

**Beneath Stream of Consciousness Pangs of Paranoia, Resulted  
From anti-Semitism and Gestapo Horror, Getting  
Reflected throughout Modiano's trio**

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**Abstract**

*Keeping a neutral conscience alert with some sort of painful feeling and angst the author has maintained from first to last a scrutiny to fathom the intensity of an elegiac atmosphere prevailing pages after pages full of agony and rancour throughout the The Occupation Trilogy including three novelettes such as La Place de l'étoile(The place of the star), La ronde de nuit(The night watch) and Les boulevards de ceinture(Ring Roads)—all the three regarded also as 'Modiano's trio' each novelette of which has been mystified with a mélange of factual and fictitious speeches delivered by different characters named after both real and fictional personalities in a hallucinatory manner. All the three focusing the very darkest period of the Second World War holocaust of anti-Semite and Gestapo [Geheime Staatspolizei (Secret State Police)] horror have picturized on the basis of three different dark and demoralized perspectives wherein the surviving Jewish live along with other homeless people who bear foreign identities or hide their true identities lest they should be exposed to Gestapo horror. So, how such suspended and suppressed pangs whimpering beneath stream of consciousness ,addressed by different characters in delirious manners; sometimes in paradoxical manners and sometimes even in satirical manners, have suffocated the French lives, especially the Jewish lives; thus leading them through a tormented touch of paranoia to an inhuman consequence within some sort of elegiac atmosphere is my concern.*

**Keywords:** pangs of paranoia, the place of the star, the night watch, ring roads, Second World War, anti-Semitism, Gestapo horror.

Adopting three remarkable epigraphs signifying a deep sigh rankled in the Jewish minds such mastermind as Patrick Modiano, whose birth coincided with the end of World War II and the beginning of France's efforts to reckon with its complicity in the Holocaust, took brilliant enigmatic steps to discover his own Jewish shadow in the Jewish lives haunted by the horror of the German Occupation by exorcising the past through exploring the morally ambiguous worlds of collaboration and resistance. The immediate aftermath of the Second World War (WW-II) and the Nazi occupation of France have brought a dark period into the lives of Jewish people including new born baby Modiano. But with the passage of time when Modiano reached his youth he tried to rediscover himself as one of the panic-stricken Jews along with the other homeless French under the then German Occupation of Paris through different characters disguised in different identities throughout all the three novels—The place of the star(1968),The Night Watch(1969), Ring Roads(1972)—having gained their collective title from the connection with

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L'Occupation (The Occupation)—France's enduringly bitter and divisive subjugation by Nazi Germany during the period from 1941 to 44.

However, Modiano's narratives stage the past as a series of mysteries and invite his readers to follow clues with him through scattered and disorderly flashbacks. In the 'The Occupation Trilogy' every novelette bears an epigraph creating some sort of suspension in the readers' minds from the very beginning. His narratives full of history-consciousness have recalled the past in the protagonist's mouth as a series of prattling and led his readers to feel the pangs of the characters impounded in a state of paranoia resulted from the Gestapo holocaust. In these novellas Modiano deals with his protagonists in a more subjective manner. The long and unparagraphed passages bearing thought-provoking implications throughout every novel have indeed been imbued with internal monologues that contribute much to feel how hallucinating and humiliating period of the occupation the generation of the protagonists went through! Actually Modiano's craftsmanship of using lyrics and mechanisms of repetition continually has given a relief to the minds of the protagonist along with the readers getting engulfed with burden of pains and pangs prevailing in the dark and doomed scenario of the occupation. Such horrible and gloomy state of the German occupation has naturally led the occupied Paris to a state of paranoia where every Jew along with oppressed ones had to survive with whatever means they had. So every moment a sense of rancour getting developed beneath stream of consciousness of the victimized characters has pushed them ultimately into the pit of deliriums—such has been reflected through disorderly activities and thoughts resulted from persecution mania prevailed subconsciously into the minds of different characters of The Occupation Trilogy.

Let's observe the first one of Modiano's trio i.e. the occupation trilogy.

With thought-provoking implication engraved in the epigraph:

“Au mois de juin 1942, un officier allemand s'avance vers un jeune homme et lui dit: « Pardon, monsieur, où se trouve la place de l'étoile? » le jeune homme désigne le côté gauche de sa poitrine”<sup>1</sup>

the first novella bears the title 'The place of the star' which itself is a pun: whether the place of the star is a famous square in central Paris or the place on the body where Jews under the German occupation were required to wear the Yellow Star, the word 'Juif' sewn inside it, over their heart? Perhaps, the young man is alluding to the Star of David that was required to be worn by all Jews rather than the famous place in Paris.

However, in spite of his being first novel 'The place of the star' (La place de l'étoile) underlies the careful nonconformity and the nonchalant disposition that gives a deeper reverberation. Being one of Modiano's trio in connection with L'Occupation, 'The place of the star' has turned out to be the most frenetic. The novel in autobiographic manner recounts the story of Raphaël Schlemilovitch, a French Jew haunted by the war and thoughts of persecution just after the war, playing the role of the hero as well as the narrator telling the story in a hallucinatory manner. In

his way of surviving or not surviving the holocaust Raphaël Schlemilovitch meets many famous European Jews and gentiles who have made history. Through his observing many lives in different places and provoking different personalities Raphaël Schlemilovitch has shown always a sarcastic attitude, resulted from accumulated pangs of paranoia, towards the characters as has been observed in the very beginning paragraph of the first part in which he himself shows how the others evaluate him:

“Rereading an article about me written by Léon Rabatête in a special edition of Ici la France: ‘how long do we have to suffer the antics of Raphaël Schlemilovitch? How long can this Jew brazenly flaunt his neuroses and his paroxysms with impunity from le Touquet to Cap d’Antibes, from le Baule to Aix-les-Bains? Once again, I ask: how long can dagos of his ilk be allowed to insult the sons of France? How long must we go on washing our hands of this Jewish scum...?’ Writing about me in the same newspaper, Doctor Bardamu spluttered: ‘...Schlemilovitch?... Ah, the foul-smelling mould of the ghettos!... that shithouse lothario!... runt of a foreskin!... Lebano-ganaque scumbag!... rat-a-tat... wham!... Consider this the Yiddish gigolo... this rampant arsefucker of Aryan girls!... this brazenly Negroid abortion!... frenzied Abyssinian young nabob!... Help!... La-di-da-di-da!... rip his guts out... hack his balls off!... Preserve the Doctor from this spectacle!... in the name of God, crucify him!... this foreign trash with his filthy cocktails... this Jewboy with his international palaces!... his orgies made in Haifa!... Cannes!... Davos!... Capri e tutti quanti!... vast devoutly Hebrew brothels!... Preserve us from this circumcised fop!... from his salmon-pink Maserati!... his Sea of Galilee yachts!... his Sinai neckties!... may his Aryan slave girls rip off his prick!... with their perfect French teeth... their delicate little hands... gorge out his eyes!... death to the Caliph!... Revolution in the Christian harem!... Quick!... Quick!... refuse to lick his balls!... to pander to him for his dollars!... Free yourselves!... stay strong, Madelon... otherwise you’ll have the Doctor sobbing!... wasting away!... oh hideous injustice!... It’s a plot by the Sanhedrin!... They want the Doctor dead! take my word for it!... the Israelite Central Consistory!... the Rothschild Bank!... Cahen d;Anvers... Schlemilovitch!... help Doctor Bardamu, my little girls!... save me!...’ (Modiano, 2015:I:5-6)

