

**R**OZSA Hajnoczy's *Fire of Bengal* provides a new, and mostly unflattering, view of Rabindranath Tagore's Santiniketan. All established beliefs about Santiniketan are questioned in this mixture of fiction and biography. *Fire of Bengal* looks at India and Indians in the late 1920s, but does so from a colonizer's point of view. It attempts to be revisionist in its presentation of Tagore. Hajnoczy's approach and understanding of the poet is different from many other Western women who have had close ties with Tagore and who have written about their experiences of the poet, for example Victoria Ocampo who had known Tagore more closely than any other Western woman. If Hajnoczy's account is true, and this is a big "if," she has done major work in undermining the poet and his Santiniketan. In fact, her sensational account portrays Santiniketan as "a madhouse" (235). Her impression of India is summed up in her comment about a Durga Puja she witnessed at Surul, near Santiniketan, in 1929: "This is how hell must be" (199).

*Fire of Bengal* was written during 1929-31 when Dr Gyula Germanus, a Hungarian scholar of Islam and Hajnoczy's husband, was a professor at Santiniketan. Hajnoczy maintained a diary of her encounters. Since her diary was written in Hungarian, she was able to freely record her thoughts about the people she met. Later she converted her diary into a book although it took a while for it to be published. Indeed, the book's publication history is curious. Published in 1944 in Hungarian as *Bengali Tuz*, the book was a bestseller and the first two impressions were sold out rapidly in about a year's time. And this was during the Nazi occupation of Hungary! Unfortunately, Hajnoczy had committed suicide two years before all this happened, apparently because her husband, who was Jewish, had been imprisoned by the Gestapo. When the Soviets occupied Hungary in 1945, they banned *Bengali Tuz*. The ban was lifted after the Hungarian Revolution in 1956. There was another edition in 1972 to which Dr Gyula Germanus added a preface. The translator of *Bengali Tuz*, Eva Wimmer, had fled to England in 1956 and received a copy of *Bengali Tuz* from one of her Budapest relatives at a later date. Fascinated by her initial encounter with the book, she undertook to translate the Hungarian edition with the help of her English husband, David Grant. Five years later when the translation was done, Eva succumbed to anaemia. Like Hajnoczy who had not seen her book published in her lifetime, Eva's translation was printed posthumously from Dhaka, Bangladesh in 1992, the fiftieth year of Rozsa Hajnoczy's death.

From our present day vantage point, it is a difficult task to determine whether *Fire of Bengal* is an autobiographical effort, a travelogue (which is what the author's husband calls it in his preface to the second edition), or a completely fictional work devised to attack Tagore and his group. Various reviewers, ex-students and scholars from Santiniketan have shown that Hajnoczy freely mixes fictional names with real ones. The most narrated, and perhaps the most subverted, character in the book is Atanu Ray, the Oxford-educated Professor of English at Santiniketan who is infatuated, to his Danish wife's understandable dread, with Gertrud Rudiger. In the original Hungarian edition, Atanu Ray's real name, Amiya Chakrabarty is retained, as is his wife's Indian name, Haimanti. Hajnoczy makes Atanu Ray her vehicle for criticizing Tagore, whereas the real Amiya Chakrabarty had actually worked as the poet's secretary! However, the most telling error she commits is with dates. In the third section of the book — The Third Year — which nar-

# Fact, Fiction or Sheer Malice?

rates the events of 1930, she alleges that students of Santiniketan planned to kill the Governor General of Bengal, and that some of them actually took part in the foiled assassination bid. However, the actual assassination attempt was in 1931, a year after Hajnoczy left India! The book is filled with signs of such fabrication. Several of the entries, such as the "Sabarmati, End of May 1930" entry on page 337, are definitely fabricated. The previous entry, also "End of May, 1930" on page 335, shows Hajnoczy comfortably vacationing in Shillong. It was impossible in 1930 to move across India from Assam to Puna in a matter of two days!

I have personally chosen to consider *Fire of Bengal* as a fictional work, but cannot refrain from asking if she had the right to perform such character assassinations as she gets away with in the original Hungarian edition. Is she, then, an European woman so bored with Santiniketan and India that she has to derogate it all in an attempt to establish her superiority as an European?

