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**A CRITICAL ANALYSIS ON THE ‘DEPICTION OF INDIA AND PAKISTAN AS AN INDEPENDENT NATION ON 14<sup>th</sup> AND 15<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 1947’ IN SADAT HASAN MANTO AND INTIZAR HUSAIN’S PARTITION TALES**

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**ABSTRACT**

*Try as I did, I was not suitable to separate Pakistan from India and India from Pakistan. Again, and again disquieting questions chimed in my mind Will Pakistan’s literature be separate from that of India? (Manto wrote after migrating to Lahore). Eventually after the establishment of Pakistan, the question of the identity of Pakistani literature came up if we were a different nation {than India} also what was our public and artistic identity? where did we trace the onsets of our history from? what were our relations with Muslim history and its traces each over India? Where were our roots? (Intizar Husain in preface to Pakistani Kahaniyan 1988)*

*Two Pakistani pens, Sadat Hasan Manto (1912- 1954) and Intizar Husain (1925- 2016) wrote and got honoured not only in Pakistan but in India too. They contained their jottings to different paradigms, one to trauma and violence through particular memory, other to the incapability of exploring their identity in the recently formed Nation, followed by partition.*

*Both pens migrated to Lahore, in hunt of intellectual soil but realized Lahore in post- migration had come radical. It's relatively interesting to notice that while Manto was in liberal terrain of British Bombay evincing mixed societies, it produced rich material that he demanded. But after his migration to Lahore, one finds him most barbed in his tone in Partition stories. Husain on the other hand went to Lahore borne out of a need for work and desire to be part of its flourishing erudite culture. He was ignorant that return to birthplace would be insolvable.*

*Still, he made an impact with critics as he along with Hyder extended the tradition of short story kidney further begun by Manto and others. And with his *Din and Dastaan* (1962 published) he made a pivotal turning point in his career. Critics discovered symbolism in his style which contributed to Urdu literature immensely.*

**INTRODUCTION**

The story of peak between Hindus and Muslims, through political wrangling raising into the offer to partition the Indian key on religious grounds into the independent nations of India and Pakistan, ultimately witnessed one of the most terrible genocides told in mortal history.

In her essay Leela Gandhi suggests, if independence recited the triumphant progress of the public movement, its double, partition, told an altogether different story — of collective treason, failure, the methodical rift between Congress and the Muslim League, and the disgruntlement between Muslims and Hindus

Born in the pre-independent India Manto witnessed the bloody violence of the 1919 butchery and the succeeding indeed far more violent cataclysm of abomination, wrathfulness and bloodshed in the times that followed partition in the name of Freedom. Intizar Husain too was privy to the mayhem of partition, the demand of a new nation for Muslims.

Critic, Muhammad Badar Alam, while assessing Intizar Husain’s image as an Urdu pen says, He did not mourn the loss of collaborative harmony like Krishan Chander did. Nor did he essay, a’ la Saadat Hasan Manto, to unveil the retired wrong that beings are made of which made itself visible during the Partition. He also did not eulogize a famed vision of the history as Qurratulain Hyder did. Rather he saw Partition as the morning of a new period which witnessed bloodshed because it failed to produce an organic relationship with all the once ages and carry forward the durability of a literal sensibility.

Critic, Rakshanda Jalil veritably meetly compares the two pens, saying, If Manto laid bare the ugliness of 1947 and its immediate, animalistic fate with the urgency of a field surgeon, Intizar Husain examinations those injuries ever so gingerly, shelling down layers from old recollections to reveal injuries that have still not healed and may noway heal, at least not in his continuance. Regarding literature on Partition, Josna Rege avers, some pens tried to relive the trauma and violence through particular memory but could regard for the Partition only in terms of sin and madness. One of the notable voices at that time was inescapably that of Manto, a master teller.

Manto’s short stories are the most extensively read and ironically, the most controversial bones among the Urdu jottings which veritably shortly describe the transgression and the silence his stories image. M. Asaduddin points

out, the areas of mortal experience and the liminal spaces that he concentrated on relentlessly, shocked people out of their complacency into a new mindfulness of reality around them. For case, these kinds of statements would really leave one speechless for the frugality of words used by the minstrel, If you are not familiar with the age in which we live, read my stories. However, it means this age is unsupportable, if you cannot endure my stories.

## LITERATURE REVIEW

### SUBALTERN WOMEN—EXTENSION IN MANTO'S PARTITION STORIES

Gayatri Chakraborty Spivak is critical about the lack of consideration given to utmost of the world's population which had remained in a state of menial poverty and oppression. Spivak's concern is for the subaltern women who'll be silenced and contained within the specialized vocabulary of western critical proposition.

