
If one barks it should know
I have a pistol in my hand
to silence it.*

A fairy in the goblet

This poem was specially written
for a poetical symposium
of *Srijan* on the occasion of 'Ulhas Purnima' (20th April'08)
when every poet had to recite a verse watching
the effulgence of the full moon from the roof top.

*I'm not sure
whether it is gold or fire in the water
A piece of ice
floats like a cloud in my goblet.
Recollecting Khayyam I sip you.
The moon is full
So is my desire.
I can't go on till the day of judgement
It's enough
that I subsist for a century or two
Let me place my faith in love's poison
Oh Fairy! arise from the goblet
and kiss me once.*

Frozen Kisses



*Empty eyes
Dejected body
Faded fair cheeks.
I tried my best to incite
and stir emotions in her.
But she only responded
with frozen kisses.
I, then, started thinking the other way.
I had brought her
to an open environment
on an early summer night
with a desire to make love.
But now I fear
that during these delicate moments of privacy
the cold stones of Taj Mahal
will make me sick as well.*

Preface

Samir Mukerjee and me.

It is quite a good time now to reflect on the fact that whenever we meet at his home (unfortunately he doesn't move from his home for health reasons) I translate orally for his pleasure one or two English pieces written by him and he takes down the note in Roman. His spoken Urdu is very impressive and accomplished.

It was about five or six years ago. I asked my friend why don't you reverse the role. I gave him some of my Urdu verses in Roman script. A few days after, he delivered to me the English version of the same. I was surprised to see how well he did it.

It was really wonderful.

Thus, a two-way literary traffic started when none of us wasted each other's time. Imagine what an interesting "translation workshop" comes into being where *Anita-boudi* enhances the mood with her *special* serving of coffee made for the two friends—nay the translators!

A love-culture enriched by home work indeed! Some may be envious of this.....

Fay Seen Ejaz

One Durga Puja season



*The eye contact between the husband and the wife
is different from the one found in the eyes
of the lover and the beloved.*

It took a large part of my life to fathom this.

Go to any bazar or hotel

And look around

How the festival of Durga Puja is being celebrated.

Where has consumerism brought us today!

The price of each idol has shot up

And each idol maker is selling his creation

Every emotion is getting a bonus.

How much salary does one earn in a month?

Concealing so much from my wife's eyes

during this Puja season

I spend lavishly on a woman

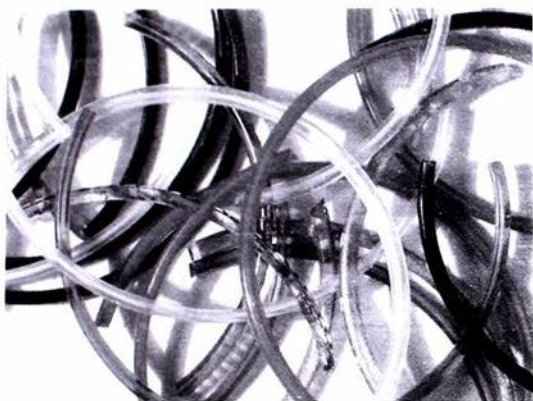
Who gives me just nothing.

The clouds of salvation



*How do medicines make a man sick
And hopes snatch away all the shelters
The shores submerge themselves in a storm
Why do the supports shatter confidence unobtrusively ?
All such questions now try to evade me
I smile o'er them
I'm pleased to break the link with hopes
I rebel and overcome each storm
I have no reason to ask anything from anyone
o'er such questions !*

*I wish.....one day, just one day
The heaven of the merciful God
Drops into the bowl of my hands raised in prayer
And the clouds seeking salvation
Pour down from my eyes
To unburden my life.*



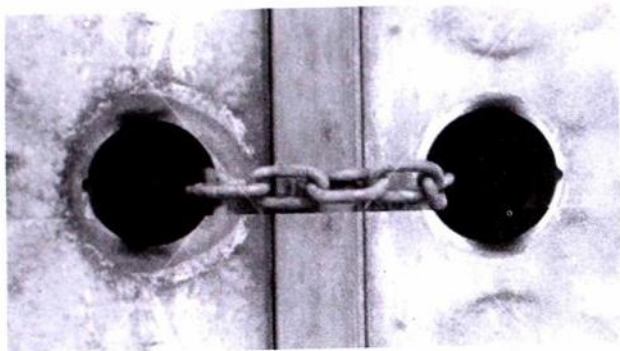
*The young widow
Clad in white clothes
Adorned with gold ornaments
Is not proper.
Ask the painter
To blacken his canvas.
Ruins have the traditions of their own.*

An advice



*Never get involved in the love of salty faces
You should know that you live on a sea-coast
Physicians say "extra salt is not good for health".
Yet you dwell near the calamities of the heart
It would be better if you're drawn toward tasteless recipies.
Be grateful to God
That all the salt-free meals of your home
Are better than the 'bazar delicacies'.*

Who is it?