Certainly, the initial enthusiasm for India that both Hajnoczy and her husband feel on their way to Bombay turns to frustration and despair as they approach India. Thus, although she glorifies the Nile as the "life-blood of Egypt" (40) she seems to have little respect for Egypt's ancient civilization. To her and her shipmates, only the European way of life can be perfect. In the bazaar, for instance, she is very critical about the "very unpleasant eastern style of business" (40), and about the hawkers and their way of dressing.

When she lands in India, we find Hajnoczy always critical of India and Indians. For example: Bombay, to her, "is a city of contradictions. The Parsee women glittering with jewels, the Hindus raking for scraps of food in the rubbish heaps" (43). At Tagore's Palace in Calcutta, she finds the toilets absolutely unclean and complains to Mahalanobis, the secretary to Tagore. However, Mahalanobis calmly explains that the Hindus won't touch anything non-Indian ("mleccha" in their language).

As she moves into the heart of Bengal, her inability to accept India as it is becomes more and more evident. In particular, she has problems with the Brahmo belief in preserving life. Although she finds her quarters at Santiniketan less than satisfying, she seems to like the air there. Here in her own household she ruthlessly exterminates all insect life, forcing her servants to participate in the killing. But soon she finds a small European community equally intolerant of India and almost immediately begins to feel at home.

Of course, not all the Europeans find India detestable. Helga Ray finds India exciting and actually accepts the Hindu way of life: she puts vermilion on her forehead, prefers to wash her husband's feet every day, and eat after he has eaten. To all this, Hajnoczy's reaction is "You're beyond redemption!" (58). But whereas Helga is largely successful in accepting the caste-ridden Brahmin society, if not the open architecture of the Brahmo Samaj, Hajnoczy is totally unaccommodating to anything Indian. Indeed, she finds the company of half-civilized Italians and unruly Russians, openly considered the worst lot of Europeans of her time, the Pilsner, the ship which brings her to India, preferable to the Indians. Hajnoczy never gives up this racist attitude; her inability to accept the Indian faith is clearly based on notions of Christian superiority over other religions.

This "Proud daughter of the West" (59) is more remorselessly ironic than any of the other European writers writing on India

"Unless you put a gag in her mouth you cannot prevent her from convicting herself ten times over every time she opens it." Bernard Shaw in *Saint Juan*, Scene VI.

## BOOK REVIEW

*Fire of Bengal* by Rozsa Hajnoczy,

translated by Eva Wimmer and David Grant published by University Press Limited, Dhaka, 1992 Price: Tk. 450.00.

Reviewed by Hasnain Atique



in and around that time. For instance, this is how she describes her experience of having tea at Santiniketan: "No sooner is the tea poured out than the cup is swarming with ants, finding in the boiling liquid the shortest route to Nirvana. I can no longer keep up with the spooning out of corpses, and simply strain them through my teeth. This, then, is the reason why the Hindus suck up their tea no noisily, to avoid the sin of taking life" (60). Not surprisingly, as with other superficial observers of the Indian scene, she sees no religious communities other than Hindus and Muslims in the sub-continent: whoever is not a Muslim must be a Hindu.

Nevertheless, the question that Hajnoczy cannot avoid asking is "Is European culture simpler than Eastern Wisdom?" (80). India does effect a change on Hajnoczy in the course of her travels as she becomes marginally receptive to India when she is removed from the merciless heat of Bolpur and the plains to the cool climates of Siliguri and Darjeeling. In Darjeeling while witnessing the many dance parties as a bystander, she seems to realize how flimsy Western culture is against the depth of "Eastern wisdom." As she compares western dances with some Santal aboriginal dances, she appears painfully aware of the shortcomings of Europe. Despite such moments, however, she cannot help feeling that her white skin gives her the status of a deity in India: "If the Hindus in Bengal look up at the sky and quaver a few prayers to the heights (in Darjeeling), they will soar up to us..." (81). While she treats all European as her equals, she always looks down on Indians. Indeed, she appears elated when Gertrud Rudiger,

the German mountaineer, comes to Santiniketan and begins to "discipline" her servants. Hajnoczy's chief line of attack against Indians in general and Tagore in particular is their supposed lack of artistic values. This comes out clearly in statements such as "These Hindus have got their values wrong!" (170) in reference to the eatable parts of a roast duck. She assumes that the Hindus, only use their temples as a sacrificial altar and pay no attention to the terra-cotta art in the temples: this is what she has to say about the ornate relief at the door of a temple "The art historians have yet to give it their attention, and the worshippers ignore it. They have more important things on their minds than art" (198). She seems to have forgotten that if this relief "had been fashioned two hundred years ago by an unknown sculptor" (198) at least that sculptor had to have some good aesthetic sense. Since thousands of such temples can be found everywhere in the Indian subcontinent, such sculptors with fine artistic sense might not be as rare as she proposes!

