

Presentation of Punjabi culture and tradition in Mustansar Hussain Tarar's Novel "Ae Ghazal-e-Shab"

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DOI: <https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.15334916>

Abstract

Mustansar Hussain Tarar's novel "Ae Ghazal-e-Shab" is a representative novel of Punjabi culture. Mustansar Hussain Tarar is considered one of the greatest novelists of Urdu literature of the present era.

Since Tarar Sahib was born in Punjab, he had a deep interest in Punjab. The people were very dear here and the atmosphere here was very impressive. Therefore, he incorporated the atmosphere of Lahore, the city of Punjab, in this novel.



Just as Meer Aman, in his story "Bagh-o-Bahar", has described the language of the city of Delhi and depicted the emotions and feelings, customs, habits and minds of the people living there, and has explained the beauty of the details of everything in the form of words. Similarly, Tarar Sahib has also beautifully depicted the atmosphere of Lahore in the form of the characters of the people there. In the present novel "Ae Ghazal-e-Shab", the complete civilization of the culture and civilization of Punjab has been reviewed.

Key Words:

Mustansar Hussain Tarar, "Ae Ghazal-e-Shab", representative novel of Punjabi culture, Meer Aman, "Bagh-o-Bahar", culture and civilization of Punjab

Literature Review

A writer is a reflection of his society and his writing, whether it belongs to any genre of literature, prose or poetry, is the voice of his era, which in a loud voice enlightens the people of his era, attitudes, trends, civilization, culture, politics, society, morals and manners, habits, relationships, mutual relations, individual and collective lives, to future generations and times. Just as life is divided into different aspects and these aspects are so diverse that it is an insurmountable task to get acquainted with every aspect and aspect, similarly literature also has different aspects. The difference between the two of us, literature and life, is that due to such a deep depth of life and the rapid pace of time, we are not able to pay attention to the people scattered around us and many aspects of individual and collective life. Even if we pay attention to this, we are not able to analyze them and are unable to find the real truth. In this situation, literature satisfies these thirsts of ours.

Mustansar Hussain Tarar's novels reflect his attachment to his society and the atmosphere of his novels is generally the atmosphere of the background and foreground of his social values. Along with Pakistaniness, Punjabi society is fully reflected and prominently portrayed in his novels. Mustansar describes the various ups and downs and changes of Punjabi society and Punjabi lifestyle in a very

elegant and critical manner. In many of his novels, glimpses of Punjab's history and civilization are also prominently and in a special order, which is a strong argument for his attachment to his own soil and his inability to forget it. Mustansar's love for his homeland and his attachment to the soil are very deep. According to Fateh Muhammad Malik

"Ye jo baat Mastanser ko mere dil se qareeb rakhti hai woh yeh hai ke Mastanser ne qaumi ehsas ko –apne aafaqi mtma nazar ki zid nahi sjhta balkay jaan o jigr qarar deta hai. aafaqi hotay hue bhi woh –apne logon ke mutadid aur –apne watan ki baqa aur taraqqi kaisay jali satah par sargaram car hai." (1)

Mustansar Hussain Tarar has highlighted Punjabi culture and society in his novels in a very prominent way. He has taken the Urdu novel to the heights in intellectual, artistic and thematic terms and has carried forward its glorious tradition. The themes of his novels are in many respects connected with their cultural background and also seem to form the foreground. It is essential for a writer or novelist to be careful in obtaining material and choosing a topic for his creative expression. Until the conscience of his creation is not rooted in his own soil, his duty will remain incomplete. Therefore, every writer must first repay the debt of his soil. After that, he looks ahead.

Mustansar Hussain Tarar's novel "Ae Ghazal Shab" came out in 2010. The fall of communism, the effects of civilizational death and the effects of are the main themes of this novel. "Ae Ghazal Shab" is a lament for broken dreams and abandoned lands and fields. Only the one who has experienced this tragedy can feel the pain of being separated from his own soil and becoming two-faced. When migration becomes a burden, a failure and the fulfillment of goals remains incomplete, the feeling of pain increases greatly and the support of

this pain and sorrow makes the seemingly impossible possible, being stunned and dumbfounded which is his destiny. "Ae Ghazal Shab" is the story of a town where foreign and out-of-season flowers were available, each of which you could buy for hundreds of rupees. Where the petals of indigenous roses are scattered. There, the flowers were left to be sprinkled on the graves. Rather, even those graves on which flowers have fallen were looked upon with some contempt. In front of them, on the wide sidewalk, the ignorant and somewhat broken but brilliant descendants of Lahore city were in a shop selling stolen goods.

