

Chapter 1 : Anandi / Ø§Ù“Ù†Ù†Ø¬Ùœ by Ghulam Abbas

Ghulam Abbas (Urdu: Ø°Ù„Ø§Ù… Ø¹Ø¬Ø§Ø³) was a short story writer. He was born in Amritsar, India and died in in Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan. He was born in Amritsar, India and died in in Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan.

This article does not cite any references or sources. Please help improve this article by adding citations to reliable sources. February This article may contain original research. Please improve it by verifying the claims made and adding references. Statements consisting only of original research may be removed. July Ghulam Abbas Urdu: His short stories have a distinct style in Urdu literature. His short stories AAnandi and Overcoat earned him international fame. What fascinated him more than any other thing was human nature and how it responds to stress and emotion. But his tone is never sarcastic or venomous. Nor does he aim to bring any social revolution. His diction is simple. He was a great admirer of the Russian short story tradition and loved the work of Chekhov and Gorky. However the writer he most admired and modeled himself on was Maupassant. His family originated in Afghanistan in the mid-nineteenth century as a result of political upheaval. They settled first in Ludhiana and then moved to Amritsar and later Lahore. He spoke several languages including Persian, Punjabi, Urdu and English. He believed in the right of people to live out their lives as they wished to so long as they did not infringe on the lives of other people. For this reason he disliked theocracy of any kind as he felt it would eventually lead to political dictatorship and intellectual darkness. The result was a tale, darker in spirit than his usual skeptical but gentle unveiling of human absurdity and pain. The social atmosphere in Pakistan during and after the time of Zia ul Haq and the rise of religiosity that accompanied it was very close to the vision of Ghulam Abbas. His first wife was called Zakira and he had five children with her including four daughters and a son. His second wife was an English woman named Christian renamed Zainab with whom he had a son and three daughters. She died on February 19, in Karachi, Pakistan. His other children, all of whom are resident abroad, are mostly in Canada. His eldest son, a medical doctor, Ali Sajjad Abbas, died in in western Canada of a heart-related ailment.

Chapter 2 : Dareechah-e-Nigaarish - Ghulam Abbas

Ghulam Abbas (Urdu: غلام اَباس... غلام غلام) was an Urdu short story writer. His influence has been both long and deep. In his short stories he often exposes shortcomings, weaknesses and hypocrisy in human beings.

