Other Resources

Films
The Birth of Pakistan (1990)
On August 15, 1947, Pakistan was born. As the former Indian provinces debated whether to be part of India or Pakistan, religious differences flared into full-scale rioting, which led to large-scale migration; millions moved from India to Pakistan, and vice versa. This program documents the birth of the new country; the death of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, leader of the Moslem League; the economics and political problems of the new country; the Indus Water Treaty; the war in Kashmir; the independence of Bangladesh and the resulting war with India; the rise and fall of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto; Zia's assumption of power and adoption of strict Islamic rule; the impact of the war in Afghanistan the death of Zia and the election of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto's daughter, Benazir. (20 minutes)

Division of Hearts (1987)
The 1947 British subdivision of colonial India into Pakistan and the independent Indian nation caused the loss of 500,000 lives and the relocation of millions—one of the most extensive movement of peoples ever. After centuries of coexistence, Hindus, Sikhs, and Muslims became victims of mutual suspicion as violence swept through the countryside. The resulting mass relocations of these groups transformed village populations overnight. In Division of Hearts ordinary people from Pakistan, India, and Bangladesh—cart drivers, laborers, trades people, farmers—tell this history and recount their own tumultuous experiences. Their memories, combined with archival news film, bear witness to the traumatic birth of two independent nations. (57 minutes)

The Dynasty: The Nehru-Gandhi Story (1997)
A 2-part PBS program. Unravel the ties of blood, power, and sacrifice that sustained spiritual and political independence in post-imperial India. Although they forged the destiny of their nation, the Nehru family paid a terrible price: partition, civil strife and assassination. Witness the irony and agony of a family that liberated a nation but could not unite it. (3 hours)

Earth (1998)
Directed by Deepa Mehta, Earth, an India/Canada co-production, is a thoughtful examination of a circle of friends and acquaintances affected by the Partition. A scoundrel uses communal violence as an excuse for retaliation against a romantic rival. The film is based on Bapsi Sidhwa's novel Cracking India; Sidhwa co-wrote the screenplay with Mehta. Contains brutal scenes of communal carnage. (110 minutes)

For a Place Under the Heavens (2003)
Acclaimed director Sabiha Sumar, recent winner of the Golden Leopard at the Locarno International Film Festival for her feature Khamosh Pani (The Silent Waters), offers an insightful perspective on Pakistan in this finely crafted personal film. Beginning with the creation of Pakistan in 1947, Sumar traces the relationship of Islam to the state in an effort to understand how women are coping with and surviving the increasing religiosity of civil and political life in her country. Raised in a more secular time, she struggles to comprehend how religious schools
have expanded at once unthinkable rates and presents chilling footage of a mother encouraging her toddler to be a martyr when he grows up. Mixing political analysis with interviews with activist colleagues, noted Islamic scholars and Pakistani women who have chosen to embrace fundamentalism, Sumar’s provocative questions dramatically capture the tension between liberal and fundamentalist forces that are shaping life in contemporary Pakistan. (53 mins.)

Gandhi (1982)
Sir Richard Attenborough’s multiple-Oscar winner (including Best Picture, Best Director, and Best Actor for Ben Kingsley) is an engrossing, reverential look at the life of Mohandas K. Gandhi, who introduced the doctrine of nonviolent resistance to the colonized people of India and who ultimately gained the nation its independence. Kingsley is magnificent as Gandhi as he changes over the course of the three-hour film from an insignificant lawyer to an international leader and symbol. Strong on history (the historic division between India and Pakistan, still a huge problem today, can be seen in its formative stages here) as well as character and ideas, this is a fine film. (3 hours)

Garam Hawa (1973)
The story of 1947, India’s Independence. It is a story of how families on both sides of the border suffered emotionally, and how their dreams and values were shattered to pieces after the partition. English Subtitles. (150 mins)

Ayesha is a seemingly well-adjusted middle-aged woman whose life centers around her son Saleem - a gentle, dreamy 18 year old, in love with Zubeida. They live in the village of Charkhi, in Pakistani Punjab. Ayesha’s husband is dead and she manages a living from his pension and by giving Quran lessons to young girls. The story begins in 1979, in a Pakistan under President General Zia-ul-Haq’s martial law. In a few months the country will become a state ruled by Islamic law. Saleem becomes intensely involved with a group of Islamic fundamentalists and leaves Zubeida. Ayesha is saddened to see her son change radically. Events escalate when Sikh pilgrims from India pour into the village. Later, a pilgrim looks for his sister Veero who was abducted in 1947. This awakens heart rending memories. (105 minutes)