"Un mein se kuch to apna Khoraki
soda gayarah bujey se peshtar
farokht kar ke ja chukay thay lekin
beshtar ne ka mon –apne adday par
apni khusoosi khorakin josh bhari
dekh kar apni lazzat kodu gina kar di
theen. woh samaan sajaye az
zabanon ke chutkaray ki kalie karne
ki khatir abhi tak foot path par
Barajman thay. un mein se sirf
chacha gaam uss ki pehchan ke fox
mein aaya. woh Umar Raseedah to
ho chuka tha is ka sir junbish mein
aato chuka tha lekin woh abhi tak usi
tor barr badate hue –apne aap ko
galion se nwazta tha. o shore be daar
do jharri pakanay mein yaktaa aur be
misl tha. aur jo koi bhi uss ki tayyar
kardah ojhri ke shorbay mein aik
tilon walay garam keche ka luqmah
duubo kar –apne mun mein dalta
woh hamesha ke liye uss ke zaiqay
ka ghulam ho jata. bohat se androon
shehar ke Lahore hai. kahin New
York. Toronto ya Sydney mein aik
par asayish zindagi busr karte chacha
gaam ke ojhri shore be ko yaad karte
aabdeedah hotay rehtay aur woh aik
dktitr sun-hwa karta tha, ussay agar

kisi gahak ka tarz takhatub pasand
nah aata tha to woh usay be izzat kar
ke utha deta tha." (2)

Gina Islam was fascinated by Lahore cuisine and wrote a letter to her father Mustafa Islam, partially mentioning Lahore cuisine in great detail. While mentioning the Lahore snack Halwa Puri, she writes.

"Mujhe yahan khanay peenay ke liye koi bawarchi khanah qaim nahi karna para. is shehar ke androon ke qadam ki shikastagi ki janib mael koocha o bazaar aik wasee open air restoran hain jahan se aap teen waqt ki khoraak aur woh bhi nihayat arzaan haasil kar satke hain. waisay to har do qadam par subah saweray barri barri kara hon mein ubaltay ghaleez se tail mein maiday se bani rotian ghuma ghuma kar pehnki jati hain aur woh haulay hue pholti uss tail ko jazb kar mein nihayat khasta aur khush zayega ho jati hain lekin mein chand roz mein jaan gayi ke agar mein ne un poriyon ko jo jonkon ki manind ti pi kar pholti jati hain." (3)

Those who were middle class and Iqbal were in the waiter. But recently all these people have become valuable and valuable again. The culture of the fry is necessary for their identity and taste. They realized that the number of five-star hotels, farmhouses and country houses has increased. The love of the expansion has started to search so that our comfort is not lost anywhere, after their y, where is the joy of singing and dancing in the environment? Where is the joy of singing in the ancient huts, Durood Bahar colored with betel leaves, the same breeze in which the light scent of the flowers used to blow, necklaces around the neck and the perfume in the blacks was in the cultural seasons of the year, people of taste, foreign diplomats'

officials settled in the huts of multinational companies again, singers and dancers started returning to their ancestral homes, but as evening approached, a foreigner with his enthusiastic guests and the selected wealthy people of the city started coming here in droves. The splendors were gone and the night returned. Now she did not like to stay here permanently, they were like super stores that opened at a certain time and then the blessings fell on them. The fate of these broken and dark houses, streets, and houses woke up, they started talking to those who did not believe. The days of poor musicians also changed. At the restaurant, a perfect painter who did not regret his ancestral background in Hera Mandi, used to paint the professional images of his aunts and other relatives on canvas. This was the product of his fertile mind. He felt in time that if he turned his ancestral home into a restaurant, he would tie the location of Hera Mandi to the throne of luxury. And so it happened. Even ordinary houses were gaining status. Another restaurant was gaining the idol of the name Anaz because the food there was prepared with the hands of an aunt. Mustafa Islam's tourist daughter, Gina Islam, who had traveled the world, wrote about her father's Reshmati restaurant.