Khan1 On a January evening, a nobby young man crossed the Davis Road and reached at Mall Road then he turned towards Charing Cross and started walking on footpath in jovial manner. This young man appeared enough fashionable by his make. Glittering hair, trimmed moustaches as made with Stibnite, wearing an overcoat of drab colour. There was an ajar red rose, attached in his button hole, a green felt hat on head in particular crooked style, a white scarf made of silk around his neck. His one hand was inside the pocket of coat and in other, there was a willow stick which he twirled infrequently in amusement. It was a Saturday evening, heavywinters. Cold and violent air felt like a jet metal on bodies but it seemed that even such a coldness had no effect on the young man. People were walking fast to keep themselves warm but he was not in need to do so as walking in such icy wintertime was a delightful activity for him. The gaiety appearance from his tenor attracted Tonga drivers so much that they made their horses gallop towards him but he inhibited them with stick in hand. As he moved towards the liveliest part of the Mall, his joviality amplified gradually. He whistled an English musical symphony and while doing so, his feet raised in dancing manners. Once when nobody was around him, he, all of a sudden, imitated to bowl with great zeal as a cricket match was going on. After reaching near the statue of Queen Victoria, his activities gained solidity. He took out his hankie which was tucked in left sleeve of coat instead of pocket dabbed on face quiet slowly. It was just because to clean the dust on face, if some. In a nearby grassy piece, English Children were playing with a big ball. He made himself busy in watching their game as it was fascinating him. For the time being, children remained busy without taking a note of his interest but when he continued his observance consistently, they gradually started to feel shy. Suddenly handling the ball, laughing and running behind each other, they moved far away, suddenly, from that piece of grass. The youngman saw an empty cement bench and he sat on it. At that time, with dark heaps of evening, coldness was increasing too. The sensual class of the city becomes jolly too and feels more comfort in such wintertime. The reclusive, even, are enticed by this heavy chilliness. They think to join any aggregation and assemblage by leaving their hidings to get the adjacency of the bodies. This desire for acquisition for felicity yanked them on Mall and they were enjoying in Khan3 restaurants, coffee houses, casinos, cinemas and on other entertaining spots as per their capacity. Although there was a huge rush of motors, tongas and bicycles on Mall Road but pedestrians were also infest on pavement. Apart from this, the buying and selling business in shops on both sides of road was at acme. Those ill-fated who could not afford to enter any entertainment spot or buy anything, they were comforting their heart and eyes by watching the magnificent lights of these shops and spots. The young man was observing every individual, passing from the front side of him, with great interest and what he observed most was their outfits not the looks. These individuals were of different types and visages. The rich traders, govt. The overcoat of young man, although, was old but its cloth was of up-quality and well stitched by any expert tailor. Its appearance showed that it was handled with great upkeep. The lapel was stiffed and sleeves were well creased, there was not a single wrinkle. The big, shiny buttons were made of horns. The young man appeared much happy in it. Khan4 A boy selling Paan and cigarettes in a tray, held with a circular strip round his neck, passed from the front. The young man called him. What do you want to take? I am not a thief. If you do not believe me then you may come with me. I will manage it by myself. Here it is one anna. Take it and give me a cigarette of Gold Flake. He seemed to be in much ecstasy as smoke of Gold Flake had sent him into a world of intoxication. A little white cat, shivering with cold mewed near his feet. He called the pitiable creature with affection and it leapt up on the bench. Only few people were there, analyzing the posters of upcoming releases. These posters and pictures were affixed various small and big boards. Only choosiest scenes of the story were there upon that stuff. Three young Anglo-Indian girls were also observing the pictures with excessive absorption. With a particular dignity of unconcernedness and maintaining the respect for the fair sex, he kept on to see the film posters with those girls but at an appropriate distance. The girls were talking mirthfully and also giving opinions on movies. The one

beautiful and bold among them, suddenly guffawed and then this jolly trinity went out. By now it was past seven and he was marooning on the pavement of Mall again. An orchestra was being played in a restaurant. The outside gathering was more than insiders. They were seemed to be more epicure of music than the insiders because they were not manhandling and listening quietly the composition although the symphony and the instrumentals were alien. The young man stopped for a while and then progressed in advance. A few moments later, he found an English music shop there and he entered unhesitatingly. English musical instruments were placed in shelves everywhere. On Khan6 a long table, two paged books of Western music were arranged. These were new modernized songs. Title pages of the books were very attractive and colorful but the symphonies were cheap and shoddy. He just threw a glance upon them and diverted his attention towards instruments. He gazed critically on a Spanish Guitar, hanging with a wall and read the price tag, attached with it. A little forward, German piano was placed. He raised the cover of piano up, played some keys and shut it again. A sale representative came towards him. How may I help you? Just hand me over an up-to-date list of gramophones. His next destination was a book stall of smaller proportion. He turned pages of fresh magazines and took greater care in placing it on right place after observation. Moving onward, a carpet shop gained his attention. The proprietor, wearing a long robe and turban on head, welcomed him warmly. How much does it cost? We will take rates as lower as we can. Right now I am here only to have a look. The rose in button hole was little out. He adjusted it having a nugatory and strange smile on face and started to maroon again. Now he was crossing the High court. Even after a long walk, there was no dissimilarity in his cheerful approach, no jadedness, no drabness. Now the herds of people were becoming lesser in numbering and now distance was going on to be enlarged. He tried to circulate the willow stick on one finger but failed and it fell down on ground. They made him extremely yearned to listen their talk and to see their faces, too, if possible. Now the trio reached near the post office square. The boy and girl stopped for a while and after crossing the road, they started to walk on McLeod Road. When the couple Khan8 was gone yards forward, he flashed to follow them. Hardlyhewasin the middle of the road when a van, filled with bricks, came like a blizzard, trampling him, went towards the McLeod Road. The driver slowed down for a moment when he heard the shriek of the young man. He was sure that someone had become victim of satanic wheels. He took the advantage of night and ran away with van. Meanwhile many other people gathered there. A traffic inspector who was going on a bike, stopped there. Both legs were completely quashed in accident. Too much blood was flowed and he was gasping. A car was stopped and he was sent to main hospital. A bit of life was in his body when he reached hospital. In Emergency ward of the hospital, Assistant Surgeon Mr.

