CHAPTER IV

SOCIAL REALITY REFLECTED IN *AL- AYYAM AND DUA AL -KARWAN*

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4.1. The emergence of the novel on Political and Social concerns.

There was a volatile political and social mixtures, as a number of uprisings and political assassinations during the period can demonstrate on the political plane, the conduct of the Great powers during the war had convinced even the most dogged pursuers of local national interests of the need of unite efforts and forces. The urgings of a number of advocated of Arab nationalism were now to bear fruit in the establishment in Cairo in March 1945 A.D., of the Arab leagues. In November 1947 A.D. many villagers at Dayr Yasin were massacred by Zionists, provoking an exodus of many Palestinian families from the region. In May the state of Israel was proclaimed and the first of many conflicts between Arabs and Israelis took place. The Palestinian people have been one of the major focuses of Arab novelists. As the Moroccan historian- novelist "Abullah al-Arwi has noted, it is "the Arab problem per excellence.'

During the 1950s and into the 1960s, the majority of countries within the Arab world witnessed enormous changes, bother political and social. The long-sought independence was granted to several notions: Sudan, Tunisia, and Morocco in 1956 A.D., Kuwait in 1961 A.D., and after a protracted and vicious civil conflict beginning in 1954, Algeri civil conflict beginning in 1954 A.D., Algeria became independent in 1962 A.D. Many countries went through the process of revolution, involving varying degrees of violence and social disruption; old political alignments were strengthened or abolished and new ones were created.

4.2. Social realism in the Egyptian novels of different novelists.

The Christian families who settle down in Egypt became part of a process of educational and cultural revival. In 1820 A.D. Muhammad Ali Pasha sent a large education mission to France. Rifah al-Tahtawi was nominated as Imam by the Sheikh Hassan al-Attar. They stayed in France for a period of five years and shortly after his return, he wrote *Takhlis al-Ibriz ila Takhlis al-Bariz.* In this book he described about the life of France people, their dresses, food, government, laws and many other topics.

The Egyptian Arabic novel started during the first and second world Wars (1914-1945), a period of significant, intellectually.

At first I am going to discuss about the social reality which reflected in the novel *Zaynab* of Md. Husain Haykal. The writer discussed in this novel about the clear pen picture of the Egyptian society during those days. The novel *Zainab* is a true romantic love story. In this novel Hamid takes the romantic central figure. But these take place against a background of Egyptian life, mainly village life, in where many aspects of daily life in rural Egypt. For example, such scenes as wage-payment day and the conflict that takes place on such occasions between the needy hands and an-awkward hand and tight-fisted clerk.

There are also vignettes of local characters such as the above mentioned tight fisted clerk and his employer as like as Sayyid Mahmud, the largest landowner of the village, Khalil, Zainab's father in-law and Shrews and sensible small landowner who nevertheless is the chief architect of Zainab's tragic marriage.

In fact, *Zainab* opened up the country side for Egyptian novelists who have come to interest themselves in rural Egypt despite clear

differences of attitudes and scope of interest. *Zainab* includes such 'more or less realistic sconces' and characters and to the extent that the author is not oblivious of the hardships, poverty and monotonous, hard and ill-rewarding labor of the landless wage-earners in the village. *Zainab* can be considered as a realistic novel. Tawfiq al-Hakim wrote *Awdat al-Ruh"*in 1933 A.D. which was apparently well received. Many prospective Egyptian novelists were still struggling to discover the genre which would suit their literary aims. In form and content it represents a step forward in the development of the Arabic novel. It is much better crafted than many earlier Egyptian novels.

On the surface, *Awdat al-Ruh* is a work of social realism, marked by mordant humor, revealing the loves, joys and sorrows of a middle-class Egyptian family. There is little preparation for the incidents. Earlier in the novel; the author makes a few brief allusions to the Egyptian people, their ancient culture, and their ability to rise and reclaim their rights despite their present dormant state. Al-Hakim constantly refers to the family as al-Shab, emphasizing the cohesiveness of the Egyptian people. We may assume that al-Hakim intends the family to symbolize the history of Egypt and its people since Pharaonic times. Like their ancestors, they are a cohesive social unit. They may seem passive, but when the revolution erupts, the eternal spirit of the people returns to them and inspires them to reassert themselves as a man of action. In an interview by Ghali Shukri, al-Hakim said that the cultural link between the present day Egyptian and their ancient past is continuously represented in their will to resist time, weakness. As the ancient Egyptians built the pyramids and preserved the bodies of their dead, their modern descendants resist weakness through revolutionary struggle. The Egyptian people have remained one spirit and dis-invasions: their lasting qualities are their unity, indomitable spirit, and distinct identity. Their

downtrodden life conceals their dynamic spirit, inherited greatness and determination. Significantly, al-Hakim told Shukri that those Egyptians who prefer to preserve Arab culture while overlooking others have ended up neglecting the legacy of Egyptian civilization.[168] Plainly he means that despite the Arab's influence, Egypt has retained its ancient Pharaonic legacy. Many Egyptian intellectuals remain proud of their national heritage despite centuries of Arab and Islamic influence. According to the writer Nevill Barbour, al-Hakim's *Awdat al-Ruh* has emphasized the ancient Pharaonic culture at the expense of Islamic culture.[169] Al-Hakim's artful use of dialogue is understandable, since he is a master dramatist. The novel reads like a drama. The style is plain and free from repetition or florid language.

Yawmiyyat Naib fi al-Aryaf describes al-Hakim's experience as a prosecutor in rural Egypt between 1929 A.D. and 1934 A.D., when he was transferred to a position at the Investigation Boureau in the Ministry of Education. This diary portrays the good and bad aspects of the Egyptian judicial system. Al-Hakim shows that most of the rural citizens do not understand the procedures or complexity of the law, let alone how it applies to their cases. He also reveals how judicial and police positions are tied in with politics, treating the unscrupulousness of the judges and the police with apparent humor. Nepotism is a way of life, he notes, and every government regime favors its own lackeys. The diary also offers an accurate portrait of Egyptian social life especially that of the fellahin.

Al-Mazini's writings reflect his life, environment and physical condition. In *Khuyut al-Ankabut* al-Mazini describes the house in which he spent his childhood and which plainly impacted his entire life. His

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[168] Shukri, Mudhakkirat Thaqafa, 1970, P-237.
[169] Navill Barbour, Awdat al-Ruh- An Egyptian novel, "The Islamic Culture" (July 1935), PP-487-492

first novel *Ibrahim al-Katib* presents the title character's romantic adventures with three different women.

