CHAPTER VII
DIFFERENT SHADES AND PICTURES OF WOMEN IN
THE SHORT STORIES OF SAADAT HASAN MANTO

As famously said by one of the renowned and famous poet and writer of Urdu, Allama Iqbal, in his poem on women, he writes:

“Wajood-e-zan se hai Tasveer-e-kainat main rang,
Issi se saaz se hai zindagi ka souz-e-darun.”

(Women are the reason of the colours in the universe. They are the reason for the life).

Woman, one of the best creations of the Almighty, is one of the basic reasons to have colours in the whole universe. She is the one, who fills every empty space of life sometimes as being mother, or being a sister or a beloved, wife or a daughter. If we carefully see, the whole process of life depends upon her, from birth to the living. She is the only source, to give birth to a new life. Nobody can take birth without being thought and conceived in the womb of a lady. She became a center of many stories, dramas, plays and different genre of literature, all over the world in mostly all languages. Being the weak gender she is a victim of all injustice by males of the society. Be it democracy or kingship, it is she who has suffered. Let it be Ramayana or Mahabharata it is she, who gets humiliated.

This weak gender of society forms the central attraction of the stories written by Saadat Hasan Manto. Saadat Hasan Manto has presented woman in different pictures such as a mother, a sister, a wife, a girl and yes even as a prostitute. It is woman, who became the center of all injustice in the past as well as now too.

Saadat Hasan Manto wrote many stories, having female as the central character. Though, he is not a feminist writer but the way he portrays women characters in his stories are remarkable and unmatchable. If we want to discuss and understand the different pictures of women in his writings, first we have to understand certain issues which were closely related to his life. He lived a life with many ups and downs and till
the end of his life he was against traditions and its justice and paved new roads for himself. Talking about Saadat Hasan Manto's childhood Dr. Brij Premi wrote:

“Bachpan me inhe shafaqat aur pyaar nahi mila jo shakhshiyat ki tamir me khush gawar asrat ka himil hota hai. Valid ke moot ke bad azizo aur kurabatdaro ne dushmani bartien aur in ke hukook ghasab kiya, jis ka nafsiyati rad-e-amal ye hoake Manto zahine uljhano ka shikar hoe aur inhe insane rishte khokle dikhai padne lage.”

(During his childhood he didn’t get love and affection, which is an important element for building up one’s personality. After the death of his father, relatives and near known people played enmity and deceit with his rights. Because of all these happenings and treachery, Manto experienced mental entanglement and started considering human relationships as alloy and hollow).

After quitting his education in the earlier years he started roaming aimlessly and got into the company of gamblers and drinkers. Saadat Hasan Manto, accepted himself that it was Bari Alig, who encouraged Saadat Hasan Manto to read, write and leave bad companies and write. While reading foreign literature Saadat Hasan Manto came across many international writers; like Tolstoy, Oscar Wild, Maupassant, Freud, and others, their works and imaginations left long lasting impact on his thoughts and imagination.

Though Saadat Hasan Manto was not a feminist writer but the way he describes the problems faced by women, in society, is very lucid in manner. The social consciousness that the reader sees in the work of Saadat Hasan Manto, is somehow very similar to that of Munshi Prem Chand, who was a social writer, writing about society and its attitude in a very crucial manner. One story called ‘Kafan’ (shroud), by Prem Chand in Hindi, gnaws our humanity, when the father of Ghisu speaks to his son that our society and the people in it, who were not ready to give clothes to cover the body of
a living human, will not tolerate a dead body, without a shroud and they will surely arrange for the shroud for her death rituals.

There are many writers in many different languages who spoke regarding women in India but no one could be compared with Saadat Hasan Manto. The way Saadat Hasan Manto had portrayed women, nobody else did. Saadat Hasan Manto wrote very different stories on women, for whom we cannot find examples in other languages or by other writers. Saadat Hasan Manto didn’t talk about women of royal families and with strong background. The center of his stories was women of common life and down trodden. The prostitutes took a special place in the stories written by him.

In the olden days, upper class men used to go to brothels and even they used to send their children so that they will learn the etiquettes and manners of life. But slowly as the world changed, even the pattern too, that is why in the film directed by Muzaffar Ali 'Umrao Jaan', we hear a woman says:

“Wah Nawab Saheb! Baap jaye to ye sharafat aur bachcha jaye to bigad jaye ga.”

(Good your majesty. If father comes, so it is modesty and if the son comes he is getting spoilt.)

The same pattern we could see in the movie ‘Pakizah’ where Raj Kumar played the role of a protagonist, who falls in love with a courtesan, which, the family rejects. Saadat Hasan Manto wrote about these women in a very skillful manner. Because of his choice of female characters and for his stories he had to face many court trials, people called him with bad names, and he was being titled as a jovial and indecent writer, where as in reality to have them as the subject of his story, Saadat Hasan Manto wanted to bring to the forefront the cruel reality of life and society. In his stories, he presented prostitutes somewhere as a mother, as a sister, as a wife, as a beloved or as a daughter. He highlighted the truth that even those women are human and have a heart, which gets hurt with the societal pattern and people’s behaviour.
For example his story “License” is a tight criticism on the thinking of the people in society. Niyati is the central character in the story. Her husband Abu was a chariot rider and their lives were completely dependent on the income of Abu. One day suddenly Abu died and the problem of livelihood stood in front of Niyati. She then takes the decision to ride the tonga by herself and earn her living. When she started to ride the chariot she faced many problems in getting passengers and if getting, their behaviour towards her. When she applied for a license in the municipal office, her applications were rejected because she was a woman. Then after getting rejected from everywhere, she takes up the business of flesh and becomes a prostitute, as that was the only source remaining for her to earn living and survive. That was the only business for which when she applied, she got a license without any delay or rejection. So this shows a helpless image of woman in society, who get into the business to earn a meal at least twice a day.

‘A Women’s Life’, is another story of Saadat Hasan Manto, in which Sugandhi is the central character and is a prostitute by profession. In her place every time when she sees new or old customer, who come to satisfy his hunger and speaks to her, making her to trust him as her lover, she understood the truth that his love was going to last only for the time they would stay together. With heart full of love, Sugandhi was ready to help people, which is evident, by her giving money to a south Indian woman to go to her home town because of some reason, as she didn’t have money to buy a ticket for the journey.

It is evident, that the social needs of these women are the basic cause of their business. Even though Saadat Hasan Manto is a man, but he presented the psychology, personal lives and the social injustice on women, with quick oppression and in artistic dexterity. In the list we could include the stories, which are actually written by Saadat Hasan Manto in Urdu as: ‘Hitak’, ‘Kali Shalwar’, ‘Sharda’, ‘Boo’, ‘Tanda Gosht’, ‘Mozail’, ‘Mummy’, ‘Janki’, ‘Babu Gopi Nath’, ‘Sarkando ke Peeche’, ‘Perin’, ‘Basit’, ‘Dhuva’, ‘Kol Do’, ‘Sau Kaindal Ka Power Bulb’, ‘Khushiya’ and others, where we would see the different women characters with their certain type of specialty. Most of the short stories written by Saadat Hasan Manto have the topic of women. The reason for using ‘most’ is because in the list of short stories, we could see other short stories as
‘Toba Tek Singh’, ‘New Constitution’ etc. These deal with some other topic with broad area of discussion. Even though there are many other short stories, which includes women as the base character but out of them those few, which are listed above are the stories which can satisfy the reader’s need as to know regarding women characters of Saadat Hasan Manto. There is a prototype of name, appearance and sometime a different prototype in the other short stories as ‘Bachni’, ‘Bhangan’, ‘Sauda Bechne Wali’, ‘Ishqiya Kahani’, ‘Badsurti’, etc.

As in the discussion it will be fruitful to judge women characters, which are already been spoken of, to understand the women of Saadat Hasan Manto. The social background of these women characters will make us understand a new art, which Saadat Hasan Manto duplicated, with his stories. Men try to find women in the disguise of a prostitute, who actually is not interested in doing all that for which she is being paid. She is the one, who continuously keeps a watch on time, so as according to the payment. But Sughandhi of the story ‘Hitak’ is something different from other women. Sughandhi actually is a woman more and less a prostitute. That is the reason that from last five years, as she is in the business, no customer went unsatisfied from her.

Once, the co-worker Jamna gives Sughandhi, a few advices on business. After hearing all those advices Sughandhi laughs and says:

“For ten rupees, you let men pluck you like chicken, let someone so much as touch me in the wrong place and he will come to grief.”

The next she gives advice to Jamna, as she was new in the business. She gave her tips as to how to deal with the men who have beard, the fat customers, at the same time with customers who are nice and quiet. But actually she was not that smart and clever as she pretended. At the same time she did not have many customers as such. She is actually an extremely emotional woman. Those emotions, were the reason that when the time comes all her tips and advices slip to her stomach which bears the wrinkles and fine lines which are a result of the delivery of a child.
Actually she lives more in her brain, but when somebody speaks some soft words she melts down very quickly. Though her mind rejects the relationship between men and women, but she was in constant search of tiredness. Her complete body parts were in the need of tiredness, a type of tiredness which will make her sleep, a type of sleep which comes only when a person is tired enough to sleep soundly. This is the reason why every night, one or the other man is there with her in the room of Sugandhi, and she who knew many different tricks to deal with men and every time taking resolution that she will not listen to those men and will behave rudely with them, always gets drawn in the emotion and that intelligent Sugandhi remains just a woman, a woman who always needs a man to support her.

Every night, new or old customer, when he says that he loves her, she melts like a wax candle. She actually used to think that she is being loved, although she knew that he is lying. She thinks:

“Love, what a beautiful word, she would think. Oh, if only one could rub like a balm into one’s body!”

Actually the ability to love was too much in her. She could love any man who is coming to her. Along with the love, she has the ability to sustain that love and that is the reason of her four personal relationships. One among those four was Madhav, who pleased her in the first meeting itself. He said:

“Aren’t you ashamed of selling yourself, putting a price on your body? Ten Rupees you take with one-fourth going to that man, Ram lal …Now listen I am a sergeant in the police at Poona. I’ll come once in a month for three four days. You don’t have to be doing anything from now on. I’ll look after all your expenses. What is rent of this kholi of yours?”

Madhav, used to speak much more than this. He would gather all the spread things in her room and would put them in place, at the same time he used to throw out the
naked pictures which were lying in her room. With all these acts of Madhav, Sugandhdi started feeling the need of his presence. Every month Madhav used to come to see Sugandhdi and would repeat the already spoken words that I will bear all your expenses, leave this business, what’s the rent of this kholi?, etc. After understanding her weakness, Dalal Ram Lal spoke to her. He was the one who suggested to her to hide her money beneath the bed to save it from the sergeant Madhav. He used to say:

“Where’d you pick up this sala? What kind of lover boy is he? He never parts with a penny and he is back every other week having a good time at your expenses. What’s more, he cheats you out of your hard earned money.”