Chapter 4 : Ghulam Abbas (writer) - Wikipedia

Ashfaq Ahmed Life Story - Biography - Great Writer and Great Person - Duration: Ghulam Abbas (short story writer) interview with Radio Pakistan part 1 of calendrierdelascience.com - Duration:

Biography of Ghulam Abbas: His short stories have a distinct style in Urdu literature. His short stories *AAnandi* and *Overcoat* earned him international fame. His fame is purely because of his literary genius] He became popular without associating himself or depending on any of the literary movement or group. *Aanandi*, *JaaDay ki Chaandni* and *Kan ras* are his famous books containing remarkable , short stories. Most of his stories were short on action and plot because his real purpose was to reveal the inner working and evolution of the character rather than tell an exciting tale. In his short stories he often exposes shortcomings, weaknesses and hypocrisy in human beings. But his tone is never sarcastic or venomous. He does not like affection and pretension but he never makes fun of the people having these shortcomings. Nor does he aim to bring any social revolution. *Jaray Ki Chandni Moonlight in Winter* is the best known book of Gulam Abbas and contains many of his most famous stories. He was a great admirer of the Russian short story tradition and loved the work of Chekov and Gorky. However the writer he most admired and modeled himself on was Maupassant. His love of poetry, specially Urdu poetry was abiding and deep, but he never ventured into it himself seriously. In the same way he was meticulous with his short stories. He could spend hours on a single page, culling, culling, culling, cutting, cutting, cutting. His goal was a page without even one unnecessary word or, for that matter, punctuation mark. His family originally came from Afghanistan in the mid s, as a result of political upheaval related to Dost Mohommed. They settled first in Ludhiana and then moved to Amritsar and later Lahore. He spoke several languages including Persian, Punjabi, Urdu and English. He was a Muslim and loved his heritage, but was not an ardent practitioner of the faith. In fact he was deeply suspicious of religiosity which he regarded as a particularly dangerous form of educated ignorance. He believed in the right of people to live out their lives as they wished to so long as they did not infringe on the lives of other people. For this reason he disliked theocracy of any kind as he felt it would eventually lead to political dictatorship and intellectual darkness. The result was a tale, darker in spirit than his usual skeptical but gentle unveiling of human absurdity and pain. It visualised a society blighted and damned by obscurantism and religiosity where every creative and productive endeavour is stilted and stunted by ignorant mullahs and people live like captive fish in a stagnant and stinking pond. Nearer tohome, the social atmosphere in Pakistan during and after the time of Zia ul Haq and the rise of religiosity that accompanied it was very close to the vision of Ghulam Abbas. One may well wonder if the story was an artistic creation, or more in the nature of a vision, a phantasmagoria from which one awakes shuddering that such things might yet be. Ghulam Abbas was married twice. His first wife was called Zakira and he had five children with her including four daughters and a son. His second wife was an English woman named Christian renamed Zainab with whom he had a son and three daughters. She died on February 19, in Karachi, Pakistan. His other children, all of whom are resident abroad, are mostly in Canada. Ali Sajjad Abbas, died in in western Canada of a heart related ailment. You are Visitor Number:

Chapter 5 : URDU ADAB: Ghulam Abbas; an Urdu Short Story Writer

Ghulam Abbas, a famous Urdu writer of sub-continent, displays his craft in the genre of short stories in a commendable manner. This paper explores whether his short stories given in "The Women's Quarter and.