Such delirious and uncontrolled thoughts have been observed throughout his internal monologues reflecting sometimes oblique meanings as has been observed in the following thought:

“I quickly make myself indispensable; I am the only Jew, the ‘good Jew’ of the Collaborationist movement. Luchaire introduces me to Abetz. We arrange to meet. I set out my conditions: I want 1) to replace that vile little Frenchman Darquier de Pellepoix at the General Commissariat for Jewish Affairs, 2) to be given complete freedom of action. It seems to me absurd to eliminate 500,000 French Jews.” (Modiano, 2015:I.18)

With such contradictory thought Schlemilovitch has even gone against the great personalities of his own religion as he worries:

“Much fuss was made of Franz Kafka, the elder brother of Charlie Chaplin. A few Aryan prigs put on their jackboots to trample his work: they promoted Kafka to professor of philosophy. They contrast him with the Prussian Emmanuel Kant, with the Danish genius Soren Kierkegaard, with the southerner Albert Camus, with J.-P.Sartre the half-Alsatian, half-Périgourdine penny-a-liner. I wonder how Kafka, so frail, so timid, could withstand such an onslaught.”(Modiano, 2015:I.21)

Even sometimes it has been observed that very disorderly and contradictory speeches are being delivered by people like Maurice as he is worried about the protagonist’s increasing racism. He says:

“You keep harping on at old stories .It’s not 1942 anymore, old man! If it were, I would be strongly advising you to follow my example and join the Gestapo that would change your perspective! People quickly forget their origins, you know! A little flexibility and you can change your skin at will! Change your colour! Long live the Chameleon! Just watch, I can become Chinese, Apache, Norwegian, Patagonian, just like that! A quick wave of the magic wand! Abracadabra!” (Modiano, 2015:I.21)

In spite of being a Jew Raphaël Schlemilovitch has been seen to be in favour of anti-Semitism. He goes through how he wrote for anti-Semitic magazines and was involved in the entire Nazi machinery, being accompanied with all the top-notch personalities. Of them the numbers of French authors are the most prominent. The vulgarly anti-Semitic Schlemilovitch, who very well may be a paranoid schizophrenic, is unabashed in his racism and perversity:

“Oui,je dirige le complot juif mondial à coups de partouzes et de millions.Oui,la guerre de 1939 a été déclaré par ma faute.Oui,je suis une sorte de Barbe-Bleue,un anthropophage qui dévore les petites Aryennes après les avoir violées.Oui,je rêve de ruiner toute la paysannerie française et d’enjuiver le Cantal.”<sup>iii</sup>(Modiano, 1968:I.48)

In the second part he criticizes his father as a fat New York Jew and tells his father’s story about his being born in Caracas to a Sephardic Jewish family and fleeing America to escape the police of the dictator of the Galapagos Islands whose daughter he had seduced. In France, he became a guide and lost no opportunity to entertain them at clubs thanks to false papers in the name Jean Cassis de Coudray-Macouard. In July 1944 he managed to sell Fontainebleau forest to the Germans, take the money and immigrate to United States where he set up a kaleidoscope company Ltd. Now Raphaël is the fourth-richest man in America. He tells his decision of giving up his shallow, decadent cosmopolitan life to his father and his intension to move to the French countryside .Two weeks later he was spending his last few francs in a restaurant where Vicomte Charles Lévy-Vendôme would like to get acquainted with him. The ancestors of the Vicomte were jesters to the dukes of Pithiviers for generations. Being a white slave trader Vicomte Charles offers Raphaël a despicable job of supplying young and elegant French girls for the brothels in Rio de Janeiro and Beirut. He introduces him to his henchmen, Moloud and Mustapha, former Waffen SS members from the Légion nord-africaine. Vicomte wants vengeance!

Schlemilovitch doesn't seem to be ashamed of expressing his sarcastic and delirious words regarding his origin while thinking in this shameless manner:

“I would fall in love with the mayor's wife; we'd meet on Thursdays in a *hôtel de passe* in the next town. It would all depend on the nearest country town. I would serve France by educating her children. I would belong to the battalion of the 'black hussars' of truth, to quote Péguy, whom I could count among my colleagues. Gradually I would forget my shameful origins, the dishonourable name Schlemilovitch, Torquemada, Himmler and so many other things.” (Modiano, 2015:II.35)

Even at the time of his adolescence while being in a dormitory he started facing the problems related with his Jewish origin as has been observed in his own recalling as follows:

“I went up to the dormitory. I had had no experience of secular schooling since Hastener (the Swiss boarding schools in which my mother enrolled me were run by Jesuits). I was shocked, therefore, to find there were no prayers. I conveyed my concerns to the other boarders. They burst out laughing, mocked the Blessed Virgin and then suggested I shine their shoes on the pretext that they had been there longer than I. My objection was twofold:

- 1) I could not understand why they had no respect for the Blessed Virgin.
- 2) I had no doubt that they had been here 'before me', Since Jewish immigration to the Bordeaux area did not begin until the fifteenth century. I was a Jew. They were Gauls. They were persecuting me.’

Two boys stepped forward to arbitrate. A Christian Democrat and a Bordeaux Jew. The former whispered to me that he didn't want too much talk of the Blessed Virgin because he was hoping to forge ties with students on the extreme left. The latter accused me of being an 'agent provocateur'. Besides, the Jew didn't really exist, he was an Aryan invention, etc., etc. (Modiano, 2015:II.40)

In the third part Raphaël's first job leads him to an alpine province. Vicomte taught how to cultivate the interests of a commercial traveller: belote, billiards and aperitifs. Raphaël takes the French identity of his friend Des Essarts but can't find a suitable girl. He went to Normandy to do his second assignment for the Emir of Samandal. His aim is the Marquise of Fougeire-Jusquiamés, in the heart of rural France. By showing his interest in a planned way to her he has managed to convince her to invite him as a guest at her Château. Through an intimate conversation she has been exposed to her lust and desire taking the postures of all the queens of France. She knows that he is a Jew, which he had tried to hide, and it is a turn on for her. She told him that the Château was a high-class brothel and her late father, Charles de Fougeire-Jusquiamés, pimped for French intellectual collaborators. Now she was just acting like her dad supporting her father's thought that sex often determines one's political fortunes. So, for Raphaël it has been so easy to deliver her to Vicomte. But he is furious with Raphaël for being his late to perform his duty. While being fired from his job Raphaël has to listen to the Vicomte's monotonous recitation:

“The Jew is the substance of God; non-Jews are just cattle seed and created to serve Jews. We order that every Jew, three times each day, should curse the gentiles and call upon God to exterminate them with their kings and princes. The Jew who rapes or despoils a non-Jewish woman or even kills her must be absolved in justice for she is only a mare.”(Modiano, 2015:III.75)

Finally he whispered:

“Let me be alone, please. Leave immediately. Travel forms the young mind. Go east, Schlemilovitch, go east! A pilgrimage to the source: Vienna, Constantinople, the banks of the Jordan. I am almost tempted to go with you. Leave France as soon as possible! Go! This country has wronged you. You have taken root here. Never forget that we are international association of fakirs and prophets.” (Modiano, 2015:III.76)

In a theological conversation Schlemilovitch has been seen to go against the typical Savoyard parish priest Father Perrache. The father talks to him about the Jew Jesus Christ; whereas, he talks to father about another Jew named Judas of whom Jesus Christ said ‘Good were it for that man if he had never been born!’ Their theological discussion continues all the way to the village square. Father Perrache is saddened by his preoccupation with Judas. ‘You are a desperate soul,’ father tells him gravely; ‘despair is the worst sin of all.’ But Schlemilovitch tells this saintly man that his family has sent him to T. to get some fresh air into his lungs and some order into his thoughts. He also tells father about his all-too-brief time studying in Bordeaux, explaining that he hated the radical socialist atmosphere of the lycée. The priest rebukes him for his intransigence.