Slowly even Sugnadhi realized the bitter truth of Madhav. She used to think that if a woman can be loyal, than why not men? Once, while looking at the mirror she speaks to her own image that the time has not treated her well. Since last five years she was in the business. She was not the one who ran after money, as she used to think that what she will do by earning more money. Just one wish she wanted to fulfill is to be happy, of which she had not experienced since long. At the same time she wanted that her life should pass on the same way till end. But the life is not a light flowing river. One day comes in life, when everything seems to be futile. Where ever you see only failure is to be seen. That day comes into the life of Sugnadhi, when at two o’clock in the night Dalal Ram Lal knocks on her door and wanted her to get ready for a Seth, who was waiting down in his car. She was very tired and was asleep as there was an awful headache she was suffering with. She didn’t want to do so, but agreed to it as just to help a South Indian woman living next door, whose husband died in a road accident and she had one young daughter to manage at her village. Sugandhi has promised her some money to arrange for the rail fare because of lack of money she could not do so. After thinking of that south Indian woman, she gets ready to leave for the Seth. She wears her blue sari, puts up makeup and reaches the car, where they both were waiting for her. But the Seth in the motor car rejected her by just one look only and he shows his
disagreement in just one word as ‘Ugh!’ Suddenly he starts his car and he drives away. Sughandhi listens to the voice of Ram Lal, who was saying:

“You didn’t like her; that’s two hours of mine gone waste.”

She felt insulted because of the behaviour of the Seth, though it was not something unusual in the lives of the prostitutes. But as talked earlier, she was too sensitive; she took this as her personal insult. She felt as though, somebody had spit on her face and to divert her attention from this painful thought, she repeated in her mind again and again, that, what if that Seth didn’t like her, even she didn’t like all her male customers. But every time when she thinks of the Seth and his behaviour she again feels insulted with more intensity. She thinks:

“But the man in the car had practically spat on her face.

“Ram Lal”, he had implied, “from what hole have you pulled out this scented reptile? And you want ten rupees for her? Ugh! ....”

Sugandhi never thinks of herself as ugly. According to her she possess all the qualities which a man needed who want to spend one or two nights with any woman. She was young. She had a balanced body. There could be a very rare man, going unsatisfied with her in the last five years. But with this recent incident, she is broken from within. Actually speaking she was a very emotional woman and not an intelligent one as she thinks of herself. A slight movement can crash the castle of which she imagined herself as the queen. The way she melts with a few words full of love and sympathy in the same way few words of insult and contempt will make her restless and full of anxiety for a long time. Mentally she wanted to take revenge from that Seth, who insulted her, but at the same time her body was demanding something else. She was unable to understand that why she wants to put her face on the cold iron pillar of the road? She wanted everything that is boiling inside her, should get out and be washed away as the way when rain comes, all dirt is washed away. Whenever the thought of that Seth came to her mind she prepared herself to take revenge on him. She used to think:
“If that man comes back, she would stand in front of him, tear up her clothes and shout, ‘This is what you come to buy! Well here it is. You can have it free, but you’ll never be able to reach the woman who is inside this body.’”\textsuperscript{306}

In the morning when she returns to her place, with heavy steps, she finds the door of her house open. When she looks in, finds Madhav waiting for her. As Madhav looked at her he began buttering her. But that day her self-made castle was broken. The anger for the Seth turns to Madhav and it appears, as she started throwing every picture of her lover, which she framed, out from the second floor. She mocks at the ugliness of Madhav and gives bad words to him. When under surprise and astonishment, he asked her what exactly had happened to her? She pours out the anger on him. She screams:

“You creep! Why do you come here? Am I your mother, who will give you money to spend? Or are you such a ravishing man that I’d fall in love with you? You dog, you wretch, don’t you dare raise your voice at me! I am nothing to you! You miserable beggar, who do you think you are?\textsuperscript{307}

When the dog chased Madhav out of the house, she fell silent and still. So silent that for a minute even she felt terrified. Saadat Hasan Manto describes her emptiness as:

“She also felt empty, like a train which having discharged its passenger is shunted into the yard and left there.”\textsuperscript{308}

With the thought of revenge from the man, she picks up the dog, lying on the floor, to her bed, puts her hand along its body and sleeps soundly. In the character of Sugandhi, Saadat Hasan Manto, narrated the sensitive shade of a woman. When the man in the car after having a look of her face leaves with dismay, she gets hurt, with his behaviour. And afterwards leaves for her place and just to forget the incident and her insult, gets her dog which was lying on the floor and, then sleeps soundly. She was a woman of heart as she gives the other woman money, so that she could travel to her
hometown. Such was the nature of Sughandhi, but when being rejected she felt very heavy and tried to skip the situation, by just avoiding it in despair.

Sultana of ‘Kali Shalwar’, is a prostitute, who back in Ambala, sometime makes twenty or thirty rupees within three, four hours from eight or ten goras and she was satisfied with that. But from the time she shifted to the red light area of Delhi, she had only three customers in the last three months. One reason could be the availability of different women, of the same profession living in the same vicinity. Altogether she was getting not more than three rupees paid for one time. So for the past three months she could make just eighteen and a half rupees only whereas the rent for the room in which she was living was around twenty rupees per month. And to make matters worse Khuda Baux, who brings her to Delhi from Ambala, gets entangled with the saints, amulets and along with the scoundrels. She is repenting on her decision to shift from Ambala to Delhi and use to remember the past days with affection. The economical problems one by one take up all her gold ornaments and she is left only with small earrings. The economical problems were on the same route when the month of ‘Moharam’309, approaches, and she was sad that she didn’t have a black dress to wear on ‘Ashura’.310 As a prostitute, she uses to observe Muharram with respect, but this time there was no way out for Sultana. So one day when Shankar approaches her, she felt a bit of encouragement. Earlier when he came she showed him door, but this time she felt very satisfied by his coming and gives him the only remaining assets of her, the gold earnings, as he promised to get her the black lowers for Ashura. Actually, Sultana is a type of prostitute, who is unable to make a living though trying with complete hard work. She speaks with her neighbor Tamancha Jan, in English:

“This laif very bad; which meant that this was no way
to live when there was no work and you weren’t even
sure where your next meal was coming from”311

Sultana, by her name, is not only a representative of the prostitutes of Muslim community, but also she is one, who reflects the manner and way of thinking and acting of that particular section. Because she was weak in her beliefs and falls prey to Khuda
Baux, only because she thinks that he brought good fortune to her, when she was at Ambala cantonment. This wrong belief increases the value of Khuda Bux for her. As she thinks him as a lucky and a fortunate person for her, gets ready to come to Delhi along with him happily. Along with it she used to respect the old saints, and while objecting on some conversation she says:

“Because you are a Hindu, you can’t understand these things, you can only make fun of our Muslim fakirs.”

Like the other prostitute characters, in different short stories of Saadat Hasan Manto, even Sultana was the one who is full of humanity and love. One of the reasons for this could be the desire of these dishonored people to live a life full of honour. Just like her, Sharda is another woman of around seventeen years, her husband left her thinking her as unproductive, but a girl child of around one year is the proof of her productiveness. In one sense Sharda is displeased, furious and obstinate woman, but when she comes to Bombay from Jaipur in search of her sister to whom somebody cheated and was forcing her into prostitution, she meets Nazir, after which the need of a husband gets surfaced again.

‘Sharda’ is a story by Saadat Hasan Manto of the helpless mother of a young girl child, whose husband deserted her, and in order to survive and earn food for herself and the child she joins the flesh trade. With the help of Karim, the commission agent, she came into contact with Nazir. When Nazir was getting physical with her and she hears her daughter cry, she leaves Nazir and go to feed her child. Here Saadat Hasan Manto, very clearly depicts the mother in the guise of a prostitute. Nazir was a good fellow, who didn’t objects to her going and while leaving he gave money to the agent to buy medicine for the child who was not well.

When Nazir called Sharda to Jaipur by writing a letter, she happily left on his call. There she takes very good care of him as his wife, was out to her brother’s place. There she started living like a household woman or a wife taking every care of Nazir. But Nazir afterwards became afraid of her as he realized his mistake of calling a market woman at home and what if his wife will find out about the situation, so what will happen
therefore he started looking for ways to make her get out of the home. Sharda understood his behaviour and one day very silently without telling him leaves his home. Here the skill by which Saadat Hasan Manto described her character, makes us realize the pain of a woman, who first was a wife to a man, who betrays and left her and her daughter, without anyone to look after. She, against her wish joins prostitution, meets a man who again gave her the ‘back home’ feeling and security and then rejects her. Here Saadat Hasan Manto wanted to speak that whatever the type of woman, she has an unconscious feeling in her to have a home, a husband and children.

Sharda is an example of a dog that belongs neither to a home nor to a market. Sharda’s father has left his wife. She is being disserted by her husband and her younger sister Shakuntala is in the possession of a dalal who got her to Bombay. And the third breed of women, Sharda’s daughter Munni, to whom the situations left deprived, of her father’s affection and mother’s love.

These stories are of the time, when India got its freedom and the entire nation was under shock, riots were taking place at every square of the landscape. And all that injustice, humiliation of women becomes very common. Sharda wanted to get her sister out of that hated flesh business. She wished for her to get her married to a respectable man and to settle down. But by self, Sharda was like a kite whose strings were being cut so how could she be the help for somebody else. Though she is kind, illustrious, cultured, always in attendance, her heart is full of love and she is honest but the situations are not favorable for her.

As unlike the characters of Maupassant, Kalwant Kaur and Mozail are not the females who belong to the higher institution of society, they are not very beautiful nor do they have bright beautiful eyes. But these customary females represent the whole of womanhood. They are full of love for their husbands or man but at the same time demand the same from their lover. At the same time love, for them, is not something that is sick. These women of different short stories, never allowed dishonesty, unfaithfulness or partnership in their love. Though their heart is full of humanity for others but they hate hypocrisy and cheating. If these women can sacrifice their lives for their love, so there is
no doubt that they will throw somebody else’s life in danger. Kalwant Kaur, Mozail and Halakat are of these kinds of females.

Kalwant Kaur of “Colder Than Ice” is a zealous type of lady, who lives in the vicinity of Punjab. She is ignorant and illiterate. She possesses very strong body structure. She is living with Ishar Singh, who is an illiterate, murderer, plunderer and vagabond type of Sikh young man. With their body structure both are of the same category.

Along with all the other qualities she possesses the quality of tolerance. She could live without her Ishwar, but cannot bear partners in his love. Jealousy and revenge is so prominent in her character that she can kill a person who could come as a partner between her and Ishwar Singh.

Actually this story has the background of communal riots, which are one of the results of partition. During the riots in western Punjab people crush each other irrespectively. Even Ishwar too, after plunder, looting kills six muslim people and when he looks at a beautiful young girl, his intention changes. Rather than killing the girl he takes her along

He thought to fornicate along with the girl. But at the time of the process he realizes the fact that the body of the girl is cold making him understand that she is dead. When he meets Kulwant Kaur again, after the incident, he tried to hide this fact from her. But Kulwant Kaur began to boil like a hot kettle on the fire; Ishwar Singh was something very cold just like a piece of Ice. After failing to arouse him, Kalwant Kaur turns from countenance of Sati or Savitri to Kali or Durga and starts shouting:

“In fury, she sprang out of bed and covered herself with a sheet. “Ishr Sian, tell me the name of the bitch you have been with who has squeezed you dry.”

