

Twentieth-Century Fiction
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Lecture - 50
Toba Tek Singh - Part 2

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Toba Tek Singh
by Sadat Hasan Manto



Two or three years after the 1947 Partition, it occurred to the governments of India and Pakistan to exchange their lunatics in the same manner as they had exchanged their criminals. The Muslim lunatics in India were to be sent over to Pakistan and the Hindu and Sikh lunatics in Pakistani asylums were to be handed over to India.

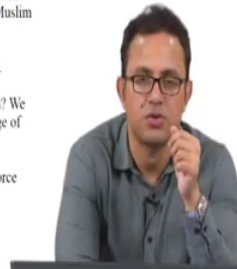
It was difficult to say whether the proposal made any sense or not. However, the decision had been taken at the topmost level on both sides. After high-level conferences were held a day was fixed for exchange of the lunatics. It was agreed that those Muslims who had families in India would be permitted to stay back while the rest would be escorted to the border. Since almost all the Hindus and Sikhs had migrated from Pakistan, the question of retaining non-Muslim lunatics in Pakistan did not arise. All of them were to be taken to India.

Nobody knew what transpired in India, but so far as Pakistan was concerned this news created quite a stir in the lunatic asylum at Lahore, leading to all sorts of funny developments. A Muslim lunatic, a regular reader of the fiery Urdu daily *Zamindar*, when asked what Pakistan was, reflected for a while and then replied, "Don't you know? A place in India known for manufacturing cut-throat razors." Apparently satisfied, the friend asked no more questions.

Likewise, a Sikh lunatic asked another Sikh, "Sardarji, why are we being deported to India? We don't even know their language." The Sikh gave a knowing smile. "But I know the language of *Hindostoras*" he replied. "These bloody Indians, the way they strut about!"

One day while taking his bath, a Muslim lunatic yelled, "*Pakistan Zindabad!*" with such force that he slipped, fell down on the floor and was knocked unconscious.

Not all the inmates were insane. Quite a few were murderers. To escape the gallows, their relatives had gotten them in by bribing the officials. They had only a vague idea about the division of India or what Pakistan was. They were utterly ignorant of the present situation



So, hello and welcome to this NPTEL course entitled Twentieth Century Fiction. We will begin with the new text today. We just finished looking at Virginia Woolf's, *Solid Objects* which is a short story. We will begin with a new short story today which will also be the penultimate text, the second last text for this course, after which we move on to the final text.

Now, this particular story is called *Toba Tek Singh* by Sadat Hasan Manto. The original story is of course in Urdu which is the language that Manto wrote in; which is primarily based on what is now, Pakistan. So, a lot of his fiction, lot of his writings, they deal with partition, they deal with the trauma, and the violence of partition.

There are more graphic stories as well, but I chose this particular story because I think it resonates very well with the theme of this particular course which is about consciousness, memory and also how do you talk about, how do you represent human interiority, the human thinking mind. That is been one of the common connecting points across a text if you remember. So, whether it is *Ulysses* by James Joyce, whether it is

Katherine Mansfield's *The Fly*, whether it is Rabindranath Tagore's *The Postmaster* - this entire examination of interiority, the entire examination of imagination, of memory and how all these things they define and inform what we call identity is something which modernism or twentieth century fiction deals with quite extensively.

So, this story is very political of course, it is a story about partition, but at the same time it is quite existential as well, very existential, and very emotional. And in a way it looks at the emotional quality - qualities which inform the politics of identity formation, the politics of division, the politics of violence, the politics of classification.

So, if we take a look at the setting of the story this is set in Lahore and Lahore of course is in Pakistan now, and it suddenly became a Pakistani city after 1947, prior to which there was just one big landmass, for people just existed together. There was no question of division. But with the partition which is obviously a very violent event as all of us know and aware of, with the partition Lahore became a different, part of a different country you know Pakistan. Whereas, in other parts of that landmass came to India like Amritsar for instance.

Now, the quality, the key, the unique thing about Lahore is what everyone expected at that point of time, everyone expected Lahore to come to India and not go to Pakistan because you know that was the cherry on the cake in a way. And the Indian leaders wanted it, the Pakistani leaders wanted it. So, it was bit of a contested category in terms of which way it will go which with which country, which modern state will have Lahore. It was a very cosmopolitan state, it was a very cosmopolitan city sorry, extremely vibrant, extremely cultural and very multicultural and you know you know very progressive in many ways, right.