Even while playing role as a teacher Schlemilovitch has been seen getting ill-tempered towards his student. In the end, when he could bear it no longer, he pointed his forefinger at Cran-Gervier, his best pupil:

“It was a Jew who broke the vase of Soissons! A Jew, d’you hear me! Write out a hundred times “It was a Jew who broke the vase of Soissons!” Learn your lessons, Cran-Gervier! No marks, Cran-Gervier! You will stay back after class!’ Cran-Gervier started to sob. So did I. I stalked out of the classroom and sent a telegram to Lévy-Vendôme to tell him I would deliver Loitia the following Saturday. I suggested Geneva as a possible rendezvous for the handover. Then, I stayed up until three o’clock in the morning writing a critique of myself, ‘A Jew in the Countryside’, in which I derided my weakness for the French provinces. I did not mince words: ‘Having been a collaborationist Jew like Joanovici-Sachs, Raphaël Schlemilovitch is now playing out a “Back to the land” shtick of a Barrès-Pétain. How long before we get the squalid farce of the militarist Jew like Capitaine Dreyfus-Stroheim? The self-loathing Jew like Simone Weil-Céline? The eminent Jew in the mould of Proust-Daniel Halévy-Maurois? We would like Raphaël Schlemilovitch simply to be a Jew...” (Modiano, 2015:III.62-63)

Having shifted himself to another role Schlemilovitch was in a mood to dream of the blonde tresses of Princess Eleanor, of the château towards which he was gliding. Not for a moment did it occur to him that, having been a collaborationist Jew, a bookish Jew, a bucolic Jewish, he was

now in danger, in this limousine emblazoned with the Marquise's coat of arms (Gules on a field Azure, Fleurs-De-Lis sautéed with Stars per Saltire), of becoming a snobbish Jew.

At first, the Marquise seems to be entirely natural. But later on she has been seen to be in a state of paranoia while recalling the past of her forefathers as the conversation between them in the following manner:

“Your name is Schlemilovitch, isn't it?” She (The Marquise) asked in a coarse accent he had never heard her use. ‘Born in Boulogne-Billancourt? I read it on your identity card! A Jew? I love it! My great-great-uncle Palamède de Jusquiamès said nasty things about Jews but he admired Marcel Proust!...’ Now, let's talk about you, Schlemilovitch! Let's not waste time! You're a Jew? I suppose you'd like to rape a queen of France. I have various costumes up in the attic. Would you like me to dress as Anne of Austria, my angel? Blanche de Navarre? Marie Leszczyńska? Or would you rather fuck Adélaïde de Savoie? Marguerite de Provence? Jeanne d'Albret? Choose! I'll dress up a thousand different ways. Tonight, all the queens of France will be your whores...”(Modiano, 2015:III.70-71)

In this third part at last it has been observed that the vicomte tends to make Schlemilovitch understand Charles Swann's belief in origins through a portion taken from Sodom and Gomorrah (Sodome et Gomorrhe), the fourth part of ‘In Search of Lost Time (À La Recherche Du Temps Perdu)’ as follows:

“D'ailleurs peut-être chez lui en ces derniers jours la race faisait-elle reparaître plus accusé le type physique qui la caractérise, en même temps que le sentiment d'une solidarité morale avec les autres Juifs, solidarité que Swann semblait avoir oubliée toute sa vie, et que greffées les unes sur les autres, la maladie mortelle, l'affaire Dreyfus, la propagande antisémite, avaient réveillée.”<sup>iii</sup>(Proust, 1989:I.89)

In the fourth part Schlemilovitch with Lévy-Vendôme arrived at the Burggarten and sat on one of the benches. Suddenly they heard the sound of a wooden leg striking the ground. A man was walking towards them, a monstrous cripple... His eyes were luminous, and his sweeping fringe and his stubby moustache glistened in the darkness. His lips were set in a rictus that made our hearts pound. His left arm, which he extended, tapered to a hook. They had expected to run into him in Vienna. Inevitably, he was wearing the uniform of an Austrian corporal the better to terrify us. He threatened them, bellowing: ‘Sechs Millionen Juden! Sechs Millionen Juden!’ Shrapnel from his booming laugh pierced our chests. He tried to gouge their eyes out with his hook. They ran away. He followed them, shrieking: ‘Sechs Millionen Juden! Sechs Millionen Juden!’ For a long time they ran through the dead city, this drowned city washed up on the shore. Hofburg, Palais Kinsky, Palais Lobkowitz, Palais Pallavicini, Palais Porcia, Palais Wilczek... Behind them, in a rasping voice Captain Hook sang ‘Hitlerleute’, thumping the pavement with his wooden leg. It seemed to them they were the only people in the city. After killing them, their enemy would wander these empty streets like a ghost until the end of time.

Around them, every table is occupied by several women—Whores. Hilda is a whore. In the person of Raphaël Schlemilovitch, she has just found her pimp. In future, he will call her

Marizibill<sup>iv</sup>(Apollinaire,165):when Apollinaire wrote about the ‘Jewish pimp, red-haired and ruddy-faced’ he was thinking of him. He owns this place: the waiter who brings him his alchools looks like Lévy-Vendôme...he imagines five hundred thousand Reichsmarks would suffice, given that a Jew is not worth the rope required to hang him.

Suddenly he has been seen to be willing to confess to her that his father was responsible for these miniature works of art, but she constantly kvetches to him about the Jews. They demand compensation on the pretext that their families were exterminated in the camps, they are bleeding Germany white. They drove around in Mercedes drinking champagne while the poor Germans were working to rebuild their country and living hand-to-mouth. Oh, the bastards! First they corrupted Germany, now they were pimping it.

