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Enlightenment in the Colony Reviewed: Response

IT IS ALWAYS GRATIFYING to have your work reviewed and engaged with, but especially so when it comes from younger scholars, as is the case with A. Sean Pue and G. S. Sahota, both recent PhDs, each of whom has reviewed my book, *Enlightenment in the Colony: The Jewish Question and the Crisis of Postcolonial Culture*, for *The Annual of Urdu Studies* (see No. 23, 2008 and the present issue). I am grateful to the *Annual*, and to Professor M. U. Memon personally, for generously granting my book the privilege of reviewers' attention not once, but twice, and for the opportunity to share these comments with the *Annual*'s readers. My remarks will of necessity be brief, given the little time I have been afforded in order to meet the publishing deadline. Given the centrality of the *Annual* to Urdu studies globally, and given my commitment to suggesting changes in direction to the way Urdu has been studied traditionally, this is a rare opportunity indeed.

I am thankful to Pue for his thoughtful and well-written engagement with my book, which has helped me both to see some things I tried to do there in a new light and to identify some other things I might have done better. I recognize that my book will not be an easy one to read for those trained in the prevailing traditions of Urdu studies, especially given its uncompromisingly comparativist thrust—this is clearly confirmed by Sahota's review, in fact—but Pue has done as good a job as may be possible in a short review to lay out the core structure of its interlinked arguments. (As he freely admits, his focus is on the chapters that concern Urdu and Indian materials, rather than the ones concerned with the Jewish Question of post-Enlightenment European culture and society.) However, I consider it a misunderstanding of my discussion of Faiz that it "ignores" or "neglects" the interest of Faiz's work in the revolutionary transformation of society, as Pue suggests in the last pages of his review, and I shall return to that question presently. This disagreement between us notwith-

standing, I feel Pue sets an example for young scholars on how to engage with the work of others: careful, meticulous reading, openness to the text and generosity of engagement.

Pue's review stands out even more for being thoughtful and measured in its tone when juxtaposed to the efforts of Sahota, who is disorganized and idiosyncratic in his presentation and closed and tendentious throughout toward the text he is engaging. In fact his understanding of much of the critical landscape over the last quarter century or so is so eccentric as to appear outlandish. He dismisses Edward Said in one footnote as an "egregious" practitioner of identity politics, a judgment so dumbfounding that one is left wondering how to proceed. Has he ever read *Orientalism*, that eviscerating critique of imperialism as an identitarian enterprise? Here is Said in one categorical sentence in his essay on the late works of Jean Genet: "Imperialism is the export of identity" (1990, 38). Equally baffling is Sahota's argument, which is the thrust of his case against me, that my book is about, and only about, "identity." Against me, inexplicably, he invokes Adorno as a thinker of "non-identity." It took me a while to realize that Sahota thinks Adorno uses the term identity in the American cultural-political sense, as in "Asian-American identity." But Adorno of course uses the word in the philosophical sense, indicating by "non-identity" the inability of any conceptual system to exhaust its object without leaving a residue. It may in fact be possible to argue that contemporary identity politics is a type of "identity thinking" in Adorno's sense, but by no even extreme stretch of the imagination could the reverse be said to be true. Moreover, once he has decided that I am concerned exclusively with "identity," Sahota exclusively sees "identity" in my writing. Most of his characterizations of my book in fact are so unrecognizable that I have to wonder if he has really read it instead of skimming here and there over a sentence or two. As for the attempt to produce an alternative theoretical analysis of social minorities, I do not wish to be unkind, but he is clearly outside his league, by temperament, training and accomplishment.

In its entire length the review is marked by posturing and preening, and reveals the operation of professional anxieties that too often erupt in minds that have not yet been fully formed by the rigors of bringing an original and major project to successful conclusion. I am not too old to remember that sense of professional panic myself, but the ethics of scholarship, which are not external to the question of the quality of scholarship, demand that the young scholar manage the eruption of this all-encompassing sense of fear—a crisis Sahota seems to have managed very badly.

