The Daily Star

LITERATURE

ESSAY

Literature is the Defence of History

DZEVAD KARAHASAN

HERE'S a joke I was told was Bosnian, though it sounds Jewish, in which lvek is in a local tavern and the moment he hears that the name of the man standing next to him is Moshe he kills him without thinking twice. He does not deny the deed to the police, he simply justified it by saying: "And what about what they did to our Jesus!?" "But that was two thousand years ago!" the police inspector exclaims. "Yes, but I only heard about it yesterday," says lvek.

What are the logical premises underpinning lvek's action and line of thought? There are probably many, but three stand out. The most obvious is certainly the ahistorical: Ivek has no sense of the past. For him the past, wherever and whenever it may have occurred, has a potential presence and topicality; for him, the only form of existence is "the here and now" of his life. Everything he learns about, regardless of where and when it occurred becomes immediate and current reality. Hamlet, here and now right next to lvek, is hesitating over avenging his murdered father, thus risking the danger of inflaming lvek's righteous anger. Brutus right now is brandishing the knife by which Caesar will die, Lisbon right now is being shaken by the great earthquake and Harun al-Rashid right now is presenting a watch to the barbarian ruler Carolus Magnus. All this and all else that really did happen in the past, that is described in literature or dreamt of in legend, is happening right here and now, the instant lvek learns about it. The kind of ahistoricity typical of lvek's sentiments could be called barbarian or pre-cultural, and in any case should be clearly distinguished from the ahistoricity of non-European cul-

The second quite obvious logical premise of lvek's action and thinking is a type of collectivism which I would like to call industrial collectivism. An industrial perception of the world is the necessary postulate for this type of collectivism and it would be truly wrong to attribute it to tribal, primitive or some other type of nonmodern thought. It is an undeniable truism that it was indeed the industrial age and its attendant outlook on the world that brought the forms of collectivism that we encountered at the turn of the last century, that I encountered and felt on my own skin in the Balkans at the start of the twenty-first century, and that, unfortunately, we will obviously have a

tures.

chance to see all around us for a long time yet to come. We have seen it, for instance, in the ideological and national totalitarianism of Bolshevism and Nazism, which saw membership in a particular nation or party as the true definition of a person's identity. At the heart of reducing identity to membership lies the clearly recognizable logic of the industrial series: each and every copy of any given model must be identical to all other copies of that model and must, without exception. be interchangeable with any other copy. In the pre-industrial age human identity could not be perceived in this manner for the simple reason that human life and existence in its broadest sense were perceived quite differently. It is unfair to ascribe our stupidities to times past, it is unfair to blame our madness on old forms of collectivism and earlier forms of human collectivity, especially if they had their own madness. As we can see from the joke I told at the beginning. for lvek individual identity is embodies without exception in the collective identity and is completely identified with it: it is "us" and the Moshe he kills is "them"; lvek is absolutely

called upon to "avenge" and Moshe is the perfect object of revenge. "I" is the same as "us" and every member of the collective who is "us" is the same as and interchangeable with "I". By extension, "you" in the singular is equivalent to "you" in the plural, and every member of "your collective" is equivalent to, and without exception interchangeable with, "you."

The third obvious logical premise of lvek's action and thinking is the attitude of opposition or, to be more precise, conflict that his "I" takes in relation to any other identity. By reducing human identity to belonging, lvek reduces the relationship between individual identities to a single possibility: hostility, i.e. mutual exclusiveness. Anything that exists and that is not "I, i.e. us, is Other, i.e. Others, to which the "I" must somehow relate. As we saw in the joke, lvek's "I" behavior toward the Other that was so irrefutably extant and present in his vicinity, i.e. toward poor Moshe, followed the principle of exclusion, i.e. it was within the scope of "either/or." Moshe is either one of "us" or he isn't; if he is, then he is equal to my

I", and if he isn't, then he is a "you" which necessarily rules out my "I" because "either/or" is based on the relationship between things in a mechanically perceived world. Moshe, I reckon, would not have



Illustration from Human Form and Art, Lalit Kala Academy, Delhi

minded if lvek had been less faithful to his mechanical concept of the world.