However, She (Hilda) tried to make him forget Austro-German uncouthness, talking to him about Mozart, Schubert. Hugo von Hofmannsthal. After listening to her talks about them Schlemilovitch starts prattling as usual:

“Hofmannsthal?’ I said, ‘A Jew, my little Hilda! Austria is a Jewish colony. Freud, Zweigl, Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, it’s a ghetto! I defy you to name me a great Tyrolean poet! In France, we don’t allow ourselves to be overrun like that. The likes of Montaigne and Proust and Louis-Ferdinand Céline have never succeeded in Jewifying our country. Ronsard and Du Bellay are there, keeping an eye open for any trouble! In fact, my little Hilda, we French make no distinction between Germans, Austrians, Czechs, Hungarians and all the other Jews. And don’t talk to me about your papa, SS Murzzuschlag, or the Nazis. All Jews, meine kleine Hilda’, the Nazis are the shock troops of the Jews! Think about Hitler, the little runt of a corporal wandering the streets of Vienna, beaten, numb with cold, starving to death! Long live Hitler!’ (Modiano, 2015:IV.83)

Then he has been seen leaving his girlfriends without saying good-bye and following an avenue as far as Danube where he was caught by a policeman while thinking disorderly in a drunken state:

“I was incorrigible. I was prepared to appropriate another man’s death just as I had appropriated the pens of Proust and Céline, the paintbrushes of Modigliani and Soutine,the gurning faces of Groucho Marx and Chaplin. My tuberculosis? Had I not stolen it from Franz Kafka? I could still change my mind and die like him in the Kierling sanatorium not far from here. Nerval or Kafka? Suicide or sanatorium? No, suicide did not suit me, a Jew has no right to commit suicide. Such luxury should be left to Werther.What then? Turn up at Kierling sanatorium? Could I be sure that I would die there, like Kafka?’”(Modiano, 2015:IV.89)

After having been brought by the policeman to the police station the Komissar started saying:

“It doesn’t surprise me. At your age, everyone is consumptive. It needs to be treated, otherwise you end up spitting blood and dragging yourself along all your life. This is what I’ve decided: if you’d been born earlier, I would have sent you to Auschwitz to have

your tuberculosis treated, but we live in more civilised times. Here, this is a ticket for Israel. Apparently, over there, the Jews..." (Modiano, 2015:IV.92)

After having been arrested and sent by Admiral Levy aboard the ship *Zion* to Israel, Schlemilovitch along with other foreign Jews was being tortured by four officers bearing the names of Biblical Prophets such as Saul, Isaac, Isaiah, Elias. They took Schlemilovitch seriously when they found in his luggage several books by Proust and Kafka, reproductions of Modigliani and Soutine, some photos of Charlie Chaplin, Erich von Stroheim and Groucho Marx.

Elias stroked his chin. 'This is the prison for the foreign Jews,' he said to him, 'we'll take you to the cell for French Jews. You're the only one at the moment. But there will be more along soon. Don't you worry.'

'The little shits can sit around talking about Marcel Proust,' said Isaiah...Isaac and Saul pushed him into a little room. Isaiah came in and handed him a pair of striped pyjamas. Sewn onto the pyjama jacket was a yellow Star of David on which he read *Französisch Jude*. As he closed the reinforced door, Isaac tripped him and he fell flat on his face.

After such punishment Schlemilovitch has been brought to a General named Tobie Cohen, Commissioner for Youth and Raising Morale in response to the question—why did you come to Israel?—of whom he says:

"Je suis une nature romantique. Je ne voulais pas mourir sans avoir vu la terre de mes ancêtres." (Modiano, 1968:IV.184)

Then the General started advising:

"And you are intending to **RETURN** to Europe, are you not? To go back to this playacting, this farce of yours? Don't bother to answer, I've heard it all before: Jewish angst, Jewish misery, Jewish fear, Jewish despair...People wallow in their misfortunes, they ask for more, they want to go back to the comfortable world of the ghettos, the delights of the pogroms...I am sending you to a disciplinary kibbutz immediately. Don't worry, you will only be there for three months. Just enough time to build up the biceps you sorely lack and cleanse you of the germs of the cosmopolitan Jew. Is that clear?" (Modiano, 2015:IV.101-103)

At about four in the afternoon, they arrived at the penal kibbutz, a huge concrete building surrounded by barbed wire. All around, the desert stretched as far as the eye could see. Isaiah and Isaac lined us up by the gates and took a roll call. There were eight of them: three English Jews, an Italian Jew, two German Jews, an Austrian Jew and him, a French Jew. The camp commandant appeared and stared at each of them in turn. The sight of this blond colossus in his black uniform did not fill him with confidence. And yet two Stars of David glittered on the lapel of his jacket.

It is to be noted that after his confiding that he is a French Jew, he is ushered into a sealed cabin. He is tortured by Jews, going to be sent to a disciplinary kibbutz and cleansed from the germs of the cosmopolitan Jew. The person in charge tells Raphaël that from Tel Aviv to the Dead Sea, from Haifa to Eilat, no one is interested in hearing about the anxiety, the frantic restlessness, the

tears, the Jewish bad luck. No one! We don't want to hear another word about the Jewish critical thinking, intelligence, Jewish scepticism, Jewish contortions and humiliations, Jewish misfortune... In kibbutz Raphaël meets Rebecca, a lieutenant in the Israeli army, who says her love to him suddenly and wants to take him to Tel Aviv and go back to Europe with him. But they have been caught in Tel Aviv and tortured. They rape and kill Rebecca.

Suddenly everyone mentioned earlier is getting revived, acting weird and talking nonsense. The act of recapitulation makes Raphaël's head explode, but he does not know whether from the bullets or from his delirious joy. And suddenly by his bed sits Sigmund Freud telling him that there is one thing you must understand at all costs. **THE JEW DOES NOT EXIST**, as Schweitzer de la Sarthe so aptly puts it. **YOU ARE NOT A JEW**, you are a man among other men that is all. You are not a Jew, as I have just said, you are suffering from delusions, hallucinations, fantasies, nothing more, a slight touch of paranoia...

Being a Jew Raphaël Schlemilovitch has been seen to malign the Jews. This self-contradictory trait can exist only in a mind suffering from deliriums resulted from pangs of paranoia!

Let's turn our observation to 'The night watch', another novelette with the same epigraphic style as adopted in the novel 'La place de l'étoile', that begins taking Scott Fitzgerald's ominous cry:

'Pourquoi m'étais-je identifié aux objets mêmes de mon horreur et de ma compassion?'<sup>vi</sup>

that tends to create first-hand a belief— there's some sort of unexpected destiny to which every human soul is bound to be prone—before leading the readers to the story of the novelette.

'Unlike the protagonist in The place of the star (La place de l'étoile) the protagonist with his role of an unnamed narrator in 'The night watch' (La ronde de nuit), acting like a double-faced Roman God Janus, has been seen to survive his life looking and searching something hopeful in two opposite directions without being unconscious of his guilt and hypocrisy every moment' (KhabirUddin, 2016:Vol.XIV, No.122, p-9). The more he has been on the run to escape the cruel destiny the more he has been entangled with the dregs of the dark society where tread always dark characters like Henri Normand alias le Khédive, Philibert, Frau Sultana, Baroness Lydia Stahl, Jean-Farouk de Méthode, Count Baruzzi, Ferdinand Poupet alias Paulo Hayakawa, etc. In spite of being accompanied by a gang of these dark characters he impersonated his brainchildren like Coco Lacour and Esmeralda just to relax himself and overcome his agony as has been, he supposes, in case of Hitler himself:

"Je suppose qu'Hitler lui-même éprouvait le besoin de se détendre en caressant son chien."<sup>vii</sup> (Modiano, 1969:158)

Accepting the humiliating consequence under the Nazi occupation as a fate he has been used to going against his own conscience for the survival as he thinks:

“J’ai déjà dit que je me souciais peu du sort du monde. Le mien non plus ne me passionnait pas outre mesure. Il suffisait de se laisser porter par le courant. Fêtu de paille.”<sup>viii</sup> (Modiano, 1969:108)

Following the orders of his boss ‘le Khédivé’ he starts struggling in occupied Paris to navigate working as a double agent for a French gang that collaborates with the Nazi as well as a group of French resistance fighters. Bearing two aliases— the ‘Princesse de Lamballe’ in favour of a group of young patriots in a resistance cell and ‘Swing Troubadour’ in favour of murderers, blackmailers, police informants, prostitutes, and thieves— he has been playing a betrayal role of double agent in arresting patriotic Frenchmen and helping the collaborators for stealing from the houses of those who have fled France. Le Khédivé used to have him raid private houses and confiscate objects of art: Second Empire hôtels particuliers, eighteenth-century ‘follies’, turn-of-the-century buildings with stained-glass windows, faux-châteaux in the gothic style.