Lagaan (2002)
Queen Victoria’s India. The Year is 1893. Champaner... a village in Central India. On the outskirts of the village stands a British cantonment, commanded by Captain Russell- an arrogant capricious man who wields the power of life and death over the villages under his jurisdiction. LAGAAN – a story of battle without bloodshed. Fought by a group of unlikely heroes led by Bhuvan and energetic farmer with courage born of conviction- and a dream in his heart. Helped by Elizabeth, an English rose who came to India and lost her heart, and Bhuvan’s pillar of strength, Gauri, the young and perky village girl who dreams of a home with the man she loves. (225 mins.)
Web Sites

http://www.emory.edu/ENGLISH/Bahri/Part.html
(Has brief introduction, maps, timeline, before/during/after article, links to more info.)

“Conflict between India, Pakistan runs deep.” Author Not Given. CNN Interactive. 1997.
http://www.cnn.com/WORLD/9708/India97/shared/sibling.rivalry/#1
(A short article that outlines the main points to this conflict.)

http://www.sscnet.ucla.edu/southasia/History/Independent/partition.html
(A point-of-view article that discusses narrative history of partition.)

(Library of Congress Country Study. No claims are made regarding the accuracy of Pakistan Toward Partition information.)

(Short introduction to the history underpinnings of the partition.)

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/6939997.stm
(People share memories of partition to mark the 60th anniversary of the partition of India in 1947 and the birth of Pakistan. Links at right of page also includes audio and video footage of English language speeches by Mountbatten, Nehru and Jinnah.)

http://www.sacw.net/partition/
(A collection of online articles and other resources.)

http://newsvote.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/in_depth/629/629/692293.stm
(Find out more about how India, Pakistan and, since 1971 Bangladesh, have developed since partition.)

Fiction and Literary Studies


The majority of stories by this Urdu writer from Punjab revolve around the end of the Raj, Partition and communalism. His stories include “Thanda Gosht,” “Khol Do,” “Toba Tek Singh,” “Iss Manjdhar Mein,” “Mozalle,” “Babu Gopi Nath” etc. Some of his characters became legendary.


Salman Rushdie wrote this famous surrealist fiction full of satirical references to the event of partition and independence. The “midnight” alluded to in the title is the moment at which partition and independence became official.


This saga by Khushwant Singh was first published in 1956. Singh’s version of the Partition is a social one, providing human accounts in a diverse, detailed character base where each person has unique points of view, pointing out that everyone is equally at fault and that placing blame was irrelevant. Interwoven with this point are the subtle questions of morality that Singh asks through his characters, such as whether or not the bad needs to be recognized to promote the good, and what constitutes a good deed. This edition contains addition photos by Margaret Bourke-White, some of which are extremely graphic.


Jhumpa Lahiri was awarded the 2000 Pulitzer Prize for Fiction for Interpreter of Maladies, a collection of short stories some of which involved the aftermath of the partition.
Appendix

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The Dawn, New Delhi, India.

The Dawn, Karachi, Pakistan.

The Pioneer, Lucknow, India.

Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore, Pakistan.

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http://www.wikipedia.org/
A Wet Afternoon is an English version of
Urdu stories by Saadat Hasan Manto, selected from his various collections

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A couple of years after the partition of the country, it occurred to the respective governments of India and Pakistan that inmates of lunatic asylums, like prisoners, should also be exchanged. Muslim lunatics in India should be transferred to Pakistan and Hindu and Sikh lunatics in Pakistani asylums should be sent to India.

Whether this was a reasonable or an unreasonable idea is difficult to say. One thing, however, is clear. It took many conferences of important officials from the two sides to come to the decision. Final details, like the date of actual exchange, were carefully worked out. Muslim lunatics whose families were still residing in India were to be left undisturbed, the rest moved to the border for the exchange. The situation in Pakistan was slightly different, since almost the entire population of Hindus and Sikhs had already migrated to India. The question of keeping non-Muslim lunatics in Pakistan did not, therefore, arise.