Ishwar Singh becomes very cold and lay on the bed panting. He couldn’t speak a word or give an answer because his heart was full of realization of the crime and he considers himself as the cause of the death of that Muslim girl. Kalwant Kaur was
waiting furiously for the answer with the emotions of revenge and envy she wanted to know about that woman who was with her lover. She asked in full shout regarding the woman in anger. She started shouting abuses and gave oath of the Sikh Guru, to speak up:

“She did not let him speak, ‘Before you swear by the Guru,

Don’t forget who I am. I am Sardar Nihal Singh’s daughter

I’ll cut you to pieces. Is there a woman in this?’”

And when Ishwar convened about this she attacks him with the kirpan and blood spluttered out of the deep gash of Ishwar like water running out of a bottle. She went on cursing the unknown rival of her at the same time continued tearing, scratching and pulling Ishwar Singh. At the end when Ishwar Singh tells her the truth of that girl, with whom he wanted to fornicate, died, he himself was reaching his end. When Kalwant Kaur placed her hand on his, it was cold, colder than ice.

By this act Kalwant Kaur proves that she is truly a daughter of the Sikh, who cannot bear dishonesty in partners of her love. And anything that is coming in between, let it be her lover too, has the guts to destroy it.

Mozail, is a very ruddy type of creature. She is a Jewish girl, who lives in the same building where Tarlochan does. If we will talk about the social status of the girl, she was a sales girl at some store somewhere in the fort area and lives in Advani Chambers. Saadat Hasan Manto describes Mozail as:

“The first impression of her was that she was really quite mad. Her brown hair was cut short and looked disheveled. She wears thick, unevenly laid lipstick that sat on her lips like congealed blood. She wore a loose white dress . . . Her lips were not as thick as they looked, but it was liberal quantities of crimson - red lipstick she plastered on them that gave them the appearance of thick beefsteaks.”
Earlier when Tarlochan was at Lahore, Burma and Singapore he had affairs with many different girls of those places. But he was not aware of the fact that when he will reach Bombay he will fall in deep love with a Jewish girl. With her body type Mozail appears to be very strong. On the first day of their meeting only Tarlochan falls in love with her. Actually it was not his fault. The way Mozail smiled at him after meeting for the first time he could not resist himself to love her. In the first meeting when Tarlochan was moving to his room and was searching for the keys. He saw Mozail coming out of her room as he heard the clatter of her wooden sandal. When she smiled towards him he became ashamed of and wanted to get into his room. But before he could do so, Mozail came skidding across the floor towards him and pinned him down. Actually it was the fault of her wooden sandals, which slipped and the sight happened. In the earlier days of their meeting Tarlochan thought that it would be difficult to be a friend with her. But within short time she becomes very friendly with him. She never takes anyone, even Tarlochan, into consideration. She hates the social establishment and dogmatists. She never wanted to live on already drawn lines of society and religion. Along with it she hates Sikhs, at the same time their beard, moustache, hair, turban and under wares too. She was clear with her heart and thinking. She rejects society and culture, which force people to carry their religion. She never wears anything under her skirts and simultaneously gives suggestion to Tarlochan to cut down his hair and shave his armpit.

When Tarlochan proposed to her, she gets ready but on one condition that he will shave off his beard and moustache along with it, will cut his long hair. Tarlochan was in love with her and even though being a Sikh he cuts off his hair. They decide the date for their court marriage. But on the day of marriage, Mozail leaves to some place along with her boyfriend. Tarlochan could not understand what pattern that girl is of? Tarlochan was ready to spend everything he owned on her but she chooses some very economical type of earnings, instead of gold tops, which he wanted to buy for her. Sometimes for hours she would sleep with him but when he tries something more than kissing, she never permits him and will say:

“You’re a Sikh’, she would laugh, ‘and I hate Sikhs.”³¹⁶
She will always argue with Tarlochan over wearing or not wearing underclothes. When Tarlochan starts giving the need and importance of anything to wear underclothes, she burst furiously and says:

“You’re Sikh and I know that you wear some ridiculous shorts under your trousers because that is the Sikh religion requirement, but I think its rubbish that religion should be kept tucked under one’s trousers.”

Tarlochan thinks of her as a licentious type of girl and thinks that their relation has no place to head for. That thought reminds him of his engagement, with Kripal Kaur, who was completely opposite to Mozail.

A reader could call Mozail as an ideal female character of Saadat Hasan Manto. On the surface when seen, she is licentious, rude, contemptible, disgraceful and shameless woman, who never takes into consideration religion, society or the rules lay down by both. She is unfaithful, immodest and shameless. She lives half naked, never wears anything beneath her skirt at the same time she never feels ashamed of cleaning her or Kripal Kaur’s nose with the corner of her shirt. She was the one who never feels awkward for sitting along with some unknown man. But inside her heart she is very soft. She is the one who can help anyone in any danger. She is smart too. She never lets Tarlochan move ahead of certain limits. She can fool the males in minutes, like she does to Tarlochan, without any fear or a second thought, she can go against hypocrisy in any situation. She by self is a brave girl and loves to play along with danger. One of the sentences can prove it as:

“Tarlochan felt scared, but Mozail was walking ahead of him nonchalantly, puffing merrily on her cigarette.”

Actually the truth is Mozail rejects not only the curfew but along with it all the rules and regulations which comes between helping a humanity. Here Saadat Hasan Manto talks about the selflessness and the heights of the help, a woman can go to. The story is based on the blood shedding event of partition, where a Jewish girl, Mozail, helps a Sikh man Tarlochan to get his fiancée out from her home safely, for which she even
sacrifices her life. In the name of religion how many lives will be taken? Saadat Hasan Manto writes in anger:

“He Tarlochan bent over her. “Mozail”, she opened her eyes and smiled. Tarlochan undid his turban and covered her with it . . . Then she looked at Tarlochan and pushed aside the turban with which he had tried to cover her nakedness. “Take away this rag of your religion. I don’t need it.””

The heart of a woman is very complicated and simple. And to be a mother is the actual image of a woman. To be a mother, it is not necessary that one should be born with a womb only; a mother is one who comes whenever pain arises. This is the quality which is God gifted to some women. Saadat Hasan Manto respects a character, who let it be a criminal, ugly, bad, ill-mannered and rejected by society but the one whose inner self is pure and by self he or she is dutiful. Saadat Hasan Manto respects these types of people and Stella Jackson is one of them.

‘Mummy’ is a story of another woman, who is very social, had many men coming and visiting her. Some men were the permanent residents of her house. There were other girls who used to work for her. She cared a lot, for all the people living and visiting her. When one of her loved man, so called her son, Chadda, tried to take his hand over Phyllis, the young girl in the house, she was not agree to it. Mummy, Stella Jackson, was not ready as Phyllis was very young. She tried to stop Chedda from doing so, and Chedda spoke in anger with her, she being angry, slaps him and orders him to move out of her house. After speaking rubbish about her, Chadda left the cottage and stayed away from her for some days, even she was angry on him. But when Chadda falls ill and the doctor suggested getting him admitted to the hospital, she brought him back to her place, took special care and brought him back to life. Actually speaking, she was a mediator but had a kind heart, which is evident with her denying Chadda to have a minor girl Phyllis. She like a mother wanted to save that fifteen year old girl, from getting humiliated early in the age, which shows humanity in her. Though she was a mediator but never let any man take privilege of the girls she had in her house.
Stella Jackson is a female character, created by Saadat Hasan Manto. Though her name was Stella Jackson but everyone called her ‘Mummy’. The title for her was something very suitable. Because of her motherly nature only people around her call her Mummy. But as actually seen by name she is an Anglo - Christian lady. She is of middle age and of medium height. Her husband Mr. Jackson died in the First World War. She is receiving pension since, as long as, ten years. Nobody knows how and when she reached to Pune. Moreover she is so fascinating that, after meeting her nothing comes to mind for asking regarding her whereabouts.

She is an old Madam. There used to be very awkward and showy, type of makeup, which used to speak about her old age. Saadat Hasan Manto has feeling of sympathy with this lady because though her outer projection which is very awkward but inside she is very kind and full of humanity.

There are four or five other Anglo-Indian females, living along with Mummy. They are all different in their body structure, age and behaviour. There were Polly, Dolly, Kitty, Elma, Thelma, Phyllis and one eunuch type of man, to whom Chadda called as Sisy. Saadat Hasan Manto considers himself as one character in the story. Venkutrey, Manto, Chadda, Garib, Nawaz and Ranjeet Kumar all used to be present, whenever there is a party at Saeeda Cottage. Drinks used to be common in those parties and that is why Saadat Hasan Manto said he was attending those parties. Mummy used to serve to all but along with it she kept a close watch on everyone present there. Saadat Hasan Manto describes her as a cat, which by one look can be considered as sleeping but at the same time it is the one who will be aware about all its kittens and their whereabouts.

Mummy used to praise all. She has a heart, which was full of motherly love for each one present there. When in one party Chadda approaches Phyllis; she stops him from doing so. She said

“Chadda, my son, why don’t you understand?

She is young, she is very young.”320
In the view of society, she is a type of an old commission agent, but actually she has a heart, which is full of sympathy. Phyllis, who ran along with Sissy, was very young to be in the business, as thought by Mummy. She gets her ticket done and sends her back to her parents. In the process Chadda falls ill, and on the day he is detected with plague, Mummy gets him back. Chadda realizes his mistake and ask for forgiveness to which Mummy forgives happily. With this incident Saadat Hasan Manto, starts respecting her more than earlier:

“Mummy was still the same Mummy - Polly’s Mummy, Dolly’s Mummy, Chadda’s Mummy, Ranjeet and Garib Nawaz’s Mummy . . . with the same awkward and unnatural makeup at the same time she is the same of Mummy who used to throw parties and provide girls - but now she seems to be a sacred dimension.”

Because Mummy always helped everyone in every situation like: let it be the problem of abortion of Venkutrey’s wife, or the problem of Thelma, who falls ill, when the kathak dance teacher rapes her, or it could be the problem of average salary of Garib Nawaz or it could be the matter of the second child of Saadat Hasan Manto’s wife, she always helped others to come out of trouble.

She dislikes only one person in the house and that was Sen, the dance teacher. Mummy hated him a lot and shouted at Chadda, who got him into the cottage. She shouted at him, telling him not to bring contemptible type of people to her place. When one of the courts of Pune passes the order to expel her from Poona, Chadda realises his mistake. In the voice full of emotion he says:

“If she was procurer, a madam, and her presence was bad for society’s health, then she should have been done away with altogether. Why, if she was a heap of filth … Manto, with her a purity has vanished from our lives… I hereby bestow my Mummy to them.”
After she left, by the train, everyone behind her was sad and crying.