Amazingly she indicts Tagore too for lacking aesthetic sense, and implies that he also lacks common sense. When Tagore is introduced, she is careful to stress his dress as if to indicate that the man was all show. In her comments she acknowledges, that Tagore has the status and wisdom of a sage; she implies, however, that this man had no right to lead such a large herd, for she does think of his followers as cattle. To Hajnoczy, Indians with their continuous worship of the cow and attempts to purify everything with bovine excreta, are no better than their revered animal.

Tagore's statement about Western music during a dinner at Santiniketan in September 1929 is obviously fabricated. According to her memoirs, Tagore, when asked his opinion of "classical music in Europe," replied that he "could find no art within... European music is very naive. It mimics animal noises. It is trying to paint scenery. This is not the province of music" (183). If we believe this account, we have to do away with recent research into Tagore's works which show how deeply influenced Tagore had been by western music and art. As Tagore is making his "hostile" remarks about western art, an impatient "I give up" (183) muttered to her husband in Hungarian neatly catches Hajnoczy's attitude towards the Indians and their great poet. Is she perhaps trying to say that Tagore is insensitive to different forms of art? If one accepts that Tagore actually said that western music "mimics animal noises" would it be wrong to conclude that "mimicry is not art" (183)? The "I give up" is her frustrated response to failing to "civilize" (to borrow Mark Twain's phrase) this Indian. The conclusion she draws is that "Possibly (western music) is beyond the scope of the oriental ear" (231). She overreaches herself when she suggests that even the streetwise beggar of Santiniketan shows better appreciation of western music than Tagore. Although William Radice thinks that the book has a special appeal because of Tagore, Tagore is really a very minor character in the book. He is only occasionally present, and he seems to be there only to be debunked.

The colonizer's attempt to instruct the colonized (Robinson Crusoe educating Man Friday, for instance) is clearly present in her classification of societies. There are three types of civilizations: the paragon of civilization is the Europeans, amongst whom the English are held in the greatest respect and whom even Hajnoczy tries to imitate ("I felt very protective towards my English accent" (181)). The contrast to the mechanical civilization of the west is provided by the Santal aboriginals whom Hajnoczy unabashedly adores and admires for their freedom, in life and in marriage, although she cannot help noticing their excessive drinking habits. In between these two extremes is the Bengali "babu" who comprises the Hindu and the Mohammedan. At first she seems to be praising the educated Hindu such as Atanu Ray because he has discarded his own people and now believes in a mechanical science devoid of eastern wisdom. However, we eventually see that the pariah Indian remains a pariah even to this European who finds the whole caste system detestable. That Hajnoczy believes in forcibly instructing the colonized is evident in her open admiration for Gertrud's strict German discipline; Gertrud believes that India's movement for independence could be stifled "if ten Prussian policemen were to snarl at [Gandhi's followers]" (320). Hajnoczy's contempt for Bangalis is clear in her comment: "Bad dogs, when they pass on will become Bengalis; good dogs become Santals. Kumar, (the Bogdanov's) own spoiled hound, for example, will be a Santal" (236). "The Hindus are not human beings. They're more like animals" (384).

