

JAMALI

Museum Collection

Dear Jamali Art Collector,

Greetings! I hope my letter finds you in good health and spirits.

I would like to share with you an exciting and new highlight in my artist's life. My memoirs, which took me four and a half years to write, is finally complete. I just sent out a hardbound, 400 page, 150,000 words, 20 illustration plates, large format book to my publishers, Rizzoli.

The title, Jamali A Mystical Journey of Hope, True Story of an American Artist, is a captivating American saga comparable to Jackson Pollock's life story, written by Stephen Naifeh, which is now a Pulitzer Prize winner and a motion picture. The few publishers I have consulted so far believe that my book is cut out for a great American movie.

For the last 40 years, as you know, my works and the history of my art has been well documented and published. I have successfully dedicated my resources to my dream, The Art of Peace.

As humanity progresses, advanced technologies, our lifestyles, psychologies and securities are challenged. My paradigm, the Art of Peace, is dreaming fundamental universal hope for mankind. I believe, small steps lead to big changes. My hope is that the Nobel Peace Prize committee in Sweden will see the resoluteness and authenticity of my 40 years monumental, unprecedented contributions and reward its due.

To celebrate the publication of my memoir I would like to invite you to be a part of this timely and uniquely rewarding legacy.

To the point, for the first time ever, I am offering you a very special opportunity to acquire Jamali masterpieces that are featured in this catalog. Not only will the published pieces have an enhanced provenance and art investment criteria, but also is guaranteed to add the greatest value to your Jamali art collection.

The book is going to the press, I urge you to select your favorite piece and reach out to me as soon as possible. This is a time sensitive, once in a lifetime opportunity. You maybe aware, I have over 10,000 art collectors world wide, but only a handful will be inducted into the Jamali hall of fame and will be credited and published in my memoir. When you acquire a piece, with your permission, I would like to proudly print your name under your artwork.

Over the years we in the art world have come to realize that the dreams and the story of an exceptionally gifted artist become works of art themselves. So please be my guest, pick your favorite piece, call me right away, and be part of this work of art.

I am welcoming you to please reach out to me. You can email me, or call me on my cell phone anytime. I am looking forward to hearing from you soon!

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Jamali." The signature is stylized with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, horizontal flourish extending to the right.

JAMALI

Jamali: A Mystical Journey of Hope, True Story of an American Artist is a memorable story about my art, and how I created a historical, evolutionary, avant- garde style, Mystical Expressionism. Jamali is a classic Coming-to-America success story with dreams and hope. My story will also appeal to those who are not solely interested in art, as it is an epic saga about my life, a mystical and mythological story, where the dark forces continually combat the light, as I travel through seven decades and three continents. Similar to Gandhi who dreamed and advocated to change the world through non-violent measures, I dream to change the world through the Art of Peace.

There are some similarities in my book to that of other world-famous artists, too. In the way that the book, *Memoir of Vincent Van Gogh* by Jo van Gogh-Bonger, (Van Gogh's sister-in-law) portrays the artist's life as a "passionate life that was driven by an almost imaginable creative energy that eventually overwhelmed him," as he struggled in Holland and Paris, and eventually moving to Provence, where his attacks of madness led to his suicide, my book portrays my visionary mission of Art & Peace while suffering several near-death experiences, as well as incredible mystical dreams which have now been published in 400 pages by Rizzoli International Publications.

My book is divided into four parts: Part One: Pakistan; Part Two: Europe; Part Three: America, and Part Four: Love. My birth was foretold by a Holy Man to my mother before I was born, just as my father's birth was foretold before him. My story chronicles the time I was born in the foothills of the Himalayas near the Khyber Pass, in Peshawar Pakistan (once a Buddhist capital and a transit center on the Silk Road), to present day in New York City. The eldest son of a prominent family, I attended an English-Catholic elementary school that was taught by nuns. I experienced the horrors of war through the India Partition, which led to the deaths and displacement of millions of people and the creation of two countries in 1947. When I turned 13, I was sent to a British military academy, but only three years later, I was expelled from the school for rebellious behavior because I believed in peace—not war. I then went to the University of Peshawar and obtained a Master's Degree in Advanced Economics, all the while learning how to paint like the Masters.

Recognizing that my soul was yearning for self-realization, my next adventure took me to the Rajasthan Desert where I lived with the tribespeople for 5 years and built a community that thrived with irrigation and agricultural farming. Later, I learned how to dance with the Sufis, a people devoted to the worship of a higher omnipresence—mysterium tremendum—through intimate and personal rituals. I then traveled through Europe and the Himalayas where I encountered ancient peoples and cultures before I moved to the United States. All this time, I faced several near-death experiences, was arrested and put in jail, and narrowly escaped being executed by the state police in the Thar Desert.

I immigrated to America in 1973 with \$300.00 in my pocket. While striving to persevere and survive in the new world, my moment of clarity and mission came in 1976 when my father passed. At that time, I had a series of exceptionally powerful and mystical dreams, which inspired me to explore my mission of the Art of Peace. Empowered by these dreams, I created more than 25,000 original pieces of artworks to date, which is one of the largest collections in the world by a single artist.

My journey hasn't been easy. In the U.S., I faced racial discrimination and prejudice, but I persisted and obtained a Master of Fine Arts Degree from the University of Florida. Besides originating Mystical Expressionism, I created three distinctive new techniques of painting, incorporating elements and processes of nature in my painterly surfaces, using my feet in a ritualistic Sufi dance. Personally, I believed I would always remain a single, celibate man who had no time for love until one day, at my gallery in New York City, love walked in. In the final part of my book, I recount the story of meeting my wife, Karen, who hails from Denmark, and how our son, Aqdas, has brought beautiful meaning into my world. Professionally, I have become one of the most successful artists in America, and one of the most collected living artists for original paintings globally. In addition, I have built one of the largest single-artist foundations in the world with an estimated net worth in the billions, which includes 5 studios and 4 galleries in New York City, Florida, and Denmark. Currently, I have plans to build JAM: Jamali Art Museum, as an international center for dialogue and debate to further promote this paradigm of the Art of Peace.

In the publishing world, Rizzoli International Publishing—the world's foremost publisher of art history titles—has published two definitive monographs on my works with accompanying essays by the distinguished American art critic, Donald Kuspit; Poet Laureate and MacArthur Fellowship Award winner Mark Strand; and author Philip Bishop.

The purpose of my book is to disseminate my life's work, *The Art of Peace*, to a wider audience. The aspiration for my title, is to win the Nobel Peace Prize.

The following texts are two chapters from my completed 90 chapter memoir, *Jamali: A Mystical Journey of Hope, True Story of an American Artist*. This book has been printed in a 400 page, large format. The events discussed helped shape me into the artist that I am today. It is my hope that through this small sample of my story, your understanding of me and my artwork will continue to grow.

Chapter Thirty-Nine The Sufi Dance

I was still searching the infinite depths of my heart where beyond all entrenchments; I could find the true inner reality of my soul: My life. I understood the thirst to find peace and oneness with life. I also understood the sadness in one's bones and the frailty of longings. Things finally returned to normal in my compound and even though everyone was still mourning the loss of Azra and the baby, as we picked up where we had left off with our agricultural pursuits.

I had now been living in the desert for about two years. Around the hut where I had been living, I had built an enormous protective wall out of adobe that towered ten feet high to keep the desert animals out and to protect the lives of my sheep. The entrance was zigzag and lopsided, and at night, I would block it with bundles of thorny branches I collected from a prickly desert bush, so no wild animals could get in.

While the bramble bushes protected me and my sheep from the unknown creatures of the night, they did not keep the desert sands from whipping in through the open entrance and piling high. One, I searched for a wooden door for the zigzag entrance. Eventually, I found a tree and cut it down, but to this day, the memory of doing so fills me with great sadness. At the time, I was happy to find the tree, and I cut it down gladly so I could have protection, but I have come to see that this is the way of human culture—disrupting the world around us no matter the cost. Looking back, this was one of the hardest episodes from my life in the desert because the tree was a living being. I did not yet fully understand the true nature of this world in which we live. As a seeker, my experiences with the nature of God were deeper than most, but I was still learning and still had many questions about my identity.

On one particular hot, summer afternoon, I was inside my hut taking a nap. In the desert, it's an essential custom to nap in the afternoon because it is simply too hot outside to do anything else.

On this particular day, while I was drifting in and out of dreams, I awoke unexpectedly. I sat up and looked around my hut. I was filled with the feeling that something was about to happen, something extraordinary. But I didn't know what it was. I was fully aware that it might be a dream, but nonetheless, I had to get up and walk outside to investigate.

Wearing my baloch, I got up from my bed and wrapped my chadar around my head and shoulders.

I ducked out of my hut and sat under the old solitary mango tree that grew nearby. I sat quietly for a moment, not knowing what would occur, but still sensing that something of significance was on the horizon.

Silently...slowly...a tall, handsome young man with long, dark hair, wearing a chadar around him, came walking towards me from afar. It was rare to see a stranger under any circumstance, but now, in the scorching heat of the day, it was even more unusual. I thought to myself: What is going on?

This wanderer had materialized out of thin air. He walked straight up to me, smiled, and said in the local Bhil vernacular, "I'm here to show you something."

I don't think I said anything back to him, but I remember thinking: Aha! My sudden awakening from my nap began to make sense.

The young man took off his chadar and his shoes. He wore a long wide white skirt and tunic. There was a brown sash tied around his waist. With a dried branch in one hand, he began sweeping the loose desert sand in front of me. He kept whisking the branch along the ground like this for a long time until he cleared an expansive circle, about 30 feet in diameter.

After some time, I realized that the young man was engaged in some kind of sacred ritual, creating swirling patterns in the sands with his branch. It served a function, but was also a complete sacred act in itself, one of concentration—a form of waking meditation. The young dancer twirled and twirled, stamping his feet on the hardened sand, rejoicing in the music and fluidity of life.

Finally, the young man laid down the branch outside of the circle and stood in the middle of the space he had prepared. He turned his back to me, lifted his head and his arms with his palms extended upward, and slowly, he started to twirl in a circle. He lifted his left foot with the center of his rotation being on the left foot.

This swirling was called a dervish. This was his dance.

His skirt billowed out into floating folds as he whirled round and round.

I had never witnessed anything like this before in my life. The movements of his limbs and his body were not of this world. His body pulsed in rhythms. I watched him dancing on the outside, but I was seeing something quite different on the inside.

Observing his dance, absorbing myself in his ecstatic ritual, I was filled with a distinct meditative awareness that was clean, lucid and connected to the mystical.

The moment alchemized into golden shades of light and I was cognizant that I was not only of this earth, but was also of the universe and the higher planes of existence.

As this stranger's feet stamped the earth in a pounding rhythm, and his fluid arms swung up into the sky, I knew I was witnessing the whole universe dancing in front of me. This dance was the rhythm of everything that there is in this world—the rhythm of all sound and movement, of all music, sights, and colors—all the elements themselves. His dancing illuminated me, and I began to understand the deeper meanings of life.

While he was dancing, I heard a low humming sound that pulsed under my feet, through my bones and into my heart. This sound was outside and inside of me. It transformed into music and warbled the tones of a thousand voices, flutes, and violins. Where was this coming from? My mind wanted to interfere, but I ignored it.

The sound rose and pitched into a melodious HU—an ancient name for God and one of the Sufi chants—and serenaded the wind and air around me. He sang, “Allah huuuuu Akbar. Allah huuuu akbaar. Allah huuuuu akbaar.” And then the chant simply changed to “Huuuuuuuu.” It was as if the wind blew this sound...this Huuuuuuu through me... wrapping itself in my atoms...and I felt at one with the sound.

I was transfixed.

I began to see sculptures rise from the sand, even though they were a figment of my imagination. I saw paintings of images in colors, music, and depth as they filtered through the air. I began to know the inner depths of my story, although my mind said, “No, there are no words for your story.”