Najib Mahfouz wrote about thirty novels. He describes in maximum of his novels about the upper and lower middle classes families of Cairo and some of them are on written on the Alleys. The upper class had wealth, power and prestige, but was morally bankrupt. The poor struggled to improve their lot, but could success only by compromising their principles. The moral climate was changeable and the members of the lower class, seeking answers to society's problems. Mamun believes that Islam is the remedy, but offers no evidence that it can promote reform or social justice. Ali Taha's socialism is likewise an abstraction, not a viable ideology offering specific solutions to Egypt's ills. Now where in the novel does Mahfouz suggest violence as an instrument of change, he puts his hope in the rising educated class, but offers no practical solutions.

Al-Sarab (The Mirage) of Najib Mahfouz was published in 1948 A.D. and it was well received by the people of Egypt. While the other contemporary novels focus on everyday life, this one examines the Oedipus complex of its protagonist. A careful reading shows that it is a serious exploration of the male-female relationship, family ties and the social gap between the Turkish aristocracy and common Egyptian.[170] Najib Mahfouz experiments herewith a first person narrative; describe his own actions without comment. His aim is not to write a psychoanalytical novel, but to reveal Cairo's life from the view point of a Turko-Egyptian who happens to suffer from an Oedipus complex. Invited to a coffeehouse by Nunu, Ahmad first faces the reality of life, meeting an odd assortment of lower and middle-class people whose words and actions reflect the

[170] Najib Mahfouz, al-Sarab, Maktabat Misr, Cairo, n.d.

attitudes and behavior of most Egyptians. Ahmad Rashid, a young lawyer of Egypt said that *Khan al-Khalili* should be razed and replaced by a modern Quarter affording a better life-style. He considered that science is only the way of solution to mankind's problems and hails. Frued and Marx as apostles of modern age, fails to realize that the past is an existential part of every human being, as real as the present. He may be considered the contemporary Egyptian novelists per excellence. He has a good realistic style, his interest in social issues, indeed his whole ethos are genuinely Egyptian. He deserves to be claimed by all Arabs, because his works reflect Arab and Islamic traditions, common sense, and sympathy for the confused and oppressed.

4.4. Social reality reflected in *Al-Ayyam.*

In the autobiographical novel of Taha Husain's *Al-Ayyam* shows a good reflection of society during those days of Egyptian people. Husain focused the culture of the society by this novel. He published it hoping to escape the realities of the present by contemplating the past. *Al-Ayyam* is an autobiography of Taha Husain in three volumes. It is the major master piece of his imaginative works. He dictated his first part of *Al-Ayyam* in France. There he serialized his everyday life in the journal *al-Hilal* from December 1926 A.D. to July 1927 A.D. Then he published it as a book form which is known as first part of *Al-Ayyam.* In this part he describes about his life up to thirteen years of age in Upper Egypt. He wrote his second part of *Al-Ayyam* when he was the student of al-Azhar from 1902 A.D. to 1921 A.D. In this part he describes about his student life, traditional mode of teaching and the close relationship between students and teachers. And he published *Mudhakkirat Taha Husain* (The Memories of Taha Husain) in 1967 A.D. which is considered as the third

part of his *Al-Ayyam.* In this part he describe about his life and society till to his last part of life.

Those who have vast knowledge on Quran, Hadith, and Arabic grammar and Islamic jurisprudence, they were highly respected by country dwellers who had no knowledge of public education. Husain admired these men and even believed they were cut from a different mold. Yet many charlatans presented to be learned men, duping the gullible country folk to make their living. There were many Sheikhs of taigas (religious brotherhoods) who held diverse views, whose votaries believed in their sanctity and miraculous powers. Many of these Sheikhs knew title of the religion and simply strained the financial resources of families like Husain's which offers them hospitality. This reflects the clear pen picture of Egyptian societies during those days which we found in *Al-Ayyam.*

Taha Husain offers a true portrait of the mentality of country people in Upper Egypt, who were interested not only in religion but in, magic also. He relates that peddlers roamed the country side, peddling religious wares and books of magic Husain had a friend, having acquired some of these books, recited incantations and cryptic phrases as they burned incense. They hoped a genie would come out of the wall to obey their requests, but nothing of the sort happened. He describes the consternation of the people on hearing that a meteor was about to appear; some thought it was a sign of the end of the world, while others disagreed. People also believed in the supernatural power of amulets mascots. Some even swallowed pieces of paper prepared by allegedly religious men, containing invocations in a language thought to the Syrian, to prevent diseases or avert misfortune. Women huge split pieces of onion in the doorways of their homes or ate only broad beans, to drive away demon.

Taha Husain wrote the whole story in the third person. The first part of *Al-Ayyam* covers Husain's life up to the age of thirteen years in Upper Egypt. Taha Husain says in this part about his early life, till he was sent by his father to study the religious institution at al-Azhar University. This part contains a detailed the portrayal of the life and society of the author in Izbat al-Kilo, near the small town of Maghagha, in Upper Egypt where he was born in 1889 A.D. He grew up in the midst of a large family. He was the seventh of the thirteen children of his father and the fifth out of the eleven children of his father's second wife. He was very high ambition for higher study. After taking his elementary education, he took his religious education. So, he memorized the Holy Quran and some books of poems etc. Then he was sent to Cairo at the age of thirteen years under the guidance of his elder brother, to study at the Muslim University at al-Azhar. Taha Husain devoted himself on the study of religious education and linguistic at al-Azhar University. This University is not a simply a narrative, but also realistic view of the social, religious and the educational aspects of his society.

The master Sayed al-Marsafi was teaching the literature and he became satisfied with him and made compulsory for him its study which he was reading i.e. al-Kamil of al-Mubarid. He did not stay there because he felt disturbed in environment of the reformative movements which was calling out the students of Muhammad Abduhu, like as Qasim Amir who was demanding liberties of women and Lutfi al-Sayed who used to demand in the news papers of new adaptation in the politics, the moralities and social life. Taha Husain called himself as *al- Fata* (The Child) in the third person narrative. Husain reveals in an original and exquisite style the hardships of his childhood.