Urvashi Butalia, reputed critic on Partition Literature, points out that chroniclers paid little or any attention to the experience of women during partition. The traumatic violence allocates out to lakhs of similar women demolished all sense of tone, empirical or social, granted to them by established patriarchal system. However, they failed a cerebral death, If they did not die a physical death.

Yasmin Khan, in recent times critically analyses, Women's bodies were made the unresistant substantiations to the complaint of the partition. The bodies of women were the shells on which textbooks were to be written and read--- icons of the new nation. Women were spots upon which collaborative politics was played. Conversion, hijacking, rape and killing got collaborative colouring.

Manto's short stories, Cold Meat and Open Up bring out the silence bedded in the illogical, inhuman and blood chilling acts of mortal beings that really gets told by political plots, complicit in similar careless state politics. What's utmost pathetic in this script is the fact that becomes the penultimate irony is that these murderous people may not know that the adversary is Hindu or Muslim; the adversary is just the Other. Isher Singh, the promoter under the spell of delirium indiscriminately goes payoff and sacking. He sees a youthful injured girl from the adversary camp and carries her over the shoulder to satisfy his lust. But the consummation that he was going to mate with a cadaver fully freezes him. His cherished, Kulwant Kaur after knowing the story behind his changed geste and incompetence kills him. Critics are unfit to make out the reason behind her payoff. This kind of nebulosity in Manto's stories impel compendiums to access and interrogate the threats of silence, the hallmark of Manto's brilliance.

Open up takes us to another shocking device constructed by Manto where a youthful girl, Sakina who after getting separated from her father is so traumatized physically as well as emotionally by the nonstop rape and assault that eventually when she's traced by her father in a camp when the croaker instructs people to " Open Up " for the light to enter, Sakina who's so toughened by this command that she inevitably, habitually Opens up her shalwar. This story nails the final death of civilization with a silence percolating the ghastly act executed by manly coitus on ladies.

Both these stories nonetheless bring in womanish Body as a queried point of subjection and assault, a determinant of collaborative honour. A near look at similar stories more meetly resonate what Sukrita Paul Kumar said about Manto's description of women. "The freaking demi world unnoticeable to the respectable society which pretends ignorance of its actuality" Manto is no less enduring and feels compelled to take up themes like harlotry, religious superstition, adolescent anxiety. The sense of loss and futility is easily envisaged in numerous similar tales which unmistakably reveal his empathy for the weak and marginalized.

Yet author's swoon remained unmitigated indeed when nearly half a dozen times he was tried for bringing profanities in his stories. His reply came simple and straight. How can I conceivably strip a society that was formerly naked?

## RESEARCH METHODOLOGY

### INDIA- HOME TO BOTH THE WRITERS

While Bombay presumably came home for Manto, indeed after he'd migrated to Pakistan, for Intizar Husain his first eight times spent at Dibai, in Bulandshahr, in UP formed the very foundation of his studies, and spiritual leanings that get so easily displayed in all his jottings. His epochal novel Basti, An Urdu word that refers to a mortal agreement of any dimension, from many houses to a megacity-, we see the world through the eyes of a child, and it's a paradise of brightly coloured catcalls, sportful creatures, and luscious verdure. Husain 's identity formed out of Karbala, Islamic History and Hinduism form a potent part of his liar that's veritably well depicted in the novel. Husain's first novel (1979 publication) is a work, avers Asif Farrukhi in the preface central to his

corpus in which the complications of literal perspective and the admixture of fabulous and realistic styles that he'd tried out in *Din aur Dastaan*, are fused into a new continuity. Going back to Manto, one finds an irrefutable mark in his jottings, his capability to relate to the alienated since he too supposedly was alienated from his family, espousing Bombay nearly as his motherland an indigenous megacity, where no artistic knowledge can be assumed, where the geography is frequently foreign and colourful, Manto, the fictional presence, declares his stranger's perspective and becomes a kind of companion to the new terrain. He marks out the world; the anthology can put himself in his hands — his discoveries come part of the narrative.

From his perspective of an castaway in Bombay, he felt free to write and express freely. On his departure from Bombay, the melancholy in his voice can not be missed. He said, I was sad at leaving a megacity where I had spent the hardest, the happiest and the most memorable days of my life. That piece of land, which is Bombay had taken me, a footloose reject of the family, into its vast stage and said to me, you can be happy then on 2 pennies a day or 100s or 1000s of rupees. Then you can do what you like; no bone will speak ill of you, and no bone will give you moral counsel. Rakshanda Jalil expresses Hussain's craving for home (India) that she sees in his eyes during her visit to Lahore and meeting Intizar Husain in his own Basti during a visit to Lahore I was struck by a singular fact he looked as much a foreigner in a strange land there, in what has been after all, his new(?) motherland for over 5 decades, as he does in his frequent visits to India.