Time stood still. The afternoon, the heat, the desert—all disappeared. I saw only this dancer dancing. I heard only his song, this sacred chant of Huuuuuu that echoed in harmonious tones in the air. All existence reverberated in this sound and the dancer's rhythmic movements.

I was filled with a wonder that came from nowhere and everywhere. It shined in my eyes, in my heart, in the atoms in my body. I knew the true secret of the universe was within my grasp.

I had come to the desert in search of my truest self, my art, my purpose...and now, that all danced before me.

The dreams that I had in my mother's womb before I was born, the waking dreams throughout my childhood, my several near death and out-of-body experiences, the mountains, the sadness, the joy, the art, the dancer in the desert, my painting rituals that were yet to be born—my past, present and future, my entire cosmos—all merged together in this dance.

Joy burst through me. Light burst through me.

I don't know how long the dance lasted—it was timeless. Life was timeless. To create timeless art,

an artist must overcome the illusion of time. In that transcendent moment of dance, I learned to overcome this illusion and exist in a timeless space where my art dwelled.

After some passage of time, the dancer wordlessly slowed his dancing and nodded. He turned and left as mysteriously as he had appeared.

I knew I had experienced an epiphany, one of ecstasy. It had filled me with joy. A deep secret had been revealed to me—a secret that I would enjoy throughout my life—a secret that would forever give me strength and meaning. I did not yet know the day when I myself would dance in the desert, where the ground pigments of my paintings would represent the sands of the desert, swirling around me as I ceremoniously danced my paintings to life.

The dance represented movement in life—and the important thing about movement is that it is transformative. There is a real structural change in consciousness—an actual shift happens.

There is a yearning within the heart of each of us. It is a longing to connect and to live lives that are generous, creative, meaningful, and productive.

We are not on this journey alone.

Looking back, the dance is as fresh today as it was then. Half a century has passed since that day, yet the dance is never going to die in me. The Huuuuuu chant—the beautiful ancient sound of nature—is never going to die in me. It lives in me forever.

Chapter Forty Three I Stand Before The Firing Squad

I was running.
Bolting as fast as I could over the desert sands.
I couldn't see where I was going.
It was a moonless and cold night, black as coal.
Wild coyotes and animals skittered nearby.
Brambles slashed at my hands, arms, and ankles.
My breath tore at my throat.
Everything hurt.
But I had to hurry.
They were closing in on me.
They were hunting me.
To kill me.

As I ran, I thought back to how the day had started. I knew that if I was to successfully survive my escape from the desert, I had to act fast and do it now.

I began instructing my three bodyguards, Masood, Wasi and Vazir to take care of various matters on my uncle's property, among the tribes people, and in the enclave. I felt a deep sadness at the thought of leaving the tribes of people who had worked by my side for five years. We had worked so hard to build a thriving, productive agricultural farm and had succeeded in an area of the desert that had been left unattended for many, many years.

I took my most trusted bodyguard, Wasi, aside and instructed him to hurry, to take the train, and contact my Uncle Taj who lived in the city of Hyderabad, the capital of southern Pakistan Sindh State.

"Uncle Taj is the Chief of Police for the entire state. Here's his address. Maybe he can help me and all of us." I handed Wasi a piece of paper with Uncle Taj's address. He lived in the city center of Hyderabad and his police department was located there, as well. He wouldn't be hard to find.

"Of course, Jamali," said Wasi. "I can travel incognito and slip past the police in this area and hop on a train to Hyderabad. I'll be fast and I can go quickly." My bodyguard was very smart, and I knew he would reach my uncle undetected.

"Wasi, it's very likely that we're too late and they'll get me, but you won't have to worry for your safety. They're not coming after you." I didn't want him to be afraid for his life.

"Jamali, I'm not afraid for me. I'm afraid for you. You have to escape this place," said Wasi. "It's not safe for you to stay here even one night longer."

"I know," I said. "Look, whatever it takes, you just get there as soon as possible and tell Uncle Taj what happened. It doesn't matter what time it is when you arrive, you just go to his house and knock the door off the hinges if you have to. If it's daytime, you can go directly to the police department. Tell Uncle Taj that sooner or later, they're going to catch and kill me because the whole damn state police department is coming after me!"

"Go, Wasi, and be safe...and please hurry."

He nodded and hugged me. "You, too. Be safe, my brother. You must hurry, too."

My pulse was already racing. I could feel the tension of the moment, knowing my life was in jeopardy.

As my trusted friend and bodyguard left the enclave, I walked around my hut. It was twilight and the sun was drifting slowly down in the sky, casting a faint rosy hue over the encampment. In the distance, campfires and lanterns were shining brightly as the women began preparing the evening meal. Life was normal, even though it was anything but normal to me.

I recalled how this had all started. To begin, the feudal system of land ownership is still referred to as the Jagir system. The Jagir system predates Islamic rule of India. There is evidence of Jagir by Hindu Rajput Kings from the 13th century, and prior to this, there were Jagir landholders in Rajasthan.

Shortly following independence from the British Crown in 1947, the Indian government in 1951 abolished the Jagirdar system. Mostly the princely states of India of British Raj era were Jagirs and even after the system had been abolished, many land barons continued to rule as feudal lords in the area where my uncle's property was located.

There were no real schools in rural areas and the masses were steeped in ignorance. This is what I had encountered when I came to my uncle's property. There were small settlements of nomadic farmers, and all in all, very poor and uneducated people.

Even though some feudal lords yielded to the new laws once democracy was established, many did not, as evident by the ones in the area that surrounded my uncle's property. The higher echelon, the Princes and very elite pockets of society, more negatively felt the effects of the democratic system. The new conditions and the reactions of many of the feudal lords to the democratic process were rebellious. Many of them held power over the peasants, and continued to enslave them to work on their properties. Simply, the feudal lords abused their power and continued on in their traditional structure.

While managing my uncle's property, I rescued many of these slaves from their tyrannical landlords. They were constantly indebted to the big landowners, and this was the way the feudal system was in Pakistan. It is still there, this feudal system, in the Sindh Province of southeastern Pakistan. It was a notorious place for these feudal landlords and the atrocities, which they brought down on their servants, who were more or less their slaves.

Once while I was working at my uncle's farm in the desert, Mizha, one of the farmers who worked the property came to me and told me that he was in debt to the landowner.

"The feudal lords have enslaved me and my family," said Mizha. "And what is worse, they come and take my young daughters and rape them any time they please. I cannot stop them or they will kill my wife and me. I don't know what to do."

I was horrified at this. Mizha and the other peasants were impoverished and had no way to earn enough money to pay their debts to these feudal lords. The peasants had no protection because many of the police were as corrupt as the land barons. And there was no one in the government to protect these peasants.

With a determination to set things right and to defend these people, I gave Mustafa, my manager the money needed and sent him to the land baron's accountant and had him pay off the peasant's debt.

"That way," I said to Mustafa, "I will buy back his freedom. Then, arrange to bring him and his family back to my enclave. We will ensure him that no one will ever hurt him and his family again. I will be their protector."

Mustafa nodded. "They will be safe here, Jamali."

This happened again with another peasant farmer in the area. He came to me and confided the same problems about the enslavement and raping of his daughters. And, just like I did with the first peasant, I paid off his debt to the land baron and brought him and his entire family to my uncle's property. When I brought these families to my settlement, my bodyguards and the fortress I had built protected them, and the land barons—the feudal lords—could not get to them. They could no longer use them as slaves and could no longer rape their young daughters.

Word soon traveled through the area that I was the one responsible for upsetting the feudal lords' way of life, and my actions infuriated them. This started the whole thing—the whole vendetta against me. They learned that they could not encroach on my property because I was a strong, educated man who had three bodyguards armed with guns. Within my enclave were about 500 people, including men, women, and children, to whom I offered protection.

The police and land barons knew that they couldn't attack my whole enclave and they could no longer take advantage of the peasant farmers and young daughters.

So, when there was a murder on my property by one of these land barons, and the family asked me for help, I insisted that my staff member testify in court about the killing. This was the last straw, and the police and feudal lords knew they had to get rid of me.

They were going to kill me.

I sighed. My time in this ancient desert was over. Memories of life flashed through my mind. The Sufi Dance, the building of my fort, the wheat crops, the horses, the wedding, the death of the young bride and her baby, my protection of the farmers from the feudal lords...the joy...the

sadness...everything.

I went inside my hut, dressed in loose black trousers and a long black tunic. I wrapped a black turban around my head. I had to be as inconspicuous as possible in the desert and wearing white clothes would have made me stick out like a ghost in the dark night.

I quickly gathered bottles of water, berries and nuts, a few personal items, including a flashlight and knife, and threw them into a small black knapsack. I knew I had to flee. I had the feeling they would be coming for me that very night.

I asked myself, "Should I take guns or not take guns?"

I imagined my secret flight as I scurried across the desert and pictured what would happen if I were caught while armed with guns. As soon as I saw my future, I said, "No, do not take guns. If the police stopped you in the desert and saw that you were armed, you would be forced to use them." If that happened, there was no doubt that I would have to kill my pursuers. It would be my life or theirs and if I killed a policeman or a land baron, I would be hunted until the end of time. Until they killed me.

So, I gave my guns to my manager, Mustafa, and told him and my trusted people that I was leaving for good. When they suggested I take Gypsy, I refused. I loved Gypsy, but I couldn't risk being tracked. The horse would make too much noise, and I was going to have to quietly flee on foot and disappear into the darkness.

Several of the tribes people hugged me goodbye. My managers, Mustafa and Shaukaut, promised to watch after my uncle's farm and would be there waiting for me, should I return.

"But surely you will come back," said Shaukaut. His dog, Trouble, came over to me and looked at me with sad eyes. I leaned down and rubbed the fur on Trouble's back.

"Be a good boy for Shaukaut," I said. I turned to Shaukaut. "You know as well as I do that even if I come back in a year or so, they will still hunt for me. I am not welcomed here in the desert anymore."

I slung my backpack over my shoulders and disappeared, heading toward Hyderabad. I didn't look back. I couldn't. That life in the desert had been hard, but it had also been good. What shapes us is not always pretty or easy, and we either listen to it or we don't. The deep listening to the desert—those lurking undercurrents—always drummed deep inside me. Intuitively, I knew that I was a changed man. Not only was I an artist, I was also a horseman, a farmer, a builder, a protector, a dreamer. And those dreams would take me to my next adventure, if I survived.

THE GREAT ESCAPE

I was eager to find harmony and peace in my life once again.

Leonardo da Vinci once said, “*Did you not know that our soul is comprised of harmony?*” If this was the case, my soul was deeply battered and weary from all I had experienced. I had to find harmony again in my life. I desperately needed the harmony, the art, the beauty, and the peace.

Darkness quickly cascaded over me. I hurried as fast as I could.

There was no moon to light my way, no distant fires or lamplights that heralded small camps of Bedouins or tribes people—Nothing but a galaxy of stars and darkness.

There were numerous wild animals in the desert at night. They stayed hidden deep underground in burrows and out of the sun during the hottest part of the day. But at night when the sand was cooler, they all came out to hunt for food.

Despite the darkness and the void of the desert, I knew where I was going. Hyderabad.

I carried on. Then I heard them.

I stopped dead in my tracks. *What the—?*

Oh my God!

They were coming!

They were going to find me!

I heard the hooves on the sandscape. A deep thundering quivered beneath me. I could feel the reverberations, the low rumble, under my feet, as the horses galloped towards me.

Panic seized my soul.

It was the policemen on horseback!

They would shoot me if they found me.

My body would lie there in the desert while the crows and vultures picked the flesh off my bones. My bones would then be buried deep by the ever-shifting sands of the desert and no one would ever find me. I would simply disappear from the face of the Earth and no one would know where or why.