But why make such comments about a joke out of the blue like this? Unfortunately, we all know why: because the worst feature of Bosnian and Jewish jokes is that too often they are too reminiscent of reality. The world we live in reminds us of this joke every day. Did not the ideologues of Serbian aggression against Bosnia-Herzegovina demonstrate the same kind of ahistoricity as Ivek's in the joke? Did not General Ratko Mladi explain the massacre in Srebrenica as the "avenging of Kosovo," applying the same logic and reasoning that lvek used to justify his shooting of Moshe in the joke? The battle of Kosovo that General Mladi was "avenging" occurred in 1389 and did not involve anyone from Srebrenica. The general could not have cared less about such technical details; he had just learned about the battle of Kosovo and had to avenge it; in order for him

to do so he had to find anyone who was not him, or his collective. General Mladi resembles lvek in

his typically industrial perception of the individual. He considers himself utterly interchangeable with any other member of the collective to which he belongs, regardless of the time, place, or gender. He sees himself as utterly self-contained in

cisely this logic and this type of collectivism that is then demonstrated by politicians, policemen and intellectuals in the West, who subject people to police questioning merely because they are Moslems, expecting and even demanding of them to declare themselves on and distance themselves from specific acts of terrorism, only because they are Moselms, like the terrorists who committed the crime It is important to emphasize here that I am talking about logic, not actions. I in no way wish to equate or even compare the actions of a general who orders the massacre of 7,000 people, a terrorist who kills 3,000 people and a politician who has ordered the police questioning of a Moslem who happens to want to

study. It is actually out of an aversion

belonging to the collective just as an

industrial product is utterly self-

contained in belonging to a certain

model. This self-violence would not

be a problem if he did not carry out

his concept of identity consequen-

tially at the expense of others. This

industrial type of collectivism is not

limited to the Balkans alone. Exactly

the same kind of logic and industrial

type of collectivism is displayed by

terrorists who invoke Islam: they

believe that they have won over all

members of the "Moslem model" to

their cause by mere virtue of uttering

that "model's" name. And it is pre-

to the "terror of nominalism" that I wish to recall that human beings are real only and to the extent that they are individuals. Of course there is a "small difference" between the fate of the passenger on a downed plane and that of a citizen who is called in for questioning and then goes home; of course there is a "small difference" between 7,000 and 3,000 people killed and of course I cry out with all my heart: "Long live the small difference!"

From the nominalist standpoint these differences are indeed small. According to Islamic learning, the Prophet says that to kill one person unjustly is the same as killing all people, just as to save one person is the same as saving all people. This is indubitably true, murder is murder and whoever commits it is a murderer: arithmetical differences cannot bring into question the type, i.e. the name of the crime. And yet, perhaps it is after all worse to kill a person rather than humankind, because humankind would not leave behind a woman tearing her hair out in grief for its demise or a weeping child who perhaps does not yet know that he is now and ever after an orphan. Here one must not forget, of course, that "humankind" is not the same as "all people," humankind is a notion whereas all people are a mass, humankind is an abstraction whereas all people are a multitude. The arithmetical difference between one person murdered and two is to me crucial if the other one is me. Viewed from the nominalistic standpoint, even the difference between the guestioned student and the passenger on a downed plane is not that importantdeath is an inalienable attribute of the living person

Realistic point of view merely supplements the nominalistic view. It is only when we take into account the unbreakable connection between nominalism and realism. when we bear in mind the forest and each individual tree, as the old metaphor teaches us, only then will we be sure of not overlooking the life for the sake of the notion, and of not neglecting the notion either. Then, when we think of literature. Of all forms of human learning, only literature does not deny the presence of the notion or idea in the body it observes. Only literature can articulate the uniqueness of that body without bringing into question its connection in the idea or notion. only literature can achieve the full symbolic potential of a body, show all its "notional generality" without

ness and specificity. Of all forms of learning. literature alone produces a form which functions like a living body, a form in which both structure and history neither supplement nor clash with each other: literature alone shows that at every moment of his life the individual is everything he has been, everything he is now and everything he will be