It is difficult to determine who Hajnoczy has any respect for. The Hindus are openly criticized for their "uncleanliness," the Muslims are shown to be thoroughly lecherous and content to enjoy female company. Not a single Muslim character in the book is spared this disgrace. Mohammad Jaffar, an army major vacationing in Darjeeling is treated with typical contempt. He is shown as a

happy-go-lucky man content to be with Gladys who is a mysterious sort of flirt. The Afghan servants of the Bogdanovs stow a Hindu girl in a coal bunker and frolic with her while the Bogdanovs are in Darjeeling. Hajnoczy appears to take a disliking for Tagore, Gandhi and Sir Hasan Suhrawardy simply because they are Indians. But the extreme nature of Hajnoczy's hatred for India is demonstrated in her naming of her pet "bitch," who is "subservient as a Hindu woman." "Sita, after the wife of King Rama" (219). Hajnoczy had never been to Gandhi's Ashram at Sabramati, yet she depicts the episode of Himjhuri's meeting with Gandhi as if she had been a witness. In this 11-page entry she makes some imaginary American ladies speak of Gandhi as a "confidence trickster" who was "glancing stealthily at (the white visitors) through his glasses to gauge his effect upon them" and that "(Gandhi) squats at the gate of the British Imperipalper like a moneylender at the reluctant debtor's door" (339). Other epithets she applies to Gandhi are: "soothsayer, the fortune-teller, the mystic" (340). She also alleges that "Tagore... shared few of Gandhi's aspirations" (338). But as with her other encounters with Indians, she contradicts herself just two pages later where she allows Gandhi the disclaimers that he is "no saint," only "a fallible human being" (342). One is left with the unmistakable feeling that the Gandhi she shows in *Fire of Bengal* is a fictional character.

In sum, I consider Rozsa Hajnoczy guilty of mutilation. She freely concocts stories of romance among the students of Santiniketan, including the one between Gertrud Rudiger and Atanu Ray. Take the entry — "Mid-August, 1930" — where she describes their first amorous meeting/trip for this is also where she most succeeds novelistically. Notably, even in this instance she had not been present at the meeting, yet she provides the dialogues that allegedly passed between Atanu and Gertrud. Hajnoczy is also guilty of mutilating Indian mythology. For instance, in many of her mythologies she mentions that Shiva destroys with his divine powers, whereas the Shiva of Indian mythology is known to destroy with his third eye. She distorts the history of India, even to the point of glorifying Lord Clive's conquest. In her opinion, Clive delivered Bengal from the hands of an avaricious murderer like Shiraj-ud-Dawla. No wonder, then, that she would enjoy the hospitality offered by the descendants of Mir Jaffar in Murshidabad.

I would not like to recommend *Fire of Bengal* to people who want to know more about what Santiniketan is or what Tagore was really like. The translation is rather weak and very prosaic. Moreover, the numerous printing errors are irritating. Besides, one feels that the editor, William Radice, could have done a better job: his sole intrusion seems limited to less than half a dozen footnotes and a Foreword. All the elaborate fabrications lead one to contemplate the role of Dr Gyula Germanus, Hajnoczy's husband, in editing and publishing the book. Did he simply laugh to himself when he read the manuscript, or did he care about factual reliability? Apparently, these were not his concerns. He was perhaps only trying to be true to the spirit of his wife.

Would anyone believe that the *Fire of Bengal* is neither Tagore, nor the revolution in India? It is simple the heat wave of India "By magic (the sun's) redness created a red glow in my eyes, the radiance of the fire of Bengal" (589). Perhaps even the title of the book was chosen to increase sales. Although a misnomer, *Fire of Bengal* certainly has a right to exist as a personal diary; but it has no place in print.

## Yearender on American Films

# Hollywood Turns to Fiction for 1993 Source Material

Michael J Bandler writes from Washington DC

**W**ASHINGTON — Hollywood turned to the pages of fiction as source material for some of the most fully realised, and most meaningful, movies of 1993.

Near the end of the year, its creative screenwriters and directors also explored a number of gritty, somber themes — the Holocaust, the AIDS pandemic and, once again, Vietnam — that are not normal fare for the holiday season.

Steven Spielberg, director of such past hit films as "E. T." and "The Color Purple", directed two major 1993 movies based on novels. One, "Jurassic Park", an adventure centering on the return of the dinosaur era in the modern age, has in less than six months produced the highest gross revenues, worldwide, in the history of the industry. The film was adapted from the novel of that name by Michael Crichton.

The second Spielberg movie, "Schindler's List", released at year's end, was a work of art and history drawn from the book written by Thomas Keneally, an Australian.

Keneally's novel movingly detailed events in the life of an actual German Nazi sympathizer, Oskar Schindler — a businessman, womanizer and, eventually, shrewd savior of more than 1,000 imperilled Jews who, in the 1940s, eluded certain death at the extermination camp in Auschwitz, Poland. Screenwriter Steven Zaillian's script hewed closely to the original story, and the film was shot in black and white to add an image of authenticity.