So, Lahore was obviously a very key thing, a very key space. So, when Lahore went to Pakistan, it was contrary to much of popular expectations and at that point of time Indian leaders, Indian sentiment they wanted Lahore quite extensively. So, the fact that this is set in Lahore is interesting because given that what I just told you, it is also it should also be obvious that for a long time. People in Lahore did not feel the need to come to India because they thought they will go to India anyway.

So, Lahore became one of the most violent places in partition because you know, it is a very delayed kind of movement which happened in Lahore, because for a long time

people in Lahore they thought they would go to India. And when it turned out that you know as it is decided they will go to Pakistan, it would have been too late by then to shift and migrate, and in the process many of them got you know were subjected to violence and trauma.

Now, the other important thing about the story is it is set in an asylum, madhouse in Lahore. And that immediately becomes a very political space, it becomes in a way a biopolitical space because you know the madhouse in a way traditionally, classically, if you read Foucault, the history of madness etcetera or the archaeology of knowledge or madness and civilization, we find that a madhouse always becomes a space of you know lot of discursive apparatus, medicine being one of them, control and coercion being one of them.

And we have already seen a little bit of this in Mrs Dalloway for instance. If you remember the entire idea of Septimus Smith being you know malingerer, being someone who is who is failing to have a disease, some mental illness which is not really a disease. Now, that perspective, the very hardcore materialist medical perspective was taken by the then neurologists at the time which in a way which contributed to Septimus' trauma, and demise, and sensory alienation, and eventual demise.

You know something similar happens here as well. It is a madhouse, but we find that the madhouse certainly becomes a very discursive space because you know the mad people are not really the normative citizens. So, they are the ones who have been away from the mainstream movements. So, some of them are not even aware of partition, it is like a Rip Van Winkle situation, where just suddenly they wake up and Civil War has happened and the country is divided. So, something similar happens here as well, where the madman just suddenly are told that you know there is a partition, there is a divide which is taking place and now there will be some rational classifications, rational reclassifications.

Now, what it immediately brings to the fore is the entire absurdity of bureaucracy, the entire absurdity of political rationality, of political rationale and how the madhouse or the madmen in the madhouse ironically or paradoxically they turn out to be, they turn out to be asking more fundamental questions which are more rational, more sane and more definitely more human in quality, right. So, the entire idea of rationality and irrationality, the entire dichotomy or the binary sort of turned on its head if we will, right.

So, the madhouse becomes a discursive space, the madhouse becomes a space of some kind of a resistance because the madman they refused to go to India or Pakistan and you find that because they are not really in the loop or not really switched on about the political movements and the political changes, most of them could not care less about India or Pakistan. They just want to go back to their homes in some village, in some city, in some town which does not exist.

Now, Toba Tek Singh is the name of one such village and interestingly what you find in the story is this village just disappears from the map which brings us to the other point which is interesting for the story, the entire politics of producing maps. Map making as you all know is a very political activity. So, when you make a map you are including certain territories, but equally you are excluding certain territories. So, map making has a liminal, inclusion exclusion quality about it already. The idea of you know mapmaking is very is akin structurally as well as sentimentally to the idea of representation.

Now, when you represent something there are certain bits which get accentuated, there are certain bits which get highlighted, there are certain bits which get included, but equally there are certain other bits which will be erased or unaccentuated or non-highlighted or just you know they disappear from the order of representation. So, likewise mapmaking when you draw a map you are including certain territories, but equally you excluding certain other territories.

Now, Toba Tek Singh, that village where the character Bishan Singh comes from, the protagonist Bishan Singh comes from is one such territory. It becomes a no space, it becomes a no man's land. And I will come back to the idea of no man's land later. It is a very symbolic space which will appear again in the story.

So, Toba Tek Singh quite literally becomes a no man's land - it is a no land or no place which interestingly or paradoxically makes it utopian in quality because the entire idea of utopia if you take a look at the what etymologically utopia, u is nowhere and topos is land or topography or landmass. So, utopia is literally speaking it means no land. In other words, no land is perfect, but is that perfect land in your mind which does not really exist in the map.

So, there is a utopian quality about Toba Tek Singh that village which just nowhere to be found. But also Toba Tek Singh becomes a very real reminder of how this spatial

classifications are done in such an absurd manner to the extent that you know certain spaces get erased completely from imagination. They get erased completely from the map making imagination, the way you make a map, but you do not include certain things, certain spaces so those are effectively erased away, right.