That this personal-professional crisis is posed instead in terms of political differences—he is a real Marxist, I apparently am not—is also not untypical of the workings of the crisis itself. I have never publicly identified myself as a Marxist, for a very simple reason: in the country where I was raised and educated through school—that is, Pakistan—to call yourself a Marxist carried (and still carries) a very heavy price. It can mean—and for many thousands over the years has meant—persecution, imprisonment, exile and even death. To be called a Marxist, let alone Communist, thus carries in that society a heavy symbolic charge. Even for its enemies it is a term of honor and signifies enormous courage, intellectual as well as physical, and willingness, often figured by our poets as a kind of madness, to pay the heavy price. I have never in my life been asked to pay any such price, nor most likely will I ever be, so political commitments notwithstanding, I would never so describe myself, for fear of even unwittingly appearing to want to bask even partially in that reputation for honorable sacrifice. (Sahota seems to me to have no such compunctions.) Political posturing in academic debates in the U.S., often conducted by moving commas and semi-colons around in a sentence, has therefore long appeared to me in a somewhat comical light. (I am familiar with having to fend off this kind of posturing, having encountered it once already in the early 1990s, in its I-picked-coffee-beans-for-the-Sandinistas variety.)

As far as my scholarship is concerned, however, I have no hesitation in saying that it is produced entirely in the shadow of, and in dialogue with, the Marxist tradition, in both its “Western” and South Asian forms. The middle chapters of my book are precisely an attempt to give an account—a conceptual framework for understanding a history, rather than a historical narrative per se—of the problematic assimilation of the Muslim *ashbrāf* into the emergent national bourgeoisie. I argue there that the notion of Muslim “backwardness”—that is, the notion of a partial or failed embourgeoisement on the part of the Muslim élites as an explanation of the “communalist” nature of their historical consciousness—which historically lay behind a variety of attempts on the Left to comprehend the Muslim-communal question, and continues to be repeated today ad infinitum, was not wrong so much as, in a dialectical sense, *partial* and insufficient. I thus spoke instead of “*reluctant* embourgeoisement” as a way of *introducing into the concept of the historical process itself*, rather than treating as so much superstructural fluff, the conflicted and contradictory ideological form that bourgeois development took for this internally differentiated and stratified “class.” To demand that the “plane” of ideology be separated permanently and once and for all from the “plane”

of the economy, as Sahota does, is “vulgar” economism, not materialist and historical thinking.

I see my analysis of the history of Urdu language and literature and its relation to the long partition of culture and society on the Subcontinent along religious lines as a reopening, for our historical moment, of the question of the authentically Progressive (in the South Asian sense) stance on the Partition and the Subcontinent-wide Hindu-Muslim divide. Far from precluding the established understanding of the investments of Faiz’s poetry in the revolutionary transformation of society, therefore—as Pue mistakenly thinks—I *assume* such an understanding throughout and see as my distinct contribution an exploration of the contours of “society” itself in such an aesthetic and political project. This element, it has been my feeling for a long time, has been unevenly developed in Progressive thought, which too often confines itself to the rote invocation of the “composite culture of Hindus and Muslims,” to repeat a phrase of Aijaz Ahmed’s that Pue has quoted, and it is to the further development of this element that I hope to have made a small contribution. I examine the tensions of this nationalist slogan, and ultimately its *internal incoherence*, most closely in the chapters on Faiz, Azad and Nehru. It is incoherent because it assumes the pre-existence of precisely those entities and configurations—“Hindus” and “Muslims”—whose mutually embattled emergence in the political domain it is meant to explain. In this sense, my reading of Progressive poetry (in the case of Faiz’s verse) is an effort to show that in fact it elaborates, at the level of poetic image, precisely the problematic of culture and conflict that too often gets closed off in Progressive thinking per se under the sign of false consciousness. (Incidentally, this is also an explicit repudiation of the “modernist” critiques of Progressive poetry as “mere” politics, incapable of subjective elaboration, as in the critical essays, for instance, of the late Saleem Ahmed.)

But Sahota’s incursions into “Marx” proceed in seeming unawareness of this rich history of Marxist thought and poetic practice in Urdu itself. They reflect, I am sorry to say, the on-going crisis of area studies, which is no longer certain of the value of what once was its hard currency, namely, philology—that is, a historical understanding of language and textuality—and keeps looking anxiously across campus at the goings on of “theory” in the critical humanities, running the risk, in the end, of doing neither very well. *Dhōbī kā kuttā na ghar kā na ghāt kā* (The washerman’s dog belongs nowhere, neither at home nor by the riverside), as the old expression has it in Urdu and Hindi. Much of this disciplinary trauma is of course the result of assimilating the effects of Edward Said’s critique of the colonial foundation of area studies in *Orientalism*, one of whose less

salutary effects has been the turning of the word “Orientalist” into some sort of term of abuse, to be hurled anxiously back and forth across hallways and in department meetings at one’s less “with it” colleagues. In this sophomoric pseudo-political wrangling, the hard questions about the persistent traffic between knowledge practices and institutions and regimes of global power get closed off permanently.