We learn that Husain came from a large family. He lost his eye sight at an early age. He entered the "Kuttab" (Quaranic School) of

Sheikh Muhammad Jad al-Rubb. A sharp memory and acute hearing enabled him for a compensonate for the loss of his eye sight due to treatment by barber lacking proper medical training. The reader often meets the familiar phrase. "He (The Fata) remembers." For instance, the Fata remembers the bamboo hedge and Jackrabbits jumping over it. He also remembers that his sister interrupted his listening to the popular fates of the village storyteller, to his displeasure, and carried him home, where his vainly put some painful drops in his eyes. He also recalls that he loved to wade in the nearby canal, but dared not because of the fierce dogs that lived nearby similarly; he feared the notorious Said the Arabian and his wife Kawabits, who lived alongside the canal.

Early in life, the boy was aware of his physical disability, but he would not allow it to cause an inferiority complex or destroy his self-esteem and initiative. It enhanced his sense of individuality, which contributed greatly to his enormous success in life. He accepted his parent's compassion, but sometimes felt neglected by them. He felt that his brothers and sisters treated him cautiously and at times even shunned him, and he was especially saddened to realize he was different from them. Sometimes he was a source of embarrassment to the family. One day he raised his food to his mouth with two hands rather than one. His action caused his brothers and sisters to laugh, his mother to cry, and his father to say sorrowfully, "This is not the way food is eaten, son." In the second part of *Al-Ayyam*, Taha' Husain says about his student life at Al-Azhar. He observed the environment of that Egyptian society. He describes his daily life into three phases which are discussed below briefly. Then we can understand about the social reflection of Egyptian people. These three phases are like these- (i) at home, (ii) on the way of al-Azhar University, (iii) al-Azhar University itself.

Both the house Husain lived in and the path that led to it were completely strange and unfamiliar. When he came back from the Azhar University and enters through the door which was open during the day time and shut at night and a narrow gap is being opened in its middle after the evening prayer is performed. When he passes through this door, he feels to his right a little warm coming to the right side of his cheek and a little smoke is playing with his nose. He also listen an unknown sound from his left side which at once puzzled and delighted him. For several days, morning and evening, he listened curiously to this sound. But he has no courage to inquire what it might be. Afterwards, he came to know from some conversation that it is the rubbing of a coffee glass which were tested by some tradesmen of the district which prepared by the coffee seller of a cafe. While he crossed some footsteps to ahead and a crossed that moistly covered place in which the foot could not be firm due to shedding water by the coffee seller. Then he came to an open side of road but that side was narrow and dirty in where bed smells were blowing.

Thereafter the boy reached his house and entered into a room which was more like the hall. The material facilities of the house were provided in it. This led on to another large room but irregular in shape which served for social and intellectual needs. It was bedroom, the dining room, reading room and a room for conversation by day and by night. There were some books and crockery and food.

The boy had his own particular corner, as in every room he occupied or visited at all frequently. His seat was to his left inside the door. When he goes one or two steps then he finds a mat lying on the ground on which there was thrown and old but valuable carpet. He sits there during the day time and also sleeps there during the night time with a pillow. On the opposite side of the room there was his elder brother's pitch, a good deal higher than his own. He had a mat spread on the

ground and a decent carpet on the top of that. There the young Sheikh would sit with his close friends. At night this couch was transformed into a bed on which the young Sheikh slept.

The second phase of his life considered his journey between his home and the Azhar. During this journey, there was a shop belonged to Al-Hajj Firuz which played an important part of his life. The shop keeper supplied to the neighborhood with most of the necessities of life. In the morning he sold boiled beans prepared in the usual variety of ways. When evening came he sold his customers supper: cheese, olives, honey. When night approached he sold things which have no name and nothing to do with food. He was a tall, jet-black fellow and talks active. He had a unique position in the neighborhood and amongst the students especially. It was to him that they went when their money ran out towards the end of the month or when their remittances were overdue. He gave them food on credit and helped them out in all kinds of emergencies. It was full of students, merchants, tradesmen, laborers, carts drawn by donkeys, horses, curses at the men, women or children blocking their patch. Then each side of the street was different kinds of shops.

But Husain passed this road hurry as his guide must reach him at Azhar before the lecture began. When they reached the Azhar he took off his sandals, laid them one on top of the other and took them in his hands. When he crossed a few steps then he finds the door which was opened. At that time he felt a cool morning breeze blow refreshingly upon his face. And he entered the third phase of his new life.

The fresh breeze that blew across the court of the Azhar at the hour of Morning Prayer met him with a welcome and inspired him with a sense of security and hope. At this time the Azhar was quite and free from the strange intermingled murmurs that filled it from sunrise until evening prayer. An Azharian teacher beginning his lectures in the languid

tone that has awakened from sleeps and said his prayers but has not yet eaten anything to give him strength and energy. He starts in a quite, husky voice:

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم. الحمد لله رب العالمين. والصلاة والسلام على أشرف المرسلين سيدنا محمد وعلى آله وصحبه أجمعين. قال المؤلف رحمه الله تعالى ونفعنا بعلمه آمين.

In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate: praise is to God, father of the worlds. May his peace and blessing be upon our lord Muhammad, the most noble of the prophets, upon his family and his companions. These are the worlds of author of the book, may God rest his soul and grant us the fruits of his learning. Amen![171]

All the students listened to the lecture with the same quite languor in which it was given. There was a striking contrast between the different tones the Sheikhs used at the early morning and midday lectures. At dawn their voices were calm and gentle, with traces of drawings in them. At noon they were strong and harsh, but fraught too with a certain sluggishness induced by the lunch they had just eaten. At dawn the voices seemed to beg humbly for favor from the great authorities of the past. Thus he came at last to feel that he had begun to taste the water of the boundless ocean of knowledge.

When he returned from school, worn out with play, he would make a meal off a crust of dry bread, while he joked with his sisters or descried to his mother some amusing incident that had occurred that day at school. When he was tried of this he could go out of the house, bolting the door behind him and walk on till he reached the wall of the house opposite. He reached near the shop of Sheikh Muhammad Abdul Wahid in where he sat for talking and telling stories and listening to the Sheikh's customers

[171] Taha Husain, Al-Ayyam, part-II, Dar al-Marif, Cairo, 1939, P-18

both male and female. Sometimes there were not many customers. So, he would start a discussion with the boy or read to him from a book. Sometimes instead of visiting the shop, the boy would go outside the house and sit cross kneed on the bench against the wall. There he listening in silence to the conversation of his father used to hold there with his friends from the time of afternoon prayer until the muezzin called them.