"Aaj ki shab mein Lahore ki heera manndi ki had par waqay aik aisay ristoran ki chhat par baithi hon jis ke samnay. aap ko yaqeen karna hoga ke mein ne bohat duniya dekhi hai aur is duniya mein kaisay kaisay khush numa manazair walay restorano mein se mein ne khana khaya hai aur un ki tadaad senkron mein hogi. aair land, inglistan, balgaria, turkey, Iran kabhi samndron ke kinare. pahoron mein posheeda. qadeem khandaron mein tarteeb shuda aatish fishan pahoron ke d_hanon ki qurbat mein. aur yeh fehris bohat taweel hai. lekin mein bhi bhi aik aisay ristoran ki

chhat par nahi baithi jis ke
samnay aisa gang kar dainay
wala." (4)

The four main characters of this novel, who had golden dreams in their hearts, became the heroes of the success of the revolution. And their hopes were shattered. They went to the narrator's park with all their sadness and went away from their homeland. But all their hopes were crushed and they were mourning their dreaminess. They were seeing the reflection of their dreams being shattered

"Woh sab kuch ujar chuka.
khowaboon walay jin ki shobhn
musaftain raaygan gayi theen, woh
charon Rahib nah kisi Amowarna
nah kisi yarkhon darya ke kinaroon
par baithy thay. Ravi ke gadlay
paanion ke paar Kamraan ki baara
darri kwatni der se tak rahay thay ke
woh saraab hui jati thi. dopehar ki
dhoop kab ki madham ho kar dhal
chuki thi aur ar doori ke dar o
deewar ke saaye paanion par –apne
sormaghi shane be berhate thay" (5)

The novelist has also mentioned Pa Roshni and Amaravati in this novel. In this way, the author is writing his greatest masterpiece. According to history, today's Ravi River, which is drying up and its level is getting lower, is a continuation of the Morbadi. Now this river also flows in the form of a dirty drain. Only during the days of flood does it become muddy when its water hits the pillars of the bridges and sometimes flows over the bridge. The river comes to collapse and neither remains calm throughout the year:

” بابو صابو اور محمود بوٹی کے بند کے پہلو میں کی زمانے کا
پاروشنی اور امراتی اور آج کا دریائے راوی ان دونوں
ایک مختصر گندے نالے کی صورت اختیار کر چکا تھا
جو ریت پر شاید بہتا نہ تھا تھا ہوا لگتا تھا اور شاید بھی نہ ہوتا

تھا کہ برسات کے دنوں میں یہی نالہ ایک مندر زرد دریا کی صورت اختیار کر جاتا ہے۔ اپنے اوپر ایستادہ چوں کے ستونوں کو ڈبوت ان پلوں پر سے گزرتی ٹریفک پر پھلک جانے کو ہوتا ہے۔ ۶

"Baabo saboo aur Mahmood Booti ke band ke pehlu mein ki zamane ka Paroshni aur Omrawati aur aaj ka dareaye Ravi un dono aik mukhtasir ganday naalay ki soorat ikhtiyar kar chuka tha jo ratpar shaid behta na tha tha sun-hwa lagta tha aur shaiyba bhi nah hota tha ke barsaat ke dinon mein yahi naala aik khushk darya ki soorat ikhtiyar kar jata hai. –apne o par aistaadah choo ke satonon ko Debot un palon par se guzarti traffic par chhalak jane ko hota hai."(6)

Who are these people under the bridges above? What is their history? There are many different and diverse ethnic groups in Hungary and they have been here since the past. Sometimes on this side of the river, sometimes on that side of the river, and sometimes in that forest, like the Roma nomads. They stay for long periods in the outskirts of their settlements and make handicrafts by telling fortunes. They earn their living by performing dances and sometimes by prostitution

"Roshan aur na qabil yaqeen manzar aik raat mein ho. ain samnay surkh Rajhistani pathar y taamer kardah Shahi masjid y jis ke gunbad kisi khanah badosh larki ke obharon ki manind mutanasib aur doodhiya hain. surkh chaar deewari ke andar aik talaab ke paanion ke andar roshniyan nasb hain aur woh pani paaray ki manind thar tharatay aur lagatay hain. aur ba mein janib Lahore ke Shahi qilay ka Haibat

naak phaank aur uss ke andro sheesh
mehal jis ke pathay mein mein apna
nug tasawwur kar sakti hon. .(7)

Sardar Qalab was with his daughter Laila. He was showing her Lahore, and both of them were at the same restaurant in Heera Mandi, from where the most charming and enchanting view of Lahore was visible. Then his daughter, while looking at the view of Lahore from the same restaurant, started asking her father.