Whenever I find myself on the dissertation committees of students from area studies departments these days, I see as my principal task helping them to find at least a provisional sense of balance on this very wobbly terrain and to not repudiate tout court the philological inheritance of the discipline in the name of some half-digested “theory.” “Marx” for Sahota appears to be simply another novel fetish-object pulled out of his Magical Suitcase of Theory, chosen because it provides a little extra radical cachet in the verbal sparring in the graduate students lounge with one’s contemporaries, who may have gone instead in the direction of Derrida or Foucault. And since he prefaces his foray into Marx (in the version sent to me) by referring to “Moses Mendelssohn’s *Nathan the Wise*”—an embarrassing revelation of a lack of the most basic knowledge of the history of Jewish emancipation in Germany and Europe more broadly, an ignorance that might have been partially alleviated if he had bothered even to skim the longest chapter in my book itself—the reader is left to suspect, to say the least, that the author is a little bit at sea in the German literary and philosophical history in which he is about to dip his toes quite fearlessly. (Mendelssohn’s *Jerusalem*, which I discuss at some length, is an indispensable source for an understanding not only of Marx’s ideas on the Jewish Question, but of the concept of the commodity fetish itself, as developed in *Capital*.)

But the sad, and also funny, truth is that he seems to have no knowledge whatsoever of the Urdu writers and the texts I am concerned with either, let alone of the larger archives indispensable to understanding them. The outrageousness of his few judgments about the Urdu literary texts and writers leads me to wonder if he is largely illiterate in the language itself. If so, it would be merely symptomatic, I am sorry to say, of a larger depressing reality about the study of Indian literatures in this country, where it is becoming increasingly common to find strident claims being made about works of literature in the Indian languages with no (or at best limited) access to them in the original, on the basis of often poor translations into English. Often the claim to expertise is buffered largely by the individual’s “heritage” relation to India itself, either of the first- or second-generation varieties. I have taught brilliant students of South Asian background myself, but by insisting that they break free of the ethnicity-

as-qualification option that the multicultural institution offers them repeatedly. I was raised in an Urdu-speaking environment—"Hindustani," really—but given a thoroughly colonial schooling, with no instruction at all in Urdu literature, only the English, and the language itself taught, officially, as a "second language"—an enduring cause for shame. So I spent more than a decade in graduate school and beyond simply immersing myself in the language and its literature in multiple settings, both in this country and the Subcontinent, making havoc along the way of the Columbia Ph.D. program's prescribed "time to completion." But these matters of language learning and deep immersion in bodies of writing as a prerequisite for offering judgments about them do not seem to matter very much to Sahota's enterprise. The template for the "answer" is available readymade from the "theory" suitcase; all that remains to be done is to stuff the textual materials into it, snipping off anything that does not quite fit.

It is revealing in this regard that when he has something nice to say about my book it is that it has brought together the worlds of "Urdu literature" and "contemporary theory." I have in fact done no such thing. I have tried to read the Urdu texts on their own terms rather than through the prism of some prefabricated cliché packaged as "theory." My book is an attempt to put two rather different archives, one European and the other South Asian, in a certain interaction with each other without elevating either to the position of producing the exclusive and overriding principle of organization or interpretation. I have no concern whatsoever in my book with "theory" as such, but rather with a number of specific questions and problems, some of them "social" and "historical," some others of a more limited "literary" or "linguistic" nature. The challenge I have tried to take on in my engagements with these texts is the necessity to move constantly between these different types of problems and levels of analysis—a basic requirement of dialectical thinking. And the relevant problems themselves have been suggested to me by a range of texts, some of them literary, and some others of a more overtly philosophical or theoretical nature.