.....Who is it coming in like a thief?
Who is it moving the chain of my door?
Is he dumb who can't mention his name?
Is he deaf who can't hear my voice?
A silent traveller like him never appeared before
Oh.....was it you who called out my name just now?
Oh.....was it you who asked me
 "should I wait or go back?"
When I heard a scream, I suddenly remembered
If it was you, you have been dead long ago!

Three line poems

(*Mahias and Salasies*)

Mahias and salasies are three line poems
but they differ in metres only.



1

*I brought from there a ray of hope
When I glanced at the window
I found a moon implanted there.*

2

*How beautiful the piano melody is!
Where a lovely visage
Resonates within my soul.*

3

*Even tears have the power to frighten
If they appear in wanton eyes
They seem to cringe with fear.*

4

*There is a woollen shawl
The moment I look at that
Murderous memories come up to inflame me.*

5

*It was a drunken night
Where pleasant moments had passed
Even the glow-worms were in a state of intoxication..*

6

*I'm different from all of you.
The clock struck one at night
That's when I was face to face with myself.*

7

*The flight is a solitary one
There is no one with me
The sound of my voice exudes loneliness.*

8

*It was a spotless room
She was all alone in that
That's why I decided to stay there.*

9

*The sun didn't rise
While fire used to burn them all
I alone was inflamed by ice.*

10

*My knock on the door was nothing short of a disgrace
It remained unanswered
What did she mean to me in the past ?*

11

*The feeling is my own.
In the eyes of a stranger
There is a dream of love.*

12

*Through the chink of a door
I peeped into the heart
And discerned a mountain fire.*

13

*I knew this door
The roads were all too familiar
A shameful remark was flung from behind.*

More three line poems

*(In straight equal metre in Urdu.
Other than Mahias and Salasies.)*



1

*My room began to sparkle
I realised as she had arrived
That a body can also be so luminous!*

An opening note



Just imagine an incident in the life of Samir Mukerjee, who has translated the poems of the celebrated Urdu poet Fay Seen Ejaz from Urdu to English. It seems he has selected poems from various anthologies of his work and compiled them under one title "A Fairy In The Goblet". Mr Samir should be congratulated for two reasons. A good selection of poems and very good translation of them.

He has kept the fragrance of poetry alive. While reading some of the poems, it made me curious to know the original Urdu poems, but I did not miss it. For example the poem "*Ludo*" and its lines like:

2

*A faint smile o'er the lips
A starry shine within the eyes
It's good if a patient is cured!*

3

*She entered my bedroom at dawn
And went back before the repast was complete.
There was only that one bit of sunlight!*

4

*Having applied lipstick on her lips
She glanced once into the mirror.
I felt she needed me then!*

5

*People always said you were mad
And I kept repeating "love o love"
Though I didn't know what love was!*

6

*How long could I appease the people
I don't know what came o'er me one day
I was unhappy with myself!*

7

*The blank paper was on my easel
I asked her to touch it with her lips
As my hand was injured that day!*

8

*I placed my hand by chance
The paint was wet
I could read my fate on the imprint!*

9

*I pruned the Rajnigandhas with scissors
To trim them to suit the vase
The blooms then lost their beauty!*



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10

*Snowflakes are flying far away
We were together one day
Remember, how we played in the snow!*

11

*I wrung my handkerchief
A good deal of moisture came out
When had I wept so intensely?*

12

*She was in an orchard of jamun trees
When I looked at her skirt
It bore a stain of the previous season!*

13

*What a good song could be heard from the swing
The moment she saw me her movements stopped
As the rope slipped, the rhythm broke!*

Couplets from a ghazal

*I invite friends to my home on my birthday
Only to extinguish the burning candles of my name.*

*I derive an unique strength from the feeling of beauty
Which, like a touchstone, can convert anyone into gold.*

*These jugglers swallow the red flames turning them into
water
This is how their skill satisfies the hell of their starvation.*

*Our dreams are the precursors of the coming ages
Our dreams smile through every lively vision.*

*These insensitive bodies with bright, clear, smooth
figures
Are the statues whom the plutocrats instal in their
palaces.*

*No body now lends any support to another
Everyone here carries his own corpse on his own
shoulders.*



An author of twelve and translator of four books in Urdu covering poetry, criticism, travelogues, short stories *Fay Seen Ejaz* was born in Delhi on 2nd May 1948 (as recorded in his School certificate). He received his primary education from Fatehpuri Muslim High School, Delhi. He did matriculation from Presidency Muslim High School, Calcutta in 1964 and completed Pre-University Course in 1966 and B.A. in 1969 from St.Xaviers College, Calcutta. He left LLB course of Calcutta University incomplete in 1972.