I did not, therefore, compare utterly incompatible acts so as to say that they are similar; rather I wished to show that underlying such different acts is the same logical operation. The differences between some of these acts become even more evident when they are placed on a common footing, but these differences do not bring into question the said common footing, i.e. the "omnipresent" nominalistic logic which by virtue of its own nature reduces the individual to belonging and produces the "industrial image of man." This logic ever more crucially and ever more fatally moves our spirit and our language farther away from corporeal reality and toward arithmetic -- not toward the world of Platonic ideas. not toward the world of archetypes, but toward the pain series of natural numbers and collection of notions that are incapable of having a body. This logic has brought into our language countless worlds that have no denotation, it tries to reduce the word to serving as a mere bearer of information, it suppresses the body from the language and introduces oblivion of the absolute uniqueness of every living body. This logic and its attendant image of the individual is already clearly present in all spheres of our life. Has not the "industrial notion of man" held sway in the economy where man is no longer really the aim or the purpose but merely the means of labor, i.e. of profit? Has not the feeling that man is really a set of spare organs become so commonplace that the trade in organs is no longer covert and no longer upsets anyone? If this nominalistic epidemic continues to spread at the present rate, perhaps soon we will perceive even ourselves as a given, like those little men on the traffic lights who tell us when we can and cross the street and when we must stop, because we understand, sense and experience the world the way language depicts it. TO BE CONTINUED

POETRY

Melancholia

(In commemoration of 'nine eleven') Achintya Das Gupta

I write this note with thousands droplets of tears To commemorate the 'nine eleven' and to pay tribute to those, Who were trapped in a live inferno and compelled to die I write this note to sympathize with those Who have assembled today at the Ground Zero To shed tears of red - red roses attuned with Melancholia of bugle. I write this note on this day To reflect my dampened memory Left by man's catastrophic deed on the innocent humanity Representing many countries around the globe And to say a hard 'no' to any terrorism at home and abroad ... I write this note to express my hatred to the atrocity committed And profound sorrow for those Who left back their most beloved ones to mourn their deaths in captivity For the rest of their days ... I write this note urging upon all To forge unity In fighting away terrorism for good.

Feeling a n d Fantasy

Rubab Abdullah

Let it rain a small degree Tears of passionate wailing May mix into agua of nature May wipe off bitter memories of past Let it brighten the ray of hope May go in hiding behind mouth-mask All the pains and void of soul.

Who am I? Where do I come from? Where do we move towards then? Vitality ceases to exist Into these question marks.

News

"Americans have a sense of irony"

Dictionary of Modern Quotations, published on September 12, one day after the first anniversary of the event that provides

up-to-the-minute thoughts. George Bush is included in the 5,000 entries for saying it is time "for us to win the first war of the 21st century", and Tony Blair is there with him, saying: "We ... stand shoulder to shoulder with our American friends.'

The dictionary was last published

HE new edition of the Oxford which assembles and assesses quotations and keeps an ear open for what is being said.

Ms Knowles's current favourite quotation is in a crop which, contrary to expectations, proves that Americans have a sense of irony.

Journalist Tom Brokaw said of the broadcast networks' premature announcement of Bush's presidential win in Florida: "We don't just have egg on our face. We have omelette all over our suits."

Which goes nicely with Bill Clinton's comment on the same election: "The American people have spoken - but it's going to take a little time to determine exactly what they said", and Al Gore's words as he introduced himself to a student audience last year: "I am Al Gore, and I used to be the next president of the United States."

Retelling Metamorphosis

CHANDRA P SHARMA

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK REGOR was changed into the shape of a giant beetle. God, what could he do in

meant to knock Gregor back into his room....'Kafka) The mother instead of running to him and taking his head in her arms

father knotted his fist with a fierce visited him and asked him if he was expression on his face as if he satisfied that his family members did not love him. He protested and said, 'no, it is not true. Anyone can feel that way. It is not that they do

That night the angel again because of his past experience, he hid himself under the sofa so that his mother would not feel uncomfortable with his presence in the same room. When they came in the room the mother started arguing that it would be better to leave the furniture so that after Gregor returned to his normal life, he would not feel bad. Gregor felt elated because of his mother's concern for him. However, his sister persisted that the removal of furniture would provide greater freedom to Gregor's movement. So both of them started to shift the furniture. But his human sense compelled him to protect the favourite picture of the model. He climbed on the wall and hid the picture under his body. When his sister saw this, she wanted to stop their mother from entering the room. But she had already come inside the room and looked at the blob on the wall. The sight was so repulsive to his mother's Victorian sensibility that she fainted out and fell on the sofa. His sister ran out to the living room to find some medicine for her. Gregor followed her to He instruct. But again his action was mistaken and in terrified shock his sister dropped a file of medicine which broke on the floor cutting his face. The sister became hysteric and at that time his father entered the room in his official dress. He felt so annoyed at Gregor's action that he started to attack him with apples. Unfortunately, before he could enter his room safely, one of the apples got stuck on his back. After he entered his room, the sister locked the door. He felt very helpless because he could not be of any use to his mother and also because his good intentions were always mistaken for something else. Again the angel paid him a visit and asked him if he would like to follow him to the heaven. Gregor replied. 'No. I will wait for the time being. I am not yet sure that they do not love me.' The angel said he could wait till he wanted. There was not any haste. But now, Gregor was not so sure of his family's love for him. Almost a month had passed after the apple incident. Now the family members had left him in the care of a bony charwoman who used to threaten him with broom stick even though, in her own way, she showed that she understood him. She used to call him in friendly way 'old dung beetle'. However the neglect from his family was killing him. His sister started to act strangely. She used to push food for him with her foot. The room cleaning was left to the charwoman who instead of cleaning it started to throw all the waste materials in his room as if his room was a place to store all the useless things. month back his sister, out of love and compassion, moved away the furniture and now this charwoman was emptying all garbage in his