Director Martin Scorsese seemed in his element in the evocative screen adaptation (with writer Jay Cocks) of Edith Wharton's novel "The Age of Innocence." Costarring Danel Day-Lewis and Michelle Pfeiffer, the film radiated as it reflected on the conduct and the trappings of New York City's high society of the 1870s.

Robert Altman, who depicted alienation and black humor in such films as "Nashville" and "M-A-S-H", turned to the fiction of Raymond Carver for his film "Short Cuts". Drawing on nine Carver stories and one prose poem, Altman (in collaboration with writer Frank Barhydt) created a collage of unrelated situations that somehow, tentatively, fuse on celluloid. Sexually, socially, psychologically, the two dozen or so characters are seen struggling desperately to bring some order to their lives.

Amy Tan transposed her engrossing and often painful "The Joy Luck Club" to the screen in collaboration with cocenarist Ron Bass and Chinese-American director Wayne Wang. With a strong ensemble of Asian-American actors — veterans as well as newcomers — it hauntingly evoked a history and nearly a century's experience of Chinese immigration to America.

Dark as this film frequently appeared as events unfolded, it was much more engaging and affectionate than "Heaven and Earth", another movie rooted in Asia. In this adaptation of two memoirs by Le Ly Hayslip, director Oliver Stone chronicles the history of Vietnam over 30 years — and the American role, within it. He does so in anguished, angry terms which resemble Stone's efforts in the riveting films "Platoon" and "Born on the Fourth of July."

Versions of mass-market fiction — popular genre novels — also found their way onto the screen in 1993. In addition to his "Jurassic Park", Crichton's East versus West political suspense novel "Rising Sun" also was adapted for the screen; the

film starred Sean Connery and Wesley Snipes. "The Firm", starring Tom Cruise, and "The Pelican Brief", with Julia Roberts and Denzel Washington — thrillers based on the work of author John Grisham — were also among 1993's top money-makers.

Original scripts, although not at all dominant in Hollywood this past year, frequently attracted audiences as well. Prominent among them was "Philadelphia", written by Ron Nyswaner and Directed by Jonathan Demme. It starred Tom Hanks as an attorney who, upon announcing that he has contracted AIDS, is dismissed by his firm — which he promptly sues. Denzel Washington and Jason Robards were costars. The Home Box Office cable television network also debuted an original movie about AIDS based on Randy Shilts' history of the disease, entitled "And The Band Played On."

Hollywood often turned to the theatre for source material. In addition to British actor-director Kenneth Branagh's exuberant, ribald staging of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing", movie audiences has their choice of "Shadowlands" (British writer William Nicholson's touching drama about the romance between author C S Lewis and the American Joy Davidman) and "Six Degrees of Separation", a comedy-drama with social overtones by US dramatist John Guare.

American audiences in 1993 particularly warmed to three foreign films that sensually depicted adulterous relationships — "The Piano", from Australia, "Like Water For Chocolate" from Mexico, and "Farewell My Concubine" from China.

One of the unusual aspects of the 1993 film year were the multiple appearances onscreen by many leading actors.

Clint Eastwood, winner of the "best actor" Oscar for "Unforgiven" last year, appeared as a Secret Service agent protecting a US president in "Line of Fire", then acted in and directed a contemporary chase thriller, "A Perfect World", costarring Kevin Costner. Anthony Hopkins, who played opposite Debra Winger in "Shadowlands", beautifully portrayed a dedicated butler in an English manor in "The Remains of the Day", which costarred Emma Thompson as the residence's housekeeper.

Thompson, in turn, was a member of the jaunty ensemble in (her husband) Branagh's Shakespearean romp, and also played a barrister in "In the Name of the Father", Washington appeared in "Much Ado", and Hanks, the AIDS-plagued attorney in "Philadelphia", starred in one of the year's most blissful comedies, "Sleepless in Seattle", playing a widower who finds a new romance through the medium of a radio talk programme.

Not to be overlooked is "Mrs. Doubtfire", a blockbuster comedy released late in the year starring Robin Williams. The film, in which the just divorced Williams disguises himself as a nanny in order to visit his children, was the seventh movie of the year to earn over \$100 million.

