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MODERN SENSIBILITY IN THE SHORT STORIES OF MASOOD ASHAR
MASOOD ASHER'S FICTION AND MODERN SENSIBILITY

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Abstract

Masood Ashar was a renowned short-story writer, translator, journalist, and columnist. Four (4) collections of short-stories, twelve (12) translations, three (3) edited books, and many columns are on his credit. In recognition of his services, the Government of Pakistan awarded him the "Pride of Performance" and "Sitara-e-Imtiaz". The short stories written by Masood Ashar cover diverse topics. The political and social issues, national and international trends, mental and physical hierarchy of the nation, heterogeneity of thoughts, internal and external conflicts, confrontation between man and society, discord between religion and intellect, psychological and emotional combat, social disorder, decaying family structure, religious extremism, narrow-mindedness, a tinge of migration, new ideas of nationalism, social strangle, hypocritical attitudes, jealousy, fear, and different shades of love as well as hate are the vibrant features of his writings, which provoke the mental approach of the readers. His short stories are like litmus-paper, which indicate the adversity, cruelty, and stench of society. Masood Ashar's short stories are works of art for modern sensibilities.

INTRODUCTION

Masood Ashar was a well-known novelist, translator, journalist and columnist. He was born on February 2, 2013 in Rampur, Uttar Pradesh. His real name was Masood Ahmad Khan. He migrated to Pakistan in 1959. He started his literary and journalistic life from the year 2000. He first resided in Multan and later in

Lahore. He was associated with the daily Imrooz, Ehsan, Zamindar, Ashar, Jang and the daily Dunya. He was associated with the well-known publishing house "Mashal Books" since 1959.

Masood Asher's literary journey spans several decades. In this glorious journey, four of your fiction collections (Ankhon pe dono Hath, Sary Fasany, Apna Ghar, Sawal Kahani), translations of twelve books, three compilations and many columns came to light. Oxford University Press He was also published under the name of Masood Ashar. In recognition of his services, the Government of Pakistan awarded him the Presidential Medal for Excellence in the Year 9 and the Star of Distinction in the Year 9. Masood Asher died in Lahore on July 5, leaving behind two sons and two daughters in mourning.

Masood Ashar's fiction covers a wide range of topics. His fictions include political and social issues of different walks of life, domestic and foreign trends, mental and physical excitement of the nation, intellectual and emotional conflict, internal and external conflict, individual and society dialectics, intellectual and jurisprudential differences, emotional and Psychological trauma, social imbalance, fragmented family life, religious hatred and extremism, prejudice and narrow-mindedness, the slightest sob of migration, new conceptions of patriotism, social stigma, hypocrisy, jealousy, fear and love And different colors of hatred overflow and stimulate the reader's mind.

ANALYSIS AND DISCUSSION

Masood Asher's short stories are like litmus paper. When acidity, decay and infection increase in the society then stories of this nature turn red like litmus paper and start pointing out the danger. This headline is evident in the stories written, as most of them reflect the martial law era. Dr. Muhammad Hassan has written about this condition:

The personal sense of each poet and writer is also a part of the wider collective sense and its representation and not only the individual sense but also the study of individual life and individual attitudes encompasses the study of the whole society. (1)

These short stories are of great importance in terms of modern sensibility. In his novel "Na-Mahram" he writes:

Then the threat of heavy boots reached its peak inside the country. The disgusting dwarfs that people had been enduring for two and a half years as a temporary torment began to grow taller. The whole world became turbulent. Ninety days began to change in ninety years ” (2)

And then it was arranged that all eyes, ears and tongues should be locked, the brains should be tightened; every person who dared to open his mouth or try to pick up a pen was defeated. But Masood Asher was also among those who refused to surrender in the face of circumstances. At the same time, the workers of Colony Textile Mills in Multan started protesting on December 5 against the non-receipt of annual bonus, which gradually increased to the point that on January 2, they were fired upon to stop the protest march. Demonstrating

brutality and indiscriminate firing, many workers were killed and the newspapers were threatened not to publish this news. (3) Masood Asher was then the editor of the daily Imrooz Multan. He published this news. He was transferred from Multan to Lahore for not disclosing the source of the news. (4) Similarly, he was fired in 1982 for signing a resolution calling for the renewal of democracy. (5)