I should note perhaps that I am not the only object of Sahota's contempt. Others so honored include much longer established and eminent scholars of Urdu, including Frances Pritchett and Shamsur Rahman Faruqi. The former's service to the field has included, among other things, the creation of what is possibly the most extensive and most useful digital database for South Asian literary studies in the world, the whole thing located on her personal website at Columbia and available openly to anyone anywhere in the world. And the latter, a hugely prolific author, is

arguably among the most knowledgeable persons in the world in matters of Urdu and Indo-Persian literature more broadly, a fact readily conceded even by his detractors, of whom there are many. Sahota accuses Faruqi of mystification for his insistence that we must try to understand some of the core categories of classical Urdu poetics, such as *ma'nā āfirīnī* (“semantic elaboration”) and *mazmūn āfirīnī* (“thematic elaboration”), as part of our attempt to interpret the poetry, instead of simply shoving the poetic corpus into one or another of the templates that are already available from the suitcase of “theory.” As a prescription for literary scholarship—learn less rather than more about your object of study—Sahota’s judgment here is obviously ridiculous. Is it possible to imagine a student of the Romantic poets arguing that it is “mystification” to try to understand what they meant by the work of the “imagination” in poetry? Furthermore, while I myself diverge sharply from some of Faruqi’s views, both political and literary, I am not so foolish as to not recognize the debt anyone of my generation working on Urdu owes to him and his contemporaries, who include in their ranks the editor of this journal. In fact Sahota dismisses the entire universe of Urdu studies on the Subcontinent, of which he can have little or no personal experience, in one subordinate clause of one breezy sentence. This is a repulsively patronizing attitude for a North American academic to take toward thousands of individuals toiling away daily, many with little or no institutional support and resources, at building the scholarly infrastructure—biographies, literary histories, critical editions of well known and lesser known works, collections of letters and of course also brilliant works of interpretation and synthesis—without which no work in literary studies could proceed. All that matters to him, of course, is that these (for him) anonymous scholars do not, as it were, “do theory.” He seems blissfully unaware that this demand that knowledge production worldwide be conducted on the terrain of contemporary Western “theory” is one of the most visible modalities of the cultural enforcement of inequality in global capitalism. Or perhaps he is only too well aware of this and is using it instrumentally as a weapon to establish his own spurious superiority over the “other side of the divide,” as he calls it contemptuously.

Sahota’s biggest charge against me is that I am some sort of a Muslim identitarian and that I read the Urdu writers against all evidence to the contrary through the prism of identity. This would be funny if it were not offensive, but let us bracket the offensiveness and stay with the funny. (I am usually accused by my detractors of being anti-Pakistani and even anti-Muslim, so this is a new and exciting turn indeed.) The facts of my analyses of the works of Azad, Manto and Faiz are of course quite the re-

verse. I read them all, *in their very different ways*, as radically anti-identitarian writers and thinkers, writing against the practices of the nation-state system on the Subcontinent. The radicalness of this gesture is present even with a religiously orthodox figure like Azad, whose espousal of orthodox positions easily survived his private pursuit of unorthodox pleasures—a contradiction Sahota does not seem to understand—and whose massive corpus of Islamic scholarship, including Qurʾānic exegesis, is de rigueur reading in contemporary Islamist (and even jihadist) circles worldwide. My characterization of Azad as representing an alternative to separatism *within* the *sharīf* culture was a way of pointing out the limits of *his* project, as Aijaz Ahmed (1992) has done very ably before me, not a statement of my supposed refusal to see other alternatives in society. But my reading of the allegory of the birds in *Ghubār-e Khāṭir* was meant precisely to show how far he could go in the direction of a secular ethico-political elaboration, given those limits.

As for Manto, Sahota's portrayal of him as a sort of atheist and Communist are nothing short of absurd. He seems unfamiliar with the Progressives' political reservations about Manto and utterly unaware of the reliable reports that after their marriage, Manto seems to have preferred that his young wife continue to remain in *parda*, wearing a *burqa* in public. This apparently remained the case through their years in Bombay. His very public carousing in the urban demi-monde, in the world of pimps and prostitutes, cannot be taken as the basis for a supposedly consistent worldview concerning belief and unbelief, religious orthodoxy and the breaking of taboos, social conservatism and women's sexuality. But it is quite staggering to find Sahota assert that I think Manto made the move to Pakistan voluntarily, as it were, as a "Muslim"! My whole argument is that Partition delivered Manto a fatal blow, from which he never recovered, and that his later stories perform the refusal to make the choice he saw Partition as offering the Urdu writer. And against my argument in the Manto chapter about Urdu's elevation of the short story genre over the novel, Sahota excitedly pulls the trump card that I cannot explain the same generic distribution being extant in modern Hindi. But of course a possible answer to the question why, not only Urdu, but also Hindi—each the national language of a nation-state—turn our normalized generic expectations on their heads is given in my book itself: I explicitly and at length make the argument that these cannot be considered distinct languages per se—not just in formal-linguistic terms as two versions of *kharī bōlī*, but also as literary and social forms—but rather deeply imbricated registers and practices in the *same* language complex. Modern Urdu and modern Hindi, far from being distinct "languages" or even literary tradi-