A woman, who could tell you about her inner clothes size, to a man, can never deceive a man; this is one very strange type of opinion of Narayan of the story “Janki”. Janki is the central character of the story, who comes from Peshawar to Mumbai to meet Manto in the hope of getting some work in the film industry. Manto makes her leave to Poona with two of his friends, Saeed and Narayan. Where in the first meeting, when she was talking with Saeed and called Narayan, Naryan Bhai, he gets close to her and asks very secretly in her ear.

“Tumhare angya ka size kya hai?”

Ye sunte hi is ke tan badan me aag jaati hai. Wo Sochti hai kaise lachchar aadmi hai. Wo Manto se shikyat karti hai. Bada he wahiyat aadmi hai.”

(What is the size of your inners? She becomes very angry on unhearing this. She thinks what a foible creature he is? She complains to Manto and says that Narayan is a very nonsense type of man).

Narayan thinks of her as a young child. Whenever she meets him, she will put her dupatta on her chest. He thinks of her as very faithful and sincere, along with these characteristic of her, she is a very honest and a worthy attendant. For the complete day, she will perform her duty efficiently and if somebody comes to meet Saeed or else to her, she will go on talking about Saeed as:

“Saeed Sahab bade achche aadmi hai.

Saeed Sahab bahot achcha gate hai.

Saeed Sahab ka wazan badh gaya hai.

Saeed Sahab ke sar me halka halka dard hai.

Saeed Sahab ne aaj mujh par sher kaha.”
(Saeed sir is a very good man. Saeed sir sings very well. Saeed sir has gained weight. Saeed sir is suffering with a little headache. Today Saeed sir said a couplet on me).

It is something very correct that if a person is loyal and true by the inner soul, when they laugh, tears roll off their eyes. Janki is a very strange type of woman. She is a combination of love, hate, anger and humanity, like a man sometimes she could smoke around seventy five cigarettes a day. Sometimes to abort an unwanted child she never minds to take twenty or twenty two cocaine pills at a time. Sometimes she acts as an unmarried girl by hitting the floor with her leg and sometimes as an innocent child, asking too many questions; with her behavior the reader could make out her sincere and stupid heart. Janki is not a very religious type of woman. She takes good care of Saeed when he was not well, like a nurse she used to be present for any of his work, just because Saeed made her an employ at film company, by his connections. But both, Saeed and Aziz, were harsh and indecent to her. When she falls ill, they both leave her without any second thought, of helping her. It was Manto and his friend, who took care of her when she was attacked by pneumonia. Though, Saeed and Aziz acted rude with her, but she always asks for their health and whereabouts with sincerity.

In one story ‘A Girl from Delhi’, Saadat Hasan Manto talks about a young prostitute, who was very beautiful and used to perform for the people of the high class. She was well prepared and maintained by the Burri Bai, the chief lady of the brothel. When the riots broke out after partition, Nasim became restless and wanted to leave for Pakistan. Many musicians and people living over, there were ready and agreed with her wish to leave for a safer place, as they were Muslims. Being a woman of substance and entertainment, she had many admirers and one of them was a rich business man, Seth Gobind Prakash, who proclaimed himself as the lover of the girl. When Burri Bai talked to him regarding Nasim Akhtar’s fear and insecure feeling, he ordered and appointed two guards in front of her house. But that gesture also could not calm Nasim’s aim to leave for a protected place. Actually in the disguise of her fear she really wanted to leave the life of a prostitute and to live a common life as a lady of the house. As she captured a chance she left for a safer place, with her ornaments and an old musician, Ustad Achhan
Khan, of her court. In the mayhem after selling her jewelry she got one house and she started living a peaceful life with whatever little she had. At the time when they reached Pakistan, Ustad suggested her to start her old business, which she rejected. After some time when she didn’t get ready to do business he left and joins some other brothel to earn something to satisfy hunger.

Nasim was living happily in her home but was aware of her money getting over. One day, when she was out of the home standing in the sun and singing, Jannatey, her neighbour heard her and appreciated her voice. She was the mediator to get Nasim certain proposals for marriage. Nasim also realized her condition as she was getting over with money, gets ready to marry. In the beginning she got a number of proposals, making none of them sound to be good for her. After some days she rushed Nasim’s house, announcing that she got the perfect husband for her and proclaimed as the best proposal for her. Nasim was happy with the thought that even she can live a better and honorable life. After some days she got married to an old man in a simple ceremony. She was happy that now she got a husband, who will protect and look after her. But her hopes end within the next twenty four hours only, because the next morning she heard her husband talking to two old courtesans of the Hera Mandi and fixing her price. She was sold off having Jannatey as the mediator.

She being helpless could not do anything other than just crying. On hearing this she rushed to her room, cried for a long time. After, when she finished with crying she dried her eyes, got up and unpacked the luggage, she got from Delhi. She dressed up in her old clothes which she brought in the luggage and left straight for the kotha where even Ustad Achha Khan was employed. She was again in the same business and this time also with her disapproval and circumstances.

Saadat Hasan Manto was not the first writer to bring the issue regarding woman safety and her exploitation by the society of men. Many different writers and poets were in the forefront to get the issue in public and sought justice for them. But the way Saadat Hasan Manto wrote, breaking the barrier, of what to say and what not to say, nobody else dared before. “Umrao Jaan Ada”, of 1905 written by Mirza Hadi Ruswa which is considered as the first novel, written in Urdu, on prostitutes could not get us this close to
the realities and the suffering of these women who, unwillingly but because of some or the other reason were in the business of flesh.

In another story ‘A Man of God’ Saadat Hasan Manto talks about the wrong and blind belief of people on maulvis, who pretend themselves as the men of god and play with the honor of women and betray humanity. As Maujoo, the farmer, had divorced his wife, Phathan, and was very depressed, he somehow wanted to get reunited with her. They had a girl child named Jeena, who was a very beautiful and dutiful girl, like her mother, as she used to perform all the household chores and used to get meals for her father on the farm on time, every day. For getting his wife back in his life, he falls in the trap of a fake maulvi, who suggested a way out to get united with his wife. He suggested that as religion asks a woman divorced by her husband, the only way to get united again is to pay kuffara (expiation for sin, atonement), where the woman is supposed to marry another man and is divorced by him to be reunited with her first husband. With wickedness he suggested his own self to marry Pathan and help them to get united, which Saadat Hasan Manto expressed in these words:

“And the voice said, ‘We are going to put his love and your faith to the test. You are to wed her for one day and divorce her the next and return her to Maujoo. That’s all we could grant you…”

He pretended these as the words that god spoke to him regarding the matter, where as it is a known fact that god never speaks to people on their wish. Actually the man falls for the beauty of Phathan. He had already exploited Jeena, her daughter, but she could not speak about this to anyone as even she wanted her parents to get reunited. After taking advantage of Pathan for a complete night, he leaves without intimating to Maujoo or anyone. While leaving, he left his false beard behind. To which Maujoo considered as the miracle of that fraud man.

In the story Saadat Hasan Manto brings to the forefront the reality that in the name of religion, people are getting exploited, which he had expressed in these lines:
'He (Maujoo) had never fasted or prayed. In fact, the village was so small that it did not even have a mosque. The people prayed at home and did generally god fear. Every household had a copy of the Quran but nobody knew how to read. It was kept wrapped up on the top shelf, to be used only when someone was required to take oath.'

Saadat Hasan Manto here brings the helplessness of women as being a daughter, Jeena and a wife as, Pathan, to pay for the wrong decisions taken up by the male member of the family.

The women’s portraits during the communal riots are also some points where Saadat Hasan Manto brings his skills completely in front to make people understand the status of woman in Indian society.

‘Who Ladki’ is one of the stories based on the communal riots where a Sikh kills four Muslim people, with his pistol and brings a girl to his house thinking her as helpless. But actually he tried to satisfy himself with her. When they became familiar, they started talking about the riots and the killings, on the basis of religion and faith. When he talked about his killing four Muslims, with his gun she interestingly asked him to show her the gun. When Surender handed over her the gun, she points the gun towards him, to which he asked what was she doing? Her answer to the question brings in front the other colour of woman, who could be wild and savage, when it comes to taking revenge. After firing on Surender, she cleared to him that out of the four people he killed, one was her father, thus she was taking revenge of her father’s death.

Nawab of the ‘Wild Cactus’ is an excellent model of a young and beautiful woman. She possesses a healthy and white wrist and has fulfilled and fat cheeks. By looking at her, one cannot say that she is a prostitute. But actually it was her mother, Sardar, who pushes her in this trade. Nawab never hated her profession because for her, as she thinks, it is the only way of life for the girls of around her age. She has never seen
a world outside her home and because of this welcomes every new and old customer with enthusiasm.

Saadat Hasan Manto describes the actual location of the place where she lives, something in a way arousing the interest about the place. The story begins as:

“The name of the town is unimportant, let us say it was in the suburbs of the city, Peshawar, not far from the frontier, where that woman lived in a small mud house, half hidden from the dusty, unmetalled, forlorn road by a hedge of wild cactus... The house was more like a hut with three small rooms.”

Suddenly one day a tall and handsome man arrived to the hut. After being with Nawab for some time he falls in love with her. Because for him:

“Haibat Khan was now a regular visitor. He was totally enamored of Nawab. He liked her artless approach to love-making, a tinged by the hard-baked professionalism common to the prostitutes. Nor was there anything house wifely about her. She would lie in bed next to him as a child lies next to its mother and then quietly going off to sleep.”

While leaving, Haibat Khan orders Sardar that there should be no other visitor to Nawab other than him. In response to the question regarding the expenditure he gives her bundle of currency notes and puts a diamond ring in the finger of Nawab, as the answer. After that Nawab was limited to Haibat Khan. Slowly she becomes familiar and friendly to him. Once she demanded gold bangles from him, he promised to get her the one and leaves the place. She waited for long but he didn’t return. When she was getting hopeless from him, he arrives with a young, beautiful woman, who was wearing expensive dress and was loaded with heavy jewelry. Saadat Hasan Manto describes that woman as with big beautiful eyes, which were full of anger and with her one look anyone can understand.
that she is a woman who is very brave. When being inquired about her, Nawab asks 
Haibat, she introduced herself as the sister of Haibat, and then tells her name as Halakat.

In the story, ‘Wild Cactus’, Saadat Hasan Manto describes three women Sardar, 
Nawab and Shahina who introduces herself as Halakat to the previous mentioned two 
women. Shahina was in love with Haibat Khan, who was a friend of her dead husband. 
She was so mad in love with him that she by herself kills her husband to get along with 
Haibat. Haibat was the regular and only customer to Nawab, who, since puberty, without 
being known was in the business because Sardar never let her experience life out of the 
place or home. And that became the only source of living for them.