Excerpts from Ghulam Abbas short stories An avid reader and writer, he soon found opportunities to publish translations in several Urdu literary journals in Lahore. By the time he was not quite twenty, writing had become a regular source of income for him. This interrupted his education and it was only years later that he completed his Intermediate degree in from the Punjab University in Lahore. It was during this period that he also wrote his seminal short story Aanandi in The story was adapted for the film Mandi by the Indian director Shyam Benegal. He continued to translate many texts and wrote several other original works until in his first collection of short stories, also titled Aanandi was published. Upon his return in he re-joined Radio Pakistan and remained there until his retirement in He published a collection of his stories Jaaray ki Chaandni in for which he was earned the Adamjee Literary Award. In his third collection of stories Kun Russ was published in Lahore. The story Dhanak was also published in the same year. In the author revised an earlier version of his story Gondni wala Takiya and published it in a book form. In this last phase of his career, he wrote many stories, some of which were not included in any publication and are therefore lesser known. In the last years of his life he continued to live in Karachi and was associated several literary projects. A collection of his entire works, Zindagi Naqaab Chehray was compiled and published posthumously in Ghulam Abbas died in in Karachi. Oxford University Press, His meticulous approach lent his style an unmatched strength, resulting in powerfully knit stories that thrived on detail. Inherent in his work was a prevailing sense of atmosphere that enlivened and transformed his accounts. His sense of foresightedness is reflected in Dhanak , a futuristic tale that eerily demonstrates the present day conditions of Pakistan. His short stories have a distinct style in Urdu literature. His short stories AAnandi and Overcoat earned him international fame. His fame is purely because of his literary genius. He became popular without associating himself or depending on any of the literary movement or group. Aanandi, JaaDay ki Chaandni and Kan ras are his famous books containing remarkable short stories. What fascinated him more than any other thing was human nature and how it responds to stress and emotion and the many pangs that life subjects us all to. Most of his stories were short on action and plot because his real purpose was to reveal the inner working and evolution of the character rather than tell an exciting tale. His influence in Urdu short story writing has been both long and deep. In his short stories he often exposes shortcomings, weaknesses and hypocrisy in human beings. But his tone is never sarcastic or venomous. He does not like affection and pretension but he never makes fun of the people having these shortcomings. Nor does he aim to bring any social revolution. His observation is keen and his knowledge of human psychology is deep. His diction is simple but effective. Jaray Ki Chandni Moonlight in Winter is the best known book of Gulam Abbas and contains many of his most famous stories. He was a great admirer of the Russian short story tradition and loved the work of Chekov and Gorky. However the writer he most admired and modeled himself on was Maupassant. His love of poetry, specially Urdu poetry was abiding and deep, but he never ventured into it himself seriously. Once he was asked why and he said that he had tried it several times privately, but was never satisfied with the quality of his work so he destroyed it without showing it to anybody. In the same way he was meticulous with his short stories. He could spend hours on a single page, culling, culling, culling, cutting, cutting, cutting. His goal was a page without even one unnecessary word or, for that matter, punctuation mark. His family originally came from Afghanistan in the midth century, as a result of political upheaval related to Dost Mohommed. They settled first in Ludhiana and then moved to Amritsar and later Lahore. He spoke several languages including Persian, Punjabi, Urdu and English. He was a Muslim and loved his heritage, but was not an ardent practitioner of the faith. In fact he was deeply suspicious of religiosity which he regarded as a particularly dangerous form of educated ignorance. He believed in the right of people to live out their lives as they wished to so long as they did not infringe on the lives of other people. For this reason he disliked theocracy of any kind as he felt it would eventually lead to political dictatorship and intellectual darkness. In he wrote a short story called Hotel Mohenjodaro which