He has been editing and publishing "*Mahnama Insha*" since last 23 years which is a very prestigious international Urdu periodical of India. Insha's special issues are highly acclaimed in the entire Urdu world. To mention a few there are "Adeebon Ki Hayat-e-Muasheqa" (Love lives of the litterateurs), Aalami Urdu Afsane, Scandinavian Literature Number, Babari Masjid Number, Contemporary Urdu Literature of Calcutta, Gopichand Narang Number, Gulzar Number and Rumi Number. Yet another (the 19th) special issue containing 166 selected editorials of "*Mahnama Insha*" written in a period of 23 years is expected soon.

Ejaz has travelled to Moscow, Norway, Denmark, England, U.A.E., Saudi Arabia, Syria, Doha (Qatar), Mauritius and U.S.A. to participate in Urdu mushairas and conferences.

An eminent Urdu scholar from Maharashtra Dr. Syed Yahya Nasheet has published a 400 pages research work on Fay Seen Ejaz's life and contributions.

*Umpteen times we've tossed and turned
During the disorderly sleep.
We're divided in hundred squares
The snake swallows us
The ladder takes us to the top.
Or say: "Tide"
The wind's movements will seem to falter
My lips will begin to quiver again
"No, I don't love you anymore"
Never trust my words if I repeat them again.*

There are many more to quote but I leave you to your own choice.

I must complete my sentence of the beginning.
What an incident in the life of Samir Mukerjee!

One day he fell in the house and hurt both his legs. He was bedridden, depressed, and disheartened, when he heard a voice on the radio reciting a couplet in Urdu:

"Tumhe to kuch bhi nahi hua hai
tumhari taqat ghati nahi hai
Chalo, utho, apne haath jharo
tum ittefaqan hi gir pare ho"

*[Nothing has happened to you
Your strength has not ebbed away
Come on, get up, dust your hands
You have fallen quite by chance]*

That was the voice of Fay Seen Ejaz which worked like a miracle.

Since then Samir Mukerjee has been translating that poet, the outcome is "A Fairy In The Goblet".

Gulzar

Foreword



It must have been about seventeen years ago that I read a notice in the personal column of "*The Statesman*" to the effect that a well known Urdu poet, Fay Seen Ejaz was organizing an international mushaira in which the renowned Pakistani poet, Ahmad Faraz would also participate. Ejaz's telephone number was given and I felt a tremendous urge to get in touch with him. That was the time when my own encounters with spoken Urdu had reached a kind of dead-end, and meeting someone steeped in the language and Urdu literature would have been a great boon.

Little by little I got to read some of his poems. The ones I read seemed direct—they spoke with a lucidity making his lines memorable and uncluttered, carrying within them different shades of meaning. They appealed to me at the very first reading.

He is a man with far-flung interests and his range of activities is very wide. Apart from being a literary journalist and acquiring a formidable reputation as a poet, critic, translator and short story writer, he looks after a factory producing engineering goods as well as his publication business in Urdu.

Some of his books are *Tanhaiyan*, *Lashareek*,

Sahib-e-Fun, *Mausam Badal Raha Hai*, *Oonche Makanon Ke Qareeb*, which are collections of his ghazals and nazms; *Islami Tasawwuf Aur Sufi* dealing with Sufism and a selection of Maulana Jalaluddin Rumi's hikayats. He embarked on a political venture by translating *Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose's biography* written by his nephew Dr. Sisir Kr. Bose in English. Amongst others we also have "*Europe Ka Safarnama*" which is really a travelogue concerning his trip to Moscow, Norway, Denmark, London and Paris. His "*Syria Mein Dus Roz*" is yet another travelogue aesthetically produced with a rich content about Syrian places and the cultural scene.

He launched "*Mahnama Insha*" in 1986 from Calcutta which is the longest serving Urdu periodical in this city. It is now published on a bi-monthly basis and remains very active on different fronts of Urdu literature. Its existence and remarkable progress has turned Calcutta into a vibrant centre in global Urdu literary journalism.

He has received many awards from the Urdu Academies of West Bengal, Uttar Pradesh, Bihar and the All India Mir Academy, Lucknow. To keep the flame of Urdu alive his position is that of a relentless crusader who deserves our sincere appreciation and very best wishes for a productive and exciting future.

An interesting incident comes to mind. One day I fell in the house and hurt both my legs badly. I had to be bedridden after that due to a series of hairline fractures. With medicines showing very little effect even after a week I felt rather depressed. It was only then that I heard by chance a radio programme in Urdu where Fay Seen Ejaz was reciting one of his Ghazals. The lines of a couplet were :

*"Tumhe to kuch bhi nahi hua hai
tumhari taqat ghati nahi hai
Chalo, utho, apne haath jharo
tum ittefaqan hi gir pare ho "*