Shahina was in love with Haibat and doesn’t want to share his love and attention 
with somebody else. So in anger she kills Nawab, cuts her into pieces and gives her 
Sardar to cook a meal. Saadat Hasan Manto had narrated the tyrant behaviour of a woman 
very clearly in simple words which bring our senses to stop and feel the very different 
shades of a woman other than a kind and shy type of character:

‘Haibat khan began to tremble. He could not see that 
there was blood on the floor and a long knife. There 
was someone on the bed, covered with a blood stained 
sheet.

Shahina smiled, ‘Do you want me to lift the sheet and 
show you what I have there? It is your Nawab.

‘What have you done?’Haibat Khan screamed. Shahina 
smiled again. ‘Darling, this is not the first time. My 
husband, like you, was also faithless. I had to kill him 
and then throw his severed limbs for wild birds to feast 
on. Since I love you, instead of you, I have . . .’

She did not complete her sentence, but removed the 
sheet from the heap on the bed. Haibat Khan fainted 
and fell to the floor. 330
As like Kalwant Kaur, this woman too, cannot tolerate any partnership in her love. They both are brave and bold women. When she loves someone with all her hearts she expects the same type of faithfulness from the other person. Anyone who comes in between the way of achieving their love they finish that particular hurdle, as Kalwant Kaur takes revenge from Ishwar Singh by killing him; Shahina alias Halakat kills Nawab, at the same time her unfaithful husband. It is the height of dread that being a woman she kills two people and for the later one cuts her into pieces and on that sends her flesh to her mother to cook and feast on.

In complete fiction, we could not get an example like character as Shahina is. She is so cruel that she not only killed her unfaithful husband but the attraction of her love too. If altogether we want to compare Shahina’s character we could just think of the character of Shakespeare’s Lady Macbeth. Lady Macbeth kills her political rival in the drama ‘Macbeth’, written by Shakespeare. But Shahina seems to be ahead of Lady Macbeth in cruelty. As she not only kills her husband but also an innocent Nawab too, who was very young and immature and the limit of cruelty to cut her into pieces and to give her ignorant mother to cook food with it.

Babu Gopi Nath thinks a brothel or a tomb of a spiritual guide as deceiving. But every woman, who is on demand, in a brothel is actually not a prostitute but a less fortunate one in life. That the reason Zeenath of the story “Babu Gopi Nath”, is somehow very different in her behaviour and fakeness which is very common among the women in the flesh market. Even though she lives in an atmosphere and situation which, from top to bottom is deceiving but she remains pure in her heart and act. Saadat Hasan Manto describes Zeenath as a woman who possess beautiful features, clear and shining eyes, with one look a person can make out about her inexperienced and ruddy behaviour.

It was Zeenat’s misfortune and ignorance that she gets trapped by a very experienced type of lady in Kashmir, who brought her to Lahore. Around two months she was in the custody of police and they took disadvantage of her. It was after that Babu Gopi Nath wins the court trial, she reached to his place. Bapu Gopi Nath by, himself was very worried about her stupidly and unforsightness.
Saadat Hasan Manto is himself a character in the story. As, when the story begins 
Saadat Hasan Manto introduced himself as:

“I think it was in 1940 that I first met Babu Gopi Nath. 
I was the editor of a weekly magazine in Bombay. One 
day, while I was busy writing something, Abdul Rahim 
Sando burst into my office, followed by a short, 
nondescript man. Greeting me in his typical style 
Sando introduced his friend. ‘Manto Sahib, Meet Babu 
Gopi Nath’.”\textsuperscript{331}

Saadat Hasan Manto, being a writer, was praised in different perspective in 
positive as well as negative pattern. Saadat Hasan Manto, talked about this in the same 
story as Sando continues after introducing Babu Gopi Nath to Saadat Hasan Manto. He 
exaggerates speaking to Babu Gopi Nath:

“Babu Gopi Nath, you are shaking hands with India’s 
number one writer . . . When he writes, Sando 
continued, “It is dharan takhta. Nobody can get 
people’s “continuity” together like him.”\textsuperscript{332}

According to Babu Gopi Nath, if a prostitute is not aware of the different types of 
false behaviour and attitude at the same time, if she is not having more than one admires, 
life becomes difficult for these women. But Zeenat was complete plain in this respect. 
Babu Gopi Nath was worried for her and used to think what if his complete wealth will 
get to an end or else if he dies, so, who will take care of this innocent and inexperienced 
woman. He tried to teach her all different types of art, at the same time he gifted her a 
Fiat car but she was not actually interested in all that. In the words of Babu Gopi Nath:

“What I am to do, Manto Sahib? She is such a wonderful 
girl, but she is so naive. She has to learn how to survive 
in this world.”\textsuperscript{333}

Saadat Hasan Manto writes about her naiveté in the words as:
“She was a woman without ambition and unbelievably naive. She simply had no idea of her own value or what life was all about. If she was being made to sell her body, she could at least, have done so with some intelligence and style, but she was simply not interested in anything, drinking, smoking, eating or even the sofa on which she was to be found lying most of the time, and the telephone which she was so fond of using.”

In the absence of Babu Gopi Nath, Sando and Sardar brought her customers, sometimes three in a day and used to earn a lot out of it. According to Babu Gopi Nath, Zeenath is a woman who is very true and sincere but along with it he wanted her to be a little bit clever and active. For around two years she was living with Babu Gopi Nath, but according to him, never demanded anything out of the way. In his absence she used to mortgage her ornaments for personal expenditure but never fooled him in anyway.

Actually Babu Gopi Nath was in love with her, but he was well aware that whatever wealth he possessed may end one day or other because of that he wanted, with the deep feelings in his heart, to marry her or at least a living relationship for her with a wealthy and caring person. He tried this for many times but always Zeenat got the unfaithful men like, Shafiq, who is the owner of a cloth mill, or the owner of the Nagina Hotel, Mohamed Yasin, both disappointed Babu Gopi Nath as well as Zeenat.

At last Babu Gopi Nath finds a royal landlord of Hyderabad, Sindh, who got ready to marry Zeenath. Zeenath welcomes the proposal and on the landlords demands sing a song “‘Nukta Cheen hai gham-e-dil usko sunai na bana”, and the land lord gets fascinated and falls in love with her voice. And then, on day, the innocent and inexperienced Zeenat, who used to call Saadat Hasan Manto as ‘Bhaijaan’ gets married to Gulam Hussain, the land lord of Hyderabad. On the day Manto describes her beauty as with a little make up with lipstick, wearing a beautiful red dress, and satisfied. When she greets Manto blushingly, Manto says that he cannot decide how to reply to her, as being a friend or as the Bhaijaan (elder brother). But Babu Gopi Nath, full of fatherly love, by keeping his hand on her covered head said:
“May God keep you happy.”

‘The Dutiful Daughter’, is the story. Saadat Hasan Manto wrote, on partition and after it. In the story he talks about the helplessness of the woman who is in the middle of a catalytic event. Saadat Hasan Manto wrote:

“The year 1948 had begun. Hundreds of volunteers had been assigned the task of recovering abducted women and children and restoring them to their families. They would go in groups to India from Pakistan and from Pakistan to India to make their recoveries.”

It was not a simple task as the difficulties and risks were in abundant. One day a liaison officer asked unnamed protagonist, that what is the reason that he seems completely lost? Saadat Hasan Manto narrates his lost feelings in the thoughts of the protagonist as he thinks:

“When I thought about these abducted girls, I only saw their protruding belies. What was going to happen to them and what they contained? Who would claim the end result? Pakistan or India? And who would pay the women the wages for carrying those children in their wombs for Nine months? Pakistan or India? Or would it all be put down in God’s great ledger, that is, if there were still any pages left.”

In the story Saadat Hasan Manto talks about a very old woman who got parted with her very beautiful daughter. She was searching a lot for her, asking every volunteer of the policeman regarding the where about of her daughter. The same officer with whom the unnamed protagonist meets was narrating that story to him. The old woman was restless and on her feet, every time asking regarding her daughter ‘Bhagbari’. She was not ready to believe that her daughter was killed, as that was the only answer, the officers thought, will satisfy and bring her agony and search for her daughter to an end. But she was very sure that it would not happen.
“No one can murder my daughter,” She suddenly declared in a strong, confident voice.

“Why”? I asked.

“Because she is beautiful. She’s so beautiful that no one can kill her. No one can even dream of hurting her. “She said in a low whisper.”

Here in the story Saadat Hasan Manto talks about the belief of a woman as a mother and her eagerness to get united with her only daughter. She could belong to the Muslim faith, as the officer asked her that it was of no use to search for her daughter and wanted her to shift to Pakistan. But the motherly love of the woman, denied his advice as she wanted to see her daughter. With the character of the old lady the reader could make out the determination of a woman to do or achieve something.

The officer describes his second encounter with that old woman on a street. Before the meeting, he had all conversation regarding that woman to a female volunteer, and she suggested getting her admitted to a mental asylum. But the officer didn’t want to do that. He was not agree to get her confined within the four walls of the asylum at the same time to take away her only reason to live.

One day when he saw that old woman on the street, while he was paying a shopkeeper, he approaches towards her. He noticed a couple; the woman’s face was partly covered but with one look anyone could make out that she was extremely beautiful, beyond words, along with a Sikh. When the couple reached near that old lady, the Sikh pointed to her and asked to his partner that is she her mother? But the girl in response covers her complete face with the chaddar she was wearing and by catching the hand of her partner crosses the road in hurry. The old woman made out in one glimpse that she was her daughter, but the girl denied her as well as her partner and left in a hurry. When the old woman started shouting her name, the officer, realizing the situation, tried to make her believe that her daughter is dead.

“The old woman fell in a heap on the road.”
This story depicts the importance of beliefs in the life of a woman. As a woman can live on belief, let it be a false one and survives in the hope of achieving so, but when being denied and rejected, can lose hope to live. As the girl denies the old lady to be the mother, she loses hope and dies. At the same time, Bagbhari is a type of example of a woman who is self-centered and thinks about herself only. She is completely different of the various other characters of the woman in the different short stories as Sugandhi, Zeenat, Mozail who thinks others first and then about self. Bhagbhari is a type of woman who is selfish and ignorant about relationship.

Sakina is a type of woman, who is very beautiful and has a mole on her cheek. She is the only capital of Sirajuddin, as his wife during migration falls prey to the rioters, who killed her. While dying she asked Sirajuddin to take extra care of their beautiful daughter. But on the way they get separated and a group of eight or ten men got hold of Sakina, and at Mughal Pura those eight volunteers of her own faith treated her like an animal and raped her. Before sexually abusing her, they tried to please her in many ways. Saadat Hasan Manto writes in Urdu, which Khalid Hasan translated as:

“The young men were very kind to her. They had fed her, given her milk to drink and put her in their truck. One of them had given her his jacket so that she covers herself. It was obvious that she was ill at ease without her dupatta, trying nervously to cover her breasts with her arms.”

We could get and understand the reason for their kindness, towards the end when:

“The doctor looked at the prostrate body and felt for pulse. Then he said to the old man, pointing at the window, ‘Open it’. The young woman on the stretcher moved slightly. Her hands groped for the cord that kept her shalwar tied around her waist. With painful slowness, she unfastened it, pulled the garment down and opened her thighs.”