It sounded like an awful death to me. Was my time on Earth really over? What happened to the Holy Man’s prophecy that I would live a long, long life? Maybe destiny had stepped in and said, “No, it is Jamali’s time to go!”

Everything was pitch-black, but I noted a blurry shadow of shrubs and brambles nearby. I darted over to them and folded my legs inside the shrubbery, trying to become the shrubbery itself.

My heart stopped.

I did not dare breathe.

I could not inhale.

I could not exhale.

I did not dare move.

I knew that if I breathed, they would hear me.

Moving shadows thundered towards me. My eyes had adjusted to the darkness and I could see the medals on the policemen’s lapels, glistening a little in the starlight. I was grateful there was no moon. The moonlight would have given me away immediately.

The big horses pranced around the bramble bushes, sniffing and snorting, kicking and prodding at the sand. Could the horses smell my scent?

I became so rigid as I hunkered deep within the thicket of bushes, every muscle began to cramp and ache. The pain was excruciating.

One of the cops yelled out, “Do you see anything?”

“He should be here somewhere, shouldn’t he?” another one shouted.

“Maybe he went another way,” the first one suggested.

“I think we lost him,” another one said.

“Let’s turn around and head in the other direction,” said the first cop. “He probably knew we’d come this way.”

After a few moments of debating which way I had gone, they turned and left. I stayed frozen in those bushes for quite a long time until the thundering of the horses’ hooves faded into the distance. Finally, I stood up, pushed the bushes aside, and started running. I sped through the darkness, inhaling sand and wind. Eventually, I found railroad tracks. I could walk on the tracks and they would lead me straight to the small town.

Not too far after I began to walk alongside the tracks, from afar, I could see the headlights of a train approaching, so I jumped aside and waited for it to pass. It began to slow down, so I knew there must be a station nearby.

The train stopped about four hundred feet past me, and, in that moment, I had a slip of the mind.

I thought to myself, *Okay, the train's going that way, and I'm going this way. There's nothing to fear. I can just walk slowly along the tracks and the train behind me will soon be gone.*

However, as soon as I stepped off the tracks, a massive searchlight shined on me with a blinding beam. I shielded my eyes with my hands, and could barely make out three policemen on the platform, brandishing their guns and flashlights in my direction.

I turned and ran.
I had to hurry.
I could not be caught or I would be killed.
I could hear them shouting, "Don't move!"
I stumbled.
I had not gotten very far.
It all happened in a few seconds.

I froze in my tracks and looked back. My heart raced as I saw the tips of their rifles pointed directly at me. If I moved—*bang*—I would be dead.

Luckily for me, there were people hanging out the windows of the train, and there were those standing on the train tracks, watching in curiosity, so the cops didn't shoot. There were simply too many witnesses.

Once I stopped, four policemen charged me. "Come with us!" Cop Number One bellowed out in his most authoritative voice.

I had no choice now. Fear trailed down my spine, but I didn't show it. I would not show my fear, for that would give them pleasure. They might kill me, but they would never see me defeated.

SURRENDER

Without saying a word, I raised my hands in surrender and followed them inside a building. I wasn't sure if it was some adjunct building to the police station or not.

I could see that the policemen were decked out from head-to-toe with straps that showcased rounds of bullets and guns, slung over their shoulders and hips. The tallest among them, a 300-pound menace with skin as black as ink and a round, puffy face, with small beady eyes peering out below bushy eyebrows, handcuffed me and shackled me with chains. He locked them around my wrists and ankles, so I was so tightly constrained, unable to move.

Inside, I screamed holy hell.

But outwardly, I remained calm and quiet. I focused my mind on my only hope: Wasi was on his way to see Uncle Taj, the Police Chief in Hyderabad.

They pushed me down on a wooden chair and I waited. I focused and meditated on the vision of my bodyguard, reaching my uncle safely and quickly. I focused on a harmonious outcome, on peace, on love for my family. I tried to think of all the good things I could think of to keep me from going completely insane. I wasn't sure how long it would be before they came back for me.

The policemen went out the door of the shack. Their noises faded in the distance as they headed home.

I was alone.

I could hear nothing outside but the night sounds of animals, a cricket chirping, a coyote howling.

I sat there on the bench for what seemed like hours. It was almost morning when the local Police Chief arrived. He was a stick-thin man with slick, greasy black hair and dark smarmy skin. He looked at me with scorn and hatred in his face, and snarled in my direction to follow him. His sidekicks, two brutish policemen, yanked me from my seat and pulled me after the Chief. A third officer followed close behind, tapping his fingers on the hilt of his gun, producing a deadly, metallic accompaniment to my march. It was a reminder that he was in charge and could shoot me at any time.

I dragged my feet that were tied together with shackles along the wooden floor the best I could, wiggling sideways, one foot forward, next foot forward. Every move was painful, as the chains dug deep, cutting into my flesh.

Outside the rudimentary train station, the brutish, gruff policemen pushed and shoved me into the back seat of their Jeep. They didn't speak to me, and I didn't speak to them. I knew that if I acknowledged what was happening, I might start screaming. And that would get me shot.

We drove straight from early dawn until late afternoon, back through the desert towards the Indian border. The desert air was hot and stifling. I wasn't sure where we were and felt weak from fatigue and lack of sleep. I needed water and food, but was offered nothing.

Finally, as the sun was beginning its descent, we drove up to a little shack that was supposedly the police jail. It was the last police station on the border, somewhere out in the Rajasthan Desert.

The policemen jerked me forward and dragged me from the Jeep. They pushed and shoved me as they marched me into the hut. It was completely dark inside the hut. There were no windows, no

bench, or chair, no cot, no water, no food, no toilet. In the middle of the hut, there was only a pile of sand—*that was the toilet*.

The policemen laughed hysterically when they saw the shock on my face. “Jamali, the protector of the peasants and Bedouins, the owner of a fortress in the desert, had a sand pit to use as his toilet.”

The policemen left me there, slamming the door shut.

I stood alone in the darkness, with my feet and legs still in shackles. I could do nothing.

When the adrenaline wore off and the dire reality of my situation settled in, I crumpled to the hardened sand floor. It dawned on me with the force of a tsunami: They were planning to send me across the Indian border and shoot me on the way. That way they could claim anything they wanted. They could say I was running away from being arrested, that my death was out of their jurisdiction—anything! They had complete control over my fate.

Once again, I wanted to scream holy hell!

But as I stood there, trembling with the fear and awareness of my fate, a strange, knowingness settled over my consciousness. It was as if the Holy Brahmin were there with me, talking to me, consoling me.

In that pitch-black hut, I went into some kind of a trance. I began a kind of meditation—the kind of meditation I had practiced ever since I was a child.

Strange as it may sound, in the intensity of the moment, suddenly, I was not afraid. There was no fear. No negative, fearful thought entered my mind. Instead, I was enveloped in a warm feeling of love.

In my meditative state, I was sitting inside a blue-ish circle of light. A low buzzing sound filled my being. The HUUUUU mantra, like the one I heard the Sufi sing as he danced, surrounded my senses and became part of my cellular structure.

A tall Holy Man with long gleaming white hair stood before me. With piercing sky blue eyes, he observed me, smiling.

“Do you know who you are?” the Holy Man asked.

“I am Jamali,” I said softly.

“Do you know your purpose, Jamali?” the Holy Man asked.

“Art,” I said. “My mission is Art and Peace.”

“It is so much more, Jamali. You are a Mystical Man of Peace and Hope. A man who serves people and the world through Art. A man like you is not affected by changes. He is the same no matter what the weather is doing, no matter if the sun is shining or the sky is dark, no matter who the people are around him, for nothing can shake his spirit, his essence.”

“Is that what’s happening to me now?” I asked. “Is that why I’m here in chains, in shackles? Why I’m going to be shot?”

“When the soul evolves to this point, they are advanced in their consciousness and awareness of the world. Things can become difficult because their teachings and lessons are greater, and because their evolution is greater. You have a great responsibility, Jamali. A mission of hope, art and peace.”

“I know,” I said.

“You will become a great artist, Jamali. More importantly, never forget that you are surrounded by love at all times,” said the Holy Man. Within that blue circle of light, the ceiling opened up and I saw the starry sky above that extended far into galaxies.

The HUUUUU mantra filled me louder and louder, and my heart began to sing.

I remained in this state until just before sundown, when I was interrupted by the sound of the police brutes outside.

One of the cops burst through the little door of the jail and I could see the desert landscape fading into darkness behind him as night was quickly approaching.

Two other policemen entered the hut.

“Time to get up on your feet,” Cop Number Two said as he and his fellow brutes grabbed my arms and jerked me to my feet. I wobbled slightly, trying to regain my balance.

“Walk,” said Cop Number One. I slowly shuffled my feet. As I moved, turning my shackled feet in the direction he shoved me, I noticed that their boss, the Police Chief, was standing right behind the officers with a gun in his hands. His eyes followed me as I walked. He was just waiting for me to make one sudden move, for any reason to shoot me.

The Chief barked at me, “Get over there!” He pointed out into the desert with his gun. I knew what that meant. It was difficult to move because of the way I was chained, but I did it anyway. I walked toward the door with my back to my murderers. My life was in their hands. I was hoping that the great Holy Man, who I had just met with, would meet me on *the other side* after I was shot.

I heard the Chief mutter something to his men, and then one of them said, “Stop where you are!”

I stopped.

My heart stopped.

I very slowly turned around.

My time on Earth was over.

They were going to kill me.

They just had to make sure it looked legal.

All three of them stood in front of me with their guns pointed.

They were my firing squad!

THE NIGHT HORSEMEN

With each small breath, I was buying an extra second of life. The Holy Man had indicated I had a mission, but maybe it was over. Maybe my mission was in the other worlds. What did I know? Thoughts of my loved ones flashed through my mind and I grieved in that instant for my mother and father, siblings, and friends—all those I had ever loved. My life had been a good life. One of fulfillment.

A kind of peace and self-awareness filled me, and I looked straight into the eyes of each of the three men before me, past their raised guns and straight into their hearts. Finally, I looked into the Chief’s eyes, who stood slightly behind his three cops. It was clear that he controlled them.

Within my gaze, time stood still. I froze them right where they were, and I could see their confusion and uncertainty growing—*This young man is looking at us! What’s going on? Let’s shoot him and get this over with! We have our orders!*

It was as if they wanted to move and shoot, but couldn’t. And they didn’t understand why.

And then. . .

As I stared at them, looking deep into their eyes and souls, a thundering sound swelled in the distance—the hooves of galloping horses. I glanced sideways at the sound. I could not help but smile.

I said to my captors, “Do you hear that? The horsemen are coming!”

As if shaken from a reverie, the Chief snapped his head around and cried out, “What the—?”

My smile grew wider. “Yes! They are coming. The horses are coming!”

The growing reverberations of the Arabian horses racing across the desert began to thud and thunder like a drumroll building to a crescendo. I could see in the eyes of all four of my would-be murderers that they knew something extraordinary was about to happen.

“Look!” I shouted. My heart was literally bursting with joy. “They are coming! They are coming!” I wanted to raise my arms to the wind, letting the cool air wash about me, but my hands were tied.

My captors stood still, frozen with fear, as they heard the sound of my rescue closing in.

In a cloud of dust that rose against the periwinkle twilight sky, two huge black Arabian horses thundered towards us. Riding the horses were two men dressed in gleaming white with turbans on their heads. Both wore swords at their sides and carried pistols and an ammunition pouch, but moved as easily as if they carried nothing. They were magnificent.

The sky was darkening quickly to the east.

With a shout, one of the horsemen pulled on his reins and steered his horse directly in front of the Chief. The horse pranced around the Chief, blocking him off from his underlings, while the other man approached, positioning his horse sideways to shield me from the firing squad. He yelled something at them in Sindhi, the local language, and the men cowered down, their faces twisted with fear.