While it is not known what the reaction in India was, when the news reached the Lahore lunatic asylum, it immediately became the subject of heated discussion. One Muslim lunatic, a regular reader of the fire-eating daily newspaper Zamin Dar, when asked what Pakistan was, replied after deep reflection: ‘The name of a place in India where cut-throat razors are manufactured.’

This profound observation was received with visible satisfaction.

A Sikh lunatic asked another Sikh: ‘Sardarji, why are we being sent to India? We don’t even know the language they speak in that country.’

The man smiled: ‘I know the language of the Hindostoras. These devils always strut about as if they were the lords of the earth.’

One day a Muslim lunatic, while taking his bath, raised the slogan Pakistan Zindabad with such enthusiasm that he lost his balance and was later found lying on the floor unconscious.

Not all inmates were mad. Some were perfectly normal, except that they were murderers. To spare them the hangman’s noose, their families had managed to get them committed after bribing officials down the line. They probably had a vague idea why India was being divided and what Pakistan was, but, as for the present situation, they were equally clueless.

Newspapers were no help either, and the asylum guards were ignorant, if not illiterate. Nor was there anything to be learnt by eavesdropping on their conversations. Some said there was this man by the name Muhammad Ali Jinnah, or the Quaid-e-Azam, who had set up a separate country for Muslims, called Pakistan.

As to where Pakistan was located, the inmates knew nothing. That was why both the mad and the partially mad were unable to decide whether they were now in India or in Pakistan. If they were in India, where on earth was Pakistan? And if they were in Pakistan, then how come that until only the other day it was India?

One inmate had got so badly caught up in this India-Pakistan-Pakistan-India rigmarole that one day, while sweeping the floor, he dropped everything, climbed the nearest tree and installed himself on a branch, from which vantage point he spoke for two hours on the delicate problem of India and Pakistan. The guards asked him to get down; instead he went a branch higher and when threatened with punishment, declared: ‘I wish to live nei-
ther in India nor in Pakistan. I wish to live in this tree.'

When he was finally persuaded to come down, he began
embracing his Sikh and Hindu friends, tears running down his
cheeks, fully convinced that they were about to leave him and go
to India.

A Muslim radio engineer, who had an M.Sc. degree, and never
mixed with anyone, given as he was to taking long walks by him-
sel all day, was so affected by the current debate that one day he
took all his clothes off, gave the bundle to one of the attendants
and ran into the garden stark naked.

A Muslim lunatic from Chaniot, who used to be one of the
most devoted workers of the All India Muslim League, and
possessed with bathing himself fifteen or sixteen times a day, had
suddenly stopped doing that and announced his name was
Muhammad Ali—that he was Quaid-e-Azam Muhammad Ali
Jinnah. This had led a Sikh inmate to declare himself Master Tara
Schip, the leader of the Sikhs. Apprehending serious commu-
table, the authorities declared them dangerous, and shut them
up in separate cells.

There was a young Hindu lawyer from Lahore who had gone
of his head after an unhappy love affair. When told that Amrit-
sar was to become a part of India, he went into a depression
because his beloved lived in Amritsar, something he had not for-
gotten even in his madness. That day he abused every major and
minor Hindu and Muslim leader who had cut India into two,
turning his beloved into an Indian and him into a Pakistani.

When news of the exchange reached the asylum, his friends
offered him congratulations, because he was now to be sent to
India, the country of his beloved. However, he declared that he
had no intention of leaving Lahore, because his practice would
not flourish in Amritsar.

There were two Anglo-Indian lunatics in the European ward.
When told that the British had decided to go home after
gaining independence to India, they went into a state of deep
shock and were seen conferring with each other in whispers the
entire afternoon. They were worried about their changed status
after independence. Would there be a European ward or would it
be abolished? Would breakfast continue to be served or would
they have to subsist on bloody Indian chapati?

There was another inmate, a Sikh, who had been confined for
the last fifteen years. Whenever he spoke, it was the same mys-
terious gibberish: 'Uper the gur gur the annexe the bay dhanyan the
mung the dal of the laltilin.' Guards said he had not slept a wink
in fifteen years. Occasionally, he could be observed leaning
against a wall, but the rest of the time, he was always to be found
standing. Because of this, his legs were permanently swollen,
something that did not appear to bother him. Recently, he had
started to listen carefully to discussions about the forthcoming
exchange of Indian and Pakistani lunatics. When asked his op-
inion, he observed solemnly: 'Uper the gur gur the annexe the bay
dhanyan the mung the dal of the Government of Pakistan.'