Starting his career near on the heels of Manto, Intizar Husain (1923- 2016) shortlisted for the Man Booker Award for 2013, told the changes that unspooled from the partition of 1947. He too viewed events of 1947 as an immense mortal tragedy. Regarding Islamic culture he said in an interview, what a purely Islamic culture would be, I do not have any idea. But affirmed he belonged to Indian Muslim culture. He developed saying, I realized that my Islamic history in India did not live in insulation from the history of other communities that lived there, that it could not be separated from the history of the rest of the world.

For Hussain, Indo- Islamic culture is bedded in signs like 'Taj Mahal', 'Mir Ghalib' or Nur or Faiz Ahmad Faiz. For Husain that's his identity that made him say, I've always felt that there's a Hindu sitting inside me; I've one bottom in Karbala and the other bottom in Ayodhya. He elaborates that the Hindu inside him was an interlocutor who helped him to edge his Shaiite identity just as Ayodhya helped him to suppose about his literal and erudite individualities.

Rupnagar, the megacity in the novel is archaic and harmonious, an Eden and Husain illustrates with a pleasurable array of mythological tales. His literacy of Indian and Arab Muslim mythological tales made him apprehensive that migration has been a part of literal gestures of different peoples. He's pertaining to Ramayana, Mahabharata, Dastaans about Caravans, leaving a Basti and travelling in hunt of a motherland. He feels Pakistanis should have conducted like Pandava who in exile, remained inexhaustible while moving from place to place, also fought bravely and after getting the palm too, they seek retreat in the mountains, or like Karbala stories, he set up, there's at end of all the suffering and pain, a sense of being One with the Holy.

## **RESULTS**

### **PARTITION PRESENTED POSSIBILITIES THAT WERE LOST**

Priyamvada Gopal points out Over ten million ordinary people — Sikhs, Hindus and Muslims were repositioned from their homes and came deportees, at least a million were killed in retaliatory violence accepted by members of all three communities while thousands of women were kidnapped, ravished, and in numerous cases, forced to commit self-murder to save the 'honour' of their communities. Suddenly, religious identity sounded to take priority over all other ways of being and relating to each other.

Hussain's pragmatism and Humanism make him a mortal par excellence; he regrets that the creative possibility of a new nation should have been exploited. For him, Hijrat, a intermittent miracle that implies sense of durability with intermittent literal experience should have amended Muslims, unfortunately it did not do so. To him migration inferred gap from old to new hence, Pakistan should have grown spiritually, from bare physical reality to a spiritual bone pens like Hussain and A. Hamid represent this failure that gets instanced as dusk and dubitation, percolating their jottings. He regrets and is filled with guilt and pain that Muslims in Pakistan rather than communicating the Indo- Muslim heritage were feeling the pressing need to review their identity.

Husain believed that no creative trouble could feed for too long on Nostalgia or survive in a present visited by the history. Critics veritably frequently labelled him a archconservative or one who refused to move with times, maybe they feel to fail to understand the collaborative personality that he imbibes. He felt it's of no use lamenting the lost paradise; rather sweats should be made towards erecting a new bone

**SILENCE OF “SUBALTERN” IN MANTO’S PARTITION TALES**

The pungency of his stories on Partition transcends boundaries, the characters he constructed like Toba Tek Singh” or “Ram Khilawan” remain etched in compendiums’ minds to an extent that Manto gets linked with these characters. They represent the delirium and silence over the geographical and physical frame to divide the two nations and maybe his delirium, presumably indeed his migration, convinced by circumstances of abomination and partisanship. Michel Foucault’s views expressed for the marginalized come so applicable at this juncture. Regarding Madness, Foucault said,

Madness in its wild, untenable words, proclaims its own meaning; in its fantasies, it utters its secret verity. Manto’s deep attachment to India albeit Bombay is well known to all and this too is a well-known fact that relatively reluctantly Manto decided to leave Bombay. The incident that induced him to resettle to Pakistan is worth mentioning as it unveils silence pullulating migration and its threats. Manto was continuously getting news of rampant killings and when he entered news of his uncle’s payoff in the collaborative screams, he was vastly shaken.

He fictionalizes this incident and creates Mumtaz who represents Manto in the story, Saha’e, is the fictionalized Hindu character named Mumtaz, and Jugal is fictional name of Manto who hints at killing him if the screams broke out in their neighbourhood. The reply shocks Jugal (author himself).