Later on, one of my uncle’s horsemen told me that he had said, “If you touch this man, we are not going to just kill you, we’re going to kill your entire family! We have been sent by the Chief of the Police in Hyderabad.”

The Chief dropped his gun and commanded his men to do the same. He got down on his knees and touched his forehead to the ground, looking up only to motion for his men to follow suit.

The Chief pleaded to the horsemen, “Forgive me!”

But the horseman next to him replied, “Oh no, not yet. Take off those shackles right now!”

The three policemen got up off their knees and approached me. Trembling, one of them took off

my handcuffs and shackles.

“Thank you,” I said, rubbing my wrists. There were cuts and welts where the cuffs had been tightened.

The horseman turned to me. “Do you know how to get on a horse?”

I nodded. “I ride in the desert.”

“Alright,” he said. “Get behind me.”

Feeling such a burst of joy, I ignored my aching, stiff body and jumped on the horse, behind him. “Walk in front of us,” said my horseman as he pointed to the four policemen.

While the four prisoners, my would-be assassins, walked in front of us, my two horsemen—and saviors—led the way as we rode for miles into the darkness until we reached the nearest village.

The desert wind blew on my face as we galloped through the sand. I looked up at the sky and took note of the stars as they glistened like diamonds. For the first time in days, I felt my shoulders relax, for I was safe.

When we reached the village, and came upon a settlement of tents, one of the horsemen gave orders to the policemen. “You four guys sit here in this tent, and don’t move.”

Turning to me, he said, “Take your time here. You can clean yourself up in one of these tents. Do you want to have dinner while we’re here?”

It had been quite some time since I had eaten. “Yes, please. Let’s do that.”

One of the horsemen took me to a bathroom for a wash. My clothes were torn and dirty. I wiped them the best I could. I went back outside and joined my horsemen.

The four prisoners sat quietly in their chairs. All of their bravado and macho-ness had melted away.

The horsemen introduced themselves as Dawood and Azam. “Your uncle sent us,” said Azam. “And from the looks of things, we arrived just in time.” “Thank you for everything,” I said. We made small talk over delicious lamb and rice, and I ate until full. I had not realized how hungry I was.

Dawood walked further into the village and rented a couple of Jeeps and drivers for us.

When I finished my meal, we got the Jeeps, a driver drove one with the four prisoners, and I rode in the other with my personal driver. It felt incredible to be able to ride in a vehicle instead of walking or riding a horse. I lightly napped during the long drive while the two horsemen rode their Arabian beauties behind us, with their guns ready to shoot, should the prisoners try to escape.

In the morning, around seven o’clock, we reached the regional headquarters and largest jail in Hyderabad. The jail was modern and sophisticated, different than the small jailhouses I had seen in the villages.

We went inside the jail and a man greeted us, saying that they had breakfast waiting for me once I cleaned up. I went into the restroom and washed up, and after eating some goat cheese, bread, olives, and dates, I was instructed to go to a meeting.

I still could not believe that I had been a split second away from being assassinated by that small firing squad in an extrajudicial killing. However, it was not that uncommon in those days, and sadly, it’s still common in Pakistan, today.

After breakfast, I went into the conference room in the jailhouse, where Uncle Taj stood waiting for me. He hugged me. “Jamali, I was told that I was just in time.”

“Yes, Uncle. Thank you so much for saving my life.”

“Of course, Jamali. We’ll catch up later. For now, let’s tend to the business at hand.” He had driven all the way from the main headquarters to this jail. Not only that, the Minister of the Province himself was there, along with the Chief Judge.

They told me to take a seat, so I sat alongside my uncle, the Chief Magistrate, and the Minister. The Chief Magistrate served as the judge in both criminal and civil actions.

They called in my four captors, who came and stood before us.

The magistrate made a few announcements, then proclaimed, “This court is now in session. We will question our four captors.”

Uncle Taj began to cross-examine the four cops and after five minutes, they crumbled. They shook uncontrollably, their answers weak and fearful.

The Magistrate said, “Take them away, put them in jail. I’m going to deal with these people myself.”

As the four men were dragged away, my uncle said to me, "Okay, Jamali, let's go."

I don't know what happened to them after that—what my uncle did with them—what the Magistrate did with them, and I didn't need to know. I was sure justice was served.

We went back to Uncle Taj's home and I stayed there for a week with his family and his children, who were my age. I needed the time to rest and recuperate, and in addition, it was fun to spend time with my cousins. When I was ready to leave, Uncle said, "No, you're not leaving right now. I want to talk to you, just you and me."

"Of course," I said.

"Now, listen carefully. You know, your mother, me, your father, your father's family, my family, we have been administrators and chiefs in India for 400 years. You know where your family's coming from, don't you?"

"Yes, I do, Uncle."

"Pakistan has many imbeciles in this country," he said. "It's a beautiful country, and one I love, but there are many people here who will always cause war and do stupid things."

"I understand," I said.

"I want you to promise me that, as soon as you can, you will leave Pakistan and you will go to America, and that is going to be your home."

"I promise you."

"I trust you," he said. He looked at me and took a deep breath, studying my face.

He narrowed his eyes. "Okay, Jamali, now tell me what you are going to do."

"I'm going to back to my home, to my mother and my family in Peshawar, and I am going to complete my education. I'm going to follow my family tradition, which is to be educated, and then I will go to America."

My uncle gave me the slightest hint of a smile. "Yes, you finally understand."

Fresco Tempera



1. *Journey of Hope*
Cat. 1075
ca. 1988
Fresco Tempera
60" x 120"

2. *Magic*
Cat. 5071
ca. 1999
Fresco Tempera
28" x 22"





3. *Profile I*

Cat. 0103

ca. 1986

Fresco Tempera

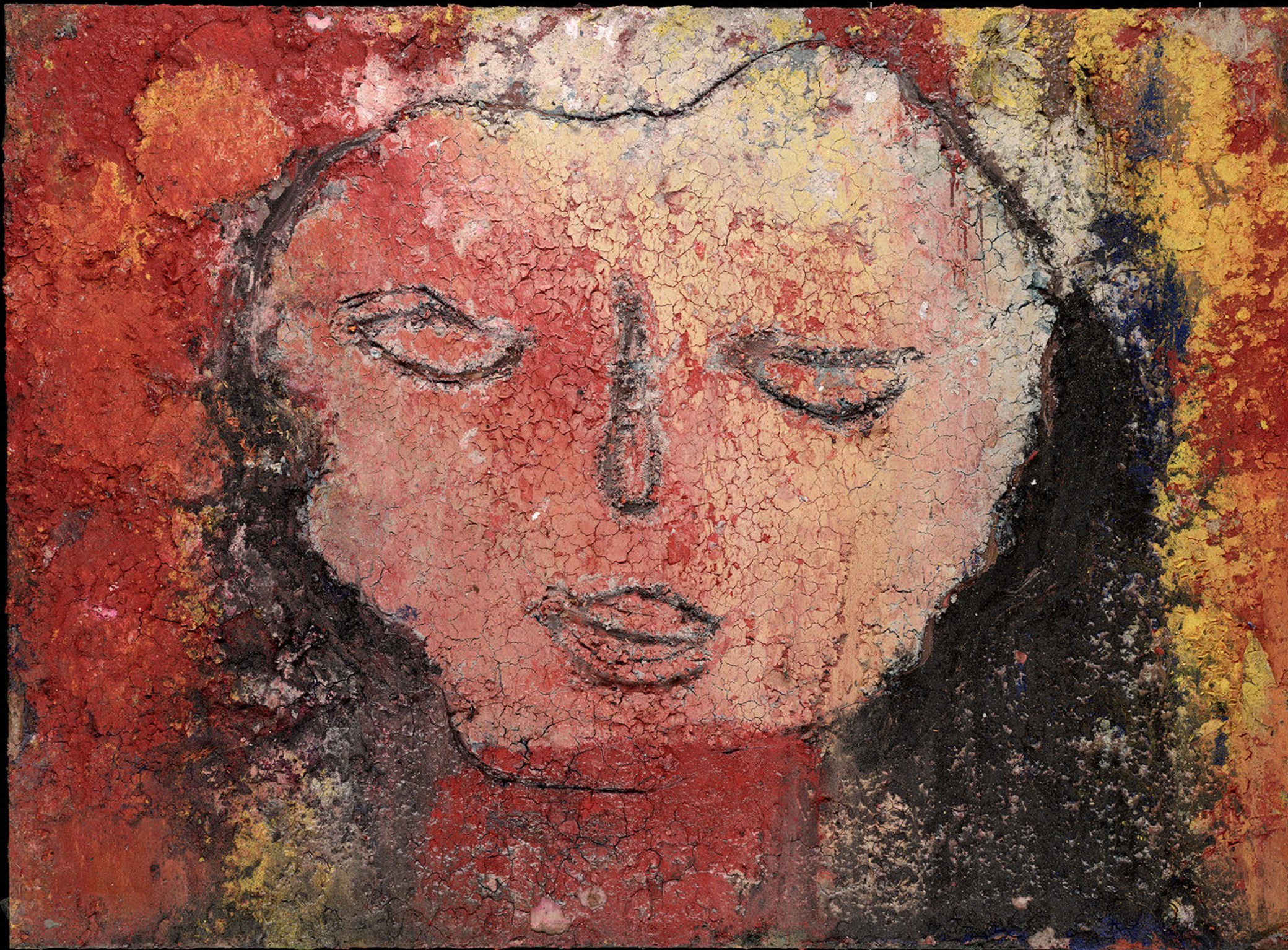
28" x 28"

4. *The Eye*
Cat. 8354
ca. 1988
Fresco Tempera
28" x 22"



5. *Quwi*
Cat. 8386
2002
Fresco Tempera
39" x 53"





6. *Dream*
Cat. 8149
ca. 1999
Fresco Tempera
39" x 53"

7. Tears
Cat. 8207
ca. 1991
Fresco Tempera
39" x 53"





8. *Ancient*

Cat. 6935

ca. 1998

Fresco Tempera

39" x 57"

9. *Day & Night*

Cat. 6802

2001

Fresco Tempera

53" x 39"