Sometimes, instead of going out, the boy would stay in doors with his school friend who had come to see him, bringing a book of exhortation or some tale of the conquests of Islam. Then his friend would read to him until sunset called him home to supper. So, the boy never felt lonely, never knew the torture of inactivity, hunger or exclusion, never yearned in vain for a cup of tea.

A middle-aged man, certainly past forty but not yet fifty who lived near the boy's corner. This man had spent more than twenty years as a student at the Azhar, without qualifying for his degree, though he did not despair of getting it one day. He had a wife and children to whom he devoted his summer vacation, the Ramadan holiday and the other short breaks which occur from time to time in the University year. His family was settled in a village close to Cairo, and the journey there and back to visit them cost him little either in time or money. Like many people in the district he owned a short strip or two of land and had married the daughter of a man of similar condition.

A room in the right hand corner of the building was occupied by a family whose presence there the boy found difficult to explain. They came to that building very silently. They had gone up to the realms of learning and settled there in the midst of the students and teachers. For all the lodgers on the second floor were strangers: "Sheikh from Alexandria, two Persians and various students and teachers from different parts of the

country. Among all these strangers such as a family had no reason to feel out of place on the other hand the workers and the tradesmen who lived on the first floor of the block were all of them Cairenes.

This family was composed of two members: an old woman who was about sixty years and her son, a young man between twenty and thirty. The mother was without an occupation like all the women who come down from Upper Egypt to a town like Cairo and settle in one room of a tenement such as this. She had no occupation that is to stay, to earn her living by. She did not share of the work of the family. It was the son's business to trudge the streets all day and bring back something to eat in the evening, while the mother looked after the house and got the food ready for her son and herself.

The son was a peddler and made his own goods for safe. He began work in his room at dawn, and towards midday; when the sun was high. He went out into the road with what he had produced and began to sing its praises. He might go far or he might stay near, but he never came back until he had sold everything. In winter he used to carry a kind of sweet called:"Maiden's Thread", and in summer another sort called either "Gelati or Dan-dourma". He passed their rooms in complete silence and invites the girls and women to be his customers. It was as if the young man allowed himself the luxury of singing when he was in his room. When he reached street level he took the liberty which all peddlers have of singing out his wares and calling for customers.

Then one day he stop his song and the ring of the dishes in which he stirred his sweets. Other songs and other voices were to be heard in their stead. Women came in and out of his room, shouting and laughing at first, and then singing and crying out for joy, until for Sheikhs and students life became unbearable. But for the boy it was all delight. Their songs and cries of joy reminded him of his country home. They aroused

in him as a pleasure- though he found in listening to the voices of his teachers when they chanted their lessons in the Mosque.

Then for a while other sounds broke in upon the women's cries of joy. It was the porters bringing furniture to the room passages with cluttering up staircase. Perhaps all that she heard and saw made her remember her own wedding, or dream of the time when her son or daughter would be married – one of those days that never come again. So, she joined her songs and shouts of joy of those of the women above, though she had no ties of friendship with the bride room's people.

Then a great day arrived, a Thursday that day the Sheikhs and the students had been bothered a good deal by all this uproar and left their rooms and gone away right away from the tenement to look for the peace and quite they needed at the houses of friends or in the mosques. Then the man had forgotten learning and learned. Azhar and Azharites, yes, even lunch and tea in his fascination.

The boy's brother and his friends had been rude enough that day to leave the building altogether. As for him, he did not move from where he was until night came on. But uncle Al-Hajj came out of his room to pierce the night with his call to prayer and be labor the floor with his stick. Sleep stole into the quarter like a thief together everyone into his arms except the boy. He never moved from his window, thinking and thinking of that danced all around it. He was recalled to his senses by a voice just beside him declaring that the night was over and that prayer was better than sleep. True prayer is better than sleep; but of sleep that night the boy had not any. However, he rose and performed his prayer when muezzin finished his call of prayer. Then he rolled himself up in his blanket and stretched out on his old rug and lost himself in sleep. He was aware of nothing more until uncle Hajj came when the sun was already

high and with a violent crash on the door showed his familiar call: "Get up, you lads, get up."[172]

The boys early surrounding in Cairo would be incomplete without some mention of two other kinds of people: those who lived in the building and those who only dropped in from time to time though they were permanent residents. Amongst the first was a Sheikh over fifty years old who had studied for his degree with all the energy. But he could not attain in the lectures. Every time he took the examination but he failed, and considered a hopeless case by everyone but himself. He was ashamed to back to his village and acknowledge his failure. So he stayed on in Cairo amidst the scenes of his unavailing efforts. He would tear himself away to visit his family late on Thursday evening and be back in his room early on Saturday morning. He was very rich man of the country. He had already mastered his subject and got all the books by heart. So that there was no need for him to go to lectures and hear what the Sheikhs had to say. If he had any sort of luck or if the fates had encouraged him in the slightest, he would have been a Sheikh like them, delivering lectures to the crowd of pupils. He had been their friend when they were students. He did not go to lectures with the young man or read books with them. Now and again he would consider meeting them, either at their invitation or his own, over a meal or a cup of tea. His conversation however was not at all learned. He has a great reputation in his district, which he enjoyed. His brother was so intelligence though he not yet qualified for his elementary certificate in his 20 years of age. He was very fate and his family decided that fate must loser when he joined in a Military College. But fat was stronger than the Sheikh and his family. The young man was refused by the Military College on the grounds that his attainments did

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[172]Ibid, p-86

not satisfy by the examiners. This entire story was told by the coffee seller.

The young Sheikh had a long and deep chest which had been familiar to the boy in his childhood. When his mother used to keeps her clothes in a box and especially the most precious of them. This box had a slightly convex lid which on being lifted revealed its hollow depths. One day that box was missing from its place in the house and to nowhere could he find it. Many a time had the boy played around it with his sisters. The boy carried this box to the Nile River to be put on a boat for Cairo. There the younger Sheikh Collect his clothes and books for which he could find no proper place. The boy bitterly regretted this box.

When the boy moved to Cairo he looked forward eagerly to touching the box, and sitting upon it and running his fingers over its smooth wood. But the box was a long way from his place, tucked away in a corner where it was difficult for him to get it. When the new cupboard was bought then the young Sheikh's clothes and books were shifted into that. The box lost its importance and was relegated to a neglected corner of the lobby. Then the Sheikh told to the boy "you can put your clothes and any book you may buy."[173] From that time the boy used to leave his corner during the cause of the day and go into the lobby. He was shy of perching on top of the box for fear of being laughed at. But he used to go and sit beside it near the doorway which is back propped against the wall and his hand resting on the box.