His silence continued for nearly eight days and broke only when he suddenly blazoned that he was leaving for Karachi by boat, at 3.45, that veritably autumn. Such an event unravels how fragile and weak mortal connections can come in similar critical moments of political paroxysms. Yet another short story on Partition, by him, Ram Khilawan gives a positive sapience into humanity. Then too the thread of the story is the relationship between the narrator (impersonating Manto) and another character, his dhobi. While Mumtaz confronts the situation of fear and instability in Saha’e, the Hindu dhobi, Ram Khilawan, despite being poor and illiterate ignores the overdue bills of his poor master and latterly when his Muslim master’s woman helps his family by saving his woman’s life, he repays by saving his life from the riotous mob.

On his appearance at Lahore, Manto wrote, more poignantly come these questions from Manto, now that we were free, had domination desisted to live? Who would be our slaves? Thousands of Hindus and Muslims were dying each around. Why were they dying? Critic suggests on Manto’s intriguing book of essays; He accepts the fault and the guilt of hisco-religionists. He failed at the age of 42, leaving behind a notice of the creation of Pakistan and the lunacy of the prim state. He was veritably clear-sighted about what future would bring to the nation born, grounded on religion. Through his workshop, especially, his first novel, Basti, (1979) the erudite world has taken note of his benefactions to not just Urdu literature but also to a subaltern History.

In the early days following Partition, a sense of idealism which would latterly vanish in the wake of civil uneasiness that led Hussain to reframe the migration of Muslims to Pakistan as hijrat eliciting the Prophet’s migration from Mecca to Medina. inferring a migration, fat with the possibility of exploring the history while unravelling the present. thus, the critic avers, rather of listing unconceivable horrors and a definition of a sick, shortly demoralized society that his coevals set up fit to do as a way of exorcising the wrong within. Intizar has chosen story after story, to imaginatively readdress a syncretic, tolerant pluralistic history in a hunt for meaning, to find out why the drift turned so irreversibly and why a readdress in real terms frequently becomes so delicate.

But veritably soon, Zakir is cast into a world of violence, query, and craving the world of ultramodern Pakistan. Images of burning houses and metropolises, of bank and ash pullulate. similar recollections of once abandoned by Zakir, says Pritchett, get combined with literal history and present-day events, legendary lore and modern trial, rudiments of both the oral and the written, and colourful sacred and temporal traditions of South Asia this is the triumph of Basti.

Asif Farrukhi, remarks about Pritchett, the excellent translator of Basti that to her new offered “ a negative print ” of their culture, a mood of “ nostalgia ”, still, she adds, “ no intelligent anthology will anticipate( the book) to be a definitive, complete picture of ultramodern Pakistan. Muhammad Umar Menon in preface to Basti tells compendiums about Muslim history in the key; Being a Shiite, Zakir is also apprehensive of the course of this history beyond India in the landmass of Islam. The history has been one of constant internecine feuds among Muslims for political dominance there are references to Muslim South Asian history throughout the novel the 1857 war of independence from the British Raj; the creation of Pakistan in 1947; the 1965 war between India and Pakistan; and eventually, the 1971 political decomposition of Pakistan with the emergence of Bangladesh as a autonomous nation. The new ends with the last event.

**DISCUSSION**

The unique narrative structure is applaudable as events are shown, swathed in an creepy half- light; they hang at the edge of knowledge, honoured not so important by their physical attributes as by their effect on Zakir. Characters, too, appear shorn of physical traits and individualizing detail; only their internal events are given. Through a flawless transition between third person human narrator and the first- person narrator Zakir, the new unfolds itself. Menon also takes up the review of Zakir and his musketeers not acting; not indeed disapproving the situation. He argues, Zakir's silence, and his apparent lack of overt political activism, do not stem from some essential excrescence in his moral fibre, but from a particular view of history- one shaped in the gauntlet of Karbala.

The new really is not about political resistance and activism. It's about how a personality survives in an innocently loose macrocosm by drawing on its own inner coffers. Looking back, Zakir reflects, those were good days, good and sincere. I ought to flash back these days, or in fact I ought to write them down, And the days latterly?

latterly, the consummation of delicate times makes him say, People have come from all kinds of places. Like harpies which their strings cut, that go flying, come down on roof nearly. Husain's questions regarding the new nation keep ringing. To a question that haunts an entire sick generation of post partitioned Pakistan, was it good that Pakistan was created? He makes a wise old Maulvi Saheb in Basti reply,

**CONCLUSION**

In the hands of the wrong people, indeed right becomes wrong. Or a statement like this, When the masters are cruel and the son rebellious any disaster at all can transpire the Lord. For Intizar Husain, questions owing to Partition remain unanswered; Basti ends with a dramatic a nebulous pronouncement and Afzal, one of Zakir's friend whispers, "Fellow, signs always come at just these times, when all around--" Husain through Basti, carrying forward Manto's question presents a public, spiritual and a universal extremity which ends open- ended as a sign, a possibility of stopgap maybe to return to the beautiful, old days.

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