10. *Physics*

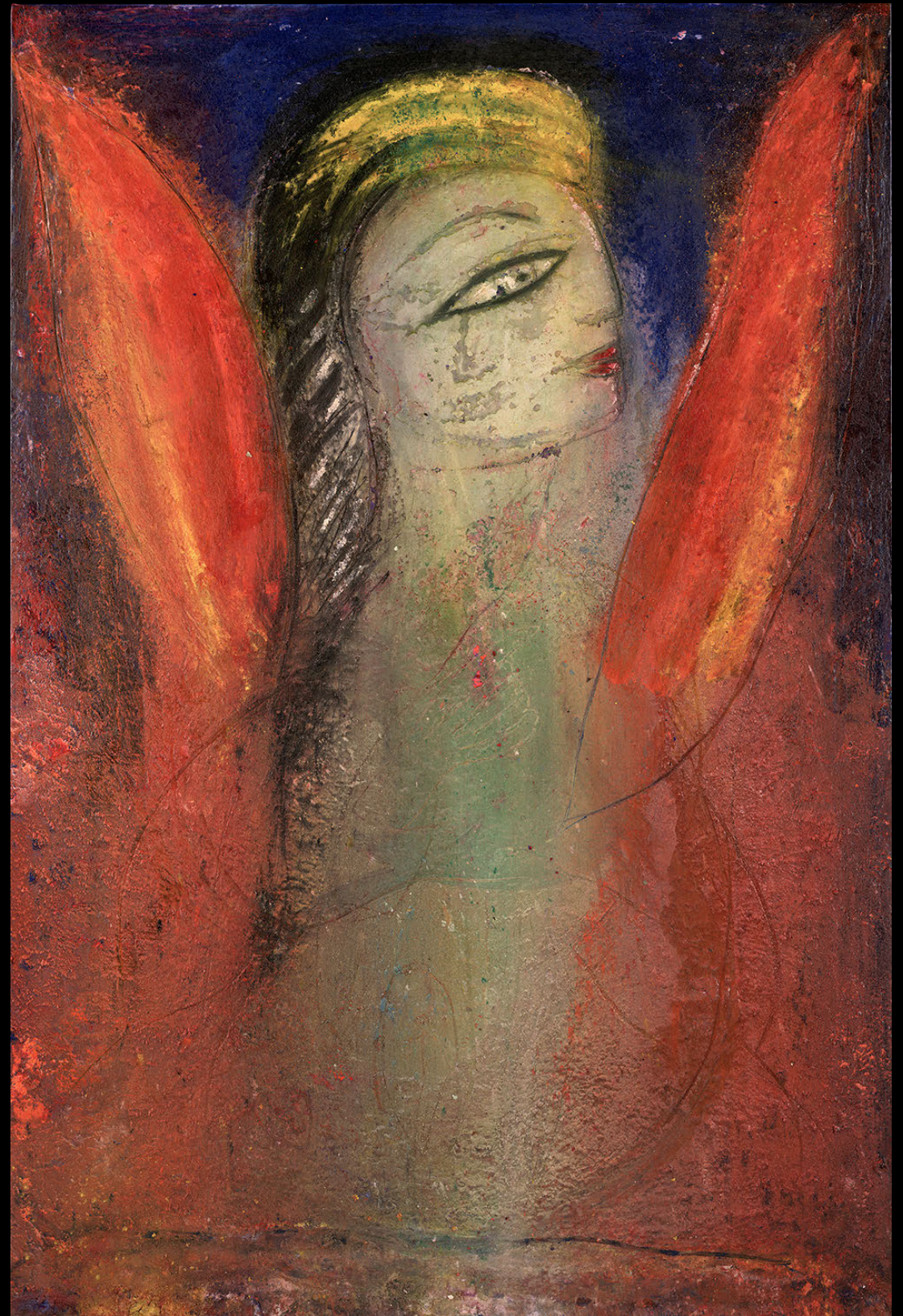
Cat. 4611

ca. 1994

Fresco Tempera

84" x 60"

11. *Michael*
Cat. 8715
ca. 1996
Fresco Tempera
79" x 53"



12. *Man of Peace*

Cat. 0019

ca. 1987

Fresco Tempera

80" x 54"





13. *Without Me X*

Cat. 9344

ca. 1999

Fresco Tempera

84" x 60"

14. *Without Me XI*

Cat. 9359

ca. 1999

Fresco Tempera

84" x 60"



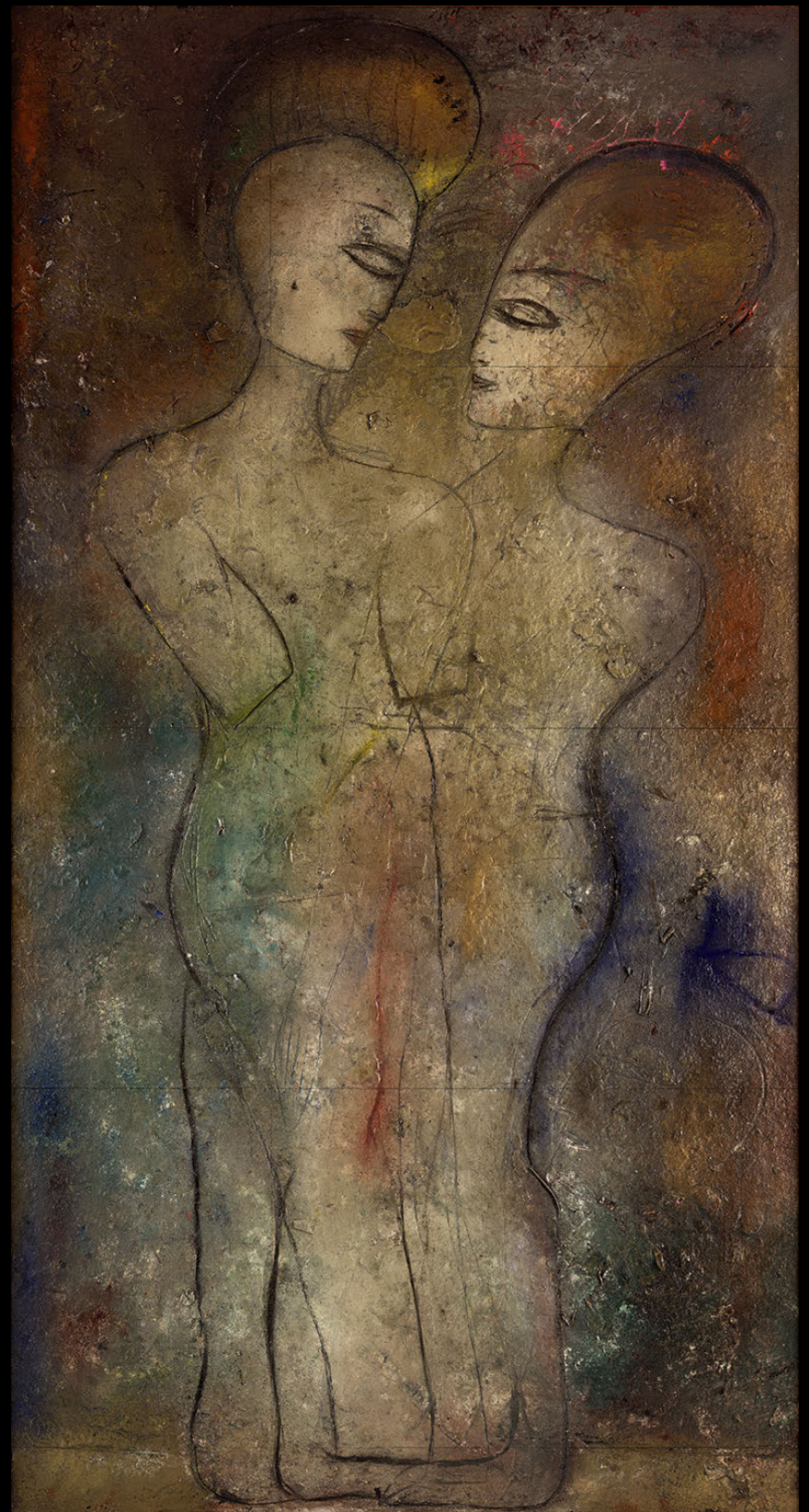
15. *Achilles & Patroclus*

Cat. 0610

ca. 1989

Fresco Tempera

110" x 58"



16. *Man With Heart*

Cat. 9478

ca. 1998

Fresco Tempera

84" x 60"





17. *Your Obedient*

Cat. 0043

ca. 1986

Fresco Tempera

50" x 100"

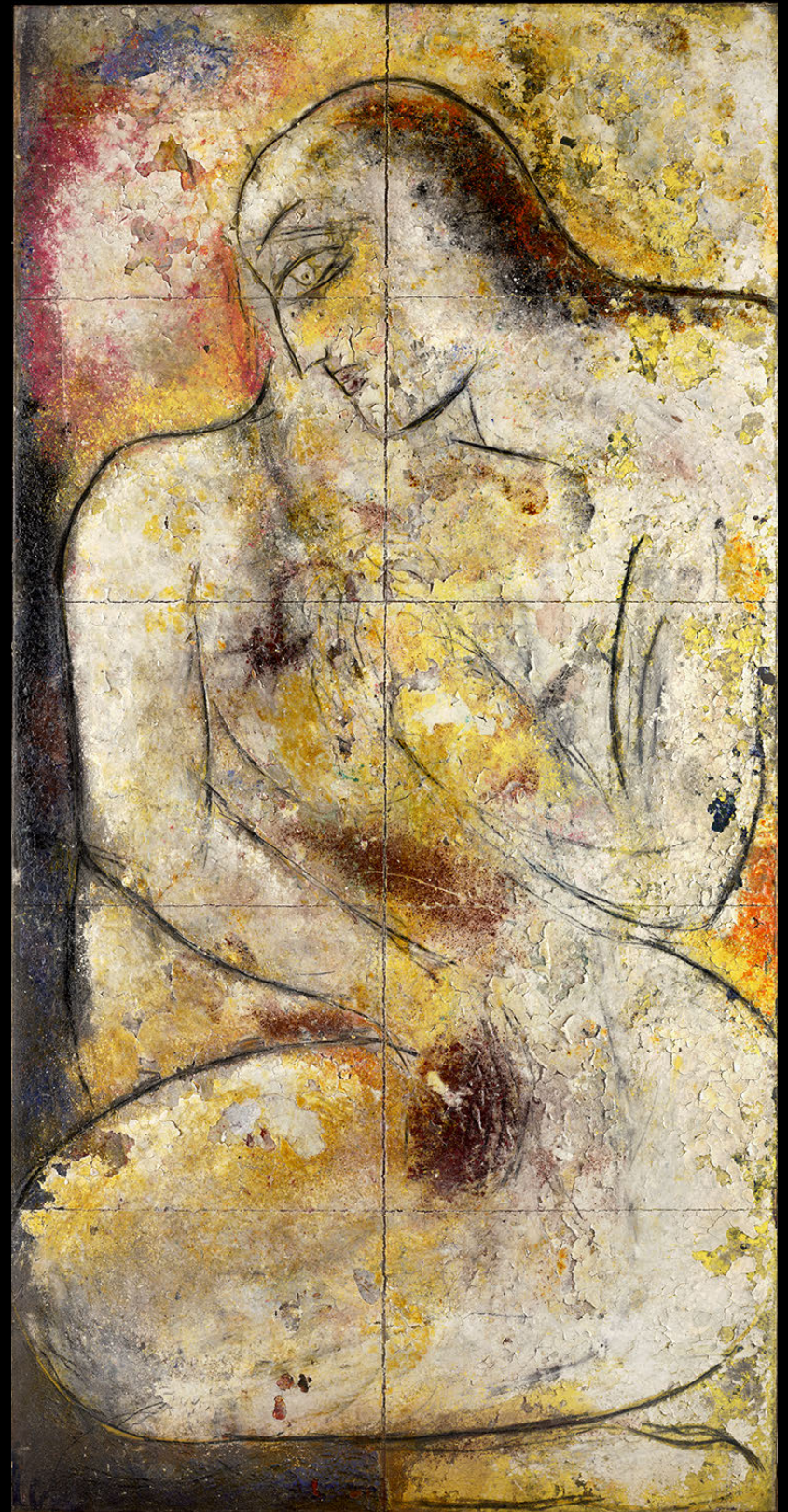
18. *Meditation*

Cat. 0046

ca. 1986

Fresco Tempera

100" x 51"



19. *Ramses*
Cat. 0368
ca. 1986
Fresco Tempera
80" x 54"





20. *Apparition I*

Cat. 9878
2005
Oil
30" x 24"



21. *Apparition II*

Cat. 9879
2005
Oil
30" x 24"



22. *Apparition III*

Cat. 9880
2005
Oil
30" x 24"

23. *Blue Mask*

Cat. 4432

2006

Oil

38" x 38"



24. *The Poet*

Cat. 2649

2005

Oil

38" x 38"





25. *Self Portrait I*

Cat. 2379

ca. 1983

Oil

41" x 35"

26. *Demeter*

Cat. 4173

ca. 1983

Oil

41" x 35"





27. Science

Cat. 10310

2006

Oil

60" x 60"