tions, are the two constitutive elements of a larger and contradictory sociolinguistic formation the unfinished nature of whose mutual separation is a reflection of the still unfinished nature of the long partition of society. The fact that modern standardized Hindi, the officially recognized national language of an enormous multilingual nation-state, has itself been unable so far to produce the dominance of the characteristically national genre (that is, the novel) over the “minor epic” form of the short story, adds further weight to my argument about narrative genre and society in the modern Subcontinent, simply another loop to my suggestions about Urdu itself as a “non-national” formation. (As for Faiz, I have already addressed the question of his response to Partition as an identity-instituting event above.)

So the charge that I view “Muslimness” as “God-given” is really too deranged to merit a response, except to say that any merely sane reader of my book would see that the very premise of the argument is that there is no such thing as a historically stable “Muslim community,” that the (socially speaking) “universal” fact of belonging to this “community” has a fundamentally colonial emergence, as a result of the constitutive conditions of colonial state and society, and is still far from being universalized in actuality in (partitioned) society across the Subcontinent. And politically, of course, my explicitly stated affiliations are with those social movements and cultural tendencies that seek, in one way or another, to overcome or displace these colonial resolutions. The main Communist Party of India (CPM), together with its related cultural and social organizations, about which Sahota has nothing to say, of course constitutes one such prominent movement, although, as I briefly point out in the book, its position on the communal and Partition questions has been far from consistent historically. (K. M. Ashraf’s monumental and long inaccessible treatise on the communal conflict, which is an implicit repudiation of the Party’s official Partition-Pakistan policy of the mid-1940s as embodied in the so-called Adhikari Report, which had *supported* Partition, largely in terms of the Stalinist understanding of the National Question, has become available to me since my book’s writing, and I hope to be able to work on it presently.)

I selected these individual Urdu writers for discussion precisely for the reason that a radical critique of cultural practices tied to the nation-state system in modern South Asia is the very point of my book. Which raises the question, what does it mean to critique identitarianism? Here our sharp differences will become clear: I understand criticism to be an immanent practice, immanent to the structures that are the object of critique. This is the properly dialectical understanding of criticism, from

Marx on “civil society,” to Lukács on the “antinomies of bourgeois thought” and Adorno and Horkheimer on Enlightenment and the “administered society.” But Sahota is interested in posturing, not critical thinking. In response to the brief but repeated engagements in my book with Marx’s essay on the Jewish Question, Sahota strings together a series of quotes from the text, piling one cliché on top of another by way of interpretation. Invoking what in our historical moment can only be considered a primitive conception of the dialectic, Sahota demands an immediate overcoming of “identity.” The dialectical response to identitarian logics is of course to recognize them as among the determinate cultural logics of late capitalism against which there is no pure and Archimedian point of leverage. Adorno rejected any such recourse to externality in the critique of bourgeois society when he exposed forms of primitivism—whether the white-European cult of jazz since the 1930s or the uncritical millenarian investment in the outcome of peasant insurgency from the 1940s—to be a Western cultural impulse with only pseudo-radical pretensions.

When I wrote, at a single point in my book, of the “irreducibility” of certain cultural logics of modern state and society—Sahota blows this up into evidence of the “subjective-idealist” nature of my proffered “solutions”—it was merely in order to insist that these logics, while they are of course deeply imbricated with class contradiction and exploitation, could not be viewed in a mechanical manner as their ideological reflexes. My book of course offers no “solutions” whatsoever—what absurdity!—pointing out instead the *potential* for keeping alive the possibility of critical thinking that inheres in certain kinds of social location in bourgeois society that are not entirely consumed by identity. And never once in my book or elsewhere have I claimed a permanently “subaltern” position for minority—another demonstrably false and ludicrous accusation Sahota makes against me. If anything, my suggestion was that the subaltern studies scholars, whose early work is formational for me, had not given adequate account of *another kind of social fissure and inequality* in the modern (colonial and postcolonial) state, distinct from those they describe as subaltern. Again and again, Sahota is utterly fanciful in the descriptions he gives of my arguments in *Enlightenment in the Colony*.