There was another person who lived in the building as a stranger and yet became the companion of many of the students and fast friend to them all.

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[173]Ibid, PP-91-92

He was tall and quite remarkable shortsighted. He had spent a long time studying at the Azhar and had lived in the building for many years. He made great efforts to learn, but somehow learning managed to escape him. He was a stranger not only to the students but also to the books which lined his room. He had attended lectures regularly and listened to lectures in plenty. His friends had a great affection for him and away sang his praises. They liked visiting him and took a real pleasure in his company and conversation. From time to time relatives or fellow villagers came to visit him.

There was another person known as Abu Tartur, though he neither had a room of his own nor stayed in any particular spot. It was not easy to meet him, much less to speak with him. He never comes alone, but always with some other visitor. He never appeared in the daytime or in the first part of the night or in the early morning. He came only in the dead of night, at the time of the deepest sleep. So the life of these students in their building and the Azhar was not altogether unalloyed. It was not easy for study. Abu Tartur was never far away; ready to visit them with his scourge of pleasure and regret. In the conversation which followed these visits the boy found ample matter for reflection.

In the third part of *Al-Ayyam* describes the transformation of a blind, helpless turbaned Azharial student from rural Upper Egypt into a great Middle Eastern twentieth-century writer and thinker. Set forth in that exquisite, lucid, captivating style peculiar to Taha Husain. It is permeated with enchanting humor as the author portrays his life at al-Azhar and the Egyptian University. He describes with a mixture of Frustration and recycles his failure on the graduation examination at the Azhar. The examiners decided to fail him because he had written an article interspersed with mordant Arabic verse in the journal *al-Alam*

(The Flag), criticizing some Azharite Sheikhs who pretended to be strict Muslim, yet drank alcohol contrary to Islamic law.

The last chapter of this part reveals Husain's attitude toward the 1919 Egyptian Revolution led by Sad Zaghlul.He espoused its objectives, but also felt that educated Egyptians like himself had a great responsibility for its eventual success.

On the 14th November they left Alexandria by ship. In that journey there was Taha Husain himself, his brother and two other students from the University delegation, who were to play a very important role in his life in France.

One of them was actually past forty years of age and was truly an eccentric fellow. He had passed the secondary certificate and worked in one of the government offices and was associated with the French school of jurisprudence. Though his salary was minimal, he excelled in frugality and in managing his affairs. Husain's second companion was in his thirties and a graduate of Dar al-Ulum. He had succeeded in the University competition and was sent to France to specialize in Arabic literature. He had spent two successive years there and had been obliged to return to Egypt when war was declared.

One night the passengers were thoroughly alarmed. The ship gave a sudden shudder and there was a lot of emotion. Then the engines suddenly stopped. It was blowing a gale with high seas running. Some women screamed. The passengers realized that something drastic had happened to the machinery. Everyone sensed impending danger. The ship started up again steadily and the weather Calm and, after that the things went quietly and placidly as if ship and steering had resumed mutual relation once again. That evening they reached Marseilles. The four of them reached Montpellier, the city in which the University had directed them to study that year. But they were not to go to Paris until permission

had been granted to do. They knew nothing about Montpellier where they arrived at night.

However an old man of forty years age piloted them to a hotel. There they established themselves, and his Dar al-Ulumi friend said to Husain laughingly:

"The hotel is a dog-faced sort of place but for the sake of Sultan, be patient for a while."

4.4. Social reality reflected in *Dua al-Karwan.*

The novel *Dua al-Karwan* of Taha Husain is a social novel. In this novel Husain describes the misfortunes of a rural Egyptian family. He says after the death of the father, the Beduin mother Zahra and her two young daughters Amina and Hanadi were moved from one place to another place for work. And at last they settled in a small town as maid servants. The story is related in a lengthy internal monologue by Amina, who interrupts it periodically to talk with curlew about the misfortune of her family. In the very beginning of this novel Taha Husain describes about a bird curlew that was waiting with a smiling face in a dark night like a thief or serpent. Amina passed the first third night and she must not go to her bed before her master. Zahra led a calm simple life of modest ease with her husband and two daughters. She was proud to come from a large and honorable family. After her husband's death she and her two daughters crossed the sea and fined another village for working. For the first day, a headman of that village gave them logiest. Then he found for them a narrow room, poor and dirty which made of hardened clay. There he accommodated them that she will pay ten Paisa once a month.

In the novel *Dua al Karwan* Taha Husain describes about the misfortunes of a rural Egyptian family. After the death of the father, the Beduin mother Zahra and her two young daughters, Amina and Hanadi

were moved from one place to another place for work. Eventually they settle in a small town where they earn their living as maid servants to different households and usually meet only during the weekends. The younger sister Amina works for the Sherif where she is treated more or less as a member of the family. Hanadi's elder sister who works in the house of a young handsome bachelor irrigation engineer (whose name is never given) is seduced by him. When this news lightened her mother, then the mother has to rough with her daughters away from town to return home. The mother also sends a word to her brother who meets them on the way, apparently to escort them. But before they reach home him (i.e. Nasir who was the uncle of Hanadi) kills the disgraced girl in the darkness of night and buries her in a grave that he has prepared beforehand. Then they continue the journey as if nothing has happened. The young sister, however, is deeply shocked. When they reach home she is taken ill with fever and nervous breakdown. When she gets better then she went again to the town from where she had leaved. When she arrived then she received well at the Sherif's house. There, she plans to meet the engineer towards satiation and jealousy. One day she learns that her good friend, Sherif's daughter is going to marry the engineer. She foils the marriage by privately revealing to the girl's mother by saying about the story of his seduction of her sister. Amina leaves the family's service and manages to install herself in the engineer's service where she does her best both to infatuate him and to ward off his advances to her. After a fierce trial of wills between the two, they fall in love and are eventually married.

The story is related in a lengthy internal monologue by Amina, who interrupts it periodically to talk to curlew about the misfortunes of her family. Husain uses the curlew to revel Amina's loneliness. She has no intimate, trust worthy friend to whom she can pour her soul. Her

monologue is couched in classic and elegant language which could hardly be expected from an Egyptian country girl. Further more, as the author's intended, we see the characters actions only from Amina's view point.

This Amina was a young Beduin. She and her elder sister Hanadi came with their mother from the desert or from that rural part of the Egypt. Their mother Zahra was of Beduin descent that had been living in one of those villages which flank the hills and whose inhabitant fixed in one place. But they wanted to go another place and when they reach the edge of a canal which they call 'the sea' must to cross 'the sea' to get another place for living.