Superstition is common among society, culture and beliefs in India. If a cat crosses the road on which you are walking will be considered as something bad is going
to happen. At the same time a person with less beauty, let it be a man or woman, is considered as unlucky and it’s a belief for if you will see the face of that person first thing in the morning all your work will get postponed or may be rejected.

Perin, is a type of girl who is less in beauty and Brij Mohan, on one side loves her a lot and on the other considers her unlucky too. He is sure that whenever he is meeting her luck will be hard on him, because whenever he meets or sees her while going for work, he is losing his job. The unnamed person who used to live in the same chawl, as Brij Mohan, one day asked him about her, Brij Mohan replies as:

“I told her she is like a bird of ill omen for me because whenever I start meeting her regularly, I find myself out of work.”

Though he considers Perin as an ill omen bird for him, but on every Sunday he will borrow eight annas from the unnamed narrator and will go to Bandra to see her. He was a photographer and had a large collection of photos of Perin in different types of dresses and poses. After the conversation with him, he asked the narrator to lend him eight annas as it was Sunday, but this time he didn’t want to go and meet Perin but wanted to go and see Seth Nanoo Bhai, a film director, for a job.

A person cannot be unlucky and same to ‘Perin’; she was not an unlucky woman. She had one more lover to whom she loved a lot. He was the one who always used to win a prize and praise for the photographs, which Brij Mohan will capture of Perin. Whenever Brij Mohan sees himself getting involved with Perin, he would get a kick out from the job he is doing at the time. He said to the unknown narrator that this last time, he is going to meet Perin and to check his faith, to decide whether Perin was unlucky, bad for him or not. He decided that before getting the letter from the company regarding his sack off, he will submit his resignation better to them, which according to him he wrote while he was at Parin’s place. The next day when he handed the resignations letter to Seth Niyaz Ali, he smiled and place another type written paper before Brij Mohan. He was surprised to see that it was not regarding his sack off from the company, but it holds
the subject of his promotion and increment in salary from 200 rupees a month to 300 rupees a month.

‘Sughra’ of ‘The Assignment’, is a type of woman who depended on the male members of the family. She is the daughter of a retired judge, Mian Abdul Hai. She had a little brother, Basharat, who was around eleven years old and an old servant who was nearly to seventy. She thinks that all three men are incapable to protect themselves and her when anything wrong happens to her or to the family. The story is with the background of commercial riots after partition. All four of them were living in a Hindu dominated area. Sughra was very afraid of all the fires, the bomb blasting and haphazard situations. They live in a house which was multi-storied and whenever Sughra went onto the roof of the structure, from where almost the entire city was visible, she saw only fires and disaster all over. At the same time she used to listens to the bells of the fire engines. She was afraid of all the happenings, and suggested to her father to shift to a Muslim mohalla, where many of the Muslims had already migrated. But Mian Saab was not ready to do so. He thought that whatever was happening would stop. Nothing would happen to them. Though she was not satisfied with it but being a helpless woman she could not do anything regarding this.

In the due course of time Mian Saab falls seriously ill. He suffered a heart attack and was on bed without any medical treatment. She tells her brother, who feared to go out and to get a doctor. Though she didn’t want to send him out but because of the situation she said so, as the old servant is unable to do it, she said:

“She took Basharat aside and said to him, ‘You’ve got to do something. I know it’s not safe to go out, but we must get some help. Our father is very ill.’”

Basharat goes out to get some help for his father, but within the time returns back with pale face because of fear. Sughra Being the helpless woman cannot do anything for her father as she cannot move out in the situation. Saadat Hasan Manto in this story depicts women, stereotype women, who are unable to do something without support of her father, husband, brother or son. She is not bold and selfish like Bhagbari of
‘The Dutiful Daughter’, who leaves her mother, calling behind her, just to be protecting herself. Sughra was a dutiful daughter, who wanted to do something for her father but was unable to do anything, as she was the only young person of the house and a woman.

It was the night before Eid festival. She is sad by remembering her past celebrations. When she sees the thin silver moon peeping from the patch of skies, she raised her hands and prayed for her father to get well soon. She was a religious girl. She followed religion completely and had faith on the almighty. When the night approaches she hears a knock on the door. Sughra and Basharat both were upset and their heart began to beat violently expecting danger. Their faces turn white with fear. Judge Saab suggests them to open the door. But Sughra first sends Basharat to inquire who is at the door. When Basharat returns she inquires about the person at the door; Basharat was afraid and informed them that there is a Sikh on the door.

On Mian Sahib’s instructions she opens the door and lets the Sikh man come in. He was the son of Gurmukh Singh, whom her father had helped to get rid of a false court trial. He came to complete the assignment as he promised to his father that he would carry sewaiyan for Main Saab on every Eid. Sughra became a little relieved after having a friend at home. She asked him to arrange for a doctor as Judge Sahib was very ill. He left from the door itself without even coming in or meeting judge Sahib. The rioters outside the house were waiting for him to leave. As he did, so they riot the house with burning oil torches in their hands.

Sughra was not like Mozail, who, being a woman encourages her friend to get his lady love out of danger. Sughra was not bold like her to do something out of the way of the family. She prayed to god and suggested her father to move to a safer place. If it could be Mozail in her place, she must have taken them to the safer place rather than suggesting and waiting for a nod. Thus, Sughra represents the Indian woman, who always waits for the men to take decision and action, rather than doing by self.

During riots, after partition of the subcontinent, men killed the other men, women get humiliated and they left without help. Their homes were destroyed; water pipelines, electricity and many other needed requirements were unavailable to them.
After rioting and looting their homes, rioters burned down the structure having no other choice for them to be a part of the flesh market to earn their livelihood. When riots came to halt, the men acted cruel to them by disrespecting their honour.

Qaisar Garden was no different from the rest of the place on the subcontinent. Over there in the story ‘The Room with the Bright Light’, a man asks a woman to get up and entertain a customer. Sometimes he shouts, sometimes he request or other times pleaded the woman to do so. It was only because with this she could earn twenty or thirty rupees which could be a great help for burning the fire of the stove (to have food) for the home. Home, to ridicule on, as it was a room of an uncompleted building. There were only three to four utensils to call as possessions of the house.

The unnamed woman in the story “The Room with the Bright Light” is not a prostitute by business, but during the riots she lost everything and because of that looks as a structure of the deceased building which would fall just with a little jerk. Her eyes were swollen and red, giving an indication that she hadn’t slept for many nights. Her peevishness and admonishes seemed to reach to the extremes. That is the reason why she didn’t want to talk to her customer. When the unnamed narrator requests to know about the reason for why was she not sleeping for many nights? And why is she so unfriendly? She replies rudely saying:

“You finish your business I have to go.’

‘Why don’t you finish your business? Why are you trying to ridicule me?’”344

The unnamed narrator takes that woman back to the place from where he got her. The next day when he was in the hotel at Qaisar Park, he narrated the story of the woman to his friend. His friend shows his concern on the issue and asks about the age of the woman to which he said he hadn’t noticed. During the talk, he expressed his wish to smash the head of that Dalal with a piece of rock.

Around six in the evening on the same day, narrator visited the same place and very carefully reached to the room from where the Dalal called that woman. When he
reached there he saw the room was lit up with a bright light, the light was so sharp that for few moments he shifted to the dark to make his eyes comfortable with it. When his eyes got used to the lights he tried to peep in and after looking in, he gets too terrified to do nothing else but to run from the place. Saadat Hasan Manto describes it, which Khalid Hasan translated as:

“How then he advanced towards the door but is a way that his eyes should not meet that blinding light. He looked in. On the bit of floor he could see, there was a woman lying on a mat. He looked at her carefully. She was asleep, her face covered with her dupatta ... He moved deeper into the room and screamed but he quickly shifted it. Next to that woman, on the bare floor, lay a man, his head smashed into a pulp. A bloodied brick lay close by. He saw all this in one rapid sequence, and then he leapt towards the stairs but lost his foothold and fell down. Without caring for his injuries, while trying to keep his sanity intact, he managed to get home with great difficulty.”

The woman in the story is a type of rejected woman, who has not slept for many nights. When oppression reaches to its extreme, she kills her middle man, by smashing his head with a brick. We could make out the anxiety of the lady, with her act, as after killing her Dalal she sleeps soundly the full night. Like ‘Sughandhi’ of ‘A Woman’s life’; she too was so depressed and agitated that she makes a man go out of her house.

Almas and Iqbal of ‘Dooda Pehalwan’ are actual and stubborn prostitutes. Both were actually a mother-daughter, who had captured the ‘Hira Mandi’ when they arrive there from Kashmir, because Almas, daughter of Iqbal, was very beautiful. Saadat Hasan Manto describes her beauty as:

“Hath lagaye maili hoti hai. Paani peeti hai to uske shafaf halak me nazr aata hai.”
**Hirni ki si aankhe hai jin me khuda ne apne hath se surma lagaya hai.**

(“She gets dirty with just a touch. When she drinks water, it appears in her throat. She possesses the eyes as beautiful and sharp as the deer, to which god by himself has beautified by adding a line of collegiums”).

Salaho, of the same story, is a prodigal type of person, whose father died leaving a handsome property and money for him; he gets attracted to Almas and her beauty. But Iqbal used to keep a tight watch on Almas, because she was hopeful to get a handsome amount from first customer of Almas.

Wealthy, rich and influential people used to come to her place to listen to Almas singing. Those people used to earn in lakhs and were not affected by showering their money on her. But Salaho, who never worked by self just resting on the money which his father left, got bankrupt in some visits to her kotha. To be near her, he tried to seduce her mother. But when Almas and Iqbal came to know about it they were displeased with him, and quickly they become cautious about him. Iqbal got ready for fifty thousand rupees as payment for her daughter’s first customer. Salaho sells his two rooms to arrange for money and when he tried to do so they took him to the Kair Sharif to celebrate the anniversary of their spiritual guide; they made him bankrupt. He was so much in love with Almas that after ending with the last penny of the money, he mortgages his last room with ten thousand, in which his old mother used to live. Both, the mother and daughter used that money with the fake promise that Almas will be given to him. But when people lodged complaint against him regarding the return of money, he realized his mistakes. In that entire situation Doodha Pahelwan brings ten thousand rupees from that mother daughter and gives it to Salaho. And at that time the deep secret of those two ladies came to the surface that they were prostitutes and not the courtesans. They used to cheat influential people for their money, but Almas was true with her heart, as she falls in love with Salaho, who was her true lover. After that realization, there was left no need of a first customer for her.
Every prostitute of Saadat Hasan Manto is a woman first, and that is the reason that they want somebody, a true person to love them. At the same time the prostitute women of Saadat Hasan Manto are the ones who possess average beauty. But Almas is an exception. She is quite beautiful to bankrupt any wealthy male. The thought about the money and livelihood is not a question to her as to listen to her singing, there used to be people, who were rich and wealthy. But somehow it is the behaviour of those types of women to love a person who, like her, is compelled and helpless. The people, who never hold the shine of money but are actually wealthy by their hearts, it could be Shankar of Sultana, or it could be Madhav of Sughandi or it could be Doodha Pahelwan of Almas, they all were rich by their hearts and not by their pockets. It could be the result of all the pretense that they see and much different type of people come to their place. After judging all those automatically the value of truth and correct person reaches to its top.