"Daddy! moscow ki safai sthrai ki nisbat aap ka yeh shehar. . aap bura to nah manen ge. . mujhe khasa dhool tarteeb aur aaloda sa laga.agar is ke bashinday mujhe khoo farz nahi lagey. haan rona se ganday hain aur unn ki ankhen hama waqt mujh par thahri rehti hain. lekin aap ke is shehar ki yeh shandari jo meri aankhon ke samnay Munawar hai, mujhe gang karti. hai. . hamaray haan siwaye surkh chowk ke aur koi qabil fakhr maqam nahi hai. kalisaye senate Basel ke pyaaz numa shokh rangon ke woh gunbad jo moscow kya pooray roos ki Saqafat ki pehchan hain, woh to un badshahi masjid ke doodh pyaale gunbadon ke samnay pani bhartay hain. . aur krimln ke burj minaar, Lahore ke is qadeem hisaar ke par Satwat Mazahir khaas tor par alamgeeri darwazay ke samnay beech hain. Daddy aap aisi shandaar riwayat tark kar ke chalay gaye.(8)

This novel describes in great detail the return of a Lahoreite who had been living abroad for a long time and his loss in the past. When Mustafa Islam returned to his ancestral home in Lahore, the old city and its culture, customs, traditions and memories stood before him. The door. As it had been his scene for a long time, it dissolved with a

slight push. The doors and walls of this ancient house inside had been damaged by the rains and their cracks were noticeable, like teeth becoming visible when gums shrink. There were cracks in the floor and in one of them a four-leaf banyan tree was poking its head out. The beams of the roof were bent and a thick sound came from them and then it began to resonate with voices, calls, and whispers. When its foundation was laid, the two walls were built from the same stone, and a roof was put up, the residents who moved into it sang as many songs of joy, happiness, and novelty as they could.

What happened to the fiction, rather, one of the reasons for its unpopularity can also be attributed to the fiction itself. In other words, it is to say that good novels by good novelists have proven that while other genres of literature have made valuable contributions to social awareness, the novel cannot be ignored. It has gone hand in hand with the historical evolution and maturity of the Urdu novel. Speaking in this regard, Mustansar Hussain Tarar says:

"Novel hi kisi malik ke siyasi, muashi, masharti halaat aur waqiat ko paish karta hai. shairi mein aisa mumkin nahi kyunkay yeh sirf aik izhaar hota hai jabkay novel mein saari tafseel bayan ki ja sakti hai. (9)

Mustansar Hussain Tarar is undoubtedly considered one of the most prominent novelists and writers of contemporary Urdu literature and his eight-faceted personality has a lot of depth within it. He has taken the field he worked for to the top. As an actor, playwright, travel writer, short story writer, columnist and host, he has become a household name. The identity he has created as a novelist and the way he has carved a special place for himself in serious literary novel writing is rarely seen. As a novelist, his name no longer needs any introduction. In Mustansar Hussain Tarar, Punjabi poetry is reflected in its entirety.

The abundance of Punjabi characters in his novels and the Punjabi accent in the characters are very prominent. Commenting on the

presence of Punjabi words in his novel Bhaa, Mustansar himself expressed himself in these words in an interview.