During the rule of four military dictators, freedom of speech was suppressed, society was made dumb, writers and journalists were chained for the sake of speaking and writing the truth, every school of thought was bound, not to be seen. No permission to speak. Commenting on the effects of this era on literature and writers, Dr. Anwar Sadid wrote:

"If the first martial law era is called the era of linguistics, then it would be correct to say that this language was accepted by the writer on a creative level as well and its creative effects came to the fore in the era of basic democracy" (6)

That is why most of the writers of this period adopted symbolism for expression. The name of the first collection of Masood Ashar's fictions, "Ankhon pe dono Hath" is symbolic. The collection was like a declaration that the whole nation, like a dove, was denying the truth that was gripping them like a monster with its hands over its eyes. The second set of short stories, "Sary Fasany", is an expression of the same tragic truths that were strangled. Irfan Aslam has written in his article "The Dreams of Masood Ashar":

"Most of the stories in the second collection are symbolic, touching upon surrealism, so much so that several of the tales have no names for characters and places instead having a dream like milieu. These stories were written during general Zia-ul-Haq's regime and perhaps that also influenced Asher's style." (7) In this regard, his novels "Khawab", "Kaboos", "Bachrry ka Geet", "Darakht aur Darwazy", "Tyraa Aabil", and "Khawabon ka ZIndany" are worthy. Explaining his short story, he described his short story as his "nightmares". The names of the characters in these stories are not mentioned. The story progresses through the pronoun or singular. In this way, these stories and characters go beyond the local level and become universal. These stories become the record of every region where oppression and tyranny are guarded. These stories include fear, terror, deprivation of limbs, blindness, The fear of becoming deaf, dumb and lame is reaching its limits. Shakes and burns. He asks himself: "Of course I'm being tested. I will be deprived of my leg as well as my eye. "Learn to see through the eyes of others and walk on the legs of others." (8) Oppression, tyranny, dictation of tongues, aggressive occupation of hands, feet, heart, mind and only one answer: "They started saying ... This is what we are commanded to do. I said whose order? They said, "There is an order from above, we are compelled." I said. Who is the Commander? They began to say from above. We don't know who" (9).

Literature is a reflection of society and writers are the pulse of this society. The great thing about Masood Asher is that he not only puts his hand on the aching vein of the society but also tries to find the end of this south, then it becomes clear that the dictator is responsible for it. Sometimes the woodpecker,

sometimes the upper one and sometimes the boot are the symbols used for this dictator. Writes:

Do you know what I remember seeing these people pulling their teeth like this all the time?" He was back.

"Do you remember?"

"Lakad baga ..." "

Yes.... Laughing Hyna

Good ?

Good ? And we all started laughing again. But he did not notice the laughter. Blood dripped from his teeth and calves (10).

Circumstances and restrictions on freedom of expression prompted authors to use techniques such as abstraction, coherence, and consciousness, which gave the work flexibility and made it acceptable to those in power. Because of these techniques, fiction became universal and transcended time and space. Dr. Saleem Akhtar says: "Abstract fiction has developed its own concept of time and this concept is totally internal, so the past and present, under psychological conditions, seem to embrace like the dawn of the evening can go" (11).

The short story of "A Morning in a Blind Journey (Andhy Safar main aik Subah)" begins with the skepticism of time. The characters of these short-stories cannot distinguish between their past, present and future. Another story, "The Tree and the Door (Darakht aur Darwazy)," also shows the dense state between the past and the present.

"Everyone seems to be scared of the past. Even those who are running forward and those who do not take a step forward but what time is it? The time that has just passed? When we wipe the dust off our clothes and realize that the plaque is now clean, a new story can be written on it, then suddenly our eyes fill with sand."(12)

"Song of the Calf (Bachrry ka Geet)", "A Morning in a Blind Journey (Andhy Safar main Aik Subah)", "Travelogue (Safarnama)", "Trees and Doors (Darakht aur Darwazy)" are some of the stories in which the technique of flow of consciousness has been used. These fictions are an attempt to react against domestic and international oppression and exploitation. The "song of the calf" is a story that begins with national and social helplessness. Where it starts with cutting down trees and those who cut down trees are called "tyrants, bastards, dogs, bastards and pigs". Then the scene suddenly changes and the focus shifts to the atrocities that are taking place in the world. They are being slaughtered for their own interests by the power-hungry tyrants:

The gathering at Capital Hill, Lincoln Memorial and Pennsylvania Avenue was now gathering elsewhere, with John Bainer's voice echoing.