The environment and the society play a great deal of role to act as interference in a woman’s normal or abnormal behaviours. It’s the situations only, which makes a normal person to abnormal or an abnormal to normal one.  Bimla and Kulsum are the example of these normal to abnormal and abnormal to normal situations. Both, Kulsum and Bimla, are girls who have just entered into the new world of maturity. Kulsum is the elder sister of a boy named Masood, who studies in sixth standard and Bimla is the friend of Kulsum. Her father and mother used to get lock in a room after her father returned from the work. Along with it a pack of cards was there in the house, which her father used to play. Even Kulsum used to play the board game along with her friends. She was learning music and used to practice it any time of the day for achieving excellence.

One day when Masood returns unexpectedly from school, because of the death of their school’s secretary, he had nothing interesting to do at home. Because the play card was dirty and the board game was beyond his understanding and there was no homework. On the way back many thoughts come into his mind. He remembered the death of his grandfather a year before. As he accompanied the body to the funeral ground, he remembered all the difficulties they faced, as it was a rainy day. He remembered his falling into the open pit and getting himself dirty because it was raining. He thinks the
same will happen along with the people who, today, went to the funeral of secretary, as it was a rainy day. On his way back he passes across the butcher’s shop, where he sees two freshly slaughtered sheep; one was hanging by a hook and the other lay on the cutting board. Out of curiosity he touches their still throbbing part of flesh with his finger and felt amazed by doing so. When he reaches home he informs his mother regarding the death of the secretary of the school and their holiday. She paid no attention as she was busy in cooking. His sister listened to him patiently and asked him to get in the room which they both used to share. She wanted him to press her back which was hurting badly. When he started pressing her back with his feet, he remembered the freshly slaughtered sheep at the butcher’s shop, which he saw in the morning while returning home from school. Once or twice when he pressed the buttocks of Kulsum, he feels as if though it is throbbing like the flesh of the sheep. With all the confusion he went on pressing Kulsum’s back and forgot his ten minute deal. When she asks him to do the same on her thighs, he was ready to do so. But, whenever he uses to manage his feet on her thighs he slipped and she laughed. He asked her to lay still and tried to do so once more. While doing that he thought of the tightrope walker, who once performed at their school. When she ask him to get over with the pressing, he thinks of teasing her a little bit and as he step down from the bed, he began to tickle her making her laugh. She was so weak by laughing that she could not get the hands of Masood away from her armpit. After all the enjoyment and teasing both the brother and sister come out of the room and see a gentle rain has started to fall.

After having food he tried to sleep, as his father returned from the funeral and his mother was pressing his head which was paining. Masood had nothing to do. He thinks of a mischief and ran to the room which Kulsoom and he used to share. Manto describes:

‘Masood let the ball rest where it was and, hockey stick is hand, walked towards the bedroom. One door was shut while the other was half open. On tiptoe, Masood moved forward and threw the door ajar. Kulsoom and her friend Bimla screamed then covered themselves with a quilt. But he had seen what they were doing.
Bimla’s blouse was unbuttoned and Kulsum was staring at her breasts.  

Saadat Hasan Manto is the first Urdu writer, who wrote on Lesbians. Woman is one of the basic factors of Saadat Hasan Manto’s story and he dealt with it with excellence. He was the first writer in the language to talk about physical attraction between, two same sex people. The societal patterns or the syndrome have both the positive as well as negative effect on the psychology of people. People, who are considered as the mediators, lower caste or the one who are meant for that are the affected humans of the societal syndromes. Along with it the development and the changes in the human body is the reason for astonishment and surprise. The period between childhood and adulthood is the period, which gives rise to modesty and eagerness. Less attention by the adults, because of less education or proper knowledge these type of things happen which Saadat Hasan Manto depicted in his story ‘Dhuwa’ which was translated by Khalid Hasan as ‘A Wet Afternoon’. For this story Saadat Hasan Manto was charged with a court trial.

Nikki of the story ‘Nikki’, is a woman who asks for divorce from her husband after ten years of marriage. It was not her fault asking for it because her husband Gaam was a very worthless and idle person. He could do nothing else, better than to abuse and beat his wife. Sometimes he would throw her out of the house. Whatever she would earn with hard work he would take that little sum from her with force. By getting fed up with all these, she asks for a divorce from him and gets separated along with her daughter named Bholi. Nikki’s parents died after her marriage and there was no close relative who would be taking care of both of them. For complete ten years, she lived with her husband and he treated her with same indecency. She was silent for complete ten years. She never spoke against or replied back to her husband and because of that she wanted to blaze up all her distress to come out. That resulted in the small verbal fights with neighbours. The more she was silent before she turned that violent now. Normal and small fights turned to be big quarrels and she became famous in the neighborhoods regarding her fights and the use of verbal abuses.
Slowly people develop fear and awe for her. After that she fixes the price and fees for her support to anyone of the area to fight from his or her side.

Like a very well literate advocate she used to fight with the other side of people. Many a times it so happened that for whatever the sum of money she was verbally fighting for from the side of A, to side B, for the same or the higher sum of money, after a few days, was fighting from the side of B to side A.

With this business she became quite independent and prosperous. Whatever she earned from doing so, she would keep a handsome part for the dowry of her daughter. She became quite famous in neighbouring areas for doing so. Her daughter, Bholi, now turned fourteen and she starts her search for a better bridegroom for her daughter. The girl reaches seventeen years but Nikki was unable to find a good match for her. Nikki did her best to find a match, but not succeeded in it. Nobody used to send a clear ‘no’ but at the same time nobody was ready to accept her daughter. Nikki, now started abhorring her business, she thought why so that she started this disgraceful business which was now acting as a hurdle in her daughter’s happiness. But what else she could do? As for complete ten years, she behaved as a slave to her husband and after getting divorce from him she never wanted to be a slave of the society and neighbours. She took up this business only for her daughter but now people were rejecting her daughter only because of her same contemptible profession. It was strange that for money she used to fight furiously with somebody without any of her personal interest, but now when the questions arises for her daughter every women, who once acted friendly with her, now look blank and foolish to answer the questions. They use to praise her for her choice of words for abusing somebody else and when the matter of her daughter’s marriage arises, she becomes indecent, ignoble and mean.

Once she felt like abusing women who rejected her daughter because of her, but then she rejected the idea, as by doing so it will damage her daughter’s image only and will do no good for her. Once Nikki asks Bholi:

“Bas ab yahan rehne ko dil nahi chahta ki ...’ She said.

‘Kya tu bhi mujh zaleel samajhti hai?’"
(Now I don’t feel like staying here anymore. She said ‘Do you too thinks that your mother is indecent?)

Bholi didn’t answer the question which made her sad. She was the one who never let a sound of pain come out of her mouth but now, all time, she was complaining of pain. She falls ill in tension and sadness and the knife of her tongue gets completely blunt. When Bholi calls a doctor, he just informs her as she is suffering with old fever. Women of the neighbouring houses used to come and get settled near to her bed. Bholi used to go on serving each one. Everyone was showing their pity on Bholi who first got separated from her father, now her mother was dying, having no one to whom she could say as her own. On her death bed Nikki realizes her mistakes and thinks that if she should not have taken divorce at least her husband could be there to take care of her daughter. By cursing Gaama and all the women in the neighbourhood, she dies leaving her daughter alone in the world.

Nikki was not a bad woman, at the same time she was not indecent when she used to live with her husband. But her husband and his oppression, turns her into a lowly woman for serving in the society. She starts the verbal fights with the woman and slowly became famous for doing so. She used so many bad words that every other person was seeking refuge from the bullets of her tongue. But by the inner self she was a pure woman. Whatever dirt she used to speak, has never taken over the mother, which was hidden somewhere in her personality. She felt so guilty of her profession, which was acting as a hindrance in getting her daughter married to a good family that she falls ill and dies with guilt. Bholi is the character who suffers from both sides of her parents. Her father leaves her and her mother’s profession labeled her as indecent too, leaving no way of escape she mourns badly on her mother’s death and unavailability of any elder to take care of her. Saadat Hasan Manto depicted the character of Nikki and Bholi with utmost care. Nikki was not that very sensitive like Sughandhi or brave as Mozail but she was true by her heart like them, who rebel against oppression.

The father of Bandu, Jumma, was very famous in his village. Everyone knew that he loved his wife immensely and even she loved him too. They had two children, Bandu and Chandu. The family of four was contained and happy. Suddenly one day the wife of
Jumma falls very ill. He tried everything but she didn’t survive. While dying she asked her husband to take care of their sons. When he buried her inside the mud pit he feels as though he is burying his own life. He used to be very depressed all day and his attention got directed away from his business. The loyal servant, Ramzani, shows his disapproval over his negligence of business but he paid no attention. After few days Ramzani suggests Jumma to remarry as there will be a woman at home to take care of his two sons. Jumma rejected his suggestion, but with the regular push from him gets ready to do so and thus gets married to Aamana. When he remarried again he shifted both his sons to one separate room, where he used to visit daily and spend quite handsome amount of time with them. Amana could not tolerate the love and affection of her husband with the children of his previous wife.

One day when Jumma returns from his farms, he finds Amana crying. When inquired about her deep sigh, she answered:

“Tum mujhe apana nahi samajhte. Isiliya bachcho ko doosre makan bhej diya. Main un ki ma ho koi dushman nahi. Mujhe bahot dukh hota hai jab main ye soochti hu ke bechare akele rahte hai.”

(You don’t consider me reliable, that is the reason you send those two children to live separately. I am their mother, not an enemy. I pity those poor siblings as they live alone)

Jumma gets affected by her words and on the very next day brings both his sons, Chandu and Bandu, to her; even she took so extra care for them that people living nearby got impressed with her affection that she used to shower on those two children of her husband from the earlier wife. When she realised that now everything is under her control, even Jumma, she called Shabrati, a servant, to meet her. When he reached to meet her, she secretly ask him to do some work for her. He happily agreed to do so. She instructed to him as:

“Dekho, kal darya ke pass bahut bada mela lag raha hai. Main apne sutele bachcho ko tumhare saath
bhejugi. Inko kashti ki sair karana aur jab koi aur na dekta ho inhe gahre paani me dubao deena. “

(See, there will be a grand fair near to the river tomorrow. I will send children of my husband, from earlier wife, along with you. You take them and make them have a ride in the boat, and when nobody will be watching push them into the deep water).

Sharabati was to be awarded with handsome amount for doing so. He carried both the children along with him for the boat ride but suddenly inner consciousness comes over his greediness. He thinks about both the children as what could be the fault of these innocent souls and after that he hands over both of them to a trader on the other side of the river. Here Saadat Hasan Manto brings the tyrant type of woman, like Shahina, who kills the lady love of her man and cuts her into pieces; Amana sends her husband’s children along with the home servant and instructs him to drown them into the river as while riding in the boat.