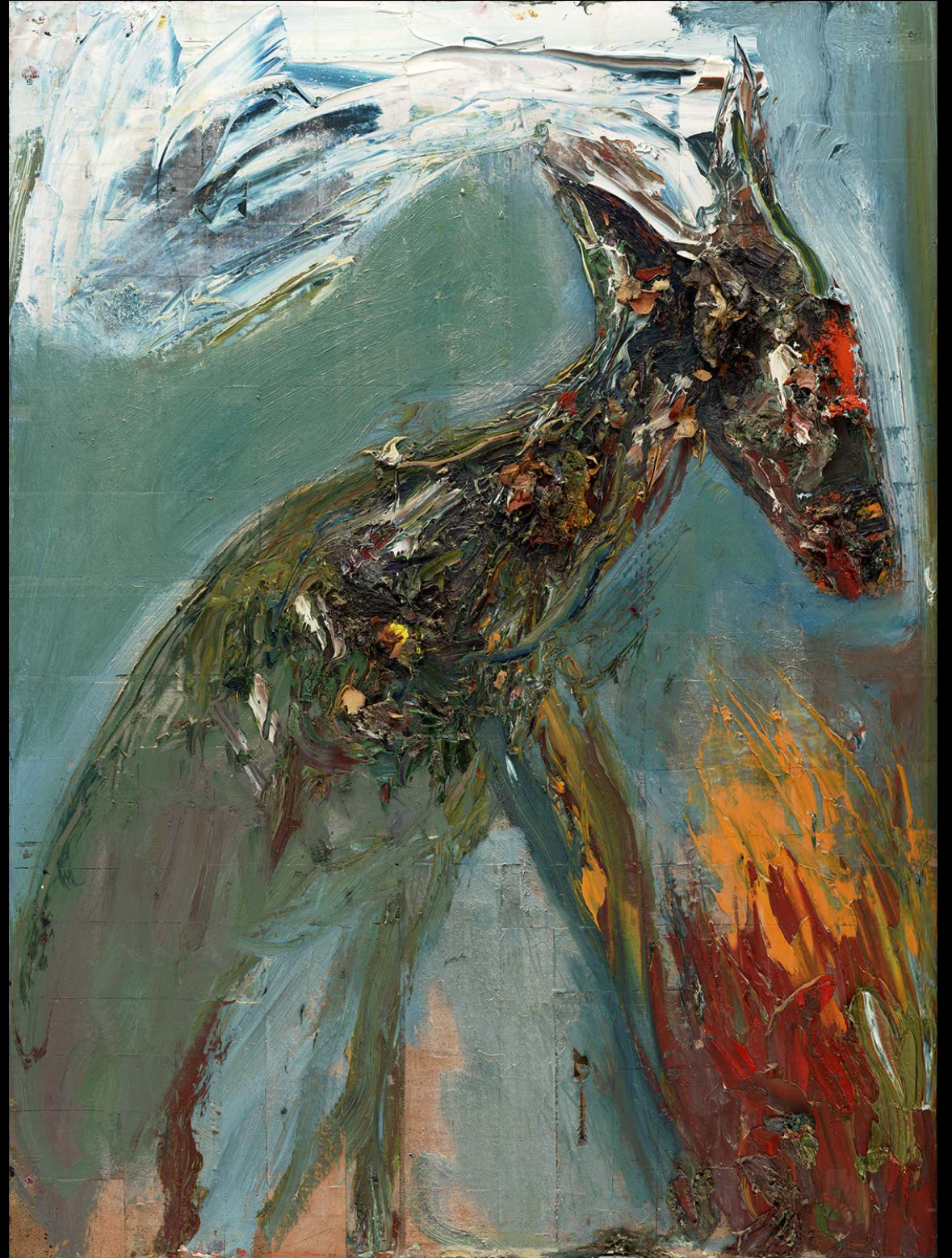
28. *Blue Horse I*

Cat. 15683

2012

Oil

53" x 39"



29. *Mantra*

Cat. 12575

2008

Oil

39" x 53"



30. *Profile II*

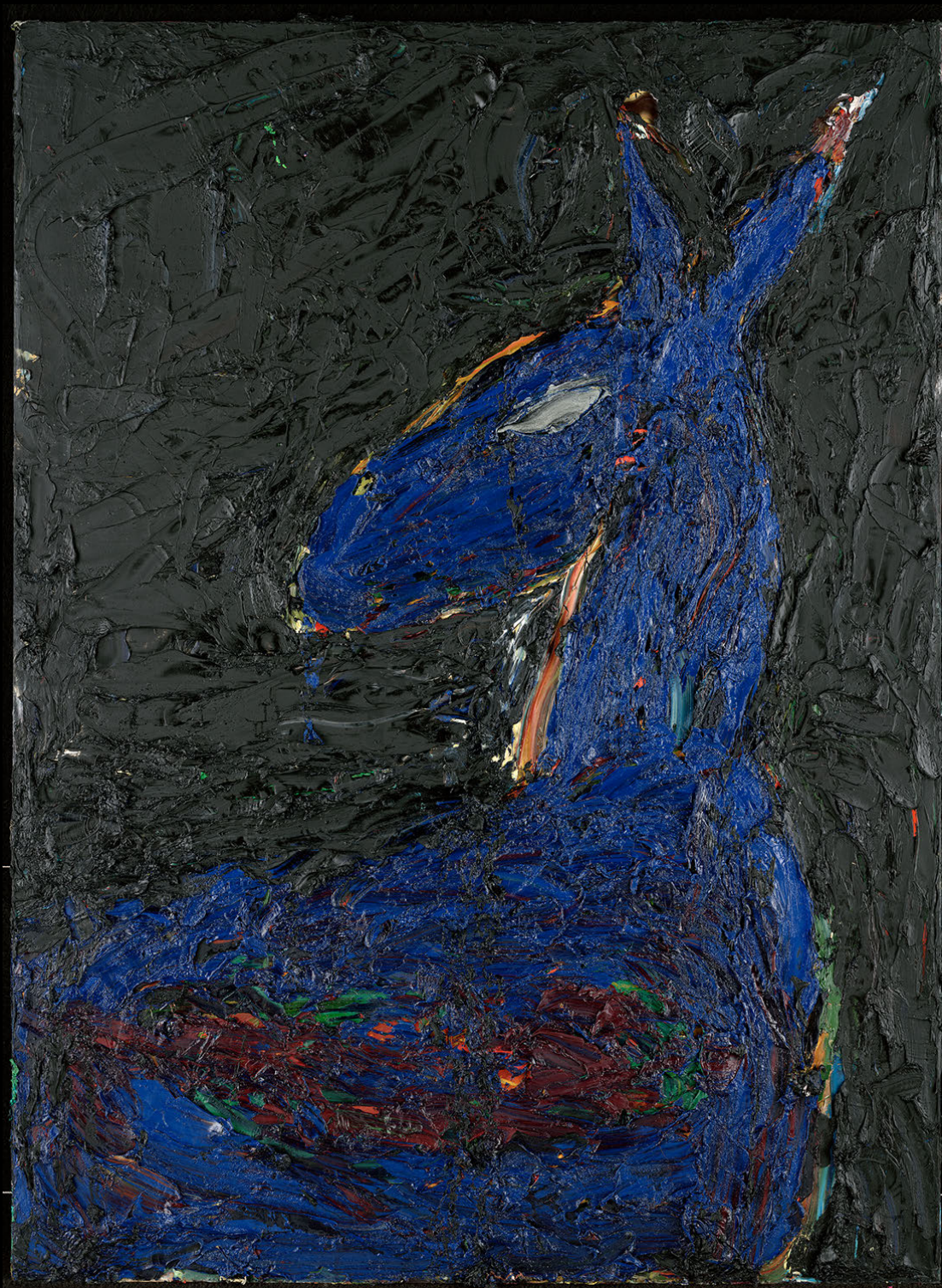
Cat. 15137

2012

Oil

53" x 39"





31. *Blue Horse II*

Cat. 13124

2009

Oil

53" x 39"

32. *The Priestess*

Cat. 13298

2009

Oil

53" x 39"



33. *Peace*
Cat. 17567
2016
Oil
60" x 72"





34. *Self Portrait II*

Cat. 9114

2005

Oil

79" x 53"

35. *Curtains*

Cat. I4923

2008

Oil

79" x 53"





36. *Mother*

Cat. 15188

2012

Oil

79" x 53"



37. *Joan*

Cat. 12409

2008

Oil

96" x 48"

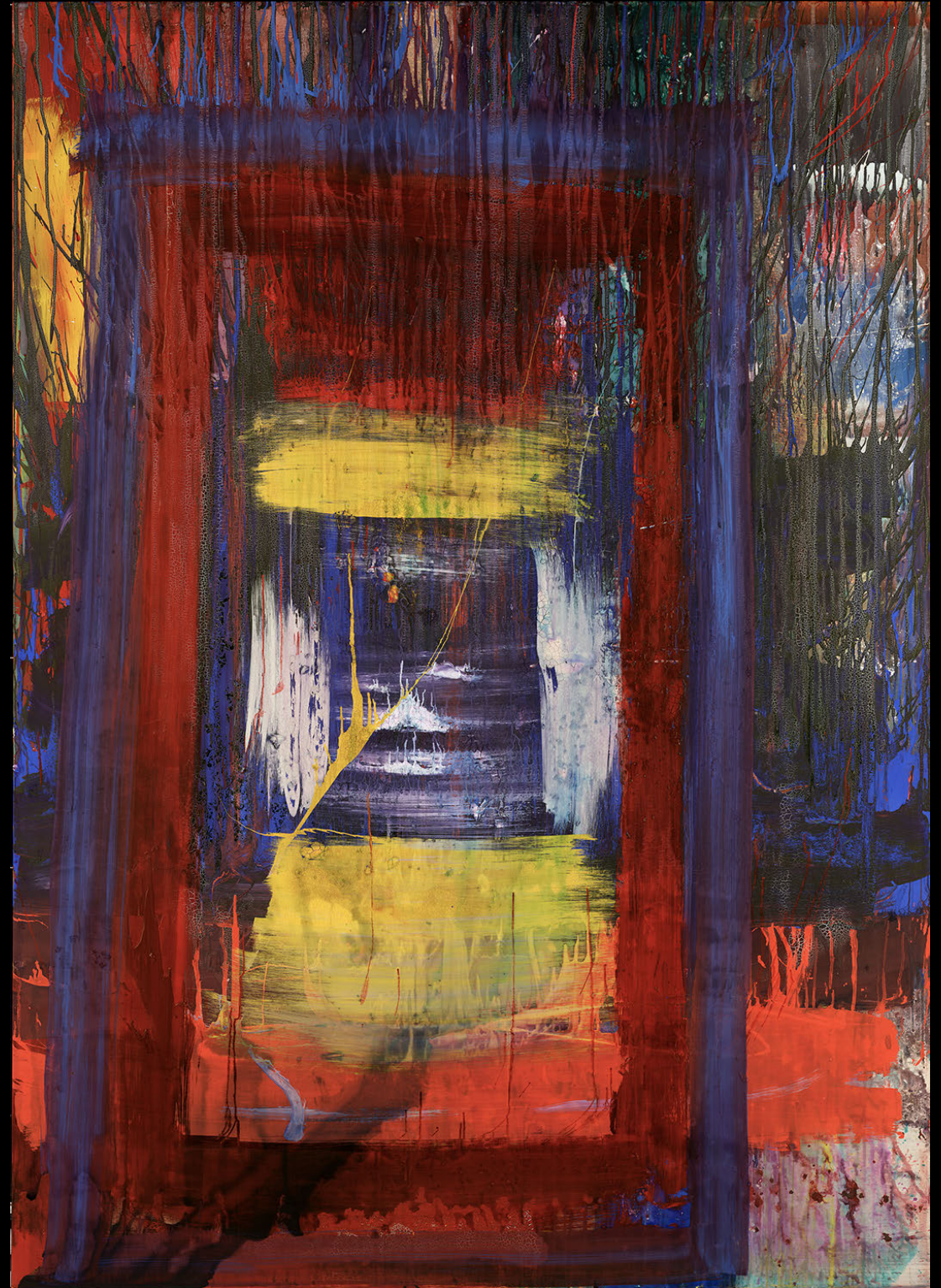
38. *Nether World*

Cat. 9153

2006

Oil

84" x 60"