How easily the calf

They are caught and slaughtered

Without explaining why

Calves

Can't protect your freedom

They can't put bubble feathers on their body
 To fly freely
 The winds are laughing
 Laughing out loud
 Donna Donna Donna ... (13)

Cows and babies are oppressed and helpless people to whom dictators and vested interests all over the world sacrifice their desires. Even if they try to get their rights, they can't get anything. Even if they have the authority to save the calves, the buffaloes and the trees, their hands are empty. Masood Asher uses the tree as a symbol of the country he sees. The one who gives shade, protects from the scorching sun, builds settlements, gives land for houses, the branches of this tree give shelter, this tree is also past and present is also hidden in it. The world is meaningless without this country: "If it weren't for this tree, you wouldn't know where you stand in this scene. This tree tells you your place but also gives you your place" (14).

In these stories, along with the symbol, there is also storytelling. Their symbols seem to harmonize with the atmosphere of fiction. These dreams and symbols give hope for the end of a dark age. Their characters are seen asking and telling dreams to each other in a hopeful manner. Good dreams make them want to live. In these dreams, he tries to kill his enemy, who is sometimes a woodpecker, sometimes an upper one and sometimes a pig, with the number six knife, but when he fails, he becomes annoyed. Dare to change the environment and society out of dilemma and hesitation. And those who do not try to get rid of this oppression and tyranny consider them cowards and call them impotent.

"In logic, when we make a case, we first make a small and a big, then we lower the average between the two. The result that comes out in this way is the real news ..." "

"Then that ... The light that fills your dark room every night with the cool icy scent. And the message she wants to convey to your frightened eyes and ears is grave and your fear and your cowardice is average. Until you drop the average line ... "

" shut up.... "You get angry.

You are impotent. I am impotent. Eunuch. You know what an eunuch is! (15). Realism is at its height in the stories written in this age of oppression. His three short-stories are "Silence1", "Silence2", "Silence3". All three have a special kind of stimulus which is to try to get the reader to react. Dr. Anwar Ahmed has written about the stories of Masood Asher:

Masood Asher's legendary universe may seem to be sinking into confusion and hesitation. Individual or group, existential or progressive, psychological reality or political orientation, local or universal, observation or dream, he is busy trying to touch both directions with great anxiety. But in fact, he is a conscious artist who brings the reflection of the spirit of the age into the mirror with the dissolution of the soul" (16).

In Masood Asher's stories there are cities that are home to epidemics, there are noisy birds, there are cutting down trees, people waiting for good news, writers writing under pseudonyms, dumb officers, wandering travelers, lacking in vision and insight. Man, irrelevant stories, nightmares, and artificial man (Uchke) stationed here and there, narrate the modern tragedy when man ceases to be man and takes the form of Uchke. Masood Asher himself has explained this. The word Uchka is used for Bajuka, Scare Crow. In stories, there are symbols of human beings (birds of prey) who are merely thin, slaves of the order, used only to intimidate, whom the dictator places in various places to strengthen his government and the people are merely Yassin is satisfied that the situation will change after reading or baking Mubarak's bread. That is why the ending of most of his fictions shows a strange state of helplessness.

I don't want to see a mother F- get out of here. You all go (17)

But ... He had stabbed me in the chest. He killed me ... What can I do? (18)

People should not write such things (19).

I get up and put dark curtains on the bright east wall again (20).

This depression of the society, mental disturbance of the people, pressure of martial law, restriction of expression, fears, whispers, jealousy, hatred, fear, fear kept growing inside and one day suddenly the pressure cooker exploded. The country was divided. Many questions wrapped in whispers and fears which have been suppressed by force for years have come to the lips. Intezar Hussain says about this:

I realized that the turmoil we are in now, if it has been expressed on a creative level, it is Masood Asher's fiction. What happened on the external level happened, but here it seems that a greater tragedy has taken place on the internal level than the fall of Dhaka (21).