Such state of laissez-aller was a commonplace at the time of Nazi occupation when there was not a single car in Paris. Not a single person on the streets. Sometimes a tolling clock would break the silence. Everyone had left Paris in July, the fireworks season. A whole world, on the brink of extinction, was sending up one last flurry of sparks beneath the foliage and the paper lanterns. In the evenings, they would gather one last time on the café terraces along the Champs-Élysées and in the Bois de Boulogne. Smoke was rising from the chimneys: people were burning their old papers before absconding. They didn’t want to be weighed down by useless baggage. Rivers of cars were streaming toward the gates of Paris in this flight. But going through those dirty works he hasn’t been seen to be forgetful of his own maman (mother) and his own created weaklings— Coco Lacour and Esmeralda—embodiment of his caring mind as has been visualized in his thought:

“...Something would be born of my old age, my loneliness, like a bubble on the tip of a straw. I waited. In an instant, it took shape: a red-headed giant, clearly blind, since he wore dark glasses. A little girl with a wizened face. I named them Coco Lacour and Esmeralda. Destitute. Sickly. Always silent. A single word, a gesture would be enough to break them. What would have become of them without me? At last I found a reason to go on living. I loved them, my poor monsters. I would watch over them...No one would harm them.” (Modiano, 1971: 206)

Actually at that horrible period there were none to trust. Everyone had to be terrified with any sort of ominous incidents. Many had to tread the dark paths with the gangsters and even with collaborators for their own survival. Such was the matter in case of the protagonist possessing a fake Nansen passport, a status of persona non grata, no place to find peace and not any trustworthy one whom he may express his agony for getting relief from pangs of conscience. His only support was his own world of reflection where he has been able to get good companionship with his two weaklings and keep himself safe for a while from bad companionship of the survivors in the dark world by being engrossed in hearing pre-war songs like Swing Troubadour, Étoile Rio, Je n’en Connais pas la Fin, Réginella or by inventing his own self anew in some

places frequented once by different people before the Nazi occupation. That's why he has been throughout the novel like a European troubadour of the Middle-Ages muttering lonely even amidst all the tumult of his surroundings! He reflects:

“Not that I found these two creatures more moving or more vulnerable than the majority of humankind. They all would inspire in me a hopeless, maternal compassion. But Coco Lacour and Esmeralda alone remained silent. They never moved. Silence, stillness, after enduring so many useless screams and gestures. I felt no need to speak to them. What would be the purpose? They were deaf. And that was for the best. Were I to confide my grief to a fellow creature, he would immediately desert me.”(Modiano, 1971:207)

However, it is to be noted that Modiano's narratives full of history-consciousness have recalled the past in the protagonist's mouth as a series of prattling and invited his readers to follow clues with him through scattered and disorderly flashbacks. In this novel Modiano deals with his protagonist in a more subjective manner. The long and unparagraphed passages bearing lyrics from popular pre-war songs scattered throughout the novel have indeed been imbued with internal monologues that contribute much to feel how hallucinating and humiliating period of the occupation the generation of the protagonist went through! Actually Modiano's craftsmanship of using lyrics continually has given a relief to the minds of the protagonist along with the readers getting engulfed with burden of pains prevailing in the dark and doomed scenario of the occupation.

Throughout this novel the act of self-justifying is prominent in different thoughtful monologues of the Protagonist as he mutters:

“I assessed my responsibilities: first and foremost, I had to provide for maman, who had little enough to live on. I felt bad that until now I had neglected my role as the main wage-earner in the family, but now that I was working and bringing in a regular salary, I would be a model son...My sudden wealth worried her. Perhaps she guessed that I was squandering my youth for a handful of cash. She never questioned me about it.

Le temps passe très vite,  
et les années vous quittent.  
Un jour, on est un grand garçon..”<sup>xix</sup>(Modiano,1969:87)

...You might think I have no principles .I started out a pure and innocent soul. But innocence gets lost along the way. Place de l'Étoile.9 p.m. The lights along the Champs-Élysées are twinkling as they always do. They haven't kept their promise. This avenue, which seems majestic from afar, is one of the vilest sections of Paris...What precisely was my job? Blackmailer? Police informant?---All for maman—blackmailer, thug, informant, grass, even hired killer I might be, but I was a model son. It was my sole consolation...Finally I lay down on a bench. I wasn't meant for such a life. I never asked anyone for anything. They had come to me.”(Modiano, 170-176)

“...Since childhood, my life has been littered with so many broken promises, so many appointments I did not keep, that becoming a model traitor seemed like child’s play.”(Modiano, 1971:128)

Such self-justification versus self-demoralizing deeds came to be pushing gradually the protagonist into a painful state of paranoia from which he intends always to come out for saving himself from twinge of conscience as he reflects:

“Without them I would truly be alone. Sometimes I think that they do not exist. That I am the red-headed blind man, that tiny defenceless girl. A perfect excuse to feel sorry for myself. Give me a minute. The tears will come. I’ll finally know the pleasures of ‘self-pity’—as the English Jews call it.”(Modiano, 1971:129)

At the precipice what more he can say than justifying his misdeeds in that horrible and decaying period when he was left for the tender mercies of dubious individuals: the rats that take over a city after the plague has wiped out the populace. They gave him a warrant card, a gun licence and told him to infiltrate a ‘ring’ and destroy it.

Such horrible period brought him the worst nightmare: the silence that once upon a time reigned after eight o’clock was almost reassuring, a bourgeois silence of plush velvet and propriety. One could almost see the families gathered in the drawing room after dinner. Those days, there was no knowing what went on behind the high dark walls. Once in a while, a car passed its headlights out. He was afraid it might stop and block the way.

It was at that moment that he felt a sudden urge to cough. Once again he saw his mother’s face. She was bending over him as she used to do every night before turning out the light, and whispering in his ear: ‘you’ll end up on the gallows!’

It was such a period when people were thinking only about saving their skins. Every man for himself. Before long there was not a soul or a car in the streets. Even maman had left. He wished that he could cry, but the tears wouldn’t come. This silence, this deserted city, was in keeping with his paranoiac state of mind.