room. They had also taken in three lodgers who looked uncouth and uncultured people. The mother and sister were slaving for them, the strangers, but had forgotten the needs of their own flesh and blood.

bringing into question its unique-

the last time and entered his room

very bad. Now, he knew that he had lost the bet. Every family member was against this creature who was none other but their beloved son Gregor. He looked at all of them for

some of the book's most sober and

that shape!

FICTION

It was already six thirty in the morning. As the sky outside was overcast with cloud, it looked dark. He had already missed his five o'clock train and he thought that he should not miss the seven o'clock train. So now, instead of trying to fall asleep or turn on his right, he started to try to get out of his bed. When he tied to scratch his belly with those unshapely insect legs of his, a cold shiver passed through him. He shuddered on his condition. If he could have explained his bargain to his family, it would have been better. But it seemed that he had become incommunicable. It seemed as if every body was awake and gathered outside his room. His father and mother were coaxing him to open the door; his sister had started to cry. By now, it was almost seven in the morning. The father had sent his sister to bring the doctor to examine Gregor and the locksmith to open the door of his room which he was unable to unlock even after so much of coaxing from outside.

('But Gregor was much calmer. The words he uttered were no longer understandable, apparently, although they seemed clear enough to him, even clearer than before, perhaps because his ear had grown accustomed to the sound of them. Yet at any rate people now believed that something was wrong with him, and were ready to help him. The positive certainty with which these first measures had been taken comforted him. He felt himself drawn once more into the human circle and hoped for great and remarkable results from both the doctor and the locksmith.' Kafka)

Everyone was knocking and shouting. Their concern made him feel happy.

After seven, the head clerk from he office arrived to chastise him. He needed to explain to him the situation that he was facing and so he needed to talk with him. He had developed a bad habit of locking all his doors even when he was inside his own house. And that was the problem. However, he used all his skills to open one of the doors. Somehow, he became successful. He opened the door and calmly came out and tried to explain the situation. He had forgotten that he could not use human language now. He was provided with human understanding only. So the time the head clerk saw his grotesque shape, almost three feet in size, he left the room hurriedly.

(His mother 'fell on the floor mong her outspread skirts, her face quite hidden on her breast. His

started to back away from him as if he was not her son, or the transformation had broken all their relationship. He had read the story of the "Beauty and the Beast" where the beast, a cursed prince in the shape of a lion, was saved because of the love of a girl who was not even related to him. Here his own mother who had not only brought him to this world but also fed him on her breast for years was terrified because of his insect like shape and instead of taking stock of the situation started to cry, 'Help, for God's sake, help!' The father instead of helping him raised his stick as if he was going to break his back. With his stick and a newspaper he forced him to enter his room and when he was stuck in the door gave him such a push that he got one of his little fragile legs injured. Once inside his room, he started

to think, 'what had happened to my family members. Don't they love me and care for me anymore? Can any shape or sickness turn away a mother's heart from her child?' All these things were beyond his comprehension

Moreover, the people, who few minutes back, were asking him to open the door now forced him inside the door and locked the door from outside. What a paradox? He started to feel like losing the battle of his life. He tried to console him-He gave them the benefit of doubt with a hope that they were shocked because of his shape. After they would reconcile to the situation, they would certainly accept him in his present physical condition and show love and compassion to him. So he waited to see how they were going to react to after they emotionally settled down