Fables written about the fall of Dhaka, "The sorrow that the dust gave (Dukh ju Matti nai diye)", "Their own truths (Apni Apni Sachian)", "Cool bottle of dab and beer (Dab aur Beer ki Thandi Bttlein)", "Both hands on the eyes (Ankhon pe Dono Hath)", "Bella Nani Ray", "Juldi Juldi ", is an expression of Masood Asher's artistic perfection as well as his sadness. These short-stories mention the reasons that led to this tragedy. Mentioning these factors, they do not remain a spectator but become characters. Which is very sensitive and is also feeling the slightest changes in the environment, which warns but no one is willing to listen:

I saw him standing at the door of the hospital ... His eyes gripped me tightly. I took a slow step and looked at him again and got scared. There were strange eyes. Like she's asking me something. As if demanding to know me and depressed that I am deliberately ignoring. So do I know him! (22).

The Bengalis' sense of deprivation and our stepmother-like treatment were the main reason for this tragedy. The standard of living of the Bengalis far below the poverty line, political maneuvering, economic inequality, inequality in the distribution of resources, racial and ethnic differences were the main factors which created distances between the two parts of the country and hearts. I mixed

bitterness. On the one hand Bengalis were considered inferior in color and race, they were given menial jobs in West Pakistan, on the other hand their daughters were sold in West Pakistan by giving them jobs and marriage. His tongue was humiliated.

The name of the man whom Hasna Begum's husband made our god was Abul Kalam Jaliluddin. ... But when Hasna Begum's husband introduced her, Jalil's 'J' had changed to 'Z' and it was difficult for us to stop laughing (23).

The beauty of Bengal was ridiculed, women's colors, bodies and impressions were ridiculed and it was said:

It simply came to our notice then.

You mean, like, saltines and their ilk, eh? That is, from them? !

From these dry rotten bodies? Just for the eyes?

Please repent Why spoil your race?

Yes, marriage cannot be done. By the way .. (24).

His role along with others in this tragedy was also reprehensible. Despite the passage of so many years, the real culprits of the fall of Dhaka could not be identified till today. Is. Why did this tragedy happen? What were the factors that divided the country? What? When? Why? How? There were so many questions that remained unanswered. Dr. Saadat Saeed, while analyzing such stories, has written:

Masood Asher's inquiries are not mere inquiries. Their fiction also provides their answer. His contemplative eyes have also seen the murderous scenes of injustice and the protest and reaction of the justices against these injustices, they have studied the ugly faces of the opportunists (25).

The wall of hatred that has been raised in both the parts has not been torn down till date. These stories create incomplete and vague images of this murderous truth. There are dark, bitter and sticky questions in these short-stories that have no answers. The answers are also unsolvable to the questions raised by Masood Asher in th stories written on the subject of "love". "Walking on the Winds (Batashon pe Chalny Waly)", "Tablet Mirror (Loh-e-Aina)", "Khat-e-Sartan", "Mirror (Ainny)", "Foot by Chain (Paa Bai Zanjeer)", "Happiness of the Heart (Dil ka Aaseeb)", "Side by Friendship (Dosti ka Dawar)" "Cotton Story (Kapas Kahani)", "Barzakh", "Na-Muharram", "Blind Journey (Andha Saffar)", "Why Two Faces of a Mirror (Ainny ka do Chehre Kuan)" and "But How (Magar Kuan)" all of these stories. The subject is direct or indirect love. Love is a complex emotion and more complex in the case of Masood Asher. His anonymous male characters are captivated by the beauty of a woman's lips and face, as well as her intelligence, knowledge and magical speech. In these stories, love does not look like a noisy head river, but a gamble that is confined within the realms of religious, social and moral boundaries. These are the stories of forbidden love that are smoldering in the dust.

If every day we have to find a new argument, a new reason and a new justification for love, is that love? (26)

But he was laughing. Perhaps he too had noticed the weakness of her voice and was looking at her with the eyes of those who had learned to speak today (27).