Of late, however, the Government of Pakistan had been
replaced by the government of Toba Tek Singh, a small town
in the Punjab which was his home. He had also begun enquiring
where Toba Tek Singh was to go. However, nobody was quite sure
whether it was in India or Pakistan.

Those who had tried to solve this mystery had become utterly
confused when told that Slalkot, which used to be in India, was
now in Pakistan. It was anybody's guess what was going to happen
to Lahore, which was currently in Pakistan, but could slide into
India any moment. It was also possible that the entire subconti-
nent of India might become Pakistan. And who could say if both
India and Pakistan might not entirely vanish from the map of the
world one day?

The old man's hair was almost gone and what little was left had
become a part of the beard, giving him a strange, even frighten-
ing, appearance. However, he was a harmless fellow and had
never been known to get into fights. Older attendants at the asy-
num said that he was a fairly prosperous landlord from Toba Tek
Singh, who had quite suddenly gone mad. His family had brought
him in, bound and fettered. That was fifteen years ago.

Once a month, he used to have visitors, but since the start of communal troubles in the Punjab, they had stopped coming. His real name was Bishen Singh, but everybody called him Toba Tek Singh. He lived in a kind of limbo, having no idea what day of the week it was, or month, or how many years had passed since his confinement. However, he had developed a sixth sense about the day of the visit, when he used to bathe himself, soap his body, oil and comb his hair and put on clean clothes. He never said a word during these meetings, except occasional outbursts of, ‘Upere the gur gur the annexe the bhad dhayana the mung the dal of the la
tain.’

When he was first confined, he had left an infant daughter behind, now a pretty young girl of fifteen. She would come occasionally, and sit in front of him with tears rolling down her cheeks. In the strange world that he inhabited, hers was just another face.

Since the start of this India-Pakistan caboodle, he had got into the habit of asking fellow inmates where exactly Toba Tek Singh was, without receiving a satisfactory answer, because nobody knew. The visits had also suddenly stopped. He was increasingly restless, but, more than that, curious. The sixth sense, which used to alert him to the day of the visit, had also atrophied.

He missed his family, the gifts they used to bring and the concern with which they used to speak to him. He was sure they would have told him whether Toba Tek Singh was in India or Pakistan. He also had a feeling that they came from Toba Tek Singh, where he used to have his home.

One of the inmates had declared himself God. Bishen Singh asked him one day if Toba Tek Singh was in India or Pakistan. The man chuckled: ‘Neither in India nor in Pakistan, because, so far, we have issued no orders in this respect.’

Bishen Singh begged ‘God’ to issue the necessary orders, so that his problem could be solved, but he was disappointed, as ‘God’ appeared to be preoccupied with more pressing matters.

Finally, he told him angrily: ‘Upere the gur gur the annexe the mung the dal of Guruji da Khalsa and Guruji ki fateh... jo boley so nihaal sat sri akal.’

What he wanted to say was: ‘You don’t answer my prayers because you are a Muslim God. Had you been a Sikh God, you would have been more of a sport.’

A few days before the exchange was to take place, one of Bishen Singh’s Muslim friends from Toba Tek Singh came to see him—the first time in fifteen years. Bishen Singh looked at him once and turned away, until a guard said to him: ‘This is your old friend Fazal Din. He has come all the way to meet you.’

Bishen Singh looked at Fazal Din and began to mumble something. Fazal Din placed his hand on his friend’s shoulder and said: ‘I have been meaning to come for some time to bring you news. All your family is well and has gone to India safely. I did what I could to help. Your daughter Roop Kaur...’—he hesitated—‘She is safe too... in India.’

Bishen Singh kept quiet, Fazal Din continued: ‘Your family wanted me to make sure you were well. Soon you will be moving to India. What can I say, except that you should remember me to bhai Balbir Singh, bhai Vadhawa Singh and bahain Amrit Kaur. Tell bhai Balbir Singh that Fazal Din is well by the grace of God. The two brown buffaloes he left behind are well too. Both of them gave birth to calves, but, unfortunately, one of them died after six days. Say I think of them often and to write to me if there is anything I can do.’