So, Toba Tek Singh is also about erasure, an erasure of space which in a way contributes towards an erasure of identity. And the madman's attempt to claim that space back, madman's attempt to reclaim and to reassert it and to actually demand for that space becomes very ironically, the only sane subversive model available or the only sane model of subversion available at this point of time. So, sanity and subversion, insanity and confirmation, they all become very complex categories in this story, right.

So, you know we find that this is like I mentioned this is a story which happens right after the partition, in 1947 maybe two or three years later, where the story begins with a bureaucratic decisions among the top officials in each country, where suddenly they realize there are some Hindus who were left behind in Pakistan and there are some Muslims who wanted to come back to Pakistan perhaps you know they should also be allowed to do it. So, there will be like an exchange of madmen across the borders which there is spectacle of which it highlights or accentuates, or foregrounds the absurdity.

But the real absurdity is obviously the key question about partition in the first place. So, the obvious question that comes up in the story is the very act of partition, the very activity, the very decision of partition, the very exercise of partition that itself is a very absurd activity.

So, the whole idea of absurdity and rationality are very, you almost can invert it in some sense because like I mentioned the madman's response at the entire idea of two countries that turns out to be probably the most sane response, the most common sensical, the most rational response, where they know, where they tell each other we do not want to go want to go to India or Pakistan. We could not care less about the two nation states, what about our homes, what about the village that we grew up in. So, you know that is the aspiration to, that nostalgia, there is no nostalgia, there is no national nostalgia.

Now, what that also tells us is that the whole idea of nation as a political construct is essentially a western import, it is imported from the western you know political system the whole idea of the nation state Because prior to this there was no such a nation state in

India. I mean India was obviously different kingdoms different villages, different towns, different dynasties, but the whole idea of nation as one country coming together with a constitution of it, and its legal system is a post-colonial phenomenon, it is a post imperial phenomenon, right.

So, Toba Tek Singh in a way this story may be read as a refusal to subscribe to the idea of the nation state, as a refusal to subscribe to the idea of national citizenship, and obviously we are now even in a country today there is a lot of complex questions about citizenship that we have to have a very nuanced understanding.

But this story too and the reason why it resonates with us even today is because it talks about some very fundamental human emotion, one obvious emotion is alienation. The fact that you are emotionally alienated because there were cultural or political decision which takes place somewhere else where you have no access too, where you have no agency towards and this whole idea of agency-less-ness becomes important as well because you know decisions are made for you, decisions are made about you, never with you, right.

So, the whole idea of staying away or you know forcing, the forcibly staying away or someone's actually asking you to stay away, you're not really a participating in the decision making process but at the same time being subjected to the outcomes of those decisions makes the story really a story about human helplessness or human agency-less-ness at a time of political crisis, at a time of political totalitarianism, right.

So, this is the setting in the story and of course, as we move on we find out some of the more nuances especially the way the story ends is very interesting. It may be familiar to many of you, you may have read this you know in different times of different situations. What I want to do in this course and the reason why I have chosen this text is because I want to make it connect to some of the other modernist texts we have done so far, where the question of agency, memory, nostalgia and affect or affective identities become very important, right. Where identities which rely on effect, identities which are produced by effect, the affect could not be one of nostalgia, the affect could not be one of mourning, the affect could be one about happiness, but in either way the affective production of identities is something that Toba Tek Singh really excels in as a short story, right.

So, that preamble you know in mind let us begin the story let us dive right into the text. So, this is Toba Tek Singh by Sadat Hasan Manto which should be on your screen, ok. So, here we begin.

Two or three years after the 1947 Partition, it occurred to the governments of India and Pakistan to exchange the lunatics in the same manner as it exchanged their criminals. So, again look at the conjoining of criminals in lunatics. So, the interesting thing is these are not really alleged citizens. So, you know criminals are dissenters, lunatics are madmen. So, none of these two categories there is a scrap of a normative category of citizenship, right. So, they do not really belong to that normative map as such.

So, it was decided that the madmen, the criminals were put together and exchanged you know as per the rationale, the religious rationale which caused the partition. So, we find this entire statement, the very opening which appears to be very objective, which appears to be very detached that is it is actually packed with irony, is packed with sarcasm, is packed with a very biting satirical intent.

The Muslim lunatics in India were to be sent over to Pakistan and the Hindu and Sikh lunatics in Pakistani asylums were to be handed over to India. So, the Hindu and the Sikh lunatics in Pakistan would be coming to India and the Muslim lunatics in Pakistan they wanted them to go back to India to Pakistan, right. So, again this religious, very reductionist religious rationale which is used to describe this decision of crossover according to your religious affiliations and religious affinities.