Hey, brother, I'm not a candidate. Heaven forbid. This is my chance. I grabbed both my ears. I said this with a heavy heart. Maybe? Yes, maybe (28).

This traditional notion is a story of rebellion against love. Confused, full of mental and emotional turmoil, this is the love with which the individual keeps his eyes peeled, takes two steps forward and four steps back, fights with himself, asks questions. Rising in his feelings and emotions The tide is disturbed by the ebb and flow of the tide. He thinks:

What is the nature of our relationship? In my eyes, in his eyes and in the eyes of the beholders? I think I understand this nature very well and believe that he too is fully aware of this fact. If he is not aware of this fact then the eyes of the beholders are enough to make him aware. (29)

Society raises questions about these love stories, crushes them, limits may apply to them, scares them, but there is also a state of pleasure, like the sweetness of a stolen guava:

I did not stop hurting and asked with a very dry face, Tell me one thing, why all this love happened after marriage? I mean your Reported Love?

Maybe he would have been angry if the word "reported" had saved me. She laughed and moved towards me. Wait a minute (30).

In his fiction, the female characters are bold, express love, and raise new questions about the nature of the relationship.

I was saying why can't we love so many people at the same time with the same intensity (31).

Last night I suddenly realized that I was ... I mean, I love you. She stopped, looked at me and quickly said, "I mean, I love you" (32).

Intezar Hussain has written about these topics of Masood Ashar:

When I met Masood Asher's fiction, I found out that the subject of fiction has changed. Now the relationship between man and woman has become a subject of fiction. But this woman is also new and man is also new. By the grace of God, both are civilized. More than a woman who thinks she's Liberated. But with that, she has lost her mysterious feminine depth (33).

However, while reading Masood Asher's fiction, one does not realize that he considers today's woman as hollow. In these short-stories, they have tried to understand the exact concept of a woman's social attitudes, mental states and love.

Then she panicked and quickly got dressed without taking a bath and came out. O God, give me such strength that when I am compelled to realize that I can no

longer live without saying "yes", I will have the courage to say "no" and say no (34).

This state of double-heartedness on the part of men is also seen in many places. Most of the characters in the fiction are married and love descends on them in a weak moment of self-forgetfulness and then leaves them in a dilemma forever. For this weak moment, sometimes the woman is blamed and sometimes the man. The woman of his stories are strong, fearless and educated and intelligent. - For them, a woman is not a man with a heart of flesh and blood, but only a body. That is why if such a fearless woman asks him about marriage:

But when she got up in anger and went inside and a sip of tea got stuck in my throat, I felt that she was telling the truth. He is serious and for the first time he is serious about me.

And I was scared. Really scared What does she want Wedding? Marry me ! ! Friendship is fine but marriage! And with that! (35).

The woman in his fiction makes everyone crazy because of her openness, her bold style and more candid language than men and this fascination of people is also strange. Everyone pulls at this woman and calls her bad. Amjad Islam Amjad wrote in his article commenting on these characters of Masood Asher: "He was very interested in the psychology of the characters and their motives, so most of his stories have a special kind of depth inside them" (36).

Masood Asher does not see only a superficial form of reality and a single character. They gradually express their insights into life, the individual and the emotions with great gentleness. They do not shake off the hereditary and archaic ideas, but follow the pre-determined path in spite of making great concessions in the matter of love. In his fictions, love seems to grow along with guilt. It has the bitterness of competition as well as the sweetness of love. These stories are both a journey of self-awareness and an escape from oneself. Discovering the hidden parts of your being with a twist, which only love makes you realize. Love makes you cowardly, forces you to be afraid, creates fear of being lost:

"Now your fear is gone?" That night the girl who was now his fianc surrounded him.

"What kind of fear?" "She is afraid God knows what else she wants to attack

"I'm afraid he'll come back to me from Germany and I'll go with him."

"No, I'm not afraid of you." He tried to be brave.

"Don't lie, I know this is what you were afraid of all the time."