"Bahaw ke pas manzar ke ablaagh ke liye Darawodi aur punjabi alfaaz zaroori thay, jis Punjab ki kahani hai, is mein aaj bhi un lafzon ka aur tara mojud hai jis terhan ghar ne ka urdu mein tarjuma kin nahi is terhan dabery aur chayii ki urdu aap ko nahi miley gi. yeh lafz jaan boojh kar nahi laaye gaye, asal mein unse behtar lafz mujhe miley hi nahi aur yaqeen karen ke qaryin ko kahin bhiablaagh ka masla paish nahi aaya, mere aur qaari ke darmiyan aik aisifrikoyensi hai, jis se hum aik dosray ko samajh letay hain." (10)

Punjab is the central focus of Mustansar's novels. He provides a lot of details about the rural society of Punjab and Lahore. There is not much uniformity in the characters and themes of his novels. Although it is a common impression that the background of the river has been used in the structure of ash and it is a continuation of the river. Apart from this, in some way, the Punjabi community in the rural scenes of the harsh times shows the same reflection as ash and the country.

Several cottages were connected to each other, in which cotton and household goods were filled, agricultural machinery parts, and there were piles of fertilizer sacks. They used to come out in front of this veranda and stop when they reached this text. A bonfire was growing in the middle of the raw manna, its bright edges spreading out in peace, its boundaries defined by the mango and malt orchards. Large tents were spread out in the youth camp, and where a semi-darkness began some distance from the bonfire, Abdullah and his natives moved about incognito. They appeared as silent shadows.

"Maaltay ke baghoon ki aakhri tehnion aur mehak aawar kehney choo ke qareeb aik tord kehta tha jis mein musalsal ke is ki sookhi t_hnyan jhooti jarahi theen. wohi par chaiyan mzara cholhe par charrhey is dekhe ka dheyaan bhi rakhtay thay jis mein aik cholistani bakray ka

gosht hiddat ki taab nah laa kar
khasta ho raha tha." (11)

A character in this novel, Shuki, although an illiterate son of an illiterate farmer, had no skills like those of a blacksmith, a carpenter, a potter, or a carpenter. But despite this, the desire to earn a living filled him with such hard work and diligence that when he spun the thirty-two pieces of reed into a needle thread, which together make a football, God had created such a neatness in his stitching and stitching that it would have seemed that this football had been born in a perfect state without any stitches or knots. He was very proud of this talent. Shuki himself says.

"Un dinon Sialkot mein khelon ke samaan cutleri. chiray ki jecketon. dstanon. operation ke auzaron aur khaas tor par foot baal bananay ki sanat zoroan par thi. mujhe wahan aik factory mein rozgaar kal gaya. jahan kisi aindah ke world cupp ke liye khusoosi tor par foot baal banaye jarahay thay aur mujhe yaad hai ke wahan Lahore se pi TV ki janib se aik khar dimagh shakhs kishwar aftaab Ahmed naam ka aaya tha jis ke baray mein dhoom thi ke woh –apne shobay mein karigar mana jata tha aur uss ne apni dakomntri y baal banatay hue camera meri unglion par markooz kya tha jin mein se aik foot baal janam le raha tha." (12)

Mustansar Hussain Tarar did not forget Lahore in "Ghazal Shab". His love and heartfelt connection to Lahore can be felt very easily even in the first part. Mustansar has described Lahore's lifestyle, delicious food, inner city lifestyle, economic and cultural changes and historical importance in great detail.

Through the character of Mustafa Islam, the changes that have taken place in Lahore in the last fifty years and the way the conditions of the city have changed have been described. The effects of the rapidly growing population and the public have been highlighted. The

desolation of the Pak Tea House has also been felt intensely. And the cheap markets on the sidewalks of Lahore have also been depicted.

“Shizan kaatny nintl shayad muqafil ho chuka tha ke is ke braamde mein suntay cheeni jooton ke dhair lagey thay aur woh romanvi foot path shizan se chiyrng kar is tak jo aik khwabnak sair gaah sun-hwa karta tha. aur riwayat jahan laa hor ki Saqafat ke kabhi dil dharakthey thay, wahan tall dharnay ko jagah nah thi. jaza mein aur binks farokht karne walay. naalay paranday. moong phali ke thelay. yeh sab uss ki pehchan se bahar ke manzar thay. Albata general post office ka chowk kisi had tak isi qadeem kefiyat mein tha aur Zamzamah toup par phar pharate kabutaro ke ghool bhi shanasaai rakhtay thay. uss ne –apne aap ko mazed sector kar commercial building ke chowk ke dayen janib y am si ae ki imarat ke pehlu mein uss adbi panah gaah ko dekhnay ki sae ki jisay pak tea house kaha jata tha. uss ka chobi darwaaza aik bhaari naqal ko sahare ki koshish mein qadray terha ho chuka tha aur uss ke agay foot path par na karah tayron ke akhbar parre thay.” (13)