Ayesha, of the story ‘Goli’, is a very humble type of woman. When her husband Shaffakkat returns from work, he notices few lady guests in the drawing room. He inquired, regarding them to her and she informs him that they are the wife and daughters of his father’s friends. She was such a good host that all the ladies were feeling very comfortable with her. When Shafakkat reaches into the room he greets the aunty and sees with friendly attitude towards those two girls. They both were beautiful but Shaffakkat likes the elder one as she seems to be very sober. During the talk, they become friendly with each of other. Shaffakkat notices that Nighat, the elder daughter, was quite shy to speak and was not participating in the conversations. He offered to show her his collection of pictures but his wife presses his hand but he could not understand why she did so? But Talat, the younger sister, stood up and asks him to take her to see them. After praising him for his art, she asks for permission to take it to her sister, who is a great admires of art.

Shaffakkat was very confused because of the behaviour of Nighet, as from the time he came she was sitting in the same place. But he gets answer to the question quickly, when all three get ready to leave, he saw Nighet walking with the support of her
mother and sister, taking uneven steps. He feels so bad about his ignorance. When they left he asks his wife regarding Nighat and she answers as when she was around three years old, she suffered a paralysis stroke and after that her lower body suffers from paralysis. He was moved with the tragedy. Some nights later when both the husband wife were discussing Nighat, as though she is very beautiful but is unable to move her lower body parts without help. He shows his concern too, when Ayesha asks the question about her future, whether she will get married or not?, as those people arrived to judge a bridegroom for the younger one. Ayesha felt the pain of the beautiful girl by self. Shaffakkat was a very good natured and soft hearted person. He liked his wife’s concern for a handicapped girl and suggests that if she gets ready why not he gets married to Nighat. For a few minutes she remains quite but when she spoke it seemed to be a volcano erupting furiously. She says:

“Shaffakkat Sahab! Main goli mar doongi use agar aap ne us se shaadi ki.”

(Shaffakkat, I will shoot that girl if you think of marrying her.)

Though Ayesh was very sensitive and shows her sympathy towards Nighat, but was not ready to allow her husband to marry her. She threatened her husband by warning him that she would shoot death to that girl if he marries her. Here Saadat Hasan Manto shows the two sides of coin as woman. One side she is so sympathetic, a good host and an obedient wife, but when it comes to share her husband she becomes violent and cruel like Aamana, who tried to kill two little innocent children. Saadat Hasan Manto shows that by nature the woman is soft hearted, god created them with that syndrome, but when it comes to sharing something which belongs to them, they over turn the rule of nature like Kalwant Kaur of the story ‘Colder than Ice’.

“Teen Moti Auratee” is a story in which Saadat Hasan Manto wrote on the attitude of women towards their weight and the jealousy that they feel when they see someone who weighs some less than them. In the story Saadat Hasan Manto talks about three different woman named Mrs. Richman, Mrs. Satlaf and Miss. Hakseen. The earlier
one is a widow, whereas the middle one left two husbands and the later one was still unmarried. Three of them were around forty years old and the basic reason for their friendship was that they all gather to lose some of their weight.

The only issue on which they would talk with seriousness was the problem of their growing weight. On the suggestion of Miss Hakseen, the three leave the place for beautiful hilly area. They were very satisfied over there. They used to eat only boiled egg and tomatoes as suggested diet by the doctor; they were under treatment to lose some weight. One morning when they were sitting out and eating their boiled eggs and drinking milk without sugar, Miss Hakseen suggested to call Leena, (her cousin sister-in-law whose husband had died recently), to get company, as she was a pleasant personality. Both the ladies agreed to it, as even they needed a partner to play the card game. On agreement she sends a massage via post to Leena and on the third day Leena arrived at station. Miss Hackseen went to pick her up from the station and was amazed that she as in complete well maintained figure, when she inquires about the secret of her fitness, Leena replied, it was because of ill health she lost her weight. Miss Hackseen releases a deep sigh on her answer. When the two ladies at hotel see Leena, even they had the same reaction. They noticed the diet of Leena which was full of cream, milk, sugar and oily food, they get depressed by it. It was Mrs. Richman who first showed her annoyance over Leena’s behaviour of eating and slowly the argument turns into a fight between those three good friends. They decided to leave the place and eat their choice of food. They somehow manage to make Leena leave the place and were annoyed with each other too. But after few hours they broke their silence and become friends again. Here is a story in which Saadat Hasan Manto depicted different behaviour of woman who can be friends at a point of time, next they could be acting as enemies. It’s the different shades of woman that is being reflected by these three ladies; woman can be very sensitive like Miss Hackseen, outspoken like Mrs. Richman, and self-conscious like Mrs. Satlaf.

At the end of the story they satisfy their inner self by gossiping ill about Leena as Mrs. Richman says:
“Tum chahe jo kaho, lakin hakikat ye hai woh brij khelna nahi jaanti.”  \(^{352}\)

(Whatever you people say, but actually the truth is she didn’t know how to play the card game).

It’s the kind of woman to satisfy herself byspeaking badly about someone behind their back. Woman is one who gets into comfort by just gossiping and satisfying their inner self for something they know better than somebody else.

The life of a prostitute, their problems, socio-cultural issues and different aspect of their lives are the center of different genre produced in the Urdu fiction. We could consider the names of the writer and their work as: ‘Umro Jaan Ada’ by Mirza Mohammad Hadi Ruswa, Quazi Abdul Gaffar’s ‘Laila ke khtoot’ Prem Chand’s ‘Bazare Husn’, Mirza Saeed’s ‘Khawb-e-Hasti’, Asmat Chughtai’s ‘Masooma’ can be considered as few important novels on the same issue. Other than novel we could see the issue as a centre of many short stories by different writers like Ahmed Ali’s ‘March ki ek Raat’, Hasan Askari’s ‘Gothlio ke Daam’, Rajendra Singh Bedi’s ‘Kalyani’, Asmat Chughtai’s ‘Peesh’ are few stories which hold importance.

Saadat Hasan Manto is the only writer, in the Urdu language, who received mixed reaction on the choice of his female characters in abundance. Few acclaim him and few others gave abysmal words regarding it. While talking on this less talked section of the society Saadat Hasan Manto presented the pain in the internal and external life of those ladies along with it their blindness, psychological confusion, economical problems and emotional disappointment with utmost dexterousness.

The question is why Saadat Hasan Manto chooses this issue and female characters as the central ones in his short stories? One of this could be; it is one of the oldest forms of occupation which holds deep roots in our societal structures and the other could be his sympathy with these women over their social-economic issues. Though, by the subtle description of the prostitute, we cannot find any temptation glaring out of it. Her stupid
and nonsense experiences, displeasure and cheapness give rise to the abhorrence and toxicities.

Most of the woman characters of Saadat Hasan Manto are prostitutes. In them there is no character, which will see is thinking about her grace and dignity. We find different and many types of woman in the short stories of Saadat Hasan Manto. In that the poor Sultana who charges three rupees to a customer and other is Almas, who is rich and prosperous. Saadat Hasan Manto has narrated Delhi’s red light area, Mumbai’s Faras Road and Lahore’s Hira Mandi, with same excellence. While discussing these second level characters of the society, Saadat Hasan Manto speaks about the harshness of society and people. These characters are normally less or may be completely illiterate. But the environment and the race, they belong, give them a unique characteristic as for example Sultana speaks in her broken English to one Anglo-Indian woman, who lives next to her room, at the same time Mozail, who, when gets happy and excited, jumps and shouts slogans in Arabic language, which gives the indication of her race. It is not just the illiterate characters, who are the center of the Saadat Hasan Manto’s short story. He wrote on the literate women too as for example Randhir’s wife, who is a graduate female’ which was very rare in those times.

Saadat Hasan Manto has talked about the woman of different age groups. As for example Mrs. Stella Jackson of the short story ‘Mummy’. She is an old lady whose husband died in the First World War. She is receiving pension but has no child of her own. She behaves as a mother to all and that is the reason all used to call her ‘Mummy’. Almas, of the story ‘Dooda Pahalwan’, is an old lady, who actually was a prostitute but jealousy is still on its peak within her. Sardar is an old character, whose actual motto is to earn money by using her daughter. She is the one who takes opium to get a sound sleep.

We could see criminal women too in the short story of Saadat Hasan Manto. The best example of it could be Kalwant Kaur and Shahina of ‘Colder than Ice’ and ‘Behind the Wild Cactus’, respectively. These women are better than men in their physics at the same time they are not using any sophisticated weapons to finish the matter.
Saadat Hasan Manto has talked on the female or girls, who are just reaching to their adult hood. As for example Kulsum and Bimla of ‘Blouse’, which is the story written on lesbianism. Each and every character has its speciality in the short story of Saadat Hasan Manto. Even Manto (story writer) is quite different from Manto (the character) in the story Babu Gopi Nath. When Manto cannot hold over the smile on the wedding of Zeenat, she become upset with it and Babu Gopi Nath speaks:

“Manto Sahib, I had always considered you a wise and sensitive man. …

You should at least have weighed your words.”

Saadat Hasan Manto gave a complete different concept of woman in Urdu fiction. He never liked the example of a devi, as a image to woman in society. He wanted to see them as independent and self-earned. Saadat Hasan Manto overlooks the rotten customs and gave indication to his female characters to rebel and made them realize the fact that they are the ones who can overcome any male with her distinguished acts.

With all these characters and their emotional situations and abilities, Saadat Hasan Manto, very skillfully and beautifully, wrote on the women of Filmistan, under the title such as ‘Paro Devi’, ‘Nur Jahan’, ‘Naseem’, etc and glorified them as the face of new women. We could see different shades of women in his stories. Somewhere she is a loving wife, a beloved, a mother, a sister or a daughter. She could be like Sughandhi or Stella Jackson, with motherly love for all. She could be Jeena, the daughter, taking her father’s words as last. At the same time like Halakat or Kalwan Kaur, taking revenge of dishonesty in love or relationships. Saadat Hasan Manto’s women are also like Mozail, ready to help anyone on the cost of own life, not believing in the customs and religion or it could be Nikki who is quarrelsome on one side but wanted to have a good match for her daughter.

Saadat Hasan Manto wrote much on women and the way he described the man woman relationship, the psychology of the people and their behavior, is unmatchable in the language of Urdu till now. He was being read and criticized widely by the people of
India and abroad. He faced more than one dozen of court cases and trials on the same issue. Towards the end, when he died many of those cases were pending for hearing. He was frustrated with all the ups and downs in his life. He was disheartened when he left his beloved city, Bombay and because of many other reasons. To sum up his disappointments we could conclude with a couplet written by Dr. Allama Iqbal:

“Kya faida kuch keh ke bano aur bhi mayub
Pehle hi khafa mujh se hai tahzeeb ke farzand.”  

(What’s the benefit in speaking something more and becoming more vicious? Already the children of the civilization are angry with me).