"Then you will leave me, won't you?" "I don't know why he became a child. He saw this look of his for the first time. So weak, so cowardly, he wasn't like that. Why did that happen? How come (37)

"I tell him that after meeting you, I have come across strange contradictions. Sometimes it feels like. Be a 5 year old. The world does not care about the world. I'm drunk and sometimes I feel like I'm getting old. Very old There is no sign of emotion. There is only fear, there is danger and foresight but not foresight. (38)

These short-stories depict the psychological conflicts and entanglements that are characteristic of human nature, the result of a momentary pressure due to natural sexual attraction and instincts, if there is a moment of slipping, they become trapped forever. "Then I reached out my hand and put it around his neck. She staggered like a fish and stood up. "What's going on?" "Her eyes were piercing my eyes ..." ? I didn't think so of you!" (39).

Are such cases always hidden and the wife does not know about the relationship between the other woman or the man? No it's not A woman often forgives such love of a man as a slip of the tongue and there is no word for forgiveness in the dictionary of most men. Newborns suffocate love and men quietly retreat because they too want to save their home. Their characters do not have the courage to cross this Lakshman line. None of the characters in these stories deliberately go beyond a certain point because despite love, there is a clear philosophy of fidelity in their lives.

"And then there's the smell of camphor in things that are kept off our will." "

" Yes. That was the smell, and it was gone. "

She laughed out loud.

"No, there's an odor left."

"Good? What a smell! ? "

"That's the smell of dirty bedding." The smell comes from people who change their beds. "

"What nonsense is this?"

"No nonsense, it's true and what a strange thing."

Some things start to smell because they don't move, and some things start to smell when they change again and again (40).

The psychological acumen used by Masood Asher to articulate this philosophy of love and fidelity is commendable. To save their home, men, and perhaps women, to save their character, become silent, fencing off this stream of love, but some weak moment of the past hangs over their heads like a sword:

This is the mention of the secrets that keep us very upset when we remember. When we remember, the night's sleep is gone, we are disturbed and we want somehow these secrets to be deleted from the minds of our secret friends like we delete a message on our laptop, disappear forever. ... but how? (41)

These stories acknowledge the fact that love is a matter of the heart, it can be accepted, but sex is related to the body, so it is very important to control it in order to avoid the feeling of guilt for which there is no cure. One of the major tendencies of Masood Asher's fiction is to raise questions about contemporary issues, be it women's rights or religious extremism, intolerance or new identity issues. His pen covers social issues well. Dr. Nasir Abbas Nayyar writes in his article *An Intellectual Power House*:

Almost every story of his seems to raise or indulge in some questions which is upsetting. Through these questions, Ashar deliver, on one hand, into the complexities of Pakistan society, politics, democratic values, human relations

and on the other hand the paradoxical nature of a globalised world where boundries of nation states are melting (42).

This trend travels from their first collection to the last collection. The changes that have taken place in the society from the first martial law to the last martial law have been analyzed very beautifully in these short-stories. Fiction such as "Bigger than Stand", "Where I Am" are clear expressions of his social insight and modern sensibility. Shamim Hanafi writes in his article "Storyteller to himself":

These stories were completely devoid of Hippocratic insights, usually based on the front lines. In these words the world of the writer's social, political and cultural experiences is inhabited. Over time, why does a country and a society create new problems and questions for itself? His account has been compiled from seemingly ordinary and small incidents of daily life (43).

He satirizes the increasing bribery in the society and says: "Patwari measured the plot. Mark all around with lime. I put money in his hand which he was not entitled to" (44). The claim is that we have to spread Islam, but even if a misguided person accepts Islam, we still consider it untouchable for decades.

"I was told that the family of Sheikh Sahib had become Muslim only after the formation of Pakistan. You should tell your friend not to eat at his house." He hurriedly said as if he wanted to take the burden off his head.

"Why?" I wondered. "It's their turn this month."

"It's their turn," said Sheikh Sahib again. "But you know who they are" (45).

Not just neo-Muslims Religious hatred and sectarianism have increased so much in recent times that we have washed away many of the causes of our own land just because of differences of belief. The murder of young sons has plunged their families into deep darkness of misery.