Zahra, the mother of these two girls, lived with her husband. Her two daughters in one of those villages which in all probability borrowed its name from some tribe called BaniWarkan. Its inhabitants and those of the neighbouring villages made the sound/a/like/ay/. The name soon became a shame and an insult when addressed to the villagers. It had now became bay na'l-warkayn 'between-the-two-things'. When the people of the village went to the towns and heard 'The Bay nal-warkan' was pronounced then everyone laughed and to joked eagerly.

Zahra led a calm simple life of modest ease with her husband and two daughters. She was proud to come from a large and honorable family. But her husband had no sense of decency and dignity. The mother Zahra was the most unfortunate woman because she suffered deeply after the death of her husband.

One day, evening when she was prey to jealousy, pity an fear, then she was told that her husband had been murdered. Little by little, the matter was brought to light and it became apparent that the man was a victim of one of his sinful lusts. So, there was no question of revenge. The family came out and forced to cross 'the sea' and go to the village

from one district to another district. The poor daughter was hardly qualified to do anything.

At last this woman settled with her two young daughters. She had taken refuge in the house of a headman near the town. He had given them lodging first for the day. Then he found for them a narrow room, poor and dirty which made of hardened clay. There he accommodated them provided that she will pay ten Paisa once a month when the crescent appeared. Then the headman said to Zahra -"There is plenty of work here; you can earn a living for yourself and your daughters with rich people who do not cultivate the earth, but who are in government service. Some are employed in the sugar-factories, others works in the Markaz (Sub-prefecture) while others are employed in the native tribunal or in the religious court. In addition there are civil engineers involved with irrigation works or the roads. There are also merchants who sell, not cereals like the peasants, but all sorts of goods. These wares do not come from the country, neither are they made in their town, but they come from Cairo, where people do not speak like us, or live like us."[174]

The headman further says that you will work with Shopkeepers who have cloth, shoes and furniture which they bring from Cairo to sell in the town or villages. They made a large profit from it and live at home the life of Lords and Princes. They do not cat their meals on the floor but sit at tables; they do not eat maize, but wheaten bread, they do not eat from copper plates, but from China dishes. They do not allow their wives to go out in ordinary dresses; these women go out clothed in silk; their faces are covered with thick veils, their noses adorned with fine rings of pure gold or gilded silver. These rich people are always in need of servants.

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[174] Taha Husain, Dua al-Karwan, Cairo, 1934, P.15

Life with them is pleasant and easy. So, try to find something for yourself and your daughters.

After finished his speaking, the headman gave some names and pointed out some houses. He promised to help Zahra. After a few burdensome days they knocking at doors, offering their services like slaves who offer themselves to masters. These days did not last long. Each of them managed to get herself established in a house where she worked in the day and slept at night. They met with each other at the end of the week. In their poor, dirty room they spent a night of happiness.

Thus, Amina went with the girl (Khadija) to the Kuttab and learned just as she did. Amina took with her the lessons given by the private teacher and benefited as much as she did. Khadija gives her cloths to Amina for wear. After wearing the dress, she went to the mirror and fined herself like Khadija. But the differences is that Khadija spoke the sweet, pleasant and refined language of Cairo, and Amina spoke the vulgar, rough and boorish language of the peasants of bani al-warkan village. In secret Amina would imitate Khadija's way of speaking and succeeded at it. She tried more than once to do so publicity, but she was violently prevented. Then she would repeat the thing in front of her mother and sister. Each time they made so much fun that she became ashamed and slipped back into the language of the country.

Amina spent two years with Khadija. During these two years, differences showed up between her mother and her. Her mother was serving in the house of a civil servant in the "*Daira as-Saniya*" (The Khedival Domain Office). He was relatively well-off, but remained an advocate of the rustic life and kept to peasant traditions. During these two years also similar reasons separated Amina from her sister. Amina's elder sister Hanadi was working in the house of an engineer in irrigation work who was so much smart young and handsome. This young man lived

alone in a large house surrounded by a pretty verdant garden. He had a servant from the country to guard the house and tend the garden. On the other hand Hanadi's job was to clean the house and set the table. A restaurant in the town used to send the engineer abundant food which he consumed only a small part, leaving the rest to his two servants.

Hanadi grow rapidly, her body matured and began to round out prettily. She was very beautiful to look at and very attractive. But she came from her old-fashioned village. She did not know how to read or write like Amina. Hanadi also did taste the luxury of which Amina knew the value.

One evening they met in their poor dirty room on meeting purpose. But Amina had come to late these meetings in every week. But she could see her mother and sister from time to time in the houses where they worked. But their mother was a very resolute and extremely authoritarian woman was a very resolute and extremely authoritarian woman who did not want to change her tradition ways. So, they get together at the end of every week. It pleased them and made them happy. Amina pretended to share their laughter and happiness.

When her mother heard the news of her husband's murder and the deplorable and shameful conditions in which he had met death. Then Amina understand about the matter and had to obey and resigned. That night they spent without sleep, in revolt, worry hesitation until the morning came, and their mother woke up and ordered them to set on their way. Then the two daughters wanted to go to inform their masters of their departure. But their mother did not give them permission. Even she says that if they see or meet their master then you will not come back to us again within a few hours they were far from the town, traveling from one village to another towards the West. When they became tired with

walking then they stopped to rest and spent the whole night waiting for morning.

Amina rose from where she was and went towards her sister and gently touched her shoulder. Then she became calm. Amina was kneeling at her side, holding her and kissing her. After a while, her body ceased to shake but her tears still flowed just like a child giving herself up to her tender mother. Then she snuggled into Amina's arms, rested her head on her shoulders and like this she stayed for a moment. Amina says that she never forgotten that situation. Everything around them was quiet and still except this young girl.

Then Amina tried to know about this matter. But Hanadi did not want to say her. Amina says to her elder sister that nobody knows except her if she says the matter and it will be a lesson for Amina and a comfort to Hanadi.

Then Amina said to her mother that if she hate the town and want to take her daughters far away from their works, then how they maintain their existence. Because they have no brothers, husbands and father to protect them. If they return to their village, people will make disagreeable, but they will soon forgot their story. The two daughters said to their mother that they may not be happy, but they will be safe. Then mother said that they will stay there until someone comes to lead them to their own village and take them home to their family and friends.