It was difficult to say whether the proposal made any sense or not. However, the decision had been taken at the topmost level on both sides. After high-level conferences were held a day; after high level conferences were held, a day was fixed for exchange of the lunatics. It was agreed that those Muslim lunatics who had families in India would be permitted to stay back while the rest would be escorted to the borders. Since all the Hindu and Muslims are migrated to from Pakistan, the question of retaining non-Muslim lunatics in Pakistan did not arise. All of them were to be taken to India.

So, again look at the impassionate, almost detached tone of the journalistic tone of this narrative over here. The other thing we find about the story is this Kafkaesque quality, this bizarre, irrational quality which is very Kafkaesque. Now, we are told that there was some decision-making body inside of the government who had some closed door

meetings, some closed door conferences, some closed door decisions which had obviously nothing to do with the agency and will of the people, no one really asks this mad men what they wanted that was obviously out of question, no consensus was taken, no voting was done.

So, this is irony, the fact that these are two democratic nations, but the way they treat their dissenting citizens like madmen and criminals, the decisions are taken just for them, about them, without any consultation whatsoever. Because it was many conferences were held, many top-level meetings were you know held and organized bureaucratically and then it was decided to swap it according to some rationale. So, the Muslim lunatics in India who had families in Pakistan would be shipped back to Pakistan, whereas in the Hindus and Sikh lunatics in Pakistan will be sent back to India. So, that was the decision taken after a lot of top-level closed-door conferences.

And the top-level closed-door quality is obviously meant to be something like an ivory tower from which the common people to which the common people have no access whatsoever. So, people have no access to the ivory tower. At the same time their lives are getting affected by the decisions taken in some closed conferences.

So, again this complete break from the people and the political will or the political party or the political muscle does complete ruptures, complete departure from these two categories makes it a very dystopian kind of a setting. The fact that people have absolutely no access or no will or no agency in terms of determining what they want, right; so, what is good for them, ok.

So, nobody knew what transpired in India, but so far as Pakistan was concerned this news created quite a stir in the lunatic asylum at Lahore, leading to all sorts of funny developments. A Muslim lunatic, a regular leader of the fiery Urdu daily Zamindar, when asked what Pakistan was, reflected for a while and then replied. "Do not you know? A place in India known for manufacturing cut throat razors." Apparently satisfied, the friend asked no more questions.

So, again these irrational bizarre questions which are supposed to, which are superficially funny in quality, they actually have a dark quality as well, a darker deeper quality because you know this question about where is Pakistan and the response, that it is a place where razors are made while being completely irrational, it also highlights the

irrationality and absurdity of the partition itself in the first place. You know the whole point is where is Pakistan, where is the need to divide two countries which had you know historically been you know divide one big landmass and one big community of people who have historically lived together for so many centuries. So, that question obviously is not asked over here. Whereas, what gets asked are all those trivial questions, the seemingly meaningless questions which in a way throw a light on a question which is not asked.

So, again we find out how absences play a very key role here as well as something we see we keep seeing in modernism, that absences play a very key role. What is not said what is not asked, sometimes become way more important what actually eventually gets asked, ok.

Likewise, a Sikh lunatic asked another Sikh, “Sardar ji, why are we being departed to India? We do not even know the language.” The Sikh gave a knowing smile. “But I know the language of Hindostoras” he replied. “Those bloody Indians, the way they strut about.”

So, again look at the way in which someone who is a Sikh, who is notionally supposed to be an Indian is being very critical of Indians, is very you know passing on his disparaging remarks of India in the first place and also this non-knowledge about the language becomes important. So, the conversation it sort of hovers around the idea of language what are we going to do in India, we do not know the language well the response is, Oh I know Hindustani, and then Hindostoras and then there is this offensive you know very critical and sarcastic comment about knowing how Indians strut about this, bloody Indians how they strut about. So, this would appear racist and imperial discourse, but then this is said by notionally an Indian, who is supposed someone supposed to be an Indian or someone who is about to be an Indian, a Sikh, a Sikh madman.

One day while taking his bath, a Muslim lunatic yelled, “Pakistan Zindabad” with such force that he slipped, fell down on the floor and was knocked unconscious. So, again this dark comic quality, these dark comic images are important to the story there’s someone, a madman, a Muslim madman who just yelled and screamed long live Pakistan zindabad

is long live long live Pakistan to such an extent, he got so pumped up, so enthusiastic he slipped on the floor and was knocked unconscious.