Then he added: ‘Here, I brought you some rice crispies from home.’

Bishen Singh took the gift and handed it to one of the guards. ‘Where is Toba Tek Singh?’ he asked.

‘Where? Why, it is where it has always been.’

‘In India or in Pakistan?’

‘In India... no, in Pakistan.’

Without saying another word, Bishen Singh walked away, murmuring: ‘Upere the gur gur the annexe the bhad dhayana the mung...’
Saadat Hasan Manto

the dal of the Pakistan and Hindustan dur fittay moun.'

Meanwhile, the exchange arrangements were rapidly being finalised. Lists of lunatics from the two sides had been exchanged between the governments, and the date of transfer fixed.

On a cold winter evening, buses full of Hindu and Sikh lunatics, accompanied by armed police and officials, began moving out of the Lahore asylum towards Wagha, the dividing line between India and Pakistan. Senior officials from the two sides in charge of exchange arrangements met, signed documents and the transfer got under way.

It was quite a job getting the men out of the buses and handing them over to officials. Some just refused to leave. Those who were persuaded to do so began to run pell-mell in every direction. Some were stark naked. All efforts to get them to cover themselves had failed because they couldn't be kept from tearing off their garments. Some were shouting abuse or singing. Others were weeping bitterly. Many fights broke out.

In short, complete confusion prevailed. Female lunatics were also being exchanged and they were even nosier. It was bitterly cold.

Most of the inmates appeared to be dead set against the entire operation. They simply could not understand why they were being forcibly removed, thrown into buses and driven to this strange place. There were slogans of Pakistan Zindabad and Pakistan Murdabad, followed by fights.

When Bishen Singh was brought out and asked to give his name so that it could be recorded in a register, he asked the official behind the desk: 'Where is Toba Tek Singh? In India or Pakistan?'

'Pakistan,' he answered with a vulgar laugh.

Bishen Singh tried to run, but was overpowered by the Pakistani guards who tried to push him across the dividing line towards India. However, he wouldn't move. 'This is Toba Tek Singh,' he announced. 'Uper the gur gur the annexe the bay dhayana mung the dal of Toba Tek Singh and Pakistan.'

Toba Tek Singh

Many efforts were made to explain to him that Toba Tek Singh had already been moved to India, or would be moved immediately, but it had no effect on Bishen Singh. The guards even tried force, but soon gave up.

There he stood in no man's land on his swollen legs like a colossus.

Since he was a harmless old man, no further attempt was made to push him into India. He was allowed to stand where he wanted, while the exchange continued. The night wore on.

Just before sunrise, Bishen Singh, the man who had stood on his legs for fifteen years, screamed and as officials from the two sides rushed towards him, he collapsed to the ground.

There, behind barbed wire, on one side, lay India and behind more barbed wire, on the other side, lay Pakistan. In between, on a bit of earth, which had no name, lay Toba Tek Singh.
Partition in the Classroom:
Introduction to the 1947 Partition of India
PARTITION AND WAR The end of British rule in 1947 brought the partition, or division, of British India. Two new countries were created—India (predominantly Hindu) and mainly Muslim Pakistan (separated into West Pakistan and East Pakistan). Partition led to much violence between Muslims and Hindus. About one million people died in the conflict. Another 15 million fled across national borders. Muslims in India moved to Pakistan, while Hindus in Pakistan crossed into India. West Pakistan and East Pakistan shared a religious bond, but ethnic differences and their 1,000-mile separation eventually drove them apart. The people of East Pakistan began to call for their own state. But the government in West Pakistan opposed such a move. Civil war broke out in 1971. That year, with help from India, East Pakistan won its independence as Bangladesh.

MILITARY RULE Both Pakistan and Bangladesh have had political struggles since independence. Short periods of elected government have alternated with long periods of military rule. Political corruption has plagued both countries. Pakistan also has fought several destructive wars with India over the territory of Kashmir. These wars are discussed in the Case Study in Chapter 26. In the 1990s, both Bangladesh and Pakistan had women prime ministers, a rarity in the Muslim world.