The novel describes the journey of change in great detail. Writing about the events taking place in different parts of Lahore, he says that beyond the chair, where once a marble colonial tomb stood a scumbag, Queen Victoria's fatness was being praised and then, oh faith, he was expelled from this part of the country and imprisoned in the basement of the Lahore Job Ghar, where a copy of the Holy Quran was installed and he was honored with Islam, beyond there was a dilapidated hotel attached to the WAPDA building designed by Edward Duston, where he once slept in the colonial era. High ceilings,

whose ancient beams lay on the floor, how could he see the divine visions? Thick walls. On which there were dozens of forts, not a single house or a drawing room with a wooden floor. And this floor was soaked with the wine that spilled from the lips of dancing couples on Christmas nights and New Year's nights. The Park Hotel used to be demolished and replaced by the lifeless pile of ruined hotels. And across it. Across the road that curved past Aiwan-e-Iqbal, an unfinished pyramid of red bricks of Ahamra appeared, and this pyramid also groaned in the noise and anguish of the traffic passing through the Mall Road. Boats anchored, carrying people in very colorful and flamboyant clothes. The border guards brought them to the court of Baghdad. They said that they belonged to the "caste" or "Jat" tribe and that they should be settled in the present Tarna. The borders of the empires also changed with the arrival of the Romans, and the emperor was very impressed by their brightly colored clothes and semi-black body structure, and ordered that these people be settled in Turkey, which was on the borders of the empire. This is the story of the beginning of the Roma Gypsies.

"Is Novel mein punjabi ke alfaaz kasrat se mlitay hain. taaza tareen tehqeeq ke mutabiq yeh jaisi hindostan ke shumal mein abad jaat qabeelon mein se aik aisay qabeeley ke afraad hain jo namaloom wajohaat ki bana par hijrat kar gaya."
(14)

We have an ancient history of nomadic people. Locally, these people are called Changar Pakhi Vas and Teed Vasi. And they are looked down upon in society. In Europe, these people are called Jais. Referring to these nomads, the author writes:

"Muqami log un khanah bdoshon ko changharon ka naam dete thay aur iss shehar mein changharon ka aik hal bhi yak chala aata tha. jahan nahi bhi khanah badosh muqami abadi se katay hue senkron barson se apni allag thalag duniya mein hayaat karte

thay mashriqi Europe aur huspania mein un ke baray mein hatta tehqeeq ho chuki hai ke un ka aabadi watan rajasthan, Multan , Sargodha, sheikhupura aur Lahore aur woh paanch dryaon ki sarzamen ke bashinday thay." (15)

In fact, these were the people who were humiliated by humiliation and were still treated worse than animals in India, Pakistan, Iran, Darbhanga and elsewhere. No, the roots of every evil were tried to be uprooted, and yet their roots would start sprouting again. It is a historical truth that where the Nazis killed them, according to one estimate, they killed more Eastern European nomads than them. Iran is rarely mentioned in the list of war atrocities because they did not have their own historians among the people, who would have recorded the massacre and sought sympathy from the whole world. Nor were they financially well-off enough to influence the media to publicize the atrocities committed against them or to erect magnificent monuments for their victims. Thus, they died in dark ways and remained anonymous. Of course, the West was wary of people like them.

Mustansar Hussain Tarar's novel "A Ghazal Shab" is different from his traditional themes, but despite all this, his traditional Punjabi style is reflected in this novel. Punjabi words are also found here and there, such as ke kache, changar, bakkal sohne, mahandre bhi sawari, tapar wai lantern, lil puria, pando in, shamale, haripur, bina shik etc. There is a detailed mention of Lahore, the capital of Punjab, in this novel. The rural culture of Punjab is also depicted and there is also a mention of the people of Punjab being associated with the communist movement. There is also a mention of the similarity between the Taliban and the communists in terms of extremism in this novel. In this novel, the lifestyle of the residents along with the streets, markets and houses of inner Lahore and the old city is discussed.

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