So, again it is almost like a tipping point of energy. You just get consumed by the propaganda and you consume the propaganda to the extent that it becomes too hot to handle, it becomes too vibrant to handle, it becomes too complex to handle and then something that happens to you, there is it almost a cathartic release where you say long live Pakistan because you bought that idea of Pakistan to the extent that, it makes you unconscious and you fall down on the floor.

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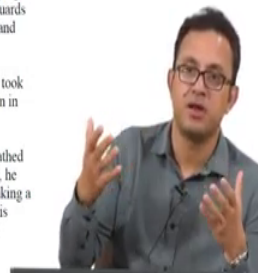
One day while taking his bath, a Muslim lunatic yelled, "*Pakistan Zindabad*!" with such force that he slipped, fell down on the floor and was knocked unconscious.

Not all the inmates were insane. Quite a few were murderers. To escape the gallows, their relatives had gotten them in by bribing the officials. They had only a vague idea about the division of India or what Pakistan was. They were utterly ignorant of the present situation. Newspapers hardly ever gave the true picture and the asylum warders were illiterates from whose conversation they could not glean anything. All that these inmates knew was that there was a man by the name of Quaid-e-Azam who had set up a separate state for Muslims, called Pakistan. But they had no idea where Pakistan was. That was why they were all at a loss whether they were now in India or in Pakistan. If they were in India, then where was Pakistan? If they were in Pakistan, how come that only a short while ago they were in India? How could they be in India a short while ago and now suddenly in Pakistan?

One of the lunatics got so bewildered with this India-Pakistan-Pakistan-India rigmarole that one day while sweeping the floor he climbed up a tree, and sitting on a branch, harangued the people below for two hours on end about the delicate problems of India and Pakistan. When the guards asked him to come down he climbed up still higher and said, "I don't want to live in India and Pakistan. I'm going to make my home right here on this tree."

All this hubbub affected a radio engineer with an MSc degree, a Muslim, a quiet man who took long walks by himself. One day he stripped off all his clothes, gave them to a guard and ran in the garden stark naked.

Another Muslim inmate from Chiniot, an erstwhile adherent of the Muslim League who bathed fifteen or sixteen times a day, suddenly gave up bathing. As his name was Mohammed Ali, he one day proclaimed that he was none other than Quaid-e-Azam Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Taking a cue from him a Sikh announced that he was Master Tara Singh, the leader of the Sikhs. This could have led to open violence. But before any harm could be done the two lunatics were declared dangerous and locked up in separate cells.



Now, comes interesting bit where we look at the demography inside the madhouse. We get to know that not all these people are actually mad, some pretending to be mad because they are otherwise criminals and of course if we can medicalize a crime that you know the statement becomes or the punishment becomes less severe because then you have a logical medical reason to behave in a way that he did. And that is what we get to know from here.

Not all the lunatics were insane. Quite a few of them were murderers. To escape the gallows, their relatives had gotten them in by bribing the officials. So, you know because they have been murderers and they would normally be hanged to death, but the relatives have somehow put them inside a madman by getting presumably fake medical certificates and delivering those to the officials.

They had only a vague idea about the division of India or what Pakistan was. They were utterly ignorant of the present situation. Newspapers hardly ever gave the true picture and asylum warders were illiterates from whose conversation they could get non-glean anything or glean anything.

So, again look at the cut off quality of this asylum. It is in Lahore which is obviously a very cosmopolitan multicultural connected city. But a fact that it is a discursive space, the madhouse is a discursive space, also makes it insular to information. And the insularity of information is important, they do not have any knowledge at all, they sometimes read newspapers which come to them periodically, but even that gives them very unclear knowledge. So, and they want to engage with the guards, these madmen inside or the criminals who pretend to be madmen, so they want to exchange with the guards, but their guards would not know much either.

So, this entire among other things over here what is also; the alienation is also epistemic alienation in the sense that this is entirely about the non-availability of any knowledge or any palpable knowledge or any concrete knowledge, right. So, they could glean nothing.

All that these inmates knew was that there was a man by the name Quaid-e-Azam who had set up a separate state for Muslims called Pakistan. But they had no idea where Pakistan was. That was why they were all at a loss whether they were now in India or in Pakistan. If they were in India, then where was Pakistan? If they were in Pakistan then how come that only a short while ago they were in India? How could they be in India a short while ago and now suddenly in Pakistan?