Moreover, he was so tired because of the unusual shape and the exercise he had put himself to that he fell asleep. Some sort of sound disturbed his sleep and waked him up. It was the smell of food which was left at the door. He found a bowl filled with fresh milk with some pieces of white bread. He felt very happy and consoled because that was his favourite dish and his sister could remember his taste. It raised his hope. He was feeling so hungry that he went to drink the milk. He dipped his mouth in the bowl but instantly he withdrew it because he found it repulsive to his new taste. Even the flavour of the milk nauseated him. He could not drink it and left it untouched He loved milk when he was a human being but as an insect he had lost

that taste. The most favourite drink changed into the most detestable drink. What a change!

not love me but it may have been difficult for them to accept me in this new shape. It has all happened so suddenly. By tomorrow, I am sure, they will accept me in my new form. He also told the angel about his sister's kindness and his own distaste for milk. The angel told him that he should prepare himself for these changes and then wished him good night and left.

The next morning, after his sister found that he had not touched the milk, she brought assorted food, fresh and rotten, for him because she was not sure about his new Gregor appreciated his taste sister's concern and felt very happy not only because he had food to eat but also because his sister was trying to provide him with suitable food and this was the best example of her concern and love for him. This exhibition of her compassion made him hopeful again. started to consider that things would move in right direction. His family would accept him and look after him even though he had become grotesque and hateful. Life would improve.

('...that he must lie low for the present and, by exercising patience and the utmost consideration, help the family to bear the inconve nience he was bound to cause them in his present condition.' Kafka)

Few days had past without any further problem. But after some days, when his sister came in to his room to clean it, she ran away screaming after she looked at him. He did not know why. She had already seen him in that shape for almost a month now. Then why did she react that way? He again felt depressed. The angel again visited him and tried to convince him that he was not wanted and so he should come with him. Gregor replied that he had not yet lost hope and he would try to win back his sister's confidence in him.

To make his sister comfortable. he decided to avoid coming in front of her. So he started to hide himself under a bed-sheet. But he used to keep his head outside so that he could see his sister. In few days his sister again started to behave normally. She even started to leave the door of his room a little bit open so that he could feel their presence.

The second good thing was going to happen in his insect life when his sister realised that as an insect, he was not feeling comfortable with the presence of so many pieces of furniture in his room. She decided to move away some pieces of the furniture from the room so that he could move freely in his room. He felt very happy. But Now it started to dawn upon him that the angel was possibly right in saying that he was loved because he was the provider. Once he failed to shoulder his responsibility, he was lost and forgotten. But still, he wanted to persist in his effort. He was waiting for a chance to win back their favour. And it came

soon

One day when Gretta was playing violin in kitchen, the lodgers invited her to come out in the living room and to play the violin for them. She readily complied with their demand. But when she started to play those fellows turned their backs to her and started to talk about the mundane world's activi-Gregor was watching their ties. crude behaviour. It was an intolerable discourtesy to his sister. He wanted to protect his sister from the humiliation and so he came out of his room and approached his sister with an intention to ask her to come to his room and play for him who could appreciate her effort. But again his action was misunder stood. The tenants wanted to cash the situation and complained to his parents that they would not pay the rent because they were put up with an insect in the same flat. His father became very angry. The sister started to shout at him and said that if he were Gregor he would not have made their lives wretched by stay ing there. He should have left the

house long before. ('My dear parents,' said his sister, slapping her hand on the table by way of introduction, 'things can't go on like this. Perhaps you do not realize that, but I do. I won't utter my brother's name in the presence of this creature, and so all say is: we must try to get rid of it. We've tried to look after it and to put up with it as far as humanly possible, and I don't think any one could reproach us in the slightest.' 'We must try to get rid of it, 'his sister now said explicitly to her father,..' Kafka) Gregor felt hurt because he found that they were not doing a nything for him but our of fear that the society would reproach them God, for whom have he wasted his life? He felt very helpless not only because he was on the verge o losing the bargain but, because he

was more concerned about them.

He could not see their existence

without him supporting them. But

he could not explain all these things

to them because he was not given

the human language. He wanted to

tell them that he took that form with

a desire to change their life style

He did not know that this

incommunicability will create such a

great problem that he would have to

leave them on their own. He felt

The sister, mercifully, closed the room.

> relived his life before the ange could come to take him away. He knew that love could have saved him. He also knew that there were many folk tales where a prince or princess was saved but they seemed to happen in stories only When it came to real life, the reali ties were different. He became unwanted and useless. But he had learnt the truth about the futility of human endeavour and relationship He knew that love was nothing bu fulfilment and gratification of one's own interest and selfishness. He had his fill of the world and was ready to leave.