He is sitting on a chair and praying. Zuhr prayer. All the buttons on the shirt are open. The sleeves are also hanging on both hands. The blood of the face has been squeezed. Now you start looking at the picture on the wall. There is also a picture of him which is no more in this world but is present everywhere and in every direction. With my 12 year old child

He treated the poor for free. Twice a year he would camp in his hometown. He used to operate on everyone. Gave new look to everyone, new eyes, everyone, without any distinction ... And that twelve-year-old ... ? What was his sin? Not even his name ... (46).

Over the past several decades, religious extremism has been on the rise all over the world in general and in Pakistan in particular. "Dome of Bismillah" is also a story written on the same subject in which the same mental anguish is being mentioned which is being spread in the name of Islam and which has narrowed the circle of life. Where strict adherence to religious norms is maintained but religious tolerance is lacking.

He was shocked when the bride came home in the evening and he approached her to greet her. "You have the veil of the bride." Her mother laughed and lovingly took her hand and carried her back. "Greet your sister-in-law from afar" (47).

Muhammad Shahid Hameed writes about his fictions:

You will see Masood Asher untying the tangled threads of human relationships. In this chapter, sometimes they use simple narrative and sometimes they use dialogues between the characters, sometimes they come to an idea by combining different scenes and sometimes they draw the story of human condition from the confusion of ideas (3).

The same entanglement of relationships and characterization of religious extremism can be seen in "I Did Not Answer (Maine Jawab nhn Diya)", where Thailand's Bang (Wednesday) and Indonesian Muslim (Goth Jali-Ghazali) get married in the United States. Bang is influenced by Islam and wants to convert to Islam. They both come and live in Indonesia. The family accepts them but: But doomsday is apparently the catalyst for a united Khundia and their subsequent emergence as a galactic power. ... The boy caused a stir in the whole family as soon as he arrived. He fought with his parents that Ghazali is living a life of sin and you are silent (49).

The quarrel escalated so much that the Bang that wanted to convert to Islam left both Ghazali and Islam. The end of all such stories is thought provoking, provides new perspectives and demands the reconstruction of social values. They even seem to pave the way for ijtiḥād from a religious point of view. These short-stories try to trace the reasons that divided Khuda Hafiz into Allah Hafiz, Pakistanis into Sunni, Shia, Barelvi, Hanafi, Deobandi, Maliki, Shafi'i, Ismaili and unknown sects. Along with religious extremism, intolerance developed and this society which was satisfied with the burning of books in the era of "Khuda Hafiz" has reached the point of burning human beings in the era of "Allah Hafiz":

"Okay, I'll be back." Good Bye"

"Allah Hafiz?" Why did he say Allah Hafiz? Why didn't you say goodbye? I was surprised. Until then, the decree to say Allah Hafiz instead of Khuda Hafiz had not been issued. We all said goodbye to the fact that we had full faith in the maturity of our faith and belief. We used to mean God and not God (50).

"Illiterate Papers (Nakhuwanda Warq)", "Bigger Than Stands (Khary se Bary)" and "My Grave(Meri Qabbar)" are the stories that tell the story of social and cultural decline. In these stories, religious customs are on the rise, but the true spirit of religion is gone. In these fictions the specific temperament, habits and manners of Pakistani nation, mental yield, emotional adolescence, linguistic roughness, good sense of humor and understanding, satirical tone, sticky style, fair complexion, arrogance and critique of others. The immense potential is illustrated by small conversations.

But how could it be that my Pakistani temperament prevented me from learning about Shweta's tragic life (51).

What are these Muslims, Sikhs and Hindus doing here together? I asked the wall. They are happy. In happiness all become one. Got the answer. But there was also a blonde young man. Blonde young man wearing shalwar karta. He was dancing with everyone.

"This is Akmal Bhai's son-in-law." Rehan said this without looking at me. "Good." My eyes widened in surprise. The black-clad girl who is dancing with him, her husband ... ?

"Speak slowly, slowly" Rehan gritted his teeth. Don't talk like that here (52).

Masood Asher never used the slogan of femininity but many of his fictions express the heart condition of women and the mistreatment of them in the society. Somewhere in these conversations there is a bitter battle of family life and somewhere there is a burning heart.