Now, this all these questions again which appear absurd, but what they actually suggest is the porous quality about borders, you know the fact that you can be in India in the morning, at the same time you can be in Pakistan the evening. Well, all it takes is one bureaucratic decision, all it takes is a renaming of certain names or certain places.

So, among other things Toba Tek Singh is also about the plasticity of identity formation, the plasticity of nationalist identity formation, right. So, these questions that this is India then you know how come you know suddenly this is Pakistan and if this is Pakistan how come this is India. So, you know all these again seemingly absurd questions are actually very rational questions.

So, the madmen are actually asking everyone, well if you say this is Pakistan how come this is India in the first place and if you say it is India then how come everyone, everyone say this is in Pakistan, right. So, and more importantly where is Pakistan? They have no idea where Pakistan is. Obviously, it is the newer country, it is a newer phenomenon it is a newer construct. But then they have no knowledge about the constructed quality of Pakistan or the events through which Pakistan had been constructed, ok.

One of the lunatics got so bewildered with this India Pakistan, Pakistan India rigmarole that one day while sweeping the floor he climbed up a tree, and sitting on a branch harangued the people below for two hours on end about the delicate problems of India and Pakistan.

So, again look at the different acts of insanity over here, which again in a way becomes, throws a very complex light on the rational, sane decisions about nation, making a nation divisions. So, this person who has just climbed up a tree and started you know talking to people harangued people who were passing by the tree for the next two hours endlessly.

When the guards asked him to come down he climbed up still higher and said, "I do not want to live in India and Pakistan. I am going to make my home right here on this tree." So, again look at the seeming absurdity in the sentence, you know I do not want to go to India, I do not want to go to Pakistan, I want to live in this tree forever. Obviously, this is irrational, absurd, a madman's rant, but at the same time it has some very key features which are interesting for the story. Now, what if a person does not want to go to India, does not want to go to Pakistan, but just wants to go back to his village where he grew up is that option available to him, perhaps not.

So, we have these two different narratives which are being formed. So, it is almost like two national narratives which are being formed if you just push it further into metafictional thing, two plots are being written, two plots are being constructed. Now, would you be would you rather be a character in plot a, or would you rather be a character in plot b. So, two new narratives are being formed. It is the very you know this is obviously a formatted phase of the two narratives.

So, now, they want all the classifications to take place in a safe way. So, the madman, the Muslim madman to go to India, Pakistan and the Hindu madman should come to India, right. So, all these classifications become more and more cut and dried.

Now, obviously the people over here they could not care less about Pakistan or India, they just want to go back to their own village and you know their own identity is from that particular village. So, we find how these constructs are so new in quality, so recent in quality, the constructed India and a constructed Pakistan over here.

The all this hubbub affected a radio engineer with an M.Sc degree, a Muslim, a quiet man who took long walks by himself. One day he stripped off all his clothes, gave them to a guard and ran in the in a garden stark naked. So, again this whole idea of taking all the clothes and giving to a guard, running around naked that becomes obviously an act of insanity, but the purposelessness of this act is also a pointer to the purposelessness of the partition in the first place.

Another Muslim inmate from Chiniot, an erstwhile adherent of the Muslim League who bathed fifteen or sixteen times a day, suddenly, gave up bathing. As his name was Muhammad Ali, he one day proclaimed that he was non-other than Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali Jinnah. Taking a cue from him a Sikh announced that he was Master Tara Singh, the leader of the Sikhs. This could have led to open violence. But before any harm could be done the two lunatics were declared dangerous and locked up in separate cells.

So, again look at the way in which this culture of consumption takes place, where the lunatics also, some of them also consuming this normative narrative about the Hindu India and the Muslim Pakistan, right. So, some of them they claim that he is Muhammad Ali Jinnah and obviously Muhammad Ali Jinnah is an iconic figure in Pakistan history, because she was a he was one of the pioneers, he is one of the game makers during the partition time, the partition part what Nehru was for India, right. So, he proclaims, he claims himself to be Muhammad Ali Jinnah.

Now, interestingly this also produces a paradoxical affair on a Sikh who now goes on to say that I am Master Tara Singh. So, Tara Singh obviously being a Sikh leader, a Sikh guru and that becomes important. So, again look at the way in which identity formations seemingly absurdly done, but beneath the absurdity we have a critique of the seeming rationality which had formed the partition in the first place and that is something which will keep coming up over and over again.

So, I stop at this point today. We will continue with this lecture in the subsequent sessions.

Thank you for your attention.