Pigmentation on Cork

39. *Mars Rising*

Cat. 8258

2004

Pigment on Cork

45" x 45"





40. *Blue I*
Cat. II646
2007
Pigment on Cork
79" x 57"



42. *Blue III*
Cat. II644
2007
Pigment on Cork
79" x 57"



41. *Blue II*
Cat. II645
2007
Pigment on Cork
79" x 57"



43. *Diyaa*

Cat. 12899

2009

Pigment on Cork

78" x 58"

44. *Remember*
Cat. 7655
2001
Pigment on Cork
79" x 57"



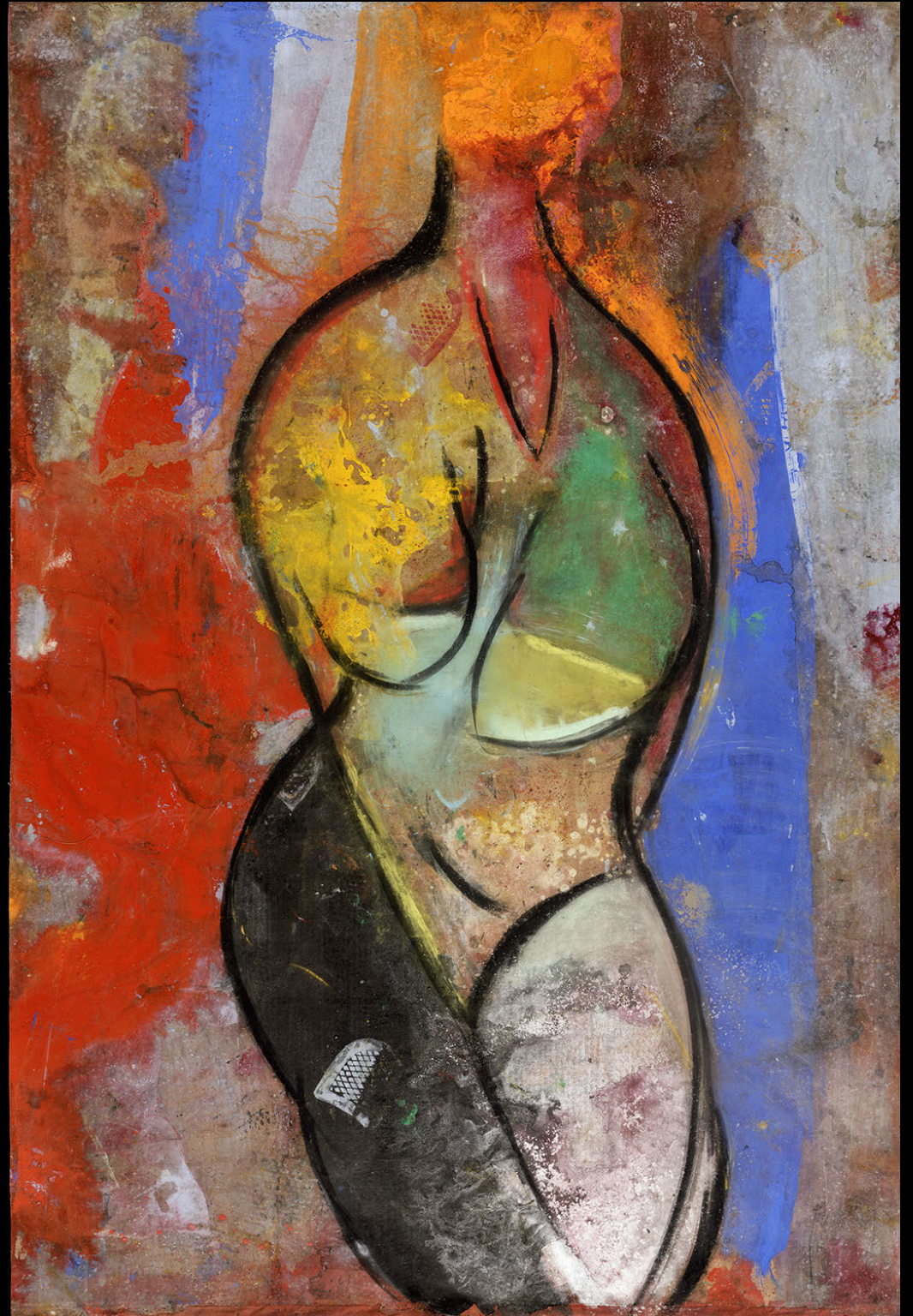
45. *Glass Hour*

Cat. 16462

2013

Pigment on Cork

57" x 39"





46. *Indian Chief*

Cat. 16853

2014

Pigment on Cork

57" x 39"

47. *Dancing*
Cat. 16587
ca. 1986
Pigment on Cork
62" x 45"





48. *Whatever*

Cat. 13660

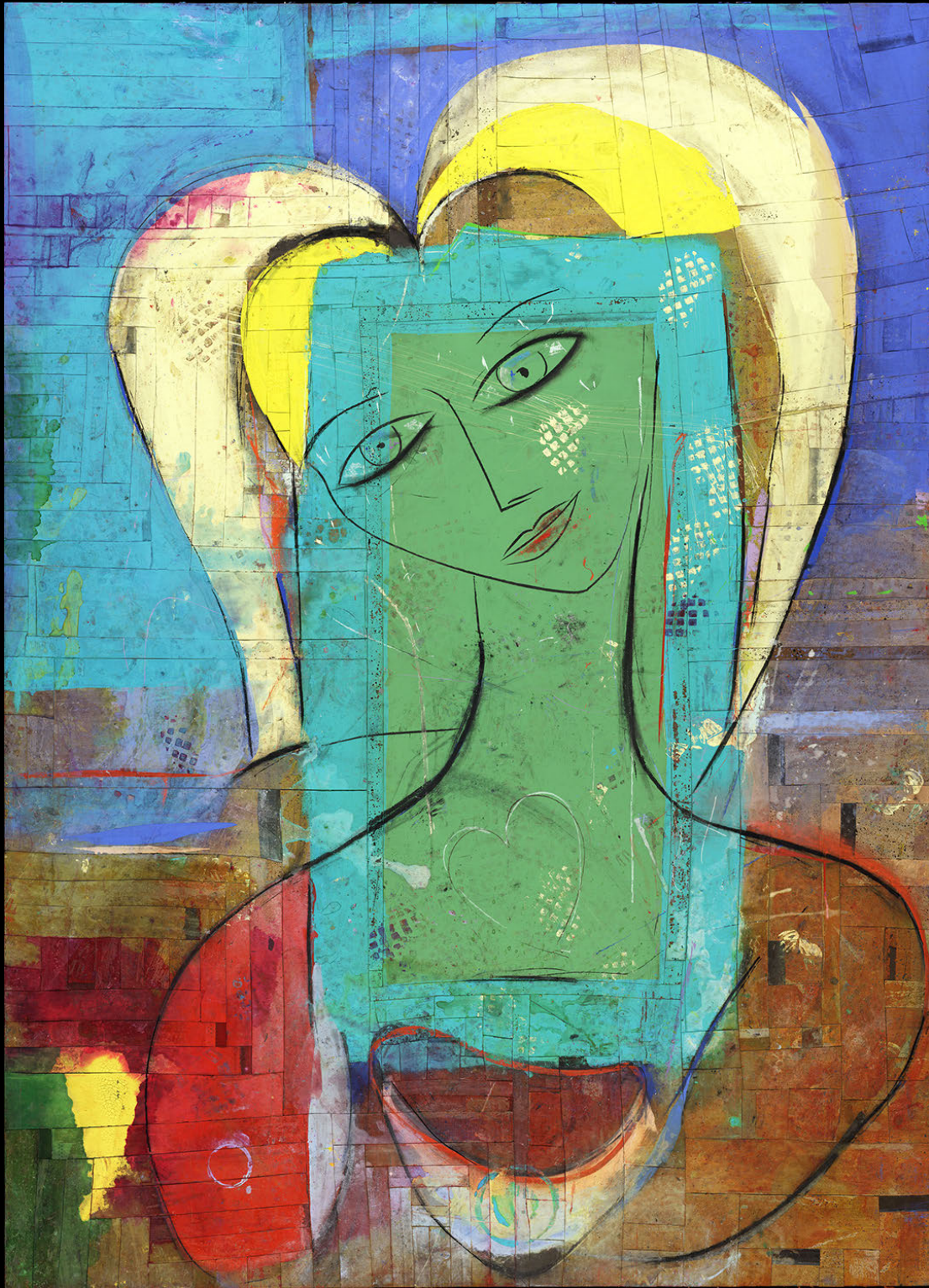
2009

Pigment on Cork

79" x 57"

49. *The Mystic*
Cat. 1640
ca. 1992
Pigment on Cork
76" x 57"





50. *Lady*

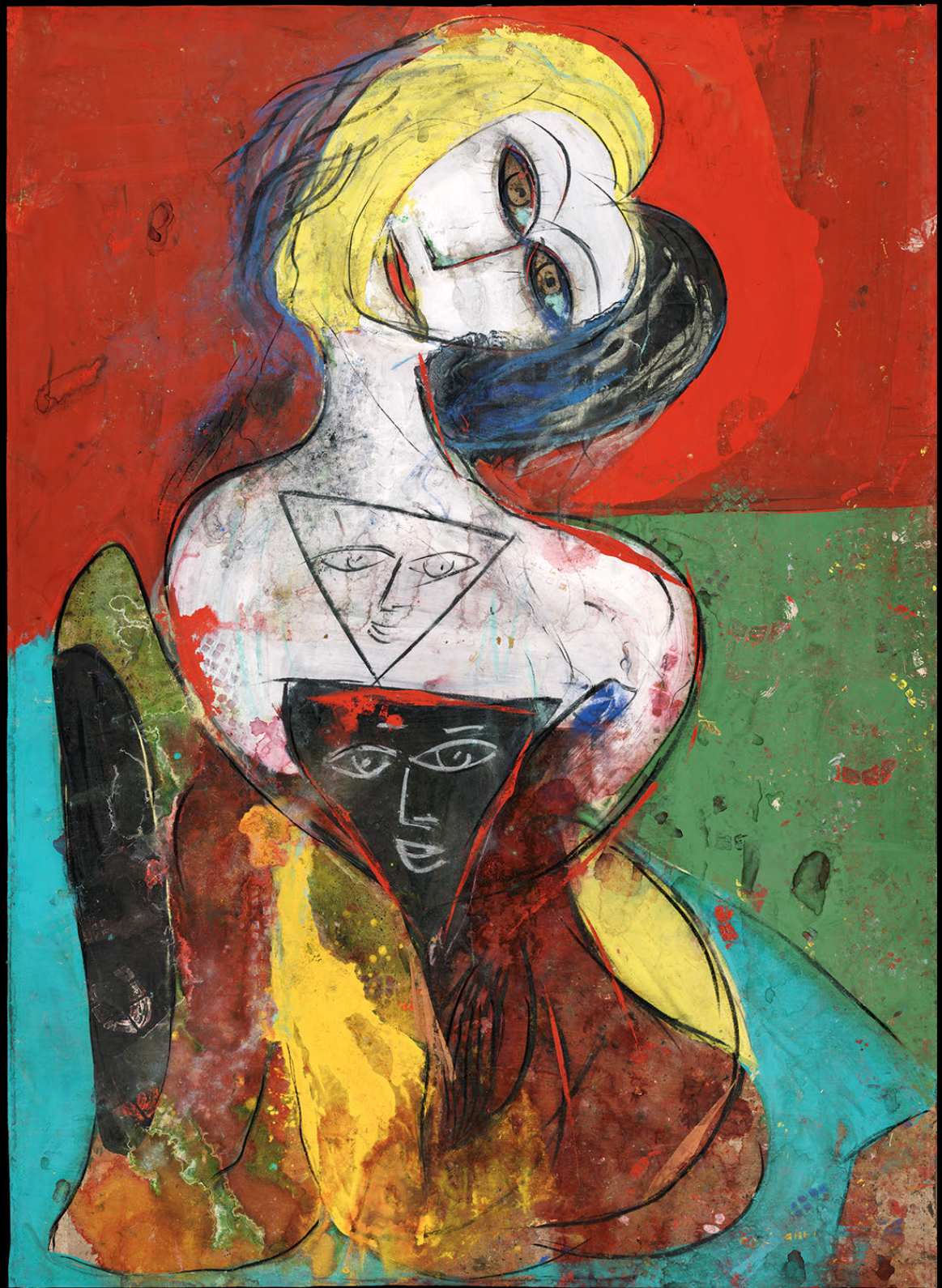
Cat. 12131

2008

Pigment on Cork

79" x 57"

