

est impression that anything had changed in my behavior now that he had six to eight months. He replied on 12 August, one month before he passed away, with his characteristic generosity:

OK. There's absolutely no ill feeling. I'll write again quite soon (I hope) BUT THE PROOFS OF part 2 of my autobiography have just arrived and I'm giving priority to the possibly quite lengthy task of correcting the pagination of a long index. So be patient! All the best. Yours, Ralph.

This was Ralph, very much himself.

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A small life such as mine, Ralph, so limited in every way, is hardly qualified to judge the measure of a life so full and warm and rich and human as yours. Jane Shum, who transcribed your *AUS* articles from the tapes, recently wrote to me:

Though I never met him, I personally have the impression that Ralph Russell was a man of the heart, a man who knew the "true meaning of life" and who saw through all the rubbish most people waste their lives pursuing. This despite being an "atheist."

And lest this account become mushy or maudlin (I know you would not like that), let me smile, as you would be, thinking that just as the earthly *mehvash* and *parichehras* could not resist the seduction of your formidable charms and you theirs, the houris too must find them pleasing enough to defect their Islamic heaven and join you in your cubicle, wherever it may be.

I would love to conclude by "haq maghfirat kare 'ajab aazaad mard tha!" but I'm afraid. I could faintly hear you admonish me with a smile: "What's this *haq-vaq*. Don't you know I don't believe in your Haq?" Yes, I know you don't, Ralph. But consider who said it—the bard you loved, Ghalib. It is *his* Haq. You're in good company! Good-bye, old friend.