In that morning, Amina learnt that there is a market that day in the village. People will come from far and wide. She will mingle with them. Surely, Amina will find a man or woman from their village. Then she gives him a message for their family. During this time, a servant girl carrying plates and trays invited to eat. The woman answered the request and rushed to the dishes. At the same time her sister Hanadi down East

and pensive as if she were in a different world, living a totally in a different world, living a totally different life.

Khadra was another notorious girl like Zannuba. She also enjoyed similar notoriety and widespread reputation. Khadra was a broker. She used to go to the capital from time to time and bring back some of cheap articles. One day Khadra went to the neighboring villages to sell her articles and then Amina met her. In that time there are so many colored Kerchiefs, beads in her hands which were not shawl in the town.

Nafisa was another woman who was very ugly to look at. She was admitted into the every home and was a friend to every woman. She was a fortune teller. She was familiar of Jinns and demons. Amina, her sister and their mother they saw her shelf and conversation between them for a long time.

At last Amina was awakened from her deep sleep. In her sleep she saw different types of dreams. After the awaken she went to the countryside where the women were gathered. There she finds her mother who hearing all but saying nothing. One lady said that Abdul Jalil was killed who is not far from the village. The shouts reach the headman who gathers men together and sets them on the path of the killer. They spend the rest of the night listening to the interminable stories of murder in the towns, villages, fields and highways. The people of this house claim that the murder of this man has been deemed inevitable. He was the chief of the village watchman. He (Abdul Jalil) was very strong and courageous, and knew how to defend the village from burglars and aggressors. In fact the whole village had been put on the alert some nights. Abdul Jalil had knocked violently at the door in the last part of the night. He had shouted in a voice like thunder that thieves had gone into the house. Its inhabitants were terrified by the banging and the shouting. He was astounded to see the head watchman's eyes like lightning and he was bawling and shouting

that they had better be very careful. One day he had entered the house. He looked everywhere for the thieves but could not find them. All the villagers got up and gathered around him and the owner of the house; the head watchman swore to heaven that he had seen thieves enter the house.

After that, the villagers went round saying that Abdul Jalil had been in danger of his life and aborted the people of the house. So that he could take refuge and seek security with them from those who wanted to kill him. From then the villager's people had sworn to get Abdul Jalil's blood and they would not rest until they had shed it. Keeping this word they killed him. So the headman, Umdah sent men hurrying off in all directions and ordered them to go into this house. The village was in commotion and confusion.

Their mother wants to know about the cause of stopping of the camels from her brother. And why they descend from the camels. At that time Amina scarcely opened her mouth and understood her mother's voice suddenly a body falls on the sand with a dull and thud. Amina's sister has been murdered. She has been stabbed by her uncle's own hand. Amina and her mother see her stricken struggling, blood flows violently like water from a spring, worm speechless, powerless, and defenceless, they bend over Hanadi who has been suddenly stolen from them. The whole atmosphere is filled with painful silence of death.

Amina went away from her family in the morning desiring only to escape from the unbearable atmosphere. Amina goes lonely on her way, not knowing where to end her journey or how to find her food. She never stops or turning left or right, never turning back, and goes on straight way. The young girl hurries along, receiving the sunlight and the morning breeze. By midday she will have reached and crossed "the sea" and towards evening she reaches in a village where she asks for food and shelter for the night.

But the family of that house was not justified about her identity. So, Amina saw an open window. She never feeling imagine about Khadija's room with its furniture. But Khadija keeps herself busy in play, studying. Amina wants to sharing her games, her lessons, and listening to her reading. So Amina reach Khadija's room and find there her mistress and friend. Amina passed that night with her mother and sister in their poor room. Formerly, they were usually overjoyed it seeing each other.

Amina feels that the people were forgotten her departure and return. They are busy with their own occupations and they have no time to think about Amina. Amina keeps busy herself with Khadija. She plays with Khadija and takes different type of amusement. She did not know worry, burdens and troubles of life and she thought that living was nothing but laughter from dawn to dusk.

Khadija says to Amina to follow her in reading and playing. Khadija teaches Amina how to read and write. Khadija also began to learn a language which she calls French. Amina did not understand anything except Cairo language. So, Khadija speaks with Amina in Cairo language and sometimes she uses which they read in books, yet Amina find difficulty in it.

Khadija shows Amina some books which she do not except to see, which fill Amina with astonishment and of which she can understand a few pictures. Amina tried hard to look at the letters, but she cannot understand their beginnings or ends; they have no heads or tails. Sometimes Khadija smiles gently. Khadija translates some of them what she reads into Arabic which completely amazes Amina.

Then her Syrian tutor comes. He speaks to her and she replies. But Amina did not understand anything of what they say and Amina filled with admiration and fascination for both of them. Here Khadija taking pride in herself and Amina feel proud of Khadija. Then Khadija becomes

Amina's teacher and initiates her into those letters which she cannot decipher and teaches this new language of which Amina has no ideas. Then Amina become her pupil in the morning and evening. Khadija is an excellent teacher and Amina is an intelligent pupil. But this new life of reading and learning together consoles Amina greatly and helps her to forget the past. But two images she always remains: they never disappear from her mind. They are precise, harrowing and persistent. One is her sister being stain, the blood flowing. The other is the image of the young man who seduces her and sent her irresistibly to that endless solitude where she was murdered.

The engineer was everything to her, she was nothing to him. She had known no one other than him; he had known so many women. She never enjoyed and pleasure except in his arms. He enjoyed it with her and elsewhere. How often he tested different kinds of pleasure and enjoyed many sorts of happiness.

Amina was waiting days and weeks, forgetting it completely and taking no notice of it. Then its presence suddenly strikes her. Amina want to stand there and imagine Hanadi, coming and going, humming country tunes then singing town songs. The first days she see and hear nothing, all is heart reading, abundant tears and an image of her sister coming not from the house or street, but sad and desolate from the depths of her heavy heart.

It is a well-known and widespread song in the town and neighboring villages; every bride, every woman or young girl has heard it; as soon as a young girl or child wants sing, it would always immediately come to her lips. Now Amina understand this song as she has never understood it before. When she hears it she feels new sentiments. She finds out new meanings, intentions and significances of which she had no idea. Amina imagine the young engineer that he is

extremely handsome, his charm is irresistible. His conversation is so clever that hearts are easily caught in his nets.