His constant comings and goings between the Lieutenant and le Khedive, le Khedive and the Lieutenant, were beginning to wear him down. He intended to appease them both (so they would spare his life), and this double-dealing demands a physical stamina he didn’t have. Suddenly he felt the urge to cry. His indifference gave way to what English Jews call a nervous breakdown. He started wandering through a maze of thoughts and came to the conclusion that all these people, in their opposing camps, banded together secretly to destroy him. Le Khédive and the Lieutenant are but a single person, and he is, he assumes, simply a panicked moth flitting one lamp to the next, each time singeing its wings a little more. He reflects:

“We expected little of our fellow man, of ourselves or of any saviour.....Night was drawing in, but my job as informant and blackmailer has accustomed me to darkness. I

put from my mind my uncharitable thoughts about my shipmates and their crimes.....With the ship about to sink, I felt pity for even the most savage passengers. Any moment now, Hitler himself would come rushing into my arms, sobbing like a child...The fate of the world? I didn't even bother to read the headlines. Besides, soon there would be no more newspapers. No more trains. In fact, maman had just managed to catch the last Paris-Lausane express.

Seul  
il a souffert chaque jour  
Il pleure  
avec le ciel de Paris...<sup>x</sup>(Modiano,1969:98)

The sort of sad, sweet song I liked. Unfortunately, this was no time for romance. We were living—it seemed to me—through a tragic era. You don't go around humming pre-war tunes when everything around you is dying. It was the height of bad manners. Was it my fault? I never had much of a taste for anything. Excepting the circus, operettas and the music hall.” (Modiano, 1971:177-178)

In fact, this story has been told in some sort of hazy fractions of scenes, and about halfway through it all starts to come together in an amazing way. Through the recurrence of past events the narrator like a paranoid has been seen to take recourse to the frantic manner of self-criticism:

“I tried to gather my thoughts. They were few and far between, and utterly banal. I have no taste for thinking. Too emotional. Too lazy. After a moment's effort, I invariably arrived at the same conclusion: I was bound to die some day. Fewer and fewer nerve cells. A long slow process of decay.....I had allowed myself to be contaminated. The disease? An accelerated aging process, a physical and moral decay in keeping with the doctor's prognosis. And yet I am not predisposed towards the morbid...Things were getting complicated. Was it my fault? Each camp had set me up as a double agent. I didn't want to let anyone down—not le Khédive and Philibert any more than the Lieutenant and lads from Saint-Cyr.You have to choose, I told myself. A square in the 'Company of the Knights of the Shadows' or a hired agent for a dubious agency on Cimarosa square? Hero or traitor? Neither one nor the other. A number of books provided me with a cleared perspective: Anthology of Traitors from Alcibiades to Captain Dreyfus; The Real Joanovici; The Mysteries of the Chevalier d'Eon; Fregoli, the Man from Nowhere. I felt a kinship with all those men. I am no charlatan. I too have experienced what people call 'deep emotion'. Profound. Compelling. There is only one emotion of which I have first hand knowledge, one powerful enough to make me move mountains: FEAR. Paris was sinking deeper into silence and the blackout. When I talk about this period, I feel as though I'm talking to a deaf man, that somehow my voice isn't loud enough, I WAS SHIT SCARED.... From the Lieutenant to le Khedive. From le Khédive to the Lieutenant. The swinging pendulum of a double agent. Exhausting. Breathless...Two groups of lunatics were pressuring me to do contradictory things, they would run me down until I dropped dead from exhaustion. I was a scapegoat for these madmen. I was the runt of the litter. I didn't stand a chance. The times we were living

through required exceptional qualities for heroism or crime. And here I was a misfit. A weathervane. A puppet. I close my eyes and summon up the smells, the songs of those days. Yes, there was a whiff of decay in the air. Especially at dusk.” (Modiano, 1971:175-186)

He wanted to burst into tears, to confess his tenuous position as double agent. But there are some things one has to keep to oneself. He has always been a man of few words, not the talkative type. But the others were always eager to pour out their feelings to him.

The crashing waves of the outside world broke against the velvet walls. We were sunk down into darkness, into depths where our sleep would be undisturbed. Paris, too, was sinking. From the cabin he could see the searchlight on the Eiffel tower: a lighthouse guiding us to shore. Still hope!

He came to realize that he did not belong anywhere. Not at the Rue Boisrobert or at Cimarosa Square. On the Left Bank, among those brave boys of the CKS, he hid the fact that he was an informant; on the Right Bank, the title ‘Princesse de Lamballe’ meant he was in serious danger. Who exactly was he? His papers? A fake Nansen passport. Persona non grata everywhere. This parlous situation kept him from sleeping. No matter. In addition to his secondary job of ‘recuperating’ valuable objects, he acted as night watchman at No.3 bis.

In a paranoiac state full of pains and pangs like a night watchman the protagonist continues his night rounds. Élysée-Montmartre. Magic City. Luna Park. Rialto-Dancing. The house at 3 bis once belonged to Monsieur and Madame de Bel-Respiro. On 13 May, 1897, they held a masked ball on the theme of the Arabian Nights; Monsieur de Bel-Respiro’s son greeted guests dressed as a rajah. The young man died the next day in a fire at the Bazar de la Charité. Madame de Bel-Respiro loved music, especially Isidore Lara’s ‘Le Rondel de l’adieu’. Monsieur de Bel-Respiro liked to paint in his spare time. I feel the need to mention such details because everyone has forgotten them. August in Paris brings forth a flood of memories. The sunshine, the deserted avenues, the rustle of chestnut trees...He found himself alone in front of the self-portrait of Monsieur de Bel-Respiro. It was the time when he was twenty years old...He found himself alone on the bench. Some places did encourage reflection. Public gardens, for instance, the lost kingdoms in Paris, those ailing oases and the roar and the cruelty of men. The Tuileries. The Jardins de Luxembourg. The Bois de Boulogne. But never did he do so much thinking as in the Jardins des Champs-Élysées. Suddenly the vision says to Schlemilovitch:

“The belly of Paris is a Jungle streaked with multi-coloured neon. All around, upturned vegetable carts and shadows hauling huge haunches of meat. A gaggle of pale, outrageously painted faces appear for an instant only to vanish into the darkness. From now on, anything is possible. You’ll be called upon to do the dirtiest jobs before they finally kill you off. And if, by some desperate ruse, some last-ditch act of cowardice, you manage to escape this horde of fishwives and butchers lurking in the shadows, you’ll die a little father down the street, on the other side of the Boulevard Sebastopol, there on that

patch of waste ground. That wasteland. The doctor said as much. You have come to the end of your journey, there's no turning back.”(Modiano, 1971:154)

For the first time in his life, he had what people call a pang of conscience. A fleeting pang, as it turned out...He tries to forget the past, but his footsteps invariably lead him back to difficult crossroads. Standing in front of the Venetian mirror one last time, he looked at his reflection and saw the face of Philippe Pétain. His eyes seemed to him too bright, his complexion too pink, and so he metamorphosed into King Lear. What could be more natural. Since childhood, he had stored up a great reservoir of tears. Crying brings relief but despite his daily efforts, it was a pleasure he had never experienced. So the tears ate away at him like acid, which explains his rapid aging. The doctor had warned him: by twenty, you'll be the spitting image of King Lear. He reflects:

“My grief which I had suppressed until now burst forth in torrents, and my love took strength in it. No living thing could resist its erosive power. A love so devastating that kings, warlords, and ‘great men’ were transformed into sick children before my eyes. Attila, Napoleon, Tamburlaine, Genghis Khan, Harun al-Rashid, and others whose virtues I had heard extolled. How puny and pitiful they seemed, these so-called titans.”(Modiano, 1971:206)

Suddenly the anonymous narrator has led the readers to a shocking end by revealing the reality: now everything was over. Coco Lacour and Esmeralda had never existed. He was alone in the living room listening to the rain of phosphorus. He spared a last thought for the quays along the Seine, the Gare d'Orsay, the Petite Ceinture. Then he found himself at the edge of old age in a region of Siberia called Kamchatka. Its soil bears no life. A bleak and arid region...Who knows? Maybe a few years from now some lunatic will take an interest in this story. He'll give a lot of weight to the ‘troubled period’ they lived through, he'll read over old newspapers. He'll have a hard time analysing my personality. What was his role at Cimarosa Square, core of one of the most notorious arms of the French Gestapo? And at the Rue Boisrobert among the patriots of the CKS? He himself doesn't know. Avenue de Wagram.

La ville est comme un grand manège  
dont chaque tour  
nous vieillit un peu...<sup>xi</sup>(Modiano, 1969:149)

While escaping, he was making the most of Paris one last time. Every street, every junction brought back memories. The gangsters were playing cat and mouse. Even at the time of their running after him he was listening to the radio to pass the time. With a careless attitude to his life he drove on, half asleep:

Je suis seul  
ce soir  
avec ma peine...<sup>xii</sup>(Modiano, 1969:152)

Throughout the novel the immense psychological and personal impacts of the occupation and Nazi collaboration have been visualized from a state of paranoia that is so difficult to understand, even for the protagonist telling it as he himself says:

“De toute façon, je n’ai jamais su qui j’étais. Je donne à mon biographe l’autorisation de m’appeler simplement «un homme» et lui souhaite du courage. Je n’ai pas pu allonger mon pas, mon souffle et mes phrases. Il ne comprendra rien à cette histoire. Moi non plus. Nous sommes quittes.”<sup>xiii</sup>(Modiano, 1969:153)

Corrupted and depraved as the Protagonist is, pushing upwards itself from the deepest abyss of repentance his soul has at least made him heave a sigh once:

“J’aurais pu me souvenir de Jésus-Christ mais je pensais à Judas Iscariote. On l’avait méconnu. Il fallait beaucoup d’humilité et de courage pour prendre à son compte toute l’ignominie des hommes. En mourir. Seul. Comme un grand. Judas, mon frère aîné. Nous étions l’un et l’autre d’un naturel méfiant.”<sup>xiv</sup>(Modiano, 1969:96)

Having such contradictory self a human being like the protagonist dying of twinge of conscience would naturally undergo an agonized state of paranoia!

However, let’s observe the third one of Modiano’s trio. Taking French modern poet Arthur Rimbaud’s speech:

“Si j’avais des antécédents à un point quelconque de l’histoire de France! Mais non, rien”<sup>xv</sup>

as an epigraph Modiano has tried to inculcate an implication—every human being has a passion for the history of his own root—in the readers’ minds through the novelette ‘ring roads’, last one of The Occupation Trilogy focusing from different perspectives the dark period brought by the German Gestapo and their French collaborators when throughout Paris persecution mania led the victims, especially the Jew, to a state of paranoia reflected in the following adolescent memory of the protagonist when he was with his father at the train station.

“So why is it,” the commissaire goes on, “that you shouted out “MURDERER!” several times as you were carried to the bench?” Then he turns to my father: “Does your son suffer from persecution mania?”(Modiano, 1974:274)

Such persecution mania inculcating all the time an ominous feeling of getting executed any time as being observed in the protagonist’s thinking of his father in the bar:

“Strange how the light spares him. But the nape of his neck is clearly visible in the glare of the ceiling-light, you can even see a small pink scar in the middle. His neck is bent forward as though offered to an invisible executioner.”(Modiano, 1974:222)

So, along with the other two novellas like ‘The place of the star’ (La place de l’étoile), ‘The night watch’ (La ronde de nuit) of Modiano’s trio the ‘Ring roads’ (Les boulevards de ceinture) has reflected another inhuman aspect of the then dark period when unruly behaviour and dirty works

were commonplace across the murky ring roads where the protagonist with his father used to do their Sunday walks. In his recalling those murky ring roads a glimpse of pang has been observed:

“From the centre of Paris, we drifted on a mysterious current all the way to the ring roads. Here the city unloads its refuse and silt. Soult, Massena, Davout, Kellermann. Why did they give the names of conquering heroes to these murky places? But this was ours, this was our homeland.”(Modiano, 1974:306)

Again Modiano has mysteriously played his artistic role throughout this novel like ‘The night watch’ by taking a protagonist of incomplete identity who tends to regard himself as a prisoner of his memories as he reflects:

“L’après-midi était orageux et le tonnerre roulait de sourdes avalanches dans le lointain. Aujourd’hui ces gens ont disparu ou bien on les a fusillés. Je suppose qu’ils n’intéressent plus personne. Est-ce ma faute si je reste prisonnier de mes souvenirs?”<sup>xvi</sup>(Modiano, 1972:166)

‘The memories, full of pains, pangs and disgraceful anti-semitic mind-set, having imprisoned the protagonist within the ruthless reality of his adolescence and youth brought him back to the very place, l’auberge du Clos-Foucré in Seine-et Marne on the fringes of the Forest of Fontainebleau, where he starts recalling the events in which two contradictory memories— his father’s negligence towards his son, the protagonist and attempt to kill him by pushing him under the wheels of an underground train; whereas, the protagonist’s search for his missing father having no recollection of his own son and ceaseless efforts to be engaged in a circle of gangsters and collaborators just for coming in contact with his father and acting as his guardian angel—are really prominent in this novel’(KhabirUddin,2016:Vol.XIV,No. 159,p-9).

Dejected son as he is, the protagonist bearing always a remorseful mind filled with zeal and passion for fatherly caress and affection has been seen throughout the novel to be alert for the welfare of his father while reflecting:

“I thought of all the sacrifices I had made to be with you: bearing no grudge for the ‘unfortunate incident in the George V metro’. Plunging into an atmosphere that sapped me mentally and physically; putting up with the company of these sickening people; lying in wait for days on end, never weakening. And all for the tawdry mirage I now saw before me. But I will hound you to the bitter end. You interest me, ‘papa’. One is always curious to know one’s family background.” (Modiano, 1974:289)

Wherever his father went the protagonist accompanied him like a shadow as has been observed in his own recalling throughout this novelette:

“And you gave a little laugh; why did I expect anything else of you? You stood by these thugs and systematically ignored me, the one person in the world who wished you well...Such were the labours I set myself in the hope of developing a relationship with you. Pornographer, gigolo, confidant to an alcoholic and to a blackmailer—what else

would you have me do? Would I have to sink even lower to drag you out of your cesspit?...I would not set foot outside again, until times were better. I would stop sticking my nose into things that didn't concern me, stop taking unnecessary risks. You would have to fend for yourself. Every man for himself. But at the thought of leaving you alone with them I felt a painful spasm on the left-hand side of my chest.No, this was no time to desert you.”(Modiano, 1974:285-296)