51. *Mash*
Cat. I2216
2008
Pigment on Cork
79" x 57"



52. *Mystic & His Mask*

Cat. 1644

ca. 1988

Pigment on Cork

76" x 57"





53. *Woman of Peace*

Cat. 1229I

2008

Pigment on Cork

79" x 57"



54. *Otherworldly*

Cat. 12168

2008

Pigment on Cork

53" x 117"

55. *Shaman*
Cat. 7233
ca. 1996
Pigment on Cork
96" x 55"



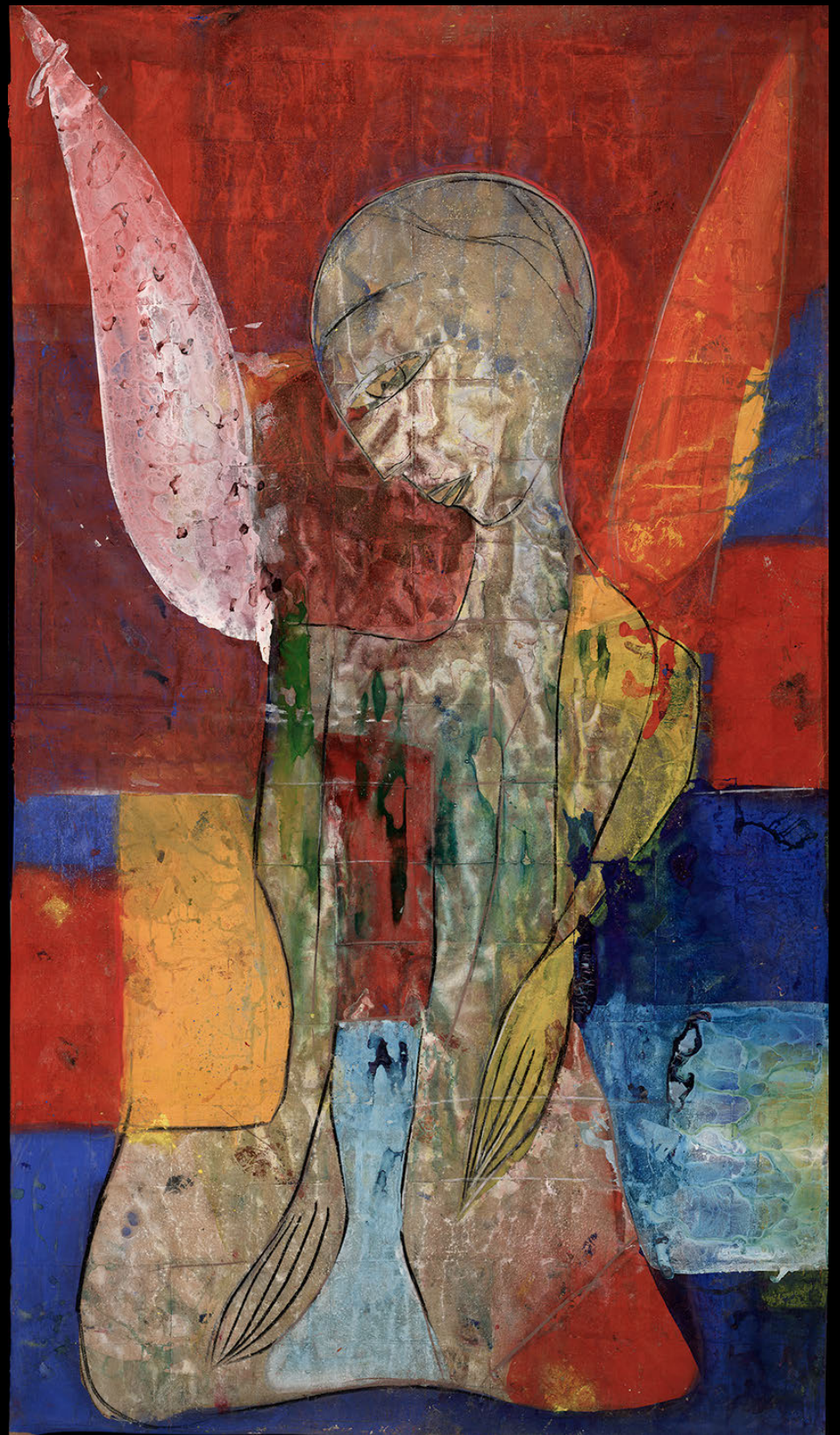
56. *Winged Figure*

Cat. 7909

ca. 1996

Pigment on Cork

96" x 55"



Pigment Dispersion



57. Portrait of the Artist

Cat. 17059

2014

Pigment Dispersion

36" x 36"



58. *Granite I*
 Cat. 18283
 2017
 Pigment Dispersion
 72" x 24"



59. *Granite II*
 Cat. 18284
 2017
 Pigment Dispersion
 72" x 24"

60. *Flamer*
Cat. 17845
2016
Pigment Dispersion
48" x 48"



61. *Chemistry*
Cat. I8192
2017
Pigment Dispersion
39" x 53"



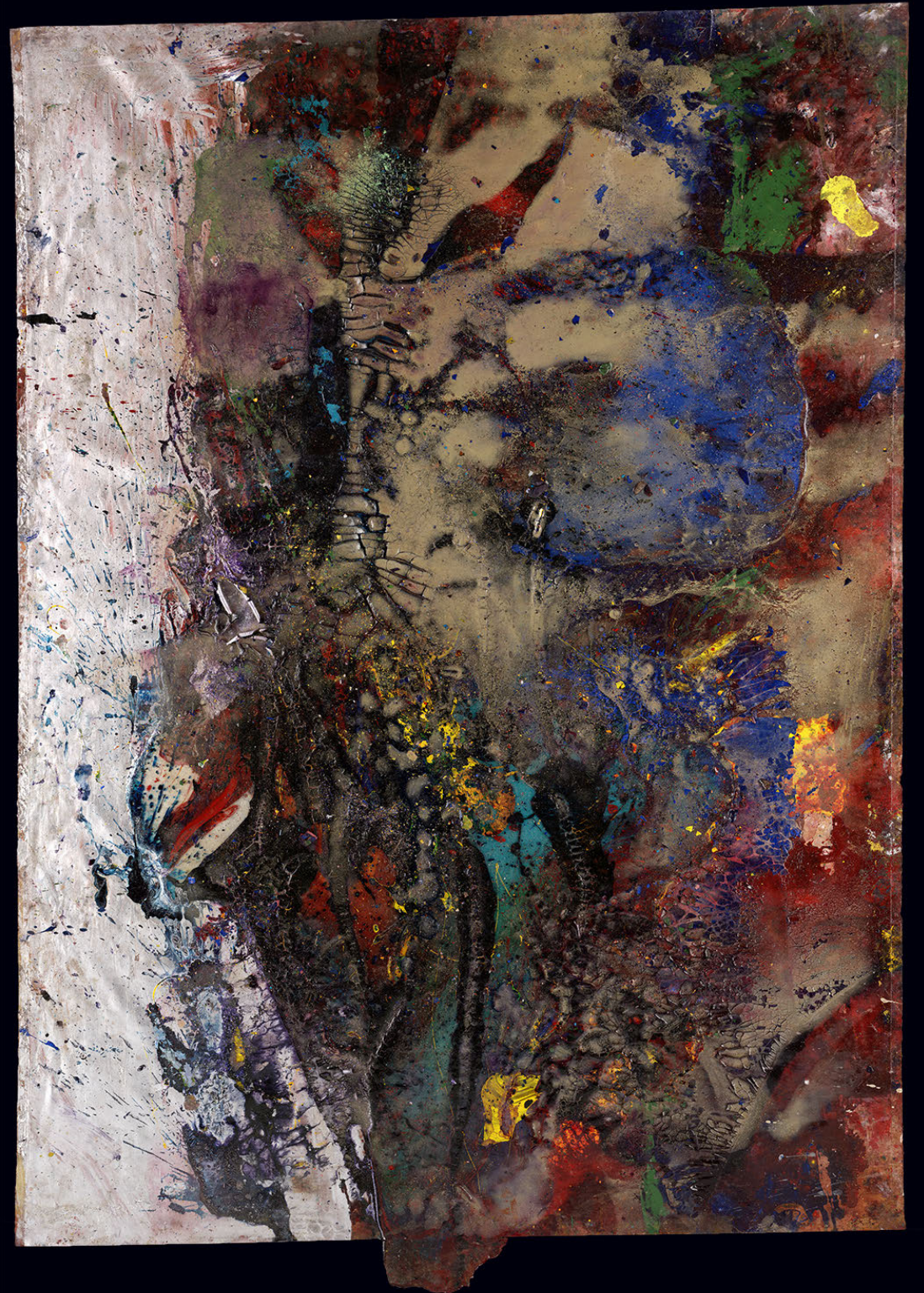


62. Oz
Cat. I8203
2017
Pigment Dispersion
84" x 60"

63. *Ocean*
Cat. I8290
2017
Pigment Dispersion
84" x 60"



64. *Rhythm*
Cat. 17058
2014
Pigment Dispersion
82" x 57"





65. *Hello!*

Cat. 18287

2017

Pigment Dispersion

84" x 60"

66. *Heart*
Cat. I8204
2017
Pigment Dispersion
84" x 60"





67. *I Wonder*

Cat. 17888

2017

Pigment Dispersion

96" x 48"

Alphabetical List of Plates

Achilles & Patroclus	15	Mash	51
Ancient	8	Meditation	18
Apparition I	20	Michael	11
Apparition II	21	Mother	36
Apparition II	22	Mystic & His Mask	52
Blue Horse I	28	Nether World	38
Blue Horse II	31	Ocean	63
Blue I	40	Otherworldly	54
Blue II	41	Oz	62
Blue III	42	Peace	33
Blue Mask	23	Physics	10
Chemistry	61	Portrait of the Artist	57
Curtains	35	Profile I	3
Dancing	47	Profile II	30
Day & Night	9	Quwi	5
Demeter	26	Ramses	19
Diyaa	43	Remember	44
Dream	6	Rhythm	64
Flamer	60	Science	27
Glass Hour	45	Self Portrait I	25
Granite I	58	Self Portrait II	34
Granite II	59	Shaman	55
Heart	66	Tears	7
Hello!	65	The Eye	4
I Wonder	67	The Mystic	49
Indian Chief	46	The Poet	24
Joan	37	The Priestess	32
Journey of Hope	1	Whatever	48
Lady	50	Winged Figure	56
Magic	2	Without Me XI	3
Man of Peace	12	Without Me XII	4
Man With Heart	16	Woman of Peace	53
Mantra	29	Your Obedient	17
Mars Rising	39		