Three images accompany this song. Firstly the image of the young man, secondly the image of the criminal demon and lastly the image of the unfortunate girl. Amina thought about these three people and try to work out her reactions to them. As for her uncle, she hates him with unlimited hatred. But as for this young engineer she did not know what she feels about him. Since that time Amina have been convinced that her life is closely linked with the engineer. So, she stay in Mamur's house is temporary and she moves to the young men's house within very short days.

Amina was doing her work in the engineer's house. After conversing with the servants Amina can learn and understand that that the engineer's family is coming from Cairo the next day to spend some days or weeks with him. The hand of the Mamur's daughter Khadija will be asked in marriage for the young engineer.

In the next day before noon Amina left the Mamur's house. If Amina went far away what will be happen to these two families whose bonds have been united only to be broken , amazing Amina. But it is easy for her to go from one house to the other. She decided to go to the headman's house and lived with Zannuba in where she lived before it.

The Mamur's was transferred from this town to another. The people whisper that he has only done it for the marriage between her daughter and the engineer.

It was perhaps because of this hope that she had spoilt Khadija's marriage, that she had left the Mamur's house and exiled herself here. Amina have now freedom of action in the town. It becomes possible that bonds can be established between the engineer and herself. It is now possible inevitable that a struggle should arise between them. He is going

to learn sooner or later whether Hanadi's blood was spilled with impunity or whether there is still someone on earth capable of lacking revenge and satisfying her thirst for punishment.

Amina worked in the service of the young engineer. But it was not so easy. She was working in this house and its people did nothing to annoy her, nothing which could justly her departure. Besides, Sukkayna was working for the engineer and they were quite happy with each other. One day Amina heard that her master discussing a transfer of the elder son over their dinners or suppers. He was a civil servant in a far-off town. He and his family wanted him to be transferred to their town so that he could live at case with his family. He was trying to exchange places with a civil servant. After discussing the matter together, they both agreed and organized things so that the government would approve their exchange. They talked of preparing his room and arranging the furniture, there would be things to buy, changes to make in the house. The young man is educated and is used leading a luxurious and easy life. He speaks French, he has good manners, is always well-dressed. He does eat sitting on the floor like the other people of the hours. He does eat with his hands either, as do the rest of the people in the house but uses the utensils of the rich people. His parents made fun of him; but deep down they admired him. They silently smiled while their father was there. But once he left, they joked and laughed. Their mother heard them and looked reproachfully at them. Amina did not miss any of this and she feels very happy.

Amina's new master came toward her, smiling, satisfied gating intently into her face, then turning his gaze to each part of her body, as if he were examining an object he wanted to buy. If he could he would have rushed forward to examining her by touch of his hands. Amina received them with great trouble and violent indignation. He asked her name, and enquired about her family and circumstances. Amina lied as she pleased

and made up stories as the fancy look her. He listened to her; sometimes he seemed to believe and sometimes he remained indifferent to what she said. But he wanted only one thing i.e. to know what her voice was like and to see what effect it would have on him. Then he ordered Amina to walk around, to come near, and move away, to move to the left and to the right. Amina did as he said.'Then Amina said herself: This young man surely knows how to buy a slave.'

Moreover, like Taha Husain's protagonists eg, Adib and Aminah are passionate pilgrims to one cultural seats or another in pairs or in a small town where the opportunities for self-cultivation and expansion look incomparably better than those at home. These are perhaps few scenes in modern Arabic fiction that Husain show more ardor and passion "behind the mountains in the West" to the town she liked very much but was forced to leave: "She went on like an arrow feeling nothing and thinking of nothing apart from the prison she was leaving and the freedom she wanted to embrace."[175]

This novel has a little significance since the heroine and her particular situation and the way she is made to tell the story are clearly the product of contrivance and romantic plot-making. *Dua al-Karwan* is the authors only largely dramatic novel; perhaps from the autobiography where the drama is supplied by the conflict between his ambition and his difficult circumstances. I use the word drama here to indicate both progressive change and conflict; both the two elements are abundant in *Dua al-Karwan*. The author Husain uses in it the method of narration. Consider the suspense caused by the first few lines of the novel and intensified by the subsequent references to the long history of nightly disturbed sleep and solitary nocturnal comings. It commemorates

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[175] Ibid. 79

Handadi's terrible death between Amina and the Karwan which is only innocent witnesses of it and then a flash-back was chronicle of the quick breath-taking development of the events. It forced the emigration of the three women; their wonderings from village to village before they finds to settled and secure though separated from each other.

But it is not merely in the quick, sometimes unexpected and often violent and tense action that we find drama in *Dua al-Karwan.* The greater importance is the deep internal conflict inside the young heroine, between her love for luxury and ease and her loyalty to her mother and sister whom she does not like to leave in the lurch between her love for the murdered sister and her pity for the old mother. Amina decided to out that poor unsuspecting Sakinah, the engineer's servant, from the engineer's house and established herself there instead of Sakinah. Here the novelist turns his back on the external world and fastens his upon the world of private internal experience:

In the same time she would discard such conclusions and review the whole situation from a totally different standpoint: My master is not really interested in my love; not is the even motivated by a desire for a sinful enjoyment of my body; he wants to beat me, to triumph over my will rather than enjoy my body: when she want to leave than his gardener stands in her way and tells her that it is his masters wish that she will not go. Here she thinkers that his apparent giving up of the fight has been merely a tactic. And thus the dramatic and fierce emotional fluctuation goes on. Here lies the author's skill: nothing is revealed too soon to the reader as he reads about them. There is nothing that resembles such intensification of feelings and heightening of dramatic moments in the early Egyptian novel.

Husain says in this novel some readers seem to have been misled by the narrator's reference at the beginning of the novel to a didactic

purpose for the narrator. "I shall relate some of what we talked about to people so that they may find in it a lesson against the murdering of the innocent."[176] But this avowed didacticism comes to little fruition in actual fact of course, we are made to sympathize with Hanadi and abhor her betrayer and murder. But it is not the central interest in the realized novel. There is neither concentration on the issue of false honour nor any echoes of the good poetic justice bringing retribution on the heads of the unjust. Nasir, the uncle, disappears into the wilderness as quickly as he has emerged from it. The engineer wins the love of the murdered girl's sister. It is not a virtuous love lighter; it has its basis in sheer infatuation. It has not developed from being a morally inspired abandonment of the desire to take vengeance. For the story after Amina's recuperation is merely that of her obsession with the mysterious young man with whom Hanadi seems to have been infatuated so much morality has less to do with it than pure a moral self-interested romantic novel.

[176] Ibid, p-11