In fact, all the time an ominous feeling made both of them go crazy as they have the sudden feeling that they are walking into a trap. His father gave a faint smile, more a tremor of the lips, as though afraid of being hit, and he pitied him. This feeling he had always experienced with regard to him, which caused a burning pain in his gut. Such sorts of pains made the protagonist think:

“I no longer dared leave my room on the Boulevard Magenta. Menace loomed everywhere. I thought of you. I had the feeling that somewhere you were in danger.”(Modiano, 1974:305-306)

All the time they have been seen to be treated as the neglected ones who have nothing but offence of bearing a Jewish identity! People like them are likely to be arrested on any street corner. Not a day goes by without police round-ups at train stations, cinemas and restaurants. Above all, avoid public places. Paris is like a great dark forest, filled with traps. They grope their way blindly. Nothing could be easier, these days, than to get rid of someone like the Jew being stateless, with no social status, no fixed address, having every disadvantage.

Such disadvantage is prominent also in such explanations of the columnist Francois Gerbère regarding ‘Jewish tennis’ as follows:

“The winner was the one who notched up the most Jews. Points were calculated as they were in tennis.Nothing like it for sharpening the reflexes of the French.” (Modiano, 1974:311)

Even in “the bourgeois apartment building on the Avenue Félix-Faure the concierge would always greet them with: ‘Here come the Jews!’”(Modiano, 1974:269)

Finding no chance to explain his past misdeeds to his father the protagonist has tried to show an excuse as observed in the following reflection:

“When I think back over our little schemes, I feel very bitter. I would have preferred to start my life in a less dubious fashion. But what else could you expect of a teenager left to his own devices in Paris? What else could the poor bastard do?”(Modiano, 1974:267)

Such self-abasement as shown by the protagonist throughout the novella ‘ring roads’ may naturally be originated from such a mind tormented with pains and pangs that will ultimately lead anyone like the protagonist to a state of paranoia!

So, there is no denying the truth that the winner of the Grand Prix du Roman de l’Académie française, the Prix Goncourt, the Austrian State Prize for European Literature and the Nobel Prize

for Literature Jean Patrick Modiano, born in a Sephardic family of Jewish origin in France at the close of the Second World War, has been able enough to show his mastery over playing with his readers' minds through hallucinating atmosphere hovering around the remorseful past engulfed in a series of paranoiac memories.

Throughout The Occupation Trilogy comprising the three novellas 'Patrick Modiano has tried in a delusion to keep himself in a position of surrogate where he discovers himself now and then through the protagonist Raphaël Schlemilovitch in 'The place of the star' with anti-Semitic consciousness in different places with different personalities like Heinrich Heine, Franz Kafka, Charlie Chaplin, Prussian Edmund Kant, Danish Søren Kierkegaard, Albert Camus, Jean Paul Satre, Marcel Proust, etc along with fictional characters'(KhabirUddin,2016:Vol.XIV,No.42,p-9);in'The night watch' through the unnamed protagonist with hypocritical personality surviving a lifestyle led by a circle of gangsters and collaborators and in the 'Ring Roads' through the unnamed protagonist with pangs of remorse searching for his Jew father having been engaged in illegal works with criminals of different classes.

This is how such mastermind as Patrick Modiano with some sort of national-cum-personal history being prominent in every protagonist's monologues has been successful in his artistic endeavour to make his readers feel how the panic-stricken generation under the Gestapo horrible holocaust has been traumatized every moment with sense of anti-Semitism, hypocritical disguise, twinge of conscience beneath their stream of consciousness resulting in ceaseless pangs of paranoia; thus leading them ultimately to a state of delirium where one can just prattle recalling remorseful past.

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**Endnote**

<sup>i</sup>Trans: "In June 1942, a German officer approaches a young man and says: 'Excuse me, mister, where is the place of the star?' The young man points to the left side of his chest." (See Modiano 2015, epigraph)

<sup>ii</sup>Trans: "Yes, through my millions and my orgies, I personally preside over the International Jewish Conspiracy. Yes the Second World War was directly triggered by me. Yes, I am a sort of Bluebeard, a cannibal who feeds on Aryan girls though only after raping them. Yes, I dream of bankrupting the entire French peasantry and jewifying the region of Cantal." (See Modiano 2015, I.25)

<sup>iii</sup>Trans: 'Perhaps too, in these last days, the physical type that characterises his race was becoming more pronounced in him, at the same time as a sense of moral solidarity with the rest of the Jews, a solidarity which Swann seemed to have forgotten throughout his life, and which, one after another, his moral illness, the Dreyfus case and the anti-Semitic propaganda had revived...' (See Modiano 2015, III.74)

<sup>iv</sup>It's a title of a poem adopted from a book of poetry entitled 'AICCOOLS' by French poet Guillaume Apollinaire. (See Apollinaire 2014, MARIZIBILL, p-165)

<sup>v</sup>Trans: 'I'm a romantic by nature. I didn't want to die without having seen the land of my forefathers.' (See Modiano 2015, IV.100)

<sup>vi</sup>Trans: why was I identified with the very objects of my horror and compassion? (See Modiano 1971, epigraph)

<sup>vii</sup>Trans: I suppose even Hitler himself felt the need to relax while petting his dog. (See Modiano 1971, p-158)

<sup>viii</sup>Trans: 'As I have already said, I didn't worry much about the fate of the world. Nor was I particularly concerned about my own fate. I just drifted with the current. Swept along like a wisp of straw.' (See Modiano 1971, p-185)

<sup>ix</sup>Translated by the author from the original (See Modiano, p-87)

Time passes so quickly/and years leave you/one day, you become a big boy..

<sup>x</sup>Translated by the author from the original (See Modiano, p-98)

Alone he's suffered every day/He cries with the sky of Paris...

<sup>xi</sup>Translated by the author from the original (See Modiano, p-149)

The town is like a big roundabout/of which every turn/makes us look older a bit...

<sup>xii</sup>Translated by the author from the original (See Modiano, p-152)

I am alone/this evening/with my sorrow...

<sup>xiii</sup>Trans: 'Not that I've never known who I was. I hereby authorise my biographer to refer to me simply as 'a man', and wish him luck. I've been unable to lengthen my stride, my breath, or my sentences. He won't understand the first thing about this story. Neither do I. We're quits.' (See Modiano 1971, p-214)

<sup>xiv</sup>Trans: I might have been thinking of Jesus Christ but I was thinking of Judas Iscariot. A much misunderstood man. It had taken great humility and courage to take upon himself mankind's disgrace. To die of it. Alone. Like a big boy. Judas, my elder brother. Both of us suspicious by nature. (See Modiano 1971, p-177)

<sup>xv</sup>Trans: 'If only I had a past at some other point in French history! But no, nothing.' (See Modiano 1974, epigraph)

<sup>xvi</sup>Trans: 'It was a stormy afternoon and thunder rolled ominously in the distance. Today all these people have disappeared or have been shot. I suppose they're no longer of any interest to anyone. Is it my fault that I am still a prisoner of my memories?' (See Modiano 1974, p-313)