Now Hollywood is preparing its 1994 roster. Audiences will have a choice of screen adaptations of Isabel Allende's "The House of the Spirits", Tom Robbins' "Even Cowgirls Get the Blues", and movies drawn from works by Grisham and Crichton, among other popular novelists. Costner, Hopkins, Paul Newman and Meryl Streep are slated to star in more than one film in 1994.

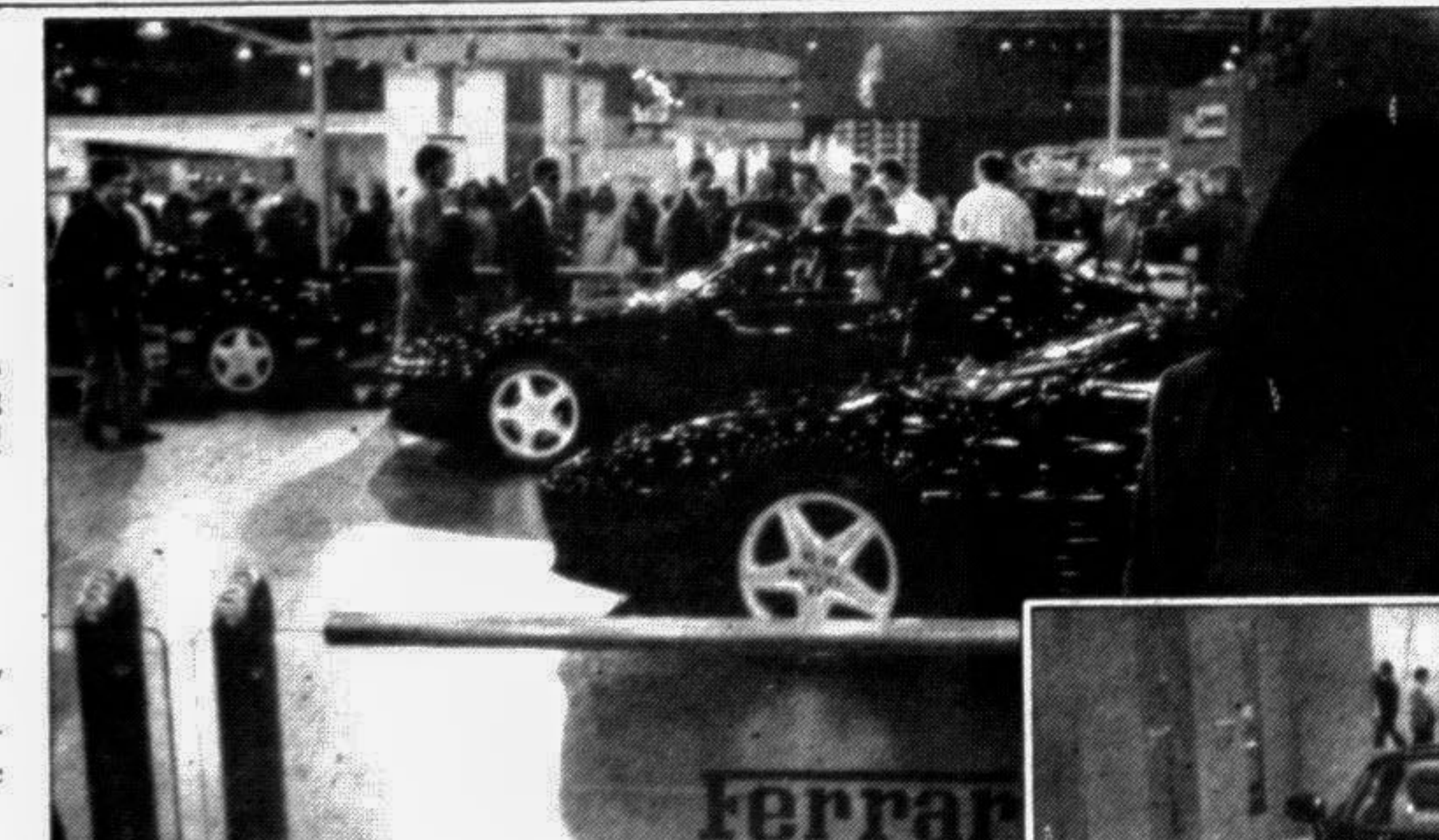
MICHAEL J BANDLER is a USA Staff Writer.