The sun rises and on the first ray of the light the angel came to take him away from the earth. He said good buy to this selfish world and climbed the sunrays to reach the heaven, the kingdom of glory. And that was the end of the life of

Gregor, the beetle. When he was climbing up, he could see his parents and sister coming out of the flat and taking the bus for a joy ride. He was so horri-fied with their behaviour that he wanted to shout at their inhuman behaviour. He could not imagine how a father or a mother could act that way after they had lost their only son. He could not believe his eyes that a sister could breathe the of freedom at the death of her brother. Where was the world going? Was that normal? No. That was not. Now he understood the full meaning of the angel's saying. So he wanted to come down on the earth and tell his relations that if they were not interested in him then he was also not interested in them. The desire to tel them became so strong that he broke away from the angel and fell down on the earth. When he opened his eyes, he found himself in his room. But now he was a changed person. His parents had started to say that Gregor was a changed person. His sister also felt the same. But nobody knew why Gregor felt that way. No body knew how enriched Gregor had come out of that fantastic dream, the memory

of which could raise his hair on his

hand.

in 1991 and its editor. Elizabeth Knowles, said she was looking for the recognition factor, something He was alone in his room. He that was half-remembered and likely to be looked up

"It's terribly tempting to think quotations were better in the good old days but I don't believe it," she said. "When you look back to the great quotations of the past, you are seeing those which have time to give a demonstration of their lasting qualities. The more ephemeral material has been sifted away." The model Kate Moss ("It's a sir

to be tired") and actor Ursula Andress (who said of the swimsuit she wore in the film Dr No: "This bikini made me a success") could be among early dropouts.

BOOK REVIEW

Char Kanya and Other Stories

at trains."

Mirza Anisuzzaman Pages: 96, Price: Tk 55.00 only

T is a nice collection of some ten short stories, written by Mr Anisuzzaman, which were earlier published in local newspapers and magazines. Mr Zaman is a retired Deputy Auditor-General and Comptroller of the Government of Bangladesh, thus being a person basically of statistics and accountancy. Such people seem to be dry and hard. But our writer is a remarkable exception. That the spirit of Bengali literature was almost lying dormant in him during his service life was quite evident when he produced his first book of short stories early this year, (his second one, "Hey Nabeen", is now under print). Perhaps the writer has tried to reflect his young mind with a psychological reflex late in the day!

I am sure the book will be thoroughly enjoyed both by the old and the young, particularly, the younger generation. There are all elements that go to make a good story love. hatred, rivalry, separation re-union, ending in either tragedy or comedy. An interesting part of the stories is that they had been mostly built-up in the background of foreign lands,

either in our neighbouring India or America, or some other place. In India, the writer has found the most fascinating places like Agra where stands the immortal symbol of eternal love, the Taj Mahal, and Benaras, which is one of he holiest places of the Hindu community. So

Some of the mots are more bon than others, for example Ben Elton: "Uncool people never hurt anybody all they do is collect stamps, read science fiction books and stand at the end of railway platforms staring

However, Ralph Waldo Emerson was writing too long ago to have a snappy line included from his journals of 1849: "I hate quotations."

The book is the work of a team, Source: The Guardian

the main characters the heroes and heroines whether in Madhuri, Sitara or Anjali, they are all pitted against backgrounds of romance or holiness, that ultimately added colour and life to the development of

his stories. On the other hand. Mis Raza, in the story titled, Raza, is a wonderful character who is employed as an English interpreter in a non-English speaking foreign embassy. But there came a sudden charge in her life when she came into contact with a visiting foreigner on official business and she had to do the work as an English interpreter. But as ill luck would have it, she developed some weakness for him from the beginning, which ultimately ended in tragedy.

In another story, writer under title, *Troee* (Trio), written in the background of strongly-vitiated racial discrimination of USA, the author has given a very touching but tragic end when the heroine, a white girl was found in a drawing room later turned into a killing field, caressing her dying lover, a black man, shot dead by his rival, a white man, simply because he believed that a while girl can't be a fiance of a black man.

As for the remaining stories, the readers should find out for themselves the magic touch of the writer behind each of them. The music is there for all those who can hear it.

Reviewed by AMM Shahabuddin