Struggling Economies
Pakistani and Bangladesh have large, rapidly growing populations. In fact, Bangladesh is the eighth most populous country in the world. Both
PARTITION AND WAR The end of British rule in 1947 brought the partition, or division, of British India. Two new countries were created—India (predominantly Hindu) and mainly Muslim Pakistan (separated into West Pakistan and East Pakistan). Partition led to much violence between Muslims and Hindus. About one million people died in the conflict. Another 10 million fled across national borders. Muslims in India moved to Pakistan, while Hindus in Pakistan crossed into India. West Pakistan and East Pakistan shared a religious bond, but ethnic differences and their 1,100-mile separation eventually drove them apart. The people of East Pakistan began to call for their own state. But the government in West Pakistan opposed such a move. Civil war broke out in 1971. That year, with help from India, East Pakistan won its independence as Bangladesh.

Mohammad Ali Jinnah
Golden Temple of the Sikhs
Viceroy Mountbatten
The Badshahi Mosque
and Old City of Lahore

The Lahore Museum
Lahore to Amritsar is 28 miles

Lahore to New Delhi is 265 miles
Austin to San Marcos is 30 miles

Dallas to Houston is 239 miles
Approximately **15 million** people migrated during the Partition of India in 1947—7.2 million people in each direction. That is the equivalent to a total migration that is **double** the combined populations of Houston and Austin.

In the first two weeks after Hurricane Katrina in 2005, 375,000 people migrated. This was the largest migration in America in the last 150 years.
Partition in the Classroom:
Partition in the Classroom:
Fig. 18. “Sawing Through a Woman,” Pioneer, 9 July 1947.
During the debate on the India Bill Mr. Attlee expressed the hope that the Dominions might again merge into one.
GOING, GOING......!

"Even if HMG agreed to Pakistan Congress will determinedly oppose it"—Pandit Nehru.
PRESENT PAKISTAN PLAN
(SUBJECT TO EXPANSION)
MARCH OF TIME
Partition in the Classroom: Introduction to Oral History
“Oral History... tells us less about events than about their meaning.”

What are we looking for?

- Stories

What might we find?

- Trauma
- Stereotypes
- Histories
Trauma

- What we feel when our lives are turned upside down
- Can come from war, rape, assault
- Can come from humiliation, loss, rejection
- Shock to the system - soul damage
Stereotypes

- Does the narrator make assumptions based on stereotypes?

- After so many years, the stories even become stereotypes -- is this a real memory or stock story?

- In some of the stories you will read, the current tensions between India and Pakistan mean that people have stereotypes of the other. How might that affect the story they tell?
Histories

- People and groups have histories

- What can a group / individual history tell us about the narrator’s experience?

- In these histories, some people dig deep to prove that the Hindu-Muslim tension was always there. Others look to recent events. Still others might say that Hindus and Muslims are eternal brothers. How does their history affect their story?
Are Oral Histories Reliable?

- If people are talking about themselves, and they have all this trauma, stereotypes and history, can we believe them?
Two Histories in One

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>AA: Why was Pakistan created?</th>
<th>AA: Why was Pakistan created?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GW: The founder of the nation wanted to create a progressive, democratic, secular state in which the Muslim cultural community would have the opportunity for advancement.</td>
<td>AS: The founder wanted Muslims to be able to live in peace, to live according to the tenets of Islam without fear.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Think about this question as you read your narrative:

**Was the Partition of the Indian Subcontinent a good idea or a bad idea?**

- What does your narrator think?
- What do you think?

Identify three reasons why you came your decision and three pieces of evidence from your narrative to support each reason.
• The human
The human symbolizes the people that affected by the partition, and also symbolizes unity between Pakistan and India, or India before partition. If the human is able to function, than that means the countries have united. As you can see the human is in both territories of India and Pakistan; pieces of the human belong to Pakistan, and some to India. But if all the pieces were put back together, than the human could function.

• The mouth
As the mouth was cut off it symbolizes the communication being cut off between the people and political leaders. The doctors demonstrate their disinterest in hearing people’s opinions, as they decide to throw away the mouth.

• The legs
The legs represent the miles and miles of walking the Pakistanians had to endure. The legs were not given to the India side because they did not have to travel far, if not at all.

• The heart
The heart represents loved one’s who were separated as a result of partition. This is an example from the article about the lunatics that were imprisoned during the partition.