## Trading in Dreams London Motor Show

by Shahdeen Malik

**M**OTOR shows are strictly for the brave — not for those who are distressed at the sight of so many cars they can not afford to buy. As far as annual motor shows go, the one in London is not really kosher. It is not in the same league as the ones in Detroit or Frankfurt. Nevertheless, there were 50 new cars in this year's London Motor Show at the Earl's Court from 19 to 31 October. Only the Korean Hyundai had brought their proto type of a futuristic sports car to the show. The rest were the new models already with the dealers or would be available within a few weeks.

Kosher or not, there were no dearth of car enthusiasts at the show — even at £7.50 a head for the ticket. "All these look so gorgeous" — even more gorgeous, it seemed, than the vivacious young lady who was commenting, as she stood next to the bright red Volvos. All Volvo cars — from the smallest 440 to the large 940 — were in the same "gorgeous red". They were stunning. Porsche had four of their



This is also the year of cheap or rather modestly priced Mercedes-Benz C-Class. Mercedes's last popular series, the E-Class and particularly 190E, had surely been one of the most popular semi-luxury cars of the last ten years or so. The massive S-Class do not attract as many buyers in these recession years as Mercedes had hoped for. So the buzz of the auto scene is around this C-Class and the early indications are that it is gonna be a huge success. With a range of 4 cylinder 1800cc to 6 cylinder 2800cc engines in four different sizes and shapes — Classic, Spirit, Elegance and Sport — Mercedes is aiming at all sizes of pockets, from £21,000 to £38,000. Mercedes has spent millions in Research and Development for this new model and the success of this new C-Class is crucial

for the Company. While Porsche, BMW Mercedes were busy coming down the price ladder to attract new, young and not-so-rich buyers, Toyota is going in the other direction with its high priced luxury cars. Toyota is challenging the high priced performance-luxury car world of BMW seven and eight hundred series and Mercedes's S-Class with its Lexus GS300. Lexus looks a lot like Mercedes, comfortable and at around £35,000, not that expensive. If you have more money than you know what to



do with, you may want to try a Mercedes SL600, the model Diana (as in Princess) used to drive last year. A lot of the flag waving Brits did not like the idea of their Princess driving a German car. So Diana traded in her £72,000 Mercedes for a Jaguar. A really loaded SL600 convertible with a 6000cc, V12 engine delivering 389bhp can set you down for £96,400.

Jaguar is no longer British, Ford had bought the Jaguar Company quite some time ago. Still, the British politicians, including John Major, usually ride in a Jaguar. British or not, Jaguar XJ220 is the dream car. A mere 300 or so of these cars are being built. A prospective buyer needs to deposit around £50,000, wait a lot of months, and then add another £370,000 or so at the time of delivery. After all, it is the fastest production car ever built! Top speed is 213 mph. Acceleration from 0 to 60 mph has been recorded at 3.58 seconds and it takes 7.89 seconds to reach a speed of 100 mph.

The one I like most is the American Chrysler's Viper two-seater sports car with an 8-litre V10 engine. Only around 50 of these would be sold in the UK this year with a price tag of a tag over £50,000.

Then there were TVR sports car. This smallest British sports car manufacturer has been immensely successful in recent years. TVR's Griffith 500 is real flashy. A 5-litre V8 engine with race-bred chassis and suspension, vented brake discs and with power enough to zoom past most other cars at the price range of £30,000 to £35,000, TVR has a constant supply of enough admiring buyers to keep the manufacturer busy all year round. Recently not only Griffith 500, but other TVR models had been sold even before they left the production line. And then there were Lamborghinis, Ferraris and Aston Martin sports cars — all you need is £100,000 and some change for each.

"Dad, let's get this one", I overheard a 4-year old urging his father, as I was leaving the show. Now that was a sensible kid. But then I had a good look at the tiny Fiat Uno he was pointing at and wondered whether he mistook the Uno for a toy car. Fiat Uno is small, in fact looks too small to be safe. It, though, costs only around £6,000.00 and will probably take you from Sadarhat to Uttara and back on one liter of petrol. These small mundane cars, however, spoil the glamour of a motor show.