A final word needs to be said about my attempt in the book to think through the question of criticism and its social location and my suggestion that criticism, properly speaking, must be non-national in orientation in a deep sense, that as critical intellectuals “we resist the apotheosis of the nation-state as the only proper dwelling-place of culture and self” (261). This is yet another question bungled by Sahota. He fulminates against the

“presumptions of the ‘we’ in these lines.” A “we,” he goes on, “that is presumed to have the luxury of moral choices or a ‘home’ to renounce in the first place.” Let me put it this way: well—yes, exactly. The “we” in that sentence indicates precisely those in our world with that luxury—in the first instance, *globally privileged* people like him and me who read and write books such as *Enlightenment in the Colony* and travel on a strong passport and with hard currency. (I am actually a Pakistani citizen, not American, but never mind.) Having adopted Marx as his totemic ancestor, Sahota feels no need to consider the implications of his own structural location in the world system, in which the uprooting and persecution of “non-national” peoples on a mass scale is increasingly the norm rather than the exception. Secondly, this use of the first person should touch *anyone* who, in a given society, is offered access to the metaphysics of the nation and would by definition not be subject to a politics of uprooting.

The formulation derives for me above all from the contemporary politics of the Partition and my running conversation, and sometimes argument, with intellectuals in both India and Pakistan about the (sometimes) unthinking nationalism that can cloud the judgment of the most astute and critical imagination. In India I often find myself saying to interlocutors that they cannot expect to take a progressive and secularist position on the rights of the Muslim minority while adopting an essentially nationalist hostility toward the Pakistani state and society, because Pakistan merely represents the externalization of (pre-Partition) India’s Muslim question. The critique of Pakistan has to be in other terms, which for instance could be shared with progressive critics in Pakistan itself. In Pakistan, I have to repeat the obverse of this—that any attempt to formulate a set of secularist positions on Pakistani culture and society must of necessity point to a horizon of understanding that Pakistan remains, in a strong sense, an Indian society. It is in this sense that my call to think, as it were, like exiles, is a suggestion about not “*where* to live...but rather *how* to live wherever one happens to be” (261). Hence the recourse to Adorno’s famous aphorism—“it is part of morality not to be at home in one’s home” (1951, 39). But this is an attempt to put together a *politics* of location, properly speaking, not a mere morality, which in any case constitutes a background logic for me, not the immediate calculus of politically meaningful action. (Admittedly, this entire issue is only telegraphed toward the end of my book rather than carefully elaborated at length, but I hope that shortcoming will be partially overcome by a manuscript now nearing completion, titled, *Eduard Said in Jerusalem: Secularism, Criticism, Exile*.)

I would normally have considered it a waste of my time to respond to such a mess of inconsistent, ill-informed and frequently outright illiterate statements as cohabit in Sahota's review. I have no desire to try and educate him, since it is clear what results his teachers' original efforts have produced. Except that the matter of Hindi and Urdu, and the wider cultural, social and political conflict this linguistic and literary cleavage signifies, are matters of the utmost importance to me, literally matters of life and death for hundreds of millions of our people and our two (and in fact three) societies. When they are made an occasion for cheap professional parlor games—moreover, through a supposed engagement with my work—I cannot allow that to pass in complete silence. My concern is above all with future scholars of Urdu and South Asian literatures working in English, of whom there are more than a handful coming up through the literature and area studies programs at a number of universities in this country, including a few brilliant and accomplished young individuals at my own institution. The lesson they will take from this minor episode, I hope, is that they will not develop intellectually in the ways they need to unless they respect and take seriously, even when being unapologetically critical of them, the languages and literatures they engage with and the life-worlds that have produced them. Even if a dozen or so of these impressive young scholars go on to dedicate their intellectual and professional lives to the study of Urdu, then the future of Urdu studies in English and in this country looks to be promising. But unless Sahota can shake himself out of his somnambulist stupor—and I hope very much he can—I fear he will play little or no role in it. □

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