• The brain and the spinal cord
The brain and the spinal cord were split in half and given to both sides because I wanted to demonstrate the need for unity. Humans have the spinal cord to stand up straight and be strong, but the people could not stand up for themselves because whatever their government wanted is what they would get, and the loss of the spinal cord, takes away their confidence and desire to be strong. The saying “two [brains] are better than one,” demonstrates that having one-half of a brain did not allow the best interests of the two countries. With both parts of the brain connected, it would allow the united country to form or invent new ways to survive or be successful.

• The flags
The flags represent the countries that are the result of the partition of India. Each side had received certain parts of the human that were divided by the doctors.

• The doctors
The doctors represent the political leaders, that decided the ways to partition India. The political leaders’ decisions were not influenced by their people, and did consider their people’s needs and desires.

• The conversation
The conversation between the doctors represents the lack of consideration, for the people affected by partition. The doctors are deciding who should receive the mouth on their side, but neither wants it. This action shows that neither side wanted to hear the opinion of their people.

• The summary and opinion
This cartoon symbolizes the human suffering and political mistakes that took place during the partition of India. The many things that were removed from the human, being divided, are vital to survival and happiness. Although all living humans may not have all the body parts named, many of the body parts that were named must be present in the body to survive; some body parts are wanted for happiness. Each body part represents and important action, that took place during partition. In this cartoon I tried to display the need of unity of these two countries because I believe that each country had what the other needed, to be better.
This cartoon depicts the partition of India in a "comic" sense (though there really is nothing funny about it). The huge rubber-band ball sitting on the border between India and Pakistan depicts the many troubles brought on by the new border line. Also all the vehicles, trains, and wagons moving towards the border show how things just piled up more and more.

In addition the is the plane leaving India to Britain which symbolizes Britain's hurried "evacuation" from India resulting in an even further state of confusion. In conclusion, the two most negative points of the picture are the "R.I.P." posts on the side of the road leading to the border, and the Delhi Refugee camp in the bottom right.
India's Operation

Operation Procedures
- Conjoined identical twins
1. Cut apart + twins
2. Don't sever spine

Doctor, together, they cannot survive.

Nehru

Gandhi

Jinnah

Hindu

Muslim
India's Operation

This cartoon portrays the partition of India. The surgery of conjoined twins symbolizes India, when the Muslims and Hindus lived together. Like many real cases of conjoined twins, India had to be separated. Three main parties in this partition were Jinnah, who led the Muslims, Nehru, who led the Hindus, and Gandhi, a leader in the independence movement of India, who was forced to participate in the partition. In the cartoon, Gandhi covers his eyes because the twins are drawn to be similar to Gandhi's image. His participation in the separation of India into India and Pakistan was necessary and reluctant. He is encouraged by both Jinnah and Nehru, who claim that Hindus and Muslims cannot survive together in the same country. The light in the operating room symbolizes the eye of the world, including Britain. This spotlight applies pressure to the situation. On the wall in the background, the procedures, for successfully separating conjoined twins, warns that the spinal cord must not be cut for both twins and nations to survive. This hints that though both nations are thought to not be able to live together, they might not be able to live without each other as well.
I will get 200 acres, then I will win.

I'm not playing. I'm just here for the fun. We're just doing this for fun.

Yes! I won!!

Now that I won, I will get those people out in a couple of months. I will be amazing.

I don't care how long it takes. I'm leaving.

I do not agree. But it's better to fight with silence.

That's my land!" "What am I?"

This is our home. Our land.

"Why are you here?"

"What's my name?"

"Where is my home?"

"I don't belong here!"

TO BE CONTINUED.....
OK, so we need to get rid of India, Radcliffe. This is up to you.

I hate India, let's get this over with...

What's going to happen???

Meeting in Brittain

Remember my teachings... no violence... compromise!

Yeah finally Muslims won't be the minority! Let's do it!

What would Ghandi do?

Way to go Radcliffe! Just ruin everything.

The partition left everyone in a ruin and tore several families apart either through death or separation... great job Brittain.

The new India.
I will Divide NOT Destroy

Muhammad Ali Jinnah

Viceroy Mountbatten
My job to Partition is done!

Pakistan

V. W. Radcliffe

August 14-15, 1947

India

Now will Hindus and Muslims live in peace?

Ghandi