visualised the consequences of theocratic government as it might apply to Pakistan. The result was a tale, darker in spirit than his usual skeptical but gentle unveiling of human absurdity and pain. It visualised a society blighted and damned by obscurantism and religiosity where every creative and productive endeavour is stilted and stunted by ignorant mullahs and people live like captive fish in a stagnant and stinking pond. In , with the coming to power of the mullahs in Iran the world got to see what such a state would be like. Nearer to home, the social atmosphere in Pakistan during and after the time of Zia ul Haq and the rise of religiosity that accompanied it was very close to the vision of Ghulam Abbas. One may well wonder if the story was an artistic creation, or more in the nature of a vision, a phantasmagoria from which one awakes shuddering that such things might yet be. Ghulam Abbas was married twice. His first wife was called Zakira and he had five children with her including four daughters and a son. His second wife was an English woman named Christian renamed Zainab with whom he had a son and three daughters. She died on February 19, in Karachi, Pakistan. His other children, all of whom are resident abroad, are mostly in Canada. His eldest son, a medical doctor, Dr. Ali Sajjad Abbas, died in in western Canada of a heart related ailment.

Chapter 6 : Ghulam Abbas (Author of Anandi / Ø§Ù“Ù†Ù†Ø´Ùœ)

Best short stories collection of Ghulam Abbas. Available in Hindi and calendrierdelascience.com meaning of Urdu words you do not understand, click on that word.

This series starts with Ghulam Abbas, who was the senior-most among the writers of this generation. The collection, Intikhab Ghulam Abbas, with 18 short stories, has been compiled by Asif Farrukhi, who has also written an introduction to the series along with a foreword with particular reference to Abbas. It is followed by an article by Muhammad Hasan Askari, who critically assessed Abbas as a short story writer. In fact, Abbas started writing before the rebel storytellers made their entry onto the literary scene. Those were peaceful years in our literary history. Thus Abbas could afford to devote enough time to the art of storytelling and to improving his expression. While writing he was never in a hurry and was never loud and uncouth in his expression. True to his moderate temperament, he wrote softly, aiming for flawless expression. At the same time, Abbas wrote in the current realist mode of expression. But he had his own way of writing. Slowly and gradually he inserted these details, similar to how a builder well-versed in his art goes on fixing small bricks. And in the end we find, to our pleasant surprise, a well-knit story steeped in the realist mode of expression. Abbas made use of realistic details in abundance, seemingly drab and insignificant, and inserted them in his descriptions, which in the end seemed transformed into delightful realistic accounts of situations carrying deep social significance. Abbas wrote this story in the late s. It is a kind of fantasy where Pakistan has been conceived as a state scientifically advanced enough to have its spaceship land on the surface of the moon. But the mullahs regard it as a sacrilegious act and start a movement against the establishment of the state. This eventually leads to a change of government. Now the mullahs are in power. This leads to violence and anarchic conditions in the country. The story can now be interpreted as an attempt to foresee what was going to happen in Pakistan in the coming years. Its dramatic rendering has already been presented on the stage, winning applause from the audience. Intikhab Ghulam Abbas is a well-conceived introduction to Abbas, a great master of Urdu short story. The selected stories are truly representative of his art of story writing and have the ability to attract readers of fiction.

Chapter 7 : Dramatic reading of Ghulam Abbasâ€™s two stories enthrall audience - Newspaper - calendrierdelascience.com

Ghulam Abbas (Urdu: Ø§Ù„Ø§Ù„Ø§Ù„... Ø´Ø´Ø§Ø³) was a short story writer. He was born in Amritsar, India and died in in Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan. His short stories have a distinct style in Urdu literature.

Chapter 8 : 10 Must-Read South Asian Short Stories | Desi Writers' Lounge Blog

Ghulam Abbas was a short story writer in Urdu. He was born in Amritsar, India and died in in Karachi, Sindh, Pakistan.

Chapter 9 : Ghulam Abbas (writer) | Revolvly

Intikhab Ghulam Abbas is a well-conceived introduction to Abbas, a great master of Urdu short story. The selected stories are truly representative of his art of story writing and have the ability.