Being a woman is imprisonment. The wife laughed again. Rule the house and become a prisoner of the house.

"Oops ... So that's it?" He laughed. "It simply came to our notice then. Tear up the sky of your being oppressed and martyred and make good use of being a woman" (53).

Wherever there is injustice with women, they raise their voice. The problem is whether it is a marriage of choice or a division of property. He raises questions and wants immigrants to resolve inheritance issues in accordance with the laws of their country of residence, give daughters a share in property, give women freedom and treat them as human beings. "Tana Shah's daughter (Tana Shah ki Beti)", "I am very lucky (Main Buhat Khush Qismat Hon)", "Why (Kuan)", "Sad or happy sad (Dukh Sukh ya Sukh Dukh)", "looking for the best (Khob tar ki Talash)" and "Question story (Sawal Kahani)": these have done an excellent analysis of the plight of women from different walks of life.

Masood Ashar's fictions feature migration as a modern necessity, new identity issues and new ideas about patriotism. They do not have the nostalgia of pastoralism and migration. "Seventy Years Distance" is a short-story in which the regular past is retrieved. "I can't sleep", "Where am I from ..."?", "Revenge", "Umbrella", "Journey of Darkness", "How Many Homelands" etc. Migration has been accepted as a modern experience. Most of the characters in these stories for some reason are being forced to migrate from where they are leaving as a minority community.

Now when he closes his eyes, he comes across a Christian family who lives in a flat in front of his room across the street ... All they say is that he and his family are going to Canada, forever (54).

He gets up and goes to Dr. Bahrocha's clinic. ... He remembers that he recovers in a week and the doctor goes to England with his whole family (55).

The hardships and hardships of the people living abroad, the desire to break ties with their countries in terms of livelihood and to meet the poor patriots and compatriots who have been the victims of linguistic, social and cultural conflicts between East and West. The old notion of nation and nationality is disappearing, the feeling of loss of one's identity is overshadowed in the minds of the emigrants. These short-stories reflect the crisis of personal identity and the loss of civilization and traditions.

This message came on Messenger Thought someone was joking but with this message it was written, "Uncle John Hello, how are you? How is your aunt?"

Now the thought came to him that it was his own. We used to greet the elders, Abba Jan Salam, Ami Jan Salam. Salam alaikum was not said. If someone said salaam wa alaikum by mistake, he would be scolded "What are you doing?" (56)

"One of my identities is that I am a Pakistani born in Pakistan. The second identity is that I was born in the house of a Muslim. If I was born in a Hindu, Sikh, Christian or Parsi family, then I would be a Pakistani Hindu, Pakistani Sikh, Pakistani Christian or Pakistani Parsi" (57).

Individuals who have lived for half a century are more sensitive to these issues of identity. He also lamented that the issue of identity was being arbitrarily prolonged.

"Your identities are getting longer ..." ... You do not have the permission required to post.

That is our problem. Insisting on an identity only makes us Incites violence (58).

The world has become like a country. A country where everyone must know each other a little bit. That is why Pakistanis, despite having a distinct identity, are a principled citizen of Canada, own a hotel, and whites are eating Pakistani food at their hotel, giving their identity a new lease of life. Identity is not a crisis for the foreign-bred generation. He is proud of his many identities and has created a new identity which Masood Asher calls "International Identity". The old notion of patriotism and patriotism is crumbling. New questions shatter old notions of patriotism. "My homeland is where I was born, or is it the homeland where I and my children live in peace and tranquility?" You are saying. "Where do I see my own and my children's present and future safe?" (59).

The scope of Masood Asher's literary thought is very wide. He is a multi-faceted personality and this multiplicity is seen in his prose. They raise questions in their creations and leave the answer to the reader's insight. They point to a new path but do not take the reader on that path by holding a finger but leave the decision to the individual as to whether he would like to go on the new path or keep drawing the line on the old path. They do not entertain the reader but

provoke him to think and thinking is the first knock on the door of change. Asking questions and forcing individuals to think in order to change the environment, society and the individual is the specialty of a high level creator; This thinking plays an important role in the overall development of the society and the writings of